

Terms of Publication.

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THE AGITATOR.

Dedicated 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, JULY 1, 1858.

NO. XLVIII.

Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, 3 months, 6 months, 12 months. Includes rates for square, 2 square, 1/2 column, and 1/4 column.

For the Agitator. THE LAW WAS GIVEN BY MOSES TO GRACE AND... old Judges, many years ago, ancient records and traditions show, a mighty prophet in the land arose...

tired of that. Sometimes she invited friends to her house; but when he either excused himself entirely, or submitted to the interruption with a very bad grace, she gave up even that.

While Merle was still nursing the delusive hope of the "next year," his locks whitened with his toils, and the silver threads grew more and more plentiful among her dark locks.

By that time she had almost learned to live alone, and it had been wise had she learned the lesson earlier. I heard a friend say one day, in her hearing, "I don't believe in polygamy, a man who is wedded to his profession ought not to take any other wife."

The Sheriff's Story. In the summer of 1855, while traveling on business in the wilderness of Northern Maine, we stopped one afternoon in the little village of P...

Curious Discovery in the Atlantic.

The following is the copy of a letter written by Captain Cubins, of the Caribou, belonging to this port, to the Secretary of the Admiralty, relating to a cluster of islands not laid down in the chart, and which lie in the direct track to Australia.

"Ship Caribou, Hobson's Bay, March 13, 1858. I sailed from Liverpool on the 8th December, 1857, bound to Port Philip, in Australia. On February 22d, wind westerly, brisk gale with snow squalls. In a clear between the squalls, I fancied I saw land to the southward; took in studding sails, shortened sail, and stood towards it. Hove to abreast the island, lowered a life boat, and sent her to the land. I afterwards stood in to about nine miles off shore, and got no ground with one hundred and twenty fathoms of line.

There was no end of all my friend's beautiful hopes. He had unfitted himself entirely for domestic and social life, and so chose to live and die. Quite too common a case. Merle also had made a mistake; or rather, if she had made a mistake, it was early in life, and one not easily rectified.

Girls at Home.

There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that is abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in such things; the other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, the sick room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character.

Communications.

MARY: A LEAF FROM MEMORY.

The fragrant breath of early spring is abroad, and as I sit here in the deepening twilight, it wafts to me the perfume of opening buds and flowers, and the soft notes of the ever welcome songsters, who with man, seem to hail the coming spring with a burst of welcome.

I shall never forget my first visit to her dwelling. It seems but a little while since that evening, and yet, time has counted months, and even years. I had procrastinated my long-promised visit from day to day, until the news of her increased and alarming illness, came like a reproof for my selfish tardiness.

The Wife's Mistake.

BY GREY MARION.

It is very beautiful, the history of the "Wife's Mistake," and I have no doubt such cases are as such an example may be profitable. But let me tell a tale on the other side.

My friend Merle Vernon was a bright, attractive girl, well educated and intelligent, and as good as she was intelligent. She married according to her choice. I might, if I had the power, and were inclined for a romance, instead of a straight forward story, tell of the first meeting, and the first impressions, and the mutual attraction, and the conclusion to which she and Henry Dale were irresistibly drawn, that they were made for each other, and could not by any possibility go through life except together.

Well, time went on; they were married, and every one augured the most sunny life for them. Both well educated, cultivated, and with similarity in taste, even their religious feelings in harmony; on one point only was there any difference. His early life had been a hard discipline, and he had never known the charm of a pleasant home and social intercourse.

My Experience in Teaching.

Yes, Mr. Editor, it is veritably I, who write these words. Your friend Nelly has really been engaged in the foolish enterprise of teaching. "What!" I hear the teachers exclaiming, "do you call it a foolish work?" Then you did not enter upon it with a right spirit; for we can't help liking to teach.

FORLY-NINE PRICES.

FORLY-NINE PRICES.—In the early times of California, the immigrants nearly all used immense quantities of saleratus, in the manufacture of bread. There was no yeast to be had in the country, and unless we could get saleratus to lighten our slap-jacks they were, to say the least, "heavy lum."

THE KANSAS WOMEN.

THE KANSAS WOMEN.—A young lady some time since, went from her home, in New York, to Kansas, to meet her affianced lover for the purpose of marrying him. She traveled all the way from Rochester to Ossawatimie alone, making the trip pleasantly and safely. Immediately on her arrival she was married to her "beau," who is a steady farmer named Merrit, and went to house keeping instantly. A week after she writes back to a lady friend at Rochester, giving an account of her trip, situation, &c. She says:

THE HUSBAND AND SONS OF SUCH WOMEN.

THE HUSBAND AND SONS OF SUCH WOMEN.—The husband and sons of such women as the above will never submit to be tyrannized or oppressed. Welcome evermore to gods and men self helping man. For him all doors flung wide; him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire.—Emerson.

A Lady tells this story.

A lady tells this story: "I have been out in Indiana on a visit, and while there I found a kitten, which I bought and brought home for a plaything for my two children. To prevent any dispute about the ownership of puss I proposed, and it was agreed that the head of the kitten should be mine, the body should be the baby's, and Eddie, the eldest, but only three years, should be the proprietor of the long and beautiful tail. Eddie rather objected at first to this division, as putting him off with an extremely small share of the animal, but soon became reconciled to the division, and quite proud of his ownership in the graceful terminus of the kitten. One day soon after, I heard the poor puss making a dreadful mew, and I called out to Eddie: 'There, my son, you are hurting my share of the kitten. I heard her cry.' 'No, I didn't mother; I trod on my part and your part hollered.'"

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passed away, leaving her dying blessing for her only child, and bequeathing her no inheritance except her own beauty and fragility. Her father soon took another to fill his home and heart, but even a careless observer could discern in her an unsympathizing nature.

Often, when the evening shadows lengthened, I turned my steps through the little gate which opened into the orchard, a few steps from her dwelling; and in my evening rides, I sometimes compelled the impatient pony to wait long for me, for the time always passed so pleasantly that I wished to linger. But a change came, as is always the case in this changing world. I paid my last visit—unknown it was the last. I parted with her, promising to come the next week and spend a few days with her.

A LETTER FOR DENNIS.—"Hillo, Misher Postmaster, and is there iver a letter here for Dennis O'Flaherty?" "I believe there is," said the postmaster, stepping back and producing the letter.

A SMART PEOPLE.—Not long ago an attorney with considerable "swell," but not much brains, came to C., Ohio, to "locate." One day when the post office was full, awaiting the distribution of the mail, a half-witted fellow stepped up to him in the crowd, and said: "Mr. S.—I'm told you have come here to practice law."

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