## Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published THE Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribe of the very reasonable price of

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM hearibly in advance. It is intended to notify every hearibly in advance. It is intended to notify every absenber when the term for which he has paid shall absenber expired, by the stamp—"Time Orizo on the marticle of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped not last paper. The paper will then be stopped not last paper. The paper will then be stopped not last paper. The paper will then be stopped not last paper.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County The Addition is the owner larger of the county, who large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent increase postupe to any Post Office within the county fixed postupe to any experience of postupe to any convenient post office may be

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included. \$5 per year.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY. IAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, A TTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Pottor and McKean condies. [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.]

S. B. BROOKS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW ELEKLAND, TIGGA CO. PA.

In the multimide of Counselors there is safety."—Bible.

Sept 23, 1858, 1y.

DR. 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. DARTT, DENTIST, OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and [April 22, 1858.]

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE
WELLSBORG, PA. L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR. This descreedly popular house is controlly located, and of mends itself to the part onage of the travelling public. Not. 25, 1858, 19.

AMERICAN HOTEL. . C40 R N I N G, N. Y..

E FREEMAN, - - Proprietor.

Meds, 25 ets. Lodgings, 25 ets. Board, 75 ets. per day.

(carning, March 31, 1859. (ly.)

J. C. WHITTAKER,

Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon. ELKLAND, TIOGA CO., PENNA. Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or re-H. O. COLE,

NARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.

BIARTIER AND HAIR-DRESSER.

Specime will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for renoving dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheep. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and c. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859. GAINES HOTEL. H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tioga Connty, Pa.

HIS well known botel is located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in North'rn No pains will be spared for the accommodation pleasure seekers and the traveling public.

THE CORNING JOURNAL. George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. Is published at Corning, Steuben Co., N.Y., at One lollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The somal is Republican in polities, and has a circulate reaching into every part of Steuben County.—These desfrous of extending their business into that rel the adjoining counties will find it an excellent adtesing medium. Address as above.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL.

COUDERSPORT POTTER CO., PENNA.

D. F. Glassmire, - Preprietor.

THIS HOTEL is located within an hour's drive of
the head waters of the Allegheny, Genezee, and
equachanan rivers. No efforts are spared to make it bome for pleasure seckers during the trouting sca-mand for the traveling public at all times. Jan. 27, 1859, ly.

## JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR, TAILOR.

If WING opened his shop in the room over wm. Roberts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the research with boro and vicinity, that he is prepared execute orders in his line of business with prompt-

Cutting done on short notice. Wellshore, Oct. 21, 1858.—6m

WATCHES! WATCHES! PHE Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE Gold and Silver Watches,

h he will sell cheaper than "dirt" on 'Time,' i. c. well sell 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit.
All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a
of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party It is git, no charge will be made.
Its favors appreciated and a confinance of patronckindly solicited.
ANDIE FOLEY. Welleb iro, June 21, 1848.

HOME INDUSTRY. THE SUBSCRIBER having established a MAR-BLE MANUFACTORY at the village of Tioga, te he is prepared to furnish

Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c.,

TERMONT & ITALIAN MARBLE rid respectfully solicit the patronage of this and adusg counties.

Having a good stock on hand he is now ready to ex-Work delivered if desired. JOHN BLAMPIED.

1. ga, Tioga Co., Pa., Sept. 28, 1859.

WM. TERBELL,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in BRIGS, And Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colore bests, Otts, Varnish, Brushes Camphene and Burning Peol. Dyc. Stuff. Sash and Glass, Pure Liquors for Malara, Patent Medicines, Artists Paints and Brushes, iemery. Fancy Articles, Flavoring Extracts, &c.,

Also, Blank Books, Staple and Fancy
Stationary.
Stationary.
Merchants dealing

Alay of the above articles can be supplied at a small state on New York prices. [Sept. 22, 1857.]

MEN STOVE AND TIN SHOP!

OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE. There you can buy Stoves, Tin, and Japanned Ware for one-half the usual prices.

large No. Elevated Oven Cook Stove and Trimin \$15,00.

Tin and Hardware

I reportion for Ready Pay.
It will pay any one who wants anything in this line ral and see our prices before purchasing elsewhere, ke flect the place—two doors south of Farr's Ho-to-provite Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE dec. 21, 1559. 1.

H. D. DEMING,

I qualifully announce to the people of Tioga County aw prepared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear Courty, Neutaine, Apricot. Evergreen and Decideous and Ircs. Also Carrants Raspberraes, Gooseberries, and Strauberries of all new and approved variances.

ROSES—Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Sumner Roses, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea, Spiror China, and Cimbing Roses.

SHRUBBERY—Including all the finest new values blace, Spiraes, Syringias, Viburnums, Wigilias &c.

Paconies, Dahlias, Phloxes, Talips, Hyacinths, Narcissis, Jonquils, Lil-

AMPS. All varieties, being Strawberry. 4 doz. plants, \$5. 15. the respectfully concurred. The training Budding or Pruping will be training. Budding or Pruping will be an direct. Audies. trating, Budding or Pruning will be

II. D. DEMING, Well-boro, Pa.

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1859. VOL. VI.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

OTHER DAYS.

A dream of the past, confused and dim,
Last night was round my heart,
And I saw again the passing years
Like a vision of love depart;
But the stranger-star in its lofty sphere
With its wings spread eastward bright and clear
Shone like the sun in a brilliant tear.

In the midnight dream once more I saw The friends of early days;
Friends that I loved before I knew
Life's varied and shadowy ways;
Friends whose hearts were as real and true
To me as the sun to the far-off blne,
And I loved this dream confused and dim As I love the notes of some half-heard hymn. And I heard again the sighing wind,

As it sighed long, long ago.
When it passed through the yellow leaves in fall
Musical, soft and low; And the raven perched on the same dead limb With glist'ning eye and neck stretched slim, Is the same I saw there in those years When Hope made rainbow's o'er our tears.

It seems a long and weary path
To trend the hills of life,
To walk the varied vales of earth With the varied values of earth With their pleasures, pains and strife; But with pleasure now we fain look back, To the past life's sunny and shady track, And dreams of the past make as sweet a spell As the music of waves or an ocean shell.

There are none that have never felt the touch There are none that have never felt the touch Of sorrow's dark-hued wing,
And there are none but in dark hours
Will to some bright hope cling;
And thus with sorrow, joy and strife,
We pass through the shade and shine of life,
Till, like the sun's last rny at even.
Our spirits pass to the far-off heaven.

A TRUE STORY.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

On the 15th of October, 1856, a celebration of a peculiar character was held in a small village near Jena. It was an occasion of an entirely local nature, and might have passed over unobserved and unknown to all, except the immediate vicinity, but for its connection with the battle which fifty years and one day before, annihilated the power of Prussia. An account of it, however, was published in most of the German newspapers, and this circumstance, the sequel of the story which I am about to relate, was brought on. At the time the celebration took place, I was residing in Gotha, not more than fifty miles from the spot, and received the story almost in the very words of the chief actor in it. I am sorry that his name and that of his village have escaped my memory.

We must first go back to the 14th of October, 1806. On that day the windy uplands northeast of Jena witnessed the brief but terrible march of the French army into Berlin eleven days afterward—during which time Prussia had lost 60,000 men, 65,000 standards, and 600 you give us some refreshments from your hidthe village around. The poor inhabitants overwhelmed by this sudden avalanche of war upon its quiet fields-where for a hundred years or more, they had reaped their harvest in peacesubmitted in helpless apathy while their houses and barns were plundered by the lawless soldiery. The battle was over, but there was no lull in the blast of the ruin. Through the clouds of cannon smoke which settled in the bosom of the deep valleys as the raw October evening came on, were heard in all directions cries of pain or lamentation.

Davoust-the "Butcher of Hamburg," as the for the morrow, and received from his adjutant. | take." He had taken his cloak, and was about retiring | Ten soldiers of Company — of the Fourth infantry, who quartered themselves in the vil- stantly." So ran the pitiless answer. lage of Waldorf, (let us say,) have been driven away by the people, and two or three of them

are severely injured." Davoust's cold eye glittered, and his mousturned and halted a moment at the door of the bed room. "Send a lieutenant and twenty men to the village, pick out ten of the vagabonds and shoot them down!" was the brief order. "Where is Waldorf?" he added, turning to one of those useful creatures who are always willing to act as guides and interpreter for the en-

emy in their own land. "There is a village called Upper Waldorf which lies near the head of a small valley to the left; Middle Waldorf is on the other side of the hill, and Lower Waldorf about half an

hour's distance beyond." The marshal not caring to make more minute inquiries, went to bed. If ten men were shot, that was sufficient.

The next morning, at sunrise, Lieutenant Lamotte with twenty men marched over the trampled hills to seek Waldorf. It was a disagreeable business, and the sooner it was over the better. On reaching a ridge which overlooked the intersection of two or three valleys. more than one village was visible through the cold fog now beginning to rise. "Outest Waldorf," inquired the officer of the man whom he had impressed by the way. "Das," answered the man, "ish ober Waldorf," pointing but no one must to a village on the left. "En avant." and in fifteen minutes more the Frenchmen marched into the little hamlet.

Halting in an open space between the church and the two principal beer houses, the officer summoned the inhabitants together. The whole the line of soldiers. "I offer myself," said he, village was already awake, for few had slept during the night. Their ears were still stunned and I call upon those of you who have the by the thunders of yesterday, and visions of hearts of men in your bodies to stand beside burning and pillage still danced before their me." Young Conard, a sturdy farmer, and eyes. At the command of the lieutenant, the but newly a bridegroom, joined—casting as he women and children waited near in terrible did so a single encouraging look upon his wife, anxiety, for no one understood the words which | who turned deadly pale but spake not a word. were spoken, and these ominous preparations One by one, as men who have resolved to face led them to imagine the worst.

entreaties of the terrified people told him that as if devoid of life. his help was wanted. He immediately adhimself to Lieutenant Lamote and begged for an explanation of the proceedings:

"I am ordered to punish this village," answered the latter, "for your treatment of our soldiers last night. The marshal orders that ten of you must be shot. The only thing that I can do is, to allow you to draw lots among yourselves, or to point out those concerned in the outrage."

"But," continued the young man, "your General has been misinformed. No French soldiers have visited our village before you. We truly have been in great fear and anxiety the whole night; but the valley is deep and the village is partly concealed from view by the woods on the side. There are also the villages of Middle and Lower Waldorf, which lie further down in the open valley. You can soon satisfy yourself; sir, that this village is entirely innocent; and I entreat you not to shed the blood of our harmless people."

"There is no time for investigation," said the officer. "I was ordered to proceed to Waldorf, and I am guided hither. I will wait till you make your choice of ten to be sacrificed,

but have no authority to do more." By this time the people had learned the fate in store for them. The women with tears and appealing gestures, crowded around the officer. begging him to spare their sons and husbands; the men stood silent, with bloodless faces and dumb, imploring eyes. The scene was evidently painful both to the officer and the soldiere, accustomed as they wore to the unmerciful code of war. They were anxious to put an end to it and leave; but the clergyman's son inspired with the belief that the fate of ten men rested upon his efforts, continued to urge his plea with a zeal and eloquence that would not be set aside. Lieutenant Lamotte struggled awhile between his sense of duty and his natural humanity, while the young advocate appealed to his conscience and to the obedience which he owed to a higher commander than Davoust. Finally he consented to wait while a sergeant was dispatched to head quarters, accompanied by a peasant to show him the nearest way. A few lines hastily penciled, stated the facts in the case, and asked further instruc-

tion. Meanwhile, the inhabitants waited in a state of suspense scarcely to be endured. Lieutenant Lamotte-who, as a thorough Frenchman, soon wearied of a painful emotion, and shakcombat which resulted in the triumphant ing it off at the risk of appearing heartlessyou give us some refreshments from your hidcannon. A portion of the French army was den supplies?" At a word from the young encamped on the battle-field, or quartered in man, many of the women brought together the coffee they had prepared for their own break-fast, with black bread, mugs of beer, and a small cheese or two-sufficient for a rough meal of which the soldiers partook with the usual laughing comments on "la cuisine Altemande." The company of victims looked on in silence, and more than once muttered, gloomily: "We are feeding our executioners."

"Even if that should be true," said the young man, "it is but doing as Christ taught us .--Whether or not we obtain Christian charity from shrieks of fear, yells of rage or triumph, and these men, let us, at least, show them that we

are Christians."

Germans called him-took up his quarters for the men assisted in entertaining the soldiers, name; but he is ever remembered in my the night in one of the most convenient and and the latter with their facility of fraterniza- prayers. Most probably he died a soldier's The clergyman walked down and endeavored to comfortable houses which could be found in the tion, soon made themselves at home. As the neighborhood of the scene of slaughter. Here stomach fills, the heart also enlarges, and the he rapidly issued orders for the disposition of men begin to say among themselves: "It is a if he should be living, it would cheer my last the forces under his command, gave directions pity that these men should be shot by mis-

It was not long before the sergeant and his to an inner chamber for repose, when an officer guide arrived. The former handed the Lieuentered. "Pardon me, General," he said, "but tenant a note, which he hastily tore open and there is a case which requires attention. The read. "Waste no time in parley. It is indif-German cauaille must be taught to respect us. ferent which village is punished; an example must be made. Do your duty and return in-

"Choose your men!" said the lieutenant rising to his feet, and grinding his teeth to keep down his faltering heart. But now the lamentations broke out afresh. The women clung tache curled like the lip of a mastiff, as he around the men that were dear to them, and many of the latter overcome by the general distress, uttered loud cries and prayers for mercy. The young man knelt down in front of them, saying to the officer: "I do not kneel to you; but I pray to Goo that he will remove

the sin of slaughter from your soul." As the officer met his earnest eyes full of a sublime calmness and courage, his own suddenly filled with tears. He turned to his men who stood drawn up in a line before him, but no word was spoken. Their hands were in their proper places, according to drill regulations; and there were drops on many cheeks which they could not wipe away. There was a silent question in the officer's eye—a silent answer in theirs. The former turned hurriedly, beckoned the young man to him, and whis-

pered in an agitated voice:
"My friend, I will save you by stratagem Choose ten of your most courageous men, place them in a line before me and I will order my men to shoot them through the head. At the instant I give the order to fire, they must fall flat on the ground; my soldiers will aim high, and no one will be injured. As soon as the volley is fired I will give the order to march; but no one must stir from his place until we

These words were instantly translated to the people, but so great was their panic that no one offered to move. The pastor's son then took his place, alone, in the vacant space before "as one trusting in Gop that all shall be saved; death-for the most of them had but a tremtor appeared upon the scene. He was a young others walked out and took their places in the ders.

man of twenty, who was studying theology in line. The women shuddered, and hid their order to become his father's successor, and fortunately had some knowledge of French. The nation of terror; and the little children in awe appearance of things without, the ories and but ignorant curiosity. The place was silent

Again the Lieutenant surveyed his soldiers.

"Take aim!" he commanded. He continued
"aim at their heads that your work may be
well done!" But though his voice was clear and strong, and the tenor of his words not to be mistaken, a clairvoyant flash of hidden meaning ran down the line, and the men understood him. Then came the last command: -"Fire!"-but the second which intervened between the word and the ringing volley the ten men were already falling. The cracks of the muskets and sound of their bodies were simultaneous. Without pausing an instant, the lieutenant cried: "Right about wheel!"

"Forward!" and the measured tramp of the soldiers rang down the narrow village street. The women uncovered their eyes and gazed. There lay the ten men, motionless and apparently lifeless. With wild cries they gathered around them; but ere their exclamations of despair had turned into those of joy, the las of the soldiers had disappeared in the wood .-Then followed weeping embraces, and all arose from the ground-laughter and sobs of hysterical joy. The pastor's son, uncovering his head knelt down; and while reverently fol-

lowed in example, uttered an eloquent prayer of thanksgiving for their merciful deliverance. What this young man had done was not suffered to go unrewarded. A blessing rested upon his labors and his life. In the course of time he became a clergyman, filling for awhile his father's place for the people he had saved, but was afterwards led to a wider and more ambitious sphere. He was called to Leipzig, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and finally became known throughout Germany as the founder of the Gustav Adolf Verein, (Gustavus Adolphus Union,) which has for its object of the dissemination of protestant princi ples by means of voluntary contributions. In some respects it resembles the Home Mission of our country. Many churches built by this association are now scattered throughout the United States.

The inhabitants of Waldorf never forgot their pastor, nor he them. He came back from time to time to spend a few days in the quiet little village of his youth, in which the most eventful crisis of his life was passed.

In 1856, three out of the ten pseudo victims of Dayoust were still living in their old homes, and the people besought them that the semicentennial anniversary of such an event de served a special celebration. Dr. -Leipzig, (formerly the pastor's son,) was invited to be with them. He came—he would have come from the ends of the courth—and after a solemn religious service in the church proceded to the very spot, on which he had stood and faced the French muskets, and there related to the children and grand children of those he had saved, the narrative which I have here given in less moving and cloquent words. Those who were present described the scene as singularly impressive and effective. The three old men sat near him as he spoke. And the emotions of that hour of trial was so vividly reproduced in their minds that at the close they laughed and wept as they had done on the same day fifty years before.

In conclusion, the speaker referred to the officer whose humane stratagem had preserved their lives. "Since that day," said he, "I have This solemn rebuke had its effect. A few of never heard of him. I did not even learn his death on one of the many fields of slaughter which intervened between Jena and Waterloo days on earth if I could reach him with a single word of gratitude."

In the same year there lived-and, no doubt, still is living—in Lyons, an invalided and pensioned captain of the Napoleonic wars. After a life of vicissitudes, he found himself in old age, alone, forgotten, poor. His daily resort was a cafe, where he could see and read the principal European journals, and perhaps measure the changed politics of the present time by the experience of his past life.

One day in November, 1856, he entered the cafe, took his accustomed seat and picked up the nearest paper. It happened to be the Augs-burg Allegemeine Zeitung; but he had spent some years in Germany, and understood the language tolerably. His attention was arrested by a letter dated Jena. "Jena?" he thinks, "I was there too. What is going on there now?" he reads a little further; "Celebration at Waldorf?" Waldorf? The name is familiar: where have I heard it?" As he continues his perusal, the old captain's excitement, so unusual a circumstance, attracts the attention of all the other habitues of the cafe. Grand Dieu, Davoust-Waldorf-the ten men-the pastor's son! Did I dream such a thing, or is this the same? Forgotten for years-effaced by a hundred other military adventures-overlaid and lost in the crowded store of a soldier's memory, the scene came to light again. The pastor's son still lived, still remembered, and thanked the preserver of his native village! Many a long year had passed since such a glow warmed the chambers of the old man's heart.

That evening he wrote to Dr. ----, in Leipzig. He was ill and but a few months distant from his last hour; but the soldier's letter seemed like a Providential answer to his prayers. and brightened the flickering close of his life. A manly and affectionate correspondence was carried on between the two while the latter lived. The circumstance became public, and the deed was officially recognized in a way most flattering to the pride of Captain Lamotte. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and the King of Saxony conferred upon him the orders of their respective houses, which were followed soon afterward by the cross of the legion of honor from Louis Napoleon, and an increase of his pension which assured him ease and comfort the rest of his life. A translation of the doctor's narrative, published in the French papers drew attention to him, and he was no longer a neglected frequenter of the cafe. He was At this juncture the son of the village pas- bling half-confidence in their escape—eight known and honored, even without his three or-

## An Incident of Harper's Ferry.

» NO. 21.

On the trial of Old Brown every witness swore to the extraordinary efforts which he made to save human life. His conduct in this espect is the better appreciated when put in contrast with the barbarities committed by the Virginians. In the course of the trial a young man, 22 years of age, named Hunter, was called upon the stand. He was the son of the prosecuting officer. He was to testify concernng the shooting of Thompson, who, it was thought had some connection with killing Beekman on the bridge "Shall I mention names?" asked the son. "Every bit of it Henry; state all you saw," replied the father. Then following the testimony of the young man. Beek-man, who was shot on the bridge, was his grand-uncle; he "loved him above all others;" he went with others to the room where Thompson was guarded; a woman sat in his lap, and when they tried to shoot him protected his head with her body, as much in the spirit of heroism as when Pocahontas defended Capt. Smith; the young man was "cool about it and deliberate;" they pushed Miss Fouke aside, and "slung him out of doors;" they "shoved him along the platform and down to the trestle work of the bridge, he begging for his life all the time, very piteously at first; bye-the-bye, before we took him out of the room, I asked the question what he came here for? He said their only purpose was to free the slaves-that he came nere to free the slaves or die; then he begged, "Don't take my life—a prisoner;" but I put the gun to him and he said. "You may kill me but it will be revenged; there are eighty thousand persons sworn to carry out this work;" that was his last expression; we bore him out on the bridge with the purpose then of hanging him; we had no rope, and none could be found; it was a moment of wild excitement—two of us raised our guns-which one was first I do not know-and pulled the triggers, before he had reached the ground I suppose some five or six shots had been fired into his body; he fell on he railroad track, his back down to the earth, and his face up." "Is that all gentlemen?" asked the father. It was all. "Stand aside," said the father to his heroic son. We suppose the son did "stand aside," having in a court of justice given this testimony in response to the paternal direction, and with the paternal eye beaming directly upon him.

Perhaps some one who is learned in criminal trials can find a parallel to this testimony.-But if in this country it has a parallel, we do not know it.

The Sequel.

Our readers have all heard the story of soapng the clergyman's tin horn at camp-meeting— to that when he went to can use congregation together he blew the "soft soap" over his brothclergymen, and how he exclaimed:

"Brethren, I have served the Lord for thirty years, and in that time have never uttered a profane word, but I'll be d-d if I can't whip the man that sosped that horn!"

Our readers, we say, have heard this, but erhaps never the sequel as given us yesterday by a gentleman present.

Some two days after, a tall, swarthy villainous looking desperado strolled on the grounds and leaned against a tree, listening to the cloquent exhortation to repent, which was being made by the preacher. After a while he became interested and finally affected, and then took a position on the anxious seat, and with his face between his hands commenced groaning in "the very bitterness" of his sorrow .console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. Oh, no, there was pardon for the vilest. No, he was too wicked-there was no mercy for him.
"Why, what crime have you committed?"

said the benevolent preacher-"have you sto-"Oh, worse than that!"

"What! have you by violence robbed female innocence of its virtue?" "Worse-oh worse than that!"

"Murder, is it?" gasped the horrified preach "Worse than that," groaned the smitten sin-

The excited preacher commenced "peeling

off" his outer garment.
"Here Brother Cole!" shouted he—"hold my oat-I've found the fellow that soaped that horn l'

RICHT PASSWORD BUT WRONG SMELL.-A high officer of the Sons of Tomperance presenting himself with the smell of grog he had been drinking, upon him, at the door of a "Division" for admission, was waited upon by an Irish sentinel, to whom he gave the password, when the following passed: "Sir'r," said he, "an' yez Mister O' Wright

the Ghrand Worthy Pathriarch of the State of Khaintucky, I do be after belavin."

"Yes," said Jim, "you are perfectly right my friend, but why do you ask the question!" "To tell yez the truth, then sir, and shame the devil," said Pat, "yez do be having the right password for a Son of Timperance, enirely, but by the Holy Virgin, and the blessed Saint Patherick, yez got the wrong smell."

A little ragged urchin, begging in the city he other day, was asked by a lady who had filled his basket, if his parents were living?" "Only dad, marm," said the boy.

"Then you've enough in your basket now to feed the family for some time," said the lady. "Oh no, I haven't neither, said the lad, "for dad and me keeps five boarders: he does the house-work, and I does the market'n."

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen turkey." He got a glass of water in his face.

'Sarah," said a wag, "it's all over town." "What's all over town?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Mud." Sarah's eyes dropped. Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 12 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly ad-

	3	RHTROK.	6 MONTHS.	12 MOSTES
Square, -		\$3,00	\$4,50	\$6,09
do.	-	5,00	6,50	8.00
do.	-	7.00	8,50	10.00
column, -	٠.	8,00 -	9.50	12.50
do.	-	15,00	20.00	30.00
Column, -	-	25,00	35,00	50,00

desired marked upon them, will be published until or-dered out and charged accordingly.

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

FROM THE PEOPLE. For the Agitator.

Have they ever Changed?

FRIEND Young; I wish in a few words, to lay before your readers the beautiful consistency of the Democratic party. They are daily charging the Republicans of often changing their opinions, and at every corner they throw in your face their life-long usages. But what are they? Can any Administrationist tell me what the policy of the Democratic party is or has been, upon the power of Congress to control Slavery in our National Territories? or the power of the people themselves to control it?

I here make the charge, and if called upon will endeavor to furnish the proof that NINE Presidents have approved of sixteen different acts of Congress, restricting, modifying or pro-hibiting slavery in the Territories of the U.S.; that no President from Washington to Polk ever doubted this power of Congress. No Demogratic President ever doubted this power.— Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson and Polk never dreamed of violating a fundamental principle of the Constitution when they approved of such measures. No Democratic statesman ever doubted this power till the hour when Lowis Cass made his famous bid for the Presidency in 1848, in his celebrated letter to A. O. P. Nicholson of Tenn., who was the first to announce this doctrine. This had never been dreamed of before, and to this country, so fur, this has been "a direful spring of woes unnumbered." His doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" proposed to revolutionize the whole policy of this government. His letter, in so many words declares this fact. Let us quote Mr.

"I perceive that a change has been going on in the public mind concerning the power of Congress to legislate upon Slavery in the Territories, and my mind has undergone a change as well as others."

Is not a change in the policy of the Demo-

cratic party plainly apparent at this point?-One of two things however, is very evident. If the early fathers were right, then Cass and his followers are clearly wrong. Or if Cass & Co. are right then every President and every Congress from 1789 to 1848 have been legislating in direct violation of the Constitution. Who are right? Again, when the Kansas Nebraska Bill was brought forward in the Spring of 1854, which proposed to remove the line of 1820, it was urgod upon the country that Congress had no power to interdict Slavery in the national domain, Douglas & Co. argued that the sovereign power to prohibit Slavery in the Territories remained with the people of the Territories themselves. That while the people of the whole country through the general Congress had no power over slavery, the people of the Territo-ries had exclusive jurisdiction. This was the issue upon which the campaign of 1856 was fought. The country was flooded with documents in which the right and power of the people of the Territories over slavery and the impotency of Congress were plainly held. Thus far I have given two positions of Democracy upon the policy of legislating upon the subject of Slavery.

Now in 1859 we still have another theory

which is held by the Administration. It is now held that neither Congress, nor the people of the Territories have any power to prohibit slavery.

This doctrine is held by the President and his followers all over the country. The arguments of '59 are in direct conflict with those of '56. Judge Douglas, who firmly stands upon the Cincinnati platform, finds a mighty gulf be-tween himself and the present self-constituted leaders of modern Democracy. The difference between Douglas and Buchanan is as broad as that between the Democratic and Republican parties. So that now we have an entirely new ilea which directly gives the lie to all of their past history, even down to 1856. Democratic leaders say they are consistent. To recapitu-late, let us see: Before 1848, they believed that Congress had power to prohibit slavery in the Territories; from that time or at least from 1852 or, 54 until 1858, they contended that not Congress but the people of the Territories themselves had sovereign power to entirely prohibit slavery; and from 1858 down to this hour. Congress and the people are both denied the power to prohibit this crime of crimes within their limits, though ninety-nine hundreths would be free from this evil they are powerless to do so. But more of this hereafter.

MR. SHOWMAN EXPLAINS .- "Mr. Showman,

"That, my dear, is the rhynocery. He is cousin German or Dutch relation to the unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and missionsries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else, unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his will, which accounts for his low spirits when he's melancholy rejected. He is now somewhat aged, but he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survive the wonders of creation, as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a hanimal that can stand hanging like a fellow-critter, only

A man traveling entered a tavern, and seeing no one present but the landlord and a negro, seated himself and entered into conversation with the negro. Shortly after he asked Sambo if he was dry-Sambo said he was. Stranger told him to go to the bar and take something at his expense. Landlord says to stranger.

it's reversed."

"Are you acquainted with that negro? "Me, never saw him before; but why do you

"I supposed you were from your conversation with him, and asking him to drink."
"Oh," said the stranger, "I was experiment-

ing. The fact is I was dry too, and I thought if your liquor didn't kill him in fifteen minutes, would venture to take a drink myself." The landlord's curiosity was fully satisfied.

"You can't do that again," as the pig said when the boy cut off his tall.