

Sorely the cause of freedom is oppressed. And life is freely offered for its sake.

Humorous Sketch. An Unexpected Race.

In one of the large towns in Worcester county, Massachusetts, used to live a clergyman, whom we will call Ridewell.

Now it so happened that there were dwelling in and about the town, sundry individuals who had not the fear of the dreadful penalties which Mr. Ridewell preached about before their eyes.

It also happened that the good old clergyman owned one of the best horses in the country. This horse was one of the old Morgan stock.

The church was so near the good clergyman's dwelling that he always walked to meeting, and his horse was consequently allowed to remain in the pasture.

Pompey heard that these races were on the tapis, and he resolved to enter his master's horse on his own account.

Pompey succeeded in getting home without exciting any suspicions and he now longed to the Sabbath afternoon to come, for he was determined to try it again.

But these things were not always to remain secret. One Sunday a pious deacon beheld this racing from a distance.

At the following Sabbath, after dinner, Mr. Ridewell ordered Pompey to bring up old Morgan and put him in the stable.

As soon as the afternoon service were closed, the two deacons and some others of the members of the church accompanied the minister home, together with his horses.

"Now, my brothers, let us ride down and confront the wicked wretches, and if they will down on their knees and implore God's mercy, and promise to do so no more, we will not take legal action against them."

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

COBB, STURROCK & CO., PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS. VOL. 2. WELLSBOROUGH, TIoga COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1856. NO. 41.

the riders at once recognized old Morgan, but did not recognize the reverend individual who rode him.

"Wicked men!" commenced the parson, as he came near enough for his voice to be heard.

"Come on, old hoss," cried one of the jockies, turning towards the minister.

"All ready!" shouted he who led the affair, cutting the minister short.

And the word for starting was given. Old Morgan knew that word too well, for no sooner did it fall upon his ears than he stuck out his nose.

"Who-ho-ho!" yelled the clergyman, tugging at the reins with all his might.

"Upon my soul, parson," said the leader of the abomination, approaching the spot where the minister still sat in his saddle.

"Aye—for 'tis an honor. You are the first clergyman that has ever joined us in our Sabbath evening entertainments."

"Hold on," interrupted one of the party, as the rest of the racing men had all mounted their horses.

As the wretch thus spoke, he turned his horse's head, and before a word could be uttered by the astonished preacher.

"It's very strange," said one. "Remarkable," suggested a third.

"On my soul, brethren," spoke Ridewell, "I can't make it out."

The brethren looked at each other, and the deacons shook their heads in a very solemn manner.

So the party rode back to the clergyman's house, but none of the brethren would enter, nor would they stop at all.

many were the wicked wags who delighted to hector him by offering to ride a race with him, to bet on his head, or to put him against the world on a race.

"Brethering, I am a hostler, and I must currie these horses before I leave. Here is the high blooded Episcopalian horse; see what a high head he carries.

"Friends, I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and as the brother has passed two of them, I will take it upon myself to finish the work."

"Do you call me an ass?" exclaimed the minister jumping up.

"Whoa!" continued his tormentor; see him kick, whoa! hold him fast, my friends!

And thus the old gentleman went on, the minister ranting meantime until he got out of the church.

The following instance of daring sport is related in the Albany Transcript.

The feat performed by Tell, in shooting an apple off the head of his son, which has been told over and over again, and is as familiar as household words.

There had been a turkey shoot at which several "crack shots" had assisted; after the shoot was over, the crowd adjourned to the tavern; numerous drinks were called for.

Search was made for an apple, but not finding one readily, a potatoe was substituted, and the crowd adjourned from the bar-room to the yard adjoining the barn.

The distance was measured, Grogan took his place, with cap off and potatoe on his head, when Wadsworth deliberately raised his rifle, drew a fine site on the potatoe, and discharged his piece at arm's length!

"Am I dead? Is there any blood?" It was found that Grogan was not dead, but that the potatoe had been cut in twain.

"Hulloa, boy!" "Halloa yourself!" "Can I get breakfast here?" "I reckon you can't!"

As we have never seen a better illustration of sublimity, to that of ridicule, we give the following, which we clip from an exchange.

John Hancock.

One who saw Hancock in June, 1782 relates that he had the appearance of advanced age. He had been repeatedly and severely afflicted with gout, probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch—a common practice of high circles in those days.

"Brethering, I am a hostler, and I must currie these horses before I leave. Here is the high blooded Episcopalian horse; see what a high head he carries.

"Friends, I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and as the brother has passed two of them, I will take it upon myself to finish the work."

"Do you call me an ass?" exclaimed the minister jumping up.

"Whoa!" continued his tormentor; see him kick, whoa! hold him fast, my friends!

And thus the old gentleman went on, the minister ranting meantime until he got out of the church.

The following instance of daring sport is related in the Albany Transcript.

The feat performed by Tell, in shooting an apple off the head of his son, which has been told over and over again, and is as familiar as household words.

There had been a turkey shoot at which several "crack shots" had assisted; after the shoot was over, the crowd adjourned to the tavern; numerous drinks were called for.

Search was made for an apple, but not finding one readily, a potatoe was substituted, and the crowd adjourned from the bar-room to the yard adjoining the barn.

The distance was measured, Grogan took his place, with cap off and potatoe on his head, when Wadsworth deliberately raised his rifle, drew a fine site on the potatoe, and discharged his piece at arm's length!

"Am I dead? Is there any blood?" It was found that Grogan was not dead, but that the potatoe had been cut in twain.

"Hulloa, boy!" "Halloa yourself!" "Can I get breakfast here?" "I reckon you can't!"

As we have never seen a better illustration of sublimity, to that of ridicule, we give the following, which we clip from an exchange.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

All honor to the Toller who daves and does for MAN. Who at the world's contumely and tramples on its ban: Those deeds of love and charity the biggest bless'd.

Lift up thy head, O Toller! behold the whitening field! Behold how low the reapers, how great the promised yield!

When the farmer knows that a gate is better, and as a time-and-labor-saving fixture, cheaper than a set of bars and posts.

Or when he sees the boards dropping from his barns and out-buildings, and like heaps of rubbish lying in piles about the premises.

Or when he is afraid of the expense of nails, and is always crying up the maxim of Dr. Franklin, to "save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

If it is saving of half the manure of a farmer's stock by keeping them shut up in yard, instead of running at large through most of the winter.

The "Tiber" is not only rich in historic associations, it is rich in treasure. An English company has actually offered to turn the current of the stream far above the city and around it.

At length, an old member, who knew the ropes, struck by his pertinacity, called him aside and gave him the benefit of some volunteer counsel.

"My friend," said he, "I see you are green, long as you have been in Washington. Just withdraw your papers, and increase your claim to twenty or thirty thousand."

The chaimant thankfully took the advice, acted on it, and in due time carried home his honest due and a little more.

A MODEL TAVERN.—A gentleman who has just returned from Arkansas informs us that he heard the following conversation at a tavern:—

"Wall, brother Gobbin, what preparations have you made at home for the big association?"

"Why, I've laid in a barrel of flour or so, and a gallon of whiskey."

A FARMER'S LIFE.—No life is more dignified, independent, or useful to the country than that of an intelligent and truly virtuous farmer.

A Short Story.

Mrs. — was a rich and pretty widow of twenty-eight, left rich by her husband, a respectable and wealthy farmer, of S—, in the county of Oakland, who judiciously died about the age of fifty.

He was in despair, and in his despair he visited the widow, and besought of her, if she had a particle of mercy not to ruin his son.

In vain the widow protested that she had used no arts—had only seen the youth a few times, and was entirely indifferent to him; the father still insisted, and the pretty widow promised that if the boy came again to see her, it should be his last visit.

When the farmer knows that a gate is better, and as a time-and-labor-saving fixture, cheaper than a set of bars and posts.

Or when he sees the boards dropping from his barns and out-buildings, and like heaps of rubbish lying in piles about the premises.

Or when he is afraid of the expense of nails, and is always crying up the maxim of Dr. Franklin, to "save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

If it is saving of half the manure of a farmer's stock by keeping them shut up in yard, instead of running at large through most of the winter.

The "Tiber" is not only rich in historic associations, it is rich in treasure. An English company has actually offered to turn the current of the stream far above the city and around it.

At length, an old member, who knew the ropes, struck by his pertinacity, called him aside and gave him the benefit of some volunteer counsel.

"My friend," said he, "I see you are green, long as you have been in Washington. Just withdraw your papers, and increase your claim to twenty or thirty thousand."

The chaimant thankfully took the advice, acted on it, and in due time carried home his honest due and a little more.

A MODEL TAVERN.—A gentleman who has just returned from Arkansas informs us that he heard the following conversation at a tavern:—

"Wall, brother Gobbin, what preparations have you made at home for the big association?"

"Why, I've laid in a barrel of flour or so, and a gallon of whiskey."

A FARMER'S LIFE.—No life is more dignified, independent, or useful to the country than that of an intelligent and truly virtuous farmer.

When has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee? When he has sufficient grounds.