

Terms of Publication.

THE THOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of One Dollar per annum, in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp "Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

THE AGITATOR

Dedicated 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, THOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY-MORNING, MARCH 26, 1857.

NO. 35.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly, and Yearly advertising:—

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower? Is the day breaking? comes the wished for hour? Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand, If the bright morning dawns upon the land.

RESIGNATION

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there. There is no fire-side, however defended, But has one vacant chair.

A GOOD LIT.

A Methodist divine of this city on last Sunday administered a most severe rebuke to a common custom in those days, of reading advertisements from the pulpit.

ANXIOUS FATHER.

"What am I to do with you, sir—what am I to do with you. Do you know if you continue in your present course of cruelty and cowardice you will be fit for nothing but a member of Congress?"

DISTRACTED MOTHER.

"Oh don't say that, father, don't father! you will humiliate the boy."

YOUNG AMERICA.

A father holding his little son across his knees and spanking him, the little urchin bit him severely on the leg, on which the parent said: "You young dog, now dare you bite me?"

Select Miscellany.

MICHAEL AND POWLESKA.

A REMARKABLE SPIRIT REVELATION.

A circumstance fully as remarkable as any recorded occurred at Odessa in the year 1842. An old blind man named Michael had for many years been accustomed to get his living by seating himself every morning on a beam in one of the timber yards, with a wooden bowl at his feet, into which passengers cast their alms.

A Sketch of Dr. Kane.

The following account of Dr. Kane, of the departure of himself and party from the Brig Advance, in which they had sheltered themselves from the severity of the two Arctic winters is illustrative of the beautiful Christian spirit that adorned his character, and his entirely unselfish appreciation of duty.

Badly Sold.

Ben, a speculator in bivalves, had taken in a counterfeit three dollar bill, and not relishing such dead capital, he conceived the idea of giving it to Tom who was a rollicking sort of a fellow, and could make it go if anybody could.

Physician's Evidence on Dancing.

That beautiful, graceful accomplishment of dancing, so pervaded by late hours and the indecency of fashionable attire, has outraged many sensible people, and led them to deprive the young of one of the most simple and healthful enjoyments, because it has been abused.

Letter from the West.

[The enclosed letter is from a citizen of this County, now traveling in the West. A friend has handed it in for publication, together with several others of the same series. The reading will doubtless be interesting to many of our readers.]

Had 'em at Last.

A young man from the "rural districts" went to the post office the other day for a dollar's worth of postage stamps. He was told that paper money was not received.

The Darkey and the Deer.

"Mack," the Detroit correspondent of Porter's Spirit, is responsible for the following:

Who Writes the Negro Songs?

The principal writer of our national music, is Stephen C. Foster, the author of "Uncle Ned."

If we wished to make a novel remark.

one that would electrify the world with its dazzling brilliancy and entire originality—we would very modestly suggest that "Winter fingers in the lap of Spring."

It is Luck.

He went afterward to a broad street that leads to the harbor, and he entered the third house on the right.

What is the name of the street?

"I don't know; but the house is one story lower than the adjoining ones."

But since you saw all this, why did you keep the plate—why did you not give information?

"But I did not see it then, Michael showed it to me last night."

But what should induce Catharine to do this?

"Michael was her husband, and she had forsaken him to come to Odessa and marry again."

And it is Michael who had told you this?

"Yes; he came very pale and covered with blood, and he took me by the hand and showed me all this with his fingers."

Upon this, Luck and Catharine were arrested; and it was ascertained that she had actually been married to Michael in the year 1819, at Kherson.

What a dilemma for a physician!

What a dilemma for a child!

Did you ever intend your daughter to play the piano, guitar, or other musical instrument?

"O, yes," was the answer.

Why, I continued, why show such partiality to the upper extremities?

The hands are rendered happy as a medium of melody; the feet are rendered equally happy in the same way.

A nice afternoon school received the little girl, who grew in health and harmony every month as she followed the hygienic rules prescribed for her.

Ben, a speculator in bivalves, had taken in a counterfeit three dollar bill, and not relishing such dead capital, he conceived the idea of giving it to Tom who was a rollicking sort of a fellow, and could make it go if anybody could.

Let's see the plaster, said Tom; and after examining it carefully, put it in his vest pocket, remarking, "It's an equal division—a dollar and a half apiece."

"Yes," said Ben.

"All right," said Tom, and he sauntered away.

A few minutes after he quietly stepped into the office of his friend Ben, purchased a can of oysters for one dollar and a half, and lays down the three dollar bill in payment for them.

The clerk looked at the bill rather doubtingly, when his suspicions were immediately calmed by Tom, who told him there was "no use looking, for he had received that bill from Ben himself not ten minutes since."

Of course the clerk, with this assurance, immediately forked over the dollar and a half change, and with this deposit and the can of oysters Tom left.

Shortly afterwards he met Ben, who asked him if he had passed the bill.

"Oh yes," said Tom, "here's your share," at the same time passing over the dollar and a half to Ben.

That night when Ben made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the same old counterfeit three in the drawer.

Turning to his loom tenes he asked:

"Where did you get this cursed bill?—Didn't you know it was a counterfeit?"

"Why, Tom gave it to me, and I suspected it from you, but he said he had just received it from you, and I therefore took it."

The whole thing had penetrated the wool of Ben, and with a peculiar grin he muttered "Sold," and charged a can of oysters to profit and loss account.

So much for opinions.—The Northern Independent, a progressive Methodist paper, started to represent the more decided anti-slavery sentiment of that body, has, in six months, attained a circulation of 10,000.

The principal editor is the Rev. William Howser.

A Little Girl, walking in Greenwood Cemetery, and reading one after another the praises upon the tomb-stones of those who slept beneath, exclaimed, "I wonder where all the sinners are buried!"

A Gift and a Sell.—Dewy, the Burlington, Vt., grocer, (who judging by his advertisements, must have got his "license" from Apollo, sent to the editor of the Free Press, which was found to consist of a ham and an empty cigar box, accompanied by the following note:—"I send you a box of cigars and a ham both well smoked."

The editor, being neither a Jew nor a smoker, was pleased with his present, and made his acknowledgements accordingly.

Do you know the name of this man?

"I do not know; but the house is one story lower than the adjoining ones."

But since you saw all this, why did you keep the plate—why did you not give information?

"But I did not see it then, Michael showed it to me last night."

But what should induce Catharine to do this?

"Michael was her husband, and she had forsaken him to come to Odessa and marry again."

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