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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, APRIL 12, 1860. NO. 37.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA.  
[Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1853.]

**S. B. BROOKS,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA.  
[Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1853.]

**DE. W. W. WEBB,**  
OFFICE over Jones's Law Office, first door below  
Hotel. Nights he will be found at his  
residence, first door above the bridge on Main Street,  
near Samuel Dickinson's.

**C. N. DART, DENTIST,**  
OFFICE at his residence near the  
Academy. All work pertaining to  
his line of business done promptly and  
[April 22, 1858.]

**DICKINSON HOUSE**  
CORNING, N. Y.  
Has a field, and is the Proprietor.  
Goods taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

**PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE**  
WELLSBORO, PA.  
L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.  
The desirable popular house is centrally located, and  
is well adapted to the patronage of the travelling public.  
[Sept. 1, 1858.]

**AMERICAN HOTEL,**  
CORNING, N. Y.  
J. FREEMAN, Proprietor.  
Has 25 beds. Lodgings, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day.  
[Wellsboro, March 31, 1858.]

**J. C. WHITTAKER,**  
Hydroptic Physician and Surgeon,  
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PENNA.  
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or re-  
sides for treatment at his house. [June 14.]

**H. O. COLE,**  
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.  
SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in  
his line will be done as well and promptly as it  
can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for re-  
turning hair, and beautifying the hair, for sale  
and washers dried any color. Call and  
[Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.]

**GAINES HOTEL,**  
H. C. YERMLYEA, PROPRIETOR.  
GAINES, Tioga County, Pa.  
THIS well known hotel is located within easy access  
of the best fishing and hunting grounds in North  
York. It is well adapted to the accommodation of  
pleasure seekers and the travelling public.  
[April 14, 1859.]

**THE CORNING JOURNAL,**  
George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.  
Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One  
Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The  
Journal is published every day, and has a circu-  
lation reaching into every part of Steuben County,  
and is desirous of extending its business into that  
of the adjoining counties will find it an excellent ad-  
vertising medium. Address as above.

**DRESS MAKING.**  
MISS M. A. JOHNSON, respectfully announces to  
the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that she  
has taken rooms over Niles & Elliott's Store, where  
she will be prepared to execute all orders in the line  
of DRESS MAKING. Having had experience in the  
business, she feels confident that she can give satisfac-  
tion to all who may favor her with their patronage.  
[Sept. 29, 1859.]

**JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,**  
TAILOR.  
HAVING opened his shop in the room over  
Wm. Roberts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the  
citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he is prepared  
to execute orders in his line of business with prompt-  
ness and dispatch.

**WATCHES! WATCHES!**  
THE Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy  
ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER CASE  
Gold and Silver Watches,  
which he will sell cheaper than "dirt" on "Time," i. e.  
he will sell "Time Piece" on a short (approved) credit.  
All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a  
job of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party  
ordering it, no charge will be made.  
Part favors appreciated and a continuance of patron-  
age kindly solicited. **ANDIE FOLEY.**  
Wellsboro, June 24, 1848.

**HOME INDUSTRY.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER having established a MAR-  
BLE MANUFACTORY at the village of Tioga,  
where he is prepared to furnish  
Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c.,  
of the best  
VERMONT & ITALIAN MARBLE  
and respectfully solicits the patronage of this and ad-  
jacent counties.  
Having a good stock on hand he is now ready to ex-  
ecute all orders with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.  
All work delivered if desired.  
**JOHN BLAMPIED.**  
Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa., Sept. 25, 1859.

**WM. TERRELL,**  
CORNING, N. Y.  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
DRUGS AND Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colored  
Paints, Oils, Varnish, Brushes, Glass and Burning  
Fluid, Dye, Stuffs, Sash and Glass, Pure Liquors for  
Medicine, Patent Medicines, Artists' Paints and Brushes,  
Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Flowering Extracts, &c.,  
ALSO,  
A general assortment of School Books—  
Blank Books, Stationery and Fancy  
Stationery.  
Physicians, Druggists and Country Merchants dealing  
in any of the above articles can be supplied at a small  
advance on New York prices. [Sept. 22, 1857.]

**NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP!**  
OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE.  
Where you can buy Stoves, Tin, and Gapped  
Ware for one-half the usual prices.  
Large No. 8 Elevated Oven Cook Stove and Trim-  
mings for \$15.00.  
All kinds of  
Tin and Hardware  
in proportion for Ready Pay.  
We will pay any one who wants anything in this line  
to call and see our prices before purchasing elsewhere.  
Recollect the place—two doors south of Farr's Ho-  
tel, or opposite Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE  
[April 22, 1859.]

**H. D. DEMING,**  
Respectfully announces to the people of Tioga County  
that he is now prepared to fill all orders for Apples, East  
Peach Cherry, Nectarine, Apricot, Evergreen and Deciduous  
Ornamental Trees, Also Currants, Raspberries, Gooseberries,  
Blackberries and Strawberries of all new and approved vari-  
eties.  
**SHRUBBERY**—Including all the finest new  
varieties of Lilacs, Spiraea, Syringa, Viburnum, Weigela, &c.  
**FLOWERS**—Paeonies, Dahlias, Narcissus, Tulips,  
Hyacinths, Phloxes, Jonquils, Lil  
&c., &c.  
GRAPES—All varieties.  
Peaches—New and Old.  
Orders for Grafting, Budding or Pruning will be  
promptly attended to. Address  
H. D. DEMING, Wellsboro, Pa.

## THE PRESENT IS THE GOOD TIME.

BY W. G. MILLS.  
I hate the wind of discontent  
That marks the age we live in,  
That speaks of olden times well spent,  
To our forefathers given;  
Some sing their wealth and competence,  
And some their worth are humming;  
While some despise their taste and sense,  
And sing "The good time's coming."  
What though the future may be great,  
Or past were good and pleasant,  
We have no share in either state,  
Our duty's in the present.  
They'll have their wants and trials too;  
Their light is not still shining;  
And we've enough within our view  
To keep us from repining.  
The landscape's lovely to the eye,  
When we from distance view it;  
Yet there are faults we may discern  
Where'er we ramble through it;  
But while the scenes before, be hid,  
With beauty are abounding,  
We may be able here to view  
Some charms our steps surrounding.  
The times we have, with some regret,  
To our seed will be "golden";  
And they with unborn poets yet,  
Will call this a period golden;  
And they may chant their graceful lays,  
Their future bliss up-sunning,  
Just as we sing of by-gone days,  
And long to do better coming.  
Then let such mourning feelings die,  
That long for other ages;  
The blessings that we now enjoy  
Will shine on history's pages;  
The best philosophy for man,  
His present care enduring,  
Is now to do the best we can,  
Thus eternal bliss securing.

## THE RETURNED CALIFORNIAN.

A TRUE STORY.

"Just twenty years ago this night," said the old man to his wife, as she sat dozing in the corner of a large old-fashioned fire-place, "just twenty years ago, my Menia, since Rupert left us, determined to seek the means to support us comfortably in our old age, and to place our Ella in the position she should occupy, which she is fitted to adorn, and of which our misfortunes have robbed her. But our only son has never come back to us; we are poorer than ever, with a deeper, deeper sorrow rankling here, (and he laid his withered hand upon his bearing breast,) that he has been cut off in the bloom of his young manhood—we know not how or when!" and the full, round, rosy cheeks, which down his furrowed cheeks, whilst the good Menia wept and sobbed aloud. Thus they sat for a long time, and thus we leave them with the mournful memory of all he had been and all he now was to them.

Ella, their only daughter, was very beautiful. Menia felt that, that she was gentle, intelligent and graceful; she had always been gay and happy for she loved nature and her simple-hearted companions, and was too young when her brother left their rural home, to feel reverses of fortune, or to suffer, like her sorrow-aged parents, his loss and society. The neighbors talked to her of the promising young Rupert of former years, extolled over and over again his amiable temper, his kindness to the aged, the sick, and the poor of their little village, and the old "folk" seemed to love him as a son, the young people as a brother, and everybody remembered his sparkling black eyes, his fine expressive mouth, his lofty though effeminately white, smooth forehead, and everybody pronounced him handsome and good, when, at the age of sixteen, he left his humble home, determined to revive his father's fallen fortunes, or make one less to be provided for from their scanty store.

Of course, Ella loved the picture, and often sighed that it was not real to her.

Rupert Ellsworth's father, very soon after his misfortunes, turned his pretty dwelling into an inn; hung up a sign with a peculiar device upon it—a device not to be forgotten by any one who lived twenty years previously any where within fifty miles of the city of New York—but I must not paint it over again, lest one phrenzied eye should chance to glance too earnestly over these pages to engulf the mind and heart in still deeper anguish, and my only object is to relate, as nearly as I can recollect, the incidents of a transaction that was so thrilling and so fearful in its effects, and which so many of our citizens remember is too true.

The old man was not very successful, for he was as proud and austere as he was ambitious, and he could not stoop to the mean enjoyments and impertinent obtrusiveness now practiced in our day to secure the "almighty dollar," and the consequence was he remained very poor. The day had been stormy, and the heavy black clouds hung in dense masses close to the earth, leaving only here and there a streak of atmosphere which seemed struggling in sullen pride to bear them upward to their native element, there to dissolve themselves in gentle dew, or rain, or beautiful white, fleecy flakes of snow, to be finally—like humanity—embosomed in the all-receiving silent earth.

But I digress. A horseman broke through the narrow passages between earth and clouds, immediately in front of a cottage about two miles from our inconspicuous sign; he was very tall and slender, with the most luxuriant beard and moustache, of rich, brown, expressive hair; his eyes were clear as stars, his skin of singular paleness for a man, and with a face altogether as pleasing and interesting as a young and beautiful girl's, though you could not guess his age, (he might have been twenty-five, or he might have been forty,) still there was a fire lurking in his eye, and the spirit of bravery and manliness written on his brow. You could imagine that sorrow, and struggle, and contest had been his lot, though every lineament bespoke a heart at peace with the whole world. Our rider seemed to be lost in thought, for his horse had halted before the door of the cottage, whose owner was gazing quietly upon him from his door steps, wondering, I suppose, who he was or what he wanted.

Suddenly he looked up from his reverie, and with a slight embarrassment, asked if there was a public house at hand. "By the way," said he, "is there not a Mr. Ellsworth keeping an inn somewhere near here? He had a daughter named Ella, had he not?" and he drew a long breath, "a son Rupert." "You know him, then, sir," said Mr. Clayton, (the man of the cottage,

who was none other than the village pastor, "a relative, perhaps?" pursued he, like a man thinking aloud, for he had not waited an answer to his first interrogation. "And now I look at you more closely, you do resemble the family; would you like to see his daughter? Every one who ever saw her sweet gentle face feels an interest in her at once; she is here, paying a visit to my girls," and Mr. Clayton, in his ardor of friendship for Ella, and his hospitality toward the interesting stranger, absolutely dragged the bewildered horseman from his saddle, and very unceremoniously into the presence of three lovely girls, who were knitting and chatting away before a cheerful hickory fire. Knitting and a hickory fire! round which in merry mood are drawn our truthful band of friends! Oh, what glorious opportunity for the culture of the flowers planted in our youth-time in the sunny gardens of our hearts, to be green and bright when the selfish, stolid world has shut in all the joyousness, the music and the lights, the love and trust, that once so fully made up a happy existence—or when relentless death has driven our fondest affections back upon the tablet of our memory, a living page for the records of eternity.

But while I have been indulging in these deulatory thoughts, the party in the little parlor are standing in agitation and surprise, the stranger often glancing at the other two young ladies, stood for a moment confronting the now trembling Ella. One beam of joy shot from his eyes as he cried out, "It is my sister!" and clasped her in his arms. One look on his part and one electric thrill on hers, had been enough to tell them of the ties of consanguinity which bound them, and the long separated brother and sister—over though Ella was a child when Rupert left home—knew and loved each other in an instant.

Ella was very happy, and too much absorbed in her wonderment to ask her brother a single question; she was dreaming of her parents' transports of joy when they should learn their long-lost son was living, and planning in her mind some one more pleasing stratagem than another by which she could make known to them their return. Rupert divined her thoughts, as she sat so silently, and gazing fondly upon him; and immediately after he had ascertained that his parents were alive and well, he glanced at his history since his departure, reserving for their own happy fireside the details of his self-sacrificing efforts and exile for twenty years. Of course, after the first salutations were over, the whole party at the cottage were acquainted and familiar, and anxious to hear his story.

Rupert had left his home with but one change of apparel, and but one shilling in his pocket. He had worked his passage out west, and had travelled from town to town, and village to village, teaching here and there, for one year in one place, and farther on another year in another, gaining instruction while he was imparting it, and thereby procuring the means to carry him wherever he wished to go. At length, soon after the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill, at Coloma, he reached the great El Dorado, and by untiring industry in the mines, followed by a most successful professional practice, amassed a "pile" sufficient to accomplish his long-cherished object—the securing a comfortable competence for his aged parents and now grown-up sister. Ever surrounded in all this lonely wandering by the holy hush of maternal teaching and influence, he had not only avoided fashionable vices of the times, and "kept the whiteness of his soul unstained," but had improved himself in learning, and become a master of the Spanish, French, and German languages; for, although but sixteen when he left home, he had been a student at Union College, (as one of his classmates, W. W., now residing at No. — Clay street, will well remember) and was even then a scholar and a gentleman; and though there was many a reckless and passionate boy at the college, there was not one so mean and selfish as not to feel his ennobling influence, and acknowledge his high-toned, honorable deportment.

For a time he wrote to his parents, regularly, but receiving no answer, he supposed they must have removed from the old homestead, and as it was necessary to his high purpose, and to carry out his plans for their final good, and as it might interfere with the sacrifices he felt made to train his mind to acquire by his profession a fortune, he persuaded himself that they were all well and happy; and year by year he struggled on to gain—what? Gold! with the vain expectation of securing happiness thereby. But we will not moralize here, for Rupert's had been a noble aim, and it now promised a most happy result.

Old Mr. Ellsworth had never at any time, received a line from his son since he left home; by some means his letters had been miscarried, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth believed Rupert to be dead, and were still, after twenty long years, mourning over his untimely end; they even found a luxury in their sorrow, whenever they could indulge in Ella's absence. They loved the sweet girl too well to let her be a witness of their grief; it had turned inward, and was worn deeply on their souls. Had Ella known of this, she would have been very wretched, and I am quite sure her brother would not have found her visiting at the good pastor's cottage; no, not even the society of her dearest friends could have won her from the pleasing duty of being a constant solace and a joy to them.

"Dear brother," said Ella, "I thought you were dead, but how I have cherished your memory and loved the semblance our friends had drawn, who were older than I when you left us; but never, never-dared I hope for this joyful, happy meeting. I am so happy," and she wept upon his bosom. "It's growing late, Rupert," she said, dashing the tears from her face; let us plan a pleasant surprise for our parents. I am to spend the night here. I will remain, and be home early in the morning to take breakfast with you. Go now, and pretend you are a stranger, travelling further eastward; engage a room for the night, and plead fatigue for retiring so early to bed, and be sure that you do not come down until I come and break to our parents the happy intelligence that Rupert, the long-lamented Rupert, is under their own roof-tree, never more to leave it again, O, I shall see my mother's eyes beam again with hope and joy, and my father grow young again

### 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. Unsubscribed 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
3 columns, -	8.00	9.50	12.50
do. -	15.00	20.00	28.00
Column, -	25.00	35.00	50.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertion desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out 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.

## The Powder Mine.

In my native village lived an old man named Beauchamp. He was a Frenchman by birth, but had come to America when a child. When the Mexican war commenced, he enlisted under our banner, and during the whole of that brief but sanguinary struggle fought with the ardor, and bravery which characterizes his race. In the long winter evenings, I was in the habit of repairing to his humble cot, for the purpose of hearing him narrate the principal events of his stormy career. On one occasion he related the following incident:

"You must know said he, 'that after the capture of Chepultepec, General Scott determined to follow up the advantage thus obtained by marching at once upon the Mexican capital. It was necessary, however, that a portion of the troops should remain and keep possession of the captured fortress. The company to which I belonged was among those selected for this purpose. This duty, however, we considered a very unpleasant one, inasmuch as we were allowed to remain inactive, while our companions were winning laurels beneath the walls of the fated city.

"We had taken a great many Mexican prisoners. So numerous were they that we had scarcely room for them in thearrison. The enemy had placed a mine of powder beneath the fort, for the purpose of destroying it should it fall into our possession. When, therefore, they saw that we were going to carry the place, they attempted to ignite the mine, but were prevented by the prompt arrival of Pillow's column. The mine was placed beneath a room in the western wing of the fort. This apartment was guarded by a sentinel, for the purpose of preventing any one from entering it. No prisoners were confined there, for fear they might succeed in igniting the mine.

"That afternoon, about an hour after the department of the others, I heard a strange noise, which seemed to proceed from the direction of the mine. Having mentioned the circumstance to three of my companions, we all proceeded to the spot to ascertain the cause. On our arrival, a spectacle met our gaze that was truly appalling. Lying at the entrance, we saw the sentinel, his bosom covered with wounds. While we were still gazing with horror on the mutilated corpse, we heard a noise in the room. Bursting open the door, we were about to spring forward, but the spectacle we witnessed rooted us to the spot. The trap-door above the mine was open, and standing over it, with a burning torch in his hand, was a Mexican. A moment's inspection served to prove the fearful fact that he was insane. His eyes dilated and gleamed with a demoniac light, his face was pale, and a ghastly smile played around his mouth. At his feet lay a small pompadour, covered with our comrades' blood. After a moment's hesitation, two of us started forward to seize him, while a third started to alarm thearrison. But before either of these objects could be accomplished, the man cried out, 'Hold!' [We involuntarily paused.] Having gazed upon us for a moment, the Mexican stooped down and placed the burning torch within one foot of the powder. You may imagine what my feelings were when I witnessed this action. A simultaneous exclamation of horror burst from us. As the Mexican witnessed our terror, he laughed wildly, and still holding the torch in the same position, said—'You Americans, I am going to revenge myself on you; if any of you move or speak, I will drop this fire on the powder.'

"After this, his speech became wild and disconnected. We had heard enough, however, to convince us that we were in a critical situation. Retreat we dare not, for it was evident that the Mexican would light the mine should we make the attempt. It would be equally dangerous for us to remain inactive, for the man held the torch so near the powder, that had the least spark dropped, we would have been destroyed.

"This apartment was entirely isolated from the others, and was never visited save by the sentinel. Our only hope, then, was either to interest the Mexican until the arrival of the other sentinel, or extinguish the torch. I suggested the latter to my companions. But how was this to be accomplished? We had pistols, but dare not fire, for fear he might drop the torch into the mine. Our only resort, then, was to strategy. There was a young American among us named Halseley. He informed us that he thought he could succeed in extinguishing the torch. Having requested us not to move from the spot, he prepared to execute his plan. Our conversation had been maintained in English, so that the Mexican was unable to understand us. During the time occupied by our deliberation, he had stood motionless, looking upon us in a semi-triumphant manner.—Halseley had a small flask of brandy suspended from his belt. This he drew forth, and having taken a draught, asked the Mexican to join him. The latter wistfully glanced at it, and hesitated. We now thought we discovered our comrade's plan, and awaited with intense anxiety the result. At length the man nodded an affirmative. Halseley walked slowly up to the spot in a confident and friendly manner.

"When he had approached within a yard of him, he paused for a moment, as though unwilling to advance further without his permission; the Mexican did not seem to suspect him, but when Halseley again stepped forward, he apparently began to doubt, and glanced fiercely upon him; but he assumed a look so innocent as to quiet his incipient fears. The maniac extended his hand for the flask. Halseley handed it to him, at the same time firmly fixing the cork in the bottle. The Mexican could have opened it, however, by using both hands, but he was too wary to relinquish the torch, and finding he could not otherwise withdraw it, he handed it to Halseley, saying, 'Open.' During all this time, he still held the torch in the same position. As soon as Halseley had received the flask, and when he had nearly withdrawn the stopper, he suddenly exclaimed in Spanish, 'Look quick at your torch!' The maniac turned, but no sooner was his head averted, than Halseley opened the flask like lightning, and emptied its entire contents on the torch. The maniac saw the flame flicker, but with a demoniacal laugh he dropped the torch. It fell upon