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NEW YEAR GREETING.

To the Patrons of the Agitator.

[illegible]

(With no material war or rumors of war)
Have lived a life of many years
And passed in safety all the fears
As many to meet with here—
A time to every matter—
For others the same last breath a sigh—
Of victory's slaughter, and the thing
While filled with plenty and content
(With dearth of war and strange event)
The muses are inclined to rest
And sing but dully at the best.
All hail to thee, O, Fifty-Five!
Each day of which was still alive
With riots, rows and malcontents,
And stirring news of strife to vents
Whose long to be remembered name
Shall fill the trump of future fame
So long as fools make needless war—
Permitting lawyers all abhor—
And none can give a reason for.
Widows and orphans long shall wail,
The childless mother bitter pale—
Striving in vain their hearts to school
When men shall take Sebastopol.
Oft shall the father turn aside
To hide the [illegible]
For him, the beautiful, the brave,
Who seeking "glory of the grave,"
His kindred, friends and home forsook,
And in an evil moment took
(What must have rued who e'er have seen)
The potent shilling of the Queen.
Oh, had they perished in the fight,
When foemen sound the note of fight—
When booming cannon rend the sky,
And blood is hot and courage high,
Dying as only brave men die—
It might have soothed the father's sigh.
But sick men lying chill and damp
While high-born fools misruled the camp—
No tents, no shelter for the ranks,
Forbid to take the drifting planks,
Bread in profusion near at hand
While famine stalked throughout the land—
Smells that disgust the healthiest sense,
The carnival of pestilence—
'T was this—'t was this that conquer'd those
Who yielded to no other foes.
'T was strict adherence to the 'schools'—
The deference paid to titled fools,
That brought disaster and misrule
On those before Sebastopol.
Peace be with those who thus were sped,
The vainly brave, the early dead.

At home, of news there is no dearth;
The first Republic on the earth—
(Where all who please may wield a free quill,
And all, in *theory*, are equal.)
In taking in another star
Has just received a trifling jar,
Which makes some work for press reporters
And agitates the Kansas voters.
We all, perhaps have chanced to hear
Threats from the South from year to year,
Of dissolution, and what not—
Promulged one month, the next, forgot.
Threats which were harmless and might pass
As excess of chivalric gas.
'T was thine, O, Fifty-Five, to show
How far a traitor still may go
With truckling vote and lying tongue—
Remaining still unwhipt, unhung.
'T was thine to fan the slumbering fires
That troubled oft our worthy sires,
Thine to arouse the wrath of those
Who should be friends instead of foes—
To raise the price of meat and grain
(Oh, when will it come down again!)
To fill the prints with paragraphs
Of bloody fights, and epitaphs
Of martial heroes—every wight
Of whom, "died fighting for the Right."
Oh, Fifty-Five! 'tis very clear
Thou'st been a very busy year,
And 't will take long to bring about
The sights of work thou hast cut out.
But peace be with thee—thou liest dead
With all thy sins upon thy head!

For thee, O, Fifty-Six, what can we say!
Thou art as yet the creature of a day;
Born as the old Year died—and thy events
Are in the womb of Time. A twelvemonth hence,
May make some difference with those little things
Now reverenced as emperors and kings.
"His shirtless Majesty" may some day rise
And take his uncle's nephew by surprise.
Being accustomed to such little feats
As lopping heads and barricading streets.
The sick man's health is quoted still at par
In spite of bowl us, lance it and the Czar.
And doubtless '56 will show us whether
There is a point the ailing man can't weather.
At home, we have our own peculiar troubles
With lawless men and legislative bubbles,
Bonhoes and Union-savers—special acts
Of Congressmen—perverting funds and facts
To their own use, in such a quiet way
As those who prey to steal, or steal to pray.
Matters, 'tis said must mend when at their worst,
And we have seen one mighty bubble burst—
Have seen a host of noisy, drunken men
March into Kansas, and—march back again;
Have seen how soon their valorous ranks are thin'd
When getting short of whiskey and of wind.
They pondered soberly on such small trifles
As brass six-pounders and breech-loading rifles,
And modestly requested Mr. Shannon
To take away said rifles and the cannon—
An easy little job no doubt, if that
He could but find a man to bell the cat.
A truce to this—the year as yet is young
And each event will duly find a tongue,
In pamphlets, magazines and the reviews,
With daily papers for the daily news.
To meet our daily wishes; and if we
Wait calmly, we shall see, what we shall see.
The year that's dead was born of storm and strife,
And lived a warlike, rough, surely life,
And I must say, though it may sound uncivil—
Devoted to the service of the Devil!
Be thine, O, Fifty-Six, the task to pave
The road to peace, and be it thine to save
Our land to Freedom, if it shall be found
Worthy of saving,—thine, to cast around
Each household shrine an atmosphere of peace,
And love, and joy. And be it thine to ease
The pain of sickness and the bondman's thrall,—
To be the foe of none—the friend of all.

A MODEL DOCTOR.—It is said that the following is a copy of an advertisement recently posted on the fences in Springfield, Ohio:

TERPYTIME VS. CALOMY.

Dr. Lewis J. Hill, late of the Mammoth Cave, who wishes it understood that he is opposed to the use of Calomy, and in favor of the use of Terpytime, has opened an office for the practice of medicine, surgery, and legerdemain in the basement story of

SOLAMBATIVITIA HALL,

opposite the Bank, and next door to the Old Root Doctor's Foundry, where he may at all times be found, except when absent.

The following is a list of some of the diseases which he cures in all cases, without fail, whether called in time or not:

Gerhsticutis, Hippotamus, Hybatos, Hydrostatics, Kelampsyticus, Ketampsychosis, so quick as to stagger credulity, Salleratus, Yeller John, Dice, Obesity, Hidiatus, Nettlerash, Pallygall, Information of the Glanders, Information of the Brains, Poll-ev-il, Black Tongue, Night Mare, Hydraulic Kite, Consumption, Fits, Salt Rheum, Mucobrocastis, Flemingous, Abdelkader, Delirium Tremens, Leprozy, and all the incurable diseases.

Humorous Sketch.

Rewritten for the American Union.

A Travelling Preacher's Diary.

Entered cars at Olney for St. Louis—never in a car before—man came round staggering—thought he was tight—looked at me and said: ticket?—replied I had none—said money then, $4.50.

"Do you charge preachers?" said I.

"Every body," said he, "every body—you may go to heaven as a dead head, but you can't go on this train without paying."

I got up to get my satchel—felt awful mad—hit my head against side of car, and got a bloody nose—paid my fare—got a check, and stuck it in my hat. Every time I saw the conductor, as he passed through the car, I asked him if he had "got religion"—said he had enough to collect fares—said his name was MILES—noticed he took care that ladies and children had comfortable seats—began to take a fancy to him—thought him, on the whole, a gentleman—and wished that he belonged to our church.

Finally, reached St. Louis—great sight—big steeples—big boats, and houses—big noises—and a good deal of cursing and swearing. Got into a thing they called "bus"—driver asked me where I wanted to go—told him to some of the preachers' houses—said he did'nt know any—hadn't got time to hunt 'em up—and left me in the street. I enquired for several of the preachers—couldn't find any—went into a lager beer saloon, and asked for lodgings. They gave me a bed on the floor—didn't sleep all night for the bugs, fleas, rats, and musquitoes. Went to hotel next morning—found a preacher there—told him I would like to preach. Said he would call next day—gave me money enough to pay my bill—glanced at my thick shoes, bark pants, and straw hat—told me customs were different in St. Louis from what they were in Big Muddy Swamp, where I lived—that more attention was paid to dress—and, if I had no change, would loan me a suit—pants reached about half way from my knees to my ancles, and big enough to button round me twice—coat wrapped round me like a blanket—shirt overcome me "the worst kind"—reached down to my heels—managed to stow it away—brother smiled when I was "dressed"—said he would invite me home, if he wasn't full—said probably my mode of "preaching wouldn't suit St. Louis people, but might make a prayer.

I went in—people gazed at me—brother requested short prayer—commenced my own way, and when I came to "brands from the burning," "scales to fall from their eyes," and prayed for "spirit to come right down in their midst"—there was a *tremendous* rustling of silks and satins, and brother pinched me to stop—said "Amen" right short off—brother looked black in the face, and got up to read hymn—brother preached—singing middling—at close I struck up

"Shout, shout, we're gaining ground," &c.,

but no one joined me—brother gave me a look that led me to understand that worship of God was different in St. Louis from Suckerdom—told brother he might take his clothes, and I would go home—that he had more pride than religion, and that worship in St. Louis was too dry for me—that old widow Groaneasy on the west waters of the *big Muddy could bring the tears and shouts* and groans in the most agonizing manner—and could beat all St. Louis at the mourner's bench—that saving souls St. Louis fashion was like trying to raise crops without manuring the ground—a waste of labor without yield. Brother said that different people required different customs, that custom in religion to be adapted to the habit of the people was as essential to success as dress, rules of politeness, or anything else that held society together. I told brother God never changes—neither would I, if the flesh was weak.

Took off my borrowed suit, and put on my own—walked out into the street—met an old friend, who said I looked bad—said change of water was bad for me—recommended a preventative—and took me to Byron's—man put in mint, ice, sugar, and "something else"—whacked it about from one glass to another—stuck a straw in it—and slung it out about six feet towards me—friend said "suck that straw!"—it looked cool, and I did so—felt fine as a fiddle—told friend my opinion of St. Louis folks—and wished to sing—friend said "No, let's go to the theatre." I went half a square—told friend I wanted to go back and suck that straw!—both did so—felt glorious!—told friend I could out-sing, out-shout, and out-exhort all the blasted cry—friend said don't talk so loud—the police'll be after us—told him didn't care a copper for police—man said "stop that noise"—knocked him down with a testament I had in my hand—and friend and I run—reached theatre—fat man named Chesley sold tickets—offered broken bill—Chesley smiled—looked pleasant—said "bad"—friend told him I was a preacher, and ought to go in free—Chesley said glad I was pious—but ought to wear cleaner linen and carry better money, when I travelled—said religion rather poor currency—could buy more for a bushel of sermons for fifty cents—finally friend bought two pit tickets, and we went in—handsome room—hand blowed great horn—but didn't play any—green rags rolled up on a pointed sheet—showed trees and houses just like fall out doors by daylight—man called Hastings and another as the name of Gloster shaved a poor specimen sweet of the name of Jane Shore—men got up and threatened to whip em both—folks screamed fit to burn him out!—mob came to me and said, that down and down pipe of a theatre if gentleman of my cloth kept on actually that warning—I should show mine—could fight man as well as devil—and gave him a sample in the shape of a Big Muddy yell—crowd pitched into me—about four hundred of em—hurled me out, and landed me in the street—however, got my thumb in one man's eye, and took it out with me—got lost and hollered for brother Smith—man collared me, and said must take me to the station house—jumped on him and pummeled him into mince meat—found Smith—told him I was mad—met a sweet looking girl—said she was lost, and afraid to go home alone—told her I would accompany her, and stick by her—finally found her house—her aunt very kind—asked me to stay till morning—six or seven of her sisters came and kissed me—St. Louis manners different from Big Muddy—preacher told me so—now I found it out—my young friend asked what I would like to drink—told her I liked to drink through a straw best, and asked her if she had religion—said no—something else—asked me if I had any money—told her only fifty dollars, that brother Smith lent me—so they brought round the straw again—nice girls—though they were angels! Here the manuscript is so badly written that it is impossible to decipher it.)

Found myself in street, next morning—met Smith—asked for his money—told him it was lost—left it at the house, and could'nt find where I staid last night—sorry—but would take up contributions when I got home, by delivering Maine Law and Moral Reform lectures—Smith hung his head—said nothing—bid him "good bye"—and told him, didn't have any great opinion of St. Louis—thought it decidedly a "very wicked place!"

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—They have orators out in Illinois if we may trust the description annexed, of a military one, furnished by a correspondent of that State. It was dog days, and a great hue and cry had been raised about mad dogs; although no person could be found who had seen one, the excitement still grew by the rumors it was fed on. A meeting of the citizens was called for the purpose of devising a plan for the extermination, not only of mad dogs, but to make safely doubly sure, of dogs in general. The brigadier was appointed chairman. After stating the object of the meeting in not a very parliamentary manner, instead of taking his seat and allowing others to make some suggestions he launched forth into a speech of some hours length, of which the following burst of forensic splendor is a sample:

Feller citizens: The time has come when the o'charged feelin's of agrawated human nature are no longer to be stood. Mad dogs are midst us. Their shrieking yelp and foamy tracks can be heerd on our praries. Death follers in their wake; shall we sit here like cowards while our lives and our neighbors' lives are in danger from their dreadful horseshus hidrofobiccabinitey? No, I say it musn't be. E'en my busum is torn with the conflictin's of rath and wengeance; a funeral pyre of black cats is burnin' in me; I have sheep and pigs; and I have a wife and children, and (rising higher as the importance of the subject deepened in his estimation) I have money out at interest, all in danger of being bit by these terrible mad dogs.

LITTLE children are as apt to tell big stories that will not stand close examination, as older people are. Witness the little fellow who came running in from the barn, and cried out,

"Oh! ma, I seen a live mouse, I did!"

"You did I?" inquires the mother, with a searching look.

"No, ma, I didn't just see him, but I heard him squeak a little."

Another of the same size got his facts rather mixed up, when he came home and began:

"Oh! pa, I have just seen one of the worsest dog fights as was ever seen or hern tell of in the world!"

"Well, my boy, how was it?"

"Why, there was one big black dog, with with white ears and a brass collar, and one little, black and green dog, what hadn't no man with him, and as—"

"Come, come, Simon, don't talk so fast; you get everything mixed up; stop and get breath a moment."

"Well, I was going to tell you, how one dog with the white ears got on one side of the meeting-house with the yellow green ears, got on one side of the dog, and the other, he—no, no, the white dog with the yellow ear, he gave a yelp at the meeting-house, and the dog—Oh! dad, I give up. I don't believe there was any dog at all!"

THE other day a small boy came tearing round a corner with his rags fluttering in the wind, his face smeared with molasses and a shingle flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy, about the size of a copper-box, who stood nearly quarter of a mile down the street:

"O, Bill! Bill! get as many boys as ever you can, and as many shingles as ever you can, and come up the street around the corner as soon as you can, for there is a great big large hogshead of lasses turned on the pavement—busted all to smash!"

THE man whom I call deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself, whose high purposes are adapted to just principles and never abandoned, while heaven and earth afford means of accomplishing them. He is one who will neither see an injured advantage by a special deed, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose.

OUR GRAND PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE KANSAS TROUBLE.

ONLY AUTHORIZED EDITION!!

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Tree of Liberty.

Degenerate sons of the Watch that was set around the tree of liberty.

The Constitution Measures of 1850.

Great excitement in Congress thereupon, and a new reading of "Bacon on the Leg."

The omnibus measures after their passage.

Perspective view of the House in which Arnold Douglas was born, taken from a draught in the doggery under the Capitol at Washington.

His hat taken without any brick in it—only likeness extant.

The barrel organ of the present Administration.—Supposed to be empty.

Kansas as it was.

Kansas as it is.

Buffaloes on the prairie. A very ferocious animal.

Magnificent optical delusion. A prairie wolf, daguerreotyped from a Mirage.

Stampede on the prairie.

View of Kansas Table lands.

Tracks of a Border Ruffian.

Sectional view of a horde of Border Ruffians.

Their idea of the Kansas-Nebraska Measure.

Saddle Mountain, from the Missouri Border.

New species of Fish discovered in Kansas River.

Mortar used in bombarding Lawrence. A terribly destructive engine.

The city of Lawrence.

Gen. Stringfellow, preparing to leave Lawrence at the head of his Border Ruffians. Sharp's Rifles in the background.

Charge against the Border Ruffians.

Dec. 1, 1855. To whiskey and sundries . . $1000
" 2, " " sundries and whiskey . . 1000
Total . . $2,000

Rules adopted by Stringfellow, Atchinson & Co.

Report of Stringfellow to the Secretary of War.

35943 & 2E
XX whiskey
0 N T T A I K B O O H O O - O - O - O - O !!!, o 1000?

Douglas's hat with a brick in it. A very spirited illustration.

Grand finale. The Bird of Jove screaming over the brilliant retreat of the Border Ruffians.

Steamer "Young America" in which the news came.

Pepper & Salt.

PRETTY GOOD.—A New York correspondent of a country paper tells the following good story of a "coffee-house" in this city, where gentlemen of leisure often retire to smoke from a Turkish pipe and sip excellent Mocha. Great trouble is experienced by visitors to make the waiters understand their wants; for as they—the waiters—are dressed in Turkish costume, it is taken for granted that they speak the language of Turks, and no other.

Bayard Taylor happened in there the other day, and anxious to give his Arabic an airing, asked the waiter, in that language, for a cup of coffee. All that he received, however, was a look of stupid astonishment. Supposing that he might be mistaken in the name of the article, Mr. Taylor made a careless remark upon the weather, in a way that he was sure no Moslem would misunderstand, but the blank stare became intensified.—Chagrined that he could not make himself understood through a language in which he took much pride, he ventured to ask in English:

"What is your name?"

Patrick Mulrony, yer 'oner,' replied the waiter, as his eye brightened.

After that, Mr. Taylor took his coffee in quiet.

TRUE.—The loveliest valley has a muddy swamp; the noblest mountain a piercing blast; the prettiest face, some ugly feature; the fairest face is the most subject to freckles; the handsomest girl is apt to be proud; the most sentimental young lady loves cold pork; and the gayest mother lets her children go ragged. The kindest wife will overlook an absent shirt button; and the best husband forget to kiss his wife every time he steps outside the gate; and the best dispositioned children get angry and squall; the smartest scholar will miss a lesson, the wittiest say something stupid; the star will fall and the moon suffer eclipse, and men won't be angels nor earth be heaven.

"Why, Jimmy dear, what's the matter—what are you crying for now?"

More Anxious Sonny.—Why, ma, that great big man with the whiskers is eating up all the sweet sass, and there won't be a bit left for me.

A very modest young lady recently asserted that she had once lived near a barnyard, and that it was impossible for her to sleep in the mornings, on account of the outcry made by the gentleman hens.

AN Irishman called in great haste upon Dr. Abernethy, stating that "Be dad, the boy Tim has swallowed a mouse."

Then be dad, said the Dr., let your boy Tim to swallow a cat.

A DENTIST having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with this ominous wisdom:

"The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth."

EDUCATION.

Read before the Teachers' Association of Tioga County, Pa., by Miss Mary A. Kelsey.

Perhaps mother Eve was unwittingly the cause, but had she foreseen how that one discrepency of hers would have affected her daughter, nearly six thousand years after, we think she would have used a little more discretion, whilst imparting her first lessons; but, may we not plead *inexperience* for her? And yet, even in this, did she not evince her *peculiar tact* of swaying the human mind? See the noble lord of creation arrayed in all his dignity, yield to the magic of her voice so readily, even in defiance of Heaven's first great law.

This being her influence in a bad cause, when exerted in favor of truth and right, *she is indeed* the *incircible*. Her untiring patience, her gentleness, her winning manners, all conspire to enlist the confidence of children; and where is the mother who does not prefer transferring her darling from the nursery to the school room where presides one who has a *woman's heart*; who can appreciate all a fond mother's solicitude; sooth the sorrows and bind up the bruises of the little one committed to her charge.

But in painful contrast with this rises my own experience before me. How indelibly is impressed upon my mind, as though but yesterday, the bright summer morning that with my nice new primer and a heart lighter than the birds which sang above my head, I sallied forth with a sister on either side, for the old school house. That school house! What a problem to my inexperienced mind! How I longed to be initiated into its hidden mysteries, but when at length it burst upon my eager gaze, what a weight fell upon my heart, crushing out all the joyful emotions which had hitherto reigned supreme. I shrank from entering its gloomy portals, so uninviting, not a tree, or a shrub to screen us from the scorching rays of the sun, or even a flower to nod its welcome at our approach, as at our own dear home.

Within, how dark, how dreary that room appeared. There sat the pedegogue, a great tall, stern looking man hearing a little girl read, and when at length he fixed his piercing eyes upon me, and in a loud stentorian tone bade me come too, how the tears sprang to my eyes, the cold shudders ran over my little frame, how in vain I essayed to articulate the letters which had been my mother's pride to teach me, previous to my entering school—but now they all looked like so many stars. However, after having my sensibilities thus blunted from such severe mental exertion, I was at length permitted to take my seat.

But even here I suffered under a very painful inconvenience, occasioned by the seat being so high that I was compelled to exert all my muscular force to retain my position. This together with the rays of the sun, darting through uncurtained windows completed my torture, the monotony of which was at length broken by our master announcing a recess of five minutes. *Only five minutes*, thought I, and seizing my little primer before mentioned, I rushed out with the crowd intent upon the purpose of running home. This is my experience which is but one; thousands can attest to the same grievances, and as many believe that their limited acquirements is attributable to this cause.

We believe that the standard of education can very successfully be elevated, by amending the construction of school houses and also adorning their exterior. The seats we think should be modified by those who shall occupy them, and a desire to please should ever attend the construction. It has been quaintly remarked that "the outer world corresponds to the world within," or as perhaps was more properly expressed by Prof. Reynolds an evening or two since, "that we become partially assimilated to the objects we look upon." If this be true, of what vast importance it is that due attention be paid to surrounding objects. The question then very naturally suggests itself, whether we would like to have our natures modified by the present general appearances of our school houses. Should we not study to render them cheerful. A well constructed fence, and a row of shade trees nicely arranged, would add much to the attraction, and even these trees would be inspired, with the spirit of reform, and become agents for us in securing a concert occasionally, by sending forth their accommodating branches, and thus inviting the feathered songster.

And the flowers, fit emblems of youth and beauty. Why should they not lend their influence to cheer us in our path to the hill of science, that path hitherto rendered so dreary, *sterile and unenticing*, we fear, to many a youthful aspirant. Through inadvertently? Does it is possible that we shall be responsible for seeming apparently indifferent to the great system of education when our influence is so small that it is scarcely perceptible?

But there is a voice within which bids us