

Terms of Publication.

THE TOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of One Dollar per annum, in advance.

THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

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Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged 51 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion.

The following lines were addressed by a young lady, to a gentleman, who, on being requested to write in her album...

Escape from Gallows Hill.

The strip of ground in New York, from Broadway to Centre street, along Chambers, commencing at the new site of Stewart...

rectly to the gallows, under which they halted. Forming a circle, the black fellow with the lantern, Cunningham and the prisoner...

The negro passed a rope through the beam, when but a few moments before hung the innate clouds that now encumbered, as it were, the ground beneath the gallows.

"Dar, Massa Cunningham, is a rope dat will hold de prisoner long an' I reckon Guinea Sambo no stop aboard a man of his nuffin I guess. I harn to 'ave dat hot with a hitch dat de debil could not break."

"Well, rascal, you see what you are coming to for deserting his majesty's service. A halter I suppose, is more agreeable than good treatment and a soldier's pay."

"Pray, rascal—pray! I don't wonder that a knave like you fears death. A man that betrays his king, betrays his God; and it is full time that you try to make peace with him."

The prisoner bent down, resting his knees upon the earth thrown up around the newly dug grave. He had no hope of escape; and he looked upwards, towards the heavens...

to seizing his victim. Scoundrel you have no victim this time. Just as the negro got within arm's length of the prisoner, the latter felt that the lengths were cut that bound his arms.

Cunningham beheld the sight and so did the soldiers. The vision was awful—so apparently contrary to human reason—that with one accord all fled, except the negro and the prisoner.

There they found a boat in which Dick Martin crossed alone from the Jersey shore six hours before to save his comrade. Reaching the Jersey side, just below Bull's Ferry...

A brief explanation perhaps is necessary. It always surprised the English commanders how Washington knew so well the movement's made in their lines.

Hoffmann the Poet.—His Insane Fancies. The last number of Putnam's Magazine calls attention to the fact that this gentleman, now an inmate of the Pennsylvania State Hospital...

Every visitor of intelligence who visits the asylum calls to see Hoffman. He receives them all with a hearty greeting, will ask them to sup and drink with him, and when they leave invite them to "call often."

A man came to the window office to-day and says he to Emerson, the clerk: "Anything for me?" The name? "Well, what's the name?" continued the affable clerk.

The Quaker's Corn Crib.

A man had been in the habit of stealing corn of his neighbor, who was a Quaker. Every night he would go softly to the crib, and fill his bag with the ears which the good old Quaker's toil had placed there.

The wicked neighbor proceeded on his unholy errand at the hour of midnight, with bag in hand. Unsuspectingly he thrust his hand into the crib to seize an ear, when, lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it!

There he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and at once desire and dread the return of morning. Morning came at last, and the Quaker looked out of the window, and found that he had at last "caught the man."

Such a course would have sent the man away embittered, and muttering curses of revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes, and started at once to the relief and punishment of his prisoner.

"Stay," said the persecutor, for he could have received a blow with much better grace than the kind words that were falling from the Quaker's lips.

With what shame and remorse did that guilty man turn from the dwelling of the pious Quaker! Everybody is ready to say, that he never again troubled the Quaker's corn crib.

A ludicrous incident took place at the Junction Hotel, Lafayette, Pa., upon the arrival of a train from Indianapolis. A gentleman and lady inspired with sudden recognition were observed to rush frantically into each other's arms...

A Drove of Irish Bulls.

The following piece of "composition" says the Philadelphia Sunday Transcript, may be "backed" against anything ever produced. It was written half a century ago by Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament...

I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see that I was right; for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything is at a stand still.

Immediately every man in the place, including men, women and children ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little; we were too near to think of retreating.

P. S. If you do not receive this, of course it must have been miscarried, therefore I beg you will write and let me know.

GETTING USED TO IT BY DEGREES.—Some-where about here, writes a Southern correspondent, lives a small farmer of such social habits, that his coming home intoxicated was no unusual thing.

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, as he returned home drunk one day, he fell into a shallow well, and after much useless scrambling, he shouted for the "light of his eyes" to come and help him out.

"Well now, I am," responded his old woman tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember telling me its best to get used to it by degrees? I'm afraid if I bring you right up of a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome?"

A western editor, thus sums up the peculiarities of a cotemporary: He is too lazy to earn a meal, and too mean to enjoy one. He never was generous but once, and that was when he gave the itch to an apprentice boy.

A B'YOT AT SCHOOL.—One of the juveniles, though considerably advanced, presented himself not long since for admission to a public school near the Dry Dock.

"Do you know anything of grammar?" "I don't know anything else."

"Well, world is the biggest kind of a noun, masculine gender, all sorts of tenses, past, present and future, and—slapping his hands down on the desk with a force that shook the building—'It's governed by God!'

Well, I started mighty pert and determined, but when I got there I fell in with the boys and got to playin', and forgot all about the sheep shears.

A respectable farmer in Berkshire county has the singular happy talent of not saying a word too much. A young man wishing to obtain his consent to marry his daughter, called upon him once when he happened to be in the field ploughing with his oxen.

THE YEARS.—They do not go from us, but we from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage, no longer serviceable on the march.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life.—They appear so when they are passing—they seem to be so when we look back to them—and they take up more room in our memory than all the years which succeed them.

An old gentleman of sixty-four having taken to the altar a young damsel of sixteen, the clergyman said to him: "You will find the font at the opposite end of the church."