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Another hand is beckoning us, Another call is given; And glows once more with angel's steps The path that leads to heaven. O, half we deemed she needed not The changing of her sphere, To give to heaven a shining one, Who walked an angel here. Unto our Father's will alone One thought has reconciled; That He whose love exceedeth ours Hath taken home his child. Fold her, O Father in thine arms, And let her henceforth be A messenger of love between Our human hearts and Thee. Shall let her mild rebukings stand Between us and the wrong, And her dear memory serve to make Our faith in goodness strong. Whittier.

John Clarke and his Fortune.

"Never mind the house, John, we've got one of our own," whispered John Clarke's wife. She was a rosy little thing, only twenty summers old. How brightly and bewitchingly she shone—a star amid the sombre company. "But what in the world has he left me?" muttered John Clarke. "I believe he hated me—I believe they all hated me." "Hush, dear!" "I bequeath to John Clarke, my dearly beloved nephew," read the grim attorney, as a reward for his firmness in resisting temptation the last two years, and his determination to improve in all acceptable things, my one horse shay, which has stood on my barn over twenty-five years, requesting that he shall repair it, or cause it to be repaired in a suitable manner.

"That was all. Some of the people gathered there tittered, all seemed to enjoy the confusion of the poor young man. His eyes flashed fire, he trembled excessively; poor little Jenny fairly cried. "To think," she said to herself, "how hard he has tried to be good, and that is all he thought of it!" "Wish you joy," said a red-headed youth, with a grin, as he came out of the room. John sprang up to collar the fellow, but a little white hand laid on his coat sleeve restrained him. "Let them triumph, John, it won't hurt you," said Jenny, with her sunny smile; "please don't notice them for my sake."

"Served him right," said Susan Spriggs, the niece of the old man just dead, and to whom he had left all his silver, "served him right for marrying that ignorant goose Jenny Brazier. I suppose he calculated a good deal on the old gentleman's generosity." "Ta which she added in a whisper that only her own heart heard, 'He might have married me. He had the chance, and I loved him better than any one else—better than that pretty little fool, Jenny Brazier.' "Now we shall see how deep his goodness was," said a maiden aunt, through her nose; "she stopped short in wickedness just because she expected a fortune from my poor, dear brother. Thanks to massey that he left me five hundred dollars. Now I can get that new carpet; but we'll see how much of a change there is in John Clarke—he always was an old man of wickedness."

"Well, I guess John Clarke'll have to be accounted with his little ten feet shanty," said the father of Susan Spriggs to good old Deacon Joe Hemp. "Well, I reckon he is content—if he ain't ought to be, with that little jewel of a wife, she's bright enough to make any four walls shine," was the deacon's reply. "Pshaw! you're crazy about that gal. What she ain't to be compared with my Susan. Susan plays on the forty-piano like a pro, and manages a house first-rate."

"Bless you, neighbor Spriggs, I'd rather have that innocent, blooming face to smile at me when I waked up of mornings, than all the forty-piano gals you can scare up between here and the Indies—fact!" "I'd like to know what you mean!" exclaimed Mr. Spriggs frowning up. "Less what I say," replied good old Deacon Joe, coolly. "Well, that John Clarke'll die on the gal-lows yet, mark my words," said Mr. Spriggs, emphatically. "That John Clarke will make one of our best citizens, and go to the legislature yet," replied old Deacon Joe complacently.

"Yes, may be you do, and that's a pretty way to build up a young fellow, isn't it, when you're trying his best. No, John Clarke won't be a good citizen, if you can help it. People that ever 'mad dog' are plaguey willin' to loose the critter while he's a running, I take it; and if he ain't mad they're sure to drive him so. Why don't you step up to him and say, 'John, I'm glad you're right now, and you got faith in you, and if you want any more, why, come to me and I'll put you through?' That's the way to do business, Mr. Spriggs."

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 30, 1858.

NO. 22.

"Well, I'm glad you think so much of him; I don't!" "No," muttered Deacon Joe, as his neighbor turned away, "but if he had married your raw-boned darter that plays on the forty-piano, he'd a been all right, and no mistake."

"A one-horse shay!" said the minister, laughing; "what a fortune!" And so it went, from mouth to mouth. None of the relatives—some already rich—had offered the poorest man among them—the owner of the one-horse shay—a dollar of the bequeathment left to him or to her; but they had rather rejoiced in his disappointment.

The truth is, everybody had prophesied that John Clarke, a poor, motherless boy, would come to ruin, and they wanted the prophecy to prove a true one. He had, in his youth, been wild and wayward, and somewhat profligate in the early years of manhood; but his old uncle had encouraged him to reform—held out hopes to which he had encouraged him to reform—held out hopes to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and the love of the sweet young Jenny Brazier completed, as it seemed, his reformation.

Jenny never appeared so lovely as she did on that unfortunate day of the reading of the will, after they had returned to the poor little house that was Jenny's own. "No matter, John," she said, cheerfully, "you will rise in spite of them. I wouldn't let them think I was in the least discouraged, that will only please them too well. We are doing nicely now, and you know if they do cut the railroad through our bit of land, the money will set us up quite comfortably; isn't home a happy one, if it is small? And O! John, bye and bye!"

An eloquent blush—a glance towards her work-basket, out of which peeped the most delicate needlework, told the story—that ever new story of innocence, beauty and helplessness, that brings cares akin to angels' work. For once, John Clarke stopped the gossip's mouth. He held his head up manfully—worked steadily at his trade, and every step seemed a sure advance, and an upward one. Baby was just six months old when the corporation paid into John Clarke's hand the sum of six hundred dollars for the privilege of laying a track through his one little field.

"A handsome baby, a beautiful and industrious wife, and six hundred dollars," thought John, an honest exultation, "well, this is living!" "John," said his wife, rising from her work, "look out." He did, and saw the one-horse shay dragged by a stalwart negro. "Maass says as how the old barn is gwine to be pulled down, so he sent your shay," said the African.

"Thank him for nothing," said John, bitterly; but a glance at his wife removed the evil spirit, and a better one smiled out of his eyes. "John, you can spare a little money now to have the old shay fixed up, can't you? You ought to according to the will," said Jenny. "The old trash?" muttered John.

"But you could at least let it for what the repairs would cost," said Jenny in her winning way. "Yes, I suppose I could." "Then I'd have it done, and bless me, I'd keep it, too. You've got a good horse, and can have the old shay made quite stylish for baby and me to ride in. Shan't we shine?" "Well, I'll send it over to Hosmer's, tomorrow, and see what he will do for it."

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you come right over to the shop!" shouted the carriage-maker's apprentice, at the top of his lungs; "old Deacon Joe's there, an' says he's right down glad—golly, it's hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds, and hum—"

he thought of the many times he had heaped reproaches upon his memory! "Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the peculiar feelings of those kind friends who had prophesied that John Clarke would come to grief. At first, Deacon Joe proposed to take the old shay just as it was—linings stripped, bits of cloth hanging—and upon a tin trumpet proclaim the good tidings to the whole town, taking especial pains to stop before the house of Mr. Spriggs, and blowing loud enough to drown all the forty-pianos in the universe; but that was vetoed by John's kind little wife. "La! they'll know of it soon enough," she said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't hurt their feelings."

They did know of it, and a few years after, when John Clarke lived in a big house, they all voted for him to go to the "legislator." So much for the old one horse shay.

The Brave Engineer.

At the station at Syracuse, there is assigned to Mr. Glenn the duty of arranging each day to which of the engines the several trains are to be assigned, so that as the hour of departure for each comes, the engine will be in readiness to take its burthen. He was for a number of years an engineer in active service, distinguished for courage and for prompt resolution. There are some instances of this, which by their incidents ought not to be omitted from the roll of the truly brave deeds done by men.

He was at his bar, his engine careering on with the speed that only steam's strength can give, the road was clear, the busy wheels kept their regular roll, the huge drivers beneath his seat made swift circling, and they who in the cars were borne onward, knew no obstacle in their journey. Everything moved on according to the card, and they who were by the roadside found the car marking by its passage the moment as accurately as if it was the hand of a great dial. Suddenly he discovered a small object near the rail. The human vision grows sharp beyond the optician's art in such an instant. The object moved, assumed form, became only too apparent. It was a little girl playing with the dirt between the rails.

One may in the race pull the blooded horse to his haunches and in a brief space control his movement; that springing muscle has but a light weight to control; the backward paddle soon changes the course of the steamer; but this huge engine, with its rather rush than roll, ponderous, powerful, in such earnest in its motion that it must have great space of change, how shall this stop before it shall crush out of all form of life the feeble child? The play with the soil is of such importance that the little one does not hear the roar of the wheels, or if it does, it is the child of a cabin proximate to the rail, and the sound is a familiar one—it continues its play, and nearer by an advance that is the very step of death, the train comes towards it. Mr. Glenn determined in a tested accuracy of judgment that his train could not stop in time! What if it was checked, and the speed that was measuring the mile by the very few minutes, diminished, the death blow by the swifter would be the more merciful—destruction was certain—the little one must meet the force that would crush it from the record of the living, and its play went on as if it were at its mother's feet.

The brave man read the realities of the scene in an instant! He left his bar! The fireman's heart forgot to beat; as for the passengers, they were acting out the every day scenes of a common-peaceable journey; perhaps the checked speed caused somebody to lay down his newspaper; of the intense scene without, he knew nothing. He left his bar, and walking firmly over the top of the locomotive over the boiler, past the smoke stack, he climbed over the front and down the step like framework of the pilot, and grasping that with a desperate strength, he leaned over! The bars of iron seemed to glide dizzily away beneath him, and now the struggle for the child was one between death and bravery, and as ever in this mortal time, the King of Terrors seemed to have all the might in his skeleton hand. He leaned over! He reached forward!—and at that instant, at that period of time, (moment is too long a word to express this) as the cruel edges of the pilot was about to crush the little one, he, not the locomotive, struck the child; if ever there was a bold love touch this was one; and the child laid between the ties!—and on the fast train darted. Then down went the brakes, the strong arm of the brakeman strained the wheel lever to crowd the delaying surface against the speed; then passengers aroused to find the train coming to a halt, while neither station nor tank was near; then this brave man trod his locomotive top back again, and, as soon as the power of the advance could be subdued, jumped from his iron step and ran down the road; the wonder was that agitated limbs could move so fast, and here—there was the child, living, unharmed, not a bone broken, not quite recovered from its astonishment at the life-giving blow which had turned aside the dart of death.

Restored to its parents, who thronged around its deliverer, the little one too young to realize that it had quivered on the very verge of another world, was taken home, Mr. Glenn returned to his engine, and the locomotive careered to its grand progress with not a stain of blood upon its burnished metal.

And is not this the record of the deed of the highest order of bravery, the courage that saves life?

There is a man that labors under the delusion that "Hon." before a man's name, stands for honesty.

Politeness Pays.

"Seems to me you treat that ragged little brat with more politeness than I should," said a rough looking man to a young shop-keeper who had just done up three cents' worth of sugar very neatly, in a brown paper, and tied it carefully.

The boy in question had presented a marked physiognomy. From under his rimless hat projected a wide, full brow, deep sparkling eyes, and features full of energy and resolution. His face and hands were scrupulously clean, but his clothes were poor and patched, though not as the man had insinuated, ragged. His mother was a woman possessing much force of character—a hard-working woman who had been reared in apparently better circumstances than those that now surrounded her for she was the wife of a drunkard.

The grocer was busy, and he evidently had not heard what was said, so the rough looking man remarked again. "I say, Wyman, you're a queer one." "How queer, Gross?" asked the grocer, throwing a scoop of tea into the scales. "Why you treat the beggars about here with as much consideration when they come with their pennies, as if they bought by the wholesale."

"And why shouldn't I?" said the grocer, looking up with his honest eyes wide open and clear. "O, I don't know; it's queer, that's all; you're the only man that does it I reckon, in these parts."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Wyman, deliberately unwinding the spool of cord and twisting the string about a package he held in his hand: "the fact is, if I wasn't naturally tender towards the children, I should treat them as I do from motives of policy. You see, I'm but a young man, and these 'brats' as you call them, are growing up fast. Many of them, of little worth as they seem now, will become men of character and men of business. Now, I want to retain their custom," he said, laughing; "their pennies, in the course of a few years, will turn into pounds; their three cents' worth of sugar will change into orders by the barrel. I shall have many a good customer among the 'brats'; besides, I've always found that politeness pays well."

"Something in that," ejaculated the coarse man, thrusting his hand into his pockets, "something in that; but I never looked at it in that light before."

"The boy who bought the sugar," continued the grocer, "is one of no ordinary mind, if I am not mistaken. If his father was dead, I'd take him with me into the store and make a man of him—though I reckon nature will do better for him than I could; and the far-seeing grocer smilingly handed a cents' worth of pins to a little timid child, whose top curl just reached to the counter. Time verified the prediction of Wyman, the grocer. There wasn't a shop in the place where so much small change was spent as in his; for the children loved to go where they were not afraid of rough actions or rude speeches. They felt themselves safe while making their little purchases; they saw that their rights were respected; and it is well known that on such trifling sales much profit accrues in the aggregate. Time passed, and Wyman, the grocer, was the most popular man in town. His pleasant face at forty years was greeted everywhere. Young men and maidens always patronized Wyman. It was strange to see the transformation that took place, so gradually the little dirty faced juveniles shot up into awkward youths learning trades, and then grew to the respectable business men. Wyman enlarged his shop, and built him a splendid house, "all the fruits of the children's pennies," he often said laughingly.

"Yes, with him, it paid 'to be polite'; it always pays. It pays the merchant as well as the mechanic, the lawyer as well as the physician. Urbane manners have been the means of making many a fortune, while the cross-grained have wondered why they didn't get along. The roughness that speaks its mind at all places, boasting itself that it is only honest, blunt and straight forward,—is a habit that demoralizes as well as insults.—Ask any man you chance to see, if he remembers those who treated him with urbanity which he was a child and he will recall his name with a throb of pleasure. Perhaps, too, he will couple some other names with the epithet of "old rasal!" and "I've never liked that man—I wouldn't have dealings with him."

It paid the grocer to be polite. The ragged boy, the drunkard's son, became a great as well as a rich man. He established his sad mother in a handsome residence of her own and sent in unlimited orders to the grocer.—It was his influence that gave Wyman several posts of honor in his native city—for the town became a thriving city; and when silver hairs hung on the shoulders of the old man, and the young Congressman's name rang far and wide spoken, by admiring tongues, praised by men of wisdom and sterling worth, it was no idle boast for him to say with a smile of triumph, "I told you so!" Politeness pays!

Communications.

Familiar Letters on Geology, Etc.

MY DEAR MARY; Dr Smyth of Charleston, gives in his work on the unity of the human races, a most formidable list of names who advocate the derivation of all the different varieties from a single pair; some of them, however, of not much weight on such a subject, whatever they may be in other departments. But among them are the names of Linnaeus, Buffon, Cuvier, Humboldt, Blumenback, Buckland, Mudie, Lyell, De Guignes, Bachman, Guyot, Mantel, Pickering, Owen and others, names eminent in the department of natural history, and whose opinions coinciding, would seem to be conclusive upon the scientific aspect of the question.—He also adds the name of Agassiz, and shows pretty conclusively that previous to his lectures at the South he was of the same opinion.

On the other side of the question, Dr. Smyth enumerates a very meager list consisting of Viray St. Vincent, Barton, Dr. J. C. Warren, of Boston, Prof. Gibson, Dr. B. H. Coats, Desmoulin, Broc, Voltaire, Lord Kaimes, Thomas Paine, Burk, Gliddon, and Dr. Nutt of Mobile, to which I will add C. Hamilton Smith, Van Amringe, Dr. Morton, Agassiz and Kneeland, the editor of the American edition of Hamilton Smith's "Natural History of the Human Species," some of the names you will see at a glance are entitled to but little credit, while others rank high in the world of science. To which of these lists it to be assigned Lord Momboddo, who believed that man sprung originally from a race of monkeys, I am unable to determine.

It is a singular and interesting fact, that when Prof. Agassiz in 1850 defined his position before the scientific association at Charleston, and expressed his belief that God created at first distinct races of men, and that the negro and other races had an origin distinct from that of the white race, his position was most promptly and ably met and denied by two eminent naturalists, having their residence in a region where the extremes of man, physically, intellectually and civilly are congregated. I refer to Drs. Smyth and Bachman of Charleston.

Now the main difficulty in the way of all those who believe that man sprung from one original pair, is the difficulty of accounting for the present extreme varieties of the human race in the time allowed. The arguments made use of are scientifically conclusive, and must, I think, lead most minds to adopt the theory of the unity of the races. In science, a miracle is not allowable, when the same result could have been brought about by the operation of natural laws, and in God's operations, a miracle is never to be supposed, and is never made use of, except when it becomes necessary for the purpose of impressing upon the world's mind, God's greatness and power, and thereby establishing his authority.

In the case of the dispersion of the human race, no such miracle was necessary, and besides, science has shown that by natural laws men do diverge, and under different circumstances of climate, modes of living, food, position on high or low lands, civilization &c., these divergencies become permanent varieties.

Lawrence refers these permanent varieties to congenital beginnings; others refer them to circumstances as above; but nearly all admit, that even four thousand two hundred years is not sufficient on any hypothesis, short of a miracle to produce the extreme varieties. And yet we have historical evidence running back about thirty-five hundred years, that the difference between the white and negro race was at that time substantially as now. This I believe all writers or nearly all admit.

Nearly all christian naturalists have hitherto admitted the Usher chronology, and what has been the result? They have been compelled to resort to natural cause in operation four thousand years ago, that have now in a great measure at least, ceased to exist, or to a miracle, when according to their own view of miracles, none was necessary; or they have been compelled to admit that science seemed to contradict the Bible. Some, strong in faith that God would in due time reconcile all apparent discrepancies, have quietly admitted the apparent facts together with their inability to explain. Others, less strong in their confidence in God's word have suffered themselves to be led astray by the glosses of skepticism, their faith weakened, and in the end, may be, silently yielding to Pantheism, Atheism, or what is as bad, to a religion mystical, without form and uncertain.

There is another class who are willing to admit, may earnestly contend for, the literal chronology and construction of the first eleven chapters of the Bible. They are such men as Van Amringe, Nutt, Gliddon, and others whom I might name—men who never had any faith in the Divine Revelation, and who never examined the Scriptures, except to seek evidence to overthrow their influence. And they find too at this very point a strong argument; for if the literal exegesis of the chronology is admitted, they have on their side virtually nearly the whole array of scientific deduction.

The same difficulty met the scientific geologist in the face when the science of geology was in its infancy. The Bible record, if taken literally, said that the earth was created in six days. Science, also the record of God, said that the earth was created in six periods, indefinite and vast in their duration. The infidel wielded this as a powerful argument, and some weak-in-faith christians, yielded to its influence. Science, however, the science of philology, soon demonstrated that God's revelation was true, whether written on the

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rocks or in the Bible—that both records harmonized; and a new and a strong argument was thus furnished the christian. The two points are similar, and I have no doubt thorough and scientific examination will produce a result in this last case similar to the result in the geological question.

I will endeavor to show in my succeeding letters, the evidence that convinces me and I trust it will convince you also, that man could not have had more than one origin,—that the doctrine of an original creation of distinct species is a fallacy unsupported by scientific research,—that the varieties now existing furnish, not only no evidence of original difference, but evidence to the contrary, that all, from the lowest type of flat-footed, web-fingered, thick-lipped, flat-skulled and woolly-haired negro, to the highest type of intellectual Caucasian, must have sprung from one original,—but at the same time that science absolutely requires a longer time for the origination of present varieties than the Usher chronology gives. In other words, I trust I shall convince you that science in this instance, as it did in the six geological days of creation, furnishes another evidence that if aid revelation, when fully understood, most surprisingly harmonize.

Truly yours, J. E.

TEACHER'S COLUMN.

Uniformity of Text Books.

Almost every teacher of our Common Schools has experienced something of the difficulties which arise from the want of a uniformity of educational text books. It is a notorious fact, that to every teacher who would classify his pupils, and have them arranged in accordance with their advancement, this liberal system is a most serious hindrance. In some districts you will find, for instance, all kinds of arithmetic from Dabell, down to Davies' latest edition. I know of certain schools, which have in use, at this moment, books, from at least six different authors of arithmetic's. Now, every one, who has the slightest idea, how a school should be conducted, know full well, that such a state of facts is an injustice, both to teacher and scholar. An injustice to the teacher, because under such a system, it is impossible for him to have a live school. Neither can he classify his pupils as he should, and of course, fails to arouse a proper interest—everything must necessarily fail to move off as it should, and the people of the districts wonder why their children do not learn, and of course, come to the conclusion that they have not much of a school.

Again, such a system, is a great and lasting wrong to the scholars themselves. It is upon them that this error falls with the greatest force. He now fails to receive the instruction that he should. It takes no more time to explain a principle, to a class of ten or fifteen than to a single one, and it can be seen at a glance that much more time can be bestowed upon a scholar by having a school properly classified, than by having them recite singly, without any regular method of conduct.

And in my judgment any system of books would be far better than a part of so many, for any teacher can use one book, to better advantage than he can half a dozen, and the only objection offered against a uniformity is that parents cannot afford to buy a complete new set of books. Still this difficulty can be easily obviated, and if during the present winter we cannot put it into operation, is it not well to look a little into the future? Let the Directors at one of their meetings decide upon a system of books, to go into effect at a stated future period—give publicity to the books upon which they have decided, so that parents, who are constantly buying new books my purchase those selected by the directors. If directors would only go this far, it would be but a short time, before we would have a complete uniformity of books, without a farthing of additional expense.

J. B. N.

A HINPOO STORY.—The following would be sacrilegious if relating to white folks, but as it is it will pass: "A poor Hindoo having been released from the cares of this world, and from a brawling wife, presented himself at the gates of Brahma's paradise. 'Have you been through purgatory?' asked the god. 'No, but I have been married,' he replied, seriously. 'Come in, then, it's all the same.' At this moment arrived another man, just defunct, who begged to go in also. 'Softly! softly!—Have you been through purgatory?' 'No; but what of that? Did you not admit, a moment ago, one who had not been there any more than I?' 'Certainly, but he had been married.' 'Married!—Who are you talking to? I have been married twice!' 'O, pshaw!' replied Brahma; 'get away!—Paradise is not for fools!'

SMALL THINGS.—A beautiful boy lay dead, and his heart broken parents were weeping over his cold body. Many friends gathered round with words of pity. Among them was a poor old woman who had received much kindness from the family. She wiped the tears from her withered face, and said to the mother—"O, he was so good and kind.—How few young gentlemen would have come, as he did last winter, in the deep snow, to split wood for an old woman. How beautiful and humble he came at your bidding!" "It was not at my bidding," replied the mother, "but at the prompting of his own noble heart, that he did that thing." "God, no doubt, accepted that little deed, and the memory of the dear boy remained in more than one lowly heart when he was laid in the dust."