

Terms of Publication. THE TOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday morning, and mailed to subscribers in 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 "Next Day" 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 paper. The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post Office within the county limits, but whose most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County. Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included at \$5 per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1853.)

S. B. BROOKS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, ELKLAND, TOGA CO. PA. "In the multitude of Counselors there is safety."—Psalm. Sept. 23, 1853.

DR. W. W. WEBB, OFFICE over Cone's Law Office, first door below Farr's Hotel. Nights he will be found at his residence, first door above the bridge on Main Street, towards Samuel Dickinson's.

C. N. DART, DENTIST, OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and warranted. (April 22, 1853.)

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y. D. C. NOB, Proprietor. Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, WELLSBORO, PA. L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR. This desirable popular house is centrally located, and commands itself to the patronage of the travelling public. Nov. 25, 1853.

AMERICAN HOTEL, CORNING, N. Y. F. FREEMAN, Proprietor. Meals, Lodgings, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day. Corning, March 31, 1859. (ly.)

J. C. WHITTAKER, Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon, ELKLAND, TOGA CO., PENNA. Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. (June 14.)

H. O. COLE, BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER, SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for removing dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

GAINES HOTEL, H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR. Gaines, Tioga County, Pa. THIS well known hotel is located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in North Tioga. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the travelling public. April 14, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL, George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation reaching into every part of Steuben County. Those desirous of extending their business into that and the adjoining counties will find it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL, COUDERSPORT POTTER CO., PENNA. D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor. THIS HOTEL is located within an hour's drive of the head waters of the Allegheny, Genesee, and Susquehanna rivers. No efforts are spared to make a home for pleasure seekers during the trouting season, and for the travelling public at all times. Jan. 27, 1859.

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR, TAILOR. HAVING opened his shop in the room over J. Wm. Roberts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute orders in his line of business with promptness and despatch. Cutting done on short notice. Wellsboro, Oct. 21, 1853.—Gm

WATCHES! WATCHES! THE Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE Gold and Silver Watches, which he will sell cheaper than "dirt" on "Time," i. e. he will sell "Time Pieces" on a short (approved) credit. All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a watch is not done to the satisfaction of the party, it is not done, no charge will be made. Particulars appreciated and a continuance of patronage kindly solicited. ANDIE FOLEY, Wellsboro, June 24, 1848.

HOME INDUSTRY. THE SUBSCRIBER having established a MARBLE MANUFACTORY at the village of Tioga, there is prepared to furnish Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c., of the best Vermont & Italian Marble. He respectfully solicits the patronage of this and adjoining counties. Having a good stock on hand he is now ready to execute all orders with neatness, accuracy and dispatch. All work delivered if desired. JOHN BLAMPIED, Tioga Co., Pa., Sept. 28, 1859.

W. M. TERRELL, CORNING, N. Y. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Boots, Shoes, and Clothing, Leather Goods, and Miscellaneous Articles. A general assortment of School Books—Blank Books, Staple and Fancy Stationery. Physicians, Druggists and Country Merchants dealing in any of the above articles can be supplied at a small advance on New York prices. (Sept. 22, 1857.)

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP! OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE. Where you can buy Stoves, Tin, and Japanned Ware for one-half the usual prices. Large No. 5 Elevated Oven Cook Stoves and Trimmings for \$15.00. All kinds of Tin and Hardware prepared for Ready Pay. We will pay any one who wants anything in this line at one-half the price before purchasing elsewhere. We have the place—two doors south of Farr's Hotel—opposite Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE April 21, 1859. I.

H. D. DEMING, I have respectfully announced to the people of Tioga County that I have prepared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear, Quince, Strawberry, Raspberry, Blackberry and Currant, Gooseberries, Raspberries and Strawberries of all new and approved varieties. ROSES—Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Summer-blooming Clusters, Bourbons, Noisettes, Tea and Shrubbery. Including all the finest new varieties of Alliea, Calycanthus, Dahlias, Spirea, Syringia, Viburnum, Wignia, &c. FLOWERS—Pansies, Dahlias, Phloxes, Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Jonquills, Lilacs, &c. All varieties. I have a new strain of Strawberry, 4 doz. plants, \$5. Orders for Gravel, Building or Fencing will be attended to. Address H. D. DEMING, Wellsboro, Pa.

THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. VI. WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1859. NO. 16.

THE SEXTON'S DEER.

BY FRANK J. WHITE.
On a marble slab in the Churchyard old
Sixth the Sexton, gray,
At mid of night, as the olden year
Is sighing its life away,
Pale and cold from the half-hid moon,
Falleth a gentle beam,
Playing along his frosted locks
With a glittering silver gleam.
Little he recked the clinging damp,
As he bows in silent prayer;
Nor the wind that springs with a lonely chill
From the dead entombed there.
He sleepeth now—on a sculptured urn
He resteth his weary head,
While noiseless round him gather
All of his angel dead.
Little ones buried in olden time,
Risen from out the mould,
Brushing across his silvered locks
Rings of silken gold.
One of a fair and angel form
Dendeth over him low,
He smilith, or in his dreaming
He elapseth her fondly now!
Madge, with her tresses of sunny tint,
Brow of a heavenly snow,
Who died sin broken and scorned of all,
Weary long years ago.
Madge, who had died on his heaving breast,
Penitent, sobbing the while;
Now, in God's Heaven of Holy Love,
Shriven of all her guilt.
Softly she pillows the old man's head
On her bosom of driven snow,
Whispering tales of the olden time,
Of the buried long ago.
Faint, from the tall cathedral spire,
Cometh a feeble light;
Heavily now are the brazen bells
Ringing the old year out.
Gently his dream is fading away,
The little ones all have flown;
Yet not for a wearily passing year
Is he left upon earth alone.
The bells that are ringing the old year out,
Toll for the Sexton dead,
Lying upon the marble cold
Where he pillowed his weary head.
—Evening Post.

Loving and Patient.

A LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

"A faithful wife, a tender mother, a true friend, the life of our departed sister was beautiful. She had trial, pain, suffering—the common lot of all; but there was this difference between our sister and many others—in her trials, pains and suffering, she was always loving and patient." And with these words the minister closed the eulogy. His voice was earnest, and there was a low tremor of feeling in his tones. He had known this faithful wife, this true friend well, and therefore he had uttered no mere common places, as he stood, uncovered, by the grave around which gathered the weeping mourners.
"Loving and patient," said one to another, as they walked slowly amid the flower-covered tomb-stones, on their way out from the cemetery. "Yes, she was all that—few so loving, few so patient."
"And few with more need of patience," was replied. "They speak of home martyrs sometimes, I think she was one. The loving heart asks for love in return, and if it receives not this food to nourish its life in sufficient measure, it droops, wastes, dies. So did our precious friend."
"You think so?"
"I am sure of it."
"Mr. Carson was not an unkind man."
"He did not treat her with the brutality of an ignorant French peasant, but, for all that, he is none the less guilty of having diminished by years, the period of her earthly existence."
"Then it was an uncongenial marriage," said the other.
"A mild way of speaking truth," answered the friend. "Yes, it was, I think, wholly uncongenial for her. He was, probably, as well satisfied with her as he would have been with any woman. She ministered to his selfish pleasures, and was, as we have just heard, loving and patient. It was all right, so far as his enjoyments were concerned; as for her life, I think, was one long martyrdom of the heart.—But it is all over now, and she sleeps well."
And so they talked as they went out from the place of graves.
"Loving and patient!" The bereaved husband carried the words home with him. They had fallen upon his ears with a new meaning applied to his wife, and gave to his mind a certain new perception as to her character—"A faithful wife, tender mother, a true friend."—These were the minister's words also, and they were sounding still in his ears. How singularly elevated had become, all at once, Mr. Carson's ideal of his wife. Her character stood out with a new distinctness. "She had trial, pain, suffering." Alas! and this was true also to the bereaved husband in a way never before appreciated.
Back to his home returned Mr. Carson, and gathered his motherless children around him. How very, very desolate he felt. What a pressure there was upon his bosom—what an aching void within.
"Loving and patient." The brief sentence found an involuntary repetition in his mind.—He kept saying it over and over, until memory began to draw pictures of the past. Let us transfer one of those pictures to the canvas.—Here it is. Mr. Carson gazed upon it until it gave him the heart-ache.
They had been married over a year, when Mrs. Carson, who had not seen her mother during that period, asked to "go home," a distance of some two hundred miles, and make a short visit. Since her marriage she had not visited the dear old place, though the heart kept going back to its loved ones, yearning all the while.
"I don't see how that is possible," answered her husband, coldly, and in evident surprise at the request. "You can't go alone, and for me to leave my business is out of the question."
Tears came instantly to the soft brown eyes of the young wife.
"I have not seen my mother since I came from home."
Down, down through years, came to Mr. Carson the voice of his wife, as it trembled on this sentence. Not a single shade of its tender sadness was gone. And now it fell upon sensitive ears that searched into all its meanings. But

Tops and Bottoms.

Jonathan Dubikens, of a certain town in Connecticut, had, many years ago, grown tired of sweating for his father, because, to use his own words, "he didn't get nothin' but cabbage and homespun," and as for honors, he might once have been promoted to the rank of corporal, if his sire had not utterly refused to loan him his cast off suit of regimentals. But, for all his disappointed hopes, Jonathan was a shrewd personage, ready to "gam the flats," whenever occasion offered, and exceedingly ambitious of hoarding shiners which he could call his own. His pockets, however, had never felt the weight of a single fourpence which did not somehow or other, find its way into the family locker. He therefore broke his allegiance with the old man, begged three-and-sixpence of his grandfather, and journeyed westward. Fortune adopted him as her own, and he soon fell in with a Dutchman, whose inner man borrowed his vivacity from the outer, which ranged somewhere between Falstaff and turtle-soup fashions, inclining, as years multiplied, to the former, and indicating absence of thought in proportion to his corporeal rotundity. Michael Von Higginbeck girthed precisely eight feet Flemish. His words were few and emphatic—his movements deliberate to a charm—and he made it a chief boast that he had never been cheated.
Jonathan learned at an inn that Michael had a snug, but untenanted farm in a distant county in New York; and after making sundry inquiries touching Mynheer, repaired to his homestead and offered to take the untenanted farm "at the halves." To this proposition Michael consented, adding a condition that he should have the tops and Jonathan the bottoms of all that was raised. Jonathan retired to his new abode to make the best of the bargain, and Michael to his pipe, chuckling at his adroitness in overreaching the Yankee.
Time brought the harvest, and with it Michael to demand the rent. The season had been propitious, and Jonathan had gathered in an abundance.
"Will you take your half now, sir?"
"Yaw," said Michael.
Jonathan pointed to a huge pile of tops—the bottoms were potatoes.
The truth suddenly flashed upon Michael's understanding, but it was too late to grumble; there was his bargain and there were his tops. Thinking still to come around the Yankee, he rented the farm to him another year, this time conditioning for all the bottoms. The season elapsed, and Michael appeared to claim the bottoms; but Jonathan had cultivated nothing but wheat.
"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Mynheer, "ta tan Yankee gets te tops and te bottoms; but I will see te bottom mine self next year."
At the close of the year came Michael with his teams; but Jonathan had decamped with the corn, leaving behind him according to agreement, all the tops and bottoms for the landlord.
A Protest Against Duelling.
Colonel Baker stood before the corpse of Senator Broderick and delivered his eulogy. In the course of his oration he said:
When William of Nassau, the deliverer of Holland, died, in the presence of his wife, the hand that struck the blow was not nerve by private vengeance. When the Fourth Henry passed unharmed amid the dangers of the field of Ivry to perish in the streets of his capital by the hands of a fanatic, it was not to avenge a private grief. An exaggerated sense of personal honor—a weak mind, with choleric passions, and intense sectional prejudices, united, with great confidence in the use of arms, sometimes serve to stimulate the instrument which accomplishes the deepest and deadliest purpose.
Fellow-citizens, one year ago I performed a duty such as I perform to-day, over the remains of Senator Ferguson, who died as Mr. Broderick died, entangled in the meshes of the code of honor. To-day there is another and a more eminent sacrifice. To-day I renew my protest. To-day you utter yours. The Code of Honor is a delusion and a lie! It palters with the hope of a true courage and binds it at the feet of craft and cruel skill. It surrounds its victims with the pomp and graces of procession, but it leaves him bound bleeding at the altar. It substitutes cold and deliberate purpose for the courageous and manly impulse, and arms the one to disarm the other. It may prevent fraud between practiced duellists, who should be forever without its pale; but it makes the mere "trick of the weapon" superior to the noblest cause. It is equal in all its forms—it is unequal in all its substance. The habit of arms, the early training, the frontier life, the border war, the sectional custom, the life of leisure—all these are advantages which no negotiation can neutralize, and no courage can overcome.
But, fellow-citizens, the protest is not only spoken in your words and in mine, it is written in indelible characters; it is written in the blood of Gilbert, in the blood of Ferguson, in the blood of Broderick; and the inscription will not altogether fade.
With the administration of the code in this particular case I am not here to deal. Amid passionate grief let us strive to be just. I give no credit to rumors, of which personally I know nothing. There are tribunals to which they may be referred; but this is not one of them. But I am here to say, that whatever in the code of honor, or out of it, demands the deadly combat where there is not in all things an entire and certain equality, is a prostitution of the name of honor—is an evasion of the substance—is a shield, blazed with the name of chivalry, to cover the mean malignancy of murder.
A lady, whose husband had "left his bed and board" for parts unknown, met one of her own sex shortly afterwards who endeavored to console her by saying that she "appeared much better than he expected after so much domestic trouble." "Trouble!" exclaimed the deserted wife, "I have no trouble at all compared with what Job had. He lost his children, his servants and his maid-servants, his cattle, his horses and his asses, while I have only lost one jackass!"

POLITICAL.

From the Delaware County Republican.

Hon. John M. Read and the Presidency.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your article in May last, in relation to the nomination of Judge Read as the Opposition candidate for the Presidency, afforded me much gratification, so far as it stated the incidents of his career and exhibited the prominent traits of his character; but I think that your article might have been improved, had your information as to the subject of it been more ample. Having known Judge Read nearly ever since he entered upon active life as a member of the Philadelphia bar, and witnessed the labors to which he owes his reputation, I may be able to furnish you with some facts in his history which you may not yet possess, and which it may be desirable to you to receive from an authentic source. I therefore propose very briefly and plainly to tell you what I know of him, leaving it to you to make use in your own way and time, of the information I may give you.
With regard to the family of Judge Read I can say but little beyond what is generally known. His grand-father, George Read, was a man of distinguished ability, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, a Judge of Appeals in Admiralty under the Confederation, a Senator in the first Congress, and lastly, Chief Justice of the State of Delaware. His grand uncle, George Ross, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence; and George Clymer, another signer, was a family connexion. The two brothers of George Read were actively engaged, and rendered valuable service in the Revolutionary contest. Thomas was a captain in the continental navy, and James an officer in the army. Both fought under Washington at Trenton and Princeton, and James served as Major at Brandywine and Germantown. Lieut. Col. Gunning Bedford, who belonged to the Delaware regiment, and was Governor of Delaware after the war, was a brother-in-law.
John Read, the father of the Judge, was educated at the bar, and admitted to practice about 1790 or '91. He settled in Philadelphia, where he married, in 1796, a daughter of Samuel Meredith, an active patriot of the Revolution, and the first Treasurer of the United States, of whose father General Washington was an intimate friend and frequent guest.—John Read was a man of influence and talent. He served for two sessions in the Legislature of Pennsylvania as a representative from Philadelphia, and an unexpired term of four years in the Senate, was for some years City Solicitor, and he was also a member of the Philadelphia Bank. He resigned that post in 1841, and died about five years ago, at an advanced age.
John Meredith Read, the subject of this communication, is the eldest son of John Read, and was admitted to the bar in 1818 or '19.—He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated very young. Students at that period often left the University, crowned with his honors, with no more Latin and less Greek, than is now required for admission to Yale or Princeton, and it is not likely that Mr. Read was an exception to the ordinary rule.—At a later period, feeling the want of the learning which he ought to have derived from his collegiate course, he labored to acquire it in the midst of cares which most men would have thought sufficient to occupy their whole time. His appearance at the time of his admission to the bar was exceedingly youthful. Tall of stature and of manly proportions, his face was fresh and ruddy, and he looked as little like one given to the wasting of midnight oil in record studies as those least troubled with ambitious dreams. He read much, and had a strong propensity for literature, but he was no student in the proper sense of the term, and partook with a zest natural to the young, of social enjoyments. Life had not yet presented itself to him in its serious aspects, and he thought little of the honors of the profession for which he was ere long to compete. Within a year, however, of his admission to the bar, he was appointed Solicitor for the Philadelphia Bank, and in that capacity became concerned in some important cases, in the management of which he exhibited a remarkable aptitude for legal practice. As business increased, a sense of its responsibilities compelled him to labor, in order to acquire the learning necessary for the full performance of his duties, and he soon became distinguished for the diligence with which he tried them. By degrees he acquired a rooted attachment to his profession, and studied the law as a science.—He habitually came into court armed at all points, and gave his client the advantage of a masterly manipulation of the facts, and the utmost support of authority of which his cause was capable. He was not liable to be confused, disconcerted or flurried, betrayed no surprise at an unexpected development of the facts, but went through his case steadily and without excitement, master of it and of himself, never forgetting for a moment the decorum due to the administration of justice, nor the courtesies becoming the practice of an honorable profession. He partook largely of the chivalric spirit of the bar of the olden time—was fair and generous to an opponent, and shared liberally with a colleague the fruits of his own laborious preparation. Though early noted as a rising man, his upward course was necessarily slow and toilsome. There were giants in those days at the bar, and they monopolized the heavy practice, leaving but the gleanings of the field to their youthful co-laborers.
In the fall of 1823 Mr. Read was elected a member of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, and during the session of the following winter took an active part in the debates of that body, and proved himself an able and influential member. He was re-elected the next year, and had for his colleagues Judges Kane and Stroud, and Mr. Meredith, late Secretary of the Treasury under Gen. Taylor, constituting the strongest delegation ever sent by Philadelphia.
Having declined further service in the Legislature, he applied himself with increased dili-

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 16 lines, or 100 words, for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 16 lines considered as a square. The above rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

Square,	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
2	5.00	7.50	10.00
3	7.00	10.50	14.00
4	9.00	13.50	18.00
5	11.00	16.50	22.00
6	13.00	19.50	26.00
7	15.00	22.50	30.00
8	17.00	25.50	34.00
9	19.00	28.50	38.00
10	21.00	31.50	42.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertion, desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

justice to professional studies and pursuits, and it was not long till he began to reap the proper reward of his industry and learning. He was appointed city solicitor, and became counsel for a number of large mercantile firms. Having been elected a member of the Select City Council, he thought it his duty to investigate the condition of the finances, and to understand the sources of its revenues and the subjects of its expenditures. His habits of exhaustive research qualified him for a species of labor which to most minds is of all others the most repulsive, and it was not long till he presented in a forcible and luminous speech, which was subsequently published in Hazard's Register, the first connected view ever given to the public of the operation of the financial department of the city government. An ordinance drawn by him providing for quarterly and annual accounts in a special shape, was passed by the councils, and by its means the community for the first time were enabled to understand the management of their municipal affairs.

When the proposition for the amendment of the Constitution of Pennsylvania was first promulgated he hesitated to join in the movement, although he was satisfied that certain alterations could be made which would prove beneficial. Having studied the subject with his usual care, he determined to advocate the policy of amendment, but only on specific points, and he prepared an address to the people of Pennsylvania designating clearly those points. This address he reported as one of a committee of a town meeting held in this city, to the meeting, and it being adopted, it was circulated throughout the State, and furnished the basis of the scheme of reform which was subsequently worked out by the convention and ratified by the people. Whether the constitution as a whole was improved by the alterations may perhaps be a question; though as to the propriety of depriving the executive of the immense patronage which he wielded under the old constitution, and which contrary to the spirit and purpose of the instrument had become an engine for party uses, there cannot be a reasonable doubt.

Soon after the accession of Martin Van Buren to the Presidency, Mr. Read was appointed United States District Attorney for the eastern District of Pennsylvania, and held the office till 1841. After his resignation and the appointment of Mr. Meredith as his successor, in consequence of the previous engagements of that gentleman, Mr. Read was retained as the special counsel of the Government by the solicitor of the treasury, notwithstanding his adverse political position. This compliment paid to Mr. Read's professional standing was not less honorable to the appointing power than to him.

While officiating as District Attorney, he was appointed by the Secretary of War Judge Advocate of the court of inquiry upon Commodore Elliott, and he was afterwards appointed to the same position in the court martial constituted for the trial of that distinguished officer. Although much bitterness of feeling was manifested between the accuser and accused, and the feeling affected in no small degree the friends of the respective parties, every one paid tribute to the fairness, candor, and ability of the Judge Advocate, and the voluminous proceedings, embracing some seven hundred pages, exhibit no single exception taken to his ruling by the very able counsel engaged in the defence.

Standing now in the foremost rank of his profession, eminent as well for the depth and variety of his learning as for his talents, he was designated by public opinion as the proper successor to Judge Baldwin. He was accordingly nominated in 1845 to the Senate as a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. The nomination thus made, however, was not acted upon by the Senate. There was an adverse influence in that body present of the future, and a Northern man with Southern principles was demanded for the position. To that influence Mr. Read's unswerving fidelity to the law and the Constitution, which it was well known could not be made in his hands flexible instruments of a power in the State greater than the State itself, constituted an insuperable objection. When Mr. Polk came into office he selected a successor to Judge Baldwin, with a direct reference to his publicly expressed opinions as to negro slavery, and Mr. Read was not re-nominated.

In 1846 Mr. Read was appointed Attorney General of Pennsylvania, and held the office about six months when he resigned.

For the twelve years that intervened between his relinquishing the office of Attorney General, and his election as Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, he pursued the practice of the law with unabated intelligence, and prosecuted his studies with an ardor that would have done credit to a youthful aspirant to the honors of the profession. He made himself acquainted with all branches of the law, civil and criminal, municipal and federal, equity and admiralty, constitutional and international, and with all of them a scientific familiarity. During the interval referred to he was engaged in many important trials, and among the rest in that of the United States vs. Hanway, tried in 1851 for treason. His speech, which was the closing one in the case on the part of the defence, and occupied the court during three days of its session, was a most masterly performance, and absolutely conclusive on every point. In his preparation for this trial he had studied thoroughly the English law of treason, and our own, and made himself familiar with a slave code of all the Southern States and the decisions of the courts under them, and was ready to answer any suggestion that might come from the opposite side. His speech was never fully reported. If it had been, it would have settled the law of treason in the United States for the present century.

But although now in the busiest part of his life, he found time to pay some attention to politics, and in 1849 attend as a delegate the Democratic Convention at Pittsburg, and ably and successfully advocated the adoption of a resolution offered by Col. Black, now of Nebraska, against the extension of slavery into the territories of the United States. The resolution reads thus:

Resolved, That the Democratic party adheres now as it ever has done, to the Constitution of the country. It neither endorses nor countenances

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THE SEXTON'S DEER.

BY FRANK J. WHITE.
On a marble slab in the Churchyard old
Sixth the Sexton, gray,
At mid of night, as the olden year
Is sighing its life away,
Pale and cold from the half-hid moon,
Falleth a gentle beam,
Playing along his frosted locks
With a glittering silver gleam.
Little he recked the clinging damp,
As he bows in silent prayer;
Nor the wind that springs with a lonely chill
From the dead entombed there.
He sleepeth now—on a sculptured urn
He resteth his weary head,
While noiseless round him gather
All of his angel dead.
Little ones buried in olden time,
Risen from out the mould,
Brushing across his silvered locks
Rings of silken gold.
One of a fair and angel form
Dendeth over him low,
He smilith, or in his dreaming
He elapseth her fondly now!
Madge, with her tresses of sunny tint,
Brow of a heavenly snow,
Who died sin broken and scorned of all,
Weary long years ago.
Madge, who had died on his heaving breast,
Penitent, sobbing the while;
Now, in God's Heaven of Holy Love,
Shriven of all her guilt.
Softly she pillows the old man's head
On her bosom of driven snow,
Whispering tales of the olden time,
Of the buried long ago.
Faint, from the tall cathedral spire,
Cometh a feeble light;
Heavily now are the brazen bells
Ringing the old year out.
Gently his dream is fading away,
The little ones all have flown;
Yet not for a wearily passing year
Is he left upon earth alone.
The bells that are ringing the old year out,
Toll for the Sexton dead,
Lying upon the marble cold
Where he pillowed his weary head.
—Evening Post.

Loving and Patient.

A LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

"A faithful wife, a tender mother, a true friend, the life of our departed sister was beautiful. She had trial, pain, suffering—the common lot of all; but there was this difference between our sister and many others—in her trials, pains and suffering, she was always loving and patient." And with these words the minister closed the eulogy. His voice was earnest, and there was a low tremor of feeling in his tones. He had known this faithful wife, this true friend well, and therefore he had uttered no mere common places, as he stood, uncovered, by the grave around which gathered the weeping mourners.
"Loving and patient," said one to another, as they walked slowly amid the flower-covered tomb-stones, on their way out from the cemetery. "Yes, she was all that—few so loving, few so patient."
"And few with more need of patience," was replied. "They speak of home martyrs sometimes, I think she was one. The loving heart asks for love in return, and if it receives not this food to nourish its life in sufficient measure, it droops, wastes, dies. So did our precious friend."
"You think so?"
"I am sure of it."
"Mr. Carson was not an unkind man."
"He did not treat her with the brutality of an ignorant French peasant, but, for all that, he is none the less guilty of having diminished by years, the period of her earthly existence."
"Then it was an uncongenial marriage," said the other.
"A mild way of speaking truth," answered the friend. "Yes, it was, I think, wholly uncongenial for her. He was, probably, as well satisfied with her as he would have been with any woman. She ministered to his selfish pleasures, and was, as we have just heard, loving and patient. It was all right, so far as his enjoyments were concerned; as for her life, I think, was one long martyrdom of the heart.—But it is all over now, and she sleeps well."
And so they talked as they went out from the place of graves.
"Loving and patient!" The bereaved husband carried the words home with him. They had fallen upon his ears with a new meaning applied to his wife, and gave to his mind a certain new perception as to her character—"A faithful wife, tender mother, a true friend."—These were the minister's words also, and they were sounding still in his ears. How singularly elevated had become, all at once, Mr. Carson's ideal of his wife. Her character stood out with a new distinctness. "She had trial, pain, suffering." Alas! and this was true also to the bereaved husband in a way never before appreciated.
Back to his home returned Mr. Carson, and gathered his motherless children around him. How very, very desolate he felt. What a pressure there was upon his bosom—what an aching void within.
"Loving and patient." The brief sentence found an involuntary repetition in his mind.—He kept saying it over and over, until memory began to draw pictures of the past. Let us transfer one of those pictures to the canvas.—Here it is. Mr. Carson gazed upon it until it gave him the heart-ache.
They had been married over a year, when Mrs. Carson, who had not seen her mother during that period, asked to "go home," a distance of some two hundred miles, and make a short visit. Since her marriage she had not visited the dear old place, though the heart kept going back to its loved ones, yearning all the while.
"I don't see how that is possible," answered her husband, coldly, and in evident surprise at the request. "You can't go alone, and for me to leave my business is out of the question."
Tears came instantly to the soft brown eyes of the young wife.
"I have not seen my mother since I came from home."
Down, down through years, came to Mr. Carson the voice of his wife, as it trembled on this sentence. Not a single shade of its tender sadness was gone. And now it fell upon sensitive ears that searched into all its meanings. But

Tops and Bottoms.

Jonathan Dubikens, of a certain town in Connecticut, had, many years ago, grown tired of sweating for his father, because, to use his own words, "he didn't get nothin' but cabbage and homespun," and as for honors, he might once have been promoted to the rank of corporal, if his sire had not utterly refused to loan him his cast off suit of regimentals. But, for all his disappointed hopes, Jonathan was a shrewd personage, ready to "gam the flats," whenever occasion offered, and exceedingly ambitious of hoarding shiners which he could call his own. His pockets, however, had never felt the weight of a single fourpence which did not somehow or other, find its way into the family locker. He therefore broke his allegiance with the old man, begged three-and-sixpence of his grandfather, and journeyed westward. Fortune adopted him as her own, and he soon fell in with a Dutchman, whose inner man borrowed his vivacity from the outer, which ranged somewhere between Falstaff and turtle-soup fashions, inclining, as years multiplied, to the former, and indicating absence of thought in proportion to his corporeal rotundity. Michael Von Higginbeck girthed precisely eight feet Flemish. His words were few and emphatic—his movements deliberate to a charm—and he made it a chief boast that he had never been cheated.
Jonathan learned at an inn that Michael had a snug, but untenanted farm in a distant county in New York; and after making sundry inquiries touching Mynheer, repaired to his homestead and offered to take the untenanted farm "at the halves." To this proposition Michael consented, adding a condition that he should have the tops and Jonathan the bottoms of all that was raised. Jonathan retired to his new abode to make the best of the bargain, and Michael to his pipe, chuckling at his adroitness in overreaching the Yankee.
Time brought the harvest, and with it Michael to demand the rent. The season had been propitious, and Jonathan had gathered in an abundance.
"Will you take your half now, sir?"
"Yaw," said Michael.
Jonathan pointed to a huge pile of tops—the bottoms were potatoes.
The truth suddenly flashed upon Michael's understanding, but it was too late to grumble; there was his bargain and there were his tops. Thinking still to come around the Yankee, he rented the farm to him another year, this time conditioning for all the bottoms. The season elapsed, and Michael appeared to claim the bottoms; but Jonathan had cultivated nothing but wheat.
"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Mynheer, "ta tan Yankee gets te tops and te bottoms; but I will see te bottom mine self next year."
At the close of the year came Michael with his teams; but Jonathan had decamped with the corn, leaving behind him according to agreement, all the tops and bottoms for the landlord.
A Protest Against Duelling.
Colonel Baker stood before the corpse of Senator Broderick and delivered his eulogy. In the course of his oration he said:
When William of Nassau, the deliverer of Holland, died, in the presence of his wife, the hand that struck the blow was not nerve by private vengeance. When the Fourth Henry passed unharmed amid the dangers of the field of Ivry to perish in the streets of his capital by the hands of a fanatic, it was not to avenge a private grief. An exaggerated sense of personal honor—a weak mind, with choleric passions, and intense sectional prejudices, united, with great confidence in the use of arms, sometimes serve to stimulate the instrument which accomplishes the deepest and deadliest purpose.
Fellow-citizens, one year ago I performed a duty such as I perform to-day, over the remains of Senator Ferguson, who died as Mr. Broderick died, entangled in the meshes of the code of honor. To-day there is another and a more eminent sacrifice. To-day I renew my protest. To-day you utter yours. The Code of Honor is a delusion and a lie! It palters with the hope of a true courage and binds it at the feet of craft and cruel skill. It surrounds its victims with the pomp and graces of procession, but it leaves him bound bleeding at the altar. It substitutes cold and deliberate purpose for the courageous and manly impulse, and arms the one to disarm the other. It may prevent fraud between practiced duellists, who should be forever without its pale; but it makes the mere "trick of the weapon" superior to the noblest cause. It is equal in all its forms—it is unequal in all its substance. The habit of arms, the early training, the frontier life, the border war, the sectional custom, the life of leisure—all these are advantages which no negotiation can neutralize, and no courage can overcome.
But, fellow-citizens, the protest is not only spoken in your words and in mine, it is written in indelible characters; it is written in the blood of Gilbert, in the blood of Ferguson, in the blood of Broderick; and the inscription will not altogether fade.
With the administration of the code in this particular case I am not here to deal. Amid passionate grief let us strive to be just. I give no credit to rumors, of which personally I know nothing. There are tribunals to which they may be referred