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THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance. It is intended to be published every week, except on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further arrangement is received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.  
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# THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IV.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1858.

NO. LI.

**Rates of Advertising.**  
Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—  
3 months. 6 months. 12 months.  
Square, (14 lines), \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00  
2 Squares, - - - 4 00 6 00 8 00  
1 column, - - - 10 00 15 00 20 00  
1/2 column, - - - 18 00 30 00 40 00  
All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
Posters, Handbills, Ball, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

## ORNAH'S DEATH.

For the Agitator.  
Far in a shady dell I grew,  
And the wild flowers round me played;  
A little brook went purling by  
Beneath the grateful shade.  
For lily beseeches all around  
Their mingled branches spread,  
And forming a pleasant canopy  
Far up above my head.  
The mossy bank on which I grew  
Was spangled o'er with flowers,  
Which breathed their perfumes on the air  
Through all the summer hours.  
Oh, it was sweet in that fair spot  
Where all alone I stood;  
My thorny arms a safe retreat  
For the wild bird's nestling brood.  
A merry laugh came floating by,  
As once I dreaming stood;  
An instant, and an Indian maid  
Came forth from out the wood.  
My flowery stalk quick caught the eye  
Of that fair forest child;  
The loveliest one that ever bloomed  
Far in the western wild.  
Her raven tresses backward thrown,  
Her eye with glance so soft,  
Her voice, the wild bird's merry tone—  
Warbling so sweet aloft,  
Her bow across her shoulders thrown,  
Her quiver in her hand,  
She roamed the forest all alone,  
Proudest of all her land.  
And thus she stood—a wild-wood queen,  
And culled my blossoms fair;  
A wreath she quickly formed of them  
And bound her flowing hair.  
A wild deer, scudding swiftly by,  
The maiden turned to chase;  
A hunter near had twanged his bow,  
The arrow missed its place.  
The deer sped onward, still unharmed,  
To seek a place of rest;  
The cruel arrow found its sheath  
In that fair maiden's breast.  
She sank, a stricken flower, to earth;  
Her cheek close by my stem.  
My blossoms lived but for an hour—  
Her life more short than them.  
Thus closed the life of Ornah, meek—  
That gentle forest maid;  
The red men took me to their hearts,  
And placed me where she laid.  
SWEET BRIER.

## Leaves by the Wayside.

BY AGNES.  
"Hush my child lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed."  
So sang Maud Varnum, as weary and pale  
she walked the floor with the baby. "There  
darling, what does ail you?" Still baby  
cried and kicked, and refused to be comforted  
upon any terms.  
"I think baby must be sick. I believe I  
will send for the doctor. Hush-a-bye, dar-  
ling."  
Either baby had a foresight of the bleach-  
ing, as well as the vivifying effects of pow-  
ders and blisters, or was satisfied that the  
storm of its own getting up had raged suffi-  
ciently, it stopped crying, and opening its  
eyes in wonder, watched a humble-bee in its  
frantic attempts to escape to the fields through  
the window glass. The young mother sank  
into a chair, exhausted in mind and body.  
Edward, I am so weary; baby has been  
such a naughty boy!" exclaimed Maud as  
her husband entered the room.  
"Are you?" coldly responded the husband,  
who had just returned from a ride. With  
what pleasure had Maud two hours before  
watched her husband gather the reins in his  
hands, and with the new harness and new  
carriage flashing in the sunlight, pass rapidly  
from her sight; the pure, fresh air sweeping  
his locks from his brow and sending the blood  
dancing with renewed life through his veins.  
These words "are you?" were simple in  
themselves, but the cold tone in which they  
were uttered jarred strangely upon the heart  
of the wife. "I was but a trifle; yet the  
pair of a gentle word and kind smile would  
have been but a trifle to him, but a gleam of  
sunshine which alone could gladden her  
breast.  
"Ed, come to your supper!" With a lazy  
yawn the husband made his appearance, and  
both proceeded to eat in silence. Neither  
thought of quarrelling in so many words, but  
the gathering around their own table which  
should have been made a happy reunion of  
domestic companionship, proved the cold,  
uninteresting gathering together, which too  
often dims the brightness of domestic life.  
"How confoundedly ill-natured a woman  
becomes after she is married!" soliloquized  
the husband as he put his hat on for a walk  
"down town" in the pleasant moonlight. "I  
must buy her a new dress, I guess that will  
make all things right!"  
As he disappeared around the corner,  
Maud turned away from watching him and  
began to experience a feeling of loneliness.  
"I wish Edward had stayed at home to-  
night!" Then came the words of her mother  
floating from the old homestead—the dear  
old homestead where she had stood one day  
a happy bride.  
"Make thy home my daughter, the Eden  
of your husband's soul; then the angel of  
peace and love will bind your brow with glad-  
ness forever."  
"Now," thought Maud, "my brow wears no  
wreath of joy to-night! Why is it so?—  
I don't do everything to make my home pleas-  
ant! I don't keep the kitchen well kept, and my  
cupboards well filled? Isn't the rest of my  
domestic life as skillful hands can make  
it?" Then, are not the shirt buttons always  
on my husband's shirts? and the old coats,

## The Stolen Knife.

Many years ago, when a boy of seven or eight years, there was one thing which I longed for more than anything else, and which I imagined would make me supremely happy. It was a jack-knife. Then I would not be obliged to borrow father's every time I wished to cut a string or a stick, but could whittle whenever I chose, and as much as I pleased. Dreams of kites, bows and arrows, boats, &c., all manufactured with the aid of that shining blade, haunted me by day and night.  
It was a beautiful morning in June, that my father called me, and gave me leave, if I wished, to go with him to the store. I was delighted, and taking his hand we started. The birds sang sweetly on every bush, and everything looked so gay and beautiful, that my heart fairly leaped for joy. After our arrival at the village, and while my father was occupied in purchasing some articles in a remote part of the store, my attention was drawn to a man who was asking the price of various jack-knives which lay on the counter. As this was a very interesting subject to me, I approached, intending only to look at them. I picked one up, opened it, examined it, tried the springs, felt the edge of the blades with my thumb, and thought I could never cease admiring their polished surface. Oh! if it were only mine, thought I, how happy I should be! Just at this moment, happening to look up, I saw that the merchant had gone to change a bill for his customer, and no one was observing me. For fear that I might be tempted to do wrong, I started to replace the knife on the counter, but an evil spirit whispered, "Put it in your pocket; quick!" Without stopping to think of the crime or its consequences, I hurriedly slipped it into my pocket, and as I did so, felt a blush of shame burning on my cheek; but the store was rather dark, and no one noticed it nor did the merchant miss the knife.  
We soon started for home, my father giving me a parcel to carry. As we walked along, my thoughts continually rested on the knife, and I kept my hand in my pocket all the time, from a sort of guilty fear that it might be seen. This, together with carrying the bundle in my other hand made it difficult for me to keep pace with my father. He noticed it, and gave me a lecture about walking with my hands in my pockets.  
Ah! how different were my thoughts then, from what they were when passing the same scenes a few hours before. The song of the birds seemed joyous no longer, but sad and sorrowful, as if chiding me for my wicked act. I could not look my father in the face, for I had been heedless of his precepts, and become a thief. As these thoughts passed through my mind, I could hardly help crying, but concealed my feelings, and tried to think of the good times I would have with my knife. I could hardly say anything on my way home, and my father thinking I was either tired or sick, kindly took my burden, and spoke soothingly to me; his guilty son. No sooner did we reach home, than I retreated to a safe place, behind the house, to try the stolen knife. I had picked up a stick, and was whittling it, perfectly delighted with the sharp blade, which glided through the wood almost of itself, when suddenly I heard the deep, subdued voice of my father, calling me by name, and on looking up, saw him at the window directly over my head, gazing down very sorrowfully at me. The stick dropped from my hand, and with the knife clasped in the other, I proceeded into the house. I saw, by his looks, that my father had divined all. I found him sitting in his arm chair, looking very pale. I walked directly to his side, and in a low, calm voice, he asked me where I got the knife. His gentle manner and kind tone went to my heart, and I burst into tears. As soon as my voice would allow me, I made a full confession. He did not flog me, as some fathers would have done, but reprimanded me in such a manner, that while I felt truly penitent for the deed, I loved him more than ever, and promised never, never to do the like again. In my father's company, I then returned to the store, and on my knees, begged the merchant's pardon, and promised never again to take what was not my own.  
My father is long since dead; and never do I think of my first theft, without blessing the memory of him whose kind teachings and gentle corrections have made it, thus far in my life, and forever, my last.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

## The Assassinator's Bombs.

These bombs or hand-grenades made use of by the conspirators of the Rue Lepelletier were of the most perfect and destructive character ever invented. They are very many times more powerful than those made use of in the Crimea, which at the time were claimed to be the most powerful in existence. One of the bombs found on the ground in front of the Grand Opera, and near it a revolver, and one was found as already mentioned, on the person of Pierri. These have been examined by two of the best armorers of Paris, and by several army officers. From the report of these gentlemen I am enabled to give a correct description of these terrible engines of destruction.  
They are entirely new in their model.—They are made of turned steel, and filled with a powder that had not yet been tested at the time of making the report, but which is supposed to be fulminating mercury, the most powerful of all explosive materials. To form an idea of these projectiles, imagine a cylinder four and a quarter inches long by two and a fourth in diameter, and terminated at each of its extremities by a spherical cap or calotte. One of these calottes is armed with twenty-five chimneys, disposed divergently, adjusted with a screw, and covered each one with a fluted percussion cap, similar to those in ordinary use for guns and pistols. The shock of these caps against the pavement conveys the fire to the interior of the bomb. The cylinder, for some reason not very clear, was covered with a light envelope resembling bronze.  
In examining the calotte which covered the other extremity of the bomb, it was found that the envelope was formed of two parts, and that at about an inch from its extremity, a part of the cylinder could be removed, which acts by friction on the first. There is no doubt that the inventors of this terrible machine wished to avoid, in filling it, the direct screwing of the two parts one on the other, and the horrible explosion which might result therefrom. So that, in all probability, the part of the cylinder filled with the fulminating powder is closed by means of a cover placed simply in a groove. The outside cap is then adjusted on this cover, and recovers it, while a strong steel screw, the head of which is two-thirds of an inch in diameter, appears on the outside, presses on this last cover, and closes the bomb hermetically.  
An examination of pieces of the bursted bombs shows that in the part where the chimneys were placed, the cylinder had a thickness of three-fourths of an inch. It is probable that the upper part on the contrary, is very much thinner. This, indeed, would be necessary in order that the part which contains the chimneys and percussion caps, by being heaviest, should strike the pavement first, and thus determine the explosion.  
The fearful effects produced by these bombs exclude the idea that their interior is filled with ordinary powder. The explosive matter is almost certainly fulminate de mercure, a substance of which the projectile force is at least fifty times more powerful than ordinary powder. It is this substance that is used to charge percussion caps, and its terrible power may be judged when we say that a pound of it suffices to charge twenty-thousand infantry caps.  
It is probable that the effects of these bombs would have been more disastrous if there had been a larger proportion of metal to the powder, for a very considerable portion of each bomb was blown into fine atoms like grains of sand. One girl, who had two or three tolerably severe wounds, received in her dress more than a hundred fine particles that had not force enough to penetrate the skin. The side of the Emperor's carriage has twenty-three holes and abrasions from the bomb that burst at the side, on the under surface of the *marquise*, on the front of the theatre, and on the houses opposite, you may count five hundred holes and abrasions. In a large pane of glass in the cafe Rossini, a considerable distance from the point of explosion, a small fragment has passed through, leaving a round and clean orifice which is just large enough to admit a finger.  
The public were evidently wrong in supposing that the bombs were charged with balls and nails. The noise from the explosion was perfectly terrific, in view of the size of the bombs, and there is every reason to believe that the amount of metal was badly proportioned to the enormous explosive force of the interior.

## TEACHER'S COLUMN.

For the Agitator.  
Mr. Editor: A report, assailing our honor, as teachers, has obtained currency; which with your permission I will correct through the medium of your paper. It is said, that the closing exercises of our late County Institute consisted in our having a dance! We dancing! Did you ever!  
We are proud to say that we did not, do not, and will not dance.  
We are teachers, and as such we consider this practice entirely incompatible with the high responsible duties which our profession imposes upon us.  
We are conscious of the magnitude of our noble calling, and are fully aware that to perform efficiently its sacred duties, we must elevate the tendencies of our own mind and character, an end, which this "life destroying," "time stealing," "soul killing amusement" must ever tend to defeat. ARGIE. Lawrenceville, Pa.  
Mr. Editor: I am informed that a column of your paper is open for communications from teachers, and I conclude that our subjects may consist of anything pertaining to our profession. Am I right? If so, the following questions are admissible. How should this difficulty be settled?  
A little boy five years old comes in crying. TEACHER.—What is the matter Eddie?  
EDDIE.—Joe Jones (13 years old) has the new buckles off my suspenders and he wont give 'em up.  
TEACHER.—How is this, Joseph?  
JOSEPH.—Why he kept coaxing me, and at last I did it to please him.  
TEACHER.—Well, now you must trade right back again.  
EDDIE.—(crying) I've broke his'n, besides they wasn't worth nothin' and he's got to give mine up.  
JOSEPH.—I'll give his up when he gives mine up.  
Case 2d.—Contrary to a legislative act passed in our school on the "gun question" little Henry accidentally exposed a quid which he had in his mouth. "Henry is chewing gum!" "Oh no, I ain't, I didn't think of such a thing. I only put it in my mouth to take care of it till noon."  
Question.—Shall Henry be acquitted on said testimony or shall he be "put through" to the full extent of the law?  
Some teachers, while answering these questions, will please give us in addition, the best manner of exciting interest in small reading classes. A.  
\*Yes. We do not expect teachers to write about the same things. Give us a fair variety.—Ed. AGITATOR.

## A Word to Young Teachers.

Repeated observation has proved, conclusively, that too much ardor is a common fault with young teachers, more particularly, perhaps with lady teachers. The young lady has looked forward through many years, to the era when she may be prepared to take charge of a school. The happy time has come, and her dearest wish is to be a good teacher,—to gain a high place. She engages in her duties eagerly,—laying many fine plans, without even dreaming that she may not with resolution make them efficient.—She must be a first-class teacher—nothing less will satisfy her ambition, and her innocence, she deems that all is pending on her "first school"; what will decide her reputation. So she commences, ardent and hopeful, and if the improvement of her pupils were proportionate to her ardor, in one short term they would pass almost from the alphabet to fluency, or through what it has taken her many years to acquire. But very soon ardor becomes impatience because her scholars do not learn. She is anxious to see their improvement from day to day, and as she cannot, she tires of her employment, and perhaps abandons it after one or two terms; though she may have possessed all the elements of a good teacher save patience and perseverance. Now to such teachers we would say.—Let your ardor be well tempered with patience, and perseverance be united with energy, remembering that it is steady, persevering effort that will ensure success. Look for the improvement of your pupils back through weeks, in some instances through months of time, if you would have it perceptible. The All-wise has so ordered that education enters the mind slowly, very slowly it seems to our short-sighted vision; but it is good that it should be thus. And oh! teach patiently, constantly, and the reward will certainly come. The improvement will be evident after many days.  
Learn a lesson from the rain of heaven. The soil of the earth is dry and parched, but the sun's rays are now absorbed, and the darkening clouds promise rain. But comes it down violently—at once? Oh, no. The shrouding mist first comes, then very small drops, so finely and gently that you can scarcely see that the dusty soil is even dampened; but look again after some hours—the surface is so thoroughly impregnated with moisture, that it will absorb large quantities of water—the heavy rains fall. So with the youthful mind. After much gently falling instruction it is prepared for deep draughts of knowledge.  
Let your leading motive be, then, a sincere desire to benefit your schools. Seek for them the gentlest, plainest, pleasantest pathway up the rugged hill; and be assured your reputation will not suffer in consequence.—And be not discouraged though you may repeat the same to a school for forty-nine times; at the fiftieth hearing it may be indelibly impressed. Will you then, have labored in vain?

## DELICATE QUESTIONING.

In one of the larger country towns of Massachusetts, a few weeks since, a young gallant invited some of his lady friends to go with him on the Sabbath to a small gathering of worshippers of the Episcopal persuasion, and while standing in the entry with one of his friends, one of the "pillars of the Church" came along, and wanted to know if they were the couple that were going to have a child baptized? This was too much for human nature, and the young spark left the church, and went into a Catholic chapel near by, where no better fate awaited him; for he had scarcely arrived, when an official stepped up and asked him if he was the young man that was going to be married?  
These questions would certainly indicate an extraordinary amount of "interesting" business on hand at the churches alluded to.—*Salem Gazette.*  
Affections like the conscience are rather to be led than driven; and it is to be feared they that marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.—*Fuller.*

## THE TOP OF SINAI.

The extreme difficulty, and even danger of the ascent was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us. The whole plain er-Rahah lay spread out beneath our feet, with the adjacent Wadys and mountains; while Wadyesh-Sheikh on the right, and the recess on the left, both connected with, and opening broadly from er-Rahah, presented an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain. Our conviction was strengthened, that here, or on some of the adjacent cliffs, was the spot where the Lord "descended in fire," and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mount that could be approached and touched, if not forbidden; and here the mountain brow, where alone the lightnings and the thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trump be heard, when the Lord "came down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai." We gave ourselves up to the impression of the awful scene, and read, with a feeling that will never be forgotten, the sublime account of the transaction and the commandments there promulgated, in the original words as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator,

Trim well your lamp of patience from day to day, and by its true and constant light, you may effect a world of good, and win a desirable place in many hearts.

Do good for good's own sake—so that thou have a better praise, and reap a richer harvest of reward.—*Elmira Gazette.*

## Mary Maloney's Idea of a Lover.

"What are you singing for?" said I to Mary Maloney.  
"Oh, I don't know, ma'am, without it's because my heart feels happy."  
"Happy, are you, Mary Maloney. Let me see; you don't own a foot of land in the world."  
"Foot of land is it?" she cried, with a hearty Irish laugh. "Oh, what a hand ye be after joking; why, I haven't a penny, let alone the land."  
"Your mother is dead?"  
"God rest yer soul, yes," replied Mary Maloney, with a touch of genuine pathos, "may the angels make her bed in heaven."  
"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose?"  
"Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, drink, and beating his poor wife, that he is, the creature."  
"You have to pay your little sister's board?"  
"Sure the bit of a creature, and she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willing to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money what goes for that."  
"You haven't many fashionable dresses, either, Mary Maloney?"  
"Fashionable, is it? O, yes, I put a piece of whalebone in my skirt, and me calico gown looks as big as the great ladies. But then ye see true, I hasn't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and one bonnet to me head, barring the old hood ye gave me."  
"You haven't any lover, Mary Maloney?"  
"O, be off wid ye—ketch Mary Maloney getting a lover these days when the hard times is come. No, no, thank Heaven, I ain't got that to trouble me yet, nor don't want it."  
"What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no father, no mother, no lover; why, where do you get all your happiness from?"  
"The Lord be praised, miss, it grewed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing, and then if deep trouble comes, why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGruce should take it into his head to come and ax me, but the Lord willin' I'd try to bear up under it."  
The last speech upset my gravity. The idea of looking upon a lover as an affliction was so odd. But she was evidently sincere, having before her the example of her sister's husband and her drunken brother.

## PIQUANT ANECDOTES.

A spice merchant of Constantinople, carrying a piece of fine cloth to a tailor, desired to have a cloak made of it, and inquired if there was enough. The artist having measured the stuff, declared it sufficient, and then requested to know the cost of it.  
"Five sequins," replied the customer, "was the price; and, considering the quality, that is not at all dear."  
The tailor paused a moment.  
"I am but a beginner in the trade," said he to the spice dealer, at length, "and money is an object to me. Give me two sequins and I will show you how you may save three in this affair."  
"I agree," said the other, and the money was produced and paid.  
"It is well!" said the man of the needle. "I am a person of my word. This cloth has cost five sequins, and I have promised to save you three. Take it to some other tailor, and Allah direct you to one of more experience—for I have never made such a dress as you want, and if I attempt it, it will be spoiled."  
This reminds us of an anecdote related of Sheridan, who went to a hair dresser to order a wig. On being measured, the barber who was a liberal soul, invited the orator, to take some refreshments in an inner room.—Here he showed so much genuine hospitality that Sheridan's heart was touched. When they rose from the table and were about separating, the latter, looking the barber full in the face, said:  
"On reflection, I don't intend that you shall make my wig."  
"Astonished, and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed—  
"Good Heaven! Mr. Sheridan, how can I have displeased you?"  
"Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow; and I repeat it, you shan't make the wig, for I never intend to pay for it. I'll go to another less worthy son of the craft."  
A PRACTICAL IDEA.—A lady in Boston suggests a cure for conubial infatuation.—She proposes that young men and women be set up in housekeeping before they are allowed to be engaged; that the young woman shall wash and mend, and dust, and that a new-born infant be procured from the hospital, and that she have the charge of it in addition to the rest of her duties. She is of opinion that this process would "disenchant" the young couple.  
"Clever men," said Lady Selina, "as a general rule do choose the oddest wives!" The cleverer a man is, the more easily, I do believe, a woman can take him in.—*Butler Lytton.*