

Douglas at His Old Home.

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THE AGITATOR.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA. Thursday Morning, Oct. 20, 1854.

The Result of Fusion, and the Duty of Freedom.

The sanguinary triumphs of the ancients were made the occasions of great feasts, illuminations, and other noisy demonstrations. These were generally succeeded by a season of indolent repose, but it sometimes happened that the too careless victors were surprised by the vanquished, and cut off in the midst of their rejoicing, or bound hand and foot during their unwearied and untimely sleep.

The world, unfortunately, is not given to profit by experience. With an example of overthrow in the immediate past, it shuts its eyes and drives madly on to split again and again upon the same rock. Just so it is with parties. The power of to-day, is too often the unconscious parent of the weakness of to-morrow.

The fusion of Pennsylvania has achieved a glorious victory—a victory in which the Good triumphed over a Bad principle. It was not a victory over a party, except so far as party became identified with a manifest error.

We rejoice that it was a victory which neither of the great parties can justly claim as its own; and we sincerely hope that it is of such a nature as to preclude forever the distinctive existence of either.

But, poor little man! he was in the wrong crowd, and after all his violent gesticulation and base appeal to the baser passions and prejudices of human nature, he sat down amid the united and loud call for "Squire Jones, a firm and unflinching Anti-Nebraska Whig, who mourned the stand amid cheers that made "Nebrascals" tremble, and offered a series of resolutions condemnatory of the Nebraska bill and of the course of Douglas and Richardson, and after some pertinent remarks they were put to vote and passed by at least four to one, and then the crowd gave three times three cheers—good, lusty ones—for Richardson's competitor for "that seat in Congress"—Archib. Williams, who, by-the-way, will be elected from this district next month, in spite of that "corruption fund" at Washington.

On the whole, the "demonstration" was a sad one to Douglas and his friends, and made the "heart glad" of those who hope to see truth and justice prevail. Look out for us on the 7th of November.—N. Y. Tribune. A LOOKER-ON

A Woman Apparently White Sentenced to Slavery—Fourth District Court. A rather singular case came before this court yesterday. Some days since a woman named Pelagie, was arrested as a fugitive slave, who had lived for more than twelve years in this city as a free woman.

and their cause will assuredly fall. The triumph of the master, and the loss of the slave, will be a bitter lesson to the "higher law," its organization will have been shattered. But it would have come eventually, for its constituents were fast becoming imbued with a progressive spirit, which aimed a fatal blow at its nationality. The Fugitive Slave law destroyed the backbone of the Whig party, and Nebraska has done the same good thing for the Democratic party.

Here is a lesson for future profit. Unless the Republicans effect an immediate and thorough organization, there is little hope of future success. They should organize. It is madness to put it off till the eve of an exciting campaign. There must be no folding of arms because of victory. Every district should have its organization, for Tioga must not lag behind her sister counties.

Soon after the passage of the Nebraska bill, the Administration papers grew insolent with success, and chuckled amazingly over the idea that, as Senators were chosen for a term of six years, and as a large majority of the Senate were friendly to the aforesaid infamous bill, the chances for its repeal were "nowhere" for the next six years.

The Legislature of this State is anti-Nebraska in both branches by a fair majority. The House stands 74 known anti-Nebraska men to 59—some opposed and some favorable. As an United States Senator is to be chosen next winter, we hope the most efficient anti-Nebraska man in the State will be the unanimous choice of that body.

Prohibition. Sad are we while we write it, and not only sad but filled with sorrowful indignation—Rum, for a season victor over Right, and Justice and Good Order. We have hoped against hope for a long week past, determined not to give up until the last ray of light should be officially snuffed out.

Yes, Prohibition is lost by a few paltry hundred votes—not more than Tioga might have turned had she stood up to her duty as she ought. But there is a day of retribution coming, when all the mighty strength of the Liqueur Traffic shall be like flaxen bands in a greedy flame.

Next week we shall speak further upon this subject, and what seems necessary and proper to be done now.

EF Rev. J. F. Calverley delivered an interesting Lecture on the subject of Common Schools, on the 17th inst. at the Court House. It will be found on the next page.

Life Illustrated.—By the merest chance, we became possessed of the first number of the new weekly, and we are bound to commend our first impressions of it to paper before they get cold. In the first place, it is published by Messrs. Fowler & Wells of New-York-city, who have fought more of this bigoted world's prejudices successfully, than any other living man, probably. Phrenology, 1854; Zoology, Hydrography, Phonology and Phonography—all these, or much of their present wide diffusion and success, is the indebtedness of those authors and publishers. Books by the cart-load—every one brimming with ideas tending to lift humanity out of the mud and mire of the old platitudes of Common Sense and Common Reason, they have scattered broadcast, wherever the English language is spoken; and now they have commenced sending out Lure Lullabies, weekly, on the cleanest, smoothest, softest and whitest paper, and in a style of typographical beauty such as we never saw exceeded, nor yet equalled.

Something for Farmers.—Mr. William Francis of Delmar township, called upon us a few days ago and gave us an item of his experience in selecting potatoes for seed. According to custom when potatoes are scarce, he last Spring, cut off the seed end of his potatoes for planting leaving the butts for table use.

Mad Dog.—Just as our paper is going to press, a rumor has reached us that a mad dog was killed on Pine Creek in this county yesterday. (Tuesday) now, however, until he had severely bitten a young man by the name of Charles Reasford, of Gaines township. The wound was immediately cauterized by Dr. Purdy of Elmira, who chanced to be present. We have this from a gentleman who resides at Pine Creek, and presume it is correct.

The New World. When a great and truly magnificent work is presented to the people, one that is designed to be lasting, and combines the perfection of art and mechanical skill, and contains a graphic, well written and extended record of the most glorious history the world has ever seen, it most certainly deserves a more than passing notice from the American press.

The work is printed on an extra quality of paper, and bound in embossed morocco, spring back and marble edge. It cannot fail of having the most extensive sale of any historical work ever published in the United States.

Notice to School Directors, Teachers, and the friends of Education generally. The Superintendent of Common Schools for Tioga county, will endeavor to meet the following appointments, for the examination of Teachers, and Lecturing on Common Schools.

At the school house near the Block House, Liberty District, Monday, Nov. 6th, 9 o'clock P. M. At the school house near Ogden Corners, Union District, Tuesday, Nov. 7th 1 o'clock P. M.

COMMUNICATIONS.

LETTER FROM IOWA.

Iowa City, Oct. 14, 1854. Mr. Cass—Dear Sir—I promised to inform nearly the whole country about the great West. It will take more time than I can spare to do it by writing single letters, so be so kind as to allow me a place in the Agitator, and its wide circulation will help me some. I do not get my knowledge wholly from my experience, (although I have been through a number of counties, and have seen considerable land), but from the experience of the oldest settlers in the State.

How blind, however, the ancient demagogues of party may have appeared, in the late canvass, they are, in the long run, very superior to the Fusionists, in political tact; and, if we do not learn to scrutinize with more caution, the motions of active politicians, we shall never succeed as well our cause and the state of popular feeling would seem to promise.

It will not always serve our party to go begging or stealing inroads from democratic conventions—and in case of failure, only resort to the legitimate method. We shall not always have "the palpable treachery" to justify our appeal to the people. Such a course must always encounter distrust and the imputation of insincerity, as well as meditated bad faith on our part, which is disgraceful to a good cause, and a burden which an honest party will never consent to carry.

What right had Anti-Nebraska men to submit the selection of their candidates to a convention, not composed exclusively of their own party—to a convention selected upon other principles—and mainly upon the basis of fidelity to an old organization, which repudiated the question of slavery in the territories, as a test; or if not so, demanded loyalty to the National and State administrations at the very best? If there was any sincerity and good faith in that movement, it was implied, that in the event of success, the Nebraska and pro-slavery democrats should be compelled, by the gentle stress of party discipline, to vote against their own principles, and in violation of their conscientious convictions, if they had any.

I do not find it possible to blame hunkerism for baffling such policy, by yielding it against its authors or abettors; nor to resent deeply, even the treachery, which drove our friends out of their false position, and forced them to take the honest, and only consistent course which is practicable for a new party. Why should we seek any advantage that does not depend on the numbers united with us in principles? Is there any other way so likely to succeed permanently as an organized contest between the like-minded? Why shall we seek to force others to act with us, by a surreptitious use of the enemy's colors?

Let us sail under our own flag hereafter. If the furtherance of true and just principles be our aim, we have no right to do with shame or fear. If, in "elect" somebody, be our main purpose, we have no business out of the strongest party, nor any right to wrest its machinery from the true purpose of it—the service of office seekers.

SOBRE FACIAS. LATER FROM EUROPE. Downfall of Sevastopol a Hoax.—The city not yet attacked.—No more hard fighting yet. THE WAR.—SEVASTOPOL NOT TAKEN. Most extraordinary excitement has been caused throughout Europe by the discovery that the reported fall of Sevastopol is false.—the destruction of the Russian fleet, false.—the blowing up of Fort Constantine, false.—the eighteen thousand Russian dead, purely imaginary.—the twenty-two thousand prisoners, entirely fabulous.—Menschikov's melo-dramatic altogether a sham,—the dispatch to Omer Pasha a forgery,—and the whole story (to present appearances) the grand hoax of the age.

Mr. Cass—The election, in this county, has resulted largely in favor of the better side. What has been gained by it, and what are its lessons? A strong combination of circumstances, has rendered the people more than usually obedient to the higher motives. The last freak of the "chivalry" had disgusted them toward party nationalism. A miraculous fatality, on the part of many of their leaders had undermined their party loyalty, and left them measurably free to follow their honest judgments. So the poor, blind, depraved, champions of injustice are smitten down by popular contempt. Let us hope that they may repent, and do works meet for repentance, without too much impatience of reasonable probation. It appears, that upon sober second thought, the people do not trust new converts; especially when they reach after the pay with too much eagerness.

Let us fear, also, that many will only feign repentance; so that we may not be again imposed upon, and the cause periled by a schism among its friends.

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