

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
I would be an assurance most dear
To know this moment, some loved one
Were saying "I wish you were here;

To-day and to-morrow.
High hopes that burned like stars sublime,
Go down in the heavens of freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time

Through all the long dark night of years,
The people's cry, with blood and tears,
And earth is wet with sorrow and tears,
But our meek suffrage ends

HUMOROUS SKETCH.

From Dodge's Literary Museum.
MR. BROWN'S MISHAP:
OR LOSING ONE'S IDENTITY.

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of
thirty five, or thereabouts—one of those men
who seem born to pass through the world
alone.

Walking leisurely through the streets, he
was all at once accosted by a child of five,
who ran up to him, exclaiming,
"Father, I want you to buy me some candy"

"Father!" Was it possible that he, a
bachelor, was addressed by that title? He
could not believe it!
"Who were you speaking to, my dear?"
he enquired of the little girl.

"I spoke to you father," said the little one
surprised.
Really, thought Mr. Eliphalet Brown, this
is embarrassing.

THE AGITATOR.

Dedicated to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

M. H. COBB, EDITOR.

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

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SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE ICE VOYAGE.
A SAILOR BOY'S FORTUNE.

BY GEORGE S. RAYMOND.

ture from what you have said, that your
name is Jones; but mine is Brown, madam,
and always was.

"Melinda," said her mother, suddenly tak-
ing the child by the arm, and leading her up
to Mr. Brown—"Melinda, who is that gen-
tleman?"

"Why, that's father!" was the child's
immediate reply, as she confidently placed
her hand in his.

"You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you? You
hear what that innocent child says, and yet
you have the unblushing impudence to deny
that you are my husband!

"I never did! On my honor, I never did.
I told her I would give her the candy, if she
wouldn't call me father any more."

"You did, did you? Brided your own
child not to call you father! O, Mr. Jones,
this is infamous. Do you intend to desert
me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of
the world, and is this your first step?"

"Nonsense, mother—let the vest go to
some poor woman that has no stout boy like
me to earn money for her. Look here," and
the little fellow flung down on the table his
two handfuls of half dollars, while a roguish
smile lit up that handsome face as he beheld
his mother's look of wonder.

"All right mother," interrupted the boy,
and down went another handful of bright sil-
ver coins. "I'll tell you all about it mother.
You see I went to get my pay of Mr. Deni-
son to-day for two months, cooking on
board the Aurora. Well, he paid me my
\$20 all in these pieces, and then he asked me
if I would go for a month in his new schoo-
ner, for fifteen dollars. I told him I would,
and then when he heard me tell how hard
you had to work, and how poor and sick you
were, he gave me ten dollars more, and said
you must get a better room, stop working, be-
sides, he says if I'll stay all the winter in the
schooner and take care of her, I shall have
twenty dollars, a month to be paid weekly to
you. So hurrah mother, we'll have a big
fire and a nice dinner, and—well, Mr. Deni-
son is a good man after all, if he is a rich
old bachelor, as that crab-apple, old maid
aunt Hetty Johnson calls him.

"Heaven bless you my noble boy!"
sobbed out the widow, as she clasped her
arms about her child's neck, her head upon
his shoulders, and wept like a child, for joy;
not so much for the timely aid her son had
brought her—although her heart was full of
thankfulness for that, as for the noble quali-
ties displayed by the brave little fellow in re-
membering her and bringing home every shil-
ling of his hard-earned wages instead of spend-
ing it foolishly as too many boys of his age
would have done.

but when they arrived abreast of where she
had been frozen in, the ice was broken up to
within five miles of the land, and the schoo-
ner was gone.

Three weeks passed and all remained uncer-
tain with regard to the fate of the Western
Trader, or her brave boy commander, when
she was heard of again on the Canada side,
some fifty miles westward of her former posi-
tion. But before relief could be sent to her,
there came a violent gale westward, which
broke up the ice, and she was borne down the
lake embedded in a field of ice of more than
a hundred acres.

Next she was seen off Erie, a hundred
miles to the westward of Buffalo. With spy
glasses, they could even see the boy standing
on her but it was almost night; to board her
was impossible, and at daylight she had dis-
appeared.

As there was but a small stock of provi-
sions on board when she left Cleveland, people
wondered how the boy had subsisted all the
time and predicted his death by starvation,
provided the schooner would live out the fierce
gales.

Several times after her appearance off
Erie, the Western Trader was seen in vari-
ous parts of the lake, but always too far off
to make out anything about her distinctly,
only that there was always a smoke seen com-
ing out of the cabin stove.

At last one Sunday afternoon, in the month
of April, about a week after the western part
of the lake was clear of ice, a schooner un-
der just the head of her foresail was seen ten
miles outside the harbor of Cleveland and as
she came bravely in between the piers, thou-
sands of people on the shore and ranged
along the wharves recognized her as the West-
ern Trader, and the brave little fellow at her
helm, as Frank Merrill, the Winter Rover of
the lake, returned in safety from his dreary
ice voyage.

Such a welcome as England would accord
to Sir John Franklin, should he escape from
ice ribbed Arctic prison, and return to his na-
tive land, was given by the citizens of Cleve-
land to the ice-voyager, Frank Merrill.

People wondered how he had subsisted, but
when they saw his well conditioned face: his
liberal supply of boiled and parched corn,
and the way he had cut away the schooner's
rail, windlass and joiner work of her cabin for
fuel, they wondered no longer.

The young commander of the winter cru-
iser got his twenty dollars per month, besides
many a handsome present from those who ad-
mired his courage and fidelity, and when the
Western Trader was completely repaired, a
bill of sale for the one-half of her was placed
in Mrs. Merrill's hands for her son, by Mr.
Joseph Denison.

Long before summer was over, there was
no Mrs. Merrill in Cleveland, and those who
inquired at her former residence, were direct-
ed to a beautiful mansion on the bank of the
lake some two miles from town, where they
were sure to find the rich Mrs. Denison, just
as courteous and happy to meet them as ever
the poor widow Merrill had been.

Frank Merrill is at the present time one of
the most gentlemanly as well as popular
steamboat captains on Lake Erie. And one
of the most noblest traits of his character is,
that he still loves, respects, and makes his
home with his mother; while Mr. Denison
he calls father and loves him quite as well as
he could do if he really was his father.

Romantic Marriage.
A few evenings ago as the cars of Carrol-
lion Railroad were approaching the city, a
little girl about three years old ran in front
of the engine and stopped on the center of
the track. The brakeman attempted to stop
the engine as soon as the child was perceived,
but on and on hurried the iron monster, and
just as it was about to crush into the earth
the beautiful victim which thus so innocently
braved its coming, the strong hand of an ath-
letic young man was stretched forth, and at
the hazard of another life, the child was
saved.

Loud was the shout of applause from the
few who witnessed the daring deed, and in
triumph the young man bore the child away,
and delivered it to its mother. Any attempt
to describe a mother's feelings on such an oc-
casion would be more than vain. She felt as
a mother alone can feel, when the darling of
her heart—her only child—is rescued from
the very jaws of death; and with an elo-
quence which no words can convey, she
looked and spoke her thanks.

That mother was a widow, young and fair
as the incarnation of a poet's dream; and
withal, she was blessed with no little of this
world's goods. Of course she was grateful
to the preserver of her child's life, and as he
was poor, she offered to bestow upon him a
goodly largess. He, however, refused to ac-
cept any reward for doing what he consid-
ered to be his duty, and so the matter for the
time rested.

Since then, an intimacy has sprung up be-
tween the young man and the grateful widow,
and the result was, that yesterday they went
together to Mobile, where the widow's name
is at the Hymeneal altar, to be changed, and
the young man is to become not only the pro-
tector, but the step father of the child he
saved.

May the joys of the twin increase, and
their days be many.—N. O. True Delta.
God intended all women to be beautiful,
just as much as he did morning glories and
roses; and what he intended they should be-
come, they would, if they would obey his
laws, and cut indulgence and coquet strings,
and indulge in freedom and fresh air. For
a girl to expect to be handsome with the ex-
ception of her jugs, depending upon the ex-
pensive nature of a coat's worth of tape, is an
absurd as to look for tulips in a snow-bank;
or a full grown oak in an acorn.

Reformation of William Wirt.
A TRUE INCIDENT.

The distinguished William Wirt, within six
or seven months after his first marriage, be-
came addicted to intemperance, the effect
of which operated strongly on the mind and
health of his wife; and in a few months more
she was numbered with the dead. Her death
led him to leave the country where he resided,
and he moved to Richmond, Va., where he
soon rose to distinction. But his evil
habits hung about him, and occasionally he
was found with jolly, frolicsome spirits of
bacchanalian revelry. His true friends ex-
postulated with him, to convince him of the
injury he was doing to himself; but he still
persisted. His practice began to fall off, and
many looked on him as on the sure road to
ruin. He was advised to get married, with a
view of correcting his habits. This he con-
sented to do if the right person offered. He
accordingly paid his addresses to Miss Gam-
ble. After some months' attention he asked
her hand in marriage. She replied—

"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of
your intentions for some time back, and
should have given you to understand that
your visits and attentions were not accept-
able, had I not reciprocated the affection which
you evinced towards me. But I cannot yield
my assent until you make me a pledge never
to taste, touch, or handle any intoxicating
drinks."

This reply to Wirt was as unexpected as it
was novel. His answer was, that he re-
garded that proposition as a bar to all further
consideration of the subject, and he left her.
Her course towards him was the same as
ever; his resentment and neglect.

One day, while lying in the outskirts
of the city, near a little grocery or grog-shop,
drunk; a young lady, whom it is unnecessary
to name was passing that way to her home,
not far off, and beheld him with his face up-
turned to the rays of the scorching sun.—
She took her handkerchief, with her own
name marked upon it, and placed it over his
face.

After he had remained in that way for
some hours he was awakened, and his thirst
being very great, he went to the grog-shop to
get a drink, when he discovered the hand-
kerchief, at which he looked, and at once he
saw the name that was on it. After pausing,
he exclaimed:
"Great God! who left this with me?
Who placed this on my face?"

No one knew. He dropped the glass, ex-
claimed—"Enough! Enough!"
He retired instantly from the store, forget-
ting his thirst, but not his debauch, the hand-
kerchief, or the lady—vowing, that if God
gave him strength, never to touch, taste or
handle intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss Gamble was the hardest ef-
fort of his life. If he met her in her carriage,
or on foot, he popped around the nearest cor-
ner.

She at last addressed a note under her own
hand, inviting him to her house, which he fi-
nally gathered courage enough to accept.—
He told her if she still bore affection to him
he would agree to her own terms. Her reply
was:
" My conditions are now what they ever
have been."
"Then," said Wirt, "I accept them."
They were soon married, and from that
day he kept his word, and his affairs bright-
ened, while honors and glory gathered thick
upon his brow.

Employment for Women.

Amongst the many avocations suitable for
woman we reckon house and sign painting.
This trade, like housekeeping, is one which
should always be carried out by men and
women in partnership. Some branches of it
are suited only to men and some only to
women. The outdoor work, such as of course,
be done by men, but we see a special prop-
riety in employing women on inside work.
To us it looks as much out of place to see
men going through a dwelling house painting
the doors and window frames as to see them
in kitchens washing dishes or cooking.—Two
occupations which do not appear to us suit-
able for any one in pantaloons.

A house painter makes from one to two
dollars per day. This trade is difficult to
learn, and some branches requiring more
delicacy of touch and taste than strength,
appear peculiarly adapted to women. Grain-
ing a door, for instance, is a job requiring
taste and patience; and women might do all
or nearly all of that kind of work. Why
should they not paint doors as well as pic-
tures?

Almost every educated woman has been
taught to draw, or the attempt has been made,
and a good deal of money spent upon it. In
ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this ac-
complishment never is of any importance in
the great art of getting a living. If a tithing
of the time and money spent on this were
spent on the art of house painting, a consid-
erable number of women could realize an in-
dependence at it, and relieve other avenues of
the labor market.

We do wish this experiment would be
made in small towns. They are better fields
than our large cities, for such enterprises. If
house painters having daughters whom they
would like to provide for would just teach
one or two of them to paint doors and win-
dows, they would be raised above dependee
or want for the time of their natural lives.

One feature of this trade which marks it
as peculiarly suited to women, is its periodical
nature. There is ever a rush of work in
spring, while in winter and mid-summer so
little is done that many hands seek our
work. Now, "Satan finds some mischief
still for idle hands to do," and almost cer-
tain as men have an unsteady employment;
they themselves become unsteady. If the
work is of an effeminate or unhealthy char-
acter, this is sure to be the case. Stone ma-
sons are not so apt to get on "sprees" as our
printers and painters, because their muscles
are better developed and their brain firm,
from better air and exercise. They do not
so much require artificial stimulus and ex-
citement. The mason can rest—the painter
or printer must run, when he has nothing
else to do; and very few men can do any
thing when unemployed, in their own particu-
lar work. When a woman gets out of work
she has always plenty to do, and her leisure
is apt to be her busiest time. A female pri-
nter, after the spring work was over, would
have a thousand things to do to get ready for
the next business season, or she could make
a visit without getting drunk or gambling,
and be home to take the first job that would
offer; while the "journ" now scampering
about hunting for work at this precarious
trade would be much better and more useful
citizens at some more athletic employment.—
Mrs. Swisshelm.

DEATH-BED CONFESION.—In the western
part of the city there has for years past, re-
sided a singular being, whose only occu-
pation was that of drawing sand. His worldly
effects consisted, as far as was known, of two
horses, greatly the worse for wear and age,
and his "sand cart" as a false-bottomed
wagon is called. He made no acquaintances
except those which his business required, and
with them his taciturnity gained for him the
cognomen of "Sleepy Jake" and the "Her-
mit." Day before yesterday he was prostrated
on a sick bed, with a disease strongly re-
sembling cholera, superinduced, it is believed
by his intemperate habits, for it is known that
he never cooked his meat, but ate it raw.

A friend, who lived near, did what he could
the first day, during his meal hours; and in
the evening, noticing that he was failing fast,
secretly sought and procured a doctor, who,
upon his arrival, found the poor fellow in a
collapsed state.

Medicines were given him, but he contin-
ued to sink during the night, and yesterday,
near noon he paid the great debt of nature.
Before he died, he called his friend to him,
and said, "I haven't got a friend in the
world but you, and to you I give all that I
have. There is but one thing that troubles
my mind, and that is, that in the last five
years I have sold Mr. —, the grocer, thirty
loads of sand!" "But," said his friend,
"why should that trouble you?" "Ah!"
said the dying man, his face growing faint,
"to think how he has shamed his customers,
retailing that sand at eight cents per pound,
for sugar—that's what bo—." The sen-
tence was not finished.—Ald. Transcript.

PRAYER TO THE POINT.—The complaint
of drought made by many papers through-
out the State, brings to our mind an anecdote
told of an old fellow who used to have a
"local habitation" in Andover, Ohio. The year
previous to the incident had been one of un-
usual drought, accompanied with hot days
and chilly nights, and there was especially a
failure in the corn crop. The old chap, one
Sunday evening, dropped into the Presbyte-
rian church, while a prayer meeting was in
progress. There were but few in attendance,
and that few motley grave and reverend de-
acons, who, with a fault too common, went
prayer gathering all over the world. Im-
mediately struck the old chap that such long
prayers were intolerable, and that he would
instruct them, how to pray briefly and to the
point. So he pepped on his pegs, and—
"Brethren," said he, "I say prayer altogether
too long. Five minutes are long enough to
make fine prayers;" and before anybody
could recover from the surprise of such an
abrupt intrusion, he was down on his knees,
jabbering out, at railroad speed—"O Lord!
give us good long ears of corn this year; and
none of your nibbins. Amen!" The effect
of the prayer was magical, and an audible
snicker relieved the solemnity of the occa-
sion.

There is a saying "She who is born single
some is born married." If this be true, pretty
girls need not bustle around after husbands;
but let less favored muslins have a chance in
the Delmar neighborhood.