

Terms of Publication. THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday morning, as mailed to subscribers at 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 expire, by the figures on the printed label on the margin of each 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 printer.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**  
**CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL.**  
DAVID HART, PROPRIETOR.  
The undersigned begs leave to announce to his old friends and to the public generally, that he has taken possession of the old stand and fitted it up in good style, and intends to keep it as a Temperance Hotel. No pains will be spared to accommodate the traveling public. Good stabling and a good hostler always on hand. Prices to suit the times. DAVID HART.

**JAS. LOWREY & S. J. WILSON,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1862.)

**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, 1858.]

**DICKINSON HOUSE**  
CORNING, N. Y.  
M. A. Field, Proprietor.  
Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

**J. C. WHITTAKER,**  
Hydroopathic Physician and Surgeon.  
ELKLAND, TIOGA CO. PENNA.  
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. [June 14.]

**J. EMERY,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his time exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. nov21, 60

**PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.**  
Corner of Main Street and the Ave. in Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGNON, PROPRIETOR.  
This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

**IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,**  
H. C. YERMLINE, PROPRIETOR.  
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.  
This is a new hotel, built with a view to the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. April 12, 1860.

**G. C. CAMPBELL,**  
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.  
SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done at well and promptly as it can be done in the city. Preparations for repairing dentures, and beautifying the hair, for sale, hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 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 desiring to extend their business into that and the adjoining counties will find an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

**WELLSBORO HOTEL,**  
WELLSBOROUGH, PA.  
E. S. FARR, PROPRIETOR.  
(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)  
Having leased this well known and popular House, where the patronage of the public. With attentive and obliging waiters, together with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him a pleasant and agreeable one. Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

**PICTURE FRAMING.**  
TOILET GLASSES, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates, in the most elegant manner. Also, framed in Gold, Rose Wood, Black Walnut, Oak, Mahogany, &c. Persons leaving any article for framing, can receive them next day, in any style they wish and at low prices. Specimens at

**E. E. BENEDICT, M. D.,**  
WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland, Tioga Co., Pa., and is prepared by thirty years' experience to treat all diseases of the eyes and their appendages, or all other diseases, and that he can cure, without fail, that dreadful disease, called St. Vitus' Dance, (Chorea Sacra) and will attend to any other business in the line of Medicine and Surgery.  
Elkland, Pa., August 8, 1860.

**NEW FLOUR AND FEED STORE**  
IN WELLSBORO.  
The subscriber would respectfully inform the people of Wellsboro and vicinity that he has opened a FLOUR & FEED STORE on the corner above Dr. Gibson's Drug Store, on Main St., where he will keep constantly on hand as good an assortment of FLOUR and FEED as can be found in the market, which he will sell cheap for cash. Also, a large assortment of Choice Wines and Liquors.

**CHARLESTON FLOURING MILLS.**  
WRIGHT & BAILEY.  
Having secured the best mills in the County, are now prepared to do

**Custom Work, Merchant Work,**  
and to do everything that can be done in Country Mills, so as to give perfect satisfaction.

**FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED.**  
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.  
Our store in Wellsboro, at the mill, Cash or Cash exchanged for grain at the market price. All goods delivered free of charge, within the corporation. WRIGHT & BAILEY.  
Wellsboro, Feb. 13, 1861.

**FASHIONABLE MILLINERY SHOP,**  
MAIN ST., WELLSBORO.  
MRS. PAULINE SMITH has purchased her FALL AND WINTER GOODS. Consisting of Stuffs of all kinds, Patterns Hats, Bloomer Hats, Flowers, Veilings, Silks of all kinds, and in fact

**ALL KINDS OF TRIMMINGS.**  
She solicits a call from the ladies of Wellsboro, and vicinity, feeling confident that

**HER GOODS WILL BEAR INSPECTION,**  
and compare favorably with those of any establishment in the county in regard to price.

**REPAIRING AND PRESSING** done in a superior manner.  
Room at the residence of J. Williams, opposite U. S. Hotel, up-stairs.  
Oct. 2, 1861.

**NEW WHEAT FLOUR,** tip top and cheap, at WRIGHT'S.

# THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. VIII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 9, 1861. NO. 9.

**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 published rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
Square, -	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$8.00
do, -	5.00	7.50	12.00
do, -	7.00	10.00	16.00
do, -	9.00	12.50	20.00
do, -	11.00	15.00	25.00
do, -	13.00	17.50	30.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered off 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.

**FROM CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.**  
**COMING HOME.**  
BY PHOEBE CART.  
O brothers and sisters, growing old,  
Do you all remember yet  
That home, in the shade of the rustling trees,  
Where once our household met?  
Do you know how we used to come from school,  
Through the summer's pleasant heat;  
With the yellow fennel's golden dust  
On our tired little feet?  
And how sometimes in an idle mood  
We loitered by the way;  
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,  
And in the fields to play?  
Till warned by the deepening shadows fall,  
That told of the coming night,  
We climbed to the top of the last long hill,  
And saw our home in sight!  
And, brothers and sisters, older now,  
Than she whose life is o'er,  
Do you think of the mother's loving face,  
That looked from the open door?  
Alas, for the changing things of time;  
That home in the dust is low;  
And that loving smile was hid from us,  
In the darkness, long ago!  
And we have come to life's last hill,  
From which our weary eyes  
Can almost look on the home that shines  
Eternal in the skies.  
So, brothers and sisters, as we go,  
Still let us move as one,  
Always together keeping step,  
Till the march of life is done.  
For that mother who waited for us here,  
Wearing a smile so sweet,  
Now waits on the hills of paradise  
For her children's coming feet!

was employed in the Caffir war. He has hunted elephants and zebras. He has dealt in and drove cattle and traded with the natives. He has suffered from the fever and the accidents of a wandering life, until at last, in middle age, the yearning to once more see his native land and embrace his aged mother and sister became too strong to be resisted. He sailed for Liverpool and thence to New York, and for the first time heard tidings of his family and his fortune, and that of all his letters written home, not one had been received.  
Truly, truth is stranger than fiction.

**THE PATRIOT'S STRATAGEM.**  
A LEGEND OF '76.  
Night had set in deep and dark, and in a small log cabin, situated a few miles from Trenton, N. J., sat five men; four of whom were seated around an old oaken table in the center of the room, engaged in playing cards; while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from a earthen jug that stood on the table. They were heavy-bearded, coarse looking men, and from their dress which somewhat resembled British uniforms, they were evidently Tories. The other was a stoutly built young man, clad in the Continental uniform. He sat in a corner of the room, with his face in his hands.  
"Tom," said one of the Tories, rising from the table and seating himself near the young prisoner—for such he evidently was—"Tom, you and I were schoolboys together, and I like you yet. Now, why can't you give up your wild notions and join us? You are our prisoner, and if you don't we shall hand you over to head quarters to-morrow; while if you join us, your fortune is made; for with your bravery and talents, you would soon distinguish yourself in the royal cause, and after this rebellion is crushed out, you would be rewarded by knighthood and promotion in the army. Now, there are two alternatives—which do you choose?"  
"Neither," said the young man, raising his head and looking the Tory steadily in the eye. "I am now, as you say, your prisoner; but when the clock strikes twelve, I shall leave you. I shall disappear in a cloud of smoke, and neither you nor your comrades can prevent it. You may watch me as close as you please, tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I should leave at that time."  
"Poor fellow, his mind wanders," said the Tory, "he'll talk differently in the morning," and he returned to his seat at the table, leaving the youth with his head again resting on his hands.  
When the clock struck eleven, the young prisoner drew a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory leader if he had any objection to his smoking?  
"No, none in the least," said he, adding with a laugh, "that is, if you promise not to disappear in a cloud of tobacco smoke."  
The young man made no reply, but immediately filled and lighted his pipe; having done which he arose and commenced pacing the floor. He took half a dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching nearer to the table each time, when having exhausted his pipe, he returned to his seat and re-filled it. He continued smoking until the clock struck twelve when he arose from his seat and slowly knocking the ashes out of his pipe, said, "there, boys, it's twelve o'clock, and I must leave you, good bye!" and immediately, all around the room streaks of fire ran hissing and squirring, and the cabin was filled with dense sulphurous smoke, amidst which was heard a crash like a clap of thunder. The Tories sat paralyzed with fright.  
The smoke soon cleared away, but the prisoner was nowhere to be seen. The table was overturned, the window smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside the building. The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance of terror around the room, and sprang out of the window followed by his comrades. They ran through the forest at the top of their speed in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames which had begun to devour the cabin.  
The next day two young men, both dressed in the Continental uniform, were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One of them was no other than our hero of the night previous.  
"Now, let's hear all about it, Tom," said the other.  
"Well," said our hero, "last evening as I was passing this place, two Tories ran out of this place and took possession of me before I could make any resistance. They took me in, and who do you suppose I saw as leader of the party, but John Burton, our old schoolmate. He talked with me, and tried to get me to join them; but I told him I couldn't do it—that at 12 o'clock I was going to escape—disappear in a cloud of smoke; but he laughed at me, and said I was out of my head. About eleven o'clock I asked him if I could smoke. He said he had no objection, so I filled my pipe and lighted it, and commenced walking the floor. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked I struck it all over the room. When the clock struck 12, I hid them good bye, and told them I had to go. And then knocked the ashes from my pipe. The powder ignited, and a dazzling blaze of fire shot across around and all over the room, filling the cabin with suffocating smoke. Before it cleared away, I hurried a chair through the window, sprang out and departed, leaving them to their own reflections. You know the rest."

A young gentleman who was in the act of popping the question to a young lady, was interrupted by her father entering the room, who inquired what they were about.  
"Oh," replied the fair one, "Mr. — was explaining the question of annexation to me, and he is for immediate annexation."  
"Well," said papa, "if you agree on a treaty I'll ratify it."

A pleasant jest in time of misfortune, is courage to the heart, strength to the arm, and digestion to the stomach.

**FROM THE TIOGA BOYS.**  
Extracts from a Private Letter.  
CAMP TENNALLY, D. C. Sept. 17, 1861.  
\* \* \* I am every day more and more convinced of the truth, that there is greater power in a moral, than in a physical victory. The first must inevitably insure the latter. Let the cause be what it may, in which men are engaged, if they have an unclouded consciousness of the purity of their object—the justness of their cause—nothing can prevent their eventual success. Taking this for a standard; the principles for which we battle, can never fall, for they live in the hearts of the people—as far as I can see, and learn, no nation of men ever did, or ever can show greater confidence in the justice of the compact for which they contend, or more willingness to defend it from the throats of treacherous traitors. The boom of every alarm-gun awells the ranks far above all other calls, and even empties the hospitals of their sick, to test with steel the great principles which they know must triumph; no skulking coward is seen to sneak away. A call to arms will even sometimes effect what medicine cannot—strengthen the invalid by a determination to be the first to answer such a summons. Temporary reverses may dishearten, but cannot lastingly defeat.  
The present comparative quiet of the army may seem to you at home, like inaction; but the more perfect the machine, the less audible the noise. Still waters are sometimes very powerful, though there may be no bubbles visible on the surface. Deep and powerful under-currents, are not always indicated by external agitation. The most power, with the least noise, is an important feature of successful warfare. This is what we are rapidly acquiring. No flaming capital letter victories embazon our public sheets, but the certainties of attaining them, are being developed in our camps. We are gaining victories over ourselves, which must always be accomplished before we can reasonably expect them over others.  
Much drill is what we need and want, and moreover, its what we get to our heart's content. We begin to see the need of discipline and proficiency in maneuvering, and are making a reasonable progress therein. The efficiency of a body of men in action, depends upon their ability to act in concert—their unity—their oneness. A little band of disciplined troops can vanquish and destroy a mob of thousands; numbers are less necessary than education or training, to one's business.  
The impetuous rush of an ungovernable host, is more hazardous and less likely to succeed, than the well-prepared but slower advance of a few, with the advantage of coolness and prudence to employ the opportunities which rashness would overlook. It is better to await the completion of detail than to trust to hasty and imprudent zeal. Slow but sure, says Scott; and he, if any man, knows that in war particularly, there's the policy in preparation.  
The cautious command "ready," always precedes the command to fire; little execution would result from pulling the trigger before capping the gun. Ready is the trigger before that comes "execution," both by powder and hemp. And though there is suspense in waiting so long ere we strike a blow, yet every day adds to the strength and certainty of that blow when it shall be given; This is having a moral effect; more readiness and devotion to their work, than our troops exhibit, cannot be wished. They are the most disappointed, who are the ofttest denied the privilege of rushing to the scene of action, when booming cannon signal the conflict.  
We think ourselves, in truth, grievously slighted, when all our neighboring regiments are turned out at the sound of the alarm, while we are hustled out to go no farther than our parade ground, and then ordered back to our quarters to lie on our arms and guard the camps—all for the lack of a few regimental officers. I like anything considerably better than being a candle appendage to a division, used at the best for no better service than to brush flies from a General's Uniform; but perhaps it's better to be a big tail, than a little head, in military matters. At all events, it speaks quite strongly of injustice to a regiment of men, to deprive them for so long a time of their leading officers; for nothing helps more a regiment's standing, than the presence of all its officers, ready to do their whole duty. This is what officers demand of the men, and the men very justly have a right to expect the same of them. On the Commander, depends the entire wellbeing of the camp. It is his to design, to plan, and to enforce the execution of what he lays down; If he is prompt, energetic, active and careful, he can make all his subalterns so, and they in turn, all who may be under them. With a few exceptions, as a Colonel is watchful of the interests of his men, wide-awake and firm, so is his regiment good, bad or indifferent.  
For the last month or more, our Major and Adjutant have been the only regimental officers with us; and although their efforts for the improvement of the regiment, have been constant and untiring, yet men do not feel wholly satisfied—expecting to be called into action at a moment's warning—under the direction of officers unskilled in the arts of war, and inexperienced in military affairs. We repose the greatest confidence in the military training of our Colonel, and deeply regret his illness, but the home of a Col. should be among his men, and if sickness visits him for such a home, it should not deprive us of the right to fill the vacancy.  
I have little or no news of interest to write; any anticipated movements are, of course, not divulged to us. All we know of future movements, is what we conjecture from the signs we see and the orders of readiness we receive from time to time. This comes pretty hard sometimes for our Yankee inquisitiveness, but a soldier must learn that his duty can principally be summed up in the one word—"obey,"—without a word as to what we do, how, why, when or where.  
This, of course is right, any other course would be suicidal very, for what every soldier knows—and will talk about—may be known by every lurking spy that infests our lines.  
One knows not whom to trust, when treacherous stalks abroad in the land, and lifts its vile head where we had reposed our greatest confidence.

Of all the pleasurable emotions that the soldier experiences, none rank higher than those produced by the receipt of letters and papers from home. Mail hours are watched for with a longing impatience that nothing but one letter at least, can satisfy. 'Tis rather a rough comparison, but if you ever noticed the look-out-for-no-one conduct of many swine over a little swill, you can form some idea of our behavior during the distribution of our daily mail. It is no trick at all to tell who gets the letters, no matter whether you see them or not; a simple glance at their faces, is quite enough, which is frequently more expressive than words. If they are the glad recipients of what they never fail to look for—one, or as many more letters as you please—the face is radiant and content, well pleased with its owner and every body else; but if disappointment comes in stead, grim and yellow melancholy, finds an easy victim. More than one pair of eyes often read the same letter, and the variety of style varies from the "tu episodes—at once," of Artemus Ward to Doestick's description of "the great Showman's baby exhibition." It might be a useful suggestion to love-letter writers, to know that the nearest way to a soldier's heart, is through his stomach; any thing calculated to reach the heart, would be much more certain of reaching its destination, if accompanied by a lot of little goodies for the stomach.  
All hail, to punctual letter-writers! Load down and expedite the mails! We sometimes suffer from the relentless pangs of intellectual hunger—deprivation of books and papers. If you would add to the chiefest happiness of a soldier, write often and lengthily, and send him home papers. G. W. M.

**WHICH SHIP?**  
"If that confounded ship had sunk with those Pilgrim Fathers on board, we should never have been driven to these extremities," say our "Southern brethren," of the Palmetto State, as reported by Mr. Russell, of the London Times.  
Well, we will grant that the foundering of said ship and of course of all that followed in its wake, bringing like cargoes of men and principles, would have ended very summarily a great many things before they were begun. A Confederate corsair might that day have done some service, for that Mayflower, waited hither by wintry winds, was full of the seeds of things.  
There has been a wide and varied harvest from the sowing. South Carolina may well think of that ship; and the whole land—every thing springing, and that has sprung from thence, be as though it had never been. There would be sundry fearful gaps in history—there would be some few widely honored names blotted out—every department of the world's industry, art, invention, would suffer somewhat; manufactures, commerce, agriculture, literature, civilization and religion would feel the shock and the loss, well nigh as much as should all they have received from Charleston, S. C., be annihilated. Liberty, the world over, would be quite as much affected, and despotism everywhere would have been saved some "extremities," if that "confounded ship had sunk."  
And there would have been no Eli Whitney, and no cotton gin! Was the "Southern brother" thinking of that when, like the first fit Emperor of Palmettodom, Nero, he was so wishing the wholesale ending of New England? The Mayflower, through the cotton gin, and sundry other ways, has had much to do with "these extremities." Perhaps it might better have sunk. But just about the time when  
"A band of Exiles moored their bark  
By this wild, New England Shore,"  
there was another ship casting anchor, in James River, with quite another freight. Grahame, in his History of the United States, says, "Having once associated felons with their pursuits, and committed the cultivation of the fields to servile hands, the colonists were prepared to yield to the temptation which speedily presented itself, and to bleed in barbarous combination the character of oppressors, with the claims and condition of freemen. A Dutch ship, from the coast of Guinea, arriving in James River, sold to the Planters a part of her cargo of negroes. \* \* \* \* \* The number was increased by continual importation, till a large portion of the inhabitants of Virginia was composed of men degraded to a state of slavery, by the selfishness and ungrateful barbarity of others who embracing the gifts, without imbibing the beneficences of their Creator, turned into a scene of bondage, for their fellow men, a territory that had proved the seat of liberty, and happiness to themselves."  
We submit the question—would it not have been better, on the whole, that this Dutch ship should have sunk? Would not the C. S. A., by that disaster, have been spared "these extremities" ?  
It seems pretty clear that the importations, in 1620, into Plymouth and Jamestown, have at last come into an "irrepressible conflict." Neither ship did sink in 1620; the results of one or the other must now succumb.  
The world has had the trial of what both inaugurated for well-nigh two and a half centuries, side by side, can do. And now the world can judge which it can best spare. Over the one floats "the Stars and Stripes"—over the other the secession flag. Which ship shall go down?—Congregationalist.

**TURNEE ROUND.**—A young sprig of a doctor once met at a convivial party, several larks who were bent on placing in his hat a very large leek, or, in plain language, make him glorious drunk, which they accomplished about 10 o'clock at night. The poor doctor insisted on going, and the party accompanied him to the stable, to assist him to mount the horse, which they at length did with his face to the animal's tail.  
"Hallo," said the doctor, after feeling for the reins, "I am inside out on my horse, or face behind, I don't know which—something wrong anyhow."  
"So you are," exclaimed one of the wags, "just get off, doctor, and we will put you on your feet."  
"Get off!" bellowed the doctor, "no you don't. Just turn the horse around, and it will all come right—you must all be very drunk."

**ELEPHANTINE.**  
A hunter tells of killing an elephant: "Suddenly, when within less than 200 yards of my intended victim, I found myself in his presence. He was partially fadding me, his huge ears spread like a pair of stuffing sails, giving a defiant and threatening air to his whole attitude. I did not however, hesitate, but fired at once at his shoulder, when he instantly began himself to fight. My hunchman, at this moment, becoming frightened at the close proximity of the gigantic creature, instead of handling me the spare gun also ran away. Re-loading my rifle, I was soon once more in pursuit, and had shortly the satisfaction of getting again within sight of the poor beast, who from the quantity of blood on its spoor, was evidently badly wounded. My attendant now rejoined me; I managed at this time to fire all my three barrels, but though every bullet sped true, they had not the effect of bringing the brute down. To my surprise, and satisfaction, I soon discovered that instead of trying to make his escape (perhaps he felt unequal to the task,) he gradually began retracing his steps.  
"Hearing just at this moment a peculiar hammering noise close under the hill, I turned aside to ascertain its cause. It arose, I found, from a party of Oranjimba, who were busily possessing themselves of a nest of honeycombs. In their company was a number of noisy curs who, on our approach, began to give tongue in the most alarming manner. For a moment I really feared my quarry would escape me; my misgivings, fortunately, proved unfounded, for I soon overtook the poor creature resting under an over tree. I crept up close to him, and poured once more the contents of all my barrels into his body. Unfortunately, in pulling the trigger of the smooth bore, both barrels went off together, and the gun being light, and charged with twenty drachms of powder, its rapid recoil struck me violently in the face, one of the cocks burying itself deep in my upper lip, loosening some of my teeth. The shock almost stunned me; it was enough to have prostrated a horse; yet I almost instantly recovered myself. As to the elephant he remained quite motionless. Large bullets and powder now failed me, I therefore sent my attendant for the spare supply left with the men on the rock. Whilst waiting for his return, I rammed down a couple of small bullets in the rifle and fired again. The result was the same as before. Having at last been rejoined by my men, I gave the wretched animal a couple of additional five ounces as a coup de grace, when he sunk slowly on his haunches, once more righted himself, and then fell with a crash, a corpse!"  
"I had returned but a short time to my ambulance, when a large herd of female elephants with their calves came on perfectly heedless of the firing which had previously taken place. With a rush they gained the water, exactly opposite to where I was perched on my anthill. Soon after they were joined by several other troops pouring in from different directions, consisting of cows and bulls intermixed. It was quite remarkable to see how they ranged themselves closely side by side like a line of infantry. They drew themselves up in single file, occupying the entire width of water, which was at that point some three hundred yards broad. I estimated their numbers at between 100 and 150. The moon was nearly at its zenith, and shed glorious and dazzling light, on the huge creatures below. I felt no inclination to disturb so striking a picture, and indeed if I had been so disposed, it would little have availed me, as the valley in the direction occupied by the elephants was totally destitute of cover. So all I could do was to look on, sigh, and admire."  
"When the elephants had ceased drinking and were about moving away, I hurried forward to intercept their retreat, and, as the very last of them was disappearing I succeeded, with some difficulty, in shouldering my rifle and firing. The rush and the trumpeting which followed this discharge was truly appalling. The herds actually seemed to yell with rage. They were indeed, an unusually savage lot, as I shortly afterwards discovered in an encounter which very nearly cost me my life. My last shot, though a hurried and uncertain one, took effect; a fine cow was killed by it, but her carcass was not discovered till two days afterwards. I brought down three elephants that night, besides wounding two others."

**YANKEE STRATAGEM.**—During the Revolutionary war, two brothers from one of the eastern ports were commanders of privateers; they cruised together, and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy and making money for themselves. One evening being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they espied a large British vessel having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her; but to their astonishment found her to be a frigate in disguise. A very high breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different directions. One only could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly on him. Finding that he could not run away, the commander had recourse to a stratagem. On a sudden he hauled in sail, and all hands were employed with setting poles, as if hoisting his vessel off a bank. The people on board the frigate, amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately claved off, and left the more knowing Yankee "to make himself scarce," who soon as night rendered it prudent for him, hoisted sail in a sea two hundred fathoms deep.—Naval Anecdotes.

The Glenango (Greene) American puts the following pertinent queries:  
Did you ever hear one of these men who talk about the expenses of the war, blame the Confederates for bringing the expenses on us?  
Did you ever hear one of them, when a king of Lincoln's unconstitutional act in calling out troops say anything about the unconstitutionality of raising an army of rebels in the South?  
Did you ever hear one of them say that Jeff. Davis was trampling the constitution under foot?  
In short, did you ever hear one of them express a patriotic thought?

**TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.**  
Over twenty years since a well known and prominent citizen of Central New York—Chauncey Cole, of Canandaigua—died, leaving a widow and a son and daughter, with a moderate competence. The widow retired to one of the small, beautiful villages of that region, and devoted herself to the education of her children.  
In due time the daughter grew up and married a very worthy gentleman of that place. The son, having a passion for the sea, indulged himself with whaling voyages in his youth and returned with vigorous health and a hardy constitution.  
Upon becoming of age he invested his patrimony in a manufacturing business, and continued so employed for several years. But in 1849, when the California fever broke out with such violence, he was induced to leave his business with his partner and a relative, and join a party of friends in seeking his fortune there.  
Soon after arriving in San Francisco, he received information that his factory had been destroyed by fire and that he was left penniless. By this time he had discovered that gold did not lie about the streets, and that he was untried for the struggle of procuring it by the hard labor of digging for it from the bowels of the earth. He became despondent and after some reflection decided to once more trust his fortunes upon the sea, determined never to return to his friends until he had gained what he had lost. Taking an opportunity when his friends were temporarily absent, and in forming no one of his intentions, he suddenly disappeared with his effects, and no exertions of his comrades could ascertain his destination, or mode of exit.  
From that time, for twelve years, no tidings of the lost one have reached his friends. His well formed habits of industry and sobriety forbade the idea that any disreputable act had induced him to conceal his whereabouts, and his friends could only conjecture and fear that some accident must have befallen him and he must be dead.  
Meantime, some few years after his disappearance, a childless uncle (Bela D. Coe, of Buffalo,) died and by will left him and his sisters an ample property for life, with reversion to their children, with a provision that in case of their death without issue, the reversion should go to two educational and charitable institutions.  
Under the will the sister, who enjoyed her share of the rents and profits, the share of the eldest one, meantime being under the direction of the Court, deposited in a savings bank until after some years had elapsed, the two reversionary institutions instituted proceedings to secure his share of the property. The Court, upon a full hearing, thought after this lapse of time, without his being discovered, he must be judicially dead, and that one of the claimants should enter upon the enjoyment of his portion of the rents and profits. As to the other, his charter not permitting it to take real estate, it was thrown out altogether, and that share not being legally conveyed by the will, reverted to the heirs at law unconditionally, who are these same children.  
During all this time the sister's husband, with a zeal and pertinacity worthy of all commendation, has been unremitting in his endeavors to find the lost one. After all others have believed him long dead, he has continued to spend time and money in his discovery. He has communicated with every American Consul of the Islands of the Pacific, and Australia. He has sent Circulars offering a large reward in the papers of the shipping and whaling ports. He has received many communications from sea captains and has proved erroneous. At last, every endeavor having proved futile, and even a mother's hope discouraged, whose locks have become white in the long sleepless agony of waiting for the return of an only and beloved child, within the last month, suddenly and without the least previous notice, the trunk drove up to the mother's door. Alive and well, with his face burned and bronzed to parchment by exposure to the sun and wind, he has come back at last to that mother and sister who have so long mourned him as dead and lost to them forever.  
Add where upon this earth has the trunk been hidden, that a mother's and a sister's love could not find him? Why in about the only part of the world that had not been searched for him.  
In South Africa, far up from the Cape, for many years, and in China several times. He

was employed in the Caffir war. He has hunted elephants and zebras. He has dealt in and drove cattle and traded with the natives. He has suffered from the fever and the accidents of a wandering life, until at last, in middle age, the yearning to once more see his native land and embrace his aged mother and sister became too strong to be resisted. He sailed for Liverpool and thence to New York, and for the first time heard tidings of his family and his fortune, and that of all his letters written home, not one had been received.  
Truly, truth is stranger than fiction.

**THE PATRIOT'S STRATAGEM.**  
A LEGEND OF '76.  
Night had set in deep and dark, and in a small log cabin, situated a few miles from Trenton, N. J., sat five men; four of whom were seated around an old oaken table in the center of the room, engaged in playing cards; while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from a earthen jug that stood on the table. They were heavy-bearded, coarse looking men, and from their dress which somewhat resembled British uniforms, they were evidently Tories. The other was a stoutly built young man, clad in the Continental uniform. He sat in a corner of the room, with his face in his hands.  
"Tom," said one of the Tories, rising from the table and seating himself near the young prisoner—for such he evidently was—"Tom, you and I were schoolboys together, and I like you yet. Now, why can't you give up your wild notions and join us? You are our prisoner, and if you don't we shall hand you over to head quarters to-morrow; while if you join us, your fortune is made; for with your bravery and talents, you would soon distinguish yourself in the royal cause, and after this rebellion is crushed out, you would be rewarded by knighthood and promotion in the army. Now, there are two alternatives—which do you choose?"  
"Neither," said the young man, raising his head and looking the Tory steadily in the eye. "I am now, as you say, your prisoner; but when the clock strikes twelve, I shall leave you. I shall disappear in a cloud of smoke, and neither you nor your comrades can prevent it. You may watch me as close as you please, tie me hand and foot if you will, but a higher power than yours or mine has ordained that I should leave at that time."  
"Poor fellow, his mind wanders," said the Tory, "he'll talk differently in the morning," and he returned to his seat at the table, leaving the youth with his head again resting on his hands.  
When the clock struck eleven, the young prisoner drew a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory leader if he had any objection to his smoking?  
"No, none in the least," said he, adding with a laugh, "that is, if you promise not to disappear in a cloud of tobacco smoke."  
The young man made no reply, but immediately filled and lighted his pipe; having done which he arose and commenced pacing the floor. He took half a dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching nearer to the table each time, when having exhausted his pipe, he returned to his seat and re-filled it. He continued smoking until the clock struck twelve when he arose from his seat and slowly knocking the ashes out of his pipe, said, "there, boys, it's twelve o'clock, and I must leave you, good bye!" and immediately, all around the room streaks of fire ran hissing and squirring, and the cabin was filled with dense sulphurous smoke, amidst which was heard a crash like a clap of thunder. The Tories sat paralyzed with fright.  
The smoke soon cleared away, but the prisoner was nowhere to be seen. The table was overturned, the window smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside the building. The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance of terror around the room, and sprang out of the window followed by his comrades. They ran through the forest at the top of their speed in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames which had begun to devour the cabin.  
The next day two young men, both dressed in the Continental uniform, were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One of them was no other than our hero of the night previous.  
"Now, let's hear all about it, Tom," said the other.  
"Well," said our hero, "last evening as I was passing this place, two Tories ran out of this place and took possession of me before I could make any resistance. They took me in, and who do you suppose I saw as leader of the party, but John Burton, our old schoolmate. He talked with me, and tried to get me to join them; but I told him I couldn't do it—that at 12 o'clock I was going to escape—disappear in a cloud of smoke; but he laughed at me, and said I was out of my head. About eleven o'clock I asked him if I could smoke. He said he had no objection, so I filled my pipe and lighted it, and commenced walking the floor. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked I struck it all over the room. When the clock struck 12, I hid them good bye, and told them I had to go. And then knocked the ashes from my pipe. The powder ignited, and a dazzling blaze of fire shot across around and all over the room, filling the cabin with suffocating smoke. Before it cleared away, I hurried a chair through the window, sprang out and departed, leaving them to their own reflections. You know the rest."

A young gentleman who was in the act of popping the question to a young lady, was interrupted by her father entering the room, who inquired what they were about.  
"Oh," replied the fair one, "Mr. — was explaining the question of annexation to me, and he is for immediate annexation."  
"Well," said papa, "if you agree on a treaty I'll ratify it."

A pleasant jest in time of misfortune, is courage to the heart, strength to the arm, and digestion to the stomach.

**FROM THE TIOGA BOYS.**  
Extracts from a Private Letter.  
CAMP TENNALLY, D. C. Sept. 17, 1861.  
\* \* \* I am every day more and more convinced of the truth, that there is greater power in a moral, than in a physical victory. The first must inevitably insure the latter. Let the cause be what it may, in which men are engaged, if they have an unclouded consciousness of the purity of their object—the justness of their cause—nothing can prevent their eventual success. Taking this for a standard; the principles for which we battle, can never fall, for they live in the hearts of the people—as far as I can see, and learn, no nation of men ever did, or ever can show greater confidence in the justice of the compact for which they contend, or more willingness to defend it from the throats of treacherous traitors. The boom of every alarm-gun awells the ranks far above all other calls, and even empties the hospitals of their sick, to test with steel the great principles which they know must triumph; no skulking coward is seen to sneak away. A call to arms will even sometimes effect what medicine cannot—strengthen the invalid by a determination to be the first to answer such a summons. Temporary reverses may dishearten, but cannot lastingly defeat.  
The present comparative quiet of the army may seem to you at home, like inaction; but the more perfect the machine, the less audible the noise. Still waters are sometimes very powerful, though there may be no bubbles visible on the surface. Deep and powerful under-currents, are not always indicated by external agitation. The most power, with the least noise, is an important feature of successful warfare. This is what we are rapidly acquiring. No flaming capital letter victories embazon our public sheets, but the certainties of attaining them, are being developed in our camps. We are gaining victories over ourselves, which must always be accomplished before we can reasonably expect them over others.  
Much drill is what we need and want, and moreover, its what we get to our heart's content. We begin to see the need of discipline and proficiency in maneuvering, and are making a reasonable progress therein. The efficiency of a body of men in action, depends upon their ability to act in concert—their unity—their oneness. A little band of disciplined troops can vanquish and destroy a mob of thousands; numbers are less necessary than education or training, to one's business.  
The impetuous rush of an ungovernable host, is more hazardous and less likely to succeed, than the well-prepared but slower advance of a few, with the advantage of coolness and prudence to employ the opportunities which rashness would overlook. It is better to await the completion of detail than to trust to hasty and imprudent zeal. Slow but sure, says Scott; and he, if any man, knows that in war particularly, there's the policy in preparation.  
The cautious command "ready," always precedes the command to fire; little execution would result from pulling the trigger before capping the gun. Ready is the trigger before that comes "execution," both by powder and hemp. And though there is suspense in waiting so long ere we strike a blow, yet every day adds to the strength and certainty of that blow when it shall be given; This is having a moral effect; more readiness and devotion to their work, than our troops exhibit, cannot be wished. They are the most disappointed, who are the ofttest denied the privilege of rushing to the scene of action, when booming cannon signal the conflict.  
We think ourselves, in truth, grievously slighted, when all our neighboring regiments are turned out at the sound of the alarm, while we are hustled out to go no farther than our parade ground, and then ordered back to our quarters to lie on our arms and guard the camps—all for the lack of a few regimental officers. I like anything considerably better than