

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.

VOL. VII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1862. NO. 35.

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 published 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
4 do., -	8.00	9.50	12.00
5 do., -	10.00	12.00	15.00
6 do., -	12.00	15.00	18.00
7 do., -	15.00	20.00	25.00
8 do., -	20.00	25.00	30.00
9 do., -	25.00	30.00	35.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions 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.

GOOD BYE.
BY MISSIE.
What a spell that word can weave
Of hearts of those we love;
And gently, softly breathed,
The angel's whisper from above,
The heart like a fairy's wand,
The zephyr's whispered sigh,
The breeze that rustles in the hair,
The gentle words, Good Bye!

EDDIE, THE DRUMMER.
Reminiscence of Wilson's Creek.
BY PETER FINDER.
The drum of our regiment received
The Gen. Lyon, on his march to
The drummer of our company
The drum of our company
The drum of our company

The Adventures of "Potomac Jim."
The correspondent of the New York Times,
communicates the following:—
I spent three weeks at Liverpool Point, the
outpost of Hooker's Division, almost directly
opposite of Aquia Creek, waiting patiently for
the advance of our left wing to follow up the
army, becoming, if not a participant against
the dying struggle of rebellion, at least a chronicler
of the triumphs in the march of the Union army.

During this time I was the guest of Colonel
Graham, of Mathias Point memory, who had
brought over from that place, (last November),
some thirty valuable chattels. A part of the
camp was assigned to them. They built log
huts, and obtained from the soldiers many comforts,
making their quarters equal to any in the
camp.

A FORTUNATE KISS.
The following pretty little story is narrated
by Frederick Bremer, who youches for its truth-
fulness:
In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived
a young student, a noble youth, with great love
for his studies, but without the means of pur-
suing them. He was poor, without connections,
still he studied, living in great poverty, but
keeping a cheerful heart. His good humor
made him beloved by all his fellow students.

One day he was tending on the square with
some of them, when the attention of the young
man became arrested by a young and elegant
lady, who, at the side of an older one was walk-
ing over the place. It was the only daughter
of the Governor of Upsala, and the lady by her
side was the governess. She was generally
known for her goodness and gentleness of char-
acter and looked at with admiration by all the
students. As the young man stood looking at
her as she passed, one of them exclaimed:

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that
manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!"
The young man looked at her with a look of
astonishment, and she proceeded to state his
name and condition, his aspiration, and related
simply and truly, what had just now passed be-
tween him and her comrades.

The handsome mother was desirous of a second
marriage; indeed she had already set her
heart upon a young man who occasionally visited
her, and whose proposition of marriage she
was now beginning impatiently to await. But,
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ability of the war upon the authorities of the
events to which I have referred.
Here is unhill engaged and unanswerable his-
tory. He who reads it carefully need have little
doubt as to the future. Above all, he should
avoid being misled by the delusion that the
democracy are now, as on former occasions, the
guardians and exponents of slavery. At this
moment there is not an old democratic states-
man, at least among the survivors of the Jack-
son school, in the loyal states, who is not the
conscientious foe of the slave oligarchy. I need
only mention, in proof of this assertion, such
names as Robert J. Walker, George Beneroff,
Daniel S. Dickinson, David Tod, W. F. Packer,
Andrew Johnson, Amos Kendall, Martin Van
Buren, and Francis P. Blair, to give the reader
something worthy of reflection and self-exami-
nation. OCCASIONAL.

Gov. Sprague on Slavery.
Gov. Sprague, who is being supported by all
parties for the Governorship of Rhode Island,
has issued an address in which he says:
It is a superficial view, therefore of the present
national crisis, which supposes that this
conflict can end and leave things as it found
them.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND SLAVERY.
LETTER FROM "OCCASIONAL" IN THE PHILADELPHIA
PRESS.
WASHINGTON, March 25, 1862.
* * * * *
The whigs of the free states have generally
noted with these men, because of their inher-
ent dislike of the democracy; but the democ-
racy, who left, or fought their party on the
slave issue, gave to their new views, asserted
under so many trials, intense emphasis. In
very few cases have the anti-slavery democracy
been abolitionists; they were always practical
and common-sense men, and hence have been
the most effective opponents of the slave bar-
ons. The incidents that have marked their in-
dependence of the democratic organization, be-
cause that organization refused to break the
shackles of the slaveholders and their tools,
from John C. Calhoun, to James Buchanan, are
full of significance, and deserve to be pondered
by all thoughtful and conscientious men.

A SENSIBLE LETTER.—The following is said
to be part of a letter a Louisiana Major to his
sister in New Orleans, picked up at the battle
of Pea Ridge, Arkansas:
"DEAR SISTER CARRIE: You asked me in
your last letter what I thought of the prospects
of our dearly beloved cause. To be candid, I
have very little hope for its success now, though
last December I felt confident we would be
recognized by the coming June. I don't like
the Yankees a bit; I have been educated to hate
them heartily; but I must acknowledge the
South has been sadly mistaken in their char-
acter. We have always believed that the Yan-
kees would not fight for anything like a prin-
ciple; that they had no chivalry, no poetry, in
their nature. Perhaps they have not; but that
they are brave, determined, persevering, they
have proved beyond a question.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.
We hear a great deal said at the present time
about Democratic principles, but we have as
yet seen no statement of what those principles
are supposed to embody, and what application
is proposed to be made of them in the existing
crisis. Democratic principles are praised and
praised by the opposition, but we have yet
seen no line of policy marked out by those who
are so much in love with these principles. It
is true that they generally are engaged in a
factious opposition to the Government, but still
they claim to be loyal, and only ask for a
return to Democratic principles. We know of a
Jeffersonian Democracy which was patriotic,
and embodied principles of great value, and
we know of a Buchananian Democracy which was
and upheld by Buchanan, Floyd, Breckenridge,
Jeff. Davis, Mason, and others of that class,
whose practices and principles have culminated
in the present rebellion, but which set of
principles these individuals claim who are
praising so long and loudly about Democracy