

Terms of Publication.

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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. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1858. NO. 18.

THE INQUIRY.

Speak to this aching heart, oh winds! Speak to this aching heart, oh winds! My sinking spirit, oh winds! In you I find a cheering sound, My spirit's glad delight; Bring to my spirit great delight.

Be Polite to All.

"Halloo Limpy, the cars will start in a minute, hurry up or we shall leave you behind." The cars were waiting at a station on one of our Western railroads. The engine was puffing and blowing; the baggage master was busy with baggage and checks; the men were hurrying to and fro with chests and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the cars and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive puffed, and snorted, and blowed.

been very injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so I should throw you out of your station, and you might find it difficult to get another. But in future, remember to be polite to all whom you meet. You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears, and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir, I shall tell you one of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing which has happened shall injure you. Your situation is still continued. Good morning, sir!"

Visit to a Powder Magazine.

The precautions in visiting powder magazines in Europe are greater than in this country, where the "free and equal rights Democracy" would hardly submit to such rigid rules as are there enforced. It would be considered quite condescension enough on the part of an American "sovereign," particularly one of the Young America school, to throw away a lighted cigar. He would have to do something more than that before gratifying his curiosity with a sight of the stores of powder in some of the fortresses on the other side of the water.

Each of these articles had to be deposited

separate, so as to be sure the flint and steel should not by any charm get together, although a hundred feet from the powder, and behind two thick stone walls. Happily our friend had none of these inflammable articles. "Have you any knife, key or article of steel?" He had, as was required to lay them away carefully in separate places. "Have you any gold, silver or copper coins?" Fortunately, although a traveling artist, he had some of these useful accompaniments of a traveler. He was required to show what he had, and make a special deposit, without retaining a single red.

Beautiful Your Home.

Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important, not only because he can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by frequent change of residence. A man who early in life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home that we can call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor.

A Wife's Influence.

Judge O'Neal, in the Yorkville Enquirer, tells the following of Judge William of South Carolina: "He had the rare blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest, and best women, whose character has ever been presented to the world. He married Margaret Duff. In his worst days, she never upbraided him by word, look or gesture, but always met him as if he was one of the kindest and best of husbands. This course on her part humbled him, and made him weep like a child. This sentence, it is hoped, will be remembered, was the language of Judge Smith to the friend already named, and to those who knew the stern unbending public character of the Judge, it will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's love can accomplish. He was at last reformed by an instance of her patient love and devotion, as he himself told it: "The evening before the Return Day of the Court of Common Pleas for York District, a client called with fifty writs to be put in suit. Mr. Smith was not in his office—he was on what is now fashionably called a spree, then a frolic. Mrs. Smith received the writs, and sat down in the office to the work of issuing the writs and processes. She spent the night at work—Mr. Smith in riotous living. At daylight, on his way home from his carousals, he saw a light in his office, and stepped in, and to his great surprise saw his amiable wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work, with her head on the table and asleep. His entry awoke her. She told him what she had done, and showed him her night's work—fifty writs and processes. This bowed the strong man, he fell on his knees, implored her pardon, and then and there faithfully promised her never to drink another drop while he lived. 'This promise,' says my friend Col. Williams, 'the faithfully kept,' and said the judge to him, 'from that day, everything which I touched turned to gold.' His entire success in life," says Col. Williams, "is set down to his faithful observance of this noble promise."

Communications.

Familiar Letters on Geology, Etc.

NUMBER THREE.

MY DEAR MARY: Before resuming the thread of my argument, I would remark that there are two classes who cling to the Usher Chronology and the literal theory. The first, honest and devout it may be, but who do not let their minds expand so as to see the great and glorious intent of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, or who perhaps are timid and conservative, or it may be, have not been placed in a position to get rid of the contracted theories taught them by predecessors, equally pious, but with equally unexpanded intellects. The second class, the unreasonable and unreasoning infidel, who from choice adopts the exegesis which is most unreasonable in order that he may have a stand point from which to attack the Scriptures. I would further remark, and more of this hereafter, that man has a spiritual as well as a physical history and nature—that the history of both natures has been progressive—that both the physical and spiritual natures are still progressive, depending in life mutually, though mysteriously upon each other, yet separate and distinct, so much so that we feel an internal consciousness that the soul or spiritual nature may exist independent of the physical conformation. I would also remark that a man's piety does not depend on what is denominated his intellect, but upon an individual nature, that seems to be, as it were, of indigenous growth and transmitted by infusion, which however when so infused is equally capable of expansion and growth. But to resume.

Heart-Trials.

Heart-trials! What are they? They are not what the world commonly calls trials, and sympathizes with as such. They are far deeper, harder to be borne than that grief which admits of consolation through the medium of kind words. Perhaps all may not fully comprehend the term. But let me for one moment appeal to the experience of sensitive, loving, and aspiring natures, and I am sure they will tell me, heart-trials are the hardest trials of life. There may be sickness, poverty, and a thousand other griefs, which friends by their presence will lighten of half the burden; but who will look into the inner sanctuary of the soul, and read the record there, of struggles which the heart has known? The constant strife between duty, and a desire to cultivate, and gratify those aspirations for knowledge which our Father has implanted in the soul of many, in ordinary degree, may pale the cheek, and sadden the young life—but who shall know it? The sensitive heart hides away in its deep recesses the withered bud, which would have been a blooming flower, and mourns over "what might have been," but asks not for sympathy. There are records there of unappreciated friendship; of cold, unkind words, flung back like ice, upon the warm spirit, which, in its self-devotion has striven hard to light up the way of loved friends; alas! how disheartening has been the requital! None, perhaps, are better acquainted with these trials, than sensitive, diffident children. How often are we grieved, at beholding the want of appreciation, the positive unkindness manifested toward such natures. Oh, ye, who have the care of the young, who are brought into constant companionship with children, beware how ye chill the better feelings of their natures, how ye yell into a wild, self-destroying channel, the capacities which may bless the world with a holy influence, if nurtured with affectionate care! There is a want of love, and forbearance in this great world of ours, there is a selfishness almost unparadise. And who suffer more from it than the young? My heart instinctively goes out toward children whom I have met with in many homes, where the light of affection is so dim as scarcely to be visible—so faint as to shed no warmth, to bring to maturity the seeds of kindness and love, which are implanted in every nature. Would that a voice might reach every being so situated, and whisper to them "words of cheer"—tell of a brighter future, and bid them, even in an ungenial atmosphere, still keep in existence those holy feelings, which shall yet find hearts to read and understand them. Though feeling that life is sad, that the way is hedged up, to which the heart ever turns as the path of its future, remember to act of cheerfulness

building of cities, and the gathering together of population into such cities, and by implication, trade and commerce. All this, remember, was in the very infancy of the world—in the first sixteen hundred years according to the Literalists; and remember, too, that when the flood came, it threw and destroyed the knowledge of all these arts, except what might be supposed to have been known by Noah and his sons, and that too whether the flood was partial, according to Hitchcock, Lyell, Miller and other geologists, or general, according to the common opinion. For these very geologists, while they agree that the flood, happening twenty-three hundred and fifty years ago, could not have been general, admit that it overflowed and destroyed all the inhabited parts of the globe, and that no human beings were saved but Noah and his family. So far as the destruction of the world and its improvements were concerned, the flood was a universal cataclysm, and a new world began with Noah and his sons.

Take the exegesis of the Literalists, or the Usher chronologists, and the whole seems to be pinched down into a mere childish narrative, unworthy the prophet and derogatory to the honor of the great Creator. Admit the exegesis that I have indicated, and it is a most sublime prophetic tableau of the ages before the flood—of man in his, to us, primitive state, and of the great changes brought about in society by man's evil passions in his progression from a primitive state of idiocy to that state of society, when "every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually"—man beginning with the sacrifices, not of the affections and of the intellect, but of lambs and of bullocks, and ending in murder, debauchery, and every other evil device. But my dear Mary, I must draw this letter to a close, for I do not wish to crowd your mind with too many facts at once, or to proceed so fast that you will not find time from your arduous duties to examine thoroughly for yourself all the authorities I quote and all the arguments I use. Let me also recommend you to procure if within your reach—"God revealed in the process of Creation," by James B. Walker—Prof. Gayot's "Earth and Man"—some good work on volcanoes. I do not know what one to recommend—Smith's "Natural History of the Human Species," though I would by no means have you stumble on a modern deluge and so be compelled with him to adopt a trial origin for man, as Caucasian, Mongolian and Negro—Dr. S. G. Morton's various works on the human crania, &c., and—but I have recommended enough for one week at least, and with Miller and Professor Hitchcock, more than you will probably consult; and in conclusion, let me recommend you to consult carefully the Bible. Yours truly, J. E.

Early Piety.

The following story is acknowledged a "good one," but we have never before seen it in print. A few years since, some roguish boys in a town not a thousand miles distant from the capitol of New Hampshire, persuaded Joseph N., or, as he was generally called, "Joe," to attend Sunday School. Joe was an overgrown, half-witted, profane lad, and the boys had anticipated considerable fun of him; but the answers to the various questions propounded were given, so readily and correctly that no one could for a moment suppose that he was not fully versed in theological lore. Joe was duly ushered in, and placed on a settee in front of the one on which his friends were seated, and the recitation commenced. "My friend," said the teacher, who made the world we inhabit?" "Eh?" said Joe, turning up his eyes like an expiring calf. "Who made the world we inhabit?" Just as he was probably about to give the answer, one of the boys seated behind inserted a pin into his (Joe's) unmentionables about nine inches below the ornamental button of his coat. "God Almighty!" answered Joe, in an elevated tone, at the same time rising quickly from his seat. "That is correct," replied the teacher; "but it is not necessary that you should rise in answering. A sitting posture was just as well." Joe was again seated, and the catechism proceeded. "Who died to save the world?" "The pin was again inserted, and Joe replied—"Jesus Christ?" in a still louder voice, rising as before, from his seat. "That is also correct, but do not manifest so much feeling; do be more composed and reserved in your manner," said the teacher in an expostulating tone. After Joe had calmed down, the examination went on. "What will be the final doom of all wicked men?" was the subject now up for consideration; and as the pin was again stuck in, Joe thundered out, with a higher elevation of the body—"Hell and damnation!" "My young friend," said the instructor, "you give true answers to these questions; but while you are here we wish you to be more mild in your words. Do endeavor, if you can to restrain your enthusiasm, and give a less extended scope to your feelings."

A Speech on Scolding Wives.

At a Young Men's Debating Society, somewhere out in Illinois, the question for discussion was, "which is the greatest evil—a scolding wife or a smoking chimney?" After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator rose and begged the privilege of making a few remarks on the occasion. Permission being granted he delivered himself in the following manner. "Mr. President—I've been almost mad listening to the debate of these youngsters. They don't know anything about a scolding wife! Wait until they have had one upwards of eight years, and been hammered and jammed and jawed at all the while, wait until they have been scolded because the fire wouldn't burn, because the oven was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because the sun shined, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come, because they are too soon for dinner, because they are one minute too late, because they tripped the young ones, because they tore their trousers, or because they anything, (whether they could help it or not,) before they speak about the evils of a scolding wife; why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammer and stones, and twenty tin pans, and nine brass kettles than a din of a scolding wife! Yes, sir, ee, them's my sentiments. To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife than a little negro is to a dark night." There was nothing said about drunken, ill-grained, sulky husbands, who come home when they please and still expect the wife to be a perfect angel. WOULD'N'T BITE SUCH BAIT.—Our friend Jones has been doing homage to a pair of bright eyes, and talking tender things by moonlight, lately. A few evenings since, Jones resolved to "make his destiny secure." Accordingly he fell on his knees before the fair dulcinea, and made his passion known. Much to his surprise, she refused him out flat. Jumping to his feet, he informed her in no choice terms that there were as good fish in the sea as ever was caught. Judge of the exasperation of our worthy swain, when she coolly replied: "Yes but they don't bite at bull-heads!" Jones has learned a lesson.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square or 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 mo's Square, (14 lines,) - \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00 2 Squares - - - - - 4 00 6 00 8 00 3 columns - - - - - 10 00 15 00 20 00 4 columns - - - - - 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, Bill, 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.

A Western Editor thinks that Hiram Powers is a swindler, because he chiselled an unfortunate Greek girl out of marble.