

THE TOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

THE AGITATOR.

Dedicated 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. VII. WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 19, 1860. NO. 7.

Rates of Advertising. Table with columns for 3 months, 6 months, 12 months, and per square. Includes rates for different ad sizes and locations.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. JAS. LOWE & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW. S. B. BROOKS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. C. N. DART, DENTIST. DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y.

THE CORNING JOURNAL. George W. Fritch, Editor and proprietor. Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y.

DRESS MAKING. MISS M. A. JOHNSON, respectfully announces to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity.

JOHN J. SHAKESPEAR, T. L. O. P. Having opened his shop in the room over B. B. Smith & Son's Store.

D. BACOR, M. D. Graduate of Duquesne Medical College. Has established himself in the practice of Medicine and Surgery in the village of Tioga.

N. DU BOIS, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS. WASHINGTON, D. C. ADVISOR as to the patentability of inventions.

TO MUSICIANS. A CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian and German VIOLIN STRINGS.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, WELLSBOROUGH, PA. R. A. FARR, PROPRIETOR. Having leased this well known and popular house.

WATCHES! WATCHES! THE Subscriber has got a assortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE Gold and silver watches.

F. W. KEENE, SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER. WELLSBORO ST., TOGA, PA. TAKES this method of informing the citizens of Tioga.

MCKINNEY & BAILEY. WOULD inform the public that having purchased the Mill property known as the "CUTLER MILL."

TOGA REGULATOR. GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewelry Store at Tioga Village, Tioga County, Pa.

AN HOUR AT THE OLD PLAY GROUND. BY MARY MONROE. I sat an hour to-day, John, Beneath the old brook stream, When we were boys in the olden time, When manhood was a dream.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME. "And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."—TWENTY-NINTH. My friend Jameson, the lawyer, has frequently whirled away an evening in relating incidents which occurred in his practice during his residence in a Western State.

The tale must begin in Saxony. Carl Proch was an honest farmer, who tilled a small tract of crown land and thereby supported an aged mother. Faithful to his duties, he had never a thought of discontent, but was willing to plod on in the way his father had went before him.

When Carl thought of the severe gray eyes that shot such glances at all lingering youths, the difficulty of winning the pretty heiress seemed to be quite enough, even with a field clear of rivals. But two other suitors now made advances, more or less openly, and poor Carl thought himself entirely overwhelmed.

Hans Stolzen was the first to propose. He began by paying court to the jealous Rauchen himself, set forth his property, and prospects, and asked to become his son-in-law. The miller heard him, pulled long whiffs, and answered civilly, but without committing himself.

It was the coming of Fate to him, for he had made up his mind to tell her of the love that was consuming him. Two days before, with tears on his beautiful face, he had confided all to his mother; and, at her suggestion, he had now provided a little present by way of introduction.

"Oh, the little pet!" exclaimed Katrine. "Are they yours?" "No, Katrinechen,—that is, they were mine; now they are yours."

The night was coming on, and Katrine remembered her father, and started towards the mill, whose broad arms could scarcely be seen through the twilight. Carl accompanied her to the gate, and, after a futile glance upward to the house windows, bade her farewell, with a kiss, and turned homeward, feeling himself a man for the first time in his life.

Frau Proch had seen the pantomime through the flowers that stood on the window-sill, not ill-placed, and was waiting her son's return. An hour passed, and he did not come; another hour, and she began to grow anxious.

When Carl at length became strong and commenced labor, he hoped especially to claim his betrothed, and was waiting a favorable opportunity to obtain her father's consent to their marriage.

grave, and was buried on the very day that Carl, with the other recruits, was marched off. What new torture the betrothed Katrine felt is not to be told. Three years were to her an eternity; and her imagination called up such visions of danger from wounds, privations, and disease, that she parted from her lover as though it were forever.

For six months Schonfeld wisely kept away; that period, he thought, would be long enough to efface any recollection of the absent soldier. Then he presented himself, and in his usual imperious way, offered his hand to Katrine.

Rauchen and his daughter were now more solitary than ever. The father had forgotten the roaring stories he used to tell to the neighboring peasants, over foaming flagons of ale, at the little inn; he sat at his mill-door and smoked incessantly.

The three years at length passed and Carl Proch returned home,—a trifle more sedate, perhaps, but the same noble, manly fellow.—How warmly he was received by the constant Katrine is not necessary to relate.

We must now follow the abandoning Stolzen, who, with his bag of thalers, had made good his escape into England. He lived in London, where he found society among his countrymen.

posed to buy an estate in Canada; but the owner failed to make his appearance at the time appointed for the negotiation, and the bargain was not completed. At last he took passage for New York, whither a Hebrew acquaintance of his had gone, a year or two before, and was established as a broker.

She did not know him; but he had not forgotten that voluptuous figure nor those melting blue eyes. He preferred his requests, looking through the doorway at the same time to make sure that she had no protector.

Katrine saw him depart with his dog and gun; but if she guessed his errand, she did not dare remonstrate. He walked off rapidly,—the dog in advance, now and then baying as though he were on a trail.

The luggage of one Stolzen, a stage-coach passenger, remained at the tavern unclaimed, for a nearly a year. No one knew the man, and his disappearance, though a profound mystery, was not an uncommon thing in a new country.

Circumstances soon pointed to Carl Proch as the perpetrator. A stranger, corresponding to the deceased in size and dress, had been seen, about the time of his disappearance, by the neighboring family, walking towards Proch's house; and on the evening of the same day an Irishman met Carl going at rapid rate, with a gun on his shoulder, as though in furious pursuit of some one.

If now the Hebrew had followed the extortionist, after the manner of his race in ancient times, it might have fared badly with poor Carl. But as soon as the broker was satisfied beyond a peradventure that the depositor was actually dead, he hastened back to New York, joyful as a crow over a newly-found carcass, to administer upon the estate, leaving the law to take its own course with regard to the murderer.

Having paid Jameson his fee for his services, Carl was about to depart, when the lawyer's curiosity could be restrained no longer, and he called his client back to the private room of his office.

"Well, if I did," he answered, "can they do anything with me?" "No, said Jameson. "Not if I acknowledge it." "No, you have been acquitted by a jury; and by our law a man can never be tried twice for the same offence."

THE STORY OF THE AUGAN STABLE.—According to fabulous history, there was a king of Elis named Agesus, who was famed for having three thousand cattle in his stable, the latter not having been cleaned in thirty years.

Of the Victoria bridge a writer says:—Two mournful objects attend one's sight at the approach. These are the great stone raised by the workmen to the memory of the many, the very many, who died in the construction of the bridge, and the far greater number who at that spot perished by pestilence.

VERY PRESSING.—A young girl who had become tired of single blessedness, wrote to her true avowal as follows:—"Dear Jim, you rite off, if you air comin at awl. Ed Collings is insistin that I shall hav him, & kisses me so kingly that I can't hold out much longer, but will hav 2 oave in."

The "Dough-Faces" still persist in speaking of the Republicans as a "Sectional" party. And yet it is a fact, officially recorded, that Lincoln received eighteen more votes from Southern States than were cast for Douglas!

A SIMILE REMEDY.—A friend informs us that by sprinkling a little unslacked lime over potatoes, when they are inclined to rot, will stop the progress of the rot completely.

Those things are only fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally equal low.