

New Years Greeting.

The sands run out—once more I sing
The requiem of the dying year,

We will yield him up to the cold embrace
Of a wintry night and a snowy shroud;

Eighteen Hundred Fifty-Seven!—
Sinless child as yet we know you;

Broken is the peace of Freedom
And its harp is all unstrung;

O, ye men who boast of springing
From the loins of patriot sires!

Ye remember: Then remember
Freedom bleeds now, as then!

Clothed with fire, a giant specter
Standeth in our senate hall,

Hears of dear and blood-bought Freedom!
Children of the martyred dead!

Times fifty-two have I come to you
Within the twelvemonth past,

SKETCH OF THE HEAVENS AT NIGHT.—
We are at this time (says the Albany Transcript)

Good.—The Sleighting.

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."

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 3.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 8, 1857.

NO. 24.

Mr. Cobb: The following lines were found on the floor
of the Session Room of the Presbyterian church of this place,

The hours are voiceless Angels,
That all go gliding by,

Like summer bees that hover
Around the life flowers,

And some fit by on pinions
Of joyous golden wings,

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,

So teach me, Heavenly Father,
To meet each flying hour,

Oh! leave her out an evening,
In a splendid dress of blue,

So I watched the glancing twinkles
Of her pretty little feet;

And I wondered if a body
Who should wed with her perhaps,

Then I thought upon the weather,
And the crib in which I slept,

Select Miscellany.
Go Back Rose; You're too Little to Come.

There were three of us—Kate, Annette,
and myself—and we were going into the old
wood to hunt strawberries.

Annette Summers and I, had been invited
to spend the half-holiday with our schoolmate,

There was a rude seat at the doorway,
made of the little boughs of the white birch,

"I wish I were you, Kate," exclaimed Annette,
after we had spent half the long summer

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"Go back, Rose; you're too little to come.
Go back! go back!"

Kate always had a way of being minded,
and the little one put her fingers to her eyes,

We hurried on in the direction of the wood,
without giving a single glance backward.

We had gone down the hill out of the
wood, and crossed several roads of the meadow-land,

We saw it, and hurried toward it. It was
Rose. At first we thought she was dead.

Scarcely seemed the faintest breath to steal
from her parted lips, and the pulsations of her

with our hands, and we had answered, that
we couldn't stop. We made one now. She

Mrs. Harrington met us at the door with
a wild look of alarm. "Good heavens, Kate!"

"No, ma'am; but she went into the meadow,
and got to sleep, and we found her

Oh, there were anxious hearts in Deacon
Harrington's brown house that night.

Three days passed—days of incessant
watching and weariness—and toward evening

"I cannot say she's better, madam. God
knows I wish I could; but Rose must die

The mother's great grief was not noisy.—
She quietly lifted her darling from the bed

"Pleese, mamma," said the little one at
length—"am I big enough to go to heaven?"

"And, mamma, do you s'pose he'll forgive
me for sitting down in the meadow to watch

"Yes, my pet, the good Saviour will forgive
you for anything, if you are only sorry;

"I heard somebody say I must go, when I
was asleep, mother; a beautiful lady, with

There were tears, sighs, a funeral, and a
little coffin. The rosebud opened its petals

From the New York Independent.
A Scene in Virginia.

While travelling not long ago in one of the
southwestern counties in Virginia, the following

in the stage coach, soon after breakfast, the
morning being a delightful one in the latter

He replied he was going down a few miles to
live with Master——, who kept the stage

Turning from the boy the driver remarked
to me in an under tone, "the boy is deceived;

Shortly after we drew near the place where
the boy supposed he was to stop; he began

A look of vexation crossed Kate's face and
she called out in a tone of extreme irritability

the stage here." The boy, in astonishment,
replied: "Yes, I is; I's got a letter for

By this time we had reached the house,
and Master——making his appearance,

John (for that was the boy,) delivered his
letter and appealed to Master——to deliver

No reply was made. He exclaimed again,
"Tell me if I'se sold?" This last appeal

The boy threw himself back on the top of
the stage, and rolling in agony, sent up such

The passengers were deeply moved by the
distress of the boy, and tried in various ways

When his agony had somewhat abated, he
exclaimed, "Oh, if they had only left me

By this time we had passed on some two or three
miles since leaving the last stand; when

He mounted his box and drove on a mile
or so, when he reined up his horses to a

"Where are your sons?" He replied, they
left home this morning to hunt a negro, and

He would naturally be inclined to admire that
most which presented the fairest proportions

Little is known of her birth, family, or
education. It was not the fashion of those

—his habits of thought would lead him to
meditate upon the connection between mind

On the 10th ult. the wife of Mr. J. H. Suydam,
was brought to the door of her own

Her little son, four years and a half old
went into the house, emptied the water out

WHAT IS COMING.—If Buchanan is elected
we are certain to have the admission of

1. Kansas as a Slave State.
2. Nicaragua as a Slave State.

3. Cuba as a Slave State.
4. Another Slave State from Texas.

5. The half of California as a Slave State.
6. The whole of Mexico.

Do you like the programme?—Manchester
(N. H.) American.

We do, and in the language of Patrick
Henry, we say, "let it come!"—Squatter

Sovereign.

Communications.

For The Agitator.

Xantippe.

Such is human nature that whenever we
read the lives of distinguished men, there is

Xantippe is a celebrated woman on several
accounts. First as being the wife of Socrates

The times are happily changed in their
views of woman. Men have found that a

We learn that Socrates supported himself
for some time by his chisel, and must have

It would seem then, judging from analogy,
that he sought her hand as a sort of philo-

tirely overlooked;—a too common thing in
treating of human character.

It is evident that with the little attention
Socrates paid his domestic affairs, the mother

"An honest, prudent wife was she,
And was always inclined

A prudent wife and a true mother, though
she do not all times control her temper,

H. B. E.

From the Elmira Advertiser.
An Important Invention—New
Machine for Grinding Saws.

Elmira is destined to be well represented
in the Patent Office Reports for 1856.

E. Andrews.....Machine for Grinding Saws,
W. B. Hatch.....Marble-Sawing Machine.

On Tuesday last a patent was issued to E.
Andrews, (a young and enterprising saw

—We will simply state, however, that a large
grinding stone is placed in a perpendicular

The inventor claims for his machine that it
is the only one yet introduced that will

This machine is also adapted to grind gang,
cross-cut, hand and other saws, and to im-

It is a popular delusion to think that an
editor is a public bellows, bound to puff

A lady told her husband she read the "Art
of Love" on purpose to be agreeable to him,

"The man who 'shot at random' did not
hit it—he has since left his rifle to the youth

In Florida they put thieves in the pillory
and pett them with rotten eggs. Ever after

they are "in bad odor."