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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. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1859. NO. 48.

Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS. Includes rates for Square, Column, and Line.

THE QUADROON.

With the tangled reefs of a damp morass, Lay a waving young quadroon; And the buried tufts of the tall marsh grass, Were before her, and covered the narrow pass;

A Good Story.

The following amusing sketch of the manner in which an irascible President of old Cambridge was once mollified by a mug of flip, is from the pen of "Jack Robinson."

Gen. Washington's First Love.

A correspondent of the Century in giving some reminiscences of the old country seat called "The Cottage," in Hanover County, Virginia, gives an account of General Washington's suit and rejection by Mary Cary.

From the Potter Journal. THE BEAU-CATCHERS.

Her hair was as black as a two-year-old crow, And her brow was far whiter than chalk; Of her features and form but little I know, And of these it is best not to talk.

EDUCATIONAL. The Body and the Mind.

The system which is deprived of needed physical recreation, must break down. It is the height of folly to suppose that we can ignore the demands of Nature in any respect, without paying the penalty.

COMMUNICATIONS. The Demand is for Ladies.

Why, of course it is! Would you have women anything else but a bona fide lady; whose blood dances through her veins in tune with the happy, healthful emotions of her heart; whose face beams upon you in frankness and feeling;

For the Agitator.

waist, and telling him as cheerily as I could to keep cool, I got him with his arm around my neck. It had, however sprung the stapling for five yards down, and was so loose that it swayed with him, and I expected any minute to see him falling head and heels down, and the rod tearing away with him.

There was a great bustle down below; people were running round the yard and pushing to get in, but as yet there were but some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and, by close looking, I saw them put somebody on a board, and carry him gently away towards the engine-house. One of the men walked after with a hat in his hand; then I knew that somebody had been hurt by the falling cradle, and that it must be poor Mr. Staming, as none of our men wore hats.

But the old tradition does not end here.—Many years fled away—Mary Cary was Mrs. Ambler—and her discarded suitor was the man who had just received the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown; whom the whole civilized world hailed as the greatest among the great—"the foremost man," not only of America but of "all the world."

Change.

On everything in nature change is perceptible. We are reminded of it by the rolling seasons, by the growing and fading grass, by the green and withering leaves. To-day the sun shines in all his splendor, the gentle breeze sweeps lightly by, and all nature is in a state of tranquil repose; to-morrow dark clouds veil the sun, the tempest moves on with destruction in its breath, the living lightning glares through the agitated firmament, while the deep-toned thunder mingles with the fury of the contending elements.

Was He Insane?

Dr. Wayne, of the New York Medical College, in a lecture upon the importance to the medical profession of a careful study of legal insanity, with a view to their often being called to give testimony on very difficult and delicate questions, quoted the following well-put case from Knapp's work on unsoundness of mind:

Two Kissing Sensations.

A distinguished poetess thus describes the sensation produced on her by a hearty buss from her "lovery": First time he kissed me he only kissed The fingers of this hand wherewith I write, And ever since it grew more clear and white, Slow to world greeting, quick with it, "Oh, list!" When the angels speak, A ring of Amethyst I could not wear here plainer to my sight Than that first kiss. The second passed in height The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed, Halting on my hair. Oh, beyond mead! That was the cream of love, which love's own crown With sanctifying sweetness did proceed. That third upon my lips was folded down In perfect purple state; since when, indeed, I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own."

Consider Me Smith.

There is a very good story in the papers of the day, of a joke (?) which was played by old Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina.

The old doctor was a small man, and lean, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as if he might be tough, but he did not seem strong. Nevertheless, he was, among the knowing ones, reputed to be as agile as a cat; and in addition, was by no means deficient in knowledge of the "noble art of self-defence."

Old Bolus.

Old Bolus said nothing, but squared himself, and as it went. Jones' youth, weight and muscle made him an "ugly customer;" but after a round or two, the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his beefy antagonist down, and was astraddle on his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of the head.

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