

Shocking shooting case in Boston.

Quite a sensation was produced last evening by a shooting case which took place on North street. The facts of the case are as follows:

About 7 o'clock a young woman, named Mary A. Donley, daughter of John Donley, who lives in the rear of No. 218 Hanover street, went into Station No. 1 and stated that she wished to give herself up to justice, as she had just shot a man in North street, named Patrick Canny, who keeps a grocery and liquor store, corner of Cross and North streets. Her story, as related to Captain Savage, was that she had been deeply and fearfully wronged by Canny, and in a fit of desperation had committed the act of shooting him.

At the time he was shot, Canny was returning to his store from supper at the Jefferson House, North street, where he boards. When near the store, Miss Donley stepped from the doorway of a leather store and fired a double-barrelled pistol, the charging having two balls. One of the balls took effect in the back, entering near the left shoulder near the shoulder-blade, and the other penetrating a more fleshy part of the back. On being shot, Canny nearly fell from the sidewalk into the street, but rallied, and was assisted to his store, and from thence was taken to the Station House. The woman who is alleged to have been surrounded by friends, who are said to have put the destructive weapons into her hands and the terrible purpose into her heart, hurried from the spot, and soon after presented herself at the Police Station, as already stated.

Drs. Tobias and Welch examined Canny's wounds and by probing soon extracted one of the balls. The other they were unable to dislodge. By their advice he was sent to the Jefferson House. Soon after arriving he was very faint, but exhibited pluck. The landlord, Mr. M. J. Fisty, ordered a carriage and conveyed him to the Hospital, where he was put under treatment. The physicians think they will be able to extract the ball, and their opinion is that he will recover.

It appears that Canny has been paying his addresses to this young woman for the five years past, and that during this protracted period the attentions were of a nature that generally leads to marriage. He was constant in his visits and profuse in his promises of affection. Three weeks ago last Saturday evening, he announced to her that it would be impossible for them to be married, giving as a reason that he was already a husband, and that he had been married by compulsion to a woman in the State of Maine. He assured her in all seriousness that such was the case, and that their union was impossible. It pierced like a dagger, and from that moment to the time she shot him, she has been in mental torture.

She alleges that he effected her ruin by seduction. She is now four months in pregnancy. The father of the young woman has already instituted civil proceedings against Canny, who is under \$400 bail, to appear for trial. It is his intention to procure whatever redress the law will allow. Last evening she left the house—so she told her mother—to get some thread at a store near by. Instead of this she went to North street, and there deliberately shot her seducer; it is from no lack of determination that the shot was not fatal on the spot.—Boston Bee, Sept. 9.

Hotel Thief in a Perilous Position.

About twelve o'clock Saturday night (says the Cincinnati Gazette of Monday) Mr. T. Caldwell, a gentleman from New York, stopping at the Burney House, retired to his room, and, after disrobing himself for the night, took his usual precaution to look under the bed for his usual. His surprise may be imagined upon discovering a man lying snug against the wall! Without raising an immediate alarm, or calling the fellow from his hiding place, he quietly slipped on his pantaloons, and started down stairs, locking the door behind him. Procuring the services of Watchman Harvey, on duty in the house, he returned to the room, but after a search no one could be found. As the door was locked it was pretty evident he had not escaped by that exit. The inside blinds were opened, but nothing could be discovered of the thief, until one of the persons accidentally caught a glimpse of his elbow. It was then ascertained that he was standing with one foot upon the projecting portion of the stone sill, and the other upon a gas pipe running along the building, which was not over an inch and a half in diameter, and maintaining his position by pressing his fingers against the smooth sides of the side of the window! To have held on for a minute even, must have required considerable strength.—The window was on the third floor, opening into the yard, and at least forty feet from the ground; so that his position was indeed a perilous one. The fellow was taken to the Hammond street-station house, where he passed as usual the name of Charles Collins, but he passes also under the alias name of Charles E. Morgan, his baggage, which was found at the Broadway Hotel, being marked with the latter name. A knife for cutting pockets, and an instrument for fitting keys, were found upon this person.

The ship Sea Lion Captain Colburn, from Antwerp at Boston, saw a large pyramid of ice on the 22d ultimo, in latitude forty-three degrees forty-two minutes, longitude forty degrees twenty minutes. It was about two hundred feet high above the water, from four hundred to five hundred feet long, and about two hundred feet wide. Captain Colburn also reports having seen several islands of ice near the same place.

The sham Democracy of Susquehanna has found a young man by the name of VAIL who is so desirous of a little notoriety that he has consented to run for Congress against Grow. That young chap will have a real put upon his Congressional aspirations about the second Tuesday of October, which will obscure him forever, hereafter.—Bradford Reporter.

All wanting to emigrate to a mild climate, good soil and fine market, see advertisement of Hammon Lands.

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. Cobb, Editor & Proprietor.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

Thursday Morning, Sept. 23, 1858.

All Business and other Communications must be addressed to the Editor to insure attention.

We cannot publish anonymous communications.

Republican Nominations.

For Congress, GALUSHA A. GROW, of Susquehanna.

For Assembly, L. P. WILLISTON, of Wellsboro; LEWIS MANN, of Coudersport.

For Sheriff, SIMON I. POWER, of Lawrence.

For Commissioner, L. D. SEELEY, of Brookfield.

For Auditor, JAMES I. JACKSON, of Delmar.

THE Pews in the Episcopal Church will be rented, Monday morning, September 21th, at 11 o'clock, for one year.

Have we a Republican County Committee among us?

Are you assessed? Is your neighbor?

Mr. BURLINGAME opened his Select School in the Eagle Printing-office building on Wednesday of last week, 42 pupils in attendance. We wish him success.

If you haven't seen the New Goods at Bullards', go right away, before they are carried off by customers. Their advertisement came too late for this week. They are receiving a fine stock of Fall and Winter Goods.

THE FOUNDRY.—The Wellsboro Foundry has, at last, become a permanent institution, thanks to the unwearied energy and enterprise of its proprietor, Mr. ROBERT YOUNG. We suspect that the secret of his success lies about equally in these two facts, viz:—It is a first rate mechanic and thoroughly understands his business; and 2d—He is always found at his post, with his sleeves rolled up and his good-humored face grimy with the dust and sweat of honorable toil. He informed us during a brief visit to his establishment last Saturday, that he had to strain every nerve to keep up with his orders. That is a good sign. May it long continue visible in his sky.

We saw some stoves, also, manufactured by Mr. Young, the finish of which would do credit to any establishment.

THE FAIR.—Amid the bustle and strife of politics, it is hoped that the workmen of the county will not forget the annual Fair of the Agricultural Society which commences next Wednesday and continues three days. The Association, we are glad to say, has thus far proved a success. Its future depends upon the patronage of the farmer and the artisan, for whose benefit it is especially designed. Could an exact estimate of agricultural progress be made, we doubt not that the gain to that branch of labor during the existence of the Society, would be found to fall nothing short of 25 per cent. while the probability is that it would exceed that per cent.

But the welfare of the Society depends upon the patronage of the workmen of the county. It is hoped that they will prove as ready to sustain the enterprise this season as they were last, and yet more abundantly.

Mr. Cobb: The slanders circulated by the other party against Mr. Power, while they fail to injure him in the esteem of sensible men, still, it seems to me, ought to be dealt with as the law permits. I may be wrong.

Mr. Cobb: If Mr. Simon I. Power should stop to chastise every young dog that may bite at his heels during this campaign, we apprehend that he would find time to do very little else. No, sir; such attacks should be met, in our judgment, as the law does not direct, if met at all. But there is such a thing as giving character to one having none of his own. One way of doing this is to make him defendant in a suit at law; another way is to kick him into undesired prominence. Mr. Power, we presume to say, intends to move straight ahead about his business. The people will refute the slanders of his enemies on the 12th day of October—mark the prediction.

Eighteen-Hundred-Sixty.

Is Freedom an abstraction? Are the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence and upon which the Republic is founded—are those principles abstractions? Is Right an abstraction? Is Wrong? What is an Abstraction?

An abstraction is something existing without reference to any particular person or thing. As most commonly accepted it is an idea, or principle not susceptible of being made practical either in application, or operation. If, then, Freedom be an abstraction, as the Mulatto-democracy claim, it follows that Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and their coadjutors were idle visionaries, and the men who signed the Declaration subscribed to a LIE!

But experience proves that a true Freedom is possible to be attained by an intelligent people, and this gives the lie to those who pronounce it an abstraction. Yet no people has ever attained to a state of true Freedom; neither has Science yet overcome all obstacles to its final triumph. True progress is a work of slow and painful degrees.

Then, as a true Freedom has not yet been reached, we are thereby reminded that there is much labor to be performed before that state of independence can be won. A glance at the past reminds us that we can not hope to attain to a true Freedom except through unremitting effort; and the voice of a revered apostle of true Democracy—a voice which death and the grave could not silence—rings its words of warning in our ears continually:—"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY!"

We know that our enemies say that this campaign has nothing to do with the great question of the day—that it is a battle, not for the vindication of principles, but for the preference of men. It is a strife for men with them, we grant; that party has no principles to contend for—has had no principles for the last ten years, and does not, that we know of, claim to have any principles; but Republicans do make this, and every other fight at the ballot-box, on principle. Especially at this time is it necessary to ignore the claims of men as men. If they have proved true to the principles which the Republican party avow to defend and to disseminate; if they stand fair among their neighbors as capable and honest men, and are fairly put forward for place by the chosen proxies of the party—that is sufficient, that is all that any true friend of Freedom will ask.

Friends, we are now to meet for parade and drill preparatory to the great fight of 1860. These local campaigns are, in politics, what skirmishes are in war—disciplinary, and not seldom the events which shape the results of the pitched battle. You cannot drop a vote in the ballot-box, no matter what may be the occasion, but that that bit of paper shall tell for or against the great central Power, of which Mr. James Buchanan is the ostensible head. We ask

your attention to those counties where the Buchanan Democracy has sufficient vitality to put a "regular ticket" in the field; what do you see? You see them rallying around a standard on which is inscribed the pledge of fidelity to the democratic party. And you hear them endorsing the Administration, its Kansas policy and the Dred Scott Decision; and you hear the leaders crying out to the rank and file to come up to the support of the "regular democratic ticket" and thus prove their allegiance to the Administration. This is what you may see and hear in those counties. The evidence stares at us from every so-called democratic exchange that comes to our table. Now what does this mean?

It means just this: It means that the leaders of the Mulatto-democracy understand that every vote to be cast for county officers this fall will tell directly for, or against the power that rules and ruins at Washington. It means that they do not intend to permit dissensions to impair the integrity of their organization and thus cripple their strength for the great fight of 1860. It means that that party remember the tactics which gave them all the strength they ever had as a party, to wit, proscription of every man who did not bow the knee to the Democratic Dagon. Did they preach up to the rank and file that "politics should not influence men in voting for county officers," when they had a majority in Tioga county? You know better than that. You know that they built the wall of Party High; that they drew the reins of Party tight. You have not forgotten how that party ruled your Boards of Supervisors and School Directors; nor how they elected your Constables and Justices of the Peace; no man has forgotten these things—all remember that that party, when in power, carried their partisan rancor into the township elections, even, for such was their policy every where, then, and is to-day where they have the power.

And this is necessary to the preservation of the integrity of party organization. See how Mr. Buchanan keeps the Sham-democratic party together by the system of rewards and punishments inaugurated by Andrew Jackson! Do you see how even the backwoods Postmasters must be all right on the goose, or trot? We grant that there may be some exceptions here in Tioga; but those exceptions exist only in the neighborhoods where no competent proselytizer can be found. The rule is as stated. Now what does that fact show? It shows that Mr. Buchanan is determined to preserve the organization of his party at all hazards. Republicans, we must "fight the Devil with fire!"

WILMOT gave us a grand watchword in 1854—Said he—"If you would overthrow the Slave Power you must STRIKE DOWN THE ALLIES!" There is a golden truth for you. Who are the allies of Slavery? Foremost, the mulatto-democracy, and next, they who suffer themselves to be made use of by that party under any pretext whatever. The man who loves himself more than he loves the cause of human Freedom, or who would perit that cause to gratify private pique or personal ambition—that man is an ALLY of the Slave Power, whether he aims to be such or not, and should be counted an enemy and dealt with as an enemy by all true Republicans. Strike down the ALLIES!

We call the attention of those who have been told that a great "disfranchisement" exists in the Republican ranks, to the fact that all who failed of a nomination in the Convention are earnestly supporting the ticket. The cry of "unfairness," "fraud," is raised and kept up by the cloquence of the Buchanan party, and has no countenance from Mr. Elliott or any other good Republican. In justice to Mr. Elliott we will say that, while he charges unfair treatment of himself upon several individuals, he does not blame the Convention as a Convention, nor does he, for a moment, harbor the thought of visiting the sins of individuals upon the party to which he and they yield allegiance. He intends to keep his private quarrels out of this battle, recognizing something of greater importance as being at stake just now. This is that gentleman's position as we learn from his own lips.

But what do the Sham-democracy care for Mr. Elliott and his wrongs? Not a snap of the finger! Why, previous to the Convention, it is a notorious fact that these identical "democrats," friends of Mr. John W. Bailey, (and if common report may be credited, Mr. Bailey also) scoured the county and peddled the most outrageous slanders affecting Mr. Elliott's character and standing as a citizen of the community in which he resides; and men asked us—"Are these things true?" We replied—"They are slanders, pure and simple; but falsehood is the stock in trade of the party that supports Mr. John W. Bailey; were an angel to oppose Jas. Buchanan, an, that party would do their worst to bespatter him "with the filth in which they grovel!"

Now had Mr. Elliott been nominated, those democrats who are now loud-mouthed to bewail his wrongs, would have stabbed him to their utmost with lies more than skin to those circulated against Mr. Power. For, while they are aware that their candidate dwells in a glass house, they also know that the columns of this paper are not open to kennel sneaks and nameless filibusters of private character. They presumed upon this knowledge, and we thank them; it is the highest compliment from a low source that was ever paid us.

We are forced to give it up at length! Beyond question Mr. John W. Bailey is being advocated on as many grounds as was old Mr. Jas. Buchanan in the memorable campaign of 1856. Wherever it will do, he is represented as being a "no-party" man, a free-soil man, &c. Those making these representations know better; they know that every vote cast for Bailey, Munroe and Reynolds will be an endorsement of James Buchanan and his infamous Administration. Who are urging the election of those men? Every leading Buchanan man in the county. Do they expect to elect either of them? No. They expect to divide the Republican party and through this division to disable us for effective work in 1860. This is the object and end of their zeal for the "Independent" Buchanan ticket. But why did not the Buchanan leaders bring out their ticket "regularly" and give their candidates a platform to stand upon? Because they dared not do it; they knew that the people of the Banner County would trample such a platform with its candidates so deep down in the mire of defeat that the labor of a regiment of Buchanans could not unearth them. The stripe of a candidate may be known by the stripe of his most vigorous advocates. Now what is the political complexion of the noisiest advocates of the "Independent" Buchanan ticket?

VICTORY!—Veruout comes up to the aid of Freedom with renewed strength. The Republicans elect the State ticket by more than 12,000 major, the entire Congressional delegation, all the State Senators and about seven-eighths of the Representatives! So much for organization.

Maine follows suit with about 11,000 majority for the Republican State ticket, the entire Republican Congressional delegation and nearly the entire Legislature. That is the way New England Republicans prepare for the fight of 1860 to "STRIKE DOWN THE ALLIES!" Their motto is: Who is not for us is against us! Republicans of Tioga, we meet in these local campaigns for drill and discipline, preliminary to the great battle of 1860!

Nor So.—The Mulatto-democracy, in their zeal to make votes for Mr. A. J. Munroe, their candidate for the Legislature, are circulating a report that Tioga is entitled to two Representatives. This is not true. The Republican Convention of this county made no such claim; on the contrary, it clearly designated by its action that Potter was entitled to select Mr. Williston's colleague, and the Conference accepted the gentleman recommended by the Republican Convention of Potter county. The Mulattoes can run half-a-dozen candidates for Assembly in Tioga, if they choose, we don't object to that; but all Republicans who may be solicited to support Mr. A. J. Munroe on that ground will understand that the Republicans of this county repudiate the claim so clandestinely set up by the Mulattoes. LEWIS MANN deserves and will receive the hearty support of the Republicans here.

We are not ready to believe the report that Mr. Munroe is trying to get votes by setting up this claim. He knows that it is false and without foundation, and therefore, as an honorable man, he could not soil his hands with such dirty business.

Our advisers from every section of the county are cheering. There is a fixed determination to support the entire ticket among the Republican masses, even in those districts where the greatest dissatisfaction was reported. This is as it should be; for while the threatened local disfranchisements do not materially affect the result this fall, it is necessary to avoid doing aught to cripple the strength of the party. We should be glad to see the vote for the hunker ticket restricted to the ranks of that party, but it is probable that the Republican ticket will be scratched by some. Very well, gentlemen, if you must, why then you must; but think twice before you do aught to aid and comfort the minions of Mr. Buchanan.

We publish the opposition ticket in another place. All good men enough, but two of them in very bad company. They are put forward as capital investors for the benefit of Mr. Bailey. Possibly Mr. Reynolds may not be aware of this fact, but such is the fact, and he will be made aware of it on the 12th day of October. We but strip the ticket of the veil of pretence in publishing it as the Buchanan ticket. We shall call things by their right names; nor will we touch a penny of the money of any man claiming to be a Republican, as compensation for misrepresenting his political position. We trust this is a sufficient reason for publishing that ticket gratis.

"Independent" Buchanan Ticket. Sheriff—JOHN W. BAILEY, of Charleston. Assembly—A. J. MUNROE, of Knoxville. Commissioner—CALVIN REYNOLDS, of Sullivan.

The Atlantic Monthly.—With the October No. this Magazine achieves not only its first year of existence, but the greatest success ever achieved by any periodical in a single year. The Atlantic is among Magazines what the Tribune is among newspapers—the ablest and most independent of its class. The publishers have more than fulfilled their promise made a year ago—have richly deserved the encomiums that have been lavished upon their efforts. We can furnish the Atlantic to persons not convenient to the News Office, at \$3 per year. Those living in this village and vicinity can get it regularly of Smith & Richards. The regular price is \$3.

THE PRESBYTERY OF PENNSYLVANIA met in this village on the 7th inst.

There were present the Revs. James Blakeslee, of Ulysses; S. J. McCullough, of Tioga; J. F. Calkins, of Wellsboro; A. H. Barnes, of Lawrenceville; and Elders Blackwell, Presho, and Bird.—Rev. C. M. Blake was present as corresponding member.

The opening sermon was delivered by Rev. S. J. McCullough, formerly Moderator.

The entire session was occupied with the case of Rev. D. B. Brown, who has been suspended from the ministry since May, 1853. After a patient hearing of the case till 10 o'clock on Wednesday night, Mr. Brown was "deposed from the ministry, and excommunicated from the church," by the following vote: ayes, McCullough, Calkins, Barnes, Blackwell, and Bird; non liquet, (it is not clear) Blakeslee and Presho.

The Lord's Supper was celebrated on Wednesday, P. M., 8th instant. Sermon by Rev. J. G. Carnachon.

A very hearty vote of thanks was given, at the close, to our citizens, for their kindness and hospitality extended to the members of the Presbytery during its session.

The next semi-annual meeting will be held at Tioga village in April, 1859.—Coudersport Democrat.

N. Y. State Canvass.

The following nominations have been made by the various parties in the State of New York for State officers:

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.—Governor, Edwin D. Morgan, New York; Lieut. Gov., Robert Campbell, Steuben; Canal Commissioner, Hiram Gardner, Niagara; Prison Inspector, Josiah K. Everest, Clinton.

AMERICAN NOMINATIONS.—Gov., Lorenzo Burrows, Orleans; Lieut. Gov., N. S. Benton, Albany; Canal Com., J. R. Thompson, Monroe; Prison Inspector, Wm. A. Rissel, Washington.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.—Governor, Amasa J. Parker, Albany; Lieut. Gov., J. J. Taylor, Tioga; Canal Com., Sherburne B. Piper, Niagara; Prison Inspector, Edward L. Donnelly, N. Y.

INDEPENDENT NOMINATION.—Governor, Gerrit Smith, Peterboro.

Meeting of Conferees.

At a meeting convened at Wellsboro, Sept. 15, 1858, of the Republican Conferees of the Assembly District composed of the Counties of Tioga and Potter, Wm. Adams and J. B. Potter only appeared for Tioga, and Hon. S. Ross and G. B. Overton for Potter county.

L. P. WILLISTON being duly presented upon the part of Tioga, and LEWIS MANN upon the part of Potter county, upon motion were unanimously nominated as candidates for Assembly for the District composed of Tioga and Potter counties.

SORRESKI ROSS, President.

J. B. POTTER, Secretary.

EDWARD TUCKER, the engineer of the New Haven Railroad train which ran off the drawbridge at Norwalk five years ago, and resulted so disastrously in the destruction of human life, committed suicide in New York on Thursday evening, by severing with a razor the main arteries of his left arm. He has not run any engines since the Norwalk disaster, and this calamity is said to have preyed on his mind so forcibly as to have rendered him at times nearly insane. He was 40 years of age, and has left a wife and two children residing in the vicinity of Troy.

FEARFUL DEATH OF AN INSANE MAN.

On the passage up the river on the steamboat Hero, Tuesday night, a most fearful tragedy was enacted. Soon after the boat had left her dock, it was discovered that a German, among the passengers, was insane.—His conduct became so wild that it was found necessary to restrain him, and he was tied down to some balls on which to sleep.

About one o'clock in the morning, when all but the watch had retired, he managed to disengage himself, and commenced prowling about the boat. The gangway doors being locked, he was prevented from getting outside, or even up stairs. Becoming enraged in consequence, he commenced smashing the glass in the windows of the ladies cabin and the captain's office with his hands. In so doing they were most severely lacerated, he thrust his hands through the thick glass.

As he continued his work of destruction, the frenzy seemed to grow upon him, and finding himself baffled, he made a spring and plunged head first through one of the windows on the side of the main cabin, taking sash and all with him. With such force did he go, that he came in collision with the upper guardworks of the boat! A watchman being attracted by the noise, opened the gangway door, but not in time to save the man's life, for picking himself up, after striking his head against the guards, he sprang overboard with a wild and terrific scream.—The boat was under great headway at the time, and it was deemed unnecessary to attempt to save the man's life, as he must have inevitably drowned before a small boat could have got to his assistance; and indeed, he had cut himself so repeatedly that, judging from the amount of blood on the deck, he must have bled very profusely.—Albany Statesman.

SIGNIFICANT, VERY—FORNEY "DARES" THE ADMINISTRATION.—As our readers are aware Col. Forney has been making a powerful demonstration against the National Administration at Tarrytown. This was made the pretext for a bitter attack by the Union. In reply Forney publishes the following card:

"A CARD.—When I spoke to the electors at Tarrytown, N. Y., I did so upon the deliberate expectation that from the impetent calumniator and convict of the N. Y. Herald, down to the pensioners of the Washington Union, I would be abundantly induced and misrepresented. An Administration which I assisted, not inconsiderably, to elevate to the power which it has basely abused; has hesitated to make an honest difference of opinion the pretext for a proscription extending to my business and to my most intimate relations; and I am not surprised at the spirit which my remarks at Tarrytown have created in that quarter. This is to state that I shall calmly await the accumulation of all my accusations of the Administration and its agents, when, in my own way, and in my own good time, I will prove all that I have written and spoken as to the gross betrayal of a great principle and a solemn pledge, and still further establish the justice and strength of the position of the Press and of myself. J. W. FORNEY."

As the Administration, through the Washington Union, has accepted the challenge, the disclosures must proceed, and it looks as if they would be rather rich.

CURIOUS RELIC OF THE INDIAN WARS.—Mr. Marks Snyder, of our borough, has very kindly presented us with a curious relic of the Indian wars in Pennsylvania, while it was yet a colony of Great Britain, in the shape of a small bit of wrought iron, with four prongs, resembling a crow's foot. It was found with many others while excavating for the Northern Central Railroad, on the site once occupied by Fort Shamokin, near Sunbury, Northumberland county. When first made the prongs were exceedingly sharp, and, by the peculiarity of their construction no manner in what way they were thrown to the ground one of these prongs would always point upward. It is stated that the soldiers were in the habit of scattering these articles broadcast on the ground outside of the fort to prevent being surprised at night by their Indian neighbors, who were as treacherous as they were numerous. The sharp points of the "crows-feet" would readily penetrate through the light moccasins worn by the Indians, and if not inflicting a mortal wound would at least produce a very inconvenient one, rendering them powerless to do any great amount of injury in return. The specimen in our possession is very much corroded with rust, but has not from this cause lost any of its distinctive features. It is curious as illustrating one of the many devices resorted to by our forefathers for their defence against the knife and tomahawk of a ruthless savage foe.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

A THOUSAND IRISHMEN.—We hear a rumor that the Union and Center county Democratic conferees, heard at Lock Haven what had been before asserted—that the Railway Company could have a thousand more Irishmen on the line before the election, and could make up any loss in these counties very easily. Might it not be as well, now, as at any other time, to TEST whether the casual hiring of a mammoth corporation can vote down the real tax-payers of the district, or not?—What say the opponents of this gigantic, boasting, overbearing companies, of all parties?—Lewisburg Chronicle.

Have we no enterprising citizen in Luzerne, which can import a few Democratic votes here, from some of the benighted Black Republican Districts, where they are of no use? The African Democracy of Luzerne will surely need all they can get from every source this fall.—Pittston Gazette.

THE RAILROAD.—The work on the Sunbury and Erie Railroad is progressing rapidly, and if no unforeseen event occurs it will be completed to Lock Haven this year. We were not aware of the energy with which the work is being prosecuted until Saturday last, when we spent a short time on the section above Pine Creek and received considerable information from our friend G. P. Smith, who is engaged on the road. The completion of this great work will be hailed with delight by the people in this section.—Jersey Shore Vedette.

Communications.

For The Agitator.

Aristocracy and Democracy.

Ever since society was formed and regulated as it is to-day, these two great living antagonisms have been in being. According to a standard author, the former is a "form of government which vests the supreme authority with the nobles," and the latter, that "form of government in which the sovereign power is reposed in the people." These antipodal principles have oft times existed under different names, but the relation which they have sustained to human affairs has ever been the same. Aristocracy has ever and only sought to live by the toil of others. It has ever existed in furtherance of the doctrine that "Might makes Right." It scruples not to exercise tyranny, outrage and wrong, so that it may be allowed to enjoy undisturbed its crimson robes and royal luxury.

Its notion of justice is not the most refined, while it has a very exalted idea of its own self-righteousness. It matters not to aristocracy if humanity is outraged—if right is destroyed—if the husband is torn from his wife—if sisters are ravished from the company of brothers and parents—if human souls which are destined to run parallel with Deity in the great hereafter, are disposed of in lots to suit purchasers. Although it may be a striking commentary upon the depravity of the human race, yet it is nevertheless true, that this great wrong has for many long ages run rampant over the face of our earth, to the complete blotting out of those holier and better sentiments of our nature. Liberty and Right have ever been sacrificed to gratify its insatiable demand.

As before remarked, Democracy has ever been the opposite of Aristocracy. This great principle is the synonym of human equality, and to it we are indebted for what good the earth has always been blessed. It has always acted upon the principle that the "laborer is worthy of his hire." It has ever been struggling with its oppressing brother for the acknowledgment of the principle that "all men are created equal." From the earliest days of history until this very hour, these opposing elements have been joined in mortal conflict. With them it is a life struggle, which cannot end save by the annihilation of one and the consequent triumph of the other. And as truth is mighty and must ultimately prevail, so wrong, of whatever name, must in the fullness of time be driven from the field.

It matters not if these opposing elements exist under the sanction of law or in violation of law; it matters not if they are struggling upon the soil of Russia—among the venerable hills of Asia Minor—in the cotton mills of England—among the green hills of Ireland, or on the plains of our own Plural Unit, they have ever been, are now, and ever will be the same. But this peculiarity attends them: Wrong is ever putting on the semblance of Right. She wishes to appear respectable in the world's eyes, and therefore with sophistry natural to her, she covers up her true character by putting on the garb of Democracy. And could Aristocracy, to-day, be divested of its borrowed habit and be forced to stand before the world in its true light, her followers would forsake her, and instead of being a terror, the world would mock her cupidity.

If men are not naturally dishonest, they are nevertheless liable to be misled by the display of wealth and the influence it exerts upon human affairs. How true the saying, "names are not things," for if we should judge wrong by its self-assumed names we should have but a faint conception of its true character.

And in our own country, although to own the truth may cause our cheeks to be suffused with blushes, and to own it may make us ashamed of our much boasted land of equal rights, we find nearly balanced these two opposing elements, engaged in a hand to hand conflict. Here Right and Wrong are equipoised, and each is struggling to come off the victor. In these United States, Aristocracy lives with the same life principle that enables it to exist among Russia's serfs—among Austria's crushed out lovers of freedom—eating the very vitals of these people—appointing every office of the federal government, and throwing out its hundred gillion of dollars annually, under the specious name of Democracy!

And as the hypocrite loves to speak of religion—as the debauchee dwells with warmth upon the benefits of virtue, so the upholder of our mighty system of American aristocracy, grows eloquent when speaking of liberty in the abstract, and then drawing himself up to his utmost stature, will thank God that he is a Democrat!! O, Democracy! what follies, aye what crimes too, are committed in thy name! What a guise you have ever been to help the subverter of human liberty on in his accursed work!

These conflicting elements in this country are known by the name, Democrat and Republican. The Democrat of to-day uses the same argument to further his party cause, as Francis Joseph would use to crush out freedom upon Hungary's fair, but bloody plains. All the powers of this nation at this hour are prostrated to give strength to an institution that degrades man to the brute level, and to destroy the virtue and patriotism of the other. And wrong only asks for success,—she cares not how her ends are gained. And in this County the advocates of the "American Aristocracy" party have resorted to a process truly novel to procure the defeat of true Democracy; they certainly are entitled to credit for their originality in their present scheme for defeating the candidates of the Republican Convention. I can well remember when a nomination by the Democrat party was equivalent to an election by one thousand majority. But the gradual abandonment of principles by the Democrat party was observed by its supporters, and quickly they forsook her and the friends of true Democracy united themselves with the Republicans, where, its ablest and best friends of former times are found to-day. And so completely did they leave her that 3000 majority was entered against her two years ago. Something must be done. Fair means,—that is, bringing their own men fairly into the field offered them no chance of success. I have before remarked that wrong always wanted to bear the impress of right, and the