

Terms of Publication.

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

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties.

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H. C. COLE, BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER, SHOP in the rear of Post Office.

THE CORNING JOURNAL, George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.

FURS! FURS! FURS! The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Russian ladies wear.

TO MUSICIANS. CHOICE LOT OF THE BEST IMPORTED ITALIAN AND GERMAN VIOLIN STRINGS.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, WELLSBOROUGH, PA. E. S. FARR, PROPRIETOR.

PICTURE-FRAMING. TOILET GLASSES, Spectacles, Pictures, Certificated Engravings.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D., WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland.

MCINROY & BAILEY, WOULD inform the public, that having purchased the mill property known as the "CULVER MILL."

TIOGA REGULATOR, GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewelry Store at Tioga Village.

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE, THE Subscriber has opened in this place a new Hat and Cap Store.

SILK HATS, The Hats sold at this Store are fitted with a French Conformation.

10,000 lbs. Pork For Sale, I WILL sell extra HEAVY MESS PORK at \$19.75 per barrel.

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. VII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1861. NO. 24

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 3 columns: Duration (3 months, 6 months, 12 months), Square, and Rate (\$3.00, \$4.50, \$6.00).

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion.

THE FRENCH PRESS ON DISUNION.

France cannot be otherwise than proud to find her protection claimed or her alliance sought by all oppressed nationalities.

France, who abolished Slavery herself, cannot even seem to protect it in other countries.

The rupture of the Union will entail more risks than benefits; for while the commerce of England and the whole of Europe will be admitted.

France will never lay herself open to such a course. She sought not to allow the Southern States to decide themselves in this matter.

France was the first ally of the United States—we hope that she will now be their counselor and expose the abyss into which they are hurrying.

Such are, we are convinced, the sentiments of our Government. CONCESSION.—P. and W. met on Main street the other day, just after a fresh batch of "Crisis" news had come in.

Too MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.—The Detroit Free Press talks, in the following, how a countryman, visiting the city, attempted to carry two pigs under one arm.

The beginning of his troubles was to drop one of the diminutive porkers, which slung around the corner like greased lightning.

BISHOP AMES AND NEWSPAPERS.—The Pacific Advocate says: "In his address to the Conference, just before reading out the appointments, Bishop Ames alluded to the various methods by which an itinerant preacher might render himself useful."

We learn that a project is on foot in Lancaster county, which meets with very general favor, to purchase "Wheatland," the residence of the O. P. E.

A speaker at a stamp meeting out west declared that he knew no east, no west, no north, no south.

SLANDER.

In all ages of the world's history, we see, hear and read of that peculiar class of individuals, whose daily employment (and it would almost seem their only employment) it was to wilfully pervert the truth and plot the downfall of some of their subjects.

After some time, sickness again visited him. The fatal summons had come. Before departing from his beloved ones, he made a will providing amply for his wife, and appointing her the Guardian of their children.

Shortly after his death a caveat was filed against admitting the will to probate. A reckless, gambling, spendthrift of a cousin from South Carolina having heard that this man was on his death bed, came to see him.

The case was tried in the Register's Court; but no jury of her neighbors could be found base enough to rob her and her little ones. It was then carried to the Common Pleas.

It was then carried to the Supreme Court of the State. There, however, a man was found whose heart was sealed by every appeal of sympathy; the law, raw, harsh and cruel as it was.

It's Me. The following extract from the local column of a New York paper has more true poetry in than many a piece of sounding rhyme of loftier pretensions and greater length.

It's Me. Passing a neat little marriage box of a house, last evening, we happened to see a man waiting at the door for admittance. At the instant, a green blind above just opened a little way.

It's Me. Many there are who would give half their hearts, and more than half the hope in them, for one such recognition in this "wide, wide world."

GROWING OLD.—It seems but a summer since we looked forward with eager hopes to the coming years. And now we are looking sadly back. Not that the dream has passed, but that it has been of no more worth to those around us.

An Englishman dining in a Chinese village, was greatly enjoying a savory dish, and would have expressed his pleasure to the waiter, who, however, understood nothing of English.

JONAH NOT A TOBACCO-CHEWER.—A preacher, whose text led him to speak of the prophet Jonah, remarked incidentally: "I am of opinion Jonah was an old man, neither smoking nor chewing, from the fact that the fish retained him so long in his stomach."

LADY BYRON'S ANSWER TO LORD BYRON'S "FAREWELL."

In the whole range of English literature, there is not our opinion, a production, either in prose or verse, that shines with itself more expression of feeling, more real, unpoetical, earnest sentiment, than Lady Byron's reply to her faithless husband, Byron's "Farewell."

Yes! farewell—farewell forever! Thou thyself hast fixed our doom, Bide thine own fate, my blossoms wither, Ne'er again for me to bloom.

Oh! too late thy breast was bared! Oh! too soon to me 'twas shown! That thy love I once had shared, And already it is flown.

In whose lovely features (let me All my weakness here confess, While the struggling tears permit me), All the father's I can trace—No whose image never leaves me, He whose image still I prize, Who this bitterest feeling gives me, Still to love where I despise.

With regret and sorrow rather, When our child's first accents flow, I will teach her to say Father, But his gentle name shall know. What to-morrow and to-morrow Wakes me from a widowed bed; On another's arms, no sorrow With thee feel, no tear will shed.

A TRUE STORY. From the testimony, as published in a Southern paper, and from the bound volume containing the Reports of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the State where it occurred, we gather the following:

A few years since, a young man received a letter informing him that an aunt, residing in one of the Southern States, had died; that, before she departed this life, she had made a will bequeathing to him her entire estate, which lands and slaves, was valued at nearly a million of dollars.

As may be supposed, although in the midst of a very sickly season, he lost no time in finding his way to his suddenly acquired inheritance. On his way thither, however, he inhaled the infectious breath of the yellow fever.

After he was sufficiently restored to attend to business, he sent for his Aunt's Attorney, who read him the will. In that instrument was mentioned the name of his nurse—the pretty young white girl—and he was requested to take good care of her; for she had been tenderly raised by the Aunt.

Upon learning these facts, the generous-hearted youth determined to take her, as soon as he would be able to travel, to a Free State and give her Liberty. As soon as he was strong enough to endure the fatigues of a journey, he took her to Ohio and set her free. He then placed her in a first-class Female Seminary, where she remained, assiduously applying herself, for four years. When she graduated with the first honors of her class, he was among the audience. She was known to her school-mates only as a rich Southern orphan; for he had filled her purse, and passed as her Guardian.

The next day after the graduating exercises, he sought and obtained an interview with, and declared his love for her. The affection was all returned. They were married, immediately, in Ohio.