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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, FEBRUARY 9, 1860. NO. 28.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The published rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
Square, - - -	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
do, - - -	5.00	6.50	8.00
do, - - -	7.00	8.50	10.00
do, - - -	9.00	10.50	12.00
do, - - -	11.00	12.50	14.00
do, - - -	13.00	14.50	16.00
do, - - -	15.00	16.50	18.00
do, - - -	17.00	18.50	20.00
do, - - -	19.00	20.50	22.00
do, - - -	21.00	22.50	24.00
do, - - -	23.00	24.50	26.00
do, - - -	25.00	26.50	28.00

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

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

Recent Inventions.

North Winds.

The north winds blow—now moaning low, Now rustling on their way, Now ruffling and blowing, And then come back again to-day. A sorrow o'er, a heart-ache past, Come back upon this angry blast.

When wounds are healing, scars will throbb And hidden, inward pain; Will hidden, and come again; And though we conquer in the strife, We may be saddened all our life.

Or, if not saddened, chastened still, And weaned away from earth, And taught to feel that good and ill Have each a heavenly birth; That our dear Father sends to us The very griefs that pain us thus.

Until at last, grown strong and calm We trust to Him our all, And now we find the sweetest balm That on the heart can fall; We feel that mercy rules on high, And we shall know it by-and-by.

And so, more thankful for the good That brightens still our day, Each trial better understood, We go our onward way; And faith's sweet song arises still, "Not mine, oh, Father! but Thy will." Wellsboro, Pa. S. S. THOMPSON.

Extraordinary Mirage.

Galignani's (Paris) Messenger extracts the following extraordinary instance of mirage at sea, from Lieut. Julien's "Croniques et Revolutions de l'Atmosphere et de la mer," giving as nearly as possible the author's own graphic description of the phenomenon:

After a violent hurricane, which occurred on the 16th of Dec., 1846, off the Island of Reunion, "we found ourselves," says he, "separated from the French corvette Le Berceau, which could not, however, be far off. We were enabled by the aid of jury masts, to reach in the course of a few days the Island of Ste. Marie of Madagascar, which was the place of rendezvous. It was in vain we searched the horizon, sounded the creeks and explored all the sinuosities of the coast—we could find no trace of our unfortunate companions. A month of cruel anxiety had thus elapsed, when the man at the mast-head called out: "A wreck to the westward, drifting toward the land." It was no dream; the sun was shining brilliantly, the sky was clear and pure; the warm air vibrated in the horizon. All our telescopes turned in that direction confirmed the truth of that announcement. But our emotions were raised to the very highest pitch, when, instead of a dismasted vessel, we descried a raft laden with men and towed by boats, on which were seen fluttering signals of distress. The figures were clearly and sharply defined—outlines all distinct."

A Confirmed Toper.

The following scene is taken from real life, having occurred at North Cambridge, at the hotel occupied by Old Zach Porter:

Joe, the man of all work about the hotel, was fond of good liquor, or, indeed, liquor of any kind; and, being generally short of funds, was in the habit of seizing on all remnants of liquor left by practitioners at the bar. Thus matters progressed for some years, keeping Joe pretty well soaked, and when Porter, having occasion to make a mixture for curing a diseased hoof, had need of some nitric acid, or aquafortis; that article being one of the ingredients of the lotion. Taking a common bar tumbler, and pouring a sufficient quantity of acid into it, he went out, leaving the tumbler on the counter, and a drover the sole occupant of the bar-room. He had no sooner passed the door than in came Joe, and seeing, as he thought, a tumbler, as usual, with some liquor too good to be wasted, immediately looked through the bottom, "as was the usual custom," and quickly threw himself outside of said liquor. He then went to chopping wood, smacking his lips at the unusual strength of the spirit.

Shortly after, Old Zach coming in, picked up the tumbler to go on with his medical preparation, but was very much surprised on finding it empty. Inquiring of the traveler, he was informed that a short, chunky man (describing Joe) had drunk it. With an exclamation of surprise, and consternation depicted on his countenance, he rushed out of the room in search of Joe, expecting to find his dead body not many yards off. He passed around the house, and in the back yard found Joe doing extra execution on the logs, working as he generally did when he had an extra amount of steam. After getting over his astonishment, this conversation ensued:

Old Zach—"Joe, did you drink that stuff on the counter?"

Joe—"Why—yeas—I thought it hadn't ought to be wasted, you know. All right, I s'pose!"

Zach—"I don't know. How do you like it; how do you feel after it?"

Joe—"Feel? I feel fust-rate—lively as a cricket."

Zach—"Well, Joe, but haven't you noticed anything out of the way—nothing wrong about you?"

Joe—"Anything wrong? Well, no, not much; fust-rate liquor; takes good hold; goes further than common. There is only one thing queer about it which I can't get the hang of, (here he drew his shirt-sleeve under his nose,) whenever I wipe my mouth I burn a hole in my shirt!"

The Art of Not Hearing.

If the following were read and acted upon, how much trouble it would save us:

The art of not hearing should be taught in every well-regulated family. It is full as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear—many which we ought not to hear—very many, which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness; that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to their pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion, and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If, in my quiet voyage of life, I find myself caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would furl his sails, and making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these fiery sparks may do in the magazine below where my temper is kept and instantly close the door.

Does a gadding mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me down drops the portculis of my ear, and he cannot get in any further. Does the collector of a neighborhood's scandal ask my ear as a ware house, it instinctively shuts up. Some people seem anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them. If it is hinted that one of our household is to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying upon my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of ants in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring in upon me all the rattle of carrels or stupid people. If you would be happy when among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them. And as the throat has a muscular arrangement by which it takes care of the air passages of its own accord, so the ear should be trained to an automatic dullness of hearing. It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say when they have slammed the door; what your neighbors say about your business, your dress, or your affairs.

The art of not hearing, though untaught in the schools, is by no means unknown, or unpractised in society. I have noticed that a well bred woman never hears an impertinent or vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent civility in dishonorable conversation.

There are two doors inside my ears—a right-hand door leading to the heart, and a left-hand door, with a broad and steep passage out into the open air. This out door receives all ugliness, profanity, vulgarity, mischief-making, which suddenly finds themselves outside of me. Judicious teachers and indulgent parents save their young urchins a world of trouble by a convenient deafness. Bankers and money-lenders often are extremely hard of hearing, when unsafe borrowers are importunate. I never hear a man who runs after me in the street bawling my name at the top of his voice; nor persons that talk evil of those who are absent; nor those who give me unasked advice about my own affairs; nor those who talk largely about things of which they are ignorant.

If there are sounds of kindness, of mirth, of open joy, of sympathy, of flattery, shut them. If you keep your garden gate shut, your flowers and fruit will be safe. If you keep your door closed, no thief will run off with your silver, and if you keep your ears shut, your heart will lose neither its flowers nor its treasures.

A good story is told of a physician, whom for the sake of the pun, we shall call Dr. Stone. He had been visiting a lady patient at a distance, for some time, and she one day expressed her fears that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh, no," said the doctor innocently, "I have an other patient in the neighborhood—and thus you see two birds are killed by one Stone!"

"Is it possible, Miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?" "Certainly, I do not even know what my own may be in a year from now."

The Lawyer Answered.

A story is told of a very eminent lawyer in this city receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his case from defeat, it was necessary that Mr. A.—should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of old age. The following dialogue ensued:

Lawyer—How old are you?

Witness—Seventy-two years.

Lawyer—Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?

Witness—I do not know but it is.

Lawyer—State some circumstances which occurred, say twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember.

Witness—I appeal to your honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner.

Judge—You had better answer the question.

Lawyer—Yes, sir; state it.

Witness—Well, sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B.—'s office, did you not?

Lawyer—Yes.

Witness—Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me, "Mr. D.—my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a suit of clothes." I remember also, sir, that from that day to this he has never paid me that sum. That sir, I remember as though it was but yesterday.

Lawyer (considerably abashed)—That will do, sir.

MANUMISSION OF A BEAUTIFUL SLAVE.

A young female, of almost classic beauty, about eighteen years old, so nearly white that the tinge of African blood in her veins was scarcely perceptible, and perfect enough in form and feature to have served as a model for a Proximites or a Powers, was a few days since manumitted in the Cincinnati Probate Court by a well-known New Orleans merchant. Her countenance was beaming, expressive, and intelligent, her dark eyes brilliant, melting and tender, and her general appearance quite spirituelle, owing partly to the worm of consumption that was evidently feeding on her cheek. She was elegantly attired, and in point of personal appearance would have contrasted favorably with the most fashionable belle.

The editor of a Mississippi paper thus lets off on somebody who called him poor:

"We poor! No sir-ee. Why we have a library made up, for the most part, of patent-office reports and Kansas speeches; a double-barrelled pistol that won't stand cocked; a good watch; six suits of clothes; fourteen shirts; a cat; a bull pup; seventy-five cents in cash, and no poor relations; and are going to have a pretty wife; and, as soon as possible, a town-lot! Talk about being poor!"

THE ARMY OF EUROPE—THEIR ASTONISHING MAGNITUDE AND THEIR UNPRODUCTIVENESS.

It is now eighteen centuries and a half since a religion was preached to mankind—a religion full of peace and gentleness and mercy. On the day when the founder of that religion was born, the peace of Europe was maintained by about three hundred thousand soldiers. There are now about two million and a half on the peace establishment. Picture to yourself what these two million and a half cost us, the peaceable inhabitants of Europe, in daily pay, in rations, in clothing, and in housing. Go through these calculations carefully. Your time can hardly be better spent than in making up such accounts. Remember, too, that these unproductive soldiers might have been productive laborers and artisans; so that you have to add the loss of their labor to the cost of their keep. Try to imagine these millions of armed men defiling, without intermission, in long array before you—the bright, alert, and ready-handed Frenchmen; the stout, hardy Prussians; the well-drilled Austrians, the stalwart Danes; the gay Piedmontese, the sturdy Dutchmen; the much-enduring, long-coated Russians; the free-limbed, haughty, defiant Spaniards; and the cool, resolute, solid-looking Englishmen. Bright summer days would waste away as this vast armament, with all its baggage and artillery, moved on before your wearied eyes; and all night long the unvaried tramp of men and horses would still be heard resounding. Something like a conception of the number may be formed by considering that, if every man, woman, and child, to be found in London and its suburbs, were transformed into a soldier, the number would about represent the effective force of men-at-arms in Europe. Consider how the most experienced Londoner loses his way sometimes in that great city, and discovers districts of which he knows nothing before. Let him imagine these new regions, as well as those parts of the town which he is familiar to, to be suddenly peopled with soldiers only. Let him not only traverse the highways, but go into the houses, and see the sick and aged and infantine, who seldom come into the streets, and let him persevere in imagining these also to be soldiers, and London one huge camp. He will then have some idea of the extent of European armies, and may reflect upon what it would cost to feed these unproductive millions for a single day.—*Friends in Council, 2d Series.*

A PLEASANT PARLOR INMATE.

Miss Fuller, in her last letter communicated from Europe to the columns of the New York Tribune, mentions having become acquainted with Dr. Southwood Smith, the well-known philanthropist.

"On visiting him," says the lady, "I saw an object which I had often heard celebrated, and had thought would be revolting, but found, on the contrary, an agreeable sight; it was the skeleton of Jeremy Bentham. This was at Bentham's request that the skeleton, dressed in the same dress that he habitually wore, stuffed out to an exact resemblance of life, and with a portrait mask in use, sits there as assistant to Dr. Smith in the entertainment of his guests and companion of his studies. The figure leans a little forward, resting the hands on a stout stick which Bentham always carried, and had named 'Dapple.' The attitude is quite easy; the expression of the whole mild, winning, yet highly individual.

It is well known that Bentham, in order to oppose, in the most convincing manner, the prejudice against dissection, of the human subject, willed his body to the surgeons, and in a codicil, subsequently written, made a final bequest of his skeleton to his friend, Dr. Smith."

THE EDITOR OF A MISSISSIPPI PAPER THUS LETS OFF ON SOMEBODY WHO CALLED HIM POOR:

"We poor! No sir-ee. Why we have a library made up, for the most part, of patent-office reports and Kansas speeches; a double-barrelled pistol that won't stand cocked; a good watch; six suits of clothes; fourteen shirts; a cat; a bull pup; seventy-five cents in cash, and no poor relations; and are going to have a pretty wife; and, as soon as possible, a town-lot! Talk about being poor!"

OWLSHIP.

A disagreeable old bachelor, whose proposal to marry was refused for the fifteenth time last week, by a young lady, was heard immediately after the refusal, to deliver a most bitter philippic against the fair sex in general, and in concluding remarked: "That the reason why Adam was put to sleep before the creation of Eve from his rib, lay in the fact that if he had been awake he never would have consented to any such outrage upon his future peace."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON GAVE ORDERS ONE DAY DURING THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN, FOR A BATTALION TO ATTEMPT A RATHER DANGEROUS ENTERPRISE—the storming of one of the enemies' batteries at St. Sebastian—complimented the officer by saying that his regiment was the first in the world.

"Yes," replied the officer, leading on the men, "and before your lordship's orders are executed, it will probably be the first in the next."

Mrs. Farrington says:

"I haven't any desires to live longer than the breath remains in my body, if it isn't more than eighty years. I wouldn't wish to be a contortion, and the idea of surviving one's factories always gives me disagreeable censoriousness. But whatever is to be, will be, and there is no knowing when a thing takes place till it happens."

Recent Inventions.

Harpoon.

Among the many marvellous inventions which American genius has produced within the last few years, are the following compiled from the Patent Office report:—

The report explains the principles of the celebrated Hobbs lock. Its "unpickability" depends upon a secondary or false set of tumblers, which touches the real ones. Moreover, the lock is powder-proof, and may be loaded through the key-hole and fired off till the burglar is tired of his fruitless work, or fears that the explosion will bring to view his experiments more witness than he desires.

A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line, the deeper goes the harpoon.

An ice-making machine has been patented, which is worked by a steam engine. "In an experimental trial, it froze several bottles of sherry, and produced blocks of ice the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was up to eighty degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace it will make a ton of ice.

From Dr. Dale's (Examiner) report, we gather some idea of the value of patents. A man who had made a slight improvement in straw cutters, took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months, returned with \$40,000. Another man had a machine to thrash and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for \$60,000. These are ordinary cases—while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine, and India rubber patents, are worth millions each.

Examiner Lane's report describes new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whaling apparatus, by which the whale is literally "shocked to death." Another is an electro-magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire and burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please.

There is a "sound gatherer," a sort of huge ear trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ears all the noise ahead, perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the noise of the train.

There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them around with their heads up, and then sticks them in regular rows.

Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in leaves and turning out finished cigars.

One machine cuts cheese; another scours the knives and forks; another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented that cannot be tipped back on two legs—and a railway chair that can be tipped back in any position without any legs at all.

Another patent is for a machine that counts passengers in an omnibus and takes their fare. When a very fat gentleman gets in it counts two and charges double.

There are a variety of guns patented that load themselves; a fishing line that adjusts its own bait, and a rat trap which throws away the rat, and then bairs itself, and stands in the corner for another.

There is a machine also by which a man prints instead of writes his thoughts. It is played like a piano forte. And speaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every year in the United States, giving constant employment to one thousand nine hundred persons, and costing over two millions of dollars.

A DEAD THING ON A RACE TRACK.

The Virginia penchant for seeing blood horses in motion is well illustrated by an anecdote told us recently at Petersburg.

Mr. Boswell, Sheriff of Hanover county, seeing old Larkin White, an ex-member of the Jockey Club but now a member of the Baptist church, on the quarter stretch, during the recent races at Ashland, Va., jocosely remarked to him:

"Why, Col. White, they'll turn you out of the church for being here."

"If they do," said Larkin, "they'll turn Tinsley, yonder, out of the Methodist church. I'll go and see him."

Accordingly Larkin went over and stated the case to his neighbor Tinsley, who, by the way, stammers badly.

"Oh!" replied Tinsley, "I've go-go-got a d-d-dead thing 'f it! I've co-co-co-counted noses, and there's a ma-ma-majority of the church on the track?"

Larkin turned away regretting that he had, in the excitement of his feelings, joined what he now considered to be the "wrong church."

GOING DIFFERENT WAYS.

Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, former President of Princeton College, was once on board a packet-ship where among other passengers, was a profound atheist. The fellow was very fond of troubling everybody with his peculiar belief, and of broaching the subject as often as he could get anybody to listen to him. "He didn't believe in a God and a future state—not he." By-and-by there came up a terrible storm, and the prospect was that all would go to the bottom. There was much fear and consternation aboard; but no one was so horribly frightened as the atheist. In this extremity he sought out the clergyman. He found him in the cabin, calm and collected, and thus addressed him: "Oh, Dr. Witherspoon! we're all going for it—we have but a short time to stay. Oh my gracious! how the vessel rocks! We're all going—don't you think we are, Doctor?"

The reverend gentleman turned on him a look of most provoking coolness, and replied in broad Scotch—"Na doubt, na doubt, mion, we're a' gaing; but you and I dinna gang the same way!"

Give a man brains and riches and he is a king; give him brains without riches and he is a slave; give him riches without brains and he is a fool.

A little one, after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination, exclaimed,

"Now I won't have to be baptized, will I?"

EXTREMES MEET.

Civilization and barbarism come together. Savage Indians and fashionable ladies paint their faces.

A gentleman who spoke of having been struck by a lady's beauty, was advised to kiss the rod.