

100.1. Chap. 2

W. H. Cobb

For the Agitator.

IS THERE A NORTH?

Is there a North? God willing, we shall see! If Freedom's watchfires here, are quenched forever, And love for her expired in their endeavor, Who suffered that the children might be free? There is a North—there shall ever be, For those who rule by scourge and galling chain, Eating the bread of tears, and leavened in pain! There is a North—though she has traitor sons, Nor yet her sons, but base-born slaves who claim The freeman's birthright and the freeman's name, As rightly as the coward knave who runs When danger frowns, and claims the victor's bay.

Like the proud hero of a thousand days! Heralds, who in their reckless greed for place— For empty honors and a doubtful fame, Consent to play the demagogue's low game, However unmanly, criminal or base, By these, obedient to the driver's scourge, Obsequious even as the black fly spurn— Our rights as men, as freemen, near the verge Of blank annihilation—Ye who burn, To light the fires of Freedom's torch, Up, in this hour of peril! lest your hearts By Slavery's baleful shadow yet be curst! Gird up! and let each freeman's tongue ring forth The freeman's battle-cry—"There is a North!" July 14.

HUMOROUS SKETCH.

BLESS THE BABY!

The reader may be curious to know at what period the event I am about to relate occurred. Reasons of delicacy, however, prevent me from gratifying even so reasonable a desire; and I will only say that the harrowing circumstance took place in the summer of a certain year, between the time of the arrival of the first bear at the Zoological Gardens in London and the present day.

I had been a midshipman on board the well-known ship named after his Majesty King William the Fourth; but, receiving letters from home announcing my father's death, I had just returned to take possession, as well as a minor could, of the family estate. I was not very well acquainted with the world except the liquid part of it—having been brought up in a country-town and shipped in boyhood; but to make up for that I had an excellent opinion of myself, and watched both with pride and anxiety the sprouting of what I conceived to be a promising moustache.

One evening, after getting myself into full tog, I was displaying my horsemanship near the Zoological Gardens, when I saw in the path leading to the entrance one of the loveliest women that ever appeared to the eyes of an ex-refer. What was that to me? I do not know. It was a thing completely settled in my mind that I was a full-grown man and that a full grown man, can look at any woman. In short I dismounted, gave my horse to the groom, and followed my divinity. A little girl was behind her, with the nursemaid, who had another child, an infant in her arms; and to my great satisfaction this careless servant put the baby presently into the arms of the older girl not much bigger than herself. I watched the proceeding, saw the little creature whose walk was but a totter at the best, swaying to and fro under her burden, and the baby's long clothes trailing on the ground.

"Madam," said I to the lady—touching my hat in quarter-deck fashion, "that baby, I fear, is in dangerous hands; you are perhaps not aware of it?" She turned round instantly. It was what I wanted; but the flash I received from her beautiful eyes had a world of haughtiness in it; and although she bent her head slightly and said "Sir, I thank you," I did not dare to continue the conversation, but walked rapidly on. In fact it was obvious the woman thought I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in criticising the arrangement of her walk; and as when turning away I caught a smile at my discomfort on the face of the nursemaid, who snatched the baby roughly away, indignation mingled with my awkwardness.

Who was this lady? Was she the mother of the two children? Was she the governess? Was she a relation? Was she single or married? She was single; she was the mother's sister! I decided upon that. And after all, was her haughty look so very reprehensible? Had she not been addressed by a stranger, and that stranger a man—a man of somewhat distinguished figure and most promising moustaches? I relented; and as I saw her enter the gardens my heart gave a great leap; for I considered it uncommonly likely that a lion would break loose, or something or other occur to draw forth my chivalry and exert her gratitude. I was not in error in my anticipations; although the circumstance that did occur was too wild even for an imagination like mine. Had it come suddenly, I almost think I should have shut my eyes, held my breath, and stood still; but as it was, I had no time to reflect; the uppermost idea in my mind was, that I would do something heroic, something desperate; and when opportunity offered I instantaneously did it.

The party, with many others, were looking over the inclosure at the bear on his pole; and in order that all might see, the nursemaid had the little girl in her arms, while the little girl had the baby in hers. This arrangement was not very reprehensible as a momentary freak; for the maid of course had got hold of both the children—the elder of whom was jumping with glee; and my attention therefore was exclusively directed to the lady, who stood absorbed in the spectacle before me. All on a sudden there was a scream from the little girl; the unfortunate baby was over the inclosure, and lying senseless on its face in the arena, and the gigantic bear was hastily descending the pole to secure his prey.

To climb the inclosure and spring into the arena did not take me many moments—but it took me too many. I was at a little distance from the spot, and before I reached it, the bear had caught up the infant, whose little face was buried in its fur; and, on my approach, made for the pole, and began to ascend with great rapidity. I followed without giving myself time for a moment's reflection, and while I climbed caught hold of the long clothes of the baby. The action was well intended, but the consequences were dreadful—perhaps fatal: for the bear loosed his hold, and the poor little thing fell to the ground. I began mechanically to descend; but did not dare to look at what was in all human probability a corpse. And presently I could not look; for the exigencies of my own position demanded my every thought. The bear above was descending with huge

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WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1855.

NO. 1.

A Frightful Snake Story.

arides and angry growls, and another below—a great black monster, of whose presence in the inclosure I had not been aware—was shambling along to the support of his comrade, and had almost reached the pole.

The fix was terrible, but it lasted only an instant; for the keeper now made his appearance, and with a few hearty wallops sent the black bear to the right about, while my pursuer stopped short with a terrible growl.

"What are you doing there?" cried the keeper, as I staggered upon the ground. "I must give you up to the police for a lunatic!"

"Never mind me," said I faintly; look to the child, for I dare not."

"The child!—what child?"

"Are you blind? There!" and I forced my eyes upon the hideous spectacle.

The creature's head was off! it was *dead*!

I hardly know how I got over the inclosure. A sound of laughter was in my brain, as if I was made of ears, and every ear was ringing its loudest. The nursemaid enjoyed the adventure more than anybody, but the little girl in her arms clutched at me furiously, as if charging me with the murder of her doll; and was not pacified till the fragments of that sickening baby were handed to her over my shoulder. I darted away; and it was high time to do so, for all the company in the Gardens were rushing to the spot.

The fair cause of the mischief was standing a little way off, leaning on the arm of a tall, noble looking man with moustaches ten times as big as mine. She seemed choking between recent alarm and present mirth; and as I passed,

"Sir," said she, with swelling cheeks, and unsteady voice, "my husband wishes to thank you for our little girl's doll!" But I was off like a shot without even waiting to touch my hat; and thankful I was to get out of the gate; for many of the spectators, on seeing me run, followed mechanically.

It would be in vain to attempt to describe my reflections as I sped rapidly along. But in the midst of all I knew what was before me—I had an intense consciousness of what was to be done. My resolve was fixed, and I felt an insane joy at the idea that no possible intervention could prevent me from executing it. As soon as I reached home I went straightway to my own room, locked and bolted myself in, sat deliberately down before the glass, drew forth my razor, and shaved off my moustaches.—*Albion.*

A Ventriiloquist on the Dock.

Quite an exciting scene occurred at one of our wharves yesterday:

The hands of one of our steamers were engaged in rolling off a cask, when to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing that operation, a voice was heard within the cask.

"Roll it easy, these damned nails hurt; I'd rather pay my passage than stand all this."

Holding up their hands, their visuals expanded to the size of two saucers, the two laborers exclaimed—

"That beats the d—!"

The mate coming up at this moment, and unaware of the cause of delay, commenced cursing them for their dilatoriness, when from within, the voice again came forth—

"You're nobody; let me out of this cask."

"What's that?" said the mate.

"Why it's me!" said the voice; "I want to get out—I won't stand this any longer!"

"End up the cask," said the mate.

"Oh, don't—you'll kill me!" said the voice. "These damned nails prick me—Look out!—d-o-n't!" again said the casked up individual, as the men were turning it over.

"Cooper," said the mate, "unhead this cask, and take out that man."

As the adze sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth—

"Be easy, now! is there any one about? I don't want to be caught!"

Quite a crowd had now gathered round the "scene of action," when, to the utter astonishment of the bystanders, a loud guttural laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand on end, the cask was found filled with bacon.

"What does it mean?" says one.

"I swear, it beats my time," said the mate.

We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow," as we walked off arm in arm with the "Fakir of Ava," the ventriiloquist and magician.

ECONOMY IN HAVING A SMALL WIFE.—A Paris writer on fashions says: Small women are alone to be admired and loved. The reason he assigns is that a small woman can not possibly cover her little person with as many yards of silk, and other costly fabrics, as a large woman. As women display a luxury in toilet which daily increases in extravagance, we do not wonder that unfortunate bachelors seek a diminutive wife.

An Irishman, on arriving in America took a fancy to the Yankee girls, and wrote to his wife as follows: "Dear Norah, these melancholy lines are to inform you that I died yesterday, and I hope you are enjoying the same blessing. I recommend you to marry Jimmy O'Rourke, and take good care of the children. From your affectionate husband till death."

Ir, said a lawyer, pleading for his client, whose garden had been sadly disfigured by his neighbors' pigs—it is so far gone out of our free and enlightened country, that our neighbors' pigs must go without yokes, then in vain did our fathers bleed at Banker Hill, and die at Yorktown.

PEOPLE become ill by drinking healths. He who drinks the health of everybody, drinks away his own.

The Great Plague.

During the Winter of 1664, it had been whispered about that some few people had died here and there of the disease called the Plague, in some of the unwholesome suburbs around London. News was not published at that time as it is now; and some people believed these rumors, and some disbelieved them, and they were soon forgotten. But in the month of May, 1666, it began to be said all over the town that the disease had burst out with great violence in St. Giles'; and that the people were dying in great numbers.

This soon turned out to be a fully true. The roads out of London were choked up by people endeavoring to escape from the infected city, and large sums were paid for any kind of conveyance. The disease soon spread so fast that it was necessary to shut up the houses in which sick people were, and to cut them off from communication with the living. Every one of such houses was marked on the outside of the door with a red card, on which were the words, "Lord have mercy upon us!"

The streets were all deserted; grass grew in the public ways, and there was a dreadful silence in the air. When night came on, dismal rumblings used to be heard, and these were the wheels of the dingy death-carts, attended by men with veiled faces and holding cloths to their mouths, who rang doleful bells, and cried in a loud and solemn voice, "Bring out your dead!"

The corpses put into these carts were buried by torchlight in great pits, no service being performed over them—all men being afraid to stay for a moment on the brink of the ghastly graves.

In the general fear, children ran away from their parents, and parents from their children. Some who were taken ill, died alone, and without any help.

Some were stabbed and strangled by hired nurses, who robbed them of all their money, and stole the very beds on which they lay. Not a few went mad, dropped from windows, ran through the streets, and in their pain and frenzy flung themselves into the river.

These were not all the horrors of the time. The wicked and dissolute, in wild desperation, sat in the taverns singing songs, and were stricken as they drank, and went out and died. The fearful and superstitious persuaded themselves that they saw supernatural sights—burning swords in the sky—gigantic arms and darts. Others pretended that, at night, vast crowds of ghosts walked round and round the dismal pits. One madman, naked and carrying a brazier of burning coals upon his head, walked through the streets, crying out that he was a prophet; commissioned to denounce the vengeance of the Lord on wicked London. Another always went to and fro exclaiming, "Yet forty days and London shall be destroyed!"

A third awoke the echoes in the dismal streets, by night and by day, and made the blood of the sick run cold, by calling out incessantly, in a deep hoarse voice, "O, the great and dreadful God!"

Through the months of July, August, and September, the Plague raged more and more. Great fires were lighted in the streets, in the hope of stopping the infection; but there was a plague of rain too, and it beat the fires out. At last, the winds, which usually arise at that time of year, which is called the equinox, when day and night are of equal length all over the world, began to blow, and to purify the wretched city. The deaths began to decrease, the red crosses slowly to disappear, the fugitives to return, the shops to open, and pale frightened faces to be seen in the streets. The Plague had been in every part of England; but, in close and unwholesome London, it had killed one hundred thousand people.

CHARLES DICKENS.

ADVANTAGES OF AN AWNING.—A little boy about five years old was sent to the grocery store at the corner on some trifling errand, and while there his bright eye lighted upon a barrel of pippins, exposed temptingly to view just outside of the door. In going out it appears he took one, and returned to his mother munching it.

"Where did you get that nice apple, Willie?" inquired his mother.

"Dot it at the grocery," replied Willie.

"Did the man give it to you?"

"No, I took it!"

Why, Willie, that was naughty; you should not take apples or anything else, without permission.

"But nobody saw me."

"Oh yes, Willie, there was One who saw you."

"Who saw me?"

"Why, God saw you."

Willie stopped a moment to consider, and then, with a good deal of satisfaction expressed in his face replied—

No he didn't see me; there was an awning over the door!"

A CLEVER MAN, catechising the youths of his church, put the first question from the catechism to a girl:

"What is your consolation in life and death?"

The poor girl smiled but did not answer.

The priest insisted.

"Well, then," said she, "since I must tell, it is the young printer on Agitator street."

A YOUNG lady was told by a married one, that she had better precipitate herself over Niagara Falls into the basin below, than to get married. The young lady replied, "well, I would, if I was sure of finding a husband at the bottom."

"Boo, why am your head like de moon?" "Ise giv dat up, sir! Prognosticate." "Because, it is supposed to be inhabited. Yah, yah!" Bob turned up the white of his eyes and scratched his—wool!

ORIGINAL.

The Power of Association.

Association offers an ample field for reflection. It is the great orb above the horizon of investigation. It is the crowning principle in the universal range of intellectuality. Its antecedents are numerous, its consequences unlimited. One idea suggests another, one event brings other events to our remembrance. Without this faculty we should be incapable of reasoning! Without this power, what would be our condition? It is this great principle of association which contrasts pleasure and pain, riches and poverty, right and wrong. It introduces a cause followed by an effect, and intimates an effect pending on a cause. It consoles the mourner in his affliction, and causes him to reflect in his grief. It binds the ties of friendship and strengthens the force of hatred.

One idea follows another in rapid succession, linking the past with the present, the present with the future; nor can this train be dissolved, but must exist as long as time endures. The reminiscence of an event brings to our minds many circumstances connected with it. How often at the recollection of by-gone days has the tear unbidden, started to the eye! How often has one natural scene suggested another, calling up perhaps from the pent-up memory the long-forgotten scenery of childhood. There stands the same mansion—there flows the same river—there remains the same beetling mountain which we were wont to admire in the morning of life. There is no principle of our nature productive of more important effects, than this, which establishes a connexion between our ideas, feelings, and mental operations. It is the foundation of all our prejudices in favor of the government and institutions of our country. It is this which causes one to love his country, respect its rulers, and obey its laws. There are other regions as great in extent and washed by as noble rivers as his own native land, but upon no other has he ever gazed with such intensity of feeling, because it is the land of his birth. To it he looks for protection, to it he owes his gratitude for his paternal supervision.

A reference to the American Revolution immediately fills the mind with the recollection of those illustrious men of that memorable era. A halo of glory encircles those brave spirits, as the mind contemplates their trials and sufferings; never will that event be without thrilling associations; never will the injustice or probity of any measure suggested by the American people. Her cruel enactments must forever remain inscribed on the pages of American history as an instance of oppression and wrong. Every true freeman points with pride to Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Valley Forge, and Yorktown as places that have witnessed achievements and sufferings of such a character as to become sacred in a nation's memory. Who could pass by these places that have been signalized by memorable events, and not do violence to the finest impulses of the heart? Beneath the green sod of those consecrated spots slumber the ashes of your fathers. No foreign foe yet dared to disturb their silent repose.

Nature, animate and inanimate, is also governed by this same great law of union. The leaf as it trembles in the gentle breeze of a summer morning, responds in unison to its fellow leaf. The towering pine as it lifts its head above the surrounding group as if conscious of its power, is controlled by this same rule. Every blade of grass which springs from the ground, is accompanied by its appropriate blade. Every drop of dew which is seen deposited in nature's broad expanse, has its associate. Who can view the foaming cataract of Niagara and see nature in the grandeur of its power, and not be impressed with a sublime and patriotic emotion. There the mind loves to linger associating this great natural curiosity with the nationality of America; then the soul swells in admiration of the works of God. And when we meditate respecting the unvaried train of perceptions and ideas as they pass in the mind, let us console ourselves with the reflection, that all things are governed by this great law of association.

Fortitude.—A venerable American judge relates the following anecdote—

The morning following the battle of Yorktown, I had the curiosity to attend the dressing of the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation, was a musician, who had received a musket ball in the knee. As was usual in such cases, preparations were made to lash him down to a table, to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer:

"Now, doctor, what would you be at?"

"My lad, I am going to take off your leg, it is necessary you should be lashed down."

"I'll consent to no such thing. You may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a fiddle in the camp? If so, bring it to me."

A violin was furnished, and after tuning it he said:

"Now, doctor, begin," and he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note, or moving a muscle.

"Zeke," said a farmer to a country thap as he called to see if Maria was at home, "do you think you will go to Heaven?"

"Wal, I don't know," said Zeke; "I suppose I'll go where Maria goes."

"But Maria says, if she marries you, she will go the d—!"

"Wal," drawled out Zeke, "it won't be the first angel I've heard of going to the d—!"

The clown fainted.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY FAIR.

This Society will hold its second Annual Fair at WELLSBORO.

On Wednesday & Thursday, Sept. 26th & 27th 1855.

GENERAL RULES & REGULATIONS.

[Official.]

All competitors and exhibitors must become members of the Society. Any person may become a member by application and payment of the fee at any time before or during the continuance of the Fair.

The Fair Ground will be under the control of the Marshal. Members of the Society will be furnished by applying to the Secretary, with a Card which will admit them with the children of their families, under age, to the privileges of the Exhibition.

Field Crops.—Competitors for premiums on Grain and other field crops will observe the following Rules:

1. The quantity of land specified for each Crop, must be measured in one piece. 2. The entire crop must be measured, and one bushel of each of the specified grain and seeds must be weighed, and presented for examination by the Judges. 3. The land must be measured, and the crop weighed and measured in presence of three competent and disinterested persons, and by them certified in writing.

Plowing Match.—Persons intending to plow, must be members of the Society, and give notice to one of the Committee on the first day of the Fair. The Plowing Match will be held on the 2d day of the Fair at 10 o'clock, A. M., and not less than one eighth of an acre plowed. The Committee will examine the work and manner of execution. Any plow will be admitted.

Pens for Stock.—Persons wishing pens must give ten days notice to John Dickinson, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

Premiums.—No premiums shall be delivered without competition, unless the committee shall deem the article or animal worthy. Animals and articles will be designated by numbers furnished Exhibitors, to correspond with the numbers on the Secretary's Book.

The Fair Ground will be opened at 6 o'clock, A. M., of the first day to receive animals and articles; and all animals and articles must be numbered and ready for examination at 1 P. M., of the first day, or they will be excluded from competition for premiums, unless by permission of the Discretionary Committee.

Horse Shoeing, &c.—Competitors for premiums on Horse and Ox shoeing, must be the makers of the shoes used; and the animals shod must be brought on the ground for inspection.

Notice to Competitors and Exhibitors.—It is very desirable that persons who intend to become competitors or exhibitors at this Fair, give early notice to the Secretary of their intentions—stating the kind of articles or animals they wish to enter; so that ample preparations may be made for the same. The committee are anxious that the arrangements shall be full and complete, so that each department will have its full space and each animal or article fairly and properly exhibited. Persons to whom premiums are awarded will receive certificates of the same from the Secretary at any time after the close of the Fair. The diplomas and commendations of the Society, will be given to those entitled to them, upon application being made to the Secretary.

No person will be allowed to act as Judge in any department in which he or she is in any way interested as a competitor. In case of inability to act or to attend at the Fair, the person appointed will please give notice of the fact to the Secretary, so that the vacancy so occasioned may be filled in time by the Executive Committee.

Every precaution and care will be taken that no article, however costly and delicate in texture or manufacture, shall be in the least injured. Officers in sufficient numbers, will be on the Grounds, whose duty it will be to look to the safety of everything on exhibition.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

Animals and articles on the Fair Ground will be exhibited and examined from 1 o'clock, P. M., to half past 5, P. M., first day.

10 o'clock, A. M., 2d day—Plowing Match.

2 o'clock, P. M., 2d day—Awarding Premiums.

2 o'clock, P. M., 2d day Annual Address, by HON. DANIEL M. SMYSER.

The Committee on Premiums will report to the Secretary and Treasurer at or before 9 o'clock, A. M., of the second day, except the Committee on Plowing, which will report at 1 P. M. Articles may be sold or exchanged by the owners after 10 A. M., of the 2d day.

Ladies Committee of Arrangements.—Mrs. J. L. Robinson, G. M. Lamb, H. Sherwood, Chester Robinson, J. R. Bowen, A. J. Sofield, A. P. Cone, J. Sherwood, R. Roy, J. N. Bache, E. J. Brown. Misses—S. J. McLeod, Caroline Eberenz, Mary Harrison, Emma Mack.

Gentlemen's Committee of Arrangements.—Jno. Dickinson, Henry Sherwood, Wm. Bache, B. B. Smith, Geo. L. McLeod, J. L. Robinson, Laughor Bache, Wm. Harrison, H. A. Guernsey, Jno. Young, C. G. Osgood, Jos. Riberolli, Chester Robinson, J. R. Bowen, S. R. Smith, S. F. Wilson, J. Sherwood.

Marshal of the Day, S. F. WILSON, Esq. Assistant Marshal—JULIUS SHERWOOD, Esq.

Note.—Any person to whom shall be awarded a one dollar Premium, may receive in lieu thereof, by signifying the same to the Treasurer of the Society, either of the following publications "THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURALIST," published by Allen & Co., New York, or "THE FARM JOURNAL," published by J. M. Merdeth & Co., Philadelphia, or "DAD'S HORSE FARRIER." Tickets for membership, ONE DOLLAR. Single Admittance, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

N. B. The Committee on Field Crops will receive and act upon the statements at the annual meeting in December next.

WELLSBORO, July 4, 1855.

"Ain't you afraid you'll break while falling so?" said a chap in the pit of a circus to the clown.

"Why so?" asked the clown.

"Because you are a tumble," replied the wag.

The clown fainted.