

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

M. H. COBB, EDITOR.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

W. D. BAILEY, PUBLISHER.

VOL. 1.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1854.

NO. 5.

W. W. WEBB, M. D., (Late a Graduate of Castleton Medical College, Vt.) HAS associated himself with Dr. N. PACKER, in the practice of Medicine and Surgery. They will promptly attend all calls in their profession. Office on Main-st., opposite the Presbyterian Church, Wellsborough, Pa. July 27.

CLEAVER HOUSE, (Late Graves' Hotel) WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PENNA. June 8, 1854. P. F. CLEAVER, Proprietor.

S. F. WILSON, Removed to James Lowrey's Office.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McHean counties. Wellsborough, Feb. 1, 1853.

JOHN N. BACHE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW—Office, north side Public Square, Wellsborough, Pa. Refers to Messrs. Phelps, Dodge & Co., N. Y. city; Hon. A. V. Parsons, Philadelphia. July 13.

EDWARD MAYNARD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW—All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office the same as occupied by R. G. White, Esq. July 13, '54.

FOLEY & RICHARDS, DEALERS in Watches, Clocks, Silver Ware, Jewelry and Fancy Goods. Books, Stationery, &c. Particular attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All work warranted. Wellsborough, July 13, 1854.

TIOGA MARBLE YARD, FITCH & SHERWOOD, DEALERS IN

Italian and American Marble, FOR MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GENOTAPHS, GRAVESTONES. Entire satisfaction will always be given. SHOP IN TIOGA VILLAGE, PENNA. July 13, 1854-1.

C. E. GRAY, (Successor to Roy & Sofield.) DEALER in Stoves, Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware. Sale Room, one door east of J. R. Bowen's Store. Wellsboro, July 14, '54.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL. THE subscriber would inform the public that he has purchased the large and commodious house lately occupied by E. M. Bodine, on the corner of Main street and the State Road, and will be able to accommodate all who may favor him with a call. The house is newly fitted up in a style that is unsurpassed by any other in the county. It is kept strictly as a Temperance House. Wellsboro, July 13, 1854. DAVID HART.

CARRIAGE & WAGON MANUFACTORY. HENRY PETRIE would announce to his friends and the public generally, that he is continuing the above business on Grafon street, immediately in the rear of J. R. Bowen's store, where he is prepared to manufacture on short notice.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, of any style or description to suit the purchaser, and of the very best materials. All kinds of repairing done forthwith and on the most reasonable terms.

PAINTING AND TRIMMING will be promptly executed in the best manner and most fashionable style.

Blacksmithing. Any job of repairs, making or repairing Elliptic Springs, Horse Shoes, in short, all kinds of work done in the best manner and warranted. Wellsboro, July 13, '54. HENRY PETRIE.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS. A. CROWL would announce to the citizens of Tioga county, that he has associated with him a partner, and the business will be conducted under the firm of A. Crowl & Co. They will continue at the old stand, in Wellsborough, to manufacture to order and keep on hand,

Buggies & Lumber Wagons, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, CUTTERS, &c., which for style, durability and elegance of finish, cannot be surpassed by any other similar establishment in the country.

Workmen of celebrity are engaged, and the best materials used expressly in all the manufacturing departments of this establishment. Persons sending orders may rest assured of having them executed to their entire satisfaction, and finished in every particular the same as though they attended in person.

REPAIRING done as usual, with neatness and despatch. PAINTING of all kinds done on the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. All kinds of merchantable produce (delivered) received in exchange for work, at the market prices. A. CROWL & CO. July 13, 1855.

FURNITURE. AT WELLSBOROUGH, PA. THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to his old patrons—and the rest of mankind,—that he is still carrying on the

CABINET MAKING. In all its branches, at his old Stand, near the Wellsborough Academy.

His work is manufactured from the best of materials, and all those who favor him with a call may rely upon obtaining articles which by CHEAPNESS, ELEGANCE and DURABILITY, are second to none in the market.

He will endeavor to keep on hand all articles of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE—such as—Pier, Centre, Card, Breakfast & Dining Tables, French, Cottage & Common Bedsteads, Mahogany, Maple and Common Bureaus, Dress, Light, Work, & Wash Stands. Persons wishing any articles not on hand will be supplied to order.

COFFINS of every variety on short notice. Chairs! Chairs! In connection with the above he would state that he has just received from the best factories in the county a large and well-selected assortment of CANE AND COMMON CHAIRS, Rockers of various patterns, which will be sold on reasonable terms. D. STURROCK. Wellsborough, July 14, 1854.

Carpetings, &c. THE subscribers have just replenished their stock of Carpeting, and now feel justified in saying that their Carpet Ware Room excels in quantity, quality, variety, richness and beauty, that of any other in this country, and as to prices we are confident they are as low as any establishment on this side of New York city.

OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, MATTINGS, &c., all at the very lowest possible prices, at the new cash store of JONES & ROE.

From the Boston Liberator. First of August. BY GEO. W. PUTNAM.

I hear a shout of victory Across the rolling sea; The sun of August shines upon A million of the free! 'Tis many years since England's arm The mighty barriers rent, And freely from his prison-house The slave rejoicing went.

To-day, where England's banner floats, The red cross of Saint George, Waving on Hindustan's bright plains, Or Rocky Mountain gorge, Bids each free passing wave, Tell the broad earth that "neath its folds There pines no chattel slave!"

To-day, beneath the "stars and stripes," The slave bows to his doom, And a proud nation, wreathed in chains, Is rushing to its tomb. They will not heed the hoding signs, Which mark the tempest night, They will not see the reddening bolts That flame along the sky!

To-day, by sunny mount and glade, The chapel bells do ring, And in the palm tree's grateful shade Their free-born children sing; And, answering from our own bright land Peals from a thousand marts, That piercing cry of woe which comes From breaking human hearts!

To-day, above old Pilgrim graves, The Slaver counts his gains, The Merchant for the fetter raves, The Puritan for the chains; And o'er Nebraska's glorious land, O'er Kansas' fertile plain, Dark Slavery rides, and Death and Hell Are following with their train!

O, thou who rulest in the heavens, The Day hath ceased to be! The Night is all-encompassing! We turn alone to Thee! Some token of Thy presence give, The fiery column show, That where it holds its gleaming way, Our weary feet may go!

HISTORICAL SKETCH. Destruction of the Inquisition in Spain.

In 1809, Col. Lohmanowsky was attached to that part of Napoleon's army which was stationed in Madrid. "While in this city," said Col. L. "I used to speak freely among the people about the priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition." It had been decreed by the Emperor Napoleon that the Inquisition and Monasteries should be suppressed; but the decree, like some of the laws enacted in this country, was not yet executed. Months had passed away, but the prisons of the Inquisition were still unopened. One night about 10 or 11 o'clock, as Col. L. was walking through the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a position of defence, and while struggling with them, saw at a distance the lights of the patrols—French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night, to preserve order. He called to them in French, and, as they hastened to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels and escaped, not, however, before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

The Colonel went immediately to Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution. Marshal Soult replied, that he might go and destroy it. Col. L. told him that his regiment (the ninth of Polish lancers) was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him an additional regiment—the 117th, he would undertake the work. The 117th regiment was under the command of Colonel De Lile, who is now, like Col. L., a minister of the Gospel, and pastor of an Evangelical church in Marseilles, France. "The troops required were granted, and I proceeded (said Col. L.) to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded by a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel, who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was the signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared upon the walls.

"It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breast-work upon the wall, behind which they but partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retire and send for cannon to break through the walls without giving them time to lay a train to blow us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, to be used as battering rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, while the troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and

the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The inquisitor-general, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight our friends the French?"

"Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape. Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through room after room; found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, with altars and crucifixes, and wax candles, in abundance, but could discover no evidences of iniquity being practiced there,—nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture—the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble pavements were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy father assured us that they had been buried; that we had seen all; and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

"But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to relinquish our investigation, and said to me, "Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others." I replied to him, "Do as you please, Colonel," and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the Inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery; the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab; others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house. While thus engaged, a soldier, who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the inquisitors grew pale as Belshazzar, when the handwriting appeared on the wall; they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a stair-case. I stepped to the altar, and took from the candlestick one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below. As I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and sanctimonious look, said, "My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands, they are holy." "Well," I said, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility!" I took the candle, and proceeded down the staircase. As we reached the foot of the stairs we entered a large square room, which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a huge block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was an elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment: this the Inquisitor-General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the priestly fathers, while engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition.

"From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here such sights were presented as we hope never to see again.

"These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this being offensive to those who occupied the inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor. In these cells we found the remains of those who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while others' nothing remained but the bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon.

"In other cells, we found living sufferers of both sexes, and of every age, from three score years and ten down to fourteen or fifteen years—all naked as when born in the world! and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women, who had been shut up for many years. Here, too, were the middle-aged, and the young man and maiden of fourteen years old. The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave them to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day; but being aware of the danger, I had food given them and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

"We then proceeded to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent." Col. L. thus describes four of these horrid instruments: "The first was a machine by which the victim was secured, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms, and body, was broken, or drawn, one after another, until the sufferer died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the accused were so closely screwed that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim—every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place, which suspended the circulation in a few moments, and put the sufferer to the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound; this instrument was then placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives, so fixed that, by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs in small pieces. The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace the victim. Around her feet a semicircle was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces, in their deadly embrace."

Col. L. said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty, kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every inquisitor and soldier of the inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was unquenchable. Col. L. did not oppose them; they might have turned their arms against him, if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the inquisitor put to death by the dropping of water on his head, was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. The Inquisitor-General was brought before the infernal engine, called "The Virgin." He begged to be excused. "No," said they, "you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it." The interlocked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces. Col. L. said that he witnessed the torture of four of them—his heart sickened at the awful scene—and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the last guilty inmate of that prison-house of hell.

In the meantime it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And oh, what a meeting was there! It was like a resurrection! About a hundred of those who had been buried for many years, were now restored to life.—There were fathers who found their long lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and there were some that could recognize no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Col. L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, &c., to be removed, and having sent to the city for a wagon-load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All withdrew to a distance, and in a few moments the assembled multitude beheld a most joyful sight. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically toward the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and then fell back to earth a heap of ruins!—N. Y. Leader.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—A young lad, son of Mr. William Booth, resident of Covington, was bitten in the leg about eight weeks since by a dog. The wound was but slight and nothing more was thought of it, until after the recent melancholy case of hydrophobia in that city. The circumstances connected with that event made so great an impression upon the mind of the young boy that he finally fancied himself infected with the horrid malady, and so on Wednesday last he became so impressed with the belief that he was then suffering from its effects. Perfectly reasonable, his friends endeavored to convince him of his delusion, but in vain. Medical assistance was called in, and a quantity of blood taken from him, after which opiates were administered, and he slept for nearly ten hours. When he awoke he called for water, of which he drank profusely, apparently forgetful of the night-mare, which had previously haunted him. The consequence was that he became satisfied that he had been laboring under a hallucination. The water broke the spell, and he is now perfectly recovered. Who can tell how many fatal results have attended similar, distorted imaginations.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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FARM & KITCHEN.

From the New York Tribune. Plowing.

"Sir you don't know how to plow. What! me! do you mean I don't know how to plow, that have been, man and boy, fifty years following the plow?"

Yes Sir, I mean you. I do not dispute the length of time you have followed the plow, but you have never got up to it yet. You don't know how to plow.

"Sir, do you mean to insult me?" Not at all; I only meant to assure you of the fact.

This is a specimen of a conversation with an old farmer, not a great way from New York, who felt insulted because we told him that he did not know how to plow. Let us see if he did. He was at work upon a piece of ground that might be termed sandy loam, though it was once a clayey loam, but nearly all the clay had been washed out of it, because it never had been plowed more than four or five inches deep in the world, and was bedded upon a sub-soil of almost pure clay, into which a sub-soil plow had never entered; and which was never turned up by the common plow, because the owner said that would spoil the land.

"I guess I know, for I have tried it; and I wouldn't give a cent for one of your new-fangled plows."

And yet he felt insulted when told that he did not know how to plow.

There seems to be a general impression that every body knows how to plow; that even the farmer's boy, or anybody's boy, as soon as his head gets above the plow-handles, instinctively understands the business perfectly. Now I hazard the assertion that not one farmer or farm-laborer in ten knows how properly to perform this operation.

Certainly if he only plows four inches when he might plow fourteen, he does not know how to plow. If he plows all his hillsides up and down, he does not know how to plow; for every furrow should be drawn absolutely level.

"What crooked, long rows or short rows? How a field would look!"

Let it look. You had better look at your soil in the field than in some brook or river, floating down to the sea.

"Why such furrows would look like drunk men's paths."

Let them look, so that they are not. If you know how to plow, you won't get drunk, nor plow your land on purpose