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Smiles for Home.

"Take that home with you dear," said Mrs. Lewis, her manner half smiling, half serious. "Take what home Carry?" said Mr. Lewis turning towards his wife curiously. Now, Mrs. Lewis had spoken from the moment's impulse, and already partly regretted her remark. "Take what home!" repeated her husband, "I don't understand you."

"That smiling face you turned upon Mr. Edwards when you answered his question just now." Mr. Lewis slightly averted his head and walked in silence. They called in at the shop of Mr. Edwards to purchase a few articles and were now on their way home. There was no smile on the face of Mr. Lewis now, but a very grave expression indeed—grave almost to sternness. The words of his wife had taken him altogether by surprise and though spoken slightly had jarred upon his ears.

The truth was, Mr. Lewis like a great many other men who have their own business cares and troubles, was in the habit of bringing him a sober, and, too often, a clouded face. It was in vain that his wife and children looked into that face for sunshine, or listened to his words for tones of cheerfulness.

"Take that home with you dear!" Mrs. Lewis was already repeating this suggestion, made on a moment's impulse. Her husband was sensitive to a fault. He could not bear even an implied censure from his wife, and so she had learned to be very guarded in this particular.

"Take that home with you dear!" she repeated to herself. "Ah me! I wish the words had not been said. There will be darker clouds now, and gracious knows they were dark enough before! Why can't Mr. Lewis leave his business cares behind him and let us see the old pleasant smiling face again? I thought, this morning, that he had forgotten how to smile; but I see that he can smile if he tries. Ah! why don't he try at home?"

Thus soliloquized Mrs. Lewis as she walked along by the side of her husband who had not spoken a word since her reply to his query. "Take what home?" Square after square was passed and street after street was crossed and still there was silence between them.

"Of course," said Mrs. Lewis, speaking in her own thoughts—"of course he is offended. He won't take a word from me. I might have known beforehand that talking out this way would only make things worse. Oh dear! I'm getting out of all heart."

"What then, dear?" said Mr. Lewis. Mrs. Lewis almost started at the sound of her husband's voice breaking unexpectedly upon her ear in a softened tone. "What then?" he repeated turning towards her, and looking down upon her shyly upturned face.

"It would send warmth and radiance through the whole house," replied Mrs. Lewis her tones trembling with feeling. "You think so," said her husband. "I know so; only try it dear for this one evening."

"It isn't so easy a thing to put on a smiling face, when thoughts are oppressed with care," said Mr. Lewis.

"It didn't seem to require much effort just now," said Mrs. Lewis glancing up at her husband with something of archness in her look.

Again a shadow dropped down upon the face of Mr. Lewis which was again partly turned away, and again they walked on in silence.

No, it did not require much effort on the part of Mr. Lewis to smile as he passed a few words with Mr. Edwards. The remark of his wife had not really displeased him; it had only set him thinking. After remaining gravely silent, because he was undergoing a brief examination, Mr. Lewis said: "You thought the smile given to Mr. Edwards came easily enough?"

"It did not seem to require an effort," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"No not much of an effort was required," said Mr. Lewis, and his tones were slightly depressed, "but this must be taken into account; my mind was in a certain state of excitement, or activity that represented sober feelings, and made smiling an easy thing. So we smile and are gay in company, at cost of little effort because all are smiling and gay, and we feel the common sphere of excitement. How different it often is when we're alone I need not say. You Carry, are guilty of the sober face at home as well as your husband."

Mr. Lewis spoke with a tender reproach in his voice.

"The sober face is caught from yours often than you imagine my husband," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"Are you certain of that Carry?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"Very certain," she replied. "You make the sunlight and shadow of your home, smile upon us; give us cheerful words; enter into our feelings and interest, and there will be brighter home in all the land. A shadow on your countenance is a veil for my heart, and the same is true as respects our children. Our pulses strike too nearly in unison not to be disturbed when yours has lost even its beat."

Again Mr. Lewis walked on in silence, his face partly averted, and again his wife began to fear that she had spoken too freely; but she soon dispelled this impression. "I am glad Carry," said he, "that you have spoken thus plainly. I only wish that you had done so before. I see how it is."

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. V.

WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1858.

NO. 4.

Hymn of the Marseillaise.

My smiles have been for the outside world—for the world that neither loved nor regarded me—and my clouded brow for the dear ones at home, for whom thought and care are ever living activities.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were now at their own door, where they paused a moment, and then in. Instantly, on passing his threshold, Mr. Lewis felt the pressure upon him of his usual state. The cheerful, interested exterior put on for those he met in business intercourse began rapidly to change, and a sober hue to succeed. Like most business men, his desire for profitable results was even far in advance of the slow evolutions of trade; and his daily history was a history of disappointments, in some measure dependent upon his restless anticipations. He was not as willing to work and to wait as he should be; and, like many of his class, neglected the pearls that lay here and there along his daily path, because they were inferior in value to those he helped to find just a little way in advance. The consequence was that, when the days business excitement was over, his mind fell into a brooding state and lingered over its disappointments, or looked forward with failing hope into the future; for hope in many things, has been long deferred; and so he rarely had smiles for his home.

"Take that home with you dear," whispered Mrs. Lewis, as they passed along the passage, and before they had joined the family. She had an instinctive consciousness that her husband was in danger of relapsing into his usual state. The warning was just in time.

"Thank you for the words," said he. "I will not forget them." And he did not; but at once rallied himself, and to the glad surprise of Jenny, George and Mary, met them with a new face, covered with fatherly smiles, and with pleasant questions, in pleasant tones, of their day's employments. The feelings of children moved a greeting like this, but the response was instant. Little Jenny climbed into her father's arms; George came and stood by his chair, answering in lively tones his father's questions; while Mary, older by a few years than the rest, leaned against her father's shoulder, and laid her white hand softly on his head, smoothing back the dark hair, just showing a little frost, from his broad, manly temples.

A pleasant group was this for the eyes of Mrs. Lewis, as she came forth to the sitting room from her chamber, where she had gone to take off her bonnet and shawl, and change her dress. Well did her husband understand the meaning look she gave him, and warmly did her heart respond to the smile he threw back upon her.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," said Mr. Lewis, speaking to her as she came in.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mary looking curiously into her father's face.

"Mother understands," replied Mr. Lewis, smiling tenderly upon his wife.

"Something pleasant must have happened," said Mary.

"Something pleasant? Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"You and mother look so happy," replied the child.

"And we have cause to be happy," answered the father, as he drew his arm tightly around her, "in having three such good children."

Mary laid her cheek to his, and whispered, "If you are smiling and happy, dear father! home will be like heaven."

Mr. Lewis kissed her; but did not reply. He felt a rebuke in her words; but the rebuke did not throw a chill over his feelings—it only gave a new strength to his purpose.

"Don't distribute all your smiles. Keep a few of the warmest and brightest for home," said Mrs. Lewis, as she parted with her husband the next morning. He kissed her, but did not promise.

The smiles, however, were kept, though not for the outside world, and evening saw them.

Other and many evenings saw the same cheerful smiles, and the same happy home. And was not Mr. Lewis a better and happier man! Of course he was. And so would all men be, if they would take home with them the smiling aspect they so often exhibit as they meet their fellow men in business intercourse, or exchange words in passing compliments.

Take your smiles and cheerful words home with you, husbands, fathers, and brothers. Your hearts are cold and dark without them.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.—The handling of the nursery is significant, and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquility indicated by it, are all reproduced in the child. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that, for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little further on, he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Voice, manner, gait, everything which the eye sees, the mimic instinct delights to act over. And thus we have a whole generation of future men, receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality.—They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table; and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and molds of habit, which, if wrong, no heavenly discipline can wholly remove; or, if right, no bad associations utterly dissipate. Now it may be doubted, I think, whether, in all the active influence of our lives, we do as much to shape the destiny of our fellow men, as we do in this single article of unconscious influence over children.

Egyptian Mummy Rags in a Yankee Paper Mill.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing of the paper mills at Gardiner, Me., says:

"Yesterday I visited in company with Mayor Woods (of Gardiner,) the two principal paper factories, and I was astonished in looking at the millions of pounds of rags piled up in warehouse or spread over acres of ground, to find that a portion of them had recently arrived from Alexandria in Egypt. They were the most disagreeably odoriferous old clothes that I have ever had the misfortune to smell. This, doubtless, was owing to the fact that a part of them were in a damaged state. The Egyptian rags had been collected from all parts of the Pacha's dominions—from the living and the dead. How many cast-off garments of Howadjis and Hadjis; how many tons of big, loose, ragged Turkish breeches; and how many head pieces in the shape of old doffed turbans, the deponent saith not. But the most singular and the cleanest division of the whole filthy mass came not from the limbs of the present generation of travelers—pilgrims, peasants, soldiers and sailors of Egypt—but were the plundered wrappings of men, bulls, crocodiles and cats torn from the respectable defunct members of the same. What a scene to call up the grim past! And what a desecration too, to take the garments of the Pharaohs, Rameeses, and of sacred bulls, holy crocodiles and pious cats, and mingling them with the vulgar unmentionables of the shaven-headed herd of modern Egyptians, to ship them to the other side of the world—to land which Ptolemy's map had no room for—there to grind them up to the music of cogwheels and the falls of the Cobosse Contee! How little did the religious old Egyptians think that they were piling away stores for the future cash accounts of Turkomans, and that the linen folds which so carefully bandaged their holy dead, should one day make highly calendered paper. Mummy cloth, as well as old rags of Italy, (how do they manage to produce so many rags there?) are ground up and come forth mingled in fond embrace and in the purest white."

It has been ascertained that some of the Egyptian rags contain 40 per cent of dust and dirt. The dust doubtless consists of many fine particles of Pharaoh's embalmed subjects, but not a few of the modern rags seem to have been spread upon the sands at the periodical overflow of the Nile, and received a deposit of the fine earth that has washed down from the mountains of Abyssinia. This adds to the weight, and sword, and guillotine, which have made his country a spectre of blood in the eyes of nations. Nor can the foreigner hear it sung by a company of exiles, or executed by a band of music, without feeling that it was the pibroch of battle and war.

SLANDER.—Of all the monsters of human birth, open or masked, that go up and down the earth, slander is the chiefest. Oftener hatched of idle depravity than of active malice, it is in every form an assassin's dagger. Perchance no living soul has escaped its thrust—so universal is it. It fears not the high, and scoras not the low. Everywhere its withering venom spreads, embittering the heart, poisoning the world's life, and enkindling hate and feud. Devilish child of the unbridled tongue, what pangs, what agonies, what remorse hast thou begotten. Oh, tongue! thou canst whisper so sweetly of love—thou canst burn with the fires of friendship, and flame with the eloquence of mercy and truth—that canst thrill the soul with delights, and consecrate it to all that is beautiful and holy, why wilt thou forever defile thyself with the demon's curse, the serpent's hiss? Angel one moment, and vampire the next! Agent of God, and yet hell's most infamous servant! Oh, tongue, that art so capable of good, and yet so prone to evil—that canst bid live, and yet must kill! But for slander, peace might dwell among men—the living happy, and the dead unharmed. But for slander—ah, the poet named thee well:

"Slander, the foulest welp of sin!" "Gossip" thou art in thine infancy, stirring up rancor and bitterness in neighborhoods; in thy fulness, thou art a black, blasting "lie." All men hate thee and scorn thee, and yet to all thou art "a sweet morsel on the tongue." Who can answer for this anomaly—who explain it? Blessed be the tongue that speaketh praise and truth; accursed forever be the tongue that uttereth falsehood and slander!

It is an easy matter to knock a croquet out of crazy man's head, if you hit him right: an old gentleman whose brain was a little turned called out to his son, one night:

"Abel! Abel! Satan has been tempting me all night to go and drown myself in the horse-rot!"

Well, he must be a fool," said Abel, "for there hasn't been a drop of water in it for six weeks."

The old gentleman turned over, and went to sleep, thinking no more of evil spirits.

"Mother have I got any children?" asked an orphan of eight summers.

"Why no. What put that in your head, boy?"

"Because I read in the bible to day at school about children's children."

"Here Biddy, this child is feverish, wash him in ice water, and put him to bed."

The last words of the Old Testament are a fearful threatening:—"Less I come and smite the earth with a curse." The last words of the New Testament are a benediction:—"The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

Communications.

Ma. Editor; I'm tired. Life is wearisome; pleasures are vexatious; and friends are bores! The fact is, I'm surfeited with the gayeties of fashionable life. Even now my hand is tremulous and my pen drags heavily from last night's revelry. My eyes are weary and feverish from gazing on jewels and blondes; my system is deranged, from banqueting at a late hour; and my head swims strangely, from too freely imbibing the ruddy wine which flowed unchecked.—In short I find that I am incapacitated to do a single thing. Poor human nature revolts, and cries out, "How long, Oh, how long shall these things continue to be?"

There is in every heart, away down deep, a still, silent voice, whose gentle teachings are purer, holier far than the lessons of earth's children. Last night I heard this voice, but would not list, as I wished to be a participant in the mirth around me. I sought to preserve a gay exterior and to heartily engage in the passing excitement; the tumultuous waves of which could not suffice to drown those gentle, inner whisperings, which ever and anon came breathing their silent monitions, thus making turbulent waves to roll over my soul and destroy my peace. I directed my attention to the sacrifices made at fashion's shrine, and the great expenditure for ornament, and wherewith to gratify the appetite. Then I gazed upon the multitude before me, and the former expenses sank into nothingness as I measured the infinite capacities of the human mind, and saw so many votaries willing to immolate their best energies on such an altar!—willing to violate the laws of their being, and imperil their lives for an evening's entertainment!

Then I thought of suffering humanity all around us. I proportioned the finances of the evening to the sum requisite to relieve them, and finding the former so largely to preponderate, the picture before me lost its beauty, and I gazed upon it in astonishment! I reflected how many mighty intellects were blighted by the mildew of ignorance and warped by the untoward tendencies of superstition, which might have been animated into action by the warning influences of philanthropy. I thought of the lonely fire-side, the desolate hearth-stone, of the poor widow in her chill and comfortless abode, answering with but tears her children's plea for food, and I wished that I might but be the good angel sent with crumbs from the rich man's table to relieve them. And thus, whilst my eyes were gazing on the scene before me, my mind was wandering among the labyrinthine of ignorance, wretchedness and woe. My heart's warmest sympathies were awakened, and I could but hope that ere long fortune's favored ones might forget their own selfish pleasures, in raising the fallen, instructing the ignorant, and alleviating the woes of earth's hapless children.

Lawrenceville. DELTA.

Our Correspondence.

Letter from Wisconsin. MADISON, August 9, 1858.

Ma. Editor; I will endeavor to give you a limited description of the city of Madison and adjacent country. I am rusticated in the western country and thought probably a few words in relation to the capital of the badger State might find a place in your paper.

Madison, the county seat of Dane county and capitol of the State of Wisconsin, perhaps combines and overlooks more charming and diversified scenery to please the eye of fancy and promote health and pleasure than any other town in the whole west, and in these respects it surpasses any other State capital in the Union. Its bright lakes, fresh groves and rippling rivulets, its sloping hills, shady vales and flowery meadows, are mingled in greater profusion and disposed in more picturesque order than I have ever elsewhere beheld. Nor is it less noteworthy for its business advantages and healthful position. Situated on elevated ground, amid delightful groves and productive lands, it must be healthy; while the abundance and convenience of fine streams and water-powers must facilitate a sound and rapid advancement here in agricultural pursuits and the mechanic arts. On the west of the city is lake Mendota, on the east, lake Monona. The space between the lakes on which the town is built is one mile in width. Around the town, stretching away in every direction, is a beautiful undulating country, consisting of prairies and oak openings. The University buildings are on the highest ground and present a most imposing appearance. The Capitol is admirably situated on a lovely square of fourteen acres covered with forest trees. From the top of the Capitol (which, by the way, is a capital house in more than one sense,) the visitor has a splendid view. Madison has a population of about fifteen thousand souls. Madison is destined to be a resort for those who wish to retire from the turmoil of business. Those to whom the bustle of Newport and Saratoga gives no recreation, will be delighted to come to such a place as this. None too far South for the hottest weather, and just far enough North to enjoy the cool and invigorating breezes as they reach us from the arctic regions before being mingled with the miasma that arises from the low lands and pools of southern prairie, that keeps alive pestilence and disease, killing its thousands for want of uncontaminated air.

Yours, R. D. T.

Officer—

"Didn't you guarantee, sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he won't; it is after the fire that he shies."

A Puzzling Theological Question.

Several years ago, before the age of railroads, a meeting of the American Board for Foreign Missions was held at Albany, which Rev. Calvin Chapin, the witty Congregational minister, now deceased, with a number of other clergymen from this region, attended, performing the journey by stage. At the close of the meeting they returned by the same conveyance. All the passengers in the stage but one were Congregational clergymen; that one was a young Episcopal minister. At first starting the passengers were all silent, till after some time, our young Episcopal friend, with somewhat more of courage than discretion, proceeded to deliver himself substantially as follows:

"I have been examining those portions of the Scriptures, lately, in which prayer is spoken of, and have satisfied myself that prayer is never spoken of in the Bible where the circumstances do not make it probable—yes, I may say certain—that the prayer must have been read."

To this somewhat startling proposition no one made any reply; but our young friend, nothing daunted, went on; "I will defy any gentleman present to bring forward an instance where this is not the case."

There was again a short silence, which was broken by Dr. Chapin, who said in his blandest and most deferential tones:

"I do not mean to deny your position, Sir; but there is a question I should like to ask, if you will be so kind as to answer it."

"Oh, ask as many questions as you please—I will answer them," was the reply of the young man.

"The question I wished to ask was," said Dr. Chapin, very deliberately, who held candle for Jonah when he read prayers in the whale's belly?"

It is said that the juvenile divine maintained a dignified silence during the rest of that journey.

GOING TO SPREAD HERSELF.—As a newly married couple, evidently from the country, were promenading Montgomery street, last evening, their curiosity was suddenly aroused by the appearance of some mysterious looking articles dangling from a shop window.—They eyed them with the keenest concern—first one side and then the other—until at last the husband having completely exhausted his imaginative powers, drawled out:

"Well, Sal, consarn my pictures, of them ain't the cussedest looking things I ever hearn tell of." Then twisting himself about, and giving the contents of the window another look, he added, "What on earth kin they be?"

"Why, Jake, don't you know?—Krinoline and hoop!"

"Dugell," ejaculated Jake softly. "Them's 'em, is they?" and he ran his eyes about the strange apparel.

"I think they are so sweet?" ventured Sal, when at the same moment a lady, dressed in the breadth of the fashion, brushed along.

Jake had seen enough; Sal must have a krinoline. Without saying a word, he started to enter the store, but was stopped at the door by her, with all sorts of entreaties not to carry the joke any farther. But Jake was determined. He had taken a fancy to the goods and could not rest until his better-half was supplied with them. She drew back, but it was of no avail. He gathered her arm tightly in his own, and making a long stride into the establishment, exclaimed:

"Come along, old gal! You're my wife now, I'll be hanged if you shan't spread yourself!"

WESTERN ETIQUETTE.—A Yankee traveler, who saw the live hoosier, wrote to his mother:

"Western people," said he, "go to their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man that he lies, as you can down east, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling his neighbors in my hearing, a pretty large story.

Says I, "stranger that's a whopper!" Says he, "Lay there, stranger!"

And in an instant, I found myself in a ditch, the worse for wear and tear.

Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed:

"That isn't a specimen of your western women I should think?"

Says he, "You are afraid of fever and ague, stranger, ain't you?"

"Very much," replied I.

"Well," replied he, "that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologise in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols, (which he held cocked in his hands) shall cure you of that disagreeable disorder entirely—so don't fear, stranger."

"So I knelt down and politely apologized. I admire this western country much, but curse me if I can stand so much etiquette, it always takes me unawares.

A traveler, a resident of England, once, while exploring an African province came across a greasy, flat-nosed, long heeled negro, lying under a palm tree. A hut stood in the distance, and his accoutrements consisted of a breech cloth, a bow and poisoned arrows.

"Who are you?" said the traveler. "I am de king of dis province," said the colored person, pointing to his hut and weapons. "Do they talk much about me in England?"

THE VERN "TO GO."—Monsieur Folair, who is studying English Grammar, says:—"Ze veirb 'to go' is ze most irregular in ze English language. You bear him—'I go—you depart—he clears out—we cut stick—ye or gon make tracks—zey abrutulate.'"