

Terms of Publication.

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TO THE WAVERING.

Be bold, be firm, be strong, be true, and dare to stand alone; strive for the right, whatever you do, though helpers there be none.

From the Boston Olive Branch. The Scandal Monger.

Now let it work. Mischievous, thou art afoot. Aunt Lizzie was Deacon Snipe's wife's sister.

Aunt Lizzie was Deacon Snipe's wife's sister—a maiden lady of about fifty—she went to the meetings—kept a regular account of every death and marriage, with their dates—

she knew every yard in the neighborhood—showed all the young married women how to make soap, and when they had had luck, to make every child in the house cross-legged until the luck changed.

She was a kind of village factotum—getting her time in going from house to house, giving out a grist of slander to each, as occasion required, but always concluded with "the wrong transgressors is hard."

Aunt Lizzie was always very fond of asking strangers and others, without regard to time or place, "the state of their minds; if they enjoyed their minds," &c.

One warm summer's afternoon as Squire P. was sitting near his office door, smoking his pipe, Aunt Lizzie was passing by with great speed, ruminating on the news of the day.

"Well, Squire P., I have been thinking this afternoon what a useful man you might be, if you'd only leave off your light conversations, and your good book says, and become a serious man—you might be an ornament to both church and state, as our Minister says."

"Why, as to that, Aunt Lizzie, a cheerful countenance I consider as the best index of a healthy heart, and you know what the Bible says on that subject—'When ye fast, be not as hypocrites of a sad countenance, but announce thy heart and wash thy face (Aunt Lizzie began to frown and wrack her handkerchief, for she was a sniffer of snuff), that thou appear not unto men to fast.'"

"Now, there Squire—that's just what I told you—see how you have the scripper at your elbow's end; what a useful man you might be for church, if you'd only be a doer as well as a hearer of the word."

"As to that, Aunt Lizzie, I don't see that 'profession' as you call them, are a whit more than I am, in private. I respect a single profession as much as any man; but I don't think enough of one of your church, whom you think a great deal of, to know that she is better than she should be!"

"At these innuendoes, Aunt Lizzie's little black eyes began to twinkle; she sat down beside the Squire, in order to speak in a lower tone—spread her handkerchief over her lap, and began to tap the cover of her snuff box in true style, and all things being in readiness for a regular siege of 'scandalum magnum,' she commenced her attack."

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.

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Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Advice to Young Men.

"That never! do, young man! No use to stand on the sidewalk and whine about hard luck, and say that everything goes against you."

You are a coward—a coward in the battle. There's no fight in you. You have surrendered without a struggle, and now whine because beaten.

Stand up, young sir, pull your hands from your pockets, throw off your coat, and take fortune by the throat.

No capital, eh? You have capital. God has given you perfect health. That is an immense capital to start on.

Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched weak and wasted on a bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every want and necessity.

Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateways of life.

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A Midnight Adventure.

Female often possess presence of mind, and the power of self-control, under circumstances of imminent peril, which seem almost foreign to their nature, and beyond the endurance of a delicate physical organization.

"The likelihood of our church members! I thought it was Sussey B.—likeliest!—this comes of being flattered—a trollop. Well, one thing I know—the way of the transgressor is hard; but I hope you'll never tell nobody on't, Squire, for sartin as the world, if such a thing should be known, our church would be scattered abroad, like sheep without a shepherd."

In a few moments Aunt Lizzie took her departure, the Squire another caution and a sly wink, as she said good-by—let me alone for a secret.

It was not many days before Squire P. received a very polite note from Parson G., requesting him to attend a meeting of the church, and many of the parish, at the south Conference room, in order to settle some difficulties with one of the church members, who, in order to clear up her character, requested Squire P. to be present.

The Parson, who was a very worthy man, knew the frailty of some of the weak sisters, as Aunt Lizzie called them, and as he was a particular friend of Squire P.'s, requested him in his note to say nothing of it to his wife. But the Squire took the hint, and telling his wife that there was a Parish meeting, requested her to be ready by 2 o'clock, and he would call for her.

Accordingly the hour of meeting came—the whole village flocked to the room, which could not hold half of them. All eyes were alternately on the Squire and Sussey B.—Mrs. P. stared and Sussey looked as though she had been crying a fortnight. The Parson, with softened tone, and in as delicate a manner as possible, stated the story about Sussey B., which he observed was in every body's mouth, and which he did not himself believe a word of—and Squire P., being called on to stand as a witness—after painting in lively colors the evils of slander, with which their village had been infested, and particularly the church, called on Aunt Lizzie in presence of the meeting, and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgment for violating a Bible oath? Aunt Lizzie's apology was, that she only told Deacon Snipe's wife on't—and she took an oath that she wouldn't never tell nobody else on't. Deacon Snipe's wife had, it appears, sworn Roger Toothaker's sister never to tell nobody on't—and so it went through the whole church, and thence through the village.

The Squire then acknowledged before the whole meeting, that he had, as he told Aunt Lizzie, slept with a church member, half the way up to Boston, and that he believed her to be one of the likeliest of their members, inasmuch as she never would bear or retail slander. All eyes were now alternately on Sussey B. and Squire P.'s wife—Aunt Lizzie enjoyed a kind of diabolical triumph, which the Squire no sooner perceived than he finished his sentence by declaring that the church member, to whom he alluded, was his own lawful wife!

Aunt Lizzie drew in her head under a huge bonnet, as a turtle does under its shell, and marched away into one corner of the room, like a dog that had been killing sheep. The Squire, as usual, burst out into a fit of laughter, from which his wife, Sussey B. and even the Parson, could not refrain joining—and Parson G. afterward acknowledged that Squire P. had given a death blow to scandal in the village which all his preaching could not have done.

The Deacon and the Irishman.

Under this head we find the following amusing story going the rounds.

A few months ago, as Mr. Ingalls, of Swampscott, R. I. was traveling the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country and was in quest of a brother who came before him and settled in some of the diggings in that vicinity.

Pat was a strong athletic man, and a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sunday morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church. Ingalls was a good and pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself and invited his new made acquaintance to keep him company thither, (his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting house near by.) There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the Deacons, (who by the way was very small in stature,) invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated, he turned to brother Ingalls and in a whisper which could be heard all round inquired: "Sure, an isn't this a hirittick church?"

"Hush," said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word they will put you out."

"And faith, not a word will I speak at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely when an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat shouted "Glory!"

"Hist ye divil ye," rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was plainly heard by the minister, "be decent, and don't make a blackguard of yourself."

The parson grew more fervent in his devotions. Presently the Deacon uttered an audible groan. "Hist-t ye blackguard have you no decency at all?" said Pat, at the same moment giving the Deacon a punch in the ribs which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped and extending his hand in a supplicating manner said— "Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

Use of Pork as Food.

The Scientific American having endorsed the opinion that "A fat hog is the very quintessence of scrofula and carbonic acid gas, and that fat pork was never designed for human food, making no red meat or mussels," etc., Dr. Holston, of Zanesville, who is one of the most intelligent physicians of Ohio, wrote to the Courier:

A fat hog is truly the quintessence of scrofula, for scrofula in Greek is hog, and the derivative scrofulous means hoggish. The disease scrofula was so called when medical science was in its infancy, from its supposed resemblance to some diseases of the hog, and then the inference was easy, that eating the hog (scrofula) produced the hog-disease (scrofula).

It is well known, however, that our American Indians and the Hindoos, who never use pork, are liable to this disease; and that in Europe it prevails chiefly among the ill-fed poor, who hardly taste meat of any kind.

On the other hand the Chinamen and our own pioneers, who hardly eat any other flesh, are remarkably healthy and exempt from scrofula—a disease we have much more reason to suspect as originating long ago from the hereditary taint of an unmentionable disease favored by irregular living and poor diet.

In the South, from their sleek appearance and exemption from scrofula, you can at once distinguish the bacon-fed negro.

These examples may suffice on this head.

Fat pork is not in any sense carbonic acid, but hydro-carbon, a combination of hydrogen and carbon. It becomes carbonic acid and water by combining with oxygen in the act of being burned, or digested, which is much the same thing—giving off during those processes large amounts of heat and light.

It is true the fat of pork does not make blood or red flesh, though the lean which is always eaten, does. It is as your article says truly, material for breath. Well, that is a good deal. It is supposed that if the writer's breath had stopped five minutes before he took his pen, we should never have seen his article on fat pork.

But it does more. All the fat that goes into the stomach, and thence into the blood, does not undergo slow burning in the lungs by the process of burning, but is deposited in the body as human fat. Now a certain amount of fat is so necessary for the proper play of all the parts, muscles included, that without it, the body, like an ungreased engine, wears itself out by its own friction. In consumption, the waste of fat is one of the most alarming and most dangerous symptoms, and the far-famed cod-liver oil acts perhaps chiefly by supplying the blood with fat.

I am satisfied by experience that fat pork—when the stomach will receive it—does just as well. Moreover, few of those delicate persons that have so great an aversion to pork or other fat, ever live to see forty years. They die young, of consumption. Butter, sugar, starch, vegetable oils, act to some extent as animal fat, and in tropical climates are used as substitutes.

But go to the Arctic regions and see the refined Dr. Kane and his men devour raw walrus blubber with a gusto, as he would take a dish of ice cream, and you will conclude that "fat pork," particularly in our Arctic winters, is not so bad an institution.

We could not live on fat pork alone—nor on sugar and starch—though we could on bread. Bread, the staff of life, contains the materials both for breathing and making blood and red flesh (muscle) in a supereminent degree, greater even than lean beef or any other single article of food, and this, or some substitute, such as beans, peas, potatoes, etc., is always eaten with fat pork, so there is a sufficient supply of blood and flesh-making material. However, excess is bad, and the fat pork must not constitute the bulk of a meal.

Chemical analysis is a poor substitute for the observation of facts in the living body, nor can we even base very much on experiments made on Mr. Martin, the man with the hole in his stomach, by which food can be introduced and digestion observed, for that is not nature's way of getting it there, and a stomach with such an unnatural opening is much like a leaky dinner-pot with a hole in the bottom stuffed with a rag. Extended experience alone can settle such a question.

The Greeks and Romans esteemed pork as a luxury, and a most wholesome diet; their athletes and gladiators (prize fighters) were fed on pork. Our own Saxons (Teutonic Scandinavian) ancestors esteemed it so highly that they, even in their heaven, provided a great hog with golden bristles, called Gulliborist, of whose bacon the heroes of Walhalla dined every day, when at night the picked bones again united and became covered with a fresh supply of fat pork. In this estimate of the hog, the mass of mankind, not of the Schemetic race, (Jews, Turks, Arabs, etc.) who follow Moses' law, that had a spiritual and representative meaning, have in all ages agreed, and will agree, as long as man has canine teeth, and lives by drawing his breath. Whenever the Scientific American, or Prof. Liebig will discover a new process of living without breathing, we may be guided by their opinion; till then, I opine, "good corn-fed pork," (and no other is good) will rule the roast, of which they themselves will not be slow to partake.

My remarks are of course only applicable to men, women and children with comparatively healthy stomachs, who have sufficient exercise, with pure air and pure water.

AN ADVOCATE of a French provincial town was waited on by a sausage-dealer, who said, "Sir, I want to consult you. If a dog devours sausages placed in my window, can I make his owner pay the damage?" "Certainly." "In that case, please to pay me twelve francs, for your dog has just eaten sausages of mine to that extent." The advocate paid the money.—An hour after, the advocate's clerk called on the sausage-dealer, and claimed twenty francs for "a consultation about sausages," and the tradesman, to his intense mortification, had to hand over the sum claimed.

A Beautiful Sketch.

We select the following beautiful picture from a recent published address of Richard V. Cook, Esq., of Columbia, Texas, on the Education and Influence of Women. We seldom stumble upon so well expressed an idea of woman's true mission:

"I fancy a young man just emerging from the bright elysium of youth, and commencing the journey of life. Honest, noble, and gifted, the broad world to his warm hopes is the future scene of affluence, fame and happiness. Under his active energies, business prospers, and as a consequence, friends come about him. Ere long he meets a sensible and simple girl, who wins his heart, and who loves and trusts him in return. He doesn't stop to ask what the world will say about the match in case he marries her. Not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and the man determines to be the architect of his own happiness. He doesn't stop to inquire whether the girl's father is rich in lands and slaves and coin, but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of all reasons—because he loves her! He builds his home in some quiet spot where green trees wave their summer glories, and where the bright sunbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his heart, towards which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. Here is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail, and storms never come! Here, from the troubles and cares of existence, he finds solace in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity."

Friends may betray him, and foes may oppress, but when towards home his weary footsteps turn, and there beams upon him golden smiles of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul—the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see a man fall in adversity. Creditors seize his property, poverty stares him in the face, and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all go—friends, credit and property—grief-stricken, and penniless, he seeks his humble home. Now does his wife desert him too? Nay, Verily. When the world abandons and persecutes the man, she draws closer to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him. The moral excellences of her soul rise superior to the disasters of fortune. And when she sees the man sit mournfully and despondently, Themistocles by the Household of God's Admetus, hers is the task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has often overtaken the wisest and the best; that all is never lost while health and hope survive; that she is still near to love, to help and encourage him. The man listens, his courage rallies, and the shadows flee from his heart; armed once more, he enters the arena of life.—Industry and energy restore him to competency; fortune smiles upon him, friends return and—

"Joy mounts exulting on triumphant wings."

Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched weak and wasted on a bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every want and necessity. Softly her foot falls upon the carpet, and gently her hand presses the fevered brow of the sufferer. Though the pale face gives tokens of her own weariness and suffering, yet through the long watches of each returning night her vigils are kept beside the loved one's couch. At last disease beleaguers the fortress of life; and the physician solemnly warns his patient that death is a approaching. He feels it too; and the last words of love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth the last hour hath come. I imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's fair horizon, and rosy clouds bear him to his grave behind the western hills. Around the couch of the dying man, weeping friends and kinsmen stand; while the minister slowly reads the Holy words of promise: "I am the resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, shall never die."

Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateways of life. And now, as the death damp is on the victim's brow, and the heart throbs its last pulsations, the glazed eyes opens and turns in one full, farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him; and ere the spirit departs forever, the angels hear the pale white whisper—"I'll meet thee—I'll meet thee in Heaven!"

THE RIGHT BRAND.—Odd and good is old Dr. Nichols, who formerly practiced medicine. As the calls and fees did not come fast enough to please him, he added an apothecary's shop to his business, for the retail of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondrous eyes of the villagers, and the doctor loved to stand in front of the shop and explain its beauty to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed at it for awhile with a comical look, and then exclaimed: "Och! and by the powers, doctor, if it isn't fine! But there's something, a little bit wanting in it."

"And what, pray, is that?" asked the doctor. "Why, you see," says Pat, "you've got a beautiful sheet of water here and not a bit of a bird swimming in it."

"Ay—yes," replied the doctor; "that is a good thought. I'll have a couple of swans painted there. Wouldn't they be fine?"

"Faith and I don't know but they would," said Pat; "but I'm afther thinking there's another kind of bird what would be much more appropriate."

"And what's that?" asked the doctor. "Why, I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he is one of them kind of birds that when he sings says, 'Quack, quack, quack!'"

The last that was seen of Pat he was running for dear life and the doctor after him.

A GENTLEMAN who had a scolding wife, in answer to an inquiry after her health, said she was pretty well, only subject, at times, to a breaking out in the mouth.

WOMAN has found her true "sphere" at last; it is about twenty-seven feet round, made of hoops.

Editorial Code of Honor.

The subjoined Code of Honor was unanimously adopted by the Editorial Convention which met at Harrisburg a few weeks ago.—Respect for themselves, and respect for their readers, will, we ardently hope, lead all editors to accept the code, not as a mere commendable thing, but as a rule of duty;

And Whereas, it is the leading purpose of this Union to establish such a code for the general observance of this Union as experience shall from time to time dictate, and as shall cause the press to become a more effective agent in the promotion of the general welfare of our common country, we therefore declare.

1st. That that moderation, fairness, and dignity, are, at all times, honorable in the editorial profession.

2d. That courtesy, especially to cotemporaries, is to be cultivated in the profession.

3d. That personalities, which necessarily lead to degradation of the press, are to be deprecated.

4th. That in the conduct of newspaper discussions the rules of "honorable war" should be observed.

That the deliberate and wanton violation of these self-evident principles, and of such additions as may be hereafter made, shall be deemed sufficient grounds for censure by this association, and, if persevered in, for expulsion of a member.

At an assembly of friends, a lady was apologized for by an acquaintance, who said she was detained by a little incident. "Ab, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Clatterbell, "a beautiful little incident! it was too—weigh just nine pounds and a half."

He who says all he likes, will often hear what he does not like.

Many a man censures and praises so very faintly that he has no enemies except his friends.