

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, MARCH 12, 1857.

NO. 33

Terms of Publication. THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning...

Rates of Advertising. Advertisements will be charged 60 per square for the first insertion...

TO A FRIEND. Be still and know that I am God. - Psalm 46-10.

Select Miscellany. The Merchant's Test. BY MARY L. MEANI. "Dick, I am afraid the old man has taken it into his head to set you adrift."

long admired the integrity and strict application of the young man, whose praises he had frequently heard from Mr. Beale.

On Monday evening he knocked at the door of Mr. Beale's room, and in a few words as possible requested the wages due to him, as he was engaged to go to another house on the morrow.

"I have known of your engagement since Wednesday," replied Mr. Beale. "Mr. Curtis informed me of it. May I ask the motive of this secret and unusual proceeding on your part? I believe I gave you no cause for so sudden a determination to quit my employment—did I?"

You will find Mr. Curtis a more indulgent employer than you are leaving, your salary will be larger than it has been here, for that on the whole, perhaps, you are no loser, and I hope for your sake that your first error will prove also your last.

The Downfall of Hoops. From The N. Y. Evening Post. Not many weeks since we sought to enlighten our readers upon the perplexing subject of hoops and crinolines, by disclosing the secrets of their manufacture, naming the more fashionable varieties, picturing their future as it rose glowing before us, and making appropriate moral reflections, which we enforced and illustrated by a copious citation of ancient and modern authorities, both in prose and verse.

Communications. Letter from the West. [The enclosed letter is from a citizen of this County, now traveling in the West. A friend has handed it to me for publication, together with several others of the same series.]

DEAR WIFE: We left Crandall Prairie the next morning; and after traveling over the Prairie some seven or eight miles, came to the St. Croix River at the Falls, which is the head of steamboat navigation on this stream.

the mercury standing 32 degrees below zero; and as it was so cold we could not sleep, and having burnt up our supply of wood, we at 10 o'clock A. M.; again started on our journey by the light of the moon.

Mercantile Success. Here comes out of the far eastern woods, a young ploughboy—with open brow, and dark, searching eyes, and hardy sinews. His feet are bare upon the pavement. His wallet is empty—a little bundle tied up in a checked handkerchief, contains the sum total of his worldly possessions.

Richard Wilkins was too sick at heart to reply. He turned to the desk and endeavored to concentrate his wandering thoughts upon his work, but in vain.

Several days after, Mr. Beale brought Richard a letter to seal and deposit in the post office as he went to dinner. At the same time he sent Philip to a neighboring store on business, which would detain him some time.

"DEAR SIR—I wish your nephew to arrive if possible, by Tuesday, the thirteenth, as on that day young Wilkins's year will have expired, and it is desirable that his successor should be on the spot to enter immediately on his duties."

The blood mounted to Richard's brow as he read. For an instant he forgot the consequences to himself of the threatened blow, in indignation at his employer's duplicity.

Richard's eyes were intently bent upon the papers. One was in the merchant's handwriting, a notice of Richard Wilkins having been admitted as a junior partner into his old and established business firm; the others were the necessary legal papers relating thereto.

"Well, young man, do you understand the matter now?" "Oh, sir!" said Richard, turning his eyes imploringly on him, and unable to express his tortured feelings, he bent his head on the table to conceal the fast gushing tears.

"Regret is unavailing now," said Mr. Beale, in his clear, cold tones. "I had every reason to place confidence in you. During this four years I have observed your conduct closely. It was such as to satisfy me, and resolving to reward your strict integrity and faithfulness, I had decided to take you into partnership, as you see by these papers, prepared nearly two months ago, and only wanting signatures and date. My friend Mr. Oglethorp, had frequently mentioned his nephew, whom he much desired me to employ.

"No, I did not think it necessary to speak of it," said Mr. Beale, "for I had reason to think it was your first departure from the straight road; and though all business connection between us has ceased, yet I would not wish to injure your reputation by revealing an act which I thought you would regret."

Other incidental benefits will suggest themselves to husbands, fathers and lovers. We do not profess ourselves competent even to speculate concerning the probable successor of the circle infinite. Let the Empress Eugenie decide. Let all those who have suggestions to offer bring them forward.

Let Congress of Fashion and Dress-reform Conventions meet at once and devise a new style, so that ladies may not be forced to fall back on the old fashions, and thus tacitly admit that crinolines have been merely epical, and not a necessary link in the history of human progress.

But while Fifth Avenue and Gramercy Park are bidding farewell to the defunct mode, or less ambitious localities will adopt it in their turn. Crinolines will begin to figure in the laundry and kitchen; Centre street will be swept by expanded skirts, and country clowns will crack the poor jokes on the "costs and circumference" of the village damsels.

It may be, too, that before this fashion has entirely disappeared, a similar necessity to that which it owes its birth may arise, and the Empress may again seek to hide the future beneath her ample skirts.

The land from the Falls up the St. Croix to this point is good, and well timbered with hard wood of various kinds, and tolerably well watered. We have seen to day a great deal of Sugar Maple forest—as far as we can judge from the routes we have traveled, so far we find Minnesota the best country we have passed through since we left home.

We have now left the Government Road, as it is not cut out any further than a little this side of Snake River. We are now following an old Indian trail, and it is all we can do to get our team and baggage through, over the logs and rocks and through the ravines brush, &c.

Here we were soon surrounded by Chippewa Indians, there being a number of wigwams just up the bank of the river from our camp. They are a hard looking set, filthy, indolent and living most by begging.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings.

At Twin Lakes we again came upon the Government Road, it being opened from this point to Superior, twenty-one miles. Here we found a little more snow; as it commenced snowing about this time and we were very tired, we called it sleighing and rode from there to Superior in our sleigh, where we arrived a little after dark, having been upon the road a little over four weeks, and made an overland passage from Lacrosse here, of a little over 400 miles.

The land from the Falls up the St. Croix to this point is good, and well timbered with hard wood of various kinds, and tolerably well watered. We have seen to day a great deal of Sugar Maple forest—as far as we can judge from the routes we have traveled, so far we find Minnesota the best country we have passed through since we left home.

They bury him with great honour, and the undertaker disregards expense. His next friends open his desk to see who are to put into their garners that which he has raked together. They find the half sheet with the sum total, and smile with pleasant expectation. They find the half sheet with the unfinished programme of possible charities, and smile on. But they find no will, and look blank and troubled.

He will have leisure to understand it all! We hear a voice that spake once on earth—saying, "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

He is a white-haired man. His name is great on 'Change, and as he passes through State Street, all make obeisance. The flood of wealth keeps pouring in, and he has his hands full to know what to do with it.

He still down to plan a legal instrument that shall devise his estates to uses of public benefit. He will make inquiries concerning this and that. He lays by the half sheet, half covered, and taking another proceeds to calculate how many millions the total is, which is to be thus divided—and with pardonable self-esteem, says to himself, "It is pretty well for a bare-footed boy."

The next day the coffee is growing cold on the breakfast table, and his housekeeper, goes up to knock unanswered at his door—goes in to find him sleeping the long sleep upon his customary couch. A coroner's jury would say, "It is a visitation of God," as if it had not been the "visitation of God" that had kept off death for three score years and ten.

That transaction is now square with the world. The barefooted boy got a heap of gold, and his twentieth cousins spent it—and all is as it was before, as it was before—save that his soul will be likely to have some eternal modification in consequence of the getting, and theirs in consequence of the spending.