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NO. 4.

As Buchanan was walking by the White House one day... The South was his darling, the North was his bride...

ST. LOUIS SLAVE MARKETS.

It is rumored that an ancient people consecrated the Fourth of this month to Liberty. So, I thought the second of July might be a good day to visit a Democratic Slave Market.

NEGROES WANTED—I wish to purchase a lot of NEGROES, expressly for the Louisiana and Mississippi market, for which I will pay the highest cash prices.

M. LYNCH, No. 100 Locust street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, St. Louis, Mo., being permanently located for the purchase of NEGROES, will pay the highest market value.

I took an early opportunity to call on Mr. Corbin Thompson. I found him in the doorway of a little wooden office, like a livery stable office in one of our cities.

Behind the little office there was a dirty little dark room; behind that a dirty little kitchen, opening into a dirty little yard.

I talked a little with them, and they answered, some quietly, some with that mixture of obsequiousness and impudence so common among slaves.

On inquiry, he explained this mystery by adding that it was not uncommon for families visiting Northern watering places to bring along a likely boy or girl, and sell them to pay the expenses of the jaunt.

I strolled back into the front office and sat down to see if anything turned up. The thing that turned up was a rather handsome, suburban-looking two-horse carriage, out of which stepped lazily a small, spare, gentlemanly man.

Thompson came in and shook his head. "Can't sell negroes to anybody, Mr. Glad to see anyhow."

"Got a good article of a small girl?" said the gentleman suddenly.

"Martha!" shouted the slave dealer, and presently three good articles, aged 11, 9 and 7, came trotting in. I had not seen them before. Nice little pink frocks; not very dirty—barefooted, of course; but apparently well taken care of, and evidently sisters.

He fixed his eye on Sue, a black marble statue aged seven. Nothing could have been kinder than Mr. Lynch's manners in addressing the little thing.

Human nature is a rather unconquerable thing, after all, isn't it? My kind purchaser looked annoyed and turned away. The slave-trader gave an ominous look to the poor child, such as I had not seen on his face before.

The gentleman drew the child to him, felt the muscles of her arm, and questioned her a little. Her price was \$700, that of the next \$500, and little Sue's \$450.

"Well, Martha," said he, at last, "wouldn't you like to go with me and have a pleasant home?"

"Nonsense, gals," said Thompson; "your mother'll be up here, may be, some day." (Pleasant prospect in the lottery of life for three "articles" under twelve years!)

On inquiry, it appeared that the mother was in Virginia, and might or might not be sent to St. Louis for sale. The intention was, however, to sell the children in a day or two, together or separately, or else to send them South with Mr. Mattingly.

To avert this, I hoped earnestly that my good-natured friend would buy one or more of the poor things. "For," said he to me, "I mean to bring her up well. She'll be a pet for the children; black or white, it will make no difference; and while I live I shall sell her—that is, while it's possible to help it."

"Glad is sound, I suppose?" carelessly inquired the purchaser. "Wind and limb," responded the trader. "But strip her naked and examine every inch of her if you wish," he quickly added; "I never have any disguises with my customers."

So ended the bargain, and I presently took my leave. I had one last glance at little Sue. It is not long since I set foot on the floating wreck of an unknown vessel at sea, and then left it drifting away into the darkness alone.

St. Louis must unquestionably be a very religious place, however, for in returning to my hotel I passed a church with inscriptions in four different languages. There was Hebrew, "Deo Uno et Trino," in English and French, "My house shall be called the house of prayer," with the rest of the sentence, in both cases, omitted. Singular accident, isn't it?

minds of those verdant innocents who still believe that the separation of families is a rare occurrence, when every New Orleans newspaper contains a dozen advertisements of "Assorted lots of young negroes."

Another delusion I must correct also. It is often asserted that slave-traders are generally regarded as a degraded class in a slaveholding community, that no gentleman will associate with them, &c. This, if true, would only add another to the absurd self-contradictions of a system which creates such a class of men, and then despises them.

I have since visited the other establishment named above, Mr. Lynch's. Here, also, I was received courteously, and shown over the premises, which did not take long. Mr. L. was one of those persons whom one rather likes to see (in a bad business)—an acute, robust, uncompromising sterner; such a man as one often finds in the liquor traffic.

After all this, I of course liked him much, and was not surprised when he went on to claim that he wasn't able to act up to his theory, but kept trusting people who deceived him, and helping men who were ungrateful, and so on.

Mr. Lynch's yard was much like the other, only with an iron gate instead of a wooden one, a wooden fence for an iron one, all-fours instead of euchre, and grown men instead of small girls. I noticed one pretty little quadroon girl, and a noble-looking black man playing the violin.

He told me that there had been less doing, of late, on the U. G. R. owing to some exposures; but until within a year they lost a great many. He also said that the slave business in St. Louis was chiefly a local business with the interior country.

I found Mr. Lynch a man decidedly superior in apparent intelligence and manners to either of the others mentioned, though they appeared well in these respects. At parting, he cordially invited me to call again and send my friends—which I hereby do.—New York Tribune.

THE SEASONS.—A pleasant story is told by Mrs. Barbaud, of a youth, who returned from a day of skating on a pond, to tell his father that he wished it were always winter. The wise father made no comment on the boyish wish, but simply got him to write it down; and soon amid the changes of the season, all recollection of his wish had been forgotten.

July 3, 1856.—I forgot to mention that I asked Mr. Thompson, out of the dozen children in his "yard," how many had their parents or mothers with them. "Not one," he answered, as if rather surprised at the question: "I take 'em as they come, in lots. Hardly ever have a family."

"I suppose you would rather keep a family together?" I put in, suggestively. "Yes," he answered, carelessly. "Can't think much about that, though. Have to shut up shop pretty quick if I did. Have to take 'em as they come."

This was evident enough, and I only insert it in the faint hope of enlightening the

Communications.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28 1856.

Mr. Editor.—Before I left Tioga Co. I promised to write letters to a number of friends, after I should arrive in Philadelphia, giving them an account of the Penn. Medical University, and my views upon the cause in which I have enlisted: the study of medicine or the medical profession occupied by women.

To friends and those particularly interested, and who have been anticipating letters from me upon the Medical education of Women, let me say: please accept this public communication as addressed to each and all of you individually, and allow me to ask you to excuse a private fulfilment of my promise for want of time, has, and must prevent my so doing.

When I left Tioga county last winter for the Penn. Medical University of this city, a very few friends approved my course, but a far greater number censured and ridiculed what they considered a wild, bold and unwomanly step; and laughed at the idea of a "Woman studying medicine and becoming a doctor."

But when I entered the Institution I found I was not the only woman thus wild and unwomanly; for here I found a jolly number of old and young, married and single women, from the North, East and West, all noble minded, strong, self relying spirits, eagerly pursuing the paths of medical lore, to qualify themselves for the responsible duties of this high and important calling, and preparing to contend, in this hitherto uncontested field, with their proud brother man for the honors, influence and usefulness of the medical profession, which is properly woman's sphere.

The world of woman calls for your services in the medical profession—for the services of every woman of energy and ability who can qualify herself for the duties of a physician.

When I have been urging some of my lady friends to study medicine, I have often been met with these questions: Can I acquire sufficient knowledge to be qualified for a physician? Could I practice after having acquired the requisite skill? Would the community have confidence in a woman practitioner?—And would the profession compensate me for the time and means spent in acquiring it?

Let us briefly look at these uncertainties, and allow me to ask a few questions in return. First, some of you are teachers—first class teachers. How did you acquire the knowledge that has fitted you, and that so well too for that high and responsible calling? Did you exhaust all your mental energies while preparing yourselves for the responsibilities of teachers? No my friends; you are capable of more than this. You have intellects and heads sufficiently large to acquire still more knowledge, a thorough knowledge of yourselves, and of the medical profession.

And every facility for acquiring a superior medical education, equal to the improvement and progression of those progressive times is offered to every lady student that enters this University. The ladies' department is on an equal footing with that of the gentlemen; receiving the same lectures from the same professors, and equal honors and diplomas with them.

Second, it is now no longer a doubted question whether acute intelligent women physicians can practice the healing art successfully. There are now ten regular lady physicians in this city who have an extensive practice, and whose income from their practice, exceeds the income of many of the male physicians of our country towns. With several of these ladies I am personally acquainted, and I have the above statement from themselves. It is now being believed, only give woman the necessary qualifications, and her judgment, quick perceptions and adaptiveness will make her a successful practitioner.

Third, What intelligent community, I would ask, would not have confidence in a woman of good natural abilities and superior medical information? If you were ill, for instance, and needed medical skill and assistance, and there were two physicians in your town of equal skill and abilities, the one a gentleman the other a lady, which of the two would you employ? To which of the two could you speak most freely, and make your distress and wants known? Very few male physicians are the entire confidants of their female patients; neither can they demand it as their right, that woman should make man the father confessor of her sick room. Women of refinement and delicacy will generally reserve their confidence for those of their own sex; hence, then, the necessity for the medical education of women, that she may be prepared with that knowledge, which is power, and which always commands respect and confidence, to administer relief and comfort to their sick and suffering sisters; and explain to them the physical laws of their being, the violation of which is pain and misery, while their observance alone can keep them in health, and enable them to transmit it to their posterity.

And woman as a practitioner can, and will be, much more successful than man, in treating diseases among her own sex; for the free intercourse that can exist between her and her patients, and the unreserved statement, will enable her to form more correct diagnosis of these diseases than man. The hitherto popular idea, that the maxim, "The proper study of mankind is man," is not equally applicable to both sexes is readily and rapidly yielding to a better philosophy and a wiser faith. The ignorance of women on medical subjects and the necessity for their enlightenment are now everywhere deeply felt, and either openly or tacitly acknowledged by the masses of intelligent thinkers.

Fourth, Let us see if a knowledge of the medical profession would compensate woman for the time and means spent in its acquirement. First, you will be required to study two years here, then the whole expense for professors fees, books, board and stationery, will not exceed five hundred dollars. I have already shown that, well qualified regular medical women, will have no difficulty in getting into practice. Why then should they not receive ample compensation for their services? In the medical profession, woman's services are placed upon an equal value with those of man; and if she has gone through a medical course, and qualified herself, as ladies must be qualified who receive diplomas, and will receive the same compensation as the men. But this is not all. What woman is there that has the ability, time and means to acquire this knowledge, that should not avail herself of its rich and valuable possessions; if it should be for no other purpose than to administer to the wants, and relieve the sufferings of her own family and friends? How much better would she be, were she in the place of daughter, sister, wife and mother, than in that of a physician? If you have never seen the time when you felt, that had you possessed a knowledge of the healing art, you might have relieved the agonies, and by timely aid, which the quick eye of affection and skill would have seen was necessary, saved the lives of those that were near and dear to you, you may yet be called upon to realize this sad feeling; and then, like me you will deeply feel, when idolized and loved ones are sickening and dying around you, the need of a medical education. You will then feel that time and money are of no account when valued lives are in danger, or are in the hands of some ignorant careless man.

The objections urged by some against women studying and practicing medicine, I have not time to answer at present, but you will probably hear from me upon this subject, during the present vacation.

I will conclude this letter by saying, that I hope not to be the only student here, in the Penn. Medical University from Northern Pennsylvania next fall session; but hope to see our Northern countrymen well represented; for there is as much need for the services of medical women in Northern Pennsylvania as elsewhere. MARGARET G. YOUNG.

Philadelphia, June 28th 1856.

CONTRIVANCE.—As Dr. Darwin was walking in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then taking up with his feet the trunk or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, he saw it; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this it alighted again on the gravel walk, and then the other, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty.

A modern writer says: "I never give a man credit for having the power to do what he never does. Plausibility is very imposing, no doubt; but when I see one of whom people say, 'He has talent, he has genius, if he would use them right,' I think 'tis a sham, and not the real thing; for sound talent and true genius don't go with a laggard spirit—they are like a spur in the heel to keep a man advancing."

GEOGRAPHY ACCORDING TO COCKERY.—The ocean, according to geographers, is contained in five great basins—not more "nut shells"—they are rather sizeable dishes which hold the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Arctic, and the Antarctic Oceans? We may add that they are all earthen basins, and that the Eastern is contained in a China one!

Freiheit u. die Union.

Freiheit:—Zeit oder nimmer, Zeit und für immer!

Mei.: Frisch auf, Samaritanen, auf's Pferd! auf's Pferd!

Ihr Söhne der Freiheit, erwacht! erwacht! Zeit gilt's für die heiligen Rechte Der Menschheit zu kämpfen mit Kraft und Macht!

Sonst werden wir alle noch Knechte! Wer die Freiheit nicht als höchstes Gut Ist selber der Ketten und Fesseln werth. Es haben die Händler in Menschensleisch Sich Kansas zum Opfer erkoren.

Dem Süden her tönet das Rabengeschrei Der freileibenslieblichen Löhren: "Wir wollen die Herren von Kansas sein, Sonst trennen wir uns vom Staatsverein."

Doch der Norden donnert es laut zurück: "Es ist aus mit der Herrschaft der Sünder, Zu Ende gepfeift ist das schändliche Stück, Dem patriarhalischen Junter: "Kein Fuß breit Landes hinfürd sei Euch offen für Euer Tyrann!"

"Längst habt Ihr mit frevelndem Uebermuth "Ob des nördlichen Bruders gefächelt, "Der den eigenen Kräften vertrauen kann!"

"Brüll "Büd und Bred" so laut Ihr wollt, "Unser Wahlspruch ist, Fremont und Dayton, "Und wenn Ihr auch droht und schnollt und grohlt, "Wir tangen nicht länger an Drähten; "Die Freiheitsflamme ist angefaßt, "Die hölle zittert, der Himmel lacht!" (Republ. Blatte.)

In Illinois wurde bekanntlich von den vorigen Republikanern ein Deutscher, Hr. Hoffmann, für das Vice-Gouverneurs-Amt nominirt. Gegen den Mann ist nicht einzuwenden. Was thun also die Demokraten, sie lassen im Recordament nachsehen, wie lange Hr. Hoffmann Bürger ist, und finden zu ihrer Freude aus, daß ihm an der gefälligen Zeit noch 6 Monate fehlen. —Dadurch gibt die Ill. Staatszgt. nachstehendes zum Besten:

Wer sind jetzt die Know-nothings? Unter Know-nothings verstehen die Deutschen gewöhnlich Leute, die nicht wollen daß Deutsche zu Einwohnern und Wählern kommen. Für unsere Staat war von den Republikanern ein Deutscher zur zweiten Stelle nominirt und es bald dies geschähen war, gaben sich amerikanische und deutsche Sünder alsbald die größte Mühe ihn zu verulcunden und ihn, tod zu machen. Jetzt haben sie endlich ausgefunden, daß er noch keine vierzehn Jahre Bürger ist und deswegen nicht gewählt werden kann.

Großer Jubel über diesen Triumph. Und die deutschen Sünder jubeln mit, daß ein Landmann von ihnen nicht gewählt werden kann, weil er durch die Know-nothing-Zeit von 14 Jahren noch nicht Bürger ist! Früher schrien sie, auf unserer Seite seien die Know-nothings und jetzt jubeln sie, daß ein deutscher Bürger nicht gewählt werden kann, weil ihm ein halbes Jahr an 14 Jahren Bürgerzeit fehlt. Ist dies nicht echt heuchlerisch national? Diese Gel wären im Stande sich die schändlichen Soldaten Wähler, der die 40 Stodrupel erweist und nachdem er sich richtig aufgeführt hatte, sich halb todtlaufen wollte über den Pleuren, daß er den falschen Müller, gepöbeln habe. Wohlgerichtet also: die Partei, die beständig gegen Know-nothings schreit, ist es, die Recordbücher nachschlägt und sieht, ob einem Kandidaten nicht ein halbes Jahr oder ein Jahr an 14 Jahren Bürgerzeit fehlt. Werden die Deutschen bald einsehen, wo die echten Know-nothings stecken?

Maßt alle Arbeiter zu Slaven! Die Slavenzüchter sind progressiv. Nach vor Kurzem benigten sie sich mit der Ausdehnung der Sklaverei über die freien Territorien, jetzt verlangen sie die Ausdehnung der Sklaverei über die freien Arbeiter. "Reine freie Arbeiter mehr, a l l e Arbeiter, seien sie weiß oder schwarz, sollen Sklaven sein." So lautet jetzt die große gesellschaftliche Reformmarime der Sklavenzüchter.

In einem kürzlich von einem Virginiaer Namens George Fitzhugh herausgegebenen Werke, betitelt: "Free Society a Failure" heißt es: "Maßt den Arbeiter zum Sklaven eines Mannes, statt zum Sklaven der Gesellschaft, und er wird viel besser daran sein. Zwischenverjährte Freiheit hat die weißen Arbeiter zu armen Banditen gemacht, freie Gesellschaft ist miflungen, und dasjenige muß dafür substituirt werden, was nicht reich ist. Da sagen die Altklontisten: 'der Mensch solle keinen Menschen als Eigenthum besitzen.' Wie traurig, fälsche und ungesund würde diese Welt sein wäre eine solche Doktrine ausgeführt. Sklaverei war zu allgemein, um nicht eine Nothwendigkeit für die Natur zu sein, und der Mensch kämpft vergebens gegen die Natur. Freie Gesellschaft ist ein Falliment, eine monströse Frühgeburt, und Sklaverei das gesunde, schöne und natürliche Wesen, welches man ohne zu wissen anzunehmen versucht. Die Sklaven sind besser regiert, als die freien Arbeiter des Nordens. Untere Regier sind nicht allein in ihrem physischen Comfort besser daran, als freie Arbeiter, sondern auch ihr moralischer Zustand ist besser."

"Wir nehmen nicht die Theorie an, daß Sam der Stammvater der Negerrace war. Die jüdischen Sklaven waren keine Negerr, Rechtfertigung der Sklaverei auf jene Race zu beschränken, würde ihre biblische Autorität schwächen und das ganze Gewicht der profanen Autorität verlieren, den für Isen von keiner Negerrace in alten Zeiten. Sklaverei, schwarz oder weiß, ist recht und notwendig. Die Menschen sind nicht als berechtigt zu gleichen Rechten geboren. Wel nader wäre es der Wahrheit, wollte man sagen, daß einige mit Säugeln auf ihren Hüften, und die andern gefesselt und gepörselt um sie zu reiten, geboren sind und daß das Christentum ihnen gut. Sie bedürfen das Jügel des Christen und des Sporns. Leben und Freiheit sind nicht u n e r z u h e r l i c h. Die Unabingigkeitserklärung ist abtrünnlich falsch und verabschwörungswürdig betrügerisch."

Also das Wohl der Gesellschaft erstreckt, daß alle Arbeiter Sklaven seien, daß das große Dogma der Sklavenzüchter, des Grundsteins der jeglichen sogenannten demokratischen Partei, und um diese Partei in Macht zu bringen, um sie und durch sie die