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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. VI.

WELLSBORO, TIoga COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1860.

NO. 50.

Rates of Advertising. Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS.

BY T. MIRAM JUDSON. We have been friends together, but we are parted, now; I know that soon'st me, for I mark that scorn upon thy brow.

THE BORROWED GARMENTS.

"Frank, lend me your swallow-tailed coat." "What for?" "Here," and I tossed him a moderate sized card bearing the following inscription: "Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater's compliments, and would be pleased to see Mr. Wilkins on Friday eve, the thirteenth instant, at 8 o'clock."

"That's the sign of you would please Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater's?" "Probably; will you lend me the coat?" "Yes, certainly."

Frank Barnes and I were disciples of Aesculapius, and pursuing our studies at the Medical College. We were chums and fast friends; we studied together, walked together, ate at the same table, and enjoyed in common our shuck-mattress and scanty quilts.

I passed over my entrance; the nervous manipulation of my cravat in the cloak room, while I endeavored to persuade myself that I was perfectly self-possessed; my salutation of the host and hostess, and my chat with Miss Georgia, in which the charming moonlight evenings Mrs. Harlan's last novel were the predominant topics.

"Sir," said the editor of the —, with Pickwickian emphasis and dignity, "I set my foot down upon such principles!" The remark was made to Major —, one of the prominent street-corner politicians, and in reference to some of the Major's principles.

And now Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater want to see me Friday eve: to-day is Thursday: too late to get a new garment made, to say nothing of my own impunctuality. But as I said before, I was very fond of society, especially that of Amelia, who would certainly be at the party, as she was on very intimate terms with Miss Georgia Fitzwater.

complimentary speech to Miss Georgia, when suddenly the needle which I inadvertently had left in my trousers, made its presence known in a very insinuating manner. At another, Mr. Fitzwater, was shaking my hand with one of his, and with the other extracting the pins with which I had tried to cobble the disintegrated coat-tail; while Amelia's father stood by poisoning two bricks over my devoted head.

"Wilkins," said he, after I had gone through the trying ordeal of outward purification, and doctored a clean under garment, "Wilkins, have you polished those gaiters?" "Thunder! No!"

"So I had to divest myself of the clean garment, and go to it. As I sat silently rubbing the calf-skins, the thought struck me that perhaps I could not get them on. The distressing idea had not entered my brain before, and now it came upon me with terrific force. I have said that Frank was about as tall as myself but as he probably had more aristocratic blood in him than I have, he wore shoes two numbers smaller than mine.

"There's my hat on the floor; take it." "No, I thank you; you need it to-night." By this time I was dressed; and leaving the house I started on foot for the Fitzwater mansion, as it was but a few squares distant. I had not gone far when I discovered that the shoes were rather tight; but I trudged boldly on, and by the time I reached the house, my feet were in an anasthetic state, and I was comparatively comfortable.

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I hoped she would not read it, as he would be very angry if the contents were known. "But how did you get it? He would not let you have such a letter." "Here was a dilemma. I must either tell her a falsehood, or acknowledge that I am wearing borrowed garments. My pride revolts from the latter horn, as would hers at the thought of a careless lover. If I adopted the other alternative, I sacrifice my sense of right; and besides I had not time to concoct a respectable lie. But pride prevailed, and I did not mention the coat. I do not know what I did tell her; it must have been an incoherent jargon, for I remember that she looked at me with curious, inquiring eyes, as though she had suspicions concerning either my veracity or my sanity. She seemed satisfied, however, and gave me the letter. The rooms were warm and crowded—the guests were warm, and many of them very cosy—so we preferred to promenade on the cool piazza, and I was again oblivious of all things earthly. I repeated the choice selections I had made from Byron, and what I could remember of Lalla Rookh. Thus, in full enjoyment of the calm autumnal night, were our souls in sweet communion. As we gazed at the distant stars, and selected one as our future home, the well-known words of the poet rose to my lips:

"The devil!" I cried, as I struck my foot—the bruised one—against one of Mrs. Fitzwater's flower pots. Amelia withdrew her arm from mine, and casting a scornful, withering look upon me, said, in a voice husky with emotion: "Sir, you are a brute! you are drunk!"

"You have insulted me both in your conduct and your language. You carry on flirtations with other girls. You have a letter from one, and when I see it, you make a miserable drunk apology for it. We part forever. Never appear in my presence again."

Frank seized me before I could put the coat into the fire, held me till I was somewhat calm, then put me to bed, and went on reading, after muttering something about 'drunk again.' I awoke in the night with a fever; roused Frank and sent him for the doctor, who came, saw, and blistered me most unmercifully.

Garibaldi's Strong Men.—A characteristic incident occurred at one of the steepest rocky eminences which Garibaldi wished to occupy, to obtain command of a position above Palermo. He had a piece of mountain artillery, but no means to raise it. While he was at a stand, at the base of the rough and almost perpendicular height, two contadini (countrymen) came up and inquired what was the cause of the delay. They were brothers, and possessed the characteristic spirit of the Sicilians, with even a superior degree of the strength, activity and power of endurance of the Islanders generally.

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A TOUCHING STORY.

The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own bitter experience of the sin of grieving and resisting a mother's love and counsel.

"What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered failed to move me! She rose to go home and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till she reached her own door. "It is school time now," said she. "Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I won't go to school," said I. "She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly: "Certainly you will go, Alfred, I command you." "I will not," said I in a tone of defiance. "One of two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this morning, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future."

"I dare you to do it, you can't get me up stairs." "Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently and was deadly pale. "If you touch me I will kick you," said I in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said. "Will you go Alfred?" "No," I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly. "I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother, a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps, and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me; I saw her heart beat against her breast. "Oh! Heavenly Father," said she, "forgive him—he knows not what he does!"

"I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I threw myself on the bed, to pass another wretched and fearful night. Another footstep slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's. "Alfred my son, shall I come?" she asked. I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother thrilled through me, and melted the ice of my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

"I was awakened from my uneasy slumber, by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood at my bedside. "Get up Alfred. Oh, don't wait a minute! Get up, and come with me. Mother is dying." I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up melancholy and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble lay my mother. She was not dressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

"I cannot tell you with what agony I looked upon her; my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my brain was on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a light motion of mother's hand; her eyes unsealed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. "Mother, mother!" I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me." She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin white hands, she clasped my own with them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form, till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of youth had gone forever. Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for future years.

A man can do without his own approbation in society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when alone; without it, solitude is not to be endured. An Exchange says:—A party of our friends chanced a few thirty-six hours. They actually ran the thing into the ground.

HARD WORK.

All classes of men complain of 'hard work.' The carpenter thinks that it is 'too bad' that he is obliged to work so hard for a living, while his neighbor the physician can ride in his carriage to attend patients or leisurely deal out medicines in his office.

The physician thinks it hard work to be in readiness to obey calls at all hours of the day, and night; to travel in cold and heat, through mud and storms, and not even be allowed one hour in the twenty-four which he can positively call his own. He envies his friend the carpenter, who, when the day's work is done, can return to his family and rest in peace.

The blacksmith feels that a hard lot in life has fallen to him, as he strikes the anvil thro' the long day, while on the opposite side of the street, his neighbor, the lawyer, seems to be called to the performance of no harder work than writing at his table or the reading of his law books. But the lawyer, as his glance falls upon the blacksmith, thinks of the years spent in study to fit him for the profession, of other years of strenuous mental exertion and constant application to gain a reputation, of the still incessant toil necessary to attain it—of his frequent unavoidable contacts with most hardened villains, of the revolting relations of crime he is compelled to hear, of the hundreds of suffering, innocent victims, who plead with him to succor them from powerful oppressors, but whom he cannot aid. With a sigh he turns away from the whistling, singing, jolly-faced and brawny-armed blacksmith, and feels it harder to work to hammer and weld the iron and blow the bellows of the law in such a manner as shall always keep the fires of his reputation burning before the world.

So it is in the various branches of trade and in all professions. Each is apt to think his neighbor's business light work compared to the duties incumbent upon him to perform. But it is not so. The merchant and the mechanic, the clergyman and the farmer, have all work to do—either mental or physical—of equal importance to the general body politic, and requiring equal exertions. This grumbling about hard work is of no benefit to us, but decidedly foolish and wicked.

We are made to work. God constituted us with bones, sinews, strength, and in every way, by mental and physical endowment, adapted us for the performance of labor. Labor is called worship; and whether in the mental or physical sphere of action, he who labors the most perseveringly, the most uncomplainingly, the most efficiently for the good of himself and welfare of his fellow-men, must be accounted the most faithful and acceptable worshipper.

YANKEE GUMPTION.

Says N. P. Willis:—It was amused a few days since, with the contrast between two men who were working for the same wages, worth describing, because it illustrates some truth—the difference between the common American mind and the common European. We were prepared to throw our bridge across Idlewild brook. A quiet little narrow-shouldered American, with my horse hitched to a drag; was drawing stone for a railroad beyond, and a broad shouldered fellow from the old country was digging earth to fill in. As I stood looking on for a moment, I saw a thrifty little cedar, which was partly uprooted, and requesting the digger to set it upright and shovel some dirt around it, I walked on. Returning a few minutes after, I saw my cedar straight enough, but its roots still exposed. "Why didn't you cover it with dirt?" I asked. "Sure, sir," said sturdy Great Britain, with a look of most honest regret that he had not been able to oblige me, "you told me to shovel it, and I had no shovel." He was working with a spade!

It was not ten minutes after this that I saw my little Yankee dollar-a-day unbiting the horse from the drag. "What are you going to do?" I asked. "Why, there is no more stone to be got on this side," he said, "and as the carpenter don't seem to be coming to fix this bridge, I thought I'd step over and get what his name's oxen and snake them timbers up, and then haul 'em across with a block and tackle, and timber over, and put on the planks. I could draw stone from the other side then." Here was a quiet proposal to do what I looked forward to as quite a problem for a professional mechanic. I had bespoken a carpenter for the job three weeks before. There stood the abutments six feet high and twenty-five feet apart, and a stream swollen by the freshet and hardly fordable on horseback, rushing between; and how these two immovable timbers, thirty feet long, were to be got across without machinery and scaffolding to span this chasm of twenty-five feet, I was not engineer enough to see. It was among the "chores that a man with common gumption could do easy enough," however, as my little fellow said, and it was done next morning, with block and tackle, rollers and levers—going about it as natural and handy as if he had been a bridge builder by profession. There being no higher price for day labor with this amount of "gumption," and day labor such as the other man's who could not conceive how a spade might be used for a shovel, shows how common ingenuity is in our country, and how characteristic of a Yankee it is to know no obstacle.

POLITENESS.—A truly refined and Christian-politeness exhibits itself at home with intimate friends. It is manifest toward husband or wife, towards children and domestics; and none are better witnesses to the politeness of the Christian gentleman or lady than inferiors and dependents, and those who witness the daily struggles of the man for existence. To such is exposed the inner man, and to none is more apparent the utter hypocrisy of that individual who affects a gentlemanly bearing towards superiors, but is harsh and unpleasant towards those who are more in need of his soft and tender tones. Counterfeit politeness affects much of courtesy in certain places, and among certain people, but behind the scenes you view the naked deformity of the character manifested in harsh, rough tones and words to those who were first won by blandness, and suavely.