THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. VII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1861. NO. 50.

Terms of Publication.

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invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall expire, by the figures on the printed label on the margin of said paper. The paper will then be stopped unless a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the establishment.

The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, and its large and steadily increasing circulation renders it a most desirable medium for advertising. Terms to suit the times, and considerably less than those of any similar paper in the county. Advertisements not exceeding 1 square, 3 times, paper inclusive, for $1.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MANSFIELD FOUNTAIN HOTEL.

DAVID HARE, Proprietor.

The undersigned begs leave to announce to his old friends and the public generally, that he has taken the above well known and favorably up in good style, and intends to keep it as a First Class Hotel, and will be pleased to accommodate the travelling community. Good stabling and a good host, is always on hand. Prices to suit the times. DAVID HARE.

DURFEE & S. F. WILSON,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend to the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1860.

C. I. DARTT, DENTIST,

OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to the line of business done promptly and well. [April 22, 1860.]

DICKINSON HOUSE

CORNING, N. Y.

C. DICKINSON, Proprietor.

Passengers to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. C. WHITTAKER,

Intermediate Physician and Surgeon.

WILLIAMSPORT, TIOGA CO., PENNA.

Will attend to all parts of the County, over the mountain, on the shortest notice. June 24, 1

J. EMERY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his undivided attention to the practice of law. Collections in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania promptly attended to. nov27,'60

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.

Main Street, near the Arcade, Wellsboro, Pa.

A. V. BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

The above House, having been re-fitted and refurnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first class House. The proprietor will spare no pains to render his guests comfortable, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

THE TILTON HOUSE,

CORNING, N. Y.

JAMES TILTON, PROPRIETOR.

Tioga, Tioga County, Pa.

The subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he has taken the above well known House, and has had the same thoroughly repaired and refurnished throughout, and is now prepared to accommodate the travelling community in a manner not to be excelled by any House in the county. His TABLE will be supplied with the best the market affords, and his BAR with the choicest liquors. His STABLING is large and commodious, and attended by careful and attentive hostlers. He hopes by strict attention to business to receive a liberal share of public patronage. Tioga, May 1, 1861.

J. C. CAMPBELL,

CABINET AND CHAIR DRESSER.

Shop over the Post Office, Wellsboro, Pa. Everything in his line done as well and promptly as in the cities or saloons. Preparations for re-chairing and beautifying the hair, for sale. Furniture repaired and varnished. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 26, 1860.

THE CORNING JOURNAL.

A. W. Tracy, Editor and Proprietor.

Published every morning, Southern Chemung Co., N. Y., at One Dollar per year in advance. This paper is Democratic in politics, and has a circulation among the wealthy part of Steuben County—a county of unsurpassed wealth—and is one of the best advertising mediums in that section of the country. Address as above.

WELLSBORO HOTEL.

WELLSBORO, PA.

[illegible] PROPRIETOR.

Formerly of the United States Hotel, Philadelphia.

The well known and popular House, having undergone a thorough repair, is now open to the public. With attentive servants, together with the Proprietor's personal attention, he hopes to make the stay of those who favor him with their patronage both pleasant and agreeable. May 15, 1861.

PICTURE FRAMING.

The Subscriber is prepared to do Picture Framing, Certificates Frames, Looking Glass Work, &c., &c., Framed in the neatest manner and ornamented Gilt, Rose Wood, Walnut, Mahogany, &c. Persons having articles for framing, can receive them by calling at my store when they visit and hang for themselves. [6

SUTTER'S BOOK STORE.

E. E. BENEDICT, M. D.,

Would inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland Boro, Tioga Co., Pa., and offers his professional services to those in need. All diseases and their symptoms carefully examined and treated. Teeth extracted without pain. Office at the "Tioga House." Elkland, Aug. 1, 1860.

WOOL AND FEED STORE

IN WELLSBORO.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the people of Wellsboro and vicinity that he has opened a

WOOL AND FEED STORE

in the room formerly occupied by Craig Stone, on Main St., where he will keep constantly on hand as good an assortment of FEED as can be found in the county, and will sell cheap for cash. Also, on hand

Ladies Wines and Liquors,

for medicinal purposes, warranted from their adulterations, as well as Lumbermen and others. Please call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. Wellsboro, Sept. 26, 1860. J. L. ELTON.

BENTON FLOURING MILLS.—

WRIGHT & BAILEY,

Having the best mills in the County, are now prepared to do

Custom Work, Merchant Work,

and everything that can be done in Country Mills, in the best manner and on the shortest notice.

CORN, MEAL AND FEED,

Constantly for WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, at the Warehouse, or at the mill. Cash or Produce taken at the market price. Goods delivered free of charge within the corporation. WRIGHT & BAILEY.

Benton, Jan. 11, 1861.

NEW BOOT, SHOE,

FINDING & FINDING STORE

The undersigned, having leased the store formerly occupied by A. W. West, intends carrying on all kinds of the shoe and leather trade. Competent workmen are employed in the Manufacturing Department, and all work warranted to be our own manufacture. Call and examine our stock of

Ready-Made Boots and Shoes,

before purchasing elsewhere. All kinds of Leather and Shoe Findings on hand and for sale at low prices for cash or country pay.

HIDES and PELTS taken in exchange for Goods at the highest prices. JOS. RIEBLOCK.

Wellsboro, Sept. 26, 1860.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

Of every kind, can be found at the store of

A. D. VANEMBURGH,

LAWRENCEVILLE.

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 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 months.	6 months.	12 months
Square,	$3.00	$4.50	$6.00
2 do.	5.00	6.50	8.00
3 do.	7.00	8.50	10.00
¼ column,	8.00	9.50	12.50
½ do.	13.00	20.00	30.00
Column,	25.00	35.00	50.00

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

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

COMPROMISE.

The rarest spawn of the "Father of Lies"
Is that creeping thing called Compromise.

A silken thing in villainous guise
With the pompous title—Compromise.

The test of the weak—the scorn of the wise,
Oh! man! beware of Compromise.

Crouched and dark the pathway lies
Before the fiend named Compromise.

Awaiting the gleam of good men's eyes,
Characterless crawls Compromise.

Two cowards at war—one of them cries
"Let's settle the matter by Compromise."

So wrapped in a screen that duration defies,
He stabs the umpire—Compromise.

Two thieves who grasp at a stolen prize,
Divide the spoils by Compromise.

A country groans and a nation sighs
When the leaders turn to Compromise.

Though trials may hope to strengthen ties
By Cotton bands of Compromise.

If you wish to see a nation rise
Damn the spirit of Compromise.

Accursed be the lips who sells or buys
His country's honor with Compromise.

Hang him high and after he dies,
Write on his tomb-stone—Compromise.

Can't we never a plum devise
To save your land but Compromise?

Come to your senses! Up! Arise!
Forever settle on the rock of Compromise!!

—*Family Fair.*

From the New York Evening Post.

ADVENTURE OF A SPY.

I have lately returned from the South, but my exact whereabouts in that region, for obvious reasons, it would not be politic to state.—Suspected of being a northerner, it was often to my advantage to assume obscurity. Known as a spy a "price should have presented the [illegible] guard.—Hanging, disguised, in the [illegible] of a camp, mixing with its idlers, listening at their [illegible], examining their arms, counting their numbers, endeavoring to discover the plans of their leaders, listening in this party and pursuing that, joining in the cries of "long live [illegible]," hissing at recital of success, cursing abolitionists, reviling Lincoln, applauding Secession fighters, laughing at their stories and swearing [illegible] oaths, praising the beauty of [illegible] ridiculing those of northern, [illegible] customs, and New Orleans [illegible] mistaken chivalry, is but a [illegible] practice of my profession [illegible] may not seem honorable nor [illegible] honor, let the country that benefits by the investigations and warnings of the spy be judge; and the danger often incurred is more serious and general than of the battle-field, which may, perhaps, palliate even its dishonorability.

It was a dark night and a sense on the gunmen. I had collected my quorum of intelligence, and was on the move for the northern lines. I was approaching the bank of a stream whose waters I had to swim, and then some miles to traverse before I could reach the pickets of our gallant troops. A feeling of uneasiness began to creep over me. I was on the outskirts of a wood fringing the dark waters of my left, whose presence could scarcely be detected but for their sullen murmurs as they rushed through the gloom. The wind sighed in gentle concordance. I walked forty or fifty yards along the bank. I then crept on all-fours along the ground and groped with my hands.—I paused.—I groped again—my breath thickened, perspiration oozed from me at every pore, and I was penetrated with horror! I had missed my landmark and knew not where I was. Below or above, beneath the shelter of the bank, lay the skiff I had hidden, ten days before, when I commenced my operations among the followers of Jeff. Davis.

As I stood gasping for breath, with all the unmistakable proofs of my calling about me, the sudden cry of a bird or the plunging of a fish, would act like magnetism on my frame, and wont to shudder at a shadow. No matter how pressing the danger may be, if a man sees an opening for escape he breathes with freedom. But let him be surrounded by darkness, impenetrable as two yards distance, within mile's length of concealed foes, for whom knowledge he has to the contrary knowing too, with painful accuracy, the detection of his presence would reward him with a sudden and violent death, and if he breathes no faster and feels his limbs as free and his spirits as light as when quitting a favorite promenade, he is more fitted for a hero than I am.

In the agony of that moment—in the sudden and utter helplessness, I felt to discover my true bearings—I was about to let myself gently into the stream and breast its current for life and death. There was no alternative. The northern pickets must be reached in safety before the morning broke, or I should soon swing between heaven and earth from some green limb of the black forest in which I stood.

At that moment the low, sullen bay of a blood-hound struck my ear. The sound was receiving the fearful stillness broken. The uncertain dread fled before the certain danger. I was standing to my middle in the shallow bed of the river, just beneath the jutting banks.—After the pause of a few seconds I began to creep, mechanically and stealthily, down the stream, followed, as I knew from the rustling of the grass and frequent breaking of twigs, by the insatiable brute; although, by certain uneasy growls, I felt assured he was at fault.—Something struck against my breast. I could not prevent a slight cry from escaping me as stretching out my hands I grasped the gunwale of a boat moored beneath the bank. Between surprise and joy I felt half choked. In an instant I had scrambled on board and began searching for the painter in the bow, in order to cast her from her fastenings.

Suddenly a bright ray of moonlight—the first gleam of hope in that black night!—fell directly on the spot, revealing the silvery stream, my own skiff, (hidden there ten days before,) lighting the deep shadows of the verging wood, and on the log half buried in the bank, and from which I had that instant cast the line that had bound me to it, the supple form of the crouching blood-hound, his red eyes gleaming in the moonlight, jaws distended and poising for the spring. With one dart the light skiff was yards out in the stream, and the savage after it. With an oar I aimed a blow at his head, which, however, he eluded with ease. In the effort thus made the beast careened over towards my antagonist, who made a desperate effort to get his fore-paws over the side, at the same time seizing hold of the gunwale with his teeth.

Now or never was my time to get rid of the accursed brute. I drew my revolver and placed the muzzle between his eyes, but designed to fire, for that one report might bring on me a volley from the shore. Meantime the strength of the dog crossed the frail craft so much that the water rushed over the side, threatening to swamp her. I changed my tactics, threw my revolver into the bottom of the skiff, and grasped my "bowie," keen as a Malay creese, and glittering, as I released it from the sheath, like a moonbeam on the stream. In an instant I had severed the sinewy throat of the hound, cutting through brawn and muscle to the nape of the neck. The tenacious wretch gave a wild, convulsive leap half out of the water, then sank and was gone.

Five minutes' pulling landed me on the other side of the river, and in an hour after, without further accident, I was among friends encompassed by the northern lines. That night I related at headquarters the intelligence I had gathered, and in a few days shall again be gleaning knowledge in the southern camp.

GOING INTO BATTLE.

Men even of the strongest nerves and the most undoubted pluck, do not, in any be fairly presumed, feel quite comfortable when, for the first time, under fire. It is no dishonor to his manhood if the heart of the young soldier beats double quick in his earliest battle. The "Iron Duke" admitted that he felt rather "queer" during his introductory essay in arms, and a gallant officer, who fought under him in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, once assured us that when he first heard the shot whistling [illegible] ears he *wanted to dodge*. But this feeling soon wears off. The excitement of battle swallows up every other sensation, and after having taken an active part in two or three engagements, the soldier becomes indifferent, if not absolutely insensible to danger. During the war in the Crimea, the men of the allied armies were often heard speculating, on the eve of a conflict upon the probability of [illegible] certain articles of clothing, of which they stood in need, from the bodies of the Russians they expected to slay. They never seemed to take into consideration their own chances of being knocked over and stripped by the Russians. The cool and systematic manner in which they provided themselves with [illegible] gear, is worthy of note. When a French or English soldier and the look-out for "unclaimed articles" of a fallen deserted on the field the corpse of an enemy whose boots seemed likely to suit him, down he lay in his back, and pulling his soles against those of the dead man, ascertained by this mode of measurement whether the articles were near enough to fit to be worth the trouble of removal. During the war in Mexico our "boys" displayed equal *sang froid*.—Their conversations before the engagements of Cherubusco and Chepultepec were not of the probabilities of being mowed down by the cannon of the foe, but of the delectable things they were soon to see in the "Halls of the Montezumas."

"All men think all men mortal but themselves," says the poet, and facts like these seem almost to justify the assertion.

It is generally supposed that desperadoes—hollows as war with society, and with whom society is at war—make the best soldiers; but this is an error. According to the testimony of all experienced officers, men of bad character, however famous, physically, are a curse to any army. Such men are generally the prime movers of insubordination and mutiny, and if there is any reason to work, are pretty sure to be at the bottom of it. Moral courage is as essential in military as in civil life, and it is not an attribute of the depraved and vicious.—He who goes into battle with a clear conscience, confident in the justice of the cause for which he risks his life, and believing that God is on his side, is the only true hero. He is not blood-thirsty, he is not under the domination of a sanguinary and brutal instinct, but he breathes [illegible] where valor is required, calm and collected in emergencies, and can bear up cheerfully against reverses, hardships and privations under which the desperado would "wilt to-way" or desert. What but moral courage, born of integrity of purpose and confidence in Heaven, sustained the rugged, half-starved, half-naked soldiers of a bankrupt republic in the desperate struggle with the well appointed legions of the enemy, during the darkest hours of the American Revolution? The ice-shrouded Delaware had not been crossed, the battles of Trenton and Princeton had never been fought and won, the horrors of the winter hivouac at Valley Forge had never been endured, the inestimable blessing of our National Independence had never been attained, but for the moral courage and fortitude of good and true men, at peace with God and their own consciences. Powders and desperadoes, however available as food for powder in a furious charge, never achieve such exploits, or submit patiently to such hardships, as have made the heroes of '76 immortal in history. It may be set down as an axiom that bad men *never* make good soldiers.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

WORK.—Work said I; earn your own pork and see how sweet it will be. Work and see how well you will be. Work and see how independent you will be. Work and see how happy your family will be. Work, and see how religious your family will be; far before you know where you are, instead of repining at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy.—*Sam Slick.*

When you see a happy pair of God's human creatures devoted one to the other, don't be goose enough to believe that the woman, in her devotion, is making a fool of herself, for it is altogether another class, who furnish food for the scandal-mongers; for instance, just such as you, who living all wrong, consequently unhappily, desire to see others as fiendish as yourself, and all else be.

FROM THE PEOPLE.

For the Agitator.

A BRIEF VIEW AND REVIEW.

We have been accustomed to call our country the great model Republic; and have felt a native pride in looking forward to a time when it might well be said of us, as it has been of Rome. "Why, in that olden day, to be an American, was greater than a King." But even at the founding of the government, there was a grave apprehension on the part of some wise men, whether it would be enduring—the contending strifes which warred more widely as the nation grew in years and consideration, have but too clearly demonstrated the wisdom and foresight of those sagacious statesmen.—Our liberation from the tyranny of England, left us still writhing beneath the yoke of a more formidable and inhuman oppression.—Liberty was indeed purchased; but a thraldom which shakes the country to its centre, and seems about to accomplish its dissolution and destruction, was the price we paid for it. Had we remained subject to the British Crown, slavery could not have existed in these colonies; for by the memorable decision of Lord Mansfield, it was declared incompatible with the spirit of the English law.

Indeed, we have ever sought to banish these truths from our understandings in our annual celebrations of our Independence, and have delighted to linger on the theme of our greatness—the stirring achievements which America has wrought before the world in the arts of civilization, and the wonders of progress and invention; but when the echoes of the cannon had died away—when the millions upon millions of Americans, the farmer, the tradesman, the artificer, and orator, have sought their homes at the close of the day, and bethought them of their Country, the wise man has looked beyond the pageantry of a day of wild national excitement, and has beheld a dark threatening cloud gathering in the South, which, sooner or later, must burst in wild fury upon the heads of the whole nation. There is often a hidden language in enthusiasm and excitement, which few can read, but which Time, some future day, translates and explains. There are times when we can read this language in which we purposely deceive ourselves. I *know* he is my friend, yet he is not. We are "free and independent," yet we hold a race of slaves, and they enchain us. We have been accustomed to deem ourselves a *mighty* nation, because we are *free*; but we are free, because we are mighty; and could slavery have competed with freedom on this continent, we had been vassals every one.

In the formation of the Constitution, there was an element of slavery recognized in the government, but only as a local institution, in accordance with the opinion of learned judges who had always declared slavery to be a creature of positive and local law, for that it was too inhuman to exist without an express declaration to that effect. It unhappily did exist in most of the old thirteen colonies, but the founders of the government believed it to be "in process of ultimate extinction," which history has since proven to be a correct judgment. But with the growth of civilization and general intelligence in the North, slavery was driven southward, where the climate was more congenial, and where the "chivalric" sons of this sunny region were of too noble birth to do their own labor, and but too glad to get an opportunity of having it done it so cheaply, as they in their ignorance supposed it would be done under the doctrine that "capital should own its own labor." How great an error they have committed in this fostering such an institution is shown by the relative progress of the two sections. The mighty increase in the material wealth, which constitutes the greatness of a nation, that has ever since been going on in the North, and the slow progress which has characterized slaveholding States, should teach their lesson to the present generation, and will be written in history, as a land-mark for future generations.

For these plain phrases—economical reasons, early discovered and put in practice by the intelligence and enterprise of the North, and for others, far more human and philanthropic, early taught and instilled by the Puritanic branch of the American race, slavery was compelled to seek other shelter. There were then, a northern philosophy, and a southern idea set in competition. The North, for universal freedom, and its concomitant blessings—the South, for universal slavery and its attendant curses. The two were in direct antagonism and could not coexist; for where slavery went freedom would not go, and where freedom went slavery could not go. The limitations and protection thrown around slavery, freemen could and would respect, but they were too confining for the grasping disposition of slavery. Slavery must travel and find a new resting place, or it would die by its own hand and influence. This was inconsistent with the nature and genius of our professed institutions, and is could not be allowed to transcend the limits of its rights or the conditions of its existence. There was, indeed, a great disagreement as to the right of extending slavery, for the fathers never apprehended that their children would quarrel over this subject, and did not lay down the law in reference to it, believing that the generations of their children in consideration of the boon of liberty transmitted to them, would correct the deficiencies which they were then unable to guard against, and would pronounce in favor of liberty. But though we as equal citizens of the same country, might have, express, and contend for our individual and social opinions, there was not "a higher law," (in the words of Wm. H. Seward,) and, I may say, that law was the law of the universal civilization of the nineteenth century! No power could stand against such a decree.

All our troubles had their origin in the Calhoun idea, so far as their present culmination is concerned: and whether the great Nullifier is to prove an instrument of good, or not, the present war is to demonstrate. If slavery is by this means confined to its own locality, and forever cut off from further spread, it will of course settle the question which has caused all our trouble these many years; but if this conflict terminates in the doom and destruction of that national curse and crime, or in the permanency of a plan for its ultimate [illegible] it is, then will the crime of this rebellion rest where it belongs, and the nation come forth wiser and better than it ever yet has been. If this shall be the case, we will hereafter feel like celebrating our "Fourth of July" in the true spirit of liberty and philanthropy. This great "bone of contention" forever buried, and the doctrine of peaceable secession thus annihilated, there would be nothing to impede our progress, or mar the friendly relations and happy connections which would then spring up in every part of the land. Our mighty country would then come up in its majesty: this broad and favored land would soon be the home of teeming millions of freemen, now unknown and unborn, and in the strength of such a host, and the wealth of such a country, we should soon leave the great powers of the old world, far behind in all the qualifications and possessions which make up a great nation. But before this day will dawn, this sad and woeful mistake into which we have been led, must be corrected. The spirit of our old "Declaration of Independence" must be obeyed, and its impress indelibly written upon the institutions of "the land of Columbia," and the father-land of Washington, no more to be misinterpreted, or disregarded.

One year ago a political contest was raging as fiercely as is now a war of bloodshed and carnage. The great engines of the nineteenth century—the freedom of speech and of the press—were then generally the only forces employed, and under their steady fire, the people of the United States divided into constitutional majorities and minorities, the consequence of which was the election of a president to executive the chief executive functions of the government, for the brief but constitutional term of four years. Great questions were at issue, and though perhaps it may not be said with entire confidence that the principles of the successful party were established by the American people, yet I think it may confidently be asserted that the leading principle, viz., opposition to the spread of slavery, is fully and finally established. The conservative party (as they have called themselves) will never again be caught in the trap of secession. The lesson of 1861, will not be forgotten. The old Democratic party, if ever again to be successful, must discard its leaders, and find more men to trust.—The chief leaders of that party have turned out to be traitors, and they are so well known, that (if no worse fate befall them,) they will fail to ever again deceive the balance of power in the North. From these, and many other causes, we may logically conclude that the power and patronage of the Government, will no longer be thrown upon the side of slavery, but upon that of *freedom forever*. This conclusion, of course, rests upon the presumption that the Government will survive the present terrible storm. By the force of slavery representation in Congress, and by this patronage of the Government, slavery has long held the power of legislation and sovereignty in its own hands, for its own purposes. But now that they have surrendered that power by their own overt acts, it is to be hoped that it is never again to be exercised in so unholy and unjustifiable a cause. Indeed, we do not claim that it should be used directly against slavery; but insist that it should be employed on the side of justice and humanity, and not of inhumanity and barbarism.

But in the present state of the nation and country, there is no party, and should be none but the great National American and Government party. Patriots and men have thus shown their great magnanimity and patriotism, by this timely union in this great cause. The question is, government or no government, and however much it may be disputed, that question is based upon another which this conflict needs to settle, viz., slavery, or no slavery. Where the right is, there let the might be: and if slavery conquers, let freedom forever hide her head.

But there is no such thing as failure! Twenty millions intelligent freemen, "armed in the just and holy cause of liberty," contending for freedom against slavery, for peace against war, and in short, and above all, for government against anarchy, internal strife, civil war, and wicked oppression, *cannot fail to conquer!* There are now about 250,000 men in the North and as nearly as we can learn, about the same number in the South in arms. The one, a mighty host, with all the intelligence, consideration, great national resources of agriculture, and of manufacture, and with all the wealth and means of the prosperous and busy North in addition to the justness of their cause—the other, indeed, a mighty host, but corrupted and demoralized by the influences of slavery, and the injustice of their cause, wanting means of every kind, surrounded by land and sea, with all chance of supply cut off, and with four millions of human beings in bondage, whose chains must be recharged in order to keep them in subjection. Besides, there is a united North and a divided South, upon this question of a government. The Army of the North, could be doubled in two months, without drafting a man. The South already have more men than means for their support, and many of these are impressed into the ranks. Indeed, we have to move their northern climate, but our army must make most untiring and vigorous exertions in order to bring the border states back to their allegiance, before fall, and by that time, having become inured to the moderate climate of those states, they will be well fitted to pass the winter at the South, and able—it strikes me—to meet those "d——n Yank" gentlemen (who answer arguments with the bludgeon, and ridicule the courage of the northern men) face to face, "and try this quarrel hilt to hilt." Our men will remember Sumter, Ellsworth, and their native north, their homes by the school house and the church. They cannot forget the past, but will remember in the day of battle, that our southern brethren made this rupture in the family, that they have ever been a blot upon our reputation, a hindrance to our progress, and a sin against civilization and the God of humanity. Let them beware, who talk of compromise to this legion of conscientious freemen, who have sacrificed every home-blessing and enjoyment to vindicate the Nation's fame and honor—for the day will come when a "just retribution" will overtake such foes of humanity and their country.

Anton Justicia.

COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN.

Col. Allen, who was a brave and somewhat eccentric officer of the American Revolution, was born in Roxbury, Connecticut, in 1739. He early emigrated to Vermont. On receiving the news of the battle of Lexington, he enlisted all his energies on the side of his country. His first exploit was the capture of Ticonderoga, May 10th, 1775. The expedition against this post was exceedingly bold in its design and successful in its execution. At the head of only eighty-three men he entered the fort at night, took the sentry prisoner, and with a drawn sword made his way to the apartments of the commanding officer, and demanded the surrender of the fort.

"By what authority do you command?" exclaimed Captain De La Place, starting from his slumber.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress," thundered Allen. This was authority too high to be resisted, and the fort was instantly surrendered with all its munitions of war. Col. Allen was taken prisoner in an expedition against the Canadians, while attempting to capture Montreal, in connection with Col. Brown. He was hailed with chains and sent to England, where he was imprisoned a short time, and at length taken back to his country and exchanged for Col. Campbell, a British officer who had been taken prisoner by the Americans. He died at Colchester, Vermont, Feb. 12, 1789.

An instance is related of Ethan Allen, that is said to have occured while he was on his way to England. While closely confined, he discovered one day that a pin or wire that fastened one of his handcuffs was broken. Extracting the pieces with his teeth, he was enabled to loosen the bolt that fastened the screw which secured it, and one hand was set at liberty: he then proceeded to release the other, and was successful. This having been accomplished, he was not long in liberating his feet. Fearing, however, lest the captain should discover his situation, and contract the "area of his freedom," he carefully replaced the bolts and pins before the arrival of his keeper. In a short time it became a fine recreation for the Col. to take off and put on his chains at pleasure.

One day the captain, wishing to afford some merriment to the crew, commanded Allen to be brought upon deck. Hoping to frighten him, the captain said—

"There is a probability that the ship will founder—if so, what will become of us, especially you, Mr. Allen, a rebel against the king?"

"Why," said Allen, "that would be very much like our dinner hour."

"How so?" said the captain, now reflecting that Allen was only allowed to come on deck while he himself went down into the cabin to dine.

"Well, you see," answered Allen, "I'd be on my way up just as *you* would be going below."

The captain was not at all pleased with this reply and commenced a tirade of abuse against the American people.

"In a short time," said the captain, "all the rebels will be in the same situation as yourself."

This was too much for Allen, and he determined to apply his newly acquired dexterity in unloosing his fetters to some purpose.—Quickly raising his hand to his mouth, he apparently snapped asunder his pins and bolts, and hurling his handcuffs and fetters overboard—seized the astonished captain by the collar, and threw him headlong upon the deck; then turning to the affrighted crew, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder—

"If I am insulted again during this voyage, I'll sink the ship and swim ashore."

This exploit so terrified the captain and crew, that Allen was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased the remainder of the passage.

Col. Billy Wilson's Zouaves are having all sorts of stories told about them. A correspondent of the sprightly Milwaukee *Sentinel* tells the following:—"Yesterday, a Methodist clergyman went down to Staten Island to exhort them. Billy Wilson drew up his men, and called attention!" The parson then gave them a very edifying and appropriate discourse to which, in obedience to the colonel's commands, they listened attentively. When the parson had finished, Billy gave his boys a short talk, somewhat in this wise: 'Boys I want you to remember what the minister has told you. It is all for your good; take this advice and follow it; for there is no knowing but that in less than six months every d——d one of you will be in Hell!' Here a voice from the ranks called out 'Three cheers for Hell!' and they were given with a will. The parson, astonished and angry, asked what it meant. 'Oh,' says Billy, 'the boys don't know much about Scripture. They think Hell is somewhere between Montgomery and New Orleans, and they are d——d anxious to get down in that neighborhood!'"

When the society of the wife becomes insufficient to the desires of the husband, (and this is too often the case,) or the husband grows insignificant in the estimation of the wife, and this also is common,) the court would be doing God's service by granting a decree of divorce at once, for a divided house is not only bad in itself, but it does a great deal towards making society bad also.

The older a woman grows before she finds a lover, or a lover finds her, the greater price does she place upon her lacerated affections if the lover bolts, and none ought to blame her, inasmuch as every year after a "certain age" counts one against her chances of escape from single blessedness, which is not so blessed a thing after all.

A fellow out west being asked whether the liquor he was drinking was a good article, replied: "Wal, I dont know, I guess so. There is only one thing queer about it, whenever I wipe my mouth, I burn a hole in my shirt."

It is a law among the Japanese that he who lends them cash in this world will receive in the next world the capital and ten per cent. of simple interest.