

## 

 Aunt Hannah Tripe in Court.bx claba avossta.







 울물

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Tesedsay beter go to court ; so ironed







VOL. V.

## THE AGITAT0R. <br> 


 r. Yotregn." no to tell anylhing except the
circumstances connected with the turaip field





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"With my own eyes? To be sure!
eyes did you think l d borrowed ",
"Could you swear it was turnips


 any way, and you look as if you were man.
uflactured in
the the yer The lawyer scratched his nose, and looke


WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 12, 1858.
NO. 2


| into the arm holes of his vest, sea he-"Allow me to ask the witness a, fow questions, your honor." <br> The Judge bowed, and the red faced man went on- |  | Commanticationg. |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | Were half the power that keeps the world in TH terror; <br> Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts, | ram. |
| "Mrs. Tripe, you say you know Mr. Jones <br> -do you know my client, Mr. John Smith ?" "Yes," sez I. <br> "What do you know of him?" sez he. "Slate, the good you know of him, if you please." | Given to redeem the worid from error, There were no need of Arsenals and forts. Anonymous. | "Come Nettie," said my cousin Alice, to whom I was paying a month's visil, ill have chosen this delicious morning to call on my |
|  |  | know she will be only too happy to make the |
|  |  |  |
| "He robled my hen rost last spring, or th best pulle and the hansumest crower had |  |  |
| $\begin{array}{\|l\|l\|} \text { the flo } \\ \text { any w } \end{array}$ |  | to see her." ${ }^{\text {cWell come then, it is only a ehort walk," }}$ |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | So donning our hats we were off in a trice. It was a bright, beauteous, July morning; the |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | thousand opening fowers, and the pretty lia. |
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|  |  | lite feathered songsters seemed to have heir |
|  |  | throats all attuned and were pouring forth strains of richest melody. |
|  |  | "Oh earib! how beautiful," exclaimed my cousin, "how bewitchingly lovely dost thou appear in this balmy season of fowers. |
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|  |  | it would be to die and leave all this enchant ing loveliness." And then she began to talk |
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| ips was full as much to blame as she was. <br> Another of 'em sed that Jones ought to pay Smith for his cow's killin' his dog, for the dog he sed was the ugliest critter upon the face of the earth. | Freedoms liull be still !- <br> G. W. Ligat. | body does." <br> "But see, Nettie, yonder in that |
|  |  | lage, nestling amid such a profusion of shrabbery, is the home of my cherished frieadmy own darling Nellie. Do you agree with |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | me cousin, in calling it a perfect little eden ?" "How could I help it, Allia? If am not |
|  |  | surprised at your enthusissm; , there is anelegance aboult hat hespeaks theasie and |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | refinement of is is inmeses." |
|  |  | door. After showing us into the cozy little |
|  | The age is dull and mean; Men creep, Not walk ; with blood too pale and tame | sitting room, she ran to call Nellie. PresentIy light fooisteps were heard, and the nex moment Nellie came tripping in, her beauti |
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|  |  |  |
|  |  | d her rich, sunny tresses foating over her relly shoulders in luxuriant abundance. |
|  |  |  |
| Mr. Antipodes riz up, slow and steady, jest Six days to Mammon, one to Cant. $\begin{aligned} & \text { Whitries. }\end{aligned} \begin{aligned} & \text { She greeted us warmly, extending a band fo } \\ & \text { each }\end{aligned}$ |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | "But Nellie, why these tears ?" said my cousin., "What has happened to make you weep? |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | dream," she said, smilhig through hier tears. "I am really ashamed of myself. I am not |
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|  |  |  |  |  |
|  | Free the dominions of Man and of God! W. D. Gallagher. |  |
|  |  |  |  |
|  | $\begin{array}{l}\text { The cant of Democracy dwells on the lips } \\ \text { Of the forgers of felters and wielders of whips. }\end{array}$ $\begin{array}{l}\text { here } \\ \text { But }\end{array}$ <br> $\begin{array}{ll}\text { Bel }\end{array}$  |  |
|  | Then teach the North to love the plains | help me get rid of my foolish thoughs." We challed away merrily for an hour or two, and when we rose fo go, Nellib accom- |
|  | Where sleep in blood her gallant dead; Teach her to make more bright the chains |  |
|  |  | two, and when we rose fo go, Nellite accom. panied us to the gate. Affectionately bidding |
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|  |  |  |  |
|  | And like a spaniel lick your rod! She wears your laurels on her brow, And master-She has none but God. <br> Anonymots. | under what circumstances we shbuld meet again. Surely, "we know not what a day |
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|  |  | may bring forth." |
|  |  | friend ", said my cousin. |
|  | trious diplomatist one day found himself between Madame de Stael'and Madam Recamier, both intimate friends, both celebrated. "You say charming things to us boih, but |  |
| any where, I jest turn my back to her and say-"Go ahead!" |  | should like to bece better her," I replied. <br> "Is she not beautiful?" <br> "Yes," said Allie, "she is not only beauti- |
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|  | which do you prefer?"' said Madam de Stael, suddenly. | ful but good. Yes, Nellie is a chifisian.-Ask the poor, and they will tell youto whose |
|  | "Madam, such a question is a veritable ambush. Take care the penal code-"" |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | lie could not say enough in her pritise.The next morniog, as Allie and I were |
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|  |  | y at our sewing, a man came rapidily up walk, and abruptly entered the sitting |
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|  |  |  |
|  |  | in a despairing tone, Ithought of the dream. |
|  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { In a cesparing tone. } \text { ithought of the dream. } \text { "Nellie dying ?" almost shrieked my cous. } \\ & \text { in. } \end{aligned}$ |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | "Yes, she was hrown rom her horse ${ }^{\text {white }}$ aking her accustomed ride his morn. |
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|  |  | - $\begin{aligned} & \text { ligg, and so badly injured, the doctor thinks } \\ & \text { she can not long survive.". } \\ & \text { Hasily catching our bonnets }\end{aligned}$ |
|  |  |  |
|  |  | feer to the coltage. Oh! what darknes,what desolation had selted upon that reeert |
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|  |  | What desolation had selued upan that recent. |
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|  |  | death. Upon a bed of snowy whiteness, lay the dying girl. Her eyes were closed, but could tell by the expression of suppressed agony, resting upon those marble features |
| siers. The |  |  |
|  | Tennyson's stanzas on the Eagle have |  |
|  |  | agony, resting upon those marble features, that she was suffering intensely. The father and mother were bending over her, the an- |
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|  |  | and mother were bending over her, the anguish of their hearts too deep for tears.The brothers and sisters were weeping as if their hearts would break. |
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| A Kentucky Judge, in passing sentence of death upon a criminal, recently, delivered himsalf in the following style: |  |  |
|  | The other aspect of the royal bird is as follows: | Never can I forget the mute appeal of those blue orbs as they were raised so lovingly to |
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 TEACHER'S GOLUMN


 But we want to tell how we selled it ; the
Bre
 We requegted "Joseph" the elder trans-
gressor to remain afier school. Then we at-




 er, holier impulses or the soul! Joseph was conscievs of this victory ns be
 the children, rejicicing that ours was the high
ad holy pivilege to be the riend of trusting
nount






 P. S, No poem shall appear (even if com-
pleede) until the above is answered.
H .





 heeled deaitess, and where can be found plump.
er limbs and more poeical figures thnn





 Humphrey Marshal
The ceromonies
The eremonies upon the whar, when
Humphere Marshall put foot on shote, were



"How. are your Colone spe"
To, this most touching and eloguent rerer,
ion, Humphres made the following appop ate and fiting yerly:



 An eccentric wealhy gentleman s:uck up
a board in a field upon. his estate, on which



