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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. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1859. NO. 15.

Table with 3 columns: Rates of Advertising, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS. Includes rates for Square, 2 do., 3 do., 1 column, 1 do., and 1 Column.

TO MY SISTER, DEAD. For the Agitator. BY MISS M. L. DOUD. My sister, oft thy form in dreams I see, Thy gentle eyes their sunshine o'er me shed;

The grave has won thee to its dark embrace— Hid thee from yearning hearts and weeping eyes, But thy pure spirits' course we upward trace, To its own native home beyond the skies.

But sister, now the clouds have passed away, Which loitered above me in life's early hours; And round my lonely path have bloomed to day, Sweet, gentle hopes, like incense-breathing flowers.

OR, HOW TO MANAGE CHILDREN AT SCHOOL. "The school ma'am's coming—the school ma'am's coming!" shouted a dozen voices at the close of half an hour's faithful watch to catch a glimpse of our teacher.

"How tall she is!" exclaimed one. "No I ain't afraid of her nor a dozen like her," exclaimed the big boy of the school.

"I know I shall love her," whispered a little pet in my ear. We all followed her into the schoolroom, except Tom Jones and his ally, who watched until the rest were all seated, and then came in with a swaggering, noisy gait, and a sort of dare-devil, as much as to say, who cares for you!

"And what is your name?" she asked laying her hand on Tom's head while he sat with both hands in his pockets, swinging his body backwards and forwards.

"Tom Jones," shouted he, at the top of his voice. "How old are you, Thomas?" she asked. "Just as old again as half," answered TOM, with a saucy laugh.

"What do you study, Thomas?" "Nothing." "What books have you?" "None."

Without appearing to be at all disturbed at his replies, Miss Westcott said: "I am glad that I am to have one or two large boys in my school, if you will stop a few moments after school this afternoon, we will talk over a little plan I have formed."

This was a mystery to all, and particularly to Tom, who could not comprehend how he could be made useful to anybody; for the first time in his life, he felt as if he was of some importance in the world.

Miss Westcott comprehended his whole character and began to shape her plans accordingly. She maintained that a boy who, at twelve years of age, made himself feared among his schoolmates, was capable of being made something of.

here to help you put them up, and we will give the children a pleasant surprise. Here are some books I will give you, Thomas, you may put them in your drawer, as they are what I want you to study."

"But I can't study geography and history," exclaimed Tom, confused; "I never did." "This is the reason why you think you cannot," replied Miss Westcott; "I am quite sure you can, and will love them too."

"Nobody ever cared whether I learned or not, before," said Thomas, with some emotion. "Well, I care," said Miss Westcott, with earnestness; you are capable of becoming a great and good man; you are forming a character for life, and it depends upon yourself what you become.

Tom Jones had not been brought up; he had come up, because he had been born into the world and couldn't help it; but as for any mental or moral training, he was as guileless of it as a wild bramble of a pruning knife.

When, therefore, Miss Westcott declared that she was glad to have him in her school, he was amazed, and could not understand why she should manifest such an interest for him; and to give him a set of books, was perfectly incomprehensible to him.

"I wish!" cried one of the girls, "she will hear you." By this time she had nearly reached the door around which they clustered, and every eye was fixed upon her face with an eager yet bashful gaze, uncertain as yet what verdict to pass on her.

"Good morning, children," she said, in the kindest voice in the world, while her face was lighted with the sweetest smile imaginable. "This is a beautiful morning to commence school is it not?"

"I have brought a hammer and some nails," said Tom, "I thought we should need them." "Yes, so we shall, I am glad you thought of it," replied Miss Westcott.

That day every scholar looked amazed to see Tom Jones actually studying his book, and hear him answer several questions correctly; and they were still more confounded when at recess Miss Westcott said:

"Thomas, you will take care of these little children, will you not, and see that they don't get hurt? you must be their protector." One would as soon have thought of setting a wolf to guard a flock of lambs, as Tom Jones to take charge of the smaller children.

"Well," exclaimed Sam Evans, "I never saw such a school ma'am in all the days of my life; did you, Tom?" "No," replied Tom, "but I wish I had. I would have been a different boy from what I am now; but I am going to study and learn something. Miss Westcott says I can, and I am determined to try."

I was astonished to see the effect that Miss Westcott's treatment to Tom had upon the scholars. They began to consider him of some importance, and to feel a sort of respect for him, which they at first manifested by dropping the nickname of Tom, and substituting Tommy, which revealed certainly a more kindly feeling towards him.

In less than a week Miss Westcott had the school completely under her control, yet it was by love and respect she governed, and not by an iron rule; she moved among her scholars a very queen, and yet so gained their confidence and esteem, that it did not seem to them submission to another's will, but the promptings of their own desire to please.

A schoolboy being asked to define the word "admission," said it meant twenty-five cents. "Twenty-five cents!" echoed the master, "what sort of a definition is that?" "I don't know," sulkily replied the boy, "but I'm sure it says so on the advertisement down here at the show."

The Automaton Chess Player. In 1796, a revolt broke out in a half-Russian, half-Polish regiment stationed at Riga, at the head of the rebels being an officer of the name of Worosky, a man of great talent and energy.

In this route Worosky had both thighs shattered by a cannon ball, and fell on the battle-field; however, he escaped from the general massacre by throwing himself into a ditch behind a hedge. At night-fall, Worosky dragged himself with great difficulty to the adjacent house of a physician of the name of Osloff, whose benevolence was well known, and the doctor moved by his sufferings, attended upon, and promised to conceal him.

During this time, M. de Kempelin, a celebrated Viennese mechanic, came to Russia to pay a visit to M. Osloff, with whom he had long been acquainted. He was traveling about to learn foreign languages, the study of which he afterwards displayed in his splendid work on the "Mechanism of Words," published at Vienna in 1791.

This visit was the more agreeable to the doctor, as for some time he had been alarmed as to the consequence of the noble article he had performed; he feared being compromised if he were found out, and his embarrassment was extreme, for, living alone with an old house-keeper, he had no one to consult or to help him.

Dr. Osloff was a passionate lover of chess, and had played numerous games with his patient during his tardy convalescence; but Worosky was so strong at the game that the doctor was always defeated. Then Kempelin joined the doctor in trying to defeat the skillful player, but it was of no use; Worosky was always the conqueror.

Prior to commencing the game, the artist opened several doors in the chest, and M. Osloff could see inside a number of wheels, pulleys, cylinders, springs, &c., occupying the larger part. At the same time, he opened a long drawer, from which he produced the chess-men and a cushion, on which the Turk was to rest his arm.

The doors being then closed, M. de Kempelin wound up one of the wheels with a key he inserted in a hole in the chest; after which the Turk, with a gentle nod of salutation, placed his hand on one of the pieces, raised it, deposited it on another square, and laid his arm on the cushion before him.

The doctor moved in his turn, and waited patiently till his adversary, whose movements had all the dignity of the Sultan he represented, had moved. The game, though slow at first, soon grew animated, and the doctor found he had to deal with a tremendous opponent; for, in spite of all his efforts to defeat the figure, his game was growing quite desperate.

"By Jove!" the loser said, with a tinge of vexation, which the sight of the inventor's face soon dispelled, "if I were not certain Worosky is at this moment in bed, I should believe I had been playing with him. His head alone is capable of inventing such a chess-mate. And besides," the doctor said, looking fixedly at M. de Kempelin, "can you tell me why your automaton plays with the left hand, just like Worosky?"

The automaton chess-player always used the left hand—a defect falsely attributed to the carelessness of the constructor. The mechanic began laughing, and not wishing to prolong this mystification, the prelude to so many others, he confessed to his friend that he had really been playing with Worosky.

"But where the deuce have you put him, then?" the doctor said, looking round to try and discover his opponent. The inventor laughed heartily. "Well! do you not recognize me?" the Turk exclaimed, holding out his left hand to the doctor in reconciliation, while Kempelin raised the robe, and displayed the poor cripple stowed away in the body of the automaton.

M. Osloff could no longer keep his countenance, and he joined the others in their laughing. "See here!" he said, opening the chest, "these wheels, pulleys and cranks occupying a portion of the chest, are only a deception. The frames that support them are hung on hinges, and can be turned back to leave space for the player while you are examining the body of the automaton player."

"When this inspection was ended, and as soon as the robe was allowed to fall, Worosky entered the Turk's body we have just examined, and while I was showing you the box and the machinery, he was taking his time to pass his arms and hands into those of the figure. You can understand that, owing to the size of the neck, which is hidden by the broad and enormous collar, he can easily pass his head into this mask, and see the chess-board. I must add, that when I pretend to wind up the machine, it is only to drown the sound of Worosky's movements."

It appeared that the excise commissioners of the town of M., of New York, to refuse license for the sale of intoxicating drinks to all persons save a doctor of known integrity and strong temperance principles, who promised not to sell except for medicinal and mechanical purposes.

ter. But he was the first to stop, for he wanted an explanation. "But how do you manage to render Worosky invisible?" M. de Kempelin then explained how he concealed the living automaton before it entered the Turk's body.

"See here!" he said, opening the chest, "these wheels, pulleys and cranks occupying a portion of the chest, are only a deception. The frames that support them are hung on hinges, and can be turned back to leave space for the player while you are examining the body of the automaton player."

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It is a lesson which only young men need, but which they for the most part greatly need, that no eminence in any art can be acquired without patient labor, acting in alliance with native dispositions. Heaven-descended genius, in turn-down collars, will not suffice; and it is because young men of parts are too indolently satisfied with facile small successes, and cannot coerce their energies into steady labor, that we have so many incomplete performances, buds that never become fruit, cleverness that makes no lasting impression.

The Irish Root Doctor. It appeared that the excise commissioners of the town of M., of New York, to refuse license for the sale of intoxicating drinks to all persons save a doctor of known integrity and strong temperance principles, who promised not to sell except for medicinal and mechanical purposes.

"For what purpose do you wish it?" asked the doctor. "Sure, doctor, I've been very bad for nearly ten days back with a great goneness in my stomach, and not a haper of good can I get from anything in these turns but gin to soak some roots in."

"And do you tell me upon your honor, Wheeler, that you wish the gin to soak some roots in, to be taken as medicine for a weak stomach?" "Faith, as I live, doctor, I only want the gin to soak some roots."

The doctor, confident from the man's sallow appearance that he was sick, and that a little tonic liquors would not hurt him, filled his quart bottle and received his pay. Wheeler, on reaching the sidewalk, fronted the doctor, who was still standing in the door, placed his thumb upon his nose, and made sundry gyrations with the fingers, while with the other he placed the bottle to his mouth, and took a long, invigorating guzzle of the gin.

"Stop!" cried the doctor; "you gave me your word of honor that you only wanted gin to soak some roots, and here you are drinking yourself dead drunk!" "Faith, doctor, and I'm after telling you no lies. I wanted the gin to soak the roots of me tongue which was so dry I could never swallow a mouthful of meat to strengthen my stomach."

A CERTAIN BRIDGE—I remember once, when I was a young man, living up in New Hampshire, they dedicated a new bridge, and invited a young lawyer to deliver the oration. The lawyer had never yet, after a fortnight's practice, had the honor of being retained, and the opportunity of establishing a reputation was admirable.

He paused a moment, "Yes, fellow citizens, only five and forty years ago, this bridge, where we now stand was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." Again he paused. [Cries of "Good, go on!"]

"I feel it hardly necessary to repeat, that this bridge, fellow citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness; and I will conclude by saying that I wish to God it was part and parcel of it now."

BRANDING FLOUR.—The editor of the N. Y. Examiner has been sojourning at Rochester, where he visited one of the large flour mills, and was initiated into the mystery of branding flour. He says: "Branding, to us poor outsiders, has been a source of a good deal of mystery. In our simplicity, we have supposed a brand was a true indication of the place where the flour was ground, and the wheat it was made from.

Poor—but PRESENT TO EAT.—When the Ojibwa Indians paid a visit to Queen Victoria, the principal chief, after the ceremony of presentation, made a speech, of which the following significant paragraph is an extract: "Mother: We have seen many strange things since we came to this country.—We see that your wigwags are large, and the light that comes in is bright; our wigwags are small, and our light is not strong. We are not rich, but we have plenty to eat."

Ladies and gentlemen, when I was second mate with Capt. Brown, I went up town and drew my pay for the voyage just completed. Falling in with some shipmates, we went into a grog-shop and treated all around, so that each of us had at least half-a-dozen glasses of brandy stowed away before we separated.

Burning, at the same time, within and without, I rushed to the wharf to jump overboard; but they held me back, and threw me down on a door-step in Commercial street, telling me that they intended to keep me there, and pick my bones bare, and then burn me to ashes.

I cried for help, but they laughed at me; I tried to rise, and they held me down; I shut my eyes that I might not see, and they tore them open; I could do nothing but suffer; I had even lost the power to kill myself. Words cannot describe my sufferings. About daybreak a man who came to open the store, upon the door-step of which I lay, raised me and seeing my condition, advised me very kindly to go home, and never drink any more rum, but get religion.

I told him to go to h—! and staggered across the street to reach the wharf with the intention of jumping overboard; but again the fiends threw me down and laughed at me. I felt myself moved from place to place, and every one who moved me gave the same advice—no to drink any more rum, in my heart I wished them all roaring. At last relief came. A man who had been a sailor, took me by the arm and led me into a grog-shop.

He said to the barkeeper—"Brandy, your best" and handed me a glass; but my hand trembled so much that I could not hold it. He then placed me on a chair and poured the liquor down my throat, but up it came again through mouth and nose, all over him; my stomach would not receive it. Next he poured water into my mouth, and seeing that it remained down, he nearly filled another tumbler with brandy, and made me take it by mouthfuls, till it was all stowed away. In an instant the fiends vanished, the warm blood coursed through my veins, my sight was clear, my step firm, I was a new man.

I sprang a fathom out of the tub, and would have, throttled him, but he stepped out of the way. After a thorough rub down he had me put in bed, then went out and brought me more brandy with laudanum in it, which he made me drink. I slept nearly forty hours, and though stupid when I awoke, yet felt refreshed. My friend called to see me, and gave me half a dollar to taper off with—that was to take an occasional glass of grog if I felt I could not do without it; but thank God, the appetite for rum was gone, and here (drawing the half dollar from his bosom which was suspended round his neck by a ribbon) is my tapering off token. He called frequently afterwards to see me; and his parting advice was—"When you want to drink rum, fall down upon your knees and ask God, for Christ's sake, to protect you; this you will find better than signing any pledge." And he was right.

OLD SQUIRE CRANE when first elevated to the dignity of Justice of the Peace, down in southwestern Missouri, he knew less of law and legal forms than he did about killing "bars." It was my fortune to be a witness of the first marriage ceremony the fellow ever undertook. The young couple stood up in the Squire's office, and the happy bridegroom desired the functionary to "propel"—to which impatient request the functionary acceded, by inquiring—"Miss Susan Roots, do you love that 'ar man?"

"Nothin' shorter!" responded Miss Roots with a subdued laugh. "And you, John Kennon, do you allow to take Sue for better and wreser?" "Sartin as shootin', squire!" earnestly responded the enamored John, chucking Susan under the chin.

"Then you both, individually and collectively, do promise to honor, love and obey each other, without end." A satisfactory reply was given. "If that 'ar be the case," continued the magistrate, "know all men by these presents, that these 'ere twain aforesaid is hereby made bone of one bone and flesh of one flesh; and furthermore, may the Lord have mercy on their souls. Amen!"

I left the office with the conviction strongly impressed upon my mind, that the Squire, although not particularly posted up in the marriage ritual, had a very good general idea of legal forms and ceremonies.

Poor—but PRESENT TO EAT.—When the Ojibwa Indians paid a visit to Queen Victoria, the principal chief, after the ceremony of presentation, made a speech, of which the following significant paragraph is an extract: "Mother: We have seen many strange things since we came to this country.—We see that your wigwags are large, and the light that comes in is bright; our wigwags are small, and our light is not strong. We are not rich, but we have plenty to eat."

What bitter sarcasm is conveyed in these few simple words of the Chief, on the men who tax a people's food and restrict their industry—who, not satisfied with the vast wealth bountifully bestowed on them, must seize a part of the poor man's loaf to swell their already bursting coffers.