

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA 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 is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County. Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$4 per year.

MY BOY.

He is such a lovely cherub, My darling, darling boy— The pride of his young mother's heart, Her greatest source of joy, With eyes of dark and thoughtful depth, And curls of sunny brown, Which cluster o'er a pure high brow That never knew a frown. Such rosy-tinted cheeks—and lips Now closely pressed to mine— Such dimpled hands—and chubby arms That round my neck do twine. My heart is welling o'er with love For thee my cherished one; Was ever mother blest, with such A darling, darling son?

The Female Spy.

At the time General Howe landed upon Staten Island with a well-appointed army under his command, with the object of wresting from the Americans possession of the City of New York, there was, in a neighboring town of New Jersey, a young lady—a young girl, we might say, for she could not have seen more than sixteen summers—who was eminently distinguished for her beauty, talents, wit, vivacity, and all those striking characteristics which, in a female, please and fascinate the opposite sex, and win her admirers among the old and young. She was the daughter of a Major Moncrieffe, of the British Engineer Corps, and her gifted mind gave evidence of the lavish expenditure which his affection had induced him to make to secure to her a brilliant education. The occupation of Staten Island necessarily brought the war into her immediate vicinity, and the neighboring towns on the Jersey shore having become unsafe as a place of residence, she adopted the plan of appealing to General Putnam for protection. The General sent for her, and took her under his own individual guardianship, and while he remained in New York she continued to be a member of his family. Here she passed the time, in company with Mrs. Putnam and her daughters, in spinning and weaving clothing for the American soldiers. The battle of Long Island, and the subsequent retreat of Washington and his army from the city, caused a change in the aspect of affairs, and we find her soon afterward at the house of a Mr. Wood, near Peekskill, on the Hudson River. The advent of such an accomplished and beautiful creature as Miss Moncrieffe could not be otherwise than a subject of interest to the residents of Peekskill and its vicinity, and she soon became the centre of attraction of a brilliant circle of beaux, among whom were a number of the officers attached to the American army in the neighborhood. Although at heart a bitter uncompromising Royalist, Miss Moncrieffe managed so admirably to conceal that fact, and lead those about her to believe that she entertained the warmest feelings of interest in, and earnest desire for, the success of the American cause, that none hesitated to converse before her regarding the plans and operations of the Americans without the least reserve. She took advantage of this fact to get possession of important information, which she was in the habit of transmitting to General Howe, through the means of a poor wretch who served as a convenient instrument in her nefarious plans. Being a splendid equestrienne, it was customary with her to ride along the banks of the Hudson in pleasant weather; and she seized these opportunities to communicate with her messenger, and, through him, with the British commander. At regular intervals she would ride down the road, and, at a spot where it passed through a thick wood, she would stop, as though upon some ordinary occasion, and hum a bar of some tune agreed upon. In a moment after, the head, followed by the shoulders and body of a man, would emerge from the dense underbrush; and, while he pushed back the leaves with one hand, the other was held out to receive the missive which he knew was prepared for him. In this way the English General received much valuable information, and so secretly and discreet was it managed that the Americans never once suspected that their fair enchantress was the spy to whose activity and efficiency they owed the frustration of many of their plans. Accident at length unveiled her duplicity and crime. On one occasion, as she was taking her accustomed ride down the road, her horse was startled at the barking of a dog which darted out from a farm yard which she was passing, and shied to the opposite side so suddenly as to throw her to the ground with violence. The females in the house, who had witnessed the accident, ran out, took her tenderly up in their arms, and conveyed her within doors, while the man went in pursuit of her horse. The force with which she had fallen had rendered her insensible, and she was laid upon a bed, while every means at the command of her nurses was used for her resuscitation. Anxious to give her a free respiration, one of them opened the front of her riding habit, and, as she did so, a letter dropped from that receptacle upon the floor. It was picked up and placed upon the table without exciting curiosity. At

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. 3. WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 16, 1857. NO. 51.

Communications.

A Woman's Voice Against Slavery.

Who, that has a heart not wholly lost to all feelings of patriotism, can look out upon the present condition of our land, and not exclaim, Alas! my country! to what fatal end are you hastening? Every southern breeze brings to us the groanings of the oppressed and downtrodden; every western zephyr is compelled to bear on its wings the records of crimes, for which a barbarous nation might blush. Yet this is called a land of liberty. Ah! how mistaken! This land, which has opened her arms to receive the oppressed of other nations, which has so nobly offered succor to the exiled and distressed, and afforded happy homes to so many of those who have sought her shores, persists in riveting upon her own subjects, chains more galling, than are laid upon the slaves of any other land called civilized. Great enough were the crimes, to stamp everlasting infamy upon our country's name, were the colored slave alone, kept in bondage. But we know that many are bought and sold, who bear so slight a resemblance to any but the fairest of our own countrymen, as to forbid the suspicion that they are descendants of a colored race; and this, Oh! this, with all its attendant vices, is the darkest stain upon our nation. Is it a slight thing to crush all the better feelings of a human being; to quench the aspirations of the immortal soul; and deny to it that light and instruction which Christ has commanded his servants to bear to every creature? Is the breaking up of families, the sundering of the holiest ties of life, and the desecration of all that is sacred to humanity—is this a trifle? Yet this, all grows out of the system which our government sustains—aye, and endeavors to extend. To the wretched, heart-broken, downtrodden and scourged slave, is denied "the bread of life;" and he, who dares to assist the longing spirit in its endeavors to break through the bond of ignorance which envelops it, and gratify that desire for knowledge, which God has implanted in every breast, is hunted, and punished, as the basest of criminals. And our government connives at all this. Look, for one moment, at the thousand evils growing out of this system, and then, if you can, say that it is not a curse to our land—a curse, which will never be removed, until it perverts the better capacities of man; it excites his cupidity to such a degree, that he can remorselessly steal and sell the souls and bodies of his fellow man; it brutalizes his feelings, until he hesitates not to scourge, without mercy, a human being; it leads him to exasperation against every person who dares to reason against this iniquitous system; it leads him to deny instruction to the souls which are under his control; and it conspires to efface, from all who are connected with it, the last, faint semblance which man originally bore to his Creator. Who can deny that it perverts the judgment, when the only offence for which one of our citizens was held for weeks, and even months, a prisoner, was, that he had imparted the knowledge, to one in bondage, that she was on free soil? And is this an isolated case? Would it were. But similar instances are numerous. If judgment were unbiased, and reason ruled, we should not have before our eyes, the record of the most shameful statute which has ever disgraced one of the States of our "beautiful west." The law, to fine a man, and even imprison and sell him on default of fine, simply for coming into the State, and peacefully remaining there, is a new species of refined justice. Yet its execution was only prevented, by the payment of the required sum, by one, who would fain save his country from the stigma which must attach to such a step. Need we speak of the course which has been taken in regard to Kansas? Do not all the world know of the baseness of our rulers, in managing the affairs of that distressed portion of our country? We have too much reason to believe that many, now in authority, have, Judas like, bartered innocent blood for gain. And, as they have gone thus far in their traitorous acts, it would, perhaps, be better for their country, if they would follow a little farther in the steps of their illustrious predecessor. Look at the incidents which have just transpired upon our coast—vessels arrested in the act of setting out upon the basest expedition which sends ever invented—and candor must concede, that this system creates an inordinate desire for wealth and power. That it brutalizes the feelings, is too clearly proven to admit of a doubt, by the reliable testimony which is constantly pouring in upon us, of repeated uses of the scourge and torture, for the most trivial offences. No one is safe where this power holds sway, if he speaks against it. He must like one of the noblemen of our land, not only bring the word of God, the constitution of our country, and even arms of defence, to prevent molestation, yet these combined, do not always avail him. And it is not only in the portion of our land where this system holds sway, that this spirit is manifested. But even here, in the north, in that portion which is in a measure free from the curse, a minister is dismissed by his congregation, for speaking against the sale of the souls and bodies of men, the hunting up of the fleeing slave, and returning him again to bondage—and a professedly Christian paper comes out with the commendation: "Served him right!" A minister cannot obey the injunction of his Master; "Go ye into all the world, and

preach the gospel to every creature," and be safe. Were he to attempt to impart sufficient knowledge, to enable the poor slave to understand the teachings of the Bible, he would be unfitting him for bondage. Ignorance and slavery must go together. There are those, in the south, who even advocate the enslaving of the poor whites; "for," say they, "it were better to be the slave of one man, than of the whole community." Does not this prove the degenerating influence which slavery exerts upon all who are connected with it? There are nobler minds, and more philanthropic hearts in the possession of many of the poor laborers here, than can be found among those, who advocate or assent to such sentiments. To be a poor man at the south, must be misery, scarcely less than that endured by the slave. The moral blight, which has fallen upon every thing there, is most severely felt by him. Every avenue for his improvement is closed, and it would be almost certain destruction to every hope, or comfort, for him to express an opinion differing from those, under whose influence he is. Ministers of the Gospel have not escaped the contamination. There are not a few who uphold this system, or tacitly assent to it. With all of that "charity which hopeth all things," it is almost impossible, to believe that any person, in this enlightened age, can be so egregiously ignorant, as to advocate, or even behold such iniquity in silence, and have within his breast the spirit of Christ. When we look at all these things, the startling question is brought home "Will not God visit, in judgment, this nation?" "Will not the cry of the oppressed enter into the ears of the most High?" Though he bear long with this iniquity, yet fearful must be the reckoning, when he "brings every word, with every secret thought into judgment." Then, the oppressed, and oppressor will receive their reward. And what, if the blood of those souls, who have been compelled to live and die in heathenish darkness, in a civilized land, be found upon those, who denied unto them "the bread of life?"

The Two Heirs.

"I remember," says a late Postmaster General of the United States, "the first time I visited Burlington, Vt., as Judge of the Supreme Court. I had left it many years before a poor boy. At the time I left, there were two families of special note for their standing and wealth. Each of them had a son about my own age. I was very poor and they very rich. During the long years of hard toil which had passed before my return, I had almost forgotten them. They had already forgotten me. Approaching the Court House, for the first time, in company with several gentlemen of the bench and bar, I noticed in the court yard, a huge pile of old furniture, about to be sold at auction. The scenes of early boyhood, with which I was surrounded, prompted me to ask those who it was, I was told it belonged to Mr. J. I remember a family of that name, very wealthy; there was a son, too; can it be he? I was told that it was even so. He was the son of one of the families already alluded to. He had inherited more than I had earned, and spent it all; and now his own family was reduced to want, and his very furniture was that day to be sold for debt. I went into the court house suddenly, yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was one of the first cases called, originated in a low, drunken quarrel between Mr. A. and Mr. H. Mr. H., thought I, that is a familiar name. Can it be? In short, I found indeed that this was the son of the other wealthy man referred to. I was overwhelmed alike with astonishment and thanksgiving—astonishment at the change in our relative standing, and thanksgiving that I was not born to inherit wealth without toil." That poor boy has since been Postmaster General of the United States, and is now one of the United States Senators from Vermont. Those fathers provide better for their children who leave them with the highest education, the purest morals, and—the least

Little Histories.

I have thought it might be interesting to you, if I should sketch the lives of some of the notabilities of our town. I have learned a few days ago I was at Mrs. Allen's, and in speaking of Mrs. Allen, she said: "Shall I tell you of the first time I ever saw her? It is a story I tell but seldom. I gladly assented, for I had often wished to know something of her early history, and I knew they had long been acquainted. You know I commenced life here, she resumed, as a seamstress, working for Mrs. Mellen, milliner and dressmaker. Mr. Mellen was a mechanic, and hired several young men who boarded in the house, which made a considerable family of pleasant and sociable young people. When I had been here about two years, I was passing up the street one afternoon, when my attention was arrested by a farmer's oxen, which were tied standing in the sun, had started off with the wagon towards home. My first impulse was to stop them myself, but fear, either of the oxen or of being seen, withheld me, and I was looking round for a boy to send, when a little girl ran by me and picking up a stick turned them around, and walking by them, drove them back to the store. As she passed me quite closely, I said to her: "You are a brave girl, I could not have done that." "I suppose you are not a farmer's girl," she replied in a somewhat curt tone, glancing up as if not quite pleased. "Yes, I am, or was at least," I answered. She stopped, and turning directly facing me, looked in my eyes for nearly a minute, then without speaking, went on with her oxen. A moment after, an uncouth, shaggy looking man came out of the store, threw some bundles into the wagon, and he and the girl getting in they drove away. Her image often recurred to me for several days. She was well browned by exposure to the sun, and her dress indicated less care than farmer's children usually receive; but her large, clear blue eye might have compensated for many defects, and I knew when she looked at me, it told of thought, but of what, I could not determine. This was in midsummer. A few weeks after, Mrs. Mellen said she had an application for an apprentice. A man from the country wanted to place his daughter with her. She was only twelve years old, but very smart with the needle, and very anxious to come, her father said. She had decided to receive her toward Fall when we should be hurried with work. About the first of October it was remarked at dinner that the new girl was coming. As Mrs. Mellen had said she was pretty, there was a little anxiety to see her, notwithstanding she was but a child. We had assembled in the supper room, when she came in with Mrs. Mellen. Though much improved in personal appearance, I at once recognized the heroine of the oxen.—The instant our eyes met, she stopped and regarded me with such a droll look of mingled surprise and inquiry, that I could not resist smiling, and some of the boys observing it, burst into a rude laugh. She colored deeply, and for a moment covered her face with her hands, then looking me in the face again, she exclaimed: "You was making fun of me, I know you was." I assured her I was not, that the boys were laughing because she looked at me so, that I had told nobody of our first meeting, and if she pleased, it should remain a secret between us. She stamped and said she did not like to be laughed at, till Mr. Mellen bade her

Printer vs. Orator.

Compare the orator with the newspaper, and we gain a faint glimpse of the ubiquitous power of the latter. The orator speaks to a few hundreds of thousands—the newspaper addresses its millions. The words of the orator may die on the air—the language of newspapers is stamped upon tables as imperishable as marble. The arguments of the orator may follow each other so rapidly that a majority of his hearers may struggle in a net of ratiocination—the reading in a newspaper may be scanned at leisure, without a fear of perplexity. The passion of an orator indames the whole assembly—the feeling of the newspaper sways the continent. The orator is for an audience—the newspaper is for the world; the one shines for an hour, the other for all time. The orator may be compared to lightning which flashes over a valley for a moment only, leaving it again in darkness; the newspaper to a sun blazing over a whole earth. Printing has been happily defined, "the art which preserves all arts. Printing makes the orator more than orator. It catches up his dying words, and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the speaking gallery through which the orator thunders forth in the year of ages. He leans from the tomb over the cradle of the rising generation.

Scenes Not Down in the Bills.

In the City of Providence, there was a large audience collected within the walls of the old theatre. The performance had reached the crisis wherein the dreadful villain of the play was to be shot—the fatal pistol was even pointed at its victim, the house was wrought up to the most intense excitement, and all was still as death. At this breathless period a highly respectable citizen in the stage-box arose, and addressing the hero of the pistol, while his wife sat by his side, her cheeks ashy pale and a thumb thrust into each ear, said:—"Mr. Duffy, Mr. Duffy, don't shoot the villain just yet! For love's sake desist!—Mighty afraid of a gun." The gun didn't explode, but the audience did. Duff waited, but they couldn't.

Six Years.

"Everything is arranged for your marriage with Susan Tompkins," said a father to his only son; "I hope you will behave yourself like a man, Thomas." The individual addressed was a young man seated in a chair, despatching a piece of bread and molasses. His only answer was a sigh accompanied by a flood of tears. The parent started, and in an angry voice demanded:—"What objections can you have? Susan is handsome and wealthy, and married you must be, sometime or other. Your mother and I were married, and it is my command that you prepare yourself for your nuptials." "Yes," finally sobbed Thomas, "that's a different thing. You married mother, but I'm sent away to marry a strange gal!"

Delicious Bath.

A grocer in Worcester, Mass., the other day left a hoghead of molasses standing in the back yard with the head out. A little Irish boy climbed up on the edge to get a chance at sticking his finger in the sweet fluid and then licking it, when he lost his balance, reeled, and over he went head first into the molasses. He was pulled out by the heels and led home, so stuck up that he wouldn't speak to his old friends.—They had a good time that night in the shanty, wringing out the clothes and scraping the molasses from his clothes into pails.

What is Legal Tender?

American gold coin in any amount—American silver to the amount of five dollars—three cent pieces to the amount of thirty cents, and one cent pieces to the amount of ten cents, are legal tender. When we see a pretty female foot, we naturally conclude that it belongs to a beautiful woman—on the principle "that all is well that ends well."

come to supper and be quiet. She was instantly quiet, and went to the table. She did not eat much, and seemed to notice nothing that was said, but when we left the table, she came and put her hand in mine, and looked earnestly in my face. I drew her aside, said I was glad to see her there, and asked if she should be friends. She said "yes, if I did not laugh at her." I assured her I did not, which she now seemed inclined to believe. We were good friends after that, but her deportment toward the rest of the family was reserved and somewhat defiant. Her father, mindful of her health, had stipulated that she should not work evenings. She was to receive nothing the first year but her board, and I feared that she would not be very well clothed. After a little, we found that she spent all the evenings while we were in the shop, alone in our sleeping room, but what she did none of us could learn. One evening in a week we went to evening school. She went with us, and would sit up after 9 o'clock to learn her lessons. After awhile, she told me of her own accord what she thought the first time we met. "I thought you a very fine lady," she said, and when you said you was a farmer's daughter, I wondered if I could be a lady too, and before I had done looking in your eyes, I resolved that I would. I knew I never should learn much at home, and after awhile I thought of coming here, and persuaded father to let me come, but I did not know you were here." She had a step-mother, an ignorant woman, who, though kind to her, could not teach and train her, and young as she was, she felt it, though she never spoke of her with disrespect. We did not find out how she spent her evenings, till our New Year's ball, when she insisted upon going, as she had received an invitation.—One of the girls asked whether she would wear her brown or checked fannel, which she wore to work in. She went to her trunk and took out a pretty dress, suitable for her and the occasion, and asked if that would answer. While we were admiring, mischievous Minnie stole to her trunk which she had left unlocked, and brought out a pair of shoes, half bound, and then Lottie explained that she had bound shoes for a neighboring shoemaker with whom she had formerly been acquainted, and whose wife was a dressmaker, and had helped her keep the secret of her work and dress, and as we afterwards learned, though Lottie didn't know it, procured her invitation to the ball. I seldom refer to those days now. Though most of my acquaintances know I used to sew for a living, we all make believe to know nothing of the kind.—I do it because I have not courage to go against what the world says is proper, tho' why the world does so, you know as well as I do. But Mrs. Allen has no such pride, and speaks fearlessly of the time when she sewed for Mrs. Mellen, and went to evening school, and laid the foundation of the grace and intelligence she now possesses. But I often laugh to myself yet, at the memory of the little brown, unkempt looking girl, with a bit of stick in her hand running along the street, and though she keeps her carriage and drives and dresses as well as a lady need, I wonder if even the benevolent Mrs. Allen has ever done a better action than running after her father's oxen.

Quarter of an Hour with a Bad Book.

About twenty-five years ago I formed a most intimate acquaintance with a young man of fine education and commanding talents, and we soon became bosom friends.—One morning after school, at a street corner, he handed me a book which he said he could loan me for only one quarter of an hour.—We stood at that corner a few moments while I looked at the obscene pictures and read a few pages in that polluting volume. I handed it back to him and never saw it again; but the poison soon took effect, "the sin left its mark." I can not erase the effects of the impure thoughts which in that quarter of an hour that vile book lodged in my heart, and which, may God forgive me, I harbored there, I can and do pray against the sin, and for God's grace yet to conquer it; but it is a thorn in my flesh, and still causes me great bitterness and anguish. Young men, as a lover of your souls, I tell you in all sincerity that there is nothing which I would not willingly give to have the veil of oblivion cast over the scenes and the sentiments of that corrupt volume, which still haunts me like foul specters during my hours of private devotion, in the sanctuary, and at the communion table. O, what sad work did that quarter of an hour make upon a human soul. Young men beware of bad books, and beware also, of evil companions.

During the last illness of Dr. Chirac.

During the last illness of Dr. Chirac, the celebrated French physician, he was attacked with delirium, on recovering from which he felt his own pulse, mistaking himself for one of his own patients. "Why was not I called in before?" said he. "It is too late; has the gentleman been bled?" His attendants answered in the negative. "Then he is a dead man," answered Chirac; "he will not live six hours; and his prediction was verified.

The following is a copy of a document on file among the accounts, in Winchester Cathedral.

"To work done: Soldering and repairing St. Joseph, 8d; cleaning and ornamenting Holy Ghost 6d; repairing the Organ Mr. Bury, before and behind, and making a new child, 4s 8d; screwing a nose on the Devil, putting a new horn on his head, and gluing a piece on his tail, 5s 6d; total, 11s 4d."

Table with 4 columns: Advertisement type, Duration, Price per square, and Total price. Includes rates for 14-line ads, 24-line ads, and various durations from 3 months to 12 months.

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: 3 months, 6 months, 12 months.

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