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

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A DEMOCRATIC HYMN.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Behold! an idle tale they tell, And who shall blame their telling it? The rogues have got their cant to sell, The world pays well for selling it.

to send representatives to the Presbytery, as no member desired to hold further connection with that order; and we thereby became an independent Congregational Church; holding no more connection with Dr. Adams or Dr. Ross than with Alexander Campbell or Brigham Young.

In saying this I would not offend any human being; but I must not disguise the fact, that I regard no man as a Christian who hesitates to avow the right of every human being to understand the duties of Christianity.

I write under peculiar circumstances. My sun of life is near its setting. I know the time of my departure draws nigh. And as I thus stand on the verge of existence your correspondent demands an explanation of my sectarian views.

For three hundred years our Theology has remained stationary, while the arts and sciences have been constantly extending, intelligence has been increasing, and mankind becoming more and more elevated.

The gospel had been proclaimed under the rule of Imperial Rome, when men had very little conception of civil or religious liberty. The Saviour was crucified for speaking truth. His apostles fell martyrs to the civil power.

The reformers of that age struck at some of the prominent errors of the Church, both in faith and practice, but they advanced no fundamental principles which all professing Christianity must agree.

The Church of which I am a member held this relation to the "Presbytery of Grand River," when, in 1847, they elected me, a lay member, to represent that body in the New School General Assembly.

My object was, so far as able, to induce the Assembly to avow the "Most High" as the Author of human existence, and of that liberty so necessary to sustain and defend the life which God hath given us, to render it useful and happy.

But I speak in great sorrow, and not in anger, when I say there appeared very little disposition among the great body of its members to take any action upon the subject. They did not deny the doctrines. Indeed some could not believe that any Presbyterian would deny them; while the Assembly, as a body, repudiated them in the most practical and emphatic manner.

Among both the clerical and lay members were men whose whole lives had been a practical denial of these self-evident truths; men who were in the practice of buying and selling God's image; of holding their brethren in chains; scourging the Saviour in the person of his followers; lending their moral and political influence to a system of human degradation which excludes three millions of our fellow-beings in this nation from reading the gospel; closes up the windows of their intellects; shuts out the sunlight of truth from their souls, and envelopes their moral existence in the gloom of mental night.

Thus while our religious sects have adhered to creeds and covenants, and articles of abstract faith, the popular mind has progressed in religious knowledge, and the great body of the American people now occupy a higher religious position, and avow religious truths which are more practical, more fundamental, than those proclaimed by any religious sect of the present day.

Neither Luther, nor Calvin, nor any of our religious sects, of either ancient or modern times has ever proclaimed these primal doctrines in its creed, its articles of faith, or its covenants.

those rights which God has bestowed upon all mankind. Indeed, a portion of the members of most of the leading denominations assert and maintain that God has authorized one portion of our race to enslave and brutalize another portion.

I hesitate not to declare such theology opposed to the laws of God, the teachings of the Gospel, to the philosophy, the judgment and conscience of enlightened Christian men, however it may accord with the sentiments of a barbarous age.

I think the time has arrived when some modern Luther, or Calvin, should erect the standard of a higher, a purer theology, a theology in harmony with the laws of purity, of justice, of God; a theology in harmony with the teachings of the Gospel; a theology approved by the philosophy, the judgment of enlightened men; a theology that acknowledges and proclaims the primal truths, that life, that civil, religious and spiritual freedom are the gifts of God—that every member of the human family has received from the Creator "an equal and inalienable right to enjoy them—that such enjoyment is necessary to develop the intellect, elevate the soul, and prepare the individual for usefulness, for happiness here and hereafter—that every attempt to limit the sphere of human thought, or to hold the mind or the body of one man in subjection to the views or the will of another, or to prevent the enlargement of the immortal mind, or prevent the full and perfect development of any human soul, constitutes a crime to which, by the laws of nature and of nature's God, to appropriate penalty is inseparably connected, while every act in harmony with those laws necessarily elevates the individual and prepares him for higher attainments.

For the protection of these rights and the encouragement of these duties all governments and associations should be adapted. Of all the nations of the earth, ours is the most favorably situated for carrying forward this great reformation.

The following letter was received a few days ago by President Buchanan, as a monthly report from a post office in the west: CRAWFORD COUNTY, Pa., April 20, '57.

MR. BUCHANAN—Dear Sir: Mr. is the Postmaster at this place, and he is gone out West, and has been gone for three or four weeks, and he has no deputy here, but I have been opening the mails and attending to it since he has been gone, as he left the key with me, and the Postmaster told me that I must make a report at the end of every month, and did not tell me who I was to write to, but I suppose it is to you we should make our reports, as we are all citizens of the Government of which you are now President.

REPORT AT THE END OF APRIL.—The weather is cold for the season—provisions scarce and very high—but notwithstanding all that, we have regular mails once a week, good health, and the people of this country are universally pleased with your Administration; this is all I know that would interest you; if there is anything omitted in my last report, please let me know. My best respects to you and Mrs. Buchanan.

When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her first husband, she comes in the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels and prays to him, and entreats him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, laden with two goat-skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place; and having well saturated it, she departs.

Tribulations of an Editor.

The Editor of the Baldwinsville Gazette has been to Syracuse lately, and thus he describes his trials and tribulations:

While in the Central Railroad office, waiting for the Oswego train, we reclined on one of the benches, (our head aching rather badly,) when we were roughly ordered out by a Railroad official with the polite information that "they didn't furnish lodgings for strangers."

Hardly had we passed through "the hole the carpenter left," when a chap hailed us with "I say, feller, help me carry this trunk." We meekly passed to the extreme east part of the depot, and laid hold of a large trunk, which we assisted to place at the desired location, when we were discharged without the customary stipend.

Sadly pondering on our hard fate, we were caught by the coat collar, and a harsh guttural voice exclaimed, "whar bin!"

We turned, and lo! a fat, ill-favored squaw greeted our astonished eyes. The moment she saw our features she grunted out, "Huk! thought you my injun," and immediately waddled away.

Half blind with rage and mortification, our next move was to stumble in amongst a pile of railroad baggage, when we were greeted with, "you heathen, get out of this!" adding, in an undertone, "what the deuce do you expect to steal here?" Just at this moment, Conductor Fiske called out to us, "Here, get into the cars and go home before the cows eat you up!"

We crawled into the hind car like a whipped hound, and threw ourselves recklessly into a seat. Smash! we squatted on a lady's hand box. She seeing the damage we had done, squatted out, "There gander shanks, you've spilt my new bonnet!"

Concealing our shame and confusion as well as we could, we subsided into another seat, where we shrunk into the smallest possible dimensions until we were kicked out of the cars at our village depot.

MORAL.—Never go to Syracuse without shaving and putting on a clean shirt and decent coat.

A SPEECH ON SCOLDING WIVES.—At a young men's debating society, somewhere in Illinois, the question for discussion was, "Which is the greatest evil—a scolding wife or a smoking chimney." After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator arose and begged the privilege of making a few remarks on the occasion.

"Mr. President, I've been almost mad, listening to the debate of these youngsters.—They don't know anything about a scolding wife! Wait until they have had one upwards of eight years, and been hammered and jammed and jawed at all the while—wait until they have been scolded because the baby cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the oven was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because it rained, because the sun shined, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come, because they are too soon for dinner, because they are one minute too late, because they slapped the young ones, because they tore their trousers, or because they did anything, (whether they could help it or not) before they talk about the evils of a scolding wife; why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammers and stones, and twenty tin pans and nine brass kettles, than a din, of a scolding wife. Yes sir—them's my sentiments.

To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife than a little negro to a dark night.

WIDOW'S WEEDS.—A friend tells us that some dozen or fifteen years ago, when he had the melancholy duty to stand behind the counter in a country shop, dealing out the very best selected stock west of the Alleghenies," he was once brought to a state of unutterable wonderment. A youthful and pretty woman, robed in deep black approached him and asked to look at his "Gleam of Comfort."

"At what madam?" said he, puzzled, confounded and confused, at what appeared to him a singular request.

"Gleam of comfort, young man; haven't you any, or don't you know what it is?" replied the lady.

"Yes, madam, most likely we have it; what is it like—is it dry goods or groceries?"

"Dry goods or groceries!" echoed the lady, looking at our friend in a way that made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. "Sir, it is a mourning calico of the second grade for widows of three weeks. It is well known sir, with us in the city. I'm astonished at your ignorance."

The frightened young man could only stammer—"they hadn't any of that particular kind of calico."

If you want to find out what a woman is, don't look at her in a ball-room, in the saloon, the streets and other public places, but at home and early in the day, about the time she is what she is, not what before she seemed. There is as much difference between them in the two places and times as between the toothache and the sweetest kiss ever got up.—Gentlemen at all skeptical on this point should endeavor to clear the matter up.

An election in Pittsburg a voter too much in a hurry to examine his vote, dropped into the ballot box a slip of paper containing the following words:—"Dear Miss: I cannot meet you this evening—my wife suspects; keep shady. Yours affectionately."

Our Correspondence.

HUDSON, Wis., June 24, 1857.

FRIEND COBB: Since my last communication to the Agitator I have had the pleasure of meeting with several old acquaintances from Pa., who for pleasure or profit have been induced to make a pilgrimage to this "great Northwest," and as they expressed a wish to examine more thoroughly the resources of the St. Croix Valley than could be done by a steamboat trip, I was pleased to become one of the party and regularly introduce them to the pleasures of "camp" life.

In accordance with this resolution we soon provided ourselves with the necessary equipments of "outfitters" in the western wilds, such as blankets, musketo bars, provisions, &c., and embarked on the Steamer "Bolton" for Stillwater at the head of St. Croix lake, where we arrived in due season. Here we disembarked and shouldering our "packs" took up our line of march along the western bank, or Minnesota side of the St. Croix river, and after travelling several miles through beautiful prairies dotted here and there by groves of timber known as "Oak openings" we came to the town of Arcola—not the Arcola of ancient history, but a modern one situated on the western shore of the St. Croix river, and surrounded (like most western towns) by a good agricultural country and possessing also great advantages for the manufacture of lumber which is floated down the St. Croix to this and contiguous points in the log and here manufactured into boards, shingles &c. We found here two large saw mills seemingly doing a good business, besides several dwellings erected and in course of erection. If we are to judge by the "stakes" to be found on the prairie for a long distance on either side of the town that is, we must certainly consider this to be a large town that is to be.

While contemplating the mystic future of this town (on paper) we were suddenly reminded of our unprotected condition in relation to the elements by a copious sprinkling of aqueous fluid from "dark portentous clouds o'er head." This little circumstance caused us to speedily relinquish the projected "camp in the bush" and flee for shelter to the visible part of the town which we soon reached, and seeing one house more inviting than the rest we applied for shelter here, but were told by the proprietor that we "couldn't come in," as they were already full; so on we traveled but with like success until at last we espied a "long, low, (black!) shanty and as a last resort applied for shelter and were told to "walk in."

This we speedily did and were soon supplied with a hearty supper to which we all did justice. During the evening there was a gathering of the gay youth of the place, and we were entertained (!) with music and dancing of the primitive sort, and perfumed with the odor of bad whiskey to our hearts content. Just as the small hours were peeping from behind the curtains we retired to rest and after a hasty nap arose with the lark and liquidating our indebtedness to "mine host" resumed our march up the river. Soon after leaving the town we came in sight of a number of (so called) Indian mounds, which are to be found in great numbers all over these western prairies, and are the silent monuments of the unwritten history of the past, of a race that has once flourished but passed away, and of whom the untutored savages of the present day have not even a tradition.

Four miles above Arcola we came to the town of Marine possessing like advantages and as it is a somewhat older town has a larger growth and many fine buildings, among which may be mentioned a commodious and well kept Hotel. We were here overtaken by the Steamer "H. S. Allen" upward bound, and concluded to take passage on her to Taylor's Falls. Three miles above Marine on the Minnesota side we came (as we were informed) to the town of Vassa, where we found a few brush cut and a few bunches of shingles lying on the levee. On inquiry we were told that the town proper was not in sight from our position, and to this proposition we readily assented. About 2 o'clock P. M. we arrived at the foot of the rapids and landed on the Minnesota side at the village known by the name of Taylor's Falls, a smart little place which has sprung up from the demands of trade and is distinguished for its business activity, fine buildings &c.

Having nothing to detain us in this place we crossed the St. Croix to the Wisconsin side over a fine bridge erected at this point and entered the village of St. Croix Falls.—This village has a fine site, an unsurpassed water power, and possesses natural advantages which should and no doubt would have made it the St. Paul of the Northwest had it not been for an unfortunate law suit concerning the title to the land. This suit familiarly known as the "Cushing and Hungerford" case, has been in the courts for a number of years thus preventing the farther growth of the place, to the great injury of the parties in litigation and also to the interests of the surrounding country. This suit was a few weeks since finally settled and a good title can now be given. The proprietors have formed themselves into a joint stock company and have appropriated a cash fund of \$150,000 for the improvement of the water power, and are engaged with a large force in other ways improving the town—streets are being opened—the town plat—very large Hotel in course of erection, besides many other improvements too numerous to mention.—This town is at present at the head of steamboat navigation, and will in future time ever be a point of transshipment for up the river freight; for notwithstanding the St. Croix is navigable for boats some 100 miles above the Rapids, there will necessarily be a portage here, as it will be impossible to make these Rapids navigable for Steamboats; for although the fall is not perpendicular yet the troubled waters rush madly down a slope of 7 miles lashed and torn by a thousand rocky points that raise their heads above the surface in bold defiance to the navigator's art. The company are about to build a dam near the foot of these Rapids of such height as shall produce slack water navigation from that point upwards, and as we were informed intend next summer to place a steamer on the upper St. Croix to run in connection with the Steamer now running below the falls. This will no doubt be a paying enterprise, and besides be of great service in developing this upper country. The company are also making an effort to get the land office of this district (now located at Hudson) removed to the Falls, and should they succeed it will add another item of interest to the place. That this is to be a place of importance there is but little room to doubt; and that it is a good point for investment at the present time, all agree.

Yours truly, C. V. E.

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, invariably 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.

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A Glass of Brandy.

It can't hurt anybody. Why I know a person yonder, he is on high 'change, a specimen of many beauty, a portly six footer.—He has the bearing of a prince, for he is one of our merchant princes. His face wears the hue of health, and now at the age of fifty odd he has the quick, elastic step of our young men of twenty-five, and none more full of mirth and wit than he, and I know he never dies without brandy and water, and never goes to bed without a terrapin or oyster supper, with plenty of champagne, and more than that, he was never known to be drunk. So here is a living example and disproof of the temperance twaddle about the dangerous nature of an occasional glass, and the destructive effect of a temperate use of good liquors.

Now it so happened that this specimen of safe brandy drinking was a relation of ours. He died a year or two after that of chronic diarrhoea: a common end of those who are never drunk and never out of liquor.

He left his six children, and he had ships at sea, and credit at every counter, which he never had occasion to use.

For months before he died—he was a year in dying—he could eat or drink nothing without distress, and at his death the whole alimentary canal was a mass of disease; in the midst of his millions he died of inanition. This is not the half, reader. He had been a steady drinker for twenty eight years. He left a legacy to his children which we did not see.

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GOING TO HEAVEN VIA NEW ORLEANS.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Dispatch gives the following: A few days since, a young man who had long been attached to a church, and was about to leave for New Orleans, came to bid his pastor farewell. "And so you are going to that degenerate place, New Orleans, are you?" said the pastor. "Yes sir, but I don't expect to be influenced by any extraneous pressure of any kind," responded the young man with considerable earnestness. "Well, I am glad to see you so confident. I hope the Lord will guide you. But do you know the temptations which exist there?" "Not particularly, sir."

"Well I do. You'll find wantonly women in the guise of Paris; tempting the very elect; and rare wines and ardent drinks; and you'll find fine company, and night brawling and gambling, dissipation and running after the lust of old man Adam." "Still I hope to combat these successfully." "I hope you will my dear Christian brother," was the reply. "I hope you will, and let me give you this much for your consolation should you fall from grace. The tempter is worse than the sin; and the greater the temptation, the more merit there is in resisting it. The man who goes to Heaven by way of New Orleans is sure to have twice as high a place in eternal glory as he who reaches Paradise through the quiet portals of Connecticut or Pennsylvania.—La Salle Press.

How HE LOST HIS HAIR.—A Norfolk paper tells the following story:

Uri Osgood and Jonathan Aiken were on opposite sides of politics last Fall in Grundy County, and the fight between them—they were running for Congress—grew warm and desperate. One day when they met on the stump, Uri, whose head was bald, and should therefore have been cooler in the midst of his indignation turned upon Jonathan and said: "I think, Sir, you have but one idea in your head and that is a small one; if it should swell, it would burst it."

Whereat Jonathan grew red in the face, and looking for a moment at the bare and venerable head of his opponent, asked if he should say what he thought of him?

"Say on," said Uri.

"Well I think you haven't one into your head, and never had; there's been one scathing around on the outside, trying to get in, till it has scratched all the hair off, but it's never got in, and never will."

Uri was silent.

A young lady returning late from the opera, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk, but was still unable to step across the gutter. "Can't you lift you over it," said coachy. "Oh no," said the sweet miss, "I am too heavy." "Lor, mist'!" replied John, "I'm used to lifting barrels of sugar."