

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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SABBATH EVENING.

By G. D. FENNER.

'Tis holy time. The evening shade
Seats with a soul control
Of nature, as a thought of heaven
Steals o'er the human soul;
And every ray from yonder blue,
And every drop of falling dew,
Seem to bring down to human woes
From heaven a message of repose.

A Resurrectionist Story.

Dr. Monkton was a physician, and was so far advanced in fortune and reputation as to be able to retire for four months every year to the country, and leave his practice and his patients to be ready for his return. There was a very romantic story attached to him, which, looking at his red face and considering his precise, old bachelor habits, one would not have suspected. But there was something when one knew him better, which seemed to intimate that he might have gone through trying scenes and hours. It might be fancy, however, for he never said one word on the subject, and intimate as I have been with him, I never dared inquire how much of the things reported was true and how much false.

small and secluded establishment prevented him from receiving guests, except when invited.

His friend thought him jealous, and acquiesced; but it excited rather than discouraged him, and he sought every occasion to elude the prohibition. A few days after it had been given, he made some pretext for calling in the evening, and succeeded in establishing himself in the little drawing-room. Here he endeavored to talk to the lovely shadow more than was the custom of Monkton's guests. It was necessary for him to hear the chief burden of the conversation, for he got few words from her, and almost fewer looks; and, in order to keep conversation alive, he told anecdotes and described scenes to which she gave a mere passive attention.

"I was walking," said he, "with only one person along the edge of the cliff I have described to you. The sea was many hundred feet below us; the precipice went sheer down to its brink. On a sudden a great layer of rock seemed to unjoin itself from the rest, and a rent yawned between the ledge we stood on and the main mass of the mountain. My companion sprang into my arms. I feel her now."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Umbra. "That is a dream. I know it is a dream. Don't speak; but is not it a dream?"

At Umbra's voice, at her most unusual manner, Dr. Monkton started up, and then ran to her, and received her in his arms.

"Oh, Monkton, I can not bear to hear any body else talk of that dream. It seems to become real again. His foot slipped just on the very edge!"

"O God! who told you that?" cried Provost, in the most vehement agitation. She looked up, and full at him, when she heard these tones of his voice, screamed aloud and shrank into Monkton's bosom, pressing her hands on her forehead. Provost was no less agitated. He would have seized her hands; but she turned away from him with such agony of fear that life seemed unable to support it, and, gathering herself close into Monkton's bosom, she fainted like one dead.

He carried her from the room, and would suffer no one to hear the words of reviving consciousness from her lips. But from this moment he could no longer repress the idea that Umbra had been the wife of the man. Yet he did not allow it to separate her interest from his. The grave itself had given her to him. He had devoted all the affection of his soul to her. Any right to claim her by another he cast off as a weak pretense, which, if she should urge, would be more proof that she loved another better than she did him. This was the idea that people said haunted him, and, in the fury of his jealousy and his love, he made it the sole question between himself and Umbra. She, in the mean time, with purer instincts, saw the same idea very differently. With her it was a wandering notion, which terrified her like some dreadful phantom. Her love for Monkton had absorbed every faculty that remained to her, and whatever interfered with it was terrible to her imagination. When a dark and doubtful sense of duty, then, came between her and him, it was repelled by all the efforts of her will. And yet at times it seemed to overshadow her in a shape which she was not able to drive away. She was frightened at herself when happiest in his presence, and he was vehemently with her in proportion to his adoration and his jealousy.

Provost, in the mean time, became aware of the misery which had grown up in the house of his friend, and knew that he himself was the cause. The extreme beauty of Umbra, and her resemblance to his wife, moved him strongly to compassion and interest; and, firmly believing that she was not the wife of Monkton, he felt but little scruple, when he learned how she was now treated, in endeavoring to induce her voluntarily to quit her present home for his. A horrible wavering notion seems to have possessed her that Provost had a right to command her to do so. Then, again, she lost sight of it, and only a vague idea that she was to be cast off by Monkton darkened her imagination.

When Monkton learned from her own lips the struggle she was enduring, the last hold upon his passion gave way. They broke that hour over their boundaries, and spread their own ruin among them. In his madness he himself hurried her from the house, and led her to Provost's door. There he furiously rang, and hearing somebody running to open it, he started away like the wind, and, rushing in to his own desolate home, locked himself in his room, and neither answered nor summoned the frightened servant who beheld his return.

It was a winter night of tempest, but there was no fire nor light in Monkton's room. He was not heard to stir from the moment he entered it; and the servant who watched a little while at his chamber door, and once or twice knocked timidly, was fain to retire at last, and conceal her fears for her master in her still greater awe of him. Morning came, and she once more tried to obtain an answer; but all was silent within his room. After a few moments, however, she had forgotten her awe of him, on beholding an object of yet greater terror. She screamed his name in a voice which prevailed over his passions. It made him spring up, unbolt the lock, and the door was thrust open as he did so by the trembling servant. She dragged him to the step of the entrance, and there lay the dead Umbra, frozen to death. No doubt she had followed him in his flight, and had not attempted to enter, since he had driven her away, and had sat down and died on the step. Monkton took her up in his

arms, and for three days never loosened the dead body, not though the dreadful taint of corruption spread over it. At the end of that time his brain reeled, and his strength wavered. His arms, in spite of himself, gave way to force; she was taken from him, and he sank into a stupor from which it was long before he recovered.

A short outbreak of remorse followed, and then he shut up her name in silence as profound as the grave which a second time held her. He made no confidant; he gave no detail. One journey he took as soon as he was released from the restraint to which his temporary alienation of reason had reduced him, and at that time he was too much absorbed in his own feelings to care whether he was observed or not. They thought he intended to open the tomb of Umbra, and see her with his own eyes in the last resting place. They watched him but he did not go there. He went to the vault where the wife of Provost was recorded on the marble to lie, and caused the lid of the coffin to be lifted which bore her name. The lid was lifted and the coffin was an empty one.

Sowing Wild Oats.

Many a young man has been lured from the path of virtue, and enticed into the road that leads, by an easy descent, into the accursed valley of destruction, through the thoughtless speech of some thoughtless person, talking flippantly about sowing wild oats as a thing to be expected in youth.

"I had one lesson on this subject from the lips of an aged counselor," said a valued friend to me not long since, "which has never been forgotten. The timely warning saved me. I was nineteen years of age, and had just entered college. Young men were there from nearly every State in the Union, and some of them badly corrupted. I was social, in health and spirits, and with an imagination forever carrying me beyond the actual and the present. Before I had time for reflection, and before even a consciousness of wrong had reached me, I was afloat on a dangerous sea, my boat glided swiftly forward and the syren's songs already in my ears.

"One night we had a wine party in the town, which ended in excesses, the thought of which has called a burning blush to my cheeks a hundred times since. I had not been very well for some days previously, suffering from constant headache and low febrile symptoms. The dissipation of a night turned the scale upon the wrong side, and I was so ill on the next day that it was thought best to call in a physician. He was an old man, of the old school of gentlemen, and wise, thoughtful and kind. He commenced at once the business of finding out everything in regard to my habits, principles and modes of thought, and there was something in him that so inspired me with confidence, that I concealed nothing. He looked grave and offered a remonstrance.

"Oh," said I, almost lightly, "young men must sow their wild oats. The ground will be so much better prepared for seeding wheat after the crop is taken."

"An error of the gravest character," he replied, seriously, "and one that has ruined its thousands and its tens of thousands of young men. Is a garden better prepared for the reception of the good seed, for having first been permitted to grow weeds? I put the question to your common sense. Are there not some soils so filled with all manner of evil seeds, that the gardener with his utmost toil and care, can scarcely remove the vigorous plants that spring to life in the warm sunshine and rain? Is no more comparison—that of a human soul to a garden. Truth is the good seed which is sown in this garden—false principles the evil seed, or 'wild oats,' which the enemy's hand scatters, if permitted, upon the virgin soil. Now, is it not an insult to reason to say that a man will be a wiser, truer, better man, for having false principles, leading at once to an evil sown upon the ground of his mind in youth, as it would be to say that a garden would be more thrifty in after years, for being first permitted to grow weeds?"

My stranger friend! I have lived almost to the completion of life's earthly cycle, and have seen a sad number of young men lost to the world, lost to themselves, and lost, I fear, to the company of God's blessed angels, in consequence of that single false idea sown into the earth of their minds.—Oh, cast it out at once!

Keep yourself pure. Let right principles, chaste thoughts, noble purposes, mainly aim, grow in your garden—not the accursed wild oats! Be prudent, temperate, virtuous, obedient to superiors, honorable and kind. Aim to be a man—not a sensualist.—Govern yourself as a man instead of letting passion, appetite, or any sensual desire rule you as a tyrant. Sow no more wild oats. You will find trouble enough in your after life with the seed already scattered in your fields.

"The scales," said my friend, "dropped at once from my eyes. I saw that the good old physician was right and that this cant about sowing wild oats involved one of the most dangerously fallacious into which the mind of a young man could fall. It was my last folly of this kind.

Immortality.

Our earth has existed about 6000 years, and this seems a long period, but it is only a fraction of the time that light takes in coming from remote distances to our vision, 6000 years! mere days! only seventy summers and winters of the planet Uranus! Inconceivably rapid as the motion of light must be, it is nothing compared with human thought. The mind does not require a moment to dart from the earth to the sun—in less than a second it glances round the orbit of the most distant planet or known star. If this be not positive proof that mind is somewhat more than matter, and therefore secure from the possibility of destruction we know not where such proof can be found.

Man, then, is immortal, and it is immortality that gives him importance. The material world makes no advancement, and it has acquired no new attribute since its creation by the Almighty hand. Mount Horeb stands on no broader or firmer base—and Sharon and Carmel are no loftier than when Moses passed with his host through the wilderness. Jordan still flows as when the prophet smote its waters—the colors of the rainbow are the same, and no brighter than they appeared to the eye of Noah. The spider does not weave its web more skillfully, nor the little ant labor more industriously than when the wise man took lessons of wisdom from them. These have only retreated the same short journey, as those before them—they lived, they drank, they died. The body of man, too, soon reached his threescore and ten years, but the growth of his soul is perpetual. The little child in the cradle, who views with sparkling delighted eyes the flame of the candle, now roams in the highest heavens, counting the stars measuring their orbits and distances.

To be born is assuredly a high privilege, but it is still a greater one to die. Let the good man, amidst the sublimities of nature, which surround him in every step to the grave, so live, that when he arrives at the end of it convinced and believing, he can exclaim, "My true existence has not yet begun."

Is There a God?

What a question! And yet a fair question, and an important question. To it we all probably reply—"Yes, most certainly."

That there's a God
All nature cries aloud in all her works.
And this satisfies most minds, and it ought to satisfy them. The works of God prove his existence, and the voice of revelation joins in and adds its testimony.

But suppose a person comes to you and says, I want you to prove by fair argument, by an argument drawn out and laid before me, that there is a God, could you frame such an argument? Let me help you. I have always admired the argument of Mr. Locke, and will give it to you in substance. It is as follows:

1. Every man is conscious of his own existence, and therefore knows with absolute certainty that he exists. 2. He knows too, that he did not always exist, but began to exist. 3. He knows, also, that his existence was not accidental, but caused. 4. That cause must have been adequate to his production or he would not have existed; i. e., that cause must have possessed and exerted the intelligence necessary to contrive, and the power necessary to create him—soul and body—the living, thinking being called man, thus conscious of existence. Hence it follows: that there is a being who can thus contrive and create anything, everything, a world, the universe. That being we call God.

And now let me add what a very learned man says of this argument, of which I have given the substance. This argument is, in my view, perfectly conclusive; nor has it been, nor will it ever be answered, except with sophistry or sneers. I will not insist that every step of it is attended with what logicians call *intuitive evidence*; nor that it amounts to what is, in the logical sense, an *absolute demonstration*. But it is in every step attended with such evidence, as excludes all rational doubt, and approaches so near the character of demonstration as to leave the mind completely satisfied.—*Religious Herald*.

MODERN DEFINING.—Justice—Sending a starving child to the House of Correction for stealing a loaf of bread, and marrying your daughter to an accomplished rogue who has swindled the community out of half a million.

Happiness—Eating and drinking all your appetite demands, without fearing the dyspepsia, and wearing a more costly coat than your neighbor.

Religion—Paying a hundred dollars for pew rent in church, and going there to sleep half a day every Sunday.

Sound Preaching—Condemning, in the strongest terms, sins of which none of the hearers are guilty.

Marriage—Coming into possession of an hundred thousand dollars with an appendage of a husband or wife.

Temperance—Administering the teetotal pledge to your drunken neighbor with flask of brandy in your pocket.

Benevolence—Giving fifty thousand dollars to some benevolent institution, and allowing your old aunt one hundred dollars for her yearly support.

Piety—Chasing the "almighty dollar" six days in the week, and mourning over the depravity of the world in general.

A little mind is hurried by twenty things at once; but a man of sense does but one thing at a time, and resolves to excel in it; for whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

Our Correspondence.

Letter from Wisconsin.

ONALASKA, Aug. 1, 1858.

MR. COBB; Dear Sir: The probability is that so long as this world exists and is inhabited by that being called man, excitements will be rife, speculation will run high, and wonders will not cease, and while these are prevailing in other parts of this universe I propose to give you a partial description of events taking place in this part of the West.

The Rail Road from La Crosse to Milwaukee has been a subject of a great deal of talk, considerable swindling, (as every one knows) and considerable excitement is created as to where the La Crosse Depot will be located. Great anxiety is felt to see the Iron Horse puffing on the banks of the Mississippi where as yet he is a stranger and where he will be welcomed, thrice welcomed, by one and all. The work on the road has been put through in a manner that has done great honor to its Contractor, and I believe it is the intention to have the cars to North La Crosse within the next six weeks. Then we will have a direct connection with New York City by rail, which will be a great advantage to the traveling public in this portion of the West especially during winter. It will also put a stop to the bleeding done by steamboat men in the fall and spring of each year.

At times past, if the wary traveler happens to be a little too late in getting through to the river he is taxed an enormous price for both fare and freight. Last fall after the packets hauled off, the transient boats that continued to run, charged the very moderate price of ten dollars from Prairie Du Chien to La Crosse (95 miles) and only twelve shillings per hundred for freight. I'm thinking that those coming West this fall will understand the way to come will avoid this evil which has so long been practised. The emigration to Minnesota and North Western Wisconsin will be large for years, and those coming can rest assured that the coming fall they can, if they come by the way of the La Crosse and Milwaukee Rail Road, get through to a point where they can find good roads and good conveyance to most any point they may desire to go, and that too without the detention of their goods at Prairie Du Chien or Dunleith during the suspension of navigation on the Mississippi. The time is not far distant when a Rail Road to St. Paul and to different points in the interior of Minnesota, will be declared ready to receive the "Iron Hoss."

Already gangs of men are employed at several different points above La Crosse on the river. Minnesota is bound not to be behind her sister States in Rail Roads, and ere long she can boast of being a rich State and those who once scoffed at her will be glad to congratulate her. At present there is considerable excitement around here as well as at many other places in regard to gold being found at Onoroc, Olmsted County Minnesota. One man has dug gold to the amount of thirty dollars on one day and forty the next, this is no humbug as some might suppose as we have the information from a reliable source. The gold has been tested and is found of superior quality and nearly pure. Claims are already staked out, say seventy-five, and the mining law is established, two companies have about 8000 feet of lumber on the ground in the shape of shanties and fixtures necessary to test the gold bearing earth, and more are arriving there daily. Several companies have gone from this place, La Crosse and other places near here, to dig for the shining dust and to see if all is gold that glitters. There are three or four companies already formed, intending to leave for the golden regions on Monday, Aug. 2d. May you go with them, luck attend them, and plenty of gold come back with them. You may expect as soon as sickness in my family will permit to hear from your humble servant trying his luck in the gold mines of Minnesota.

Now Mr. Editor just tell your people not to get excited but keep perfectly cool and if perchance there should be large enough quantities found that will satisfy the craving appetite of a moneyless people here at the West I will guarantee that some of you at least shall have a specimen of Minnesota gold. And while I am informing you of there being gold in Minnesota I should not forget to mention the fact of there being lead found there also. Lead has been found in Dresbach City which has proved to be of good quality, and a fair prospect of there being large quantities of it. Should these mines prove valuable it will be a great help to Minnesota in these hard times.

We are having considerable rain here at present. The crops look very well and in some parts the wheat crop is going to be good, while the rust has affected it in others. I shall write to you again as soon as anything of importance is heard from the mines.

Yours ever,
S. G. W.

Letter from Michigan.

BATTLE CREEK, Aug. 2, 1858.

M. H. COBB: The only thing remarkable is the absolute silence of the Douglas democratic organs in this State, and their sneaking defence of their champions—Douglas and Stuart. The administration fire into the Douglas wing of the democracy of Illinois, is a forest of what they can and do expect in this State, if they put on as bold a front as they have in Illinois.

If the Douglas Anti-Lecompton coalition in Pennsylvania exhibit as much servility as the Douglas faction does in this State, why will the Republicans bend the knee to such a contemptible fusion, which will eventually

Rates of Advertising.

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 mo.
Square, (14 lines,) - \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00
2 Squares - - - - 4 00 6 00 8 00
1 column, - - - - 10 00 15 00 20 00
1/2 column, - - - - 18 00 30 00 40 00
All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments executed neatly and promptly. "Justices", Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

bring them into the presence of the big toe of Jemms?—either to kiss his toe, or be put on the rack of inquisition. Persecution will be, and is, the guiding star of the degenerate democracy of '58. It would be well enough for the fusionists of Pa. to notice one thing, if they have not already, viz.,—when and where has Douglas held out the hand of fellowship to the Republican party? When and where, has Douglas or his editors given the Republicans any credit for their unflinching opposition to Lecompton in Congress?—Without it he would have been in full communion with the sainted democracy, which is at present directing its batteries against the factious walls of Douglas. If the Republicans wish, and expect to die in the arms of Douglas, they must ignore the Republican party and its platform; for there is no intermediate territory between the two, for the Dred Scott decision covers the whole space up to the Republican lines. The resolution before the Republicans of this State is, to place the Democracy 30,000 majority—near eternity! They have driven the stakes, and they know what they have got to do, and when it is done, the Democracy are wiped out and fully subdued.

The wheat crop is light, owing to the rust, and the workings of the midge and the weevil. Farmers do not fully understand the difference between these enemies of the wheat. From what information I can get on the subject it is this: That the midge operates before the grain is ripe, and until it is cut.—The weevil does not commence its operations until the grain is harvested, and then it does not cease until the entire crop is destroyed. If it is threshed and ground into flour it will keep. Farmers should know the difference before crying "weevil," as buyers will not buy such grain; when if attacked by the "midge" before harvest it does not hurt the sale after it is threshed. New wheat is quoted at 70 and 75 cents. Yours, anon,
MICHIGAN.

The World.

The following is one of the late Major Noah's stories:
"Sir, bring me a good plain dinner," said a melancholy individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels.
"Yes sir."
The dinner was brought and devoured, and the eater called the landlord aside, and thus addressed him:
"You are the landlord?"
"Yes."
"You do a good business here?"
"Yes," (in astonishment.)
"You make, probably, ten dollars a day?"
"Yes."
"Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed; I have been out of employment seven months; but have engaged to go to work to-morrow. I had been without food four-and-twenty hours when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week."
"I cannot pay my bills with such promises," blustered the landlord; and I do not keep a poor-house. You should address the proper authorities. Leave something for security."
"I have nothing."
"I will take your coat."
"The coat was left and redeemed."
Several years after that a wealthy man entered the political arena and was presented to a caucus as an applicant for a Congressional nomination. The principal of the caucus held peace: he heard the name and history of the applicant, who was a member of church, and one of the most respectable citizens. He was chairman. The vote was tie, and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, whom he met an hour afterwards and to whom he said—
"You don't remember me?"
"No."
"I once ate dinner at your hotel, and although I told you I was famishing, and pledged my word and honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat and saw me go out into the inclement air at the risk of my life, without it."
"Well, sir, what then?"
"Not much. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for my vote would have been nominated and probably elected to Congress."

Three years after, the Christian hotel keeper became bankrupt. The poor, dinnerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary in Albany. We know him well. The ways of Providence are indeed wonderful, and the world's mutations almost beyond conception or belief.

ETHIOPIAN VIEW OF THE SEX.—"Dev may rail against women as much as dey like, but dey can't set me agin' dem. I hab always found dem to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, fust in de ice cream saloon, and de fust, best, and de last in de sick room. What would we poor creatures do without dem. Let us be born as young, as ugly, and as miserable as we can, and a woman's arm is open to receive us. She it am who gubs us our fust dose of castor oil, and puts clo's 'pon our naked persons, and cubbers up our foots and toeses in long flannel petticoats; and it am she, as we grow up, who fills our dinner baskets wid grub as we start to school, and licks us when we tears our trousers!"

An old bachelor, after his matrimonial failures, exclaims: "When I remember all the girls I have met together, I feel like a rooster in the fall, exposed to every kind of weather; I feel like one alone who reads some barn yard all deserted, whose oats are fed, whose hens are dead, and off to the market stands."