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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.

VOL. IV. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 4, 1857. NO. X.

A Legend of New England.

"Scrieks—fendish yells—they stab in their sleep." One hundred years ago—the hunter who ranged the hills and forests of New England, fought against enemies than brown bears and panthers.

Perhaps no part of New England affords a wider field for the researches of legendry, than that portion of Massachusetts Bay, formerly known as the province of Maine.

The following is one, among the many legends of the strange encounters of the white men and Indians, which are yet preserved in the ancient records and traditions of Maine.

"I was a solitary evening towards the last of June 1722, that Capt. Hermon and the Eastern Rangers urged their canoes up the Kennebec river in pursuit of their enemies.

Hermon was at their head, with an eye and a hand as quick as those of the savage enemy whom he sought. The body of a fallen tree lay across the path.

There was not a word spoken, but every countenance worked with terrible emotion. Had the rangers followed their own desperate inclination, they would have hurried recklessly onward to the work of vengeance.

The rangers crept nearer. As they bent their keen eyes along their well-tried rifles, each felt sore of success. They waited for the signal from Hermon who was endeavoring to bring his long rifle to bear upon the head of the most distant savage.

The sharp voice of thirty rifles thrilled the heart of the forest. There was a groan, a smothered cry among the sleeping Indians, and all was silent.

The custom of sitting at table to drink after dinner was over, was introduced by Margaret Atheling the Saxon Queen of Scotland. She was shocked to see the Scottish gentleman rising from the table before grace could be said.

Cortez went to Mexico in search of gold, but the first discovery he made was of chocolate. The monks were the earliest to adopt it, but the generous beverage was considered a wicked luxury for them.

The stream and springs of water were greatly revered by some ancient nations. According to the popular belief of the Greeks, every stream spring and fountain had its resident deity.

A raw Irishman, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared it was the devil. "No," said his companion, "it's only a steamboat hunting for water."

John Phoenix and the Dentists.

Nahant House, August 6, 1857.—While deeply interested in the discussion of the luxuriant feast provided for the guests of this mansion yesterday afternoon, my attention was diverted by the sound of music of a wild and Saracenic description.

The sharp voice of thirty rifles thrilled the heart of the forest. There was a groan, a smothered cry among the sleeping Indians, and all was silent.

It was indeed a thrilling spectacle. To think of the amount of agony that body of men had produced, and were capable of yet producing, to think of the blood they had shed, and of their daring and impetuous charges after the gory action was over.

The fighting now ceased, the companies were drawn up in a straight line, and Cornwallis dismounted and presented his sword to Washington.

"Well, old boy!" said the immortal, as he cuffed his horse's ears with his cocked hat, what in thunder do you want with me?"

For many years after the surrender, there was a coldness between the Deacon and the Squire, but as time rolled on, and their locks became frosted over with white, they learned to call it a joke.

Every tooth returned to the mouth whence it came. I understood it at once; it was ball practice with blank cartridge—they were all false teeth. Several other interesting exercises were gone thro' with.

We had a hop here last night; Belle, a young lady from Boston. Remember me to the Tenth Doctor; God bless you.

It was customary some years ago in many of the inland towns of New England, to celebrate the anniversary of American Independence by a sham fight, intended to represent some of the Revolutionary battles.

The two companies were to meet in front of the tavern, on the common, exchange shots, skirmish a little—in which Cornwallis was to be most essentially whipped and then most ignominiously surrender.

"That's it, (hic) my brave boys; give it to them, the ow(hic)licious Red Coats!"—bel-lowed Washington.

A WIFE'S RETORT.—A clergyman of our acquaintance being recently in company with several ladies and the recent crimes of Mrs. Cunningham became the subject of conversation.

Communications.

MR. EDITOR: We wish to say a word occasionally, through the columns of your paper to the good understanding of your patrons. Our text for introduction is, "Liberty, the only prize for which men of elevated sentiments ought to contend."

Nowhere has this principle ever been better amplified than in the founding of our own government. Those patriots, philanthropists and sages of revolutionary days, had this sentiment deeply rooted in the heart.

But we have no disposition to enter into a discussion of mooted questions farther than they seem to have a bearing upon the important impending election in Pennsylvania.

We feel unable to undertake the reforms which "a mother" thinks so much needed, and leave then in her able hands.

PHILO. NATURE AND MATRIMONY.—To decide against marriage is first to trample upon nature and philosophy. Natural affinities and sympathies must be ignored.

MR. EDITOR: We have no desire to enter into a newspaper discussion, but some remarks in "a Mother's" so called "reply to Philo's suggestions," if unnoticed, might be deemed correct.

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take their household treasures to some more favored land, to some safer spot. Seriously—when thus narrowed down to "ourselves as a community," it is rather a grave charge, to assert that each day shows us hundreds going down to the tomb, the slaves of fashion.

The ladies of Wellsboro in our opinion, are all good, practical housekeepers—they doubtless have their faults, but we do not hesitate to assert that idleness and neglect of home duties, are not among them.

We have heard here many years, and we have never heard of that elevated circle, to which your correspondent refers. In our ignorance, we had supposed that the "best society" was really composed of the best informed and the best behaved, and we have been rather proud of the intelligence and good conduct of our people.

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Post Office Anecdote.—The Newburyport Herald tells the following Post Office anecdote: A lad at the delivery.

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