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THE AGITATOR.

Dedicated 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, TIoga COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1859. NO. 21.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties.

S. B. BROOKS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, in the multitude of Counsellors there is safety.

DR. W. W. WEBB, OFFICE over Cone's Law Office, first door below Farr's Hotel.

C. N. DARTT, DENTIST, OFFICE at his residence near the Academy.

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y., D. C. NOE, Proprietor.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, WELLSBORO, PA., L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.

AMERICAN HOTEL, CORNING, N. Y., E. FREEMAN, Proprietor.

J. C. WHITTAKER, Hygienic Physician and Surgeon, WELLSBORO, TIoga CO., PENNA.

H. O. COLE, BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER, SHOP in the rear of the Post Office.

GAINES HOTEL, H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR, GAINES, TIoga County, Pa.

THE CORNING JOURNAL, George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL, COUDERSPORT POTTER CO., PENNA., D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor.

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR, TAILOR, HAVING opened his shop in the room over Wm. Roberts Tin Shop.

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

HOME INDUSTRY, THE SUBSCRIBER having established a MARBLE MANUFACTORY at the village of Tioga.

Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c., VERMONT & ITALIAN MARBLE.

W. M. TERRELL, Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in Drugs, Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colored Ink.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP! OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE.

Tin and Hardware, H. D. DEMING, Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

ROSES, including all the finest varieties of Hybrid, Perpetual and Tea Roses.

OTHER DAYS.

A dream of the past, confused and dim, Last night was round my heart, And I saw again the passing years.

In the midnight dream once more I saw The friends of early days; Friends that I loved before I knew.

There are none that have never felt the touch Of sorrow's dark-bird wing.

A TRUE STORY.

On the 15th of October, 1856, a celebration of a peculiar character was held in a small village near Jena.

We must first go back to the 14th of October, 1800. On that day the windy uplands north-east of Jena witnessed the brief but terrible combat.

Davoust—the "Butcher of Hamburg," as the Germans called him—took up his quarters for the night in one of the most convenient and comfortable houses.

"Where is Waldorf?" he added, turning to one of those useful creatures who are always willing to act as guides and interpreters.

The next morning, at sunrise, Lieutenant Lamotte with twenty men marched over the trampled hills to seek Waldorf.

At this juncture the son of the village pastor appeared upon the scene. He was a young man of twenty, who was studying theology in order to become his father's successor.

An Incident of Harper's Ferry.

On the trial of Old Brown every witness swore to the extraordinary efforts which he made to save human life.

"Take aim!" he commanded. He continued "aim at their heads that your work may be well done!"

What this young man had done was not suffered to go unrewarded. A blessing rested upon his labors and his life.

In 1856, three out of the ten pseudo victims of Davoust were still living in their old homes, and the people besought them that the semi-centennial anniversary of such an event.

"Even if that should be true," said the young man, "it is but doing as Christ taught us."

This solemn rebuke had its effect. A few of the men assisted in entertaining the soldiers, and the latter with their facility of fraternization.

One day in November, 1856, he entered the cafe, took his accustomed seat and picked up the nearest paper.

That evening he wrote to Dr. — in Leipzig. He was ill but a few months distant from his last hour.

These words were instantly translated to the people, but so great was their panic that no one offered to move.

The Sequel.

Our readers have all heard the story of soaping the clergyman's tin horn at camp-meeting.

"Brethren, I have served the Lord for thirty years, and in that time have never uttered a profane word."

Some two days after, a tall, swarthy villainous looking desperado strolled on the grounds and leaned against a tree.

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FROM THE PEOPLE.

Have they ever changed? FRIEND YOUNG; I wish in a few words, to lay before you readers the beautiful consistency of the Democratic party.

I here make the charge, and if called upon will endeavor to furnish the proof that SIX Presidents have approved of sixteen different acts of Congress.

"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."

It is not a change in the policy of the Democratic party plainly apparent at this point? One of two things however, is very evident.

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.

Mr. SHOWMAN EXPLAINS.—"Mr. Showman, what is that?" "That, my dear, is the rhyocery."

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.

"I supposed you were from your conversation with him, and asking him to drink."

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