

Terms of Publication. THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very lowest price...

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, FEBRUARY 20, 1861. NO. 99.

Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, showing prices for different ad sizes and durations.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

DICKINSON HOUSE CORNING, N. Y. M. J. A. FIELD, Proprietor. Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. C. WHITTAKER, M.D. Physician and Surgeon. ELKLAND, TIOGA CO., PENN. A.

J. EMBRY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE. Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR. Wellsboro, Tioga County, Pa.

H. O. GOLE, BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER. SHOP in the rear of the Post Office.

THE CORNING JOURNAL. George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. Published at Corning, Seneca Co., N. Y.

FURS: FURS: FURS: The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Fur-trappings.

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

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

PICTURE FRAMING. TOILET GLASSES, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates, Engravings, &c.

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

MCINROY & BAILEY. WOULD inform the public, that having purchased the Mill property, known as the MILL VERMILYEA, and having repaired it.

TIOGA REGULATOR. GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewelry Store.

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

WILL sell extra HEAVY MESS PORK at \$10.75 per barrel, or retail by the pound at 10 cts.

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

"KNOW YE THE LAND"

Know ye the land where the Forest and Prairie Spread broadest away by the Cataract's fall— Where the harvests of earth the most plentiful vary, And the children that reap them are happiest of all—

Where the long rolling rivers go mightily trending; With wealth on their billows through many a clime— Where the lakes and the woodlands like seas are extending, And the mountains rise lone in the centre sublime!

Know ye the land where a Royal Oppressor Made the Burginiers and Husandmen bow to his will— But they fought the good fight, under God, the redressor, And the heart of humanity beats to it still—

Where the lakota mounts a plain keep, in piping or sobbing Their tales of that stuff and its monuments be The statue, the tablet, the hall and the column— But—best and most lasting—the souls of the Free!

Know ye the land where fair Freedom's doleful shouts Stands prouder than any the earth ever knew, When Greece flashed like fire thro' the East, or the platoon Of Rome's dreaded warriors with victory flew—

Where, high as the baughtiest, she lifts up her banner, By crime undiminished, unshamed by defeat, While the gates of two oceans blow brightly to fan her, And wait the fall wealth of the world to her feet!

Where she bends, great Proteus, to greet the pale stranger, The pilgrim of many a realm, who prefer, To the mercies of tyrants, her lot and her dangers, To their birth-place the fields that wait them to her—

Oh, that land! Yes, we know it—its luminous story, Its wealth of all Nations—America's land! We would die for that land of our love and our glory! We live to sustain it—heart, spirit and hand! And thus brothers friends, we salute it—Oh, never! That proud Con-tellation made less by a star! All hail it, perpetual still brightening for ever— The fond hope of millions, in peace or in war!

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THE BANKER OF ANTWERP.

In 1814 there lived at Antwerp a banker, who had a passion for speculation, but who invariably was unsuccessful. This ill luck became proverbial; his affairs fell into confusion, and all Antwerp looked to see him become bankrupt and retire from the precincts of the exchange, when, suddenly, his luck changed and he gained in every operation he undertook as invariably as he had formerly lost.

The young republican glanced around the circle. It was brilliant with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles that wreathed many a lovely lip might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered:

"The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration and begetting love in our sex, and consequently the ladies who are most admired, and beloved and respected by the gentlemen, must be the fairest. Now I assert confidently, that there is not a nation on earth where woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, so remarkably treated, as in the Republic of the United States, therefore the American ladies are the fairest. But," he again bowed low, "if the ladies before whom I now have the honor of expressing my opinion, were in my country, we should think them Americans."

A YANKEE AMONG ARISTOCRATS. Not many years ago it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the magnates of the British aristocracy, the young American was introduced to the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where, in consequence of his very fine personal appearance, or that his father was reputed to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became quite a favorite of the ladies.

After some chance had been disposed of, a gentleman begged leave to propose the game called "Crowning of the Wiveset." This is played by selecting a judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successively the various questions which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask. The one who is declared to have been the readiest and the happiest in his answers, receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclination, was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position in the society with which he was mingling, required of him the ability to sustain himself. He was to be sure treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess, and generally by the party, but this was a favor of the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of republicans, or appreciated the republic.

The three worthiest had arranged their turn for him should fall in succession, and be the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air of most ineffable condescension put this question:

"If I understand rightly the government of your country, you acknowledge no distinction of rank, consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman; will you favor me with the information where your best school of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the American, smiling calmly. "I would recommend the Falls of Niagara; a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, and human nullities to the vainest. It rebukes the trifler, and arouses the most stupid; in short, it turns men from their idols, and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true Christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audience, whether of applause or censure, but American could not determine, as he did not choose to betray his anxiety for the result, by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, was mustached and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been coveted. His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant, would most interest your people and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?"

"You must maintain as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, purest, and the best government which the skill of man ever devised, and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are proverbially fond of argument, and will meet you on both these questions, and if you choose, will argue with you to the end of your life."

The third then rose from his seat, and with an assured voice which seemed to announce a certain triumph, said:

"I require your decision on a delicate question, but the rules of the pastime warrant it, and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and English ladies; which are the fairest?"

The young republican glanced around the circle. It was brilliant with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles that wreathed many a lovely lip might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered:

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The electric telegraph was unknown at the period in question, and the clumsy signals by which statements were communicated with one another were only worked by the heads of the state, and for their own behoof; and Antwerp puzzled its brains for some time in vain efforts to ascertain by what mysterious art the banker had managed to turn the tide, and to win over to his interests the favors of the blind goddess who had hitherto been so decidedly against him.

It had been noticed in Antwerp as a singular fact that two drivers of stage-coaches belonging to that city had made, during the lucky period of the banker's career, fortunes, which in proportion with their means, were as considerable as that amassed by the speculator. But no one thought of attributing the improved position of the two coachmen to the operations of the fortunate speculator. Yet all three owed their good luck to the same simple expedient.

If any of the towns-people had bethought them of watching the doings of the banker, they would have seen that every evening about nine o'clock the latter betook himself to a lonely cottage of his, standing in the midst of a garden, a few miles from the town. There, in silence and secrecy, the banker received the visit of one or the other of the two coachmen, to whom, after the exchange of a few words, he handed a basket carefully covered over with a piece of tarpaulin, and at which was at once deposited by the coachman at the bottom of a great hamper of poultry, collected by him at the neighboring farms, and to be sold by him at the towns through which he drove his coach.

As soon as the coachman had taken his leave, the banker locked the cottage-door and went upstairs to a room fitted up as a pigeon house, of whose existence no one else was aware, in which a number of pigeons soon began to make their appearance with banging wings, impatient to drop into their nests. The banker having looked and petted the weary birds and given them some corn, gently lifted their wings and detached the little billet conveyed to him by each unconscious messenger. These billets brought to the speculator news of the exchange on all the principal markets of Europe. Sent off daily from London, Paris, Vienna, Brussels, &c., about four in the afternoon, the home-loving little Mercury never failed to reach their nests about midnight. After receiving the intelligence thus sent to him by trusty confidants in each capital, the banker locked the door of the cottage and returned to his own dwelling ready to operate the next day on the Antwerp Exchange with certain success.

MEMORABLE PREPARATIONS.—The first is said to have been delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania: "Your honor sits high upon the adorable seat of justice, like the Axiom rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal streams of justice like the cadaverous clouds of the valley, flow meandering 'round your feet.'"

AT THE DOOR.

"Who is it knocks that stormy night? Be very careful of the light!" The good man said to his wife, And the good wife went to the door; But never again in this life Will the good man see her more.

For he who knocked that night was Death; And the light went out with a little breath; And the good man will miss his wife, Till he, too, goes to the door, When Death will carry him up to Life, To behold her face once more.

THE TENNESSEE HERMIT.

Daniel West, the well-known Hermit of Tennessee, died September 23, at the age of 78. He had lived for years in the hollow of an American poplar, in the opening of which he had fitted a rude door. In the centre of this hollow he would build his fire in winter for cooking his plain meals. This hollow served as his sleeping apartment, and it is said that he slept in a sitting posture, reclining against the wall at his house. Adjoining or near to this rude tree he had a rude shed which he used as a workshop, where he manufactured chairs, boxes, elder mills, &c.

A short time since a lady visited the old Hermit in company with her husband and some gentleman friends, and from her account the following is taken:

"Being of the sex to which all hermits are said to be particularly inimical, I made up my mind to suffer some such inhospitality as that which Sir Kevin is reported to have inflicted upon poor Kathleen. But my eyes of blue seemed to exert a contrary effect upon the recluse, so that instead of becoming exasperated upon my introduction, he gave me a cordial shake of the hand, and heeded about for one of his new chairs, with all the politeness if not grace of a Chesterfield. On the whole, Sir Charles Grandison himself could not have done the agreeable with more credit to himself, or more satisfaction to me. Instead of having my head snapped off in a twinkling by an ogre, I found the hermit a simple, genial, conversable old man. Poorly clad, and, if I must say it, not scrupulously clean, yet there was a dignity about him which I cannot express otherwise than by saying that it seemed to me the dignity of truth, for the old man appeared, somehow, as though he never even dreamed of falsehood or redemption, though I doubt not that in his life he suffered from both.

"Finding that my watch had stopped, I enquired the hour. Immediately one of the gentlemen turned and proposed the same question to 'Uncle Daniel.' He brought forth from his capacious pocket a piece of sheet lead in the form of a quadrant marked with degrees, and with a line and plummet attached; setting this in a peculiar position in regard to the sun, he told us the hour, and correctly, too, in a moment. The queer little chronometer was of his own construction. I had, by this time climbed into the enclosure to observe his manner of taking time, and then he showed me his cooking apparatus, his older presser, &c. I purchased one of his unique chairs for my little boy, and stepping up cautiously took a sly peep into the tree. Oh! it looked like a den. Well, if Diogenes lived in a tub, 'Uncle Daniel' has evinced much better taste, in choosing the 'green wood tree.' You would be astonished by this man; he is so simple, yet so shrewd; so child like, yet so critical; so crazed, one would think, yet exhibiting more good sense than one in thousands of those who make more pretensions. His manner is quiet, his conversation candid, his language good, and at times even choice, and his voice singularly soft and winning. In religion he is an independent thinker, in politics he has ever been a supporter of the old hermit of the Hermitage, under whose generalship he has so often fought. His favorite oath—and as far as I heard the only one—was an original one to say the least: 'By blood!' he would often exclaim, yet never, if I remember rightly, except it might be when talking of his old campaigns.

"We learned something of his former history. It might be found the ground work for a novel, and shows conclusively the power of woman to mould the destiny of man. He has, he says, resided in the counties of Warren and Cannon for the last fifty years. He is a North Carolinian by birth, and was a soldier in the year of 1812. He says he was at the Mobile station when the battle of New Orleans was fought, and heard the booming of the guns when his old general was whipping the British. He has a drum and life of his own construction, and even now every morning he beats the Reveille that he was wont to hear at daybreak in days so long gone by. He married, it is said, in early life, a woman whose husband had left her; and who was by her considered dead. They had one child, and lived together in great happiness and harmony. After the lapse of years the former husband returned and claimed his wife. He told her to make her own choice; if she loved him most, to remain with him, and she should not repent it; if, however, she loved the other one and preferred to go with him, to do so, and he would never blame her.

"She decided to go with the first. Daniel West was at that time in comfortable circumstances, had a quantity of stock, and was adding to his sustenance every year. After the desertion of the woman he loved, he became dejected, lost his property run to ruin, and finally adopted the strange secluded life of a hermit in the tree. He does not do so from necessity, for he has friends who have brought him to make their home his own, but from choice. When questioned as to why he preferred such a mode of life, he only answers that 'the world has not used him well.' And yet he did not seem scourged in disposition, or embittered in feelings towards it; indeed, so full of contentment seemed his conversation, that I could not help thinking of Crusoe in his cave, trying to make the best of everything. The rough winds of the world have passed over him, leaving him without the asperity of the misanthrope, the austerity of the ascetic, or the egotism of the ascetic, leaving him, in short, only what he appears to be—a simple Solitary."

To WASH COLORS.—To wash colors safely, ladies are advised to boil some bran in rain-water and use the liquid color. It is said, by those who have tried it, that nothing can equal it for ease upon colors, and for cleaning cloth.

LOVE IN HUMAN LIFE.—In East Boston, a few weeks since, was borne to the grave, a maiden wife of less than twenty years of age. Her husband and lover, a young man of twenty-three, was a mechanic. They had loved each other from childhood, and were to have been married some six or seven months since—when she was prostrated by consumption. Nearly all his leisure from labor was passed at her bedside; cheering her with prospects of restored health, and a life of happiness; but the fell disease was too firmly implanted in her system to leave any hope of her recovery.

When the physician informed her that death was inevitable, she expressed a desire to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and her wish was gratified. Her lover procured a carriage; sat by her side, and bore her in his arms to and fro from the Lord's table. She returned to her bed never again to leave it in life. About a fortnight before her death, she said that she had only one earthly wish ungratified; she desired to be united to him who had loved her so long and so truly, in the hope of being his in Heaven. He could deny her nothing—he married Death!—Bolstered up by pillows and supported in the embrace of her mother, she was united to her lover; her feeble voice was hardly audible in responding to the questions of the marriage ceremony. She was his, and she died without regret. From then until she passed away, she was unable to speak above a whisper; but she appeared happy, and though wasted to skin and bone, a pleasant smile left its impress on her face, as her soul returned to God who gave it.

Many cases have been recorded of people being married on the brink of the grave, to accomplish some material end—such as to give a legal title to property or to render an act of long delayed justice; but rarely or never have we heard of poor people marrying under such circumstances, purely for love. The stern realities of life pass so hardly upon the laboring poor, that the finer feelings of their souls have to make way for the cares and toils of providing for the wants of the body.

The only legacy which this affectionate maiden left her husband was a lock of her hair and a favorite copy of the Bible.

EMERSON ON EYES.

Emerson, in his new volume, the "Condensed Life," thus discourses of the human eye: "The eyes of man converse as much as his tongue, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another, a practiced man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality; if there is no holiday in the eye. How many futile inclinations are avowed by the eye though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a company, in which it may have been happy, he said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him; and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he will not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him, and out of him, through the eyes. There are eyes, to be sure, that give more admission into the man than blueberries. Others are liquid and deep wells that a man might fall into; others are aggressive and devouring, seem to cut out the policies, take all too much notice, and require crowded Broadway, and the security of millions, to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows. 'The eye of Lacedaemon' is a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, staring eyes, prowling eyes, and eyes full of fate, some of good, and some of bad, and some of sinister omen. The alleged power to charm down insanity or ferocity, is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will, before it can be signified in the eye.

An Eastern man writes us that a stage driver, by whose side he was riding on the box a few weeks ago, told him the following story: as they passed a wretched looking farm-house, and the old farmer lounging about the door, the driver said:

"A Boston trader called at that house some time ago to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot, he concluded not to take it, it was so full of skippers. As he was going off, the farmer said to him:

"Look here, mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?" The trader took another look at it, and seeing more and more evidence of its being alive, replied:

"Well, let it be a day or two longer, and I guess you can drive it down!" The treasure of some men is gold, and the love of it grows so strong as to become idolatry; such men never rise above the mercenary dross of the world. They eat and drink, but it is to enable them successfully to toil on, morning, noon, and night it is the same drugging slavery and submission to the cravings of a vicious appetite. There is not one noble sentiment or feeling can live in their heart, because the lust of gain fills it so completely as to leave no room for anything else. They can do nothing but grovel, like an earth-worm, eating dust, and casting out their slime, in order to form a pathway along which to crawl. It is pitiable and sad to think of, but it is a sight only too often seen in this sin-stricken world of ours.

The earliest patrons we know of are those paper "patrons" who send you a few lines of advertisements, and accompany them with a yard or two of buff which they request you to insert in the editorial columns gratis? This is like paying a shopkeeper for a pound of sugar, by asking him to throw in a barrel of flour.

A TRAVELER'S WOMAN.—To her virtues, we give love to her beauty, our admiration, by her beauty, the whole world is captivated.

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