

THE TIOPA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp "Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

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 23, 1860. NO. 30.

Table with 3 columns: Rates of Advertising, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS. Includes rates for Square, Column, and Line.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW. S. B. BROOKS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. DR. W. W. WEBB, OFFICE over Cone's Law Office. C. N. DART, DENTIST. DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y. PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, WELLSBORO, PA. AMERICAN HOTEL, CORNING, N. Y. J. C. FREEMAN, PROPRIETOR. J. C. WHITTAKER, Hydrophobic Physician and Surgeon. H. O. COLE, BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER. GAINES HOTEL, GAINES, TIOGA COUNTY, PA. THE CORNING JOURNAL, George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. DRESS MAKING, MISS M. A. JOHNSON. JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR, TAILOR. HOME INDUSTRY, THE SUBSCRIBER has published a MARBLE MANUFACTORY. VERMONT & ITALIAN MARBLE. W. M. TERRELL, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colored Glass. NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP. Tin and Hardware. H. D. DEMING, Stationery, Druggists and Country Merchants dealing in the above articles.

I NEVER SAW HER WEEP. BY MYRA MOORE. I saw the pale rose fade by day, Grow paler on her cheek; While in her eye the fading ray, Told more than words could speak; I've seen her white hand press her heart, As though she still would keep, The sighs therein which fall would start; But never saw her weep.

Deserving but Obscure Public Men. "Occasional," in Forney's Press, draws out from obscurity two of that large class of men of labor and talent who in subordinate places make reputations for eminent men, and keep the machinery of Government in easy motion. Says he:

"Imagine such a person as Jehu G. Jones at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means. Utterly unskilled in the science of government, unblest in intellect, an inferior lawyer, a very awkward parliamentarian, he could no more master the labor or comprehend the details of that position than a blacksmith could understand the machinery of a watch. Even the most accomplished statesman is compelled, when placed in the chairmanship of this Committee, to rely upon the efforts of others. The brains of the Committee of Ways and Means are supplied by Mr. Cochran, a clerk, (a modest, quiet, unassuming man, who has served in that capacity for a number of years), who devotes himself at all times to the preparation of the bills and to the collection of data and information from the various departments of the Government. Those who know him speak of him as an extraordinary intellectual machine. His knowledge of figures is so accurate, his integrity so unquestionable, that his calculations, are accepted and adopted at once. He may be said, indeed, to be counselor, adviser and director in reference to the most important appropriations. No scheme, however craftily concealed, can pass unchallenged by this sentinel at the door of the national treasury. I understand that he has already prepared all the bills for the action of Congress, and when the Speaker is elected and the Committee of Ways and Means appointed, they will immediately be presented to the House. And yet who ever heard of Mr. Cochran, except those who care to inquire into the secrets of the business in this great political center?"

Woman's Veneration. If woman has one weakness more marked than man, it is towards veneration. They are born worshippers—makers of silver shrines in some divinity or other, which of course they always think fell straight down from heaven.—The first step towards their falling in love with an ordinary mortal is generally to dress him out with all manner of real or fancied superiority; and having made him up, they worship him. Now, a truly great man, a man really grand and noble in art and intellect, has this advantage with women, that he is an idol ready-made to hand; and so that very pains-taking and ingenious sex have less labor in getting him up, and can be ready to worship him on shorter notice. In particular is this the case where a sacred profession and a moral supremacy are added to the intellectual. Just think of the career of celebrated preachers and divines in all ages. Have they not stood like the image that "Nebuchadnezzar the King set up," and all womankind, coquettes and flirts not excepted, been ready to fall down and worship, even before the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut and so forth! Is not the faithful Paula, with her beautiful face, prostrate in reverence before poor, old, lean, haggard, dying St. Jerome, in the most splendid painting in the world, an emblem and a sign of woman's eternal power of self-sacrifice to what she deems noblest in man? Does not old Richard Baxter tell us, with delightful single-heartedness, how his wife fell in love with him first, spite of his long pale face; and how she confessed, dear soul, after many years of married life, that she had found him less so and bitter than she had expected?—The fact is, women are burdened with fealty, faith, reverence, more than they know what to do with; they stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils everywhere for something high and strong to climb up by, and when they find it, be it ever so rough in the bark, they catch upon it. And instances are not wanting of those who have turned away from the flattery of admirers to prostrate themselves at the feet of a genuine hero who never would woo them except by heroic deeds and the rhetoric of a noble life.—Minister's Writing.

Force of Gunpowder.

The removal of the ruins in old St. Paul's, in London, formed an instructive chapter in architecture. We learn from the "Life of Wren" that the walls, eighty feet perpendicular, and five feet thick, and the tower, at least two hundred feet high, though cracked, and swayed, and tottering, stuck obstinately together, and their removal, stone by stone, was found tedious and dangerous. At first, men with picks and levers loosened the stones above, and then canted them over, and laborers moved them away below, and piled them into heaps. The want of room (for between the walls of the church and those of the houses, there lay a street only some thirty yards wide,) made this way slow and unsafe. Several men lost their lives, and the piles of stone grew steep and large. Thus, however, Sir Christopher Wren proceeded, gaining every day more room, till he came to the middle tower that bore the steeple. The remains of the tower being nearly two hundred feet high, the laborers were afraid to work above; thereupon he concluded to facilitate this work by the use of gunpowder. He dug a hole down by the north-west pillar of the tower, the four pillars of which were each about fourteen feet diameter. When he had dug to the foundation, he then, with crows and tools brought on purpose wrought a hole two feet square, hard into the centre of the pillar. There he placed a little tin box, containing eighteen pounds of powder, and no more. A cane was fixed to the box with a quick match, as gunners call it, within the case, which reached from the box to the ground above; and along the ground was laid the train of powder with a match. After the mine was carefully closed up again with stone and mortar to the top of the ground. He then observed the effect of the blow. This little quantity of powder not only lifted up the whole angle of the tower, with two great arches which rested upon it, but also two adjoining arches of the aisles and all above them. And this it seemed to do somewhat leisurely, cracking the walls to the top, lifting visibly the whole weight above nine inches, which suddenly jumping down, made a heap of ruins in the place without scattering. It was half a minute before the heap opened in two or three places, and emitted smoke. By this description may be observed the incredible force of powder, eighteen pounds of which lifted up three thousand tons, and saved the work of a thousand laborers. The fall of so great a weight from a height of two hundred feet, gave a concussion to the ground that the inhabitants took for an earthquake. During Wren's absence, his superintendents made a larger hole, put in a greater charge of gunpowder, and neglecting to fortify the mouth of the mine, applied the match. The explosion accomplished the object; but one stone was displaced with such violence, that it flew to the opposite side of the churchyard, smashed in a window where some women were sitting, and alarmed the whole neighborhood so much, that they united in petitioning that no more powder should be used.

THE MAYOR WANTS TO SEE THEE.—A young man, a nephew, had been to sea, and on his return, he was narrating to his uncle an adventure which he had met on board a ship. "I was one night leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the mighty ocean," said the nephew, whom we will call William, "when my gold watch fell from my fob and immediately sunk out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour; but nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, and, after a long search, found it, came up close under the stern, and climbed back to the deck, without any one knowing I had been absent." "William," said his uncle, slightly elevating his broad brow and opening his eyes to their widest capacity, "how fast did thee say the vessel was going?" "Ten knots, uncle." "And thee dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up by the rudder chains?" "Yes, uncle." "And thee expects me to believe thy story?" "Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar, would you, uncle?" "William, thee knows I never calls anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come straight to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee!'"

RATHER GREEDY.—A scene occurred at our depot, writes a Missouri friend, the other day which, for cool impudence, I have seldom seen paralleled. I was standing there on the arrival of the St. Louis packet, when a gentleman came up and addressed a man standing close by me, and evidently a stranger to him, with the common Western question. "Do you use tobacco?" "Yes, sir," he graciously replied, and producing a plug of the largest dimensions, he handed it to the applicant, who, taking out his knife, cut off about one-fifth of it, with the observation. "There's tobacco enough for any man, ain't there?" "Well, I should think there was," was the indignant reply. "Very well, you take it then," he coolly observed, and handing him the small piece, he put the plug in his pocket, and walked away. "Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit?" asked a Sabbath school teacher of his class. "Because," replied one silly, "they thought it a good opening for the young man." Commentators are requested not to avail themselves of this explanation, as a copyright has been secured.

FREEMASONRY AND GRIDIRONS.—A worthy police captain, says the New-York Post, entertained a fancy to become a Freemason, and was accordingly proposed and elected. A friend accompanied him to the place of meeting, which was in a building the lower part of which was used as a place of entertainment.

The neophyte was left in an apartment next to the servant's room, while his friend went up stairs to assist in the opening ceremonies. A Celtic maiden, who caught a glimpse of the stranger, resolved to take part in his initiation, and procuring a gridiron, placed it over the range. It was not long before the captain, looking inquisitively through the door, saw the utensil reddening in the heat. The recollection flashed through his mind of Masonic candidates and some peculiar ordeals which they were made to encounter. "What is that, Bridget?" he eagerly inquired. "And sure," replied the Irishman virgin, "it's only the gridiron that I was told to place over the coals." "Who told you?" asked the eager policeman. "And was it not the gentleman who came with you?" "What would he want of it?" demanded the captain. "And sure, sir, I can't tell," replied Bridget; "they are often using it; it belongs to the people above stairs. I always heat it when they want to make a Mason."

LEAP YEAR.—The year in which young ladies are permitted to "pop the question" will not commence until the 29th of February.—Any year divisible by 4 without a remainder, is leap year, which comes every fourth year. The solar year is 365 days, 4 hours 48 minutes and 47 7/10 seconds. For convenience we drop these hours minutes and seconds in our ordinary reckoning, and call the civil year 365 days. Hence we lose nearly a day in this reckoning every fourth year—we actually lose in 4 years, four times five hours, 48 minutes, and 48 seconds, which is not quite a day. But, for round numbers again, we call it a day, and therefore add a day to every fourth year—namely the 29th of February.

Of course by thus adding a whole day, we add a little too much—nearly 12 minutes a year. That in 100 years would amount to, say 1120 minutes, and of course if this discrepancy also were not provided for, in the course of centuries it would vitiate the calendar.

Therefore, once every hundred years a leap year is skipped for three consecutive centuries, on the fourth century it is retained because the balance is a little the other way again. Thus for three centuries we have an excess of 3380 minutes, leaving a discrepancy of 699 minutes. This, then, partially corrected by continuing the leap year as usual on the fourth century, putting us within about 480 minutes or eight hours of being right at the end of every fourth century—near enough right for all practical purposes.

CURIOUS STORY OF WATERLOO.—Everybody was in expectation of a battle. It was known in England that NAPOLEON had crossed into the Netherlands, and that WELLINGTON was ready to meet him. News was slow coming, and people's hearts were sick with the expectation of the next mail. It chanced that between the services of that eventful Sunday, a clergyman in Kent was walking in his garden. His gardener was an old soldier who had fought in Spain. He said: "There is a fight going on sir, somewhere, for I remember when a cannonade was taking place, wherever it might be, I could tell by a crumbling of fresh mould." He took a spade and dug down a single foot, and along the smooth surface left by the steel, an imperceptible trembling shook down little pellets of the soil. "That's it, sir," said the gardener; "they're at it, sure enough." Before the next Sunday came round, the news had spread from end to end of all the "sea-girt isle" joy-cannon had sounded from all the castles in the land; and it was well known that the greatest victory of modern times had crowned the British arms.—Border Ad.

A solid Dutchman was standing at a certain precinct on election day, recently, inquiring for "de reglar democratic dicket," when a shrewd fellow instantly stepped up and supplied him with the genuine thing. "Vell, now," said Hans, "vat vill I do mit 'im?" "Put it in that box," pointing to the ballot box, said one and another. The cunning "cuss" who had accommodated him with the "dicket," whispered in his ear, "Don't you let them fool you; don't put it in the box; keep it; put it in your pocket, it's your own; and don't let them cheat you out of your vote; and so he did, ramming his ticket away down to the bottom of a deep pocket in his coat and walking off as mad as could be at the rogues who wanted to cheat him out of his vote by putting it in the ballot-box. "Make way for a hindependent voter," said a man at a recent election in New Orleans. "Why, my good man," said the Clerk, "it is not an hour since you deposited your vote at this very poll." "I know it, sir," says the voter; "this ere's the Whig." "But if you strive to vote twice, I shall have you arrested." "You will, will you?" shouted the son of the sovereign people; "then I say if I'm denied the right of voting for the Whigs, after going the whole ticket for the Democrats, there ain't no universal suffrage, that's all. It's a darned one-sided business, take it all round."

POLITICAL.

Forney's Speech.

Colonel Forney, upon his appearance, was greeted with enthusiastic cheering from those in the street and in the house. He spoke as follows: CITIZENS OF WASHINGTON: I have but few words to say to you upon the events of this day. I desire to address them to those inside as well as those outside of the hospitable home of my friend Coyle, in reference to what has transpired in the House of Representatives this afternoon. For this sentiment, demonstrated in my own person, I am most sincerely thankful to you, and I regard it as a testimony of approval of the result of the day's proceedings. I say, gentlemen, there is something peculiar in this demonstration; and, first, let me say, peculiar to myself. Gentlemen, four years ago this very evening the House of Representatives of the United States, after a long and most harassing session, was at last organized by the election of Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, as Speaker. In the discharge of the duties of Clerk of that body, the same as performed by Mr. Allen, who retires to-day, I had the honor to receive, at the hands of the representatives of the people, a significantly unanimous endorsement. And now, by the expression of the representatives of the people, I am again returned to the same position from which I then voluntarily retired, clothed with the confidence of the whole people of the United States. In these four years, gentlemen, many changes have taken place. I retired from the Clerk's chair in the year 1856, with my heart ardently beating to see the man whom I then conceived to be the favorite son of Pennsylvania elected to the Presidential chair. Gentlemen, I had no higher hope in life beyond that, no aim or object. Then all was concentrated in the one absorbing feeling to see that man's aspirations carried out to a successful issue. I assisted in his triumph. I came back to the State where I was born, and there, with whatever selfishness was in me, if any, I gave it all to that man and to his cause; and the result was that he was elected President of the United States—to the high office of presiding, for a time, over the destinies of this great country. We, in our part of the country, believe, gentlemen, that the District of Columbia is common ground—that it is mine as it is your home. [Loud cheers, and cries of "That's so."] I believe, as I know, that I have a right to speak here, at least that there can here be no ostracism and no proscription of sentiment; and that freedom of speech is here wisely and widely tolerated. When that is prescribed, when free men, from whatever State of the Union they may come, are denied the freedom of speech in the splendid metropolis bearing the name of Washington, then your Union is virtually dissolved.—[Cheers.] And therefore it is that in this place, and in this presence, I desire to say, that in electing James Buchanan we thought we acted in accordance with the spirit of the Democratic party, which is to the effect that the people of the Territories shall control all their domestic institutions, slavery inclusive. [Loud cheers.] There had been no going back of the bond, but after his (Mr. Buchanan's) election, when his elevation to the chair of office was secured, he disregarded his pledges, and I discovered that a new reading had been suggested, a new gospel presented to our faith, and thus we who had first acted with him, never believing that we who had adhered to his faith should be excluded from the Democratic party, were sought to be excluded. Consequently the result has been as you foresaw. That result is, that the General Government of the country has turned all its power against the men standing in my relation to it, and James Buchanan, elevated to be President of the United States, has become a despot. [Cries of "That he has"—"Give it to him."] A despot more intolerant than any ever before known in the history of this country, who has performed acts of tyranny which, if attempted in despotic France, would create a revolution. [Loud cheers, and cries of "Good."] I say it with pain for Pennsylvania, that never in the history of the country, never in the annals of any President, has there been such a proscription of men—never such a proscription of individual opinions. [Cheers.] When he was raised to that high position which he has disgraced—raised by the votes of the people of the North—he pledged himself upon bended knees to sustain the policy of self-government in the Territories. But now what do we see? Why, we see him turning against his own people, and crushing once more upon his knees—this time before the South that despises him for his cowardice. [Cheers.] When I see all this, and when I see, also, that the great Democratic party have not risen in arms to protest against it, I have only to say for myself that I, for one, will not submit to it. [Tremendous applause from inside and out.] I will not, I say, submit to it, but I will join hands with any party—with Americans, with Republicans, with any party of men—to rebuke such proscription as this is. If you tell me from this, that therefore I am opposed to the institutions of the South, I say no. [Cheers.] And I reply, that on the contrary I feel the same devotion to the South that I ever felt. [Continued cheers.] Now, let me say, without protracting these remarks, let me say with regard to the Republican members, that they have been most atrociously slandered; that the whole Republican party of the North have been slandered, in having been held responsible for the unfortunate outrage at Harper's Ferry. There have been expressions and opinions, and sentiments uttered by the leaders of the Republican party, against which my honest instincts and party prejudices revolt. But while this is so, let me say that the very moment that the news of that invasion reached the North they were struck with horror, and there was not a man who did not denounce and who did not deplore it.—[Cheers.] We have in these days some singular statesmanship, particularly among those who are allied to the Administration party, and amongst those who aspire to be candidates for the Presidency. I say this business of holding a whole party responsible for the acts of a few individuals has gone out of fashion. Are the

Democratic party who support the rights of the adopted citizens of the country, to be held responsible for the votes of their representatives in Congress here who voted for an American for Speaker? Certainly not. Hence I protest against the assumption that any part of the people in my region are in favor or would support any set of men who approve of the doctrines of the Helper bood, or who put themselves forward as the champions of those who would attempt to invade the State of Virginia, and crimson her soil with the blood of her people. [Loud cheers.] But we are told that while all other men are to be forgiven for their peculiar doctrines; that while the American party are to be forgiven, the Republican party are to receive no absolution. If you allow me to say—but I think I will say it whether you allow me or not—[cheers]—the Democratic party, as Mr. Buchanan would make it, is devoted solely to the perpetuation and extension of slavery [Cries of "That's so," and cheers.] But I, as one man who is resolved to stand by the rights of the South, who is resolved to see the fugitive-slave law executed in the letter and the spirit, I am resolved, for one, to protest against such an act. [Loud cheers.] This country has a higher, a nobler and loftier destiny before it than the extension or perpetuation of slavery. [Loud cheers.] I say it frankly, that I regret it is in existence. I speak as I feel, and when I see all the power of this Government exercised for the protection and perpetuation of that institution, I must protest against it. [Cheers.] I have seen for the last eight weeks, men, Northern men, and I was ashamed to see them, lending themselves to the depravity, if I may be permitted to use the term, but certainly to the degradation, of endorsing such principles as these. But, gentlemen, to bring, as I said before, these desultory remarks to a close, let me, in conclusion, repeat my thanks for this demonstration. You may remember this passage in "Mazepa"—my friend, Mr. Jackson, of Kentucky, will also remember—when Mazepa (I cannot repeat the exact words) is bound to a wild steed, which is turned off, and which flew with him over mountains, through valleys and forests and across rivers, pursued by wolves, shouts back to his tyrant and persecutor, that some day he would return to repay him. [Loud cheers.] "Some day I will return," said Mazepa, "to thank you, Count, for this unmerciful ride." Gentlemen, I have had the ride for the last two or three years [loud cheers] but I have also Mazepa-like, come back, to settle with the respectable and venerable gentleman at the other end of the avenue for that ride. I am returned to pay my respects. [Cheers. A voice—"Give him a—; he has no friends."] I have returned to settle accounts with him. [A voice—"Don't spare him; he shot us down, like dogs, with marines."] If he is now sitting in his easy chair at home, to-night, he must hear our loud and hearty cheers, and they will remind him that his old friend, Forney, has come back to settle the old debt with him. [Loud cheers and laughter.] Mr. Forney, once more thanking the assemblage, retired from the window, loudly cheered. The lines alluded to by Mr. Forney are as follows: They little thought, that day of pain, When launched, as on the lightning's flash, They bade me to destruction dash, That one day I should come again With twice five thousand horse, to thank The Count for his unmerciful ride.— They played me then a bitter prank— When, with the wild horse for my guide, They bound me to his foaming flank. At length I played them one as frank— For time at last sets all things even— And if we do but watch the hour, There never yet was human power Which could evade, if unforgiven, The patient watch and vigil long Of him who treasures up a wrong.

A DYING MAN'S REPENTANCE.—A few years ago, Rev. Mr. B., a faithful, fearless preacher in one of the hill towns of Hampshire county, preached a pointed sermon against the use of ardent spirits, especially designed for a member of his congregation, who was in the habit of hiring his help at low prices in consideration of the frequent treats that he furnished his workmen. Old Nat felt himself particularly hit by the discourse, as the coat fitted exactly, and therefore absented himself from church for some two years. A few weeks ago he was seized with his last illness and expressed a great anxiety to see Rev. Mr. B., before he died. His son went post haste for the minister, who of course was quite ready to respond to the dying man's summons. On entering the room, he was greeted with a cool salutation, "Mr. B., I am about to die; and I have sent for you that you might have a chance to apologize to me for that light sermon preached to me a few years ago."

SKETCH OF THE WOMEN.—Ain't it curious squire, weddin' is never out of women's heads? They never think of nothing else. A young gal is always thinkin' of her own. As soon as she is married, she is a match makin' for her companions; and when she is a grain older, her dater's weddin' is uppermost agin. Oh, it takes a great study to know a woman. How cunning they are! Ask a young gal the news, she'll tell you of all the deaths in the place to make you think she don't trouble herself about marriage. Ask an old woman she'll tell you of all the marriages, to make you think she is takin' an interest in the world that she ain't. They certainly do heat all, do women.—Sam Slick.

NOT GREEN.—Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, an Irishman, William Patterson, left Erin's green isle to find a home in America.—Having friends in the region of Fair Haven, Ohio, he made his way thither. Taking dinner one day at the house of Dr. P., he was treated to the American dish, wholly new to him, of green corn in the ear. Unwilling, however, to be thought green himself, he being anxious to display unusual sagacity, after having eagerly devoured the savory corn, his appetite still unappetized he passed up the despoiled cob, with the very natural request, "Please put some more green on my plate."