

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. COBB, EDITOR.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

Thursday Morning, Jan. 3, 1856.

Republican Nominations.

For President in 1856: Hon. SALMON P. CHASE, of Ohio.

For Vice-President: Hon. DAVID WILMOT, of Penna.

TO THE REPUBLICAN PRESS.

The Republican Association of Washington city, being desirous of procuring as speedily as possible a complete list of all papers advocating or favorable to the Republican Party for publication, and for the purpose of forwarding them desirable political information and documents from this important point during the next session of Congress and Presidential campaign, earnestly request the editors of all such papers to send us a number of their paper addressed to "The Republican Association," Washington city.

DANIEL R. GOODLOR, L. CLERKMAN, Committee of Republican Association.

The mercury stood some 14 degrees below zero in this place, on Tuesday morning. Ditto, on yesterday morning. Verily, this weather almost tempts one to forget the peculiar institution in visions of the sunny, sunny South.

The Mansfield Express succeeds the Balance, and comes to us with new editors and publishers. We like its platform exceedingly well, and wish the new enterprise all success. Messrs. Elliott & Hoard are the Editors. The new heading looks first rate.

Wood-Bee for Uncle Eben.—We are requested to state that Uncle Eben Murray will have a Wood-Bee on Saturday Jan. 5th. Choppers and those having teams are requested to come on early and give him a lift. Let us hope that there will be no hanging back. "The poor ye have with ye always."

The Tribune Almanac for 1856 has been received at this office. It contains a large amount of statistical matter and a full history of the Kansas difficulties. As a book of reference it is invaluable. The calculations are made by a practical man and are therefore to be depended upon. Single copy one shilling. We presume that Mr. G. W. Taylor will have a supply of them on hand in a few days.

Mr. I. D. Richards has been appointed Postmaster for Wellsboro, vice A. S. BARWATER, Esq., resigned. In retiring from his post of honor and trust, Mr. B. carries with him the respect and esteem of men, without distinction of party. He was the servant of the public and not of the party—affable and obliging to all. We wish him all success in whatever path he walks, and only hope that the next Administration will give us as competent a man, of what complexion soever it may be.

Mr. Richards, his successor, is well acquainted with the duties of the office, and will make his predecessor's place good if any man can. We can but congratulate the public for that the appointment has been bestowed upon one so well qualified to discharge its important duties.

January 1, 1856.

[Strictly confidential.]

DEAR FOLKS: We have run a few hours ahead of clock time in dating this strictly confidential talk; but as there are fictions in the law and likewise in the profits arising therefrom, why should there not be fictions in dates? By a random calculation we find that it is New-Year morning in St. Petersburg just about now. So, if any of you have conscientious qualms and wish to quiet them, just fancy that we are addressing you from that point.

We wish to volunteer a few suggestions touching the proper manner in which the first day of the New Year should be spent. And as there is a difference in people, so we propose to remark under different heads, as follows:

1. Men.

2. Those who believe themselves to be men.

3. Men. This numerous and highly respectable class will probably think that they are privileged to spend the day according to their own notions. We don't intend to dispute that of course, because many of them have laid in a supply of fat geese, turkeys and chickens, preparatory to making a time of it. This preparation, as many a physician can testify, is both very proper and very profitable.

Taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, it is highly probable that there are four days in each year in which the human system actually requires a more generous diet than during the remaining 361, to wit:

1. New-Year.

2. July 4th.

3. Thanksgiving.

4. Christmas.

We say it is highly probable that the system requires a more generous diet on the above-named days than on any other. The hypothesis gains strength from the fact that it is the custom to supply it with a feast of fat things on those days; for, were it not customary, the hypothesis would be purely speculative and treated as the vagary of an idle dreamer. But it will not do to treat it thus, for we have a gray beard and must be respected. We dare not shake our lean fist in his face and say—"This is all gammon!" No, we dare not. It might hurt his pride as well as his stomach. He would not be so slow to take to his heels as we are. So we must keep quiet in self-defense.

Starting with the above hypothesis, it becomes us to recommend every man to prepare breakfast over night, so that each may rise betimes and be in readiness to do the day honor. Ham and eggs, and sausages fried in butter—not less than half-a-pound of butter to each dish, if three persons are to partake of them—should certainly grace the breakfast table. If a fat, pork steak can be procured so much the better. Pork grease is a fine hygienic agent. It fills up the pores, and thus prevents waste of the system by perspiration; and it performs many other important offices besides affording intense gratification to the gastric region. The sausage should be highly seasoned so that none may be able to know when Nature cries—"Enough." Silly physiologists tell us that undressed Nature is the best guide in such matters. You know better; therefore we say, season your food highly and eat plenty of pork grease.

Bread and butter—no, we forget. Hot biscuit—with just enough saleratus in it so that one can cleverly taste it, and hot enough to melt its weight in butter—should not be wanting. From four to six biscuits should be eaten by every adult person, male and female. Then, to conclude the meal, one-fourth of a highly spiced mince pie to each person, is not too much. By the way, the pie should have at least half-a-gill of pale brandy in it. None but a cold-water fanatic will object to this spiritual advice.

For breakfast, a good rule is—"Eat all you can." Remember that Alexander the Great always acted on this rule, and that he achieved fame and died quite young. The latter good fortune is attributed to his heroic adherence to the rule in question.

After breakfast, sit down in a hot, close room until church time, then put on your best clothes and

go to church. Should the preacher reason of "temperance, righteousness and judgment to come," consider that he has reference to those who lie and steal and get drunk. After service think of dinner; some may think of dinner during service, but such are exceptions. A goose, nailed down by the feet and fattened in nine days, is the only bird at all tolerable on a dinner-table. Goose grease is a most wonderful hygienic agent. It will cure the scroup, provided it be applied just in the nick of time. If you miss the nick, don't set it down against the goose-grease, for that is not to be impeached.

In addition to the goose, a "spare-rib" is one of the indispensables. It should be roasted in a close oven so that none of the gas may be lost. Baste with butter until the whole is reduced to a soft mass of grease. Oysters in a hot bath of butter and pepper are likewise indispensable—especially the butter and pepper. "Zounds and tongues," "head cheese" and doughnuts, the latter made to absorb as much lard as is possible, and the mince pie afforementioned, make up a very respectable dinner. But a yankee rice pudding, with a delicate sauce of butter on the juice when broken, makes a grand addition. A good rule is—"Eat all you can at dinner."

After dinner, sit down in a hot, close room and talk politics. Don't think of poor folks who eat beans and johnnycake, for that mars the enjoyment of those good things which a bountiful Providence has poured into your lap. Poor folks are well enough in their places; but they have no right to intrude themselves into your New-Year thoughts, beans, johnnycake and all. It is bad manners.

Delay supper until an hour before retiring for the night. Plenty of good strong tea should be drunk. Eat what seems best. Should you observe the directions given you may not have much appetite. Still, it is doubtless best to eat freely. Our fallen natures are of course liable to mislead us, especially as regards eating. Quacks can talk about eating too much, but where's the proof? We take it that half a mince pie just before going to bed is not to be dispensed with on New-Year night. A cold bite of goose or spare-rib is not to be neglected. Another good rule, is—"Eat all you can at supper."

For go to say that late suppers are not bad—for the forgiveness. They have a mathematical property. They act as a multiplier of Doctors—the multiplier. Eat late suppers and get into the papers.

2. Those who believe themselves to be men.—We have too little space to speak at length of this very numerous and highly-able class—this very numerous class. We are overwhelmed with the magnitude of the subject. As to eating, they will do well to follow the example of their fathers. Should they tread in their fathers' tracks, their fathers will certainly have no reason to find fault with them. They might eat freely of nuts, candies and sweetmeats in addition to the regular meals. But this class should not forget that there are four days in the year on which they are expected to get drunk—not just a little toddied, but comfortably boozy. This delightful pastime is doubtless indispensable to the proper development of the tender faculties of youth. Drink, then, and don't be particular about the liquor. Poor liquor is probably the best, not so much because it is the cheapest, as that it is moist in use and therefore, fashionable. Hallow as much as is possible, especially on nights. This will show that you are not afraid of peace officers or of the night air. It will likewise tend to develop your lungs. Many young people die of Consumption because their lungs are neglected. Eating and drinking and getting drunk may be called accomplishments. Noisy men are always great men. The quiet, thoughtful looking fellows are small fry. Then, take it as a general thing, the noisiest man is the greatest man.

As whiskey must be cheaper by the quantity than by the small, study economy in these things. As to tomorrow is one of the days spoken of, those of you who live here will probably send down to—, and get four or five quarts of whiskey. Not that there is none to be had in town—oh, no! There is plenty of it to be had right at home—inter-nas.

Ah! We forget that this advice comes too late New-Year day will have come and gone two days before this will reach you. But then—it will do for next year.

What are they doing in Congress? Oh, balloting and berating, adjourning and saving the Union. The indestructible and unscarable McMullin still lives, and while he lives, we poor simple constituents may sleep in blessed security. Rome was saved by a watchful goose, and Rome held the goose sacred thenceforth. America may be saved by McMullin; and then shall every mullin stalk become henceforth a sacred weed, emblematical of the valorous McMullin! So mote it be.

Well, Mr. Giddings of Ohio, recklessly undertook to explain something in a speech to which McMullin had taken exceptions. The Old War Horse said in conclusion that he hoped no gentleman in the House would think that he would notice anything in the way of correcting palpable misrepresentation. Upon this, the valorous McMullin arose in his wrath and says, says he, "what does the gentleman mean? Does that gentleman suppose he is capable of insulting me?" Here the gentleman was called to order; but he didn't care a fig for order. Was he, to be called to order by gentlemen in their seats? and then McMullin subsided into his seat with the air of an injured man.

But McMullin is not to win and wear all the laurels—no, indeed. Mr. Shurtler was also awake for the honor of saving the Union. He was an independent—he wore neither the rose of York or Lancaster. His constituents sent him there to do his duty—to preserve the Union. He would do his duty—he would preserve the Union. He wished to save the country from disgrace—from the disgrace of electing Mr. Banks Speaker. The State of Massachusetts had trumped on the Fugitive Slave Law; therefore, the State of Massachusetts did not belong to the Union. And if the House ever got organized he should offer a resolution to the effect that no gentleman, sustaining the position of Mr. Banks, and no other gentleman from Massachusetts, is entitled to a seat on that floor!

Now, wasn't that a tremendous announcement? The clock on the Capitol should have held up its hands in amazement. But it did not. It kept on with its impassioned tick-tick-tick, as if nothing had happened. But the Congressmen felt solemn of course? No, they didn't! They set up a miserable giggle—the audacious, light-headed exclaims! They McMullined him and nothing shorter. This proves that we constituents are woefully misrepresented in Congress. We don't feel like laughing when the brave Shurtler speaks—not we. Massachusetts is in danger. The South is determined to give the Bay State Jesse by a shorter cut than ever. Should Congressmen giggle under such circumstances?

Then a Mr. Smith, of Virginia said that he understood Mr. Banks to have said at some time and at some place, that he would let the Union slide, under certain circumstances. Then Mr. Banks was a drunkard, and all those voting for him were to be ranked under that head. Of course all such were traitors. If Mr. Banks had pronounced such a terrible decision it was time the country knew it. No mistake about that, in our opinion. At this juncture Mr. Grow arose and said—

"The Congressional records show that members who are now voting for Mr. Richardson, and those with whom they are associated at the South, have

been declaring for years that, under certain contingencies, the Union ought to be dissolved, and they were ready to do it. Why, then, this attempt to impeach the motives of those who are voting for the gentleman from Massachusetts and their loyalty to the Union? We stand ever ready to abide by all the Compromises of the Constitution and its guarantees to every section. The conflict in this Hall and the country, is on the true and proper construction of the Constitution. You ask us to adopt yours as only true, which is, that you have an inalienable right under that instrument to carry Slavery wherever its jurisdiction extends, and unless we will concede that you will dissolve the Union. We deny that the flag of the country covers slavery wherever it floats, and for this, Northern men are denounced as unfaithful to the Constitution. We only claim the right exercised by General Jackson to construe the Constitution for ourselves; and that construction is in accordance with that put upon it by its framers in their contemporaneous exposition, and by the highest judicial tribunals in the land—by the uniform legislation of the government for sixty years approved by the act of every President from Washington to Folk, and by the opinions of the most eminent statesmen of the Republic, living and dead; while gentlemen of the South are constantly depending on this floor, that unless we adopt their construction of the Constitution, and permit them to carry slavery wherever the flag floats, they will dissolve the Union. Why this attempt to create a false alarm when a northern man says what is true, that in certain contingencies the affections of all good men would be weaned from the Union? and in that case of course it would fall to pieces."

While we can appreciate the soundness of the arguments advanced by Mr. Grow, we is not rather reckless in him to bear Mr. Virginia Smith in this manner? Mr. Grow must be aware that the family of Smiths is not a very small one. Now it would not have been so risky to have attacked the South in the person of Shorter or McMullin; for, while there are millions of Smiths, America has but one McMullin, whose satellite is but a little Shorter.

We might go on and tell how Mr. Theophilus Z. Thunderbolt of South Carolina, threatened to knock the stripes into the stars on our glorious flag, unless the North quit laughing at the forensic efforts of Southern Union-savers; but as nothing of the kind took place we cannot conscientiously make the relation. We will simply add that the House is yet unorganized, and that we present these weekly transcripts of Congressional proceedings instead of lumbering our columns with dry and uninteresting debates, such as you now take up the time in Congress.

From Kansas.

ARRIVAL OF SHANNON—CONFERENCE.

LAWRENCE, Friday, Dec. 7, 1855—p. m.

Positive information reached here to day that Gen. Pomeroy was a prisoner in the enemy's camp—and subsequently we learned that they had taken him down under a strong guard to Westport. There, it is said, he will be well treated meantime. Col Boone told me to-day that he would be perfectly safe, and the Colonel is an honorable gentleman for a Border Ruffian. I was very much afraid that Pomeroy would be taken, and counseled him to follow another route as the parties who had been in pursuit of us were still scouring the Delaware country. These miscreants have been committing some depredations upon the Indians. I learned to day of two Indian houses they had broken open, and in one case they even tore up the floor to see if we were not concealed there.

At present these scouring parties appear to be bent on mischief. They fired the corn-crib of one man in sight of Lawrence this forenoon—the owner being in Lawrence, and none but women and child at home. Another man came in about 3 o'clock to complain of outrages. They had entered his abode in his temporary absence, and, in spite of his family, searched the house, as they left they set fire to his hay-stacks.

This forenoon at about 12 o'clock the Governor arrived. The messenger he had sent up from Franklin came between 10 and 11. He was a merchant from Westport Mo; I forgot his name; he was a gentlemanly-looking man, but one of those from the camp below.

A deputation of ten men were dispatched by General Robinson to escort the Governor, and at the time I stated that dignitary arrived with his escort, and three very gentlemanly looking companions: Col. Boone of Westport, Col. Kearney of Independence, and Col. Strickland, who I believe is also a Missourian. These were fine, gentlemanly-looking Southerners, but certainly would rather have seen the Governor of the Territory come to his people in other company. Perhaps these were the only men who could have influence with the violent armed force below, and it might thus be the best policy to have them here during the pending negotiations, but if there was such a necessity, and I doubt it not, what an exemplification of the pitiful depth to which the Governor had fallen!

The conference lasted for an hour, when Gen. Robinson took the Governor and his party home to dinner. The matter was then finally adjusted and it was pronounced that the parties had "not understood each other." What fearful misunderstanding! One circumstance struck these gentlemen, no doubt. The dead body of Barber, which had been brought in, was stretched on one of the floors—decent enough, but in all the stern reality of death. Col. Boone expressed surprise and regret and begged that no one should mention the name of any gentleman as having been of the party that fired, until it could be proved. I wonder if the Governor's eye fell on that relic of cold mortality, who yesterday was a valuable citizen, esteemed and beloved, and to-day a martyr to the cause of Freedom. If he did look, did no accusing Nathan whisper to his startled conscience, "Thou art the man!"

A scene of interest of the most distressing character occurred this afternoon. The wife of the murdered man came in; she had not heard of her bereavement till to-day, and the agony she evidently felt was heart-rending. Others had regarded the scene with the stern interest and angry sorrow with which men can look upon the mortal remains of one who has been their friend, but smitten down by their enemies. Their feelings were a species of elevated selfishness, a common cause making a common interest; but with her there was no sentiment in that moment of bitterness save of her irreparable loss. Never was a murder more cold-blooded and atrocious. He had no weapons, not even a clasp-knife, and was a most estimable and inoffensive man.

About dusk the conference between Gov. Shannon and his friends on the one hand, and Gen. Robinson and other members of the Committee of Safety on the other, was suspended. There was strong hope that the difficulties might be arranged, but the matter was left open for another conference. The

fact is, the Governor was wavering and vacillating—fely he had got into a bad position, and scarcely knew how to get out of it. It was also evident that he has but little power over the invaders who are in the Territory, and have been already recognized by him. He dare not close negotiations, least the camp of Missourians should rise against him and disclaim his authority. He must go back and consult with these men; and Atchison is said to be in the camp, an Indian chief having declared to day that he was at an encampment some ten miles distant last night. The Governor is now most anxious for the troops, in order that they may prevent an attack by the Missourians. That is what he says, at least, but it is difficult to estimate the amount of confidence we can place in the man who has first strengthened the arms of these invaders, and then seeks to escape the blow.

The Governor, and the other gentlemen with him, admitted that the people below were to some extent uncontrollable, and that there was serious danger of their making an attack. The Governor's present policy is to procrastinate till the troops come, in which case he would like to have the control of them, in order to restore his power; but Col. Sumner refuses to come until he shall have dispatches that will render him independent.

Thus matters hang in the balance, and any accident, or the vicious determination of the invaders, may kindle the flame of war, beyond human power to arrest it.—Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

Interesting Correspondence.

Letter from Hon. A. P. Stone to C. M. Clay.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Dec. 12, 1855.

HON. C. M. CLAY.—Dear Sir: The Ohio Republican Convention held in this city, 13th of July last, instructed the State Central Committee, of which I am Chairman, to open a correspondence with the Republicans of other States, in regard to holding a National Republican Convention. A portion of the Republican press of this and other States, and a number of our most devoted friends, have expressed themselves in favor of holding an informal Mass Republican Convention at Pittsburgh, on the 22d of February, to consult together and to organize a National Republican Committee, preparatory to issuing a call for a Delegate Convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice President. Does the proposition to hold this meeting, strike you favorably? Might we expect a representation at the meeting from Kentucky and the other Southern States? The enemies of the Republican party charge that it is a sectional party, confined to the free states and opposed to the people of the slave states. On the contrary we think that freedom to which the Republican party is devoted, is national not sectional, and that our position of opposition to all further extension of slavery ought to commend itself to the generous and humane of the Slave States, whether slaveholders or non-slaveholders. May we not expect to have a Republican electoral ticket, and numerous supporters in the Slave States during the next Presidential contest?

Very respectfully,

A. P. STONE,

Ch'm of R. S. C. Committee of Ohio.

Reply of Mr. Clay.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 15, 1855.

HON. A. P. STONE.—Dear Sir: Your favor of the 12th inst. is received. Accept my thanks for your favorable consideration in asking the opinion of one so humble as myself. The Republicans of the Slave States, though few in number, are no new party. Faithful among the faithless, proof against the seductions of office and the threatenings of power, we stand firm upon the platform of our fathers of '76, in the world-wide spirit of the Declaration. We hold with Jefferson and his distinguished cotemporaries—that slavery is an anomaly in a Republic, and against the law of God and man's highest instincts of right—that justice is always the highest expediency—that liberty and slavery cannot co-exist—but that one or the other must die! Whilst on the one hand we base ourselves upon these central ideas which we inherited as our birth-right as true Republicans, we do not forget that without law there can be no true freedom or progress. We have, therefore, studiously regarded the high obligations of the State and Federal Constitution, and willingly subjected ourselves to their supremacy, even when perverted by mercenary majorities from their true spirit.

We regard those as sufficiently anti-slavery for all practical purposes—as found in their own language to establish liberty and justice—that liberty is national and slavery sectional, in elaboration of which idea I refer you to the late letter of the venerable F. P. Blair, the distinguished friend and confidential adviser of Andrew Jackson. We are neither the advocates of centralization nor disunion, but the friends of National and State rights in the ample spheres of progress and reform with which the wisdom of our fathers compassed both. We therefore believe it to be our bounden duty as good men and true Republicans, to oppose nationally the existence of slavery, under any pretense whatever, in places of exclusive National domain, by sea and land, and to bring the moral and political influence of the National government permanently and firmly and avowedly on the side of liberty, as it has heretofore been arrayed on the side of slavery. And, as the friends of liberty have acquiesced, without revolutionary resistance, in the rule of slavery, so we demand that the slavery propaganda shall acquiesce in the new rule of liberty and law, and they shall be justly branded as traitors to both North and South who counsel or act in violation of this only possibility of popular government!

Now, sir, there are many in the Slave States ready to act openly with the Republican party—more who secretly sympathize with the movement—and (in my judgement) a majority of all the South who will acquiesce to our rule. I believe that the time has now come when the majority of the American people are ready to vindicate the faith of our fathers in man's capability of self-government. But it cannot be disguised that this majority is now fragmentary and disorganized, and it requires sagacious leadership and self-sacrificing patriotism to array them in successful opposition to the concentrated and drilled forces of the present pro-slavery administration.

I think, then, your suggestion is a good one, and that it will meet the views of the whole Republican party. For the sake of the unity, let the first meeting at Pittsburgh, on the 22d of February next, be as homogeneous as possible. Then let the National Committee open an active and conciliatory correspondence with all of those who oppose the slave propaganda. Let Whig and Democrat—Know Nothing and Anti-Know-Nothing—Catholic and Protestant—active born and adopted—and all shades of opinion, be urged by the great necessity of immediate action, to save, if possible, the Republic from its threatened submersion into one of the most relentless despotisms which has ever darkened the pages of history!

My dear sir, I know that you feel with me the world-wide consequences of the crisis. May the God of our father move us to do our whole duty.

I am your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

White Slaves.

The Savannah Republican, printed in the Democratic State of Georgia, which boasts a Toombs, who says he will yet call the roll of his Slaves at the foot of Bunker-Hill monument, has in its impression of the 15th inst., the following advertisement:

"\$50 REWARD—RUNAWAY from the subscriber on the 22d ult, my Negro man ALBERT, who is 27 years of age, very white, so much so that he would not be suspected of being a Negro. Has blue eyes and a very light hair. Wore when he left, a long thin beard, and rode a common chestnut sorrel horse, worth about \$70 belonging to himself.

"He is about 5 feet 8 inches high, weighs about 140 pounds, has a humble and meek appearance, can neither read nor write, and is a kind and amiable fellow, speaks much like a low country negro. He has no doubt been led off by some miserable wretch during my absence to New-York.

"The above reward will be paid for his delivery to me, or to Tison & Mackay, Savannah, or for his apprehension and confinement in any jail where I can get him.

J. M. TISON.

"Oct 5—If Bethel, Glynn Co., Georgia. The mechanics of the North who yet go the Democratic ticket blind will please observe that the ordinary argument in favor of Slavery on account of Slaves being black is approaching nullity more and more every day, owing to the peculiarities of the cavalry, and hosts of men, almost or quite white, are advertised in the Southern newspapers as runaways or for sale—and their intelligence and skill duly set forth when under the hammer, though denied in political arguments. Of course the system of Slavery can only be sustained by lies, and the wretched dupes of the system at the South—"the poor white trash"—not being able to understand the truth are easily trampled upon, or deluded; but we ought to expect better things of every white mechanic of the North, notwithstanding the existence of such presses as The Express, The Journal of Commerce, The Pennsylvania, and so forth. In portions of the South, Virginia for example—one-fourth of the Slaves are of mixed blood—half, quarter, eighth, sixteenth—out be the merest drop of the African consigned to wretchedness to the guardianship of the tobacco-spitting crew called chivalry—who are certainly the most uneducated set of men of any pretensions in the world. The "Democracy" of the North alone sustain these seventy thousand oligarchs—because the Southern democracy alone could not keep them or their schemes for extending their institutions in countenance.

Mechanics and farmers of the North! Are you content to see your brother mechanics and farmers of the South, 'very white,' sold and sold, hunted by blood-hounds, and roasted alive—all these things part and parcel of the system? Are you ready to see a Western territory, larger than the original thirteen States, doomed to the same state of things? Are you content to see such men as Ingraham, so hot in the work of his Southern dictators, send back the wrong man into bondage—a deed without a name, so bad is it—or a Kane on the bench to invert the habeas corpus, and consign a Passmore Williams to jail for simply and respectfully telling the truth? Are you content to see your country disgraced, your liberties wasted away your labor disgraced, by daily parades with those of southern bondmen, and no North menaced with Slavery for the very white as well as the very black? Vote, then, the Democratic or Kansas-Nebraska ticket, and sign yourselves Slaves.—Tribune.

MARRIED.

In Middlebury, on the 1st inst., by Rev. H. B. Tark Mr. A. J. SAWYER and Miss SARAH F. LA-FORCE, all of Middlebury.

DIED.

In Delmar, on the 26th ult., Mrs. SALLY ANN GUERNSEY, aged 25 years.

At Mansfield in this county, on the morning of the 24th ult., Mrs. SARAH J. RUCKMAN, of Reading, Pa., aged 66.

Donation Visit.

A DONATION VISIT for the benefit of Rev. Methodists Parsonage, in Wellsboro, on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, Jan. 15. His friends are invited to attend.

A Great Bargain.

FOR SALE—80 acres of good land, situated near Wellsboro, on which there is improved, 20 acres. A small payment down will be required, and the balance in ten annual instalments. Wellsboro, Jan. 3, '56. A. P. COONE.

Plaster! Plaster! Plaster!

The Subscriber has just received at his Mill near Mansfield, a fresh supply of Cayuga Plaster, which will be sold at the reduced price of \$6.00 per Ton.

He also keeps on hand constantly, the MANSFIELD METALLIC PAINT, which is decidedly the best in use, at \$5.50 per cwt.

Friends, give me a call—I've enough for all.

Mansfield, Jan. 3, '56. A. BIXBY.

Application for Divorce.

To Amanda Barlison—You are hereby notified that Seth Barlison, your husband, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga county for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony; and that the said Court have appointed Monday, the 4th day of February next, at 10 o'clock forenoon, for hearing the said Seth Barlison in the premises, at which time and place you can attend if you think proper. Wellsboro Jan. 3, '56. JOHN MATHERS, Sheriff.

ward. No false delicacy can exonerate us from a misimprovement of our time and talents in the day of final retribution and though these are cotemporaries in the same field who regard us with very little leniency, thinking woman has overstepped the bounds assigned her when she assumes the position of teacher. Some may controvert this but stooping for a moment to consider it in a pecuniary point of view, the emolument awarded her is so trifling in comparison with that of the other sex, that the statement I think is at once verified.

But woman's incentive is not the accumulation of the "mighty dollar". She goes forth on her mission of love, uncheered by worldly applause, and considering gold as contemptible dross of the earth when compared to the cultivation of that imperishable gem which is hers to polish and bring forth to heavens light to shine forever.

Dear sisters do we fully appreciate the magnitude of our calling? Are we sufficiently impressed with the great responsibilities resting upon us? Do we make it the greatest desire of our hearts to imitate the character of our Heavenly Teacher who taught so successfully over eighteen centuries ago. His teachings still live. So will ours.

Assuming the position that we do, our examples are daily teaching to those around us, and how important that they should be exemplary, "that we should be living epistles read and known of all men."

Our mission is indeed a noble one. Heaven's highest trust. What is more noble than in being useful and what occupation more useful than that of striving to elevate mankind? Whilst making an estimate upon the necessary skill requisite to perform the great work, we are led to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

But "unin is strength," and supported by Divine guidance much can be accomplished. Let us embrace every facility for thoroughly qualifying ourselves, so that we may enter upon this work understandingly. Taking this very important precaution, we may not only attain to a higher position, be regarded more leniently by the public mind, have a more extensive influence, but enjoy the dear thought that we have not lived in vain, and as our Philadelphia friend very wisely remarked, we may become a FACT in society.

Not only this, but we can render our calling a very pleasing one if we cultivate a sensitive conscience and ever appeal to that for a decision of right or wrong. I say pleasing, and so indeed it is, for what purer joy is humanity capable of conceiving than that resulting from an approving conscience and an approving God.

A Remarkable Man.

AND A UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR DISEASE.

This city is now the home of one of the most remarkable men of the age—a man who has traversed the civilized globe, and established in almost every country which he has visited, the sale of his medicines for the relief of human suffering, and which are a certain cure for disease in all its forms. We allude to PROFESSOR THOMAS HOLLOWAY, of London. It is now several years since this benefactor of the human race first proclaimed to the world, through the British press, that he had, after deep research, prepared a remedy that was sure to eradicate disease. Years of patient investigation into the laws of human physiology which control our bodies in health and when diseased, led to the invention and preparation of the world-renowned HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. Nearly, if not quite one half of the human race have taken his medicines! His name is as universally known over the globe as that of Alexander, Napoleon, or Washington, when in the height of their ambitious career. If they conquered nations in the field of battle, Professor Holloway has, with no weapon but that of science, conquered disease in all its forms. His meritorious career is bounded by no imaginary lines of latitude and longitude short of those marking the confines of civilization itself. No insulated country or nation was sufficiently extensive for the operation of his enterprising and gigantic intellect. Wherever disease has a residence, there he penetrated with his medicines, and left an enviable and enduring reputation. After enlightening Europe, his fame spread over Asia and the civilized portions of Africa, and finally appeared in America. He has translated the cures he has performed and the virtues of his medicines into as many languages as the missionaries have the Bible. Governments, otherwise the most despotic, have been forced by the great value of his medicines and their popularity with the people, to remove antiquated and time-honored restrictions upon the introduction of foreign medicines, and open their custom houses to a free introduction to the pills and ointment of this distinguished man. Empires and kingdoms removed the barriers of ages against the introduction and sale of proprietary or patent medicines, and freely permitted Holloway's medicines to become the physician of the masses.—N. Y. Dispatch.

WHEAT IN MILLERS' HANDS.—The Rochester Democrat of Wednesday morning says:—"The total amount of wheat now in store here, on the way and to be received during the coming season, is 448,000 bushels. We might probable put it down in round numbers at half a million. This we ascertain from inquiry at each of the mills in the city. Some parcels are here awaiting buyers, but the quantity is not large. The lack of storage room is one disadvantage that our millers feel. There is not much flower now in store here. The amount of wheat in the city in January last was about 150,000 bushels, and some 200,000 bushels were frozen in along the canal, a few miles west. This year everything will reach its destination."

The Honesdale Herald is very anxious for somebody to "mark" Mr. Grow's votes for Speaker. We can assure our friend BARNSBY that Mr. Grow's constituents have watched his