

Terms of Publication.
THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp "Time Out" on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.
Tax AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.
Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$4 per year.

For the Agitator.
THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

I never saw my darling,
We never chanced to meet,
One gentle word I never have heard,
Yet know her voice is sweet.
I've dreamed of her so often,
I've thought of her so long,
From her my heart will never part,
To her I'll breathe my song.
I know not if my dear one
Is of this lower earth;
Or, if to higher realms of light
She owes her name and birth;
But oft when sad and weary,
I close my eyes to rest,
My spirit bride comes to my side
And makes my slumbers blest.
Sometimes in happy dream-land,
I clasp her hand in mine,
And tell her how to win her now,
All else I would resign.
And then she smiles upon me
The happiest of men,
But dawning day calls her away,
And I'm alone again.
Yet still I hope to meet her
Before my race is run;
The vows of sleep I then will keep,
And claim the cherished one.
Thus in the crowd I mingle
With heart preoccupied,
Intent to trace in each fair face
The features of my bride.
But, if to disappointment
I still am doomed till death,
A happier fate shall me await
When I resign my breath;
For in some happy region
Beyond the azure sky,
We shall meet in union sweet,
My spirit love and I.
VIRGINIA.

Interesting Sketch.

From the Lancaster Examiner and Herald.
A Northern Man's Impressions of the South.

One who has never been South, and whose notions and opinions are formed entirely from books and hearsay, would have his ideas considerably changed by a tour, however brief, through the seaboard slave States. So much is said about the slaves and their masters, the sugar plantations, cotton fields and rice swamps, that a large majority forget all about the country itself. Having had occasion to pass through some of these States a few weeks ago, a few observations concerning them may not prove uninteresting to Lancaster county men, particularly as of late years considerable emigration has been going on in that direction, chiefly, however, to Maryland and Virginia. The reason why Pennsylvania has not found their way further down still, becomes as clear as daylight, when one has once had a glimpse of the country.
Maryland and Virginia are two quite respectable States in an agricultural point of view. True, much of the soil, through the mismanagement and carelessness of the native farmers, has become unproductive and is "worn out," but by northern farming and northern energy, can again be made productive to an extent that will pay the farmer handsomely for his labor; but this is not the case with those States lying still further South. Such as have traveled through the above mentioned States, must have remarked the large amount of rocky and swampy land, which it is very probable will never be rendered productive, the soil being poor in the first place, and the expense of reclaiming it in the second being so great as to prevent all idea of its being attempted. Things become ten times worse as soon as you get out of Virginia into North Carolina, which is the poorest and meanest State, agriculturally, in the Union. South Carolina excepted, which in this respect bears off the palm from every country in the world.
Virginia, from having been the mother of Presidents and Statesmen, has condescended to be the mother of negroes, and the result of her prosperity is only too apparent. The wretched dwellings of the white population, and the still more miserable cabins of the slaves, speak even louder than Governor Wise himself, of her miserable condition. An almost endless succession of stunted pine lines the railroad from one end of the State to the other. A few other species of deciduous trees are sometimes seen, but it is very rarely that the oak or the hickory is found. North Carolina is better off in her pine forests, for here the trees grow very often to an immense size, and form one of the chief sources of wealth to the people. So far as other timber is concerned, she is quite as badly off as Virginia. The country, too, is more uneven, and the soil seems much inferior, and in fact, from this point down to New Orleans, the soil has an appearance that would be very uninviting to a Lancaster county farmer, resembling very much the red, sandy appearance of that portion of Lancaster known as Muddy Creek, but is still less productive.
There is not so much cotton raised in North Carolina as I supposed. The pine forests which cover almost the entire country furnish quite as reliable a source of wealth, and with much less trouble. I here witnessed the manner of making rosin, turpentine and tar. An incision is made in the tree with an axe, about a foot from the ground, and a strip of the bark about three feet long is then taken off above the cut and extending down to it. The cut is shallow and catches the liquid as it oozes out of the tree. The rosin is secreted in that portion of the tree from which the bark has been taken. Each year the bark is taken off a foot or two higher up than the previous year, and this practice is continued until the tree dies, which is in about six or eight years; afterwards the tree is cut down, and then burnt in a conical shaped kiln, from which the tar is produced. The amount of rosin made in North Carolina is astonishing. I saw thousands of barrels lying along the road, waiting to be sent to market. Much is also made in South Carolina.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 3.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1857.

NO. 37.

One that has never seen a southern swamp, cannot have the slightest idea of what it is. The season in which I saw them, being winter, there was of course no vegetation, and my chances of observing them, all the better. The ground is covered with water, from six inches to two feet deep, and out of these marshes, rise enormous trees, mostly pines. A most singular feature in these trees is, that about two or three feet from the water, the trunk suddenly enlarges to three or four times its usual girth; this, I suppose, arises from the soft, yielding nature of the soil, which renders it necessary for the tree to have a wider and consequently firmer base for its roots. The aspects of these swamps is oftentimes very peculiar. Through the trunks of the trees you can see for hundreds of yards, nothing but the shining water, at this season of the year, unrelieved by animal life of any kind. During the summer months, however, they are the abode of almost every species of vermin. They account also for the sickness which prevails in so many parts of the South, during the warm weather.— Sometimes these marshes extend almost without interruption, for a hundred miles; a person begins to think the South is nothing more or less than one interminable bog, and he is not very wrong.

To one who has been accustomed to see Conestoga teams all his life, southern horses and southern teams present a very strong contrast. The bone yard would be deemed the fittest place for nearly every horse I saw after I left Washington. A more wretched, abject lot of beasts can be found no where, unless it be in Italy, which they say beats the world for sorry horses and mules. Oxen are more used in the South than horses, for the reason, I presume, that they are kept at less expense. I am confident, six good horses would eat up the entire produce of many of the plantations I saw; oxen therefore are preferable, both as a matter of economy and policy. Nothing surprised me more, than the small number of horned cattle, and of live stock generally, kept on southern farms. Two or three cows, as many hogs, a couple of goats, half a dozen of barn fowls, and a few yoke of oxen, constituted the planter's property—his negroes excepted.

In the matter of barns they are entirely destitute. I do not now remember of having seen a single barn after leaving Richmond. The extreme meagreness of southern crops, renders out-buildings entirely unnecessary to the planter. He would not know what to do with it, if he possessed one. A rickety shed, a dozen feet long, answers every purpose, and costs nothing. I saw immense corn-fields in all the States down to Louisiana, but not a grain of corn. I can't imagine what becomes of it, unless used for the support of their negroes. I judge from the appearance of the stalk, that such ears of corn as we see in Lancaster county are altogether unknown. They plant their corn as we do, except that they never put more than one grain in a hill, it being found that one stalk is quite as much as one hill will grow.

A perceptible change for the better takes place in the character of the country, as soon as you get into Georgia. The soil looks better; the cotton and corn-fields show a more vigorous growth. Alabama is still better than Georgia, and in some places the country looks quite respectable. The swamps still show themselves, however, and the entire State, if it has not the submerged look of the Carolinas, is yet flat and uninteresting. It is anything else than the place where a northern man, though he comes from the rocks of New Hampshire, would desire to live. I am very confident that were twenty-five Lancaster county farmers, to locate in any southern State, south of Virginia, before the close of the first year, twenty-four of them would have found their way home again, and no one would blame them. I hold it as almost impossible for a northern man to feel at home, or even to become reconciled to the routine of a southern plantation, and the farmer who makes up his mind to try his fortune in the South, would better consider the step he is about to take. I should advise every man with such intentions, to go any where rather than here. He can't farm here with the limited means he could in one of the western states; everything is high, from bread up to niggers. I heard a man say yesterday, he could not buy a good field hand in his part of the State for less than fifteen hundred dollars.
NEW ORLEANS, FEB. 16, 1857.

MAL-APPROPOS.—If there is anything calculated to take the starch out of a fellow, it is to enquire of a friend at his elbow, who that ugly, squint-eyed, red-haired woman is, and answered, "that lady, sir, is my wife."— It is an accident, the like of which has happened to many of us, but we have another which lately occurred in a car upon a Pennsylvania Railroad. One of our old "stub and twist" politicians, who was traversing a portion of his old stumping ground in Pennsylvania, fell into a very engaging conversation with an old gentleman, a stranger, sitting near him in the cars. The talk ranged over subjects connected with old times in the Old Keystone State, and particularly the old Governors, and their good and evil deeds. Our friend got rapidly posted, and was very much fascinated by the rich fund of information, the amiable manners, the happy mood, and the noble appearance of the venerable stranger. Our "stub and twist" silver gray at last inquired, with muchunction, "Well, what has become of that old hump, Gov. Ritner?" "Well, sir, it is perhaps time for me to inform you that I am no other person than Ex-Gov. Ritner himself." Confused apologies followed, of course, and "stub and twist" dried up about that time.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Trifles.
The world is made up of trifles. The grand movements of great events and the changes of empires are founded in causes, which would be pronounced trifles by the world.

Yes, "trifles light as air" have led to some of the most important discoveries we have. The fall of an apple gave Newton the clue to gravitation; the rising up of the lid of a teakettle gave us our railroads, steamboats, ocean steamers, and a thousand other things; not to speak of the steam press, that combined, for the world centuries ahead in the mysteries of the universe and the purposes of God.

To the observation of a flower dimly pictured on a stone, we owe the philosophical researches in chemistry and light which ultimately gave us the daguerreotype.

To grasp
A thing impalpable, and hold it, was
Once considered a wild impossibility.
Until Daguerre, with his own-spiriting light
Captured a shadow with a ray of light,
And chained it down for ever.

By a trifling loan of money from the great actor Talma to Napoleon, in a time of need, the face of Europe was changed—millions of men perished—thrones were emptied—Wellington was made a duke—Moscow was burnt, and France made a despotism at the present time; for Napoleon was on the brink of suicide—a nameless adventurer—when Talma gave him this assistance.

The foundation of the Roman Empire was a cunning trick in an individual combat, or duel. American liberty and thirty-one glorious States arose from a strong cup of tea made by the Bostonians in 1775. A little piece of magnetized steel led to the discovery of a new world. The erection of a saw-mill in California changed the currency of the world. The crossing of a little stream of water subverted the liberties of Rome and gave the name of Brutus immortality. The flying of a common paper kite by a printer gave us the magnetic telegraph. The eating of an apple in the garden of Eden, brought sin and death into the world; the giving away of a golden apple caused a ten-years' war and the fall of Troy.

A delay of five minutes saved the lives of Napoleon the First and his family from an "infernal machine" in the streets of Paris.— A delay of two minutes once cost about fifty lives on an American railroad. The exportation of a few potatoes from America, by Sir Walter Raleigh, has saved the Irish nation, several times, from starvation. From a little acorn the great American forests have sprung.

**A pebble in the streamlet scented,
Has changed the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the giant oak,
Has warped the giant oak forever.**

It is impossible to enumerate, especially in a newspaper article, the atoms, "trifles" that have produced numberless great events, and made numberless radical changes in the history and destiny of the world.— Suffice it to say that "trifles" are not to be scoffed at. The world may learn great, and true, and valuable lessons from these same "trifles." The fable of the lion who was released from his prison by a mouse, was written by a great man—upon a less foundation than this, there has been erected deathless poetry, wonderful tragedies, and many noble novels.

Hold nothing in contempt; nothing contemptible ever came from the hands of the Almighty. The worlds which the microscope has revealed to us in the drop of water are as wonderful and mysterious as the bright and beautiful worlds brought to our eyes by the telescope. The loathsome caterpillar which we long to crush beneath our feet, will one day be a beautiful creature, with rainbow wings. The little pool of dirty-water into which we have stepped, and upon which we pour out "vials of wrath" in many a deep-muttered anathema and malediction for having obscured the glory of our boots, will be woven into a bright and beautifully embroidered veil, on the miraculous soul, for the face of the queen who trails her robe of light among the countless stars. The perusal and observance of a single book, called the Bible, every leaf of the new portion of which has had a sacred baptism in the blood of Jesus of Nazareth, will lead the soul—the only immortal thing in the universe save its maker—out of the shadows and darkness of dust, and fit it for an audience, (yea, though it be the soul of a beggar,) with the "King of Kings."—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE MYSTERIES OF THE LAW.—In Maine, at the term of the Supreme Court now being held at Portland, a bill of indictment was found by the Grand Jury against John S. Sprague for the crime of polygamy. The indictment charged that Sprague on the 11th of September, 1854, being then and there an unmarried man, was lawfully married to Emily M. Clark, and that afterwards, on the 4th of December, 1855, his first wife being still living, he married Rhoda S. Stewart, thereby committing the crime of polygamy. Sprague's counsel stated to the Court that the County Attorney was willing to admit, and that the defence could prove, that the alleged first marriage was not a legal one, Sprague at that time being a married man and having a wife living. In fact, that he had three wives, but as the indictment was based upon the legality of the second marriage, which was not legal, it must therefore fail. And further, if the government attempted to prove that the first wife was living when Sprague married the third one he should object to such evidence, as there was no such allegation in the indictment. This last position being sustained by the Court, the County Attorney entered a *not. pros.*, and thus Sprague, who was charged with having two wives got clear by having three.

A Slight Mistake.

Jim Ward is a conductor on the eastern division of the New York Central Railroad, running daily between Utica and Albany.— Ward has been in the employ of the Central Railroad for a long period of years, and is one of the oldest conductors in the country. Invariably accommodating and polite, he is particularly attentive to the ladies, and always manages to make himself a favorite with those of the fair sex who accompany the trains under his direction.

A short time since, when a train under his direction was on its way east from Utica, one of those interesting incidents occurred on board the train, which adds to the visible number of passengers, but scarcely ever increases the profits of the trip. Ward, as soon as he discovered the condition of the lady, hustled about, and with the train running forty miles an hour, fixed up a portion of the express car, and had her conveyed thereto.— A physician by the name of Beecher was on the train. His services were immediately put in requisition, and in a short time Ward had the pleasure of announcing that "mother and babe were doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

The mother was a poor woman, and as soon as it became known, Ward went around with a hat, and in a short time a handsome purse was collected, and Jim with his countenance absolutely filtering off happiness, took it to the mother. After he re-appeared the passengers proposed that the child should be named. No sooner said than done. Jim went in and got the baby, with the consent of the delighted mother, and brought it out, when it was proposed that it should be named "James Ward," after Jim, and Beecher after the physician who had professionally attended the mother. It was adopted by acclamation, and amid general shout and approbation, the babe was named "James Ward Beecher." Jim with a smile of ill-concealed delight, was luging off his little namesake, when some of the ladies requested to see the "little baby." It was passed from hand to hand among the ladies, all admiring the little bundle, but at the same time a general disposition to smile and stuff handkerchiefs in their mouths, became manifest among the women. Jim wondered, but wondered in vain, what this sudden laughter meant, until the baby was handed to an old lady. She had not had it more than a minute, when she exclaimed: "Law, Suz!"

"Well, what's the matter?" said Jim, fearfully.

"Why, it's a gal!" said the old woman, handing the baby to Jim.
Then rose a yell of laughter; the men broke out first, then the women, then they broke out together, until one universal scream filled the car. Several gentlemen threw their hats and mufflers out of the windows, while others endeavored unsuccessfully, to "saw their legs off." The women blushed and screamed; the men shouted and held their sides. In the midst of this storm of fun and laughter, Jim made his escape from the car with his female "Jim Ward Beecher," and for the rest of his trip, on the platform of the baggage car, ruminated on the sudden changes, and mutations of human life.—*Buffalo Rep.*

A NUMBER OF POLITICIANS, all of whom were seeking offices under government, were scattered on the tavern porch talking, when an old toper, named D— came up to them. Now, said D— who is a person who is very loquacious when "corned," but exactly the opposite when sober. At the present time, being "right," he said if the company had no objection he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:—
"A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go hunting and after summoning his nobles, and making all necessary preparations, he summoned his philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed.— While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted on a jackass; he advised them to return, for," said he, "it will certainly rain." They smiled contemptuously upon him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up they were drenched to the skin.
When they had returned to the palace, the King reprimanded the philosopher severely for telling him that it would be clear when it was not. "I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not."
The King then gave the philosopher his walking paper, and sent for the countryman who made his appearance. "Tell me," said the King, "how you knew it would rain." "I didn't know said the rustic, my jackass told me." And how, pray, did he tell you?" the King said in astonishment. "By pricking up his ears, your majesty." The King now sent the countryman away; procuring the jackass, he placed him in the office the philosopher had filled. "And here, observed D—, looking very wise, 'here is where the King made his mistake.' "How so?" inquired the auditors. "Why ever since that time," said D— with a grin on his phiz, "every jackass wants an office."

THE WAY TO TREAT BORES.—There are two kinds of bores in the world—the rich and the poor. You can get rid of the latter by lending him five dollars. You can free yourself of the other by attempting to borrow twenty-five from him. Try it on.

THE BACHELOR'S BURIAL.

Two old maids at shut of day,
A Bachelor's carcass bore away,
With wrinkled brow and matted hair,
And heart that never loved the fair.
Bring briars, they groaned, bring weeds unblown,
Bring rank weeds of name unknown,
Bring withered boughs from dreary wild,
To strew the bier of Error's child!
And make his grave where the liards hide,
Where nightshade strews the swamp creek's side,
Far out of sight—where gentian spring
Shall send no gentle birds to sing.
His old jack-knife lay with him low,
To cut the string of Cupid's bow;
The sad house cat shall mew around,
His lonely grave in grief profound.
His bloodless lips shall fall to dust;
His old jack-knife shall waste with rust;
He whom we hide from light of men,
Will never fright the babes again.
For we have laid him from the light;
Beneath the ground and out of sight;
But this rude epitaph shall stand—
"He who to no one gave his hand!"

Select Miscellany.

A New Continent.

The coral reefs of the Pacific Ocean have been, in part, measured, and are found to be of amazing extent, and a new continent is in process of formation. All the labor is accomplished by zoophytes—insects; and if we wish to form some conception of the doings, we have but to remember that the coral formations of the Pacific, occupy an area of four or five thousand miles, and to imagine what a picture the ocean would present were it suddenly drained. We should walk amid huge mounds which had been raised and capped with the stones these animals had secreted. Prodigious cones would rise from the ground, all towering to the same altitude, reflecting the light of the sun from their white summits with dazzling intensity. Here and there we should see a huge platform once a large island, whose peaks as they sank were clothed in coral, and then prolonged upwards until they rose before us like the columns of some huge temple which had been commenced by the Anakins of the antediluvian world.

Champlion has said of the Egyptian edifices that they seem to have been designed by men fifty feet high. Here, wandering among these strange monuments, we might fancy that beings one hundred yards in stature had been planting the pillars of a colossal city they had never lived to complete. The builders were worms, and the quarry whence they dug their masonry, the crystal wave. In the event of this vast extent of coral reef being upheaved, where or whence will the waters of the Pacific recede? Either the western shores of the American continent and away to the base of the Rocky Mountains will be submerged, or the shores of opposite Asia, for innumerable ages the cradle of man's development and civilization will sink into the great abyss; and the ships of the inhabitants of this globe—when it adds ten thousand years to its age—will sail over and find no soundings where millions to day toil in unrelenting servitude, and where cities from gorgeous cupolas and storied palaces fling back the rays of the rising and declining sun.

RELICS OF FEUDAL DAYS.—The custom of uncovering the head and taking off the hat, or even simply touching it is a relic of the old disarming—the removing of the helmet to indicate that the party thus exposed himself to the mercy of an enemy. To take off the glove was in like manner to unguantlet the hand, the mere removal constituting an offer of friendship. Even now it is considered uncivil to shake hands with the glove on.— Shaking hands was formerly a token of truce; in which each of the parties took hold each of the other's weapon hand, to make sure against treachery. It was also a token of good will.

A Frenchman, a prisoner in England, once made a most ingenious use of this custom.— Having been "put up" against a negro boxer, and knowing nothing of boxing, he availed himself of the shaking of hands before the encounter, to crush the negro's hand in his iron grip. It is said that a few years since, a brutal fellow in Connecticut crushed a friend's hand in like manner, though he did it in sport.

The bow it is said, which is now a mark of politeness, is but the offer of the neck to the stroke of an adversary, while the courtesy peculiar to the ladies is the form of going on the knees to sue for that mercy, which in earlier ages, was difficult to get. The hair pins worn by ladies are reduced poignards. In some parts of Sicily they are still worn of such a size as to be convertible into weapons. The ear rings were anciently badges of slavery, and were soldered so that they could not be removed from the ear. Their form indicated the owner of the slave.

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A down-east editor says that a girl was asked, not long since to unite herself by the siltken tie to a young man, who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying. "Well, make it June then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, hesitated, cast down her eyes, and said with a beautiful blush, "Wouldn't April do as well?"

A CHILD'S COMPROMISE.—A clergyman who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend of ours, on going away called to him little Eddy, the five-year old son of the host, and asked what he should give him for a present. Eddy, who had great respect for the "cloth," thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature; so he answered hesitatingly: "I—I—I think I should like a Testament, and I know I should like a squirt gun!"

Rates of Advertising.
Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

	3 months.	6 months.	12 months.
1 Square, (14 lines),	\$3 50	\$6 00	\$8 00
2 Squares,	4 00	6 00	8 00
3 Columns,	10 00	15 00	20 00
1 Column,	18 00	30 00	40 00

All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

Political.

From the Richmond, (Va.) Enquirer.
The Extension of Slavery the policy of the South.

The ascendancy of the anti-slavery sentiment in the North, and the increasing preponderance of the free-soil States in the confederacy, are circumstances of very great moment to the people of the South. In contemplating our absolute inferiority in point of political power; and especially in anticipating the widening gap between the two sections, which the more rapid development of the North discloses to our vision, it is quite natural that the friend of the South should at first incline to a dependent view of the future. But this gloomy feeling will soon give place to a more rational and manly resolution—to a just appreciation of our resources, and a determination to maintain our equality of power at any and every hazard.
The basis of our power and prosperity is incomparably more stable than that of the North. Commerce and manufactures constitute the wealth of the North; but commerce and manufactures are things of man's creation, and like all the other works of human contrivance, are of brief and uncertain duration. There is not a more striking lesson in history than that which attests the instability of the factitious prosperity of empires built upon a basis of human enterprise and ingenuity. They rest upon an accidental combination of circumstances, and are peculiarly exposed to the vicissitudes of fortune. Any deterioration in the character of the people, any change in the commercial or political relations of the world, brings their unsubstantial power to the earth. From Tyre in the age of Solomon, down to the Holland of our own times, history recounts innumerable instances of their fleeting grandeur.— Like the century plant they burst suddenly into bloom, for a moment enchant the world with their beauty, and then vanish among the things of a by-gone age.

Very different is the fate of nations who build upon the impregnable basis of agricultural prosperity. They draw support from the inexhaustible bosom of nature; and though their political system, and the supremacy of their power be not exempt from the vicissitudes of human affairs, yet they never suffer those sudden and total eclipses which extinguish the glory of commercial empires.
The anti-slavery States of the confederacy (we mean to exclude the conservative communities of the Northwest) are preeminently skilful in the mechanical arts, and incomparably successful in commercial enterprise, but their power is factitious and must perish with the circumstances which create it. The accidents of peace and war, of rivalry, of an unpropitious government policy, of the corruption and decay which bloated wealth always engenders in a community, may at any moment dethrone them from their supremacy and reduce them to desolate dependencies.— As they have no monopoly of the natural capabilities and the human faculties essential to success in manufactures, so they are equally liable to be cut off from this special source of their wealth. Their prosperity and their power rest upon an unstable basis.

The South is emphatically, if not exclusively, an agricultural country, and its people exhibit the sterling virtues of their characteristic pursuit. While they till the soil, the effeminate refinements of a corrupt civilization will never expose them to the chance of subjugation. Neither will their wealth take wings and fly away. The "Wingless Victory" of the ancient Greek sculpture is an apt symbol of the stability of their power. So far from being exposed to a ruinous rivalry in the supply of cotton, the danger is that their utmost capabilities of production will not be equal to the growing demand. Besides, the South produces tobacco and other tropical articles in sufficient measure to make the commerce of the world dependant upon its supply. It possesses an abundant territory. Its resources are of the most various character, and are susceptible of infinite development. Its energies are now directed with unexampled earnestness of purpose to its wonderful manufacturing facilities and its peculiar advantages for the establishment of an immense commercial interest. Within its own grasp the South holds all the elements of a solid and permanent prosperity. Nothing is wanting to the completeness of its resources—nothing to its perfect independence.

The only danger which the South has reason to apprehend, is that in consequence of an accidental combination of circumstances, it may lose its equality of political power in the confederacy, be reduced to a sort of dependence upon the North, and, by an iniquitous policy of legislation, be despoiled of its advantages and restricted in its development. It is, then, of the last consequence to the welfare of the South, that it maintain its equality of power in the Union, so as to protect its rights, and prevent any unjust discrimination against its interests in the action of the Federal Government. But this result can be accomplished in only one way; and that is by insisting on the legitimate expansion of the institutions of the South.— We must keep a self-protecting power in our own hands, and to that end must demand equality of representation in the Senate. Let the people of the South, as the last expedient for the preservation of the Union, rally upon the principle of an extension of the pro-slavery power *pari passu* with the aggrandizement of the power of the anti-slavery States. It is our right under the constitution, and our right outside of the constitution in virtue of the necessities of self-protection. Liberated from the illegal restrictions and unjust operation of the Federal Government, and left free in the development of its splendid resources and the expansion of its vigorous institutions; this