

THE AGITATOR.

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

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA. THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1856. NO. 44.

For the Agitator.
The following I find among the
...
The Parting.
One look, one passionate parting word,
And the parting of the heart is o'er;
...
SOLOMON SWALLOW,
OR THE WOMAN TAKER.
"Rule a wife, and have a wife."
Solomon was a bachelor, and a rusty one too; but nevertheless, he had made up his mind to one thing, that he was the only man living who had acquired any knowledge of the art of taking care of a wife.

...
"How do you like that, Mrs. Swallow?"
"Vastly, Mr. Swallow, try it again!"
"You'll do," quoth Mr. Swallow, and to breakfast he went, having received the services of the washing Mrs. Swallow to assist him in dressing; but, however, did not turn out to be the thing that it had been crooked up for. The wash was done a little too much, and the tea wasn't done quite enough; the soap-bowl was at the wrong end of the tray, and there were several crumbs on the carpet. "The servant hasn't been here this morning," observed Mrs. Swallow.
"Servant!" returned Solomon. "I discharged her yesterday. You don't think I can afford to keep a servant and a wife too!"
The lady again was posed, and she said nothing, but the day wore to its close before she could bring herself to the belief that Mr. Swallow had actually made use of the word "servant" and "wife" in the same sentence.

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From The Cleveland Leader,
A BIT OF ROMANCE.
Five or six years ago, a rich Louisiana planter died, leaving an only heir, a daughter, who was not quite seventeen years old. She, together with her fortune, was placed in the charge of a guardian, who was distantly related to the family. Her fortune, and her remarkable beauty, attracted the attention of many suitors, among whom was an accomplished young man from St. Louis, whose only wealth was his profession. His handsome person and fascinating manners won the lady's affections, and without the knowledge of his guardian, they were privately married.
Shortly afterward they moved to St. Louis, where they lived together happily for a time, and a bright future seemed to be before them. At the expiration of a year, the lady having attained her majority, they returned to New Orleans to claim her fortune and live in the splendid old family mansion. They were coldly received by the occupant, who deliberately informed them that the estate had passed into other hands. They at once applied to the law for redress, and going through the protracted formalities of two or three fruitless suits, they were left penniless, and obliged to abandon the city. Friendless, and dispirited, they returned to St. Louis, where the husband, like many other husbands, tried to drown the remembrance of his disappointment in the fatal cup. His wife entreated and admonished in vain. A separation was the consequence, and the husband became more reckless and dissipated than ever. Driven at last to desperation, the wife applied for a divorce, obtained it, and retired to a convent. This restored the wretched man to his senses; he abandoned his former associates, returned to the paths of virtue, and became an industrious and respectable citizen.
A few months ago the lady received a letter from the son of her former guardian, informing her of his father's death, of his inheritance of the estate, and of his determination to make full restoration, closing with an appeal to her to forgive his misguided parent, and to come to New Orleans and enjoy her fortune. She at once complied with the generous request; and all her inheritance, together with the accumulated interest, was restored to her.
Now comes the strangest part of this most extraordinary affair. The young man offered her his hand in marriage, and plead with all the earnestness of impassioned love. He reminded her of all their childish attachment, of his deep anguish when she became the wife of another, of the long years of his silent sorrow. All these things came up before her mind, and gratitude plead eloquently in his favor; but at last the wife triumphed over the woman. She thanked him, and gave him her simple blessing; told him that she had loved but one, and could never love another; and entreated him to take back all her fortune, and permit her to return to the convent. Finding her resolution unalterable, the young man consented, on condition that she would postpone her return one month. He immediately wrote to the former husband, who was ignorant of what had transpired, offering him a first-rate situation, on condition that he would come immediately. The letter was signed by the principal of a well-known firm, who was apprised of every circumstance in the case. As soon as the letter came to hand, the overjoyed recipient took passage for New Orleans. He presented himself at the place designed in the letter, and at once made himself known by showing his credentials. He was conducted to the residence of the generous heir, where, he was informed, the writer of the letter waited to receive him. His name was announced, and he was conducted into an elegant parlor, and there, alone, he met the woman he had neglected and dishonored—the woman who had been forced to leave him, but who would not quite give him up.

...
"Why did you thip on it?" inquired the lieutenant.
"Because there was no sharp shooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain.
"All I have got to say, then, is, that the lieutenant, 'that you might safely do it, for I thware there without a thingle grain of powder in it!'"
The captain has never spoke against nervousness since.
A DUELING ANECDOTE.—Two Spanish officers met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbao, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents.
"We wish to fight—to fight to death," they replied to the representation of their companions.
At this moment a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's and in a luscutable voice, said:
"Gentlemen, I am a poor artizan, with a large family and would—"
"My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers, "don't you see our friends are going to split each other? We are not in a Christian humor."
"It is not alas I ask for," said the man, "I am a poor carpenter with eight children; and have heard that those two gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffin."
At these words the individuals about to commence the combat, burst into a loud fit of laughter and simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.
A VERTUOUS ENTRY, made by the R. S. of a Division of the Sons of Temperance, reads thus:—
"After going through the usual forms, sleep was a collection taken up, but nothing was taken in."

The Crooked Leg.
One of our Western Farmers being very much annoyed last summer by his best cow breaking into the corn-field, several weeks was expended in vain for a hole in the mill-race. Failing to find any, an attempt was made to drive out the animal by the same way of her entrance, but of course without success. The owner then resolved to watch her proceedings; and, posting himself at night in a fence corner, he saw her enter at one end of a high log, within the enclosure. "Bureka!" cried he "I have you now, old lady!" Accordingly, he proceeded, after turning her out, once more, to so strange the log, (it being very crooked) that both ends opened on the outside of the field. The next day, the animal was observed to enter at her accustomed place, and shortly emerged again. "Her restoration!" says our informant, at finding herself in the same field whence she had started in too ludicrous to be described! She looked this way and that, grunted her dissatisfaction, and finally returned to the original starting place; and after a deliberate survey of matters, to satisfy herself that it was all right, she again entered the log. On emerging yet once more on the wrong side, she evinced even more surprise than before, turned about, and retraced the log in an opposite direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attentively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment and perhaps fear, she turned short round and started off on a brisk run; nor could either coaxing or driving ever after induce her to visit that part of the field.—She seemed to have a superstition concerning the spot.—Knicker.
Ludicrous Mistake.
Mr. Joseph Gilbert, who was attached to the astronomical service in Captain Cook's expedition to observe the transit of Venus, and whose name was conferred on him by the great navigator of "Gilbert's Island" resided at Gosport, where, according to the fashion of the day, he, like Count d'Artois, wore very tight leather breeches. He had ordered the tailor to attend him one morning, when his grand daughter, who had also ordered her shoemaker to wait upon her. The young lady was seated in the breakfast room when the maker of the leather breeches was shown in; and, as she did not know one handi-craftsman from the other, she at once intimated that she wished him to measure her for a pair of "leathers," for, as she remarked the wet weather was coming on, and she felt cold in "cloth." The modest tailor could hardly believe his eyes.
"Measure you, miss!" said he, with hesitation.
"If you please," said the young lady, who was remarkable for much gravity of deportment; "and I have only to beg that you will give me plenty of room, for I am a great walker, and I do not like to wear anything that constrains me."
"But, miss," exclaimed the poor fellow in great perplexity, "I never in my life measured a lady; I— and there he passed.
"Are you not a lady's shoemaker?" she asked.
"By no means, miss," said he. "I am a leather breeches maker, and have come to take the measure, not of you, but Mr. Gilbert."
The young lady became perplexed, too, but she recovered her self possession after a good common-sense laugh, and sent the maker of breeches to her grandpapa.
Catching the Wrong Customer.
In the cars between Washington and Baltimore, the other morning there entered a man tall in stature and of rough exterior.— He wore a thick fur cap, and in his hand was a cane covered with heavy bark and a silver head—probably a specimen of the growth of some far off land. A few inquiries from the stanger proved that he was not familiar with the condition of agriculture or the business of the particular locality, so an opportunity was seized by a young fellow-passenger to banter him a little. The conversation went on pretty well for a while. The lively imagination of the young man had full scope whilst the modest replies of his (supposed) victim rendered his triumph complete. At length our Western friend became animated, and in a very firm becoming manner he said: "You talk of the West as if the light of civilization had never dawned upon that part of our Republic. Sir, in the town of Liberty, Missouri, four hundred miles above St. Louis, the whole population is one thousand souls; they have erected and sustain the 'William Jewell College,' and several subordinate seminaries of learning; they have six churches, the average cost of which was \$5,000; their roads are 'McAdamized,' and in all the town of Liberty there is not a single dream sleep!"
The speech and the manner of the speaker blended with subsequent expressions of gratifications on viewing the capital, was for the stranger considerable interest. He was a man of talent and power, but such was his modesty that the only account of himself which was obtained was that "he had been in the Legislature." It will be some time before his young friend will attempt to sport with an unknown fellow passenger.
A WESTERN editor thus apologizes for the non-appearance of his paper at the usual time:
"Owing to the facts that our paper-maker disappointed us, that the mails failed and deprived us of our exchanges, that a Dutch pedlar stole our scissors, that the rats ran off with our paste, and the 'devil' went to the circus while the editor was at home tending the babies, our paper is unavoidably detained beyond the proper period of publication."
"We once knew an eccentric old man in the 'Nutmeg State,' in its Northern part, who went to the familiar title of 'Uncle Aaron.' The old man had raised a large family of boys, the youngest of whom—a wild roystering blunder—was named after himself. In speaking of his family, the old man said, with a very long face:—'Among all my boys I never had but one who took after his father, and that was my Aaron; he took after me—'With a chuck.'"
WASTERS.—A good, strong, adhesive plaster, to make busy-bodies stick to their own business.

...
"Well Solomon," said a neighbor to him one morning, "as you are always boasting of your skill in managing a wife, how comes it that you are not married."
"Why, because I have not perfected my system!" You poked your head into the noose without making any preparation, and hence, Mrs. Every makes what she likes of you. But I go to work logically, I begin by studying the erudite works of Zingubazo, on the philosophy of women's holding her tongue. I then read several treatises on the effect of bread and water discipline in making good wives; Shakespeare's "Taming the Shrew," furnishes me a few excellent practical lessons. And I am now generalizing all the systems into one, which will carry the way in all future generations, and convert the plague of matrimony into a blessing. In the course of a year or so, added Solomon, "my rules for the regulations of a Woman," (I intend to publish it) will be completed, and then I shall take me a wife."
And Solomon was as good as his word, for, at the age of thirty five, feeling himself prepared to give battle to any woman in or out of the land of Amazons, he got married. At this important period, Solomon was as puffy, comfortable looking little fellow as you'd meet in a day's walk, for, albeit the crown of his head never stood full five feet from the beels of his boots, he was of proportion that would have done honor to an alderman, or even a lord mayor; and his gate, especially when walking with anything in the likeness of a woman, was as pompous as a Sultan's, while at such times his countenance always assumed an expression that could not have brooked the approach of female familiarity. The lady whom Solomon had chosen for his "worse half," was apparently a lamb like creature, so that the chances were very fair that she would not only be a tractable wife, but that Solomon would require no help from his system to make her so.
Now Solomon had the forbearance not to interfere with his lady, or her sayings and doings on the night of the wedding, nor is it recorded that he assumed special authority on the next night either; but about six o'clock the next morning, he solemnly intimated to his sleeping partner that it was time to get up.
"And," he added, "when breakfast is ready, you may call me, but be sure not to burn the toast."
"Breakfast and toast!" said Mrs. Swallow, "what do you mean?"
"Why, my dear, I mean madam, that I have begun my system."
"And won't you get up too?"
"Yes, when breakfast is ready and my stockings aired!"
Mrs. Swallow was about to reply, but she checked herself, as she was ashamed to say much to him on so short an acquaintance; but though in the present instance she did precisely as she was bid, she resolved in her heart that it was the last time she would get up at six in the morning to prepare breakfast.
At eight o'clock, everything being ready, Mrs. Swallow called Mr. Swallow.
"Breakfast is ready, Mr. Swallow."
"Is the toast made?"
"Yes."
"Not burned?"

...
"What a dreadful reality," shouted Mr. Swallow, contemplating the fragile ruins of his demolished tin-plate.
Here we pass over the interval between this occurrence and the time when the happy pair in question were seated at breakfast.
"Now, Mrs. Swallow," said Solomon, "seeing that I can't awaken to call you up in the morning, or eat burned toast, or drink raw tea, etc., it is time I should begin to instruct you in your duties."
"And what are those, Mr. Swallow?"
"Be silent, madam, if you please; not to talk, but listen, is one of the most important of them."
"Proceed, sir."
And Mr. Swallow, looking daggers at her for the second interruption, proceeded:
"From six till eight, you are to get up, dress quietly, so as to create no disturbance, light fire, air clothing and stockings, sweep rooms, prepare breakfast, and announce the perfection thereof. Eight till ten, wash things, make beds, rub furniture and clean windows. Ten to twelve, go to market and prepare dinner. Twelve till two, devote to dish-washing, sweeping up and rubbing furniture. Two till six, spinning, mending clothes, and darning stockings. Seven to ten. From that time till nine, a second course of mending and darning, and then go to bed. And this daily course, madam, with a strict observance of the rules of civility, frugality, decorum, and obedience, may in time, enable you to do honor to the choice of Mr. Solomon Swallow."
Mrs. Swallow listened quietly to the end, and then mildly enquired—
"And do you really expect this of me, Mr. Swallow?"
"To be sure I do, responded her spouse.
"Then you'll be sadly disappointed, for I'll do no such thing."
"No!"
"No!"
"I've a way to make you."
"How!"
"Spoon diet, locks, chains and cowhide."
"Mr. Swallow!"
"What?"
"You're a brute!" and Mrs. Swallow threw herself back, and looked desperate.
Now this was a climax. Mr. Swallow was called a brute at his own fireside, and by his own wife, which was the worst of all. He, Solomon Swallow, the celebrated founder of a system of matrimonial observation, called a brute, and by no less a person than Mrs. Swallow. At first he was so astonished at such open manifestations of rebellion of his royal will, that he only looked aghast; but when he came to himself, he saw that something must be done at once, or the field was lost forever.
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