

# 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. X. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1864. NO. 48.

## WHOLESALE DRUG STORE.

Prince's Mistletoe, Pilsner & Co's Chemicals, Fluid Extracts, Rochester Perfumery and Flipping Extracts, Paints and Oils, Petroleum Oil, Druggs and Medicines, School Books, Wall Paper, Window Glass, Dye Colors, Stationery, Writing Mills, Wrapping Paper, and all other articles at Wholesale Prices.

W. D. TERRELL, CORNING, N. Y.

## Zimmermann & Co's NATIVE BRANDY & WINES, FOR MEDICAL & COMMUNION PURPOSES.

THIS BRANDY has been analyzed by the Medical Director of the Parol Laboratory at Brooklyn, and substituted for French Brandy, for use in the United States Army. It is of the highest quality and recommended by Dr. Estlin's Medical Purveyor at West Point, U. S. Army, in the Hospital of his Department.

## DRY CATAWBA WINE.

THIS WINE has all the properties of Dry Sherry Wine.

## SWEET CATAWBA WINE.

THIS WINE for its mildness is adapted for Invalids and for medicinal purposes.

MESSRS. ZIMMERMANN & CO., of Cincinnati, Ohio, are the sole and exclusive agents for the sale of the above named wines in this country.

## Farmer's Criticism.

Question.—What is the best kind of wooden beam? Answer.—The WIARD FLOW. Ques.—Where does it excel all others? Ans.—In ease of draft, in being less liable to clog, and in being extra in every particular. Ques.—Where is this flow to be found? Ans.—At the KNOXVILLE FOUNDRY, where they are made and of various capacities around the country. Ques.—Are there any other plans made at this foundry? Ans.—Yes! Biles makes various kinds of wooden and iron beam flows, both for flat land and side hill. He also makes all kinds of agricultural machinery, getting the BEST PATTERNS invented, without regard to the COST. Ques.—Are flows all that Biles makes? Ans.—By no means. He also makes HORSE HOES, & other articles for Corn, Potatoes, &c. ROAD SCRAPERS that beat the world. Cast Oil-Tinners, each of a very superior pattern. Shovel Flow Castings for new Pans, and indeed almost every thing that is made at a Foundry, from a Boat Valve to a Steam Engine. Ques.—Would you then advise me to buy there? Ans.—Most certainly would I, besides making the best KIND of every thing, Biles makes those that are the most DURABLE, and it is a common saying that they last as long as you get out at any other shop; he has always been at the business, from a small boy and ought to know how it is done, and if you try his wares once, you will be ready with me to tell all his wanting anything in that line to go, send, or in any other way procure them. J. P. BILES, at the Knoxville Foundry, Knoxville, March 30, 1862-3.

## New Millinery Goods.

MRS. A. J. SOFIELD desires to call the attention of the Ladies of Wellsboro, and vicinity, to her New Stock of Spring Millinery Goods, consisting of the latest styles of Bonnets, Hats, Head Dresses, Caps, &c., and a variety of French Fluffs, Shell and Straw Ornaments, the latest novelties in the way of Trimmings, Ribbons, Hosiery, and Caps. Old Ladies' Dress Caps, Greenish Tulle of the newest shades. Mrs. Sofield is particularly grateful for the patronage of her friends, and would say that she has engaged one of the best Milliners for the season, and is prepared to repair, sew, and trim in the best manner. She is also prepared to make all kinds of new styles, and will give a good assortment. Her rooms will be found on the opposite side of the Drug Store, in the building lately occupied by Miss Smith. Wellsboro, April 13, 1864-5.

## REMOVAL.

MRS. PAULINE SMITH has removed to the house (late the residence of Chas. Williams) opposite the United States Hotel. I wish to inform my customers that I have just received my SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, and can be found at the above place, ready to do work in the best manner for all who may favor me with a call. PAULINE SMITH, Wellsboro, April 13, 1864-5.

## CONVANSQUE HOUSE.

THIS House which has been open for convenience to the traveling public for a number of years, has lately been newly furnished throughout and fitted up in as good style as can be found in any country or city. The Proprietor does not hesitate in saying that there will be no pains spared to add to the comfort of his guests, and make it a home for them. The best of stabling for teams; and a good house always in attendance, all of which can be found on the east of Knoxville, Pa. M. V. PURPLE, Proprietor, Deerfield, May 23, 1864-5.

## Robbed from the Safe of the Tioga Co. Bank.

On Wednesday night, May 25, 1864, the following described bonds and notes: 1 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter F, No. 14719, for \$300. 3 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter C, Nos. 37, 100, 81-82, each \$500. 17 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter F, Nos. 18, 379 to 73, 305, each \$100. 14 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter F, Nos. 12, 120 to 123, 305, each \$100. 3 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter A, Nos. 5, 222, 6, 8, each \$1000. 4 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter A, Nos. 5, 222, 6, 8, each \$1000. Tioga County Bank notes, old issue, \$5, 10's and 20's, \$1000. Signed by former officers of the bank, and there being no counter of receipts, and had been retired for three years. No other notes of the bank had ever been punched. The public are hereby cautioned against purchasing or taking any of the said bonds and notes. A. B. TURNER, Cashier, Tioga, May 23, 1864.

## Recorder's Notice.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the subscriber on the estate of Pallender Baker, late of Sullivan township, &c., notice is hereby given that there is to be made immediate payment, and that all claims against the estate are to be presented for settlement to HENRY B. CARD, Executor. June 27, 1864-5.

## Somebody's Poem.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING. Into a ward of the whitewashed halls, Where the dead and dying lay, Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls, Somebody's Darling was borne one day— Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave, Wearing on his pale sweet face, Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave, The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp as the curls of gold, Kissing the snow of that fair young brow, Pale are the lips of delicate mould— Somebody's Darling is dying now. Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow, Brush all the sparkling waves of gold, Cross his hands in the bosom now. Somebody's Darling is still and cold. Kiss him once for somebody's sake, Mourn a prayer soft and low; One bright curl from its fair tresses take, They were somebody's pride you know. Somebody's hand had rested there, 'Twas it a mother's, soft and white? And there he lies with his blue eyes dim, 'Twas it a mother's hand that laid him there, 'Twas it a mother's hand that laid him there, 'Twas it a mother's hand that laid him there.

## Miscellaneous.

### A NIGHT ADVENTURE AT SEA.

A short time ago, I happened to be in Valparaiso, where I made the acquaintance of an American, one of the officers of the United States' whaling ship Nantucket, which had run in from her fishing grounds in the Pacific to obtain a supply of water and fresh provisions; and one day in talking over the different events of the cruise, which had lasted two years, he related the following curious incident which had befallen them.

One morning at daybreak, when lying becalmed, they found themselves in the midst of a shoal of sperm whales, and all four of their boats were speedily lowered and chased given. Two of them proved successful, and by afternoon had returned to the ship, towing their captured prey; but the others were not so fortunate. Having by some blunder missed their first chance, it was not until after an arduous chase of many hours that their leading boat at last succeeded in overtaking and making fast to a whale. A long and desperate struggle ensued, the second crew quickly coming to the assistance of the first; but line after line from both was expended; by the animal, which proved to be of the largest size and of immense strength and tenacity of life. It tried every means to escape, sometimes 'sounding,' that is, descending perpendicularly to a vast depth into the recesses of the ocean, until the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water was more than even its huge strength could bear, and it was forced to return to the surface along which it would then rush with such velocity, dragging both boats after it, that the water, divided by the sharp bows, curled high in two solid walls on either hand. At length, however, its speed began to slacken, and the whalers, anxious to secure their prize before the darkness set in, advanced to finish him, and four more lances were rapidly hurled into the body of the monster, which, apparently exhausted by its preceding efforts, lay passive on the water. No sooner, however, had the last steel penetrated, than, as if the stimulus had roused anew all its vital energies, it hurled itself half out of water, and swinging its ponderous flukes high up in the air, struck two tremendous blows in succession, one of which fell upon the foremost boat, cutting it completely in two, and scattering its occupants (one of whom had his thigh broken) in all directions. After doing this mischief it again sounded; and, lastly picking up their companions, and placing the wounded man in the bottom of the boat, the rest, undaunted, impatiently waited the coming up of the animal to breathe. But they waited in vain; their prey had escaped them. In his last desperate effort to free himself, he had, (so I was told at least) dived so deep that, with all his strength exhausted, he was unable to rise, and dying below, sank still deeper. The disappointed whalers sat in silence, watching the thin disappearing fathom after fathom; until their last yard was gone, when the bowman, who held his tomahawk ready to strike, was compelled to let it fall and sever the rope, lest the weight of the descending body should drag the boat down with it into the abyss.

Worried with their long day of fruitless toil, and depressed at their ill-fortune, the men prepared to return to their ship, which had long before sunk beneath the horizon; for, being calm, she could not make sail to follow them. After pulling for some hours, however, they felt a slight breeze spring up which they knew would bring her down; and after a while, a rocket ascending showed her position; and this signal was repeated every half hour, until the vessel was within a few miles. They had been resting on their cars for some time, but had again resumed them on noticing that the breeze was dying away, and their ship likely again to be becalmed, when all at once a sound struck upon their ears which made each man pause in astonishment. It was a groan, or rather a hoarse, heavy, smothered kind of a moan, which seemed to be borne to them across the water; but whether from near at hand or far away, they could not tell.

The men stood up in the boats and listened. The night was dark and cloudy, but the line between sea and sky was sufficiently distinct to show to their practiced vision the form of their own vessel, which was only three miles away; but no sail was visible on that part of the horizon from whence the sounds appeared to come. Thinking it possible, however, that some shipwrecked boat's crew might be in their neighborhood, they joined together in a shout; but

there was no response to the shout. All at once, however, some flashes of light gleamed across the distant darkness, and a bluish glare shone out for a minute or two, flickered, and disappeared. At the same moment a distant, piercing cry, followed by moaning similar to the first they had heard, rose on the night air. In all their experience, whether on sea or land, they had never heard sounds like them, and amazed and startled, with all the superstitious fears excited to which sailors are prone, the men in the boats whispered their conjectures to each other.

"There's nothing that I know of that swims the sea or flies in the air, could make those sounds," said one. "If there was any craft anywhere within miles, we could see her; sails plain enough; we are too far out at sea for any consters carrying cattle. Besides, there's no such trade on the coast, and we're eight hundred miles from it."

"If it's from a boat, what kind of a crew must she have? That's what I want to know," said a second. "I know what it is to be adrift and perishing. I was one time on a raft with twenty more, for two-and-thirty days, and a whole lot of 'em went mad and died ragging, from drinking salt water, and yelled and howled and throttled each other, till they were pitched overboard; but then, those here sounds aren't human like."

"Could it be a whale, Bill, that made that moanin' noise?" asked another of the boat-steerers who was a veteran sail, having followed his calling as a sealer and whaler in all parts of the world.

"Well, it might be—that noise might; tho' 'twarn't exactly like it neither. I've heard 'em too often not to know 'em. Sperm whales don't roar much; but right black, or Greenland species, common all over the world; you can hear 'em all times ten miles away. I remember once when I was in New Zealand—we was a Bay whaling near Hokianga—we killed a cow whale and her calf, and towed 'em into the bay. Well, the old bull, he came in from sea at nightfall, and kept up such a moanin' and roarin' it was pitiful to hear him. He knowed his business had gone in there, you see, and he was callin' on her to come out—and for night hard on to a week, every night he'd tack about in the cove till daylight, waitin' and callin' her. 'Twarn't till we stripped the blubber off her, and towed the carcass out to sea, that he gave in and left."

For some time the men listened, but nothing more was heard or seen. They also rowed for some distance in the direction of the sounds, and again shouted, but got no reply. An hour afterward they were picked up and taken on board.

The Captain, when he heard their story, swept the horizon with his night glass; but detecting no sail, he concluded that the vessel from which the light proceeded (if they really had seen it), had passed out of sight in the interval, and as for the sounds which had startled them, he made little of them.

"You heard a grampus snorting, or some seal grunting, or maybe some penguins trumpeting," he said. "You were all knocked up and half asleep. Turn in and take a spoonful of daylight; for we must finish stripping and trying out this fish. A set of lubbers you were to lose that other whale!"

which had been lit beneath the coppers, and which had been fed with pieces of refuse blubber, began to burn up brightly, the flames presently shooting up half way to the tops, and casting a broad red glare over the surrounding waters. And, as if this flame had been a spell to conjure up the demons of the deep, from the thick darkness beyond the circle of light issued a succession of sounds of the most extraordinary character. Yells and howls—shrill screams and roars—now coming, mingled, now separate—at times dying away, and again, as the flames shot up, fiercely rising in hideous chorus—assailed the ears of the astounded whalers, while at intervals, mingled with the uproar, was what seemed to some on board to be the sound, indistinctly heard, of human voices. This continued until the vessel had passed on her way some distance, when the noises became more and more faint and finally died away.

Before the first had been lit the ship had been put before the wind, in order that the smoke and flame might pass forward, and not endanger the rigging or incommodate the men at their work. Some of the latter alarmed at the sounds, would willingly have had her continue her course and leave the vicinity; but the Yankee skipper was not so superstitious; and being determined to ascertain their cause, he ordered the fires to be put out (so that the vessel might sail against the wind), and returned. While the lookouts aloft were trying to catch sight of any vessel or other object in the neighborhood, the sounds again reached them; and, steering in that direction, the ship was hoisted to and a boat lowered; but the men hung back when their captain ordered a crew in, and wished to wait for daylight.

"Why, what are you afraid of men! Do you think there are evil spirits cruising?" He paused in surprise, and all hands uttered a cry. A strange phenomenon was presented to their view; a pale blue phosphorescent light suddenly gleamed out of the darkness, and showed them a wreck, dismantled and drifting. Through the open ports and breaches in the bulwarks, broken by the waves, the unearthly-looking radiance shone, gleaming and flickering on the stump of the malmast, the only fragment of a spar left standing. Its bows were towards them, and from their own men's heads they could at times, when it pitched and rolled, see down on its deck. Close to the after hatchway burned a big, tremulous flame, sometimes shooting up vividly at others sinking till nearly extinguished, by the light of which all on deck was rendered visible. All hands looked eagerly for signs of a crew; but nothing in the shape of a man was to be seen. The deck was cleared, the long boat and spars gone; there was nothing to conceal them from view, had any man been on-board.

But although nothing in the guise of mortal man was visible, other objects presented themselves to the view of the awe-stricken sailors. Gaunt and weird-looking shapes of hideous animals were plainly seen flitting to and fro in the ghastly light of that unnatural illumination of a lonely wreck at sea.

"I can tell you, sir," said my informant, at this portion of his narrative, "that I for one was scared, and no mistake about it. I was brought up in a part of New England—where a belief in the supernatural prevails. I had heard that evil spirits appeared at times in the form of beasts, and haunted the places where they had when on earth committed their crimes; and we were off that coast where, for two hundred years, the desperadoes of every climate—pirates and buccaners—had pursued, when in life their horrid calling. As the blue light flickered, and the yells once more broke out, these tales of my early days might have made me fancy myself in the presence of some phantom ship with its ghastly crew."

"But daylight soon came, the blue light went out, and we then saw that the wreck was a real one; and that a boat was towing astern. When we pulled to it and hailed, voices from the cabin replied, and we rowed round and saw a man with his head and shoulders protruding out of the window.

"I say strangers," he shouted, "don't none of you offer to come aboard. Some of the critters get loose last night, and they're dangerous." And dangerous enough they appeared to be, for at that moment came the taffrail and looked down on us, several hyenas, whose eyes, sparkling with fames, glared most ferociously, and no wonder; they had had no food for nearly a week.

"The brig was in fact a complete menagerie, which a speculative American was taking to California, visiting all the South American ports on his way. He had been blown out by a hurricane, which at last carried away his masts, and he had been drifting about ever since, till his beasts were nearly starved. He had a miserable crew, half of them being his showmen, and he himself was his own captain, trusting to his mate to navigate for him. They had prepared the long boat for leaving, should no vessel fall in with them, but had made repeated abortive attempts to rig jury masts as well. In their last attempt the spar had fallen, and the heel of it smashed the cage containing the hyenas, and all hands had to make a speedy retreat to the after-cabin, and keep below till daylight should enable them to shoot or otherwise secure them. Our fire, by exciting the beasts, attracted their notice, and at first they thought it was a burning ship. The light seen by the boat early in the night, was made by burning some spirits of wine out of the cabin windows, and they now prepared to repeat the signal, hoping to attract our attention; but this time instead of hanging it out of the cabin window, they managed to open the hatchway and push it out on the deck, where the beasts were prowling about restless with the hunger which tormented them.

### 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. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 Square	\$1.00	\$1.75	\$3.50
2 do.	2.00	3.50	7.00
3 do.	3.00	5.25	10.50
4 do.	4.00	7.00	14.00
5 do.	5.00	8.75	17.50
6 do.	6.00	10.50	21.00
7 do.	7.00	12.25	24.50
8 do.	8.00	14.00	28.00
9 do.	9.00	15.75	31.50
10 do.	10.00	17.50	35.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions 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.

To THE MARRIED.—Miss Mulock says: "A lady of my acquaintance gives it as her *qua non* of domestic felicity that the men of the family should be absent at least six hours in the day." And truly a mistress of a family, however strong her affection for the male members of it, cannot but acknowledge this as a great boon. A house where 'papa' or 'the boys' are always about, popping in and out at all hours, overlastingly wanting, something, or finding fault with something else, is a considerable trial to feminine patience. And I beg to ask my sex generally—in confidence, of course—if it is not the greatest comfort possible when, the masculine half of the family being cleared out for the day, the house settles down into regular work and orderly quietness until evening? Also, it is good for them as well as for us to have all the petty domestic bothers got over in their absence, to effect which ought to be one of the principal aims of the mistress of a family. Let them, if possible, return to a quiet, smiling home, with all its small annoyances brushed away, like the dust and cinders from the grate, which, in passing, is one of the first requisites to make a fireside look comfortable. It might be as well, too, if the master could contrive to leave the worldly mud of the day at the scaper outside his door.

A FRENCH ANECDOTE.—At the commencement of the winter two journalists were in conversation at the opera. The one, M. De X., is a bachelor, the other, M. De Y., just married. "Well," said the one to the other, "how do you get along in your new condition?" "Ah, my dear, there is nothing like being married. You cannot imagine how happy I am. When I am at work my wife is at my side, and at the end of every paragraph I embrace her. That is charming." "Now I understand," was the happy retort, "why your sentences are so short." This conversation quickly circulated through Paris. From that time forth the articles of Y. were consulted by the public as the thermometer of conjugal felicity. During two months the prose of M. De Y. was disjointed and epigrammatic, in shorter periods than to be found in the earlier writings of Emile de Girardin. All the women grew jealous of Madame Y. But gradually the periods elongated, the phrases were more involved, the paragraphs were inflated, the honey-moon was passed. At last Madame Y. opened the journal edited by M. Y., and casting a rapid glance over the article signed with his name, cried: "What! but a single paragraph in the whole article! Poor woman, a divorce will most assuredly follow."

A BRASSING MARRIAGE OR DIVORCE.—Bishop Burnet says: "In Berns you have a novel way of dealing with matrimonial disputes. Divorces were freely granted; but first the applicants must go through this test: A small room was prepared in which husband and wife were put, the door being then closed and remained for six weeks, except it should be set in motion at the urgent and united request of the wretched pair. There were in the room one stool, one plate, one spoon, a unity of all the requisites, and the solitary bed was of such dimensions that, if they chose to use it together, they must needs lie very close. Of one thing, and one only, there was a duplicate; and that was a little treatise on the duties of husbands and wives toward each other. No visitor was permitted to go near them, and they had a glimpse only at intervals of the grim face of the janitor as he pushed their food through a hole in the door. The bishop states that the test was attended with the most wholesome results. In most cases the parties were most excellent friends in a few days; and very few could stand out more than a fortnight. Another very gratifying circumstance was, that they had scarcely a case on record in which a second application was made by persons who had already gone through the ordeal."

How God Forgives.—How beautifully God forgives! "I will never remember it again," he says when he forgives our sins. Why, if you could see God, you would never, by the least turn of the eye, by any word, or by the slightest inflection of the voice, know that he remembered the sin that he had forgiven. We forgive a sin, you know, laying it up. One in a while we shoot out a hint of it sideways. We forgive slowly, grudgingly, imperfectly and meanly; but when God forgives, he throws the offence away, and says, "I will never make mention of it again; I will sink it as in the depths of the sea." There is a low, contemptible way of forgiving; and there is a noble and manly way of doing it. One kind of forgiveness is an additional provocation; but the Christian way is glorious and beautiful.—E. 77. Beecher.

TREATMENT OF SUNSTROKE.—Warm weather and hot suns are now upon us, and we may expect more or less of sun-stroke to follow. A person whose uncovered head is exposed to the rays of a vertical sun is not unfrequently attacked with a sort of fit, which sometimes bears a resemblance to apoplexy, but at other times is more a swoon. The proper remedy for an attack of this kind, during the primary fit, is to pour cold water over the head. This is the plan pursued by the natives of India, who are particularly exposed to the affection in question. It is said that the sunstroke may be avoided by wearing a handkerchief or cloth soaked in cold water in the hat while exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

RULES FOR PURCHASING BEES.—Select two year old stocks of large size, that swarmed the previous year. It has been demonstrated that such stocks have young and vigorous queens, and are generally well conditioned, promising a healthy generation.