

Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE.

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. XI.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1865.

NO. 36.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y.

JOHN I. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

JEROME E. NILES, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE.

HARTS HOTEL, WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PENNA.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

A. FOLEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c.

WILLIAMS & SMITH, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

S. F. SHABLIN, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER.

WESTERN EXCHANGE HOTEL, ENOXVILLE, BOROUGH, PA.

REVENUE STAMPS.

P. NEWELL, DENTIST, WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

COWANESQUE HOUSE.

WELLSBORO HOTEL.

HUGH YOUNG, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER.

U. S. 7-30 Loan.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes.

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time.

U. S. 5-30 SIX PER CENT GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium which increases the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, and its exemption from State and municipal taxation adds from one to three per cent. more, according to the rate levied on other property.

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market.

ORDER OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCES OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

ORDINANCE OF THE BOROUGH OF TIOGA.

Original Poetry.

NOT DEAD.

Dead the Great Heart of Our Nation—the noble, tried and true.

And the budding flowers, and branches, change to myrtle, cypress, yew;

And the springing grass waves sadly 'as above' a lonely grave;

Nature sympathetic, mourneth with her children for their brave.

Now our land is draped in mourning, in the blackness of the night;

Can we pierce the pall of sorrow beyond the veiled light?

Sunbeams hide their spring-time smiling, back a depth of amber cloud.

And the zephyrs swell their sighing to a wailing wail and loud.

Is there—is there light beyond us—light beyond our mortal ken?

Ah, how painfully and keenly 'feel we now we are but men!

Impotent! Aye, worse than powerless! grope we blindly, groping now,

Clad in solemn, golden sackcloth, low into the dust we bow.

Rise and see by Faith's clear vision, 'yond the skies that drop their tears,

In the shining courts of Heaven, after all these strifes and tears!

Glorified and made immortal, by the loving chastening rod,

He, the Chief of this Great People, hears our thanks unto Our God.

APRIL, 1865. E. S. S.

Miscellany.

Boring Artesian Wells.

In the South Wales Institute of Engineers a paper was recently read on this subject by Mr. W. Mather.

After referring at considerable length to the Chinese system of boring, (which appears to have dated from a very early period), and the attempts more recently made on the Continent and in Germany, he alluded to the present plan adopted by the continental engineers, known as Kind's system, which is considered to be the perfection of boring machines.

The system known as Kind's is still the rod system, with certain modifications to lessen the risks and difficulties in boring to great depths.

It was owing to the imperfections of the rod system that the attention of a relative of the writer (Mr. Colin Mather) was first directed to the subject of boring, and after much investigation and experiment, constructed and patented a machine in 1855, and which may fairly claim the name of the "English system," as the only one which has not originated among the continental engineers.

In the boring tool, and the method of giving the percussive action, and also in the shell-pump, especial novelty will be found.

Instead of these latter being attached to rods, as in the old system, they are suspended in turn by a flat rope, about half an inch thick and four and a half inches broad, such as are in common use in collieries, and the boring tool and pump are let down and drawn up as quickly as the buckets and cages in the shaft.

The rope is wound upon a large drum by a steam engine with a reversing motion, by which one man can regulate the operation with the greatest ease.

The general arrangement of the machine is as follows: The winding drum is ten feet in diameter, and is capable of holding three thousand feet of rope, four and a half inches broad and one-half inch thick; from the drum the rope passes under a guide pulley, through a clamp, and over the pulley, which is supported on the fork end of the piston rod, and so to the end, which receives the boring head, which, being hooked on and lowered to the bottom, the rope is gripped by the clamp. A small jet of steam is turned on, causing the piston to rise slowly until the arm moves the clamp, and gives the full charge of steam; an accelerated motion is then given to the piston, raising the boring head the required height, when the steam is shut off, and the exhaust opened, thus affecting one stroke of the boring head as regularly as a back-pressure valve in the exhaust pipe. The exhaust port is six inches from the bottom of the cylinder; when the piston descends to this point it rests on a cushion of steam, which prevents concussion. To increase the lift of the boring head, or compensate for the elasticity of the rope, which is found to be one inch in one hundred feet, it is simply necessary to raise the clamps, on the clamp shaft while the percussive motion is in operation. The clamp which grips the rope is fixed to a slide and screw, by which means the rope can be given out as required.

When this operation is completed, and the struts cut up by a succession of strokes thus effected, the steam is shut off from the percussive cylinder, the rope unclamped, the winding engine put in motion, and the boring head brought up and slung from the over-head suspension bar by a hook fitted with a roller to traverse the bar. The shell-pump is then lowered, the debris pumped into it by lowering and raising the bucket about three times, which the reversing motion of the winding engine readily admits of, and then brought up to the surface and supplied by a very simple arrangement. The rapidity with which these operations may be carried on, proved by experience with the machine is somewhat as follows: The boring head is lowered at the rate of five hundred feet per minute; the percussive motion gives twenty-four blows per minute. This continued in red sandstone and other similar strata for about ten minutes is sufficient to enable the cutters to penetrate six inches, when the boring head is again wound up at the rate of three hundred feet per minute. The shell-pump is lowered and raised in the same, but only remains down about two minutes, when it is withdrawn to empty the debris, an operation occupying two or three minutes.

Of all the actions of a man's life his marrying does the least concern other people; yet of all the actions of a man's life it is the most meddled with by other people.

Those who make too free with tumbler are very apt to become tumblers themselves.

Our Neighbors in the Stars.

Rowland Hill.

Many writers have gone into the question of the probable stature, strength and configuration of our fellow-beings in other spheres.

Christian Wolf long ago fixed the height of the inhabitants of Jupiter at forty feet eight inches. The Fourierists have more recently imagined a kind of celestial hierarchy in which the successive groups rise one above another, in analogy with those of the lower universe; into what M. Renaud has termed binivers, trivers, quadrivers, etc. The planets themselves have souls, and die out, as ours will do, to give place to newer forms of planetary life.

Swedenborg, (everybody knows) grew so familiar with the inhabitants of the several planets in which he was in the habit of spending his leisure moments of spiritual ecstacy, that he has left us little to find out touching the moral and other characteristics of our brethren in those abodes.

The feelings with which we, in turn, inspire those remote relations of ours—the lively warmth of Venus, the dignified calm of Jupiter, the sardonic coldness of Saturn—are not less matters of fact and veracity. Science, thus interpreted, points to a place for our souls among those radiant spheres. Transported among new conditions of existence, they may contract or put forth powers akin to those of the happier beings whose lot has been already cast here. And as to what that lot may be, it makes the month water to listen to M. Flammarion lecturing us. In an atmosphere no longer composed of oxygen and azote; what life of climate may not be spared those fortunate denizens? The whole pulmonary apparatus is doubtless modified, and with it the whole system of organic function. Instead of the gross and clumsy plan of keeping up the bodily growth and warmth by food, liquid and solid,—the degrading expedient of borrowing for that end, the *Opis* of other beings, and, worst of all, that of killing and devouring those endowed with life,—there may be a system of nourishing atmospheres, composed of elements nutritious in themselves, and capable of assimilation by organs of corresponding ethereal texture. In the general repeal of laws which belong to man's inferior state, that of "labor" may come in for the earliest abolition, and with it go all those vulgar cares, appetites, and ambitions to which so much of the misery and *enau* of terrestrial life are due. Vice will never have arisen. The origin of evil will offer no point for philosophers to wrangle over; for evil itself will never have stepped in. Another "law" abrogated, or rather never set in force, will be that of "death." War and violence, excess and decay, being unknown in those happy regions, the idea of dying will be out of the question. Peace and right will reign undisturbed. The very faculties of the intellect will partake; the purity and the elevation of the moral nature. The tedious and cumbersome processes of experiment and observation will be replaced by a direct and transcendental vision of truth. It seems as if the limit of logic itself will be struck off as fetters from the spirit. The old problems insoluble here will seem perfectly contemptible. The circle will have been squared there long ago, and philosophers' stones will be picked up by the roadside. The elixir of life, indeed, will be unknown, because, as we have seen, it will be superfluous. Art and science will enter upon new phases: Numeration will proceed by such novel and unprecedented processes that we tremble to pronounce what two and two may be expected to make in M. Flammarion's developed universe.—Saturday Review.

Calling Nicknames.

One of the worst of bad habits, which bad boys indulge in is calling their companions or other people nicknames. This, when done on purpose, is very wrong, and often very cruel, for they mostly indulge their wicked wit on those who have some bodily infirmity which they cannot help. We wish to caution the boys who read this against such conduct; for many boys who do not wish to be unkind or cruel may be tempted to do so before they are aware just because there is some fun in it.

"I shall never forget," says one, "an incident of my boyhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school-boys were playing by the roadside one Saturday afternoon, when the stage coach drove up to a neighboring inn, and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered round to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with his feet turned one way and his knees another, in a very awkward manner. I thoughtlessly shouted—"Look at old rattlesbones!" The poor old man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget.

"Just then, to my surprise and horror, my father came round the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook his hand warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a little way off. I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when the time came I would gladly have hid myself, but I knew it would be in vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting room. To my great joy and relief the stranger did not seem to know me again, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me—"Such a fine boy was surely worth saving."

How the words cut me to the heart! My father had often told me of a friend who plunged into the river to save me as I was drowning when a child, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a laughing stock for my companions!

"I tell you, boys and girls, I would give a great deal to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good can come of sport, whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime."

Chesnuts are \$75 a bushel in gold at Denver, Colorado, and apples of the size of marbles are fifty cents each.

Letter from a Seesh Sogor to His "Better Half"

Camp of 1st South Carolina Greys, before a swamp and behind Petersburg, or thereabouts, July 31, 1865. Beloved of my soul: Your warren husband takes his pen in hand in a strange land, on a foreign strand, under command of our mutual friend Col. Pluck Buzzard, of Rainwater Court, House S. C. My ink is pale and I have no ale. My pen is poor and so is my grub. My quarters in camp are passable, but the quarters in my pocket are not. Last night I had a mud puddle for my pillow, and covered myself with a sheet of water. I long for more whiskey barrels and less gun barrels, more biscuit and less bullets. How I wish you were here. The further I get away from you the better I like you. So that you may know how we work here in defiance of the cussed Yanks, I send you what I've call a diary of my daily labor.

Five o'clock.—Called up from a roll in the mud by a roll of drums. No prospect of a roll of bread. Shoulder spades.

Half-past five to six, A. M.—I did and throw up the earth. Get sick and throw up my yesterday's rations.

Seven o'clock.—Another roll of drums.—Filling off into line and defiling my inexpressibles with mud and other sacred soil, drawing ramrod, but no pay. No shelling out by government, but a cussed sight too much by Grant.

Nine o'clock.—More digging. Spaulver searches into the geology, formation of the earth. Find it to comprise alternate strata of swats, sunstroke, sweating and blisters.

Twelve o'clock.—evidence of dinner. Saw Capt. Yawlack picking his teeth with a tennypenny nail, and the corporal taking a chew of tobacco.

Oh, Marjar, if you only knew what I have suffered to save you from being bombarded by the diabolical Yankee. Rather than that any of the North scum should blockade my dear Maria, I'd divorce her.

Col. Pluck came very near being shot in the neck by one of his own officers. The Colonel had just got his staff together and struck his noble steed with it, when Capt. Swipes leveled a bottle at him. Fortunately, the contents missed the jugular, and went down the natural way.

I am reduced to a skeleton. My eyes are sunk so far in my head that I can look down my windpipe, clean through my entire interior. If there was a hole in the top of my head I'd make a first class telescope. (I've got the glasses in me now.) My chin is so sharp that it shaves itself.

I'm going on picket duty to-night. Picket duty is awful hard work. Almost every night a picket's gun goes off, and when we go to look for him we find that he's gone off too.

Ever your dear husband, BUCKWORME HANDLE.

P. S.—If your old father has drank up all that tangier juice I left at home, I'll cram the demijohn down his throat, and cork up his sarcophagus with my boot heel. That's so Marjar.

Heading off a Lawyer.

Rufus Choate, in an important marine assault-and-battery-at-sea case, had Dick Barton chief mate of the clipper ship Challenge, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour, that at last Dick got his salt up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony Dick had said that the night was "dark as the devil, and raining like seven bells."

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him—"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes! A moon?"

"Yes, a full moon."

"Did you see it?"

"Not a mite."

"Then how do you know there was a moon?"

"Nautical almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner 'n any lawyer 'n this world."

"What was the principal luminary that night, sir?"

"Binnacle lamp aboard the Challenge."

"Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the Equator in?"

"Sho! You're joking."

"No, sir! I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I shaan't."

"Ah, you refuse, do you?"

"Yes, I can't."

"Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipper-ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes 'tis the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every foot of a lawyer knew there ain't no latitude on the Equator."

That shot floored Rufus Choate.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one insertion, and \$1.50 for three insertions. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

Table with 3 columns: Duration (1 Square, 3 Months, 6 Months, 12 Months), Rate 1, Rate 2, Rate 3.

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.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.

Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square.