

[FOR THE AGITATOR.]

It was a dream most beautiful:
I thought I saw some close entwined
Around me, and on my breast my
Worried head reclined—

A Capital Story.

THE MILL PRIVILEGE.

HOW MR. TATNALL OVERREACHED HIMSELF.

In one of the new towns of Maine, some
thirty years ago, lived a man named John
Tatnall. He was a close-fisted, digging man
and never scrupled to make the best end of a
bargain at all points within the limits of written
law.

Once a neighbor lost a fine ox just at the
time when he was in the act of fulfilling a
contract for cutting down and hauling out timber.

The contract was worth a thousand dollars,
and he was to forfeit one half of it if he
did not have all the logs in the river before
the snow melted, in the spring.

He knew that Tatnall had plenty of oxen,
and he went to him and stated his case.
Now John Tatnall had a number of old oxen
which he had bought to place in a drove
which he meant to drive to market;

so he could have sold one just as well as
two. But he saw his neighbor's necessity,
and he meant to profit by it. He would not
sell unless he could sell a pair, and not
two without an enormous price.

The poor lumberman begged and entreated,
but it was of no avail. There was not another
ox to be bought for miles and miles about,
for Mr. Tatnall had bought them all up.
The neighbor could not allow his work to be
null, so he paid Tatnall full double what they
were worth, and took them away.

Then it was he happened to think of his
old ox. He knew it was better by far, than
either of those he had bought of Tatnall,
and he drove it over to the cattle dealer's to
sell, as he had no use for it. Tatnall offered
him twenty dollars for it—just one fifth of
what he had obtained for the voke he had
sold. He will not tell the conversation and
bantering that followed, but suffice it to say
that Tatnall got the ox, and that in the end
he made a profit of just seventy-five dollars
off his poor and hard-working neighbor.

That was the character of the man, and
all the neighbors knew it. Yet he was respect-
ful, for he had money, and many people
depended on him for work, though their
pittance for such work was begrudging in the
extreme. Mr. Tatnall's farm was situated upon
a large river, and he owned to a great extent
on both sides of it. When he bought there
he had some faint idea that at some time there
would be a mill put up there, and thus greatly
enhance the value of his lot, for there was
quite a fall in the river where he owned and
a most excellent mill privilege was thus afford-
ed. But he never could build the mill for he
had not the money to spare, nor had he the
energy. About two years previous to the
opening of our story, some men had come to
examine the river, and they talked some of
building extensive mill works. Tatnall knew
that if such were done, the value of all the
good land about him would be advanced,
and he bought up all he could, so at the
present time he owned not less than a
thousand acres.

One day in early spring, just as the ice had
broken up, a man called on Tatnall and
wished to examine the mill privilege. His
name was Lemuel Farnsworth, and he was a
man no more than thirty years of age, full
of enterprise and integrity. Mr. Tatnall accom-
panied his visitor out to the river, and after
examining the premises, the latter ex-
pressed himself much pleased with them.

"Oh," exclaimed Tatnall, "this is about
the best privilege in the State. The water-
power can not run, and you see there would
be power enough to drive a dozen mills."

"I see," returned Farnsworth; "but he did
not express all he thought. He merely ac-
knowledged that the privilege was good. 'If
I buy here,' he continued, 'I should want
some forty or fifty acres of land to go with
the water lot, for I should want lumber enough
to put up all my buildings, and some besides,
of my own, to commence work on.'

"You can have all you want," was Tat-
nall's reply; "and shortly afterwards they re-
turned to the house."

"Now what is your price?" asked Farn-
sworth, as he had declined to take a glass
of rum which had been poured for him.

"Well," returned Tatnall, thoughtfully, "I
have thought much of selling, for I have
some idea of putting up a mill there my-
self."

"This was a falsehood; but then Tatnall
said such things as naturally as a child laughs
when it is pleased."

THE AGITATOR.

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

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

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

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WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1855.

NO. 13.

wanted the fifty acres, I should say about
seven hundred dollars more."

"But, my dear sir," uttered Farnsworth, in
surprise, "do you consider how this mill will
enhance the value of your other property?
We mean to put up not only a saw mill, but
also a good grist mill, and a carding and cloth-
ing mill, so that we can saw the lumber,
grind the grain, card the wool, and dress the
cloth for people who may come and settle
here."

"Then you mean to do it all?" said Tatnall
reality surprised, but without showing it.

"Yes sir."

Now Tatnall knew this would be a vast
benefit to him. The nearest mill was now
six miles off, and even that a poor flimsy
concern, put upon a small brook that was dry
nearly half the year. From this circum-
stance people had not settled down upon the
rich lands by the river, and the huge trees
yet stood upon the finest alluvial soil in that
section of the country. Such an establish-
ment, Mr. Tatnall at once saw, would draw
quite a village together in a few years, and
then his land would make him independently
wealthy. But he believed he had the power
all in his own hands, and he meant to use it.

"I can not take a cent less," he said after
a moment's thought. "To be sure, the estab-
lishment you speak of will be a benefit to me,
but that is no reason why I should sacrifice
now. It will also be a benefit to you for
which you can well afford to pay. If you
will take the whole for seventeen hundred
dollars, you can have it."

"Well," said Mr. Farnsworth, "I have a
partner engaged with me in this business and
I must see him first. I will explain the case
to him, and next day after to-morrow I will
see you again."

Mr. Farnsworth left, and when Tatnall
found himself alone, he began to meditate
upon the plan he entered upon.

"If these two men have got their minds
made upon this mill, he said to himself, "they
won't stop at trifles. Of course they have
got money enough, or else they wouldn't be
going into such an extensive business. 'I'll
feel of 'em.'"

Mr. Tatnall said this with a sort of chuckle,
and they clasped his hands together just as
though he had a helpless man within his grasp.

At the appointed time, Mr. Farnsworth re-
turned, and with him came his partner, a man
of about the same age of himself, named
Ridgely. They went out and looked the
place all over, and at length they concluded
they would pay the seventeen hundred dol-
lars. It was a heavy sum—much more than
the property was worth, but they had set their
hearts upon building the mill in that section,
and they wished not to give it up.

"Ah, gentlemen," said Tatnall, with a
bland smile, after their offer had been made,
"that price was not a fixed one, that was
only a sum named two days ago for the ac-
ceptance or rejection then. I gave no claim
or refusal. I can not sell for that now."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Mr. Farn-
sworth.

"I am, most assuredly."

"And for what will you sell now?"

"You may have the whole for twenty-two
hundred dollars."

"But, sir," said Ridgely, "that is monstrous;
The mills may not return us a cent for years.
Why, sir, for six years, at least, you will cer-
tainly make more by the mills than we shall."

"This is looking farther ahead than is need-
ed," replied Tatnall; "the property is worth
what I ask."

"But you will take off something?"

dollars for the lot he was to sell!

The next day the two partners took a stroll
down the river, and at the distance of seven
miles from Tatnall's place, they came to a
place where a sort of bayou, or inlet, made
up into the shore. From curiosity they fol-
lowed this up, and found it to run in only
about twenty rods, and then turn and extend
down some quarter of a mile, almost parallel
with the river, and there it ended in a deep
basin. Opposite this point in the river, was
a steep fall of water, but no thoughts of build-
ing a mill there had been entertained on ac-
count of the rocky, rugged nature of the
shores. But this inlet seemed almost cut out
by Providence for a mill. By expending one
hundred dollars, at the outside, the bayou could
be cut on to the river, striking the bank
about fifteen rods below the fall, and three
mills could be built, and be not only free from
danger from freshets, but with enormous power.
In fact, the water power could be made
as extensive as necessary. And then there
were other advantages. In the first place the
building spot was superior to that of Tatnall's,
and then it left a splendid growth of interval
pines above, which could be easily cut and run
down.

As soon as the two young men had fully
realized the splendid nature of the discovery
they had made, they fairly danced with joy.
They set off at once to find the owner, and
they found him to be a Mr. Simon Winthrop,
a poor, honest man, and the one whom Mr.
Tatnall had so imposed upon in the ox-trade.
Winthrop owned enough land on the river,
and the circumjacent upland, for quite a town-
ship. It had been left him by an uncle, and
he had moved on to it, cleared a small farm,
and had begun now to make quite a comfort-
able living by getting off the timber, though
he had not got off a thousandth part of it.

The two partners found him in his house,
that very evening, and they commenced by
informing him of the trials they had had with
Mr. Tatnall. Winthrop smiled as he finished
their account, and for the amusement of the
thing he related the story of his ox-trade.

The millwrights were very soon assured that
they had an honorable man to deal with now,
and they frankly told him of the remarkable
discovery they had made, and at the same
time explained to him that the mill privilege
upon his land was worth more than double
that of Tatnall's. And then they asked him
how he would sell the water power and a
goodly piece of land. He first wished to
know all their plans, and they freely told him,
for they knew he was not the man to attempt
to overreach them. They told him of the
saw-mill, the grist-mill, the clothing-mill and
that they should probably put up a store, if
people enough moved in to support one.

"Now, how much money have you got?"
asked Winthrop. "That is—how much can
you raise to put into this place?"

"We can raise just eight thousand dollars,"
said Farnsworth.

Simon Winthrop got up and walked across
the floor several times, and then he came and
sat down again.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if you will put up
a good mill, and saw my lumber well, and at
fair prices, I will freely give you the mill
privilege, and what land you take, you shall
pay me somewhat near what the lumber is
worth on it. But I have another offer to make
you. My old uncle was one who went into
this land business a few years ago, and when
he died he gave me all the land he owned
here. It is very valuable land, though so far
I have only gained a bare livelihood on it. I
have between two and three thousand acres,
all told—my lot joining Tatnall's above here,
and running down four miles below here.—
Now what do you say to making me the third
man in your party? You put your energies,
and knowledge, and money, with my stout
hands and broad lands. We shall all share
alike, whether in fields, mills, or stores.—
What think you?"

"We must think of that," uttered both the
young men at a breath.

"So do. But remember the mill privilege
is yours if you want it, and may put up a mill
on it without cost, provided my offer does not
suit you."

The two young men went away about nine
o'clock, but they felt sure they should take
up with the last offer, though upon a
thing of such extent they wanted time to re-
flect.

On the next morning, early, Mr. Tatnall
was at Winthrop's door. He went in to buy
a large lot of interval woodland, which lay
next to his own on the river. But Mr. Win-
throp would listen to nothing of the kind.—
Mr. Tatnall held on, for he felt sure of the
mill being built on his own land, and he wanted
all the neighboring lumber. He swore at
Winthrop for his "obstinacy," but the latter
only laughed.

That afternoon Messrs. Farnsworth and
Ridgely called upon Tatnall, and informed
him that they had concluded not to buy of
him.

"Very well, gentlemen," coolly returned
he, for he thought they were only trying to
bring him down.

So they turned to leave, and as they bade
him "good-bye," Mr. Tatnall turned pale.
He began to think they were in earnest.

"Stop, stop," he cried, "are you really in
earnest? Aint you really going to put up
the mills?"

"Not here, sir."

er than have the thing blow over now, I
would come back to my old offer of seven-
teen hundred dollars."

"No, sir. Its no use, for we don't want
your land."

"But the mill privilege?"

"Nor do we want that either."

"But," cried Tatnall, in a frenzy of alarm
"let the land go and take the water privilege,
and give me what you like for it; only put
up a good mill there, even if you take it—
for—nothing!"

"You are too late, sir," returned Farn-
sworth, with a look, and tone of contempt.

"Had you at first acted the part of a man
you would not only have got a good round
price for your water privilege and your land
which we wanted, but all your other property
would have been enhanced in value one hun-
dred per cent. You thought you had us in
your power, and you would overreach us, but
you will find in the end that this time, at
least, you have overreached yourself!"

John Tatnall shrieked away into his house,
and he had a bitter pill to suck upon.

The two young men returned to Simon
Winthrop's house, and informed him they
should accept his offer. So papers were at
once made out, and "Messrs. Farnsworth,
Ridgely & Winthrop" commenced business
in good earnest. The saw mill was com-
menced upon immediately, and at the same
time men were set at work cutting out the
canal. No less than eighty men were thus
employed, and the "store," was built at once.

The greater part of these men took pay for
their work in land, reserving only enough of
the timber on it for their own building pur-
poses, and by the next summer those of them
who had families moved them in. The grist-
mill was put up in due time, and by the second
autumn quite a village of snug, warm
log-huts had gone up. After this, the colony
flourished and grew. Great numbers of hands
were employed during the winter in falling
lumber, and when it was sawed it could be
rafted and run out to sea by the high tides of
spring and fall. Those who came to cut
lumber saw the nature of the soil when the
snow was gone, and they took up lots for
farms.

At the end of eight years the wilderness
was changed into a village and Messrs. Farn-
sworth, Ridgely & Winthrop, were wealthy
and respected. A flourishing village had
grown up about them, all upon their own
land—their own three mills were in full oper-
ation—their store did a good business, and
their land was yielding them immense profits.
A school-house had been put up for three
years, and that fall saw the finishing touch
put upon a handsome church.

And where was John Tatnall all this while?
He still lived upon his farm, seven miles up
the river, and he had grown poor in flesh,
almost to a skeleton. His power of punching
his neighbors was gone, for no one now was
obliged to do business with him. He saw
that village grow up, and he saw poor, honest
Winthrop become wealthy and respected—
and he knew that all this might have been
upon his own land if he had been an honest
and honorable man.

But 'twas too late now. He could only
look upon his own wilderness, and then upon
the smiling lands of his neighbor, and the
canker ate into his soul and made him
miserable. In time the settlement extended
up the river, and the stout trees upon John
Tatnall's land began to give place to houses,
barns, and farms; but John Tatnall did not
live to see it nor profit by it. His chagrin
and envy had killed him; and in the last hour
of the man who had all his lifetime made it
a rule of practice to over-reach all with whom
he had any dealings, was himself over-reach-
ed by that power against which no art of
earth can prevail.

VERY DUTCH.

Two old Dutch neighbors in Pennsylvania,
were proverbially steady, stupid and honest,
and they had carried on their transactions
with their neighbors and each other for years
on the system of ready pay in cash or bar-
ter; but at last hard times came, and they
were obliged to resort to keeping accounts.

One day they met for settlement, and fig-
uring it was apparent that Hauns owed Yaw-
kub twenty dollars.

Well, Yawkub, how must we settle him
now? I shd got no monish.

Yaw, yaw, never mind dat, we can settle
him mit a notish, said Yawkub, who prided
himself on doing business at the store.

Oh, yaw, mit a notish. Well, den, you
writes de notish.

Dat ish not right, said Yawkub, you owes
me de monies; you writes de notish. I signs
him—dat ish de way.

ONE OF THE SERMONS.

The Register, published at Brandon, Miss.,
gives a partial report of a sermon preached
a few weeks since at Waterproof, not far
from Brandon. It is to be regretted that the
whole-sermon was not preserved. The fol-
lowing paragraphs show the spirit of the
preacher:

"I may say to you, my brethering, that I
am not an educated man, an' I am not o' them
as bleeves that education is necessary for I
bleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as
he wants 'em to be edecated, an', although I
say it that live, thar's no man as gits a big-
ger congregation nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my breth-
ing, as don't know what persuasion I am in.
Well, I may say to you, my brethering, that
I'm a Hardshell Baptist. Thars some folks
as don't like the Hardshell Baptiste, but I'd
rather hear a hard shell as no shell at all.
You see me here to day, my brethering,
dressed up in fine close; you mout think I
was proud, but I am not proud, my brether-
ing, and although I've been a preacher up
the Gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm
capting of that fat boat that lies at yur land-
ing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

"I'm not a gwine ter tell edackly whar
my tex may be found; suffice it to say, it's
in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it,
somewhar 'twen the first chapter of the book
of Generations and the last chapter of the
book of Revelations, and of you'll go and
sarch the Scriptures, as I have sarched the
Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thir,
but a great many uther texes as will do you
good to read, an' my tex, when you shall
find it, you shall find it to read thus:

"And he played on a harp u' a thousand strings—
sperits of just men made perfect."

My tex brethering, leads me to speak uv
sperits. Now thar's a great many kinds of
sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's
the sperits as sum folks call ghosts, then
thar's the sperits uv turpen time, and then
thar's the sperits as sum folks call liquor, and
I've got as good an artikle of them kind uv
sperits on my flat-boat as eyer was fatched
down the Mississippi River, but thar's a great
many other kind of sperits for the tex sez:

"He played on a harp u' a thou-sand strings—
sperits of just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is
ment in the tex, its fire. That is the kinds of
sperits as is ment in the tex, my brethering—
Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the
world. In the fust place thar's the common
sort of fire you lite a segar or pipe with, and
then thar's the cam-fire, fire and fall back,
and many uther kinds of fire, for the tex sez:

"He played on a harp u' a thou-sand strings—
sperits uv just men made perfect."

Now, the different sorts uv fire in the
world may be likened unto the different per-
suasions of Christians in the world. In the
fust place we have the Piscapations; and they
are a high sailin' and a high-boon set, and
they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard
that flies up into the air, and he goes up and
up until he looks no bigger than your finger
nail, and the fust thing you know, he comes
down and down, and down and down, and
comes a fillin', himself on the karkis of a dead
boss by the side uv the road—and, ah, he
played on a harp of a thou-sand strings—
sperits of just men made perfect."

And then thar's the Methodis, and they may
be likened unto the squirrel, runnin up into a
tree, for the Methodist believes in gwine on
from one degree uv grace to another and g-
nally on to perfect-han, and the squirrel goes
up and up, and up and up, and he jumps
from lim' to lim', and branch to branch, and
the fust thing you know he falls and down he
comes kerflummux, and that's like the Meth-
odis, for they is others fallin' from grace, ah!

And—He played on a harp uv a thou-
sand strings—sperits of just men made per-
fect."

And then, my brethering, thar's the Bap-
tist, ah! and they hev bin likened unto a
possum on a simmon tree, and the thunders
may roll, and then the earth may quake, but
that possum clings there still, ah! And you
may shake one foot loose, and the other's
thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and
he laps his tail around the limb, and he clings
forever, for—He played on a harp uv a
thou-sand strings—sperits of just men made
per-fer-ck."

Here the reporter could no longer contain
himself, and his notes became utterly unin-
telligible.

THE RESULT OF KISSING THE BUTCHER.
—"My dear," said an affectionate wife, "what
shall we have for dinner to-day?"

"One of your smiles," replied the hus-
band: "I can dine on that every day."

"But I can't," replied the wife.

DON'T KNOW HIS AGE.

To persons brought up in a land where all
the new comers are accurately entered, with
date of arrival, on the family register, in the
big bible, it seems strange that individuals
can be found, not only too uncertain of the
day and hour of their coming to suit the pur-
pose of astrology, but absolutely ignorant of
the number of years they have attained.—
That such is the case, however, is forced upon
our minds every day. It was but a short
time since, that a "Daughter of Erin," in
reply to a question touching her age, told us
that she was a'most fifty.

"Why, Hannah?" said we, you cant be
more than twenty."

"Well," said she "I knew 'twas near
twenty or fifty—somewhere about there."

This case is completely thrown into the
shade by one that came to our knowledge
during a residence at the South.

Old Uncle Jeff, as he was called, was a
simple hearted, thick skulled darkey, in the
service of a family to whom he had been
willed, when quite a child, with the under-
standing that he was to be liberated at the
age of twenty one. His master, to secure
his continued services, took advantage of his
ignorance, and persuaded him that he was
in his teens till he grew grizzled. By the time
when Jeff got on the shady side of fifty, he
began to "smelt a mice," which, with an in-
creasing desire for emancipation, led him to
bore everybody, to know how long before he
would be twenty one.

"It will be a mighty long time before you
are that old," said a wagish neighbor, one
day, after being teased with the usual inquir-
ry for the fortieth time.

"Why, I thought I was most dat now."

"Do you know old Black Pete?" said the
wag, alluding to an Uncle Ned style of an
individual in that vicinity.

"Lor' yes; why dat nigger is as ole as
Methusalem—he's so old dat his teeth all
drapped out, and dar aint no more hair on
his head dan dere is on Messus' new teapot."

"Well Jeff, old Pete was twenty one last
spring."

"De Lor'!" said Jeff, his eyes expanding,
as this new "light of ages" broke upon him,
"sure snuf, dis nig'll have to wait till all his
grand-childris gits growed up, and his fami-
lies fust."

Jeff didn't worry anybody about his age,
for sometime after that.

He had about as clear an idea of time as
another old darkey, who when asked how
old he was, said,

"Don't know Massa."

"How old should you think, Sam?"

"'Bout five or six hundred, I guess. I'se
mighty ole, Massa."

Great Haul of Dollars.

The Spanish frigate San Pedro was blown
up on the coast of Venezuela, South America,
near the island of Margarita, in 1815. She
was supposed to have on board from two
to three million dollars. The bark Emily Ban-
ning which left this port in December last,
on a pearl fishing voyage on the Pacific coast,
with two of the Nauticus Sub-Marine Com-
pany's machines on board, had orders to stop
there and try to explore the wreck and fish
up the treasure. When the destruction of
the vessel took place, her stern being blown
out, scattered the treasure upon the surround-
ing sand. Some three hundred thousand dol-
lars has heretofore been taken up by other
parties, but owing to the inefficiency of the
machinery employed, operations were sus-
pended. When the Emily Banning arrived,
the trial descent of the first machine, sent
down in 66 feet of water, brought up one
hundred dollars—thirty-two dollars being
found within the first area covered by the
machine before moving. Other articles, as
copper, &c., were brought up at the same
time. The Captain, finding the advantage
of continuing the work, immediately left
for the seat of the Venezuelan Government,
to secure the necessary privilege, which was
granted. Letters have been received from
on board, during the absence of the captain
which represented the operators as "shovel-
ing dollars." It is the intention of the com-
pany to blow the fragments of the ship to
pieces, securing the copper, guns, shot, &c.
The captain writes, "the bells are all they
are said to be." One of the Engineers
writes, "I wish you could look into the bell
when we are down on the bottom with our
spades, digging for the almighty dollar. We
can look out of the windows of the bell and
see the fish looking in at us. We can take
the bottom up in the bell, and get out on the
sand and pick up the bell, and run all around
where we like." Two months, it is anticipat-
ed, will be sufficient to take up every vestige
of the San Pedro; and the captain reports he
has another vessel near him in the same depth
of water, 66 feet, with fifty thousand dollars
on board in specie, and another with fifteen
thousand dollars, both of which he will take
up before proceeding on his voyage.

HARD NAMES.

One Mr. Blivens, a correspondent of the
Boston Post, suggests that almost any variety
of tree you may be pleased to imagine can
be had at short notice on application to the
nurserymen. Bliven's uncle Joe said he wanted
some nice fruit trees, so he sat down and
made out a list that neither he nor the d—l
himself ever heard of, and sent to one of the
"lamous nurseries" on the next train. They
came, duly labelled with his inventive names
all on them. The deduction of Blivens is that
there is a deal of humbuggery in the "fancy"
tree and seed business.

Bliven's experience reminds us of the an-
ecdote told by the Rev. Sydney Smith. Lad-
y Cubels had a great passion for the garden
and the hot-house, and when she got hold of
a celebrity like the Rev. Sydney, was sure to
dilate upon her favorite subject. Her Ger-
manus, her Auricula, her Dahlias, her Aca-
cias, her Peonies, her Rhododendron Procumbens,
Mossy Pompage and Rose Pubescens,
were discussed with all the flowers of bot-
hous rhetoric.

"My Lady," asked the Rev. wit, "did you
ever have a Psoriasis Septennis?"

"Oh yes—a most be-a-u-t-i-f-u-l one. I
gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, dear
man—and it came out so in the Spring!"

The Psoriasis Septennis is the medical term
for the "seven year itch."

Brave actions are the substance of life,
and saying the ornament of it.