

THE AGITATOR

WELLSBORO, PA.

Thursday Morning, Nov. 22, 1854.

The Charity of Kind Words, of Judgment and Condemnation.

I gave the poor devil a dollar, and had him go about his business!

But how did you give it?—Gradually, or all at once? It was a pleasant duty! Was there any heart in it? Or was the coin flung at him with an emphasis that said plainness—words—“You may be needy, or you may not; here's a dollar to get rid of you—clean up that!”

Charity consists essentially in the manner, appropriateness of gesture, the intonation and even in the expression of the speaker's eye. The most beautiful imagery and the most exalted sentiments may be tortured into commonplace by a bungling speaker.

The charity of kind words is lovely beyond description. It rivals the good-will of angels, and unyours a bruised heart, and many a broken spirit has been healed and lifted up, and restored to the path of virtue and usefulness which had almost been abandoned in the dark hour of misfortune.

How many homeless orphans have halted for a season upon the narrow bound that separates a life of virtue and usefulness from one of vice and crime, yearning to go back, yet perceiving no sign of friendly welcome, and at last go downward into the yawning gulf and are lost to the world forever!

There is no lack of means for the punishment of crime in the civilized world, and no dearth of plans for the reformation of criminals. Prisons and work-houses, galleys, guillotines and scourges—there is a sufficiency of all these, but low few plans for the prevention of crime except in so much as these different modes of wreaking legal vengeance upon offenders may act as a preventive by the terrors they inspire.

It is true many of the conveniences of a timbered country are wanted here; but those can all be supplied by the hand of labor. “But,” says the inquirer, “what will be done for fences! You have no timber, or not sufficient, to be used for fencing purposes, and it appears to me impossible to get along in such a country.”

It is objected that our market is too far removed. To those who are not at all acquainted with our position in the Republic, the objection is insuperable; but to those who have observed that we have had excellent water communication with all parts of the world; and that in two years, at the farthest, we shall be bonded with iron, and a railroad connecting us with Boston and New York, along which the steam horse will be propelled at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour, the objection is worthless.

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off his levellest guile to assume that of a fiend in earnest. Scarcely one of those erring ones driven to pollute the world's great cities, but might have been reclaimed through the charitable exercise of that god-gift, Condemnation! A sister, not more frail perhaps than another, but deceived, betrayed, ruined—she is driven down to the terrible pit of eternal death, by woman!

And what is the fate of the betrayer? Too often, alas! lured by the smile of woman's smile, he returns into the bosom of that community which his business has but just fobbed off one of its brightest ornaments. There is little rebuke for him in the laughing eye of woman—it is reserved for the betrayed, the murdered, not for the betrayer and murderer. She is if there be the pale of good society, where the sunlight of love never falls, and beyond the genial influence of good example. Is this the boasted charity of woman!

As you hope for mercy, be merciful. If all have not sinned, it is equally certain that all have not been tempted. Remember that every kind word bestowed on an erring woman, puts a sin of love between her and our sin; as every harsh judgment puts an angry ocean of scorn between her and virtue. Love only can reclaim—scorn, never. But thousands who are ready to persecute those who differ with them in non-essentials, forget (may God forgive them!) the charity of the Master when he said—“Neither do I condemn thee—go, and sin no more!”

How Godlike was that judgment! Let men and women turn from it and look abroad upon the ruin their uncharitableness has made. It is a sad sight—the plume of vice purpling in the immortal soul! And find there by the world's uncharitableness! Virtue is surpassingly lovely, but it needs no baptism of tears to sanctify it.

A Word to Correspondents.

The relations subsisting between an editor and correspondents are continually misapprehended.

Not long since, we received a communication on Land Reform, not without merit, the chief of which was brevity. This communication was anonymous, and we stated in a notice that no anonymous articles would be published, though we had no objection to publishing articles when convinced of the ability and good faith of the author.

But he loves to hear the ax rebound and the trees fall down! and it is right he should. And if he did not claim more than his share, there would be enough for him and the birds that fly in the air!

When our friend comes to his senses, probably: “Why are the poor deluded? why are so many warriors trained, on fields of battle slain? Men are bound to die—but there is no reason why!”

“Then why should man to his own brother say, you must starve and you must pay for a place where you can stay, until your soul is called away, from earth?”

“When they compel poor men to roam to distant lands afoot and alone—”

“When you wouldn't feed his lambs, nor keep them from the cold, when you cleaned his fold, and placed lions bold to watch the door. You did not till a single hill nor vale, but held them all for sale!”

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“We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of half a bushel of excellent potatoes, two bouncing heads of cabbage and sundry other vegetables, just in time to save us from forging in strange calumny. The timely gift had the genial effect of dispersing the clouds that hung around Mrs. Agitator's brow, and the “devil” has worn a broad grin ever since. The blessed stars were the dearest that they provide for the welfare of men's souls, as well as their bodies—they do not that is required of them in the way of manufacturing boots and shoes to order. As they are honest, and faithful to the test, we cheerfully solicit a generous share of the public's patronage for them. P. S. As there has been a constant shower of trifling and potatoes—ward since our strict business knows to our patrons, we shall be able to continue on in our usefulness and satisfaction for some time to come.”

“The public session of the Wellsboro Lyceum came off at the Court House last Friday evening. The exercises consisted of declamation and reading papers, a lecture by Rev. J. F. Calkins, all pleasantly relieved with music, both vocal and instrumental. The declamation was generally good—of two instances a good step above the average. As a whole, the exercises were much less “monotonous” than is usual in such exhibitions. Two of the orations elicited much applause, and the Lecture and Valedictory are well spoken of. The music was excellent, particularly the instrumental.

“Judging by the closing exercises of the Quarter, we consider the Academy under first rate management. Mr. Reynolds is doing his best to raise the school above the average of its class, and he will succeed. We commend the School to the patronage of parents everywhere.”

“Napoleon on Soule. A well-informed correspondent at Paris assures us, says the N. Y. Tribune, that the article on the relations of France and the United States which we copy from the Constitutionnel was written, or at least inspired, by a personage no less august than the Emperor himself. We believe this is the fact; but, even if it were not, the significance of such a manifesto is hardly diminished. In a country where the press is so rigidly shackled as in France, the Government subjects itself to the inconvenient responsibility of indorsing all the political speculations which it permits to be published, and no one will pretend that such an article as the Constitutionnel's would have been permitted to appear in any Paris journal without a careful consideration in the Foreign Office if not in the Tuileries. This, therefore, is at least virtually, and we believe it is actually Louis Napoleon's bill of complaint against our Government—his justification of the indignity offered to this Nation in the person of its representative, Mr. Soule. It is the defense proffered to France and the civilized world of the extraordinary refusal to an Envoy of the United States of a passage through the France to the Court to which he was accredited.

“The grounds on which this grave discourtesy is justified, it will be seen, are three—namely: 1. The quarrel and duel between the French and the American Embassadors at Madrid; 2. The disregard of M. Dillon's Consular immunities at San Francisco; 3. The Republican and anti-Imperial demonstration of the French exiles in this City in presence of the French fleet then in this port.

“It thus appears that of the three grounds of Mr. Soule's expulsion from France only one had any relation to himself or could possibly have been averted by him. The Madrid quarrels and duels were unfortunate; we wish Mr. Soule, and his son had avoided them; yet it must be remembered that their original cause, so far as any cause is known to the public, was a very wanton, rude and foolish fling at Mrs. Soule, by the younger Frenchman involved, styling her “Margaret of Burgundy,” one of the most profligate and scandalous women known to the French annals—and this with no other basis than some alleged resemblance of costume! We readily admit that it would have been wiser and nobler in her son not to have noticed this silly insult; and her husband to have hushed up rather than aggravated this unhappy feud; but we do not think France, her Emperor, or her Embassador, have any right to claim redress for that business.

“As to the treatment of Consul Dillon at San Francisco, it was stupid, brutal, absurd—anything bad you please to name it—but was no purpose in it; nothing more culpable than ignorance and incapacity on the part of its authors. If our Government has not already apologized and made ample reparation, it is clearly in the wrong, and ought to redress the wrong promptly and thoroughly. We would justify the Emperor in making a most peremptory demand for redress in the premises; but it is neither wise nor well to revenge an unintentional injury as Napoleon has done.

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“The point which gives all its importance to the Constitutionnel's article is this: The stoppage of our Embassador on his way to Spain was a premeditated incivility to the United States—a retaliation for acts which Mr. Soule in the main did not originate and could not prevent. He is expelled from French territory because of alleged National misdeeds, and not merely or mainly because of his own. Hence we hold it incumbent on our Government to regard the Calais demonstration as directed against Mr. Soule not a “plebeian insult,” but as an Embassador of the United States, and to treat it accordingly!”

Noble Boy—Escape of a Passenger Train from Certain Destruction.

We mentioned a few days since the burning of the Tunnel bridge, on the Baltimore and Susquehanna railroad, about five miles south of York, and since learn that the catastrophe was very near being followed by one of the most terrible disasters that has lately occurred in railroad travel. It is supposed that the bridge took fire from the freight trains, which passed about half-past 7 o'clock in the morning, and the structure was totally enveloped in flames before it was discovered by the residents in the vicinity. At about 9 o'clock the frame work of the bridge fell through, and among the spectators, some twenty in number, was a little boy about twelve years of age, named Eli Rheem, who, remembering that the express passenger train was then about due from York, started off at the top of his speed to endeavor to stop the train, which he knew must be close at hand. As soon as he reached the curve, about two hundred yards from the bridge, he observed the train coming on at full speed, and fearing that he would be unable to stop them unless by the use of extraordinary means, the noble little fellow took his position on the track, and running towards the approaching train with his hands raised, caught the attention of the engineer, who immediately reversed his engine, and stopped within four hundred yards of impending destruction, the piers being some twenty feet from the rocky bed below, and the gap some sixty feet wide. Had the boy not placed himself on the track, he would doubtless have failed in his noble effort; as the engineers are so often cheated by mischievous boys on the route that they seldom pay any attention to them. Even when he stopped he thought that he had been cheated by a youngster more daring than his associates, and was surprised to see the little flaxen-headed fellow stand his ground, and endeavoring to recover his lost breath to answer his question as to the cause of his interruption. We learn that the passengers, when they ascertained the cause of the stoppage of the train, and viewed the precipice over which they were near being dashed, liberally rewarded the boy for his presence of mind and daring, and that the board of directors, at their meeting yesterday, appropriated \$100 as an additional recompense. Eli Rheem, a boy but twelve years of age, was the only one of twenty persons present, most of them men, who had forethought sufficient for the occasion.—Baltimore American.

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Destructive Fire in Montrose! Twenty-eight Buildings Burned!

The most destructive fire that ever visited Montrose, occurred on the morning of Friday last, November 10th. At about 6 o'clock A. M., the alarm was given, and two contiguous buildings, the Store of Bentley & Read and A. Baldwin's Saddle and Harness Shop, were found to be on fire. The Fire Engine was speedily on the ground, but the flames had made so much progress that all the efforts of firemen and citizens seemed of little avail. With a compact row of wood buildings, filled with inflammable materials, before it, the fire spread with remarkable rapidity. Sweeping westerly before the wind, it destroyed all the buildings on the South side of Turnpike st., from Bentley & Read's Store to the residence of Alred Baldwin, which was saved by great exertions. Towards the East it extended to M. S. Wilson's Store which was destroyed but his dwelling house was saved. From the corners of Turnpike and Main streets, it spread towards the South, and all the buildings on both sides of the latter street were burned, as far down as Hawley's Blacksmith Shop and the buildings next above Keeler's Hotel, on the East side, and on the other side as far as the residence of the widow and heirs of the late William Turrell, deceased, which, though several times on fire, was finally saved. Searle's Hotel and the Store of Isaac L. Post & Co., on the corners of Turnpike st., and Public Avenue were in imminent danger, and they, as well as a number of other buildings on the North side of Turnpike street, were at times on fire. The Livery Stable of D. D. Hinds escaped with a severe scorching. J. L. Post's residence was the only brick building destroyed, and, indeed, the only one in town except the new Court House. The origin of the fire is unknown.

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