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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 CRASH, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1862. NO. 15.

Terms of Publication. THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday...

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON. ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

DICKINSON HOUSE. CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor Geo. A. Field.

J. EMERY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa.

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E. B. BENEDICT, D. DENTIST. C. N. DARTT. WOULD respectfully say to the citizens of Wellsboro...

CORNING WHOLESALE DRUG AND BOOK STORE. DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS, WINDOW GLASS, KEROSENE OIL, ALCOHOL, BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

WANTED! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS WHEAT! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS CORN! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS OATS! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS RYE!

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WOOL CARDING AND CLOTH DRESSING. IN THE OLD FOUNDRY AT Wellsboro, Tioga County, Pa.

THE subscriber having fitted up the place for the purpose of Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing...

DENTIST. DR. RALPH GILLETTE, JARPER, STEUBEN COUNTY, N. Y.

NOTICE TO COLLECTORS.—The Collectors are requested to settle the balance of their duplicates...

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to distribute the proceeds arising from the Sheriff's sale of real estate of Wm. B. Middaugh...

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to audit the account of J. F. Donaldson, Administrator of the estate of Fannie Greenleaf...

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FALL AND WINTER GOODS. No. 2, Union Block. JEROME SMITH. HAS returned from New York with a splendid assortment of DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, GLASSWARE, GROCERIES, DOMESTICS, WOODENWARE, ENGLISH CLOTHES, LADIES' DRESS GOODS, SATINS, FRENCH CASSIMERS, FULL CLOTH, TWEEDS AND KENTUCKY JEANS.

Attention is called to his stock of Black and Figured Dress Silks, Worsteds Goods, Merinos, Black and Figured DeLaines, Long and Square Shawls, Ladies' Cloths, Opera Flannels, &c.

Purchasers will find that No. 2, Union Block, Main Street, is the place to buy the best quality of goods at the lowest prices. JEROME SMITH. Wellsboro, Nov. 5, 1862.

BEST PIANOS. 150 JOS. P. HALE & CO., having removed to their new warehouses, No. 478 BROADWAY.

7 OCTAVE ROSEWOOD PIANO, containing all improvements known in this country or Europe, over-strung bass, French grand action, hazy-pedal, full iron frame, for \$150 & 175 CASH, Warranted for 5 Years.

Rich moulding cases, \$200, \$250, & \$300. all warranted made of the best seasoned material, and to stand better than any sold for \$400 or \$500 by the old methods of manufacture. We invite DEALERS AND TEACHERS in all parts of the country, to act as agents, and to test these unrivalled Pianos with Steiny & Sons, Chickering & Sons, or any first-class manufacturers.

JOS. P. HALE & CO., 478 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oct. 22, 1862-4m.

PENSION AGENCY. TO SOLDIERS AND THEIR FRIENDS. THE undersigned having had considerable experience in procuring Pension Bounties and Back pay of Soldiers, will attend to all business in that line entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

Persons wishing to confer with me will please call or address me by letter at Sylvania, Bradford County, Pa. Charges reasonable. GEO. P. MONROE. Refers by permission to H. B. Card, County Treasurer, Wellsboro, Pa. D. F. Penney, Troy, Pa. A. H. Spalding, Sheriff, Towanda, Pa. Oct. 15, 1862.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned having been appointed Auditor to audit the account of J. F. Donaldson, Administrator of the estate of Fannie Greenleaf, dec'd., will expose to public sale at the Court House in Wellsboro, on the 22nd day of November next, at 2 o'clock P. M., of said day the following described real estate situated in Delmar township to wit:

A lot of land beginning at a post the north west corner of land surveyed for John Hastings; thence by said Hastings and land surveyed by L. Foss south 75° 24' to a birch tree; thence by land surveyed for Wm. L. Warriner west 114° 24' to a line tree in the west line; thence by the warrant line north 75° 24' to a hemlock tree; thence by land deeded to Gates and H. Wilcox east 114° 24' to the place of beginning—containing 532 acres, about 20 acres improved, a log house and an old shanty for a barn and a few fruit trees thereon. Oct. 15, 1862. JACOB HILTBOLT, Adm'r.

IMPORTANT TO CONSUMERS OF TOBACCO. Persons desiring to abandon its use, should procure a package of this ANTIDOTE FOR TOBACCO. This antidote is the means of destroying the taste for tobacco, and thereby every one MAY ABANDON ITS USE! Price, 30 cents per package, sent Post paid. Agents wanted for this and five other new articles commanding READY SALES AND GOOD PROFITS. For particulars, enclose stamp and send for Circular Address, G. M. DEWITT, WEST BURLINGTON, PA. AUG. 27, 1862.

Application in Divorce. Charlotte Hubbard, by her next friend, Lyman Harris, vs. June Term, 1862. No. 186, Advertisement in Divorce.

To George W. Hubbard: You are hereby notified that Charlotte Hubbard, your wife, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga County, for a Divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and that the said Court have appointed Monday, the 24th day of November next, at the Court House, in Wellsboro, Pa., at which time and place you can attend if you think proper. H. STOWELL, Jr., Sheriff. Wellsboro, Oct. 29, 1862.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, having been appointed Auditor to distribute the proceeds arising from the Sheriff's sale of real estate of Wm. B. Middaugh and T. Patten, will attend to the duties of his appointment at the Court House, in Wellsboro, on the 25th day of November next, at which time and place all persons having any claims upon said fund are required to present them for allowance. H. W. WILLIAMS, Auditor. Wellsboro, Nov. 5, 1862.

CURIOSITY.—Quite a curiosity in the shape of a new Patent Fruit Jar for preserving Fruit, can be seen at Roy's Drug Store. Call and examine them if you do not wish to buy.

THE RED STAIN ON THE LEAVES. The wood-bird's nest upon the bough, Deserted, and heaped with leaves, Once filled with life and joy, but now Sad as a stricken heart that grieves; Amid the light of such a scene, Where silent vales and hills are clad In gayest hues of gold and green, Why should the human heart be sad?

Yet sadder thoughts fit through the mind, And pass unspoken and unguessed, As leaves, touched by the Autumn wind, Fall from the twig to which they cling. Here, like the patriarch in his dream, We see the ladder angels tread, The mountains to our vision seem To lean against the throne of God.

The valls of golden mist that rise Over the wood-lands to the sea, Draw where the gullant-souled lies, Whose furlough is eternity. Upon the leaves now scathed and red, That once were flakes of fire to me, I see the blood our armies shed, That our dear country might be free. GEO. W. BURGAT.

From Hammond's Company. ON THE MARCH, SOUTH OF LEESBURG, VA., November 1, 1862. FRIEND AGITATOR—It has been quite a long time since I wrote you, and I should not write to-night did I not feel myself obligated to the friends of those in my company who have so much interest in the welfare of their friends here; for I am pretty tired, and have no fair opportunity to do so. Not that what I could write would have any merit of its own; but that I know anything pertaining to the experience of Tioga County boys in the army, will be read with interest by their friends at home.

I last wrote you at Sharpshurg, and gave you an account of our march from Frederick. While we lay in camp near Sharpshurg, we fell in with a great many of our friends in the Reserve and Bucktails, as well as in other Regiments, whom we were glad to see, and to whose stories of their campaigns, we listened with all attention and the liveliest satisfaction. They all deserve the highest praise for the noble sacrifices they have made for their country; and their friends at home may well be proud of them as the veterans of this war, who fought and won the great battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and covered the arms of our country with a glory which never will fade!

But it makes one sad to look upon the remnants of their decimated regiments, and reflect that of those whose places there are now vacant, many sleep the honored sleep of the soldier, dying for his country, perhaps far from the homes they so much loved, and expected again to enjoy, when the martial tread and array of arms should have given place to the higher and nobler efforts of peaceful avocations, while thousands of others have only returned to their homes to pass a miserable existence, (save it be in the high satisfaction they might enjoy in the conviction which follows always from the performance of duty,) with ruined constitutions, and hearts rendered forever sad when reminded of their happy youth, and the elastic hopes they thus cherished. So it may and probably will be with us. This is a desperate war; and many thousand more of happy homes must be desolated, and hearts wrecked, before it can be sustained in vindication of the right, and the success of the cause of the country, as opposed to the infamous doctrine of dissolution and destruction.

Last Sunday, Oct. 26, (allowing me to pass over so great an interval, of some two weeks) the troops all about us received marching orders in earnest; and though the day was by far the most boisterous and disagreeable of the season, they set out in the direction of Harper's Ferry. We did not move; I suppose for the very good reason that there were already more men on the way than could cross the river, for several days. It was fortunate for us. It rained not a little through most of the day, and throughout the night the wind blew as if to carry our cloth horses away, though well staked down. We were slack of candles, and the evening wore away by story and song, till our thoughtful Sergeant friend, Barlow, manufactured a light by running some accumulated grease up on a plate, with a rag for a wick. It was a wild night, dark, howling, and mournful. It was such a night as I love for its very wildness, and dark shades, as if a thousand forms were hiding behind its sable curtain, to wake the memories of the past, and unmask its hidden mysteries, even under the cover of its unusual darkness; for the mind then wanders unattracted by the beauties of nature reflected in the light of day, and undisturbed by human actions. The strong cold wind which blew so all night, dried up the rain considerably. On the following day the sun came out in splendor, and by the time set for us to move, the roads were in good shape for a march, save here and there where the rain had accumulated in too great quantities to yield so readily to its genial power.

At 2 p. m., Monday 27th ult., we set out in brigade for the first time on the march. We are the second battalion, in the brigade, which is composed of the 88th, 90th, and 136th Pa., and the 26th and 94th N. Y. regiments, all of which save ours, are old regiments which have seen, and suffered much, in service. Our baggage train detained us very much, so that by 9 o'clock we had only made about seven miles, when we fled into a field, as we supposed, for the night. The night was quite cold, but we were fortunate in getting a good supply of rails for wood. The items of fuel and water, are two important things to look after in movements of troops; for the best that can be done, still leaves it no little task to provide them. While at Sharpshurg, we had to carry all the water from a mile to a mile and a half. But we were very fortunate that night, for there was a fence on every side of the field, and a brook ran close by. It was but a few moments before the boys had their coffee steaming, and the bright fires blazed high, till the stories of the day were told, and they lay down to sleep, having spread their little shelter tents which they carry with them on the march. They consist of pieces of shifting some four feet square, with buttons and button-holes on three sides, so that any number of them may be fastened together, thereby making a roomy habitation—usually five or six together. The roof is pretty low, and it requires quite humble spirits to bow in submission to

them; and yet they are a shelter from the rain, and a boundary of dominion, so that each one knows the limits of his own house.

I was somewhat wearied that night, but not tired; and I stood by the fire away up in the edge of the woods, where we had chosen a place to lie down for the night, writing by the blaze of the fire, with no one to disturb my attention, save it were by the music of those sleeping near by, or by their sudden exclamations, when an unfriendly owl trespassed too near for comfort or safety. Soon an orderly rode up who inquired for our Colonel in such a manner as to impress me with the belief that something was up. The 88th Pennsylvania, was some distance ahead of us, not being cumbered by so much baggage as we, and I guessed the truth when I thought we should probably move up some time in the night to the advance of our Brigade; yet I did not hunch the Captain who lay near by, nor hullo to the Lieutenant, who had taken up quarters for the night with some friendly crowd; but kept on, writing a few pages in my journal which is my constant repository of my own experience, either in camp or on the march, till suddenly I heard, away down the line near the road, "marching orders!"

The drum beat, and soon the vigilant orderly sang out, "fall in company A!" It was eleven o'clock. The moon which had lent its friendly light to us in the evening, had now gone behind the hill, and darkness reigned supreme, save from the faint light of the distant stars, a soft relief was reflected, which served well to guide us when we once became accustomed to the influence. We hurried along as best we could, picking our way without much regard to form. We rose and descended a high hill, marching a distance of three miles, and encamped in Pleasant Valley, near Bargueville. It was two o'clock when we lay down for the night. In the morning we set out again, and marched to Berlin a point on the Potomac, eight miles below Harper's Ferry.

It seemed good once more to be in hearing distance of the locomotive, for it sounds like business and civilization, to hear the cars rolling along with their heavy burdens, even now, when we well know the mission which calls them forth in such fearful succession.

November 2d.—We encamped in a hard wood grove, about three-fourths of a mile from the River where we remained over the next day, (Friday,) making out the pay-rolls, while waiting for the troops of Burnside's Corps to cross the River. Saturday Morning, Oct. 30th, we were ordered up, and crossed the River about noon, on a pontoon bridge, just about the site of the bridge, which was burned one year ago at that place. The piers still stand, expressive of the destruction and desolation which followed in the footsteps of war. This was our first entrance into Virginia. The road we took led us through a fertile portion of Loudon County, and Lovettsville, a "little Virginia hamlet," (to borrow the expression of a young soldier friend, who has seen something in this war,) on our way to the line of the advance under Burnside. We drew up just before night and lay in Camp there about eight miles south of Berlin, resting on the next day, when we were mustered.

Yesterday morning, we buckled on our baggage and marched on our pleasant camp there on the hill, about 10 o'clock. The boys are always in good spirits, and especially when there are such fair prospects for something to do, as seemed then to be before us. We passed through Waterford, a little village, where we saw a great many of the 45th Pennsylvania. There was some shaking hands, and many friendly greetings. I had little trouble breaking through the ranks, to shake hands with Maj. E. G. Schieffelin, of the 45th Pennsylvania, for the boys were straying here and there to pay a brief word of friendship, and I was most glad to see him. He bears a soldierly appearance, and is spoken of in high terms as an officer, who does himself worthy credit. Towards night, having marched some twelve or fourteen miles, we fled into line in a field, and broke ranks for the night. I presume it was not five minutes before one half mile of fence was brought and piled up to burn for the night, within my sight. I saw a two year old taken by and led into the woods to be slain, but the adjutant rode out just in time to prevent it. The pigs squealed and chickens squealed all night and fresh meat prevailed in the morning more plentifully than has been the case any time heretofore. I suppose the Quartermaster had made a good contract, and this was the fruit of it. I cannot stop here to particularize, or I could give you an account of how a quarter of fresh pork was unexpectedly found in our open marquee, a morning ago, and how several cups of beautiful honey greeted our anxious eyes, while the "phiz" of Monahan, one worthy soldier presented a queer appearance, from the effects of too close proximity to the heliocyte honey-maker. Suffice it that we did not suffer for something good to eat next morning; and if a stray rail accidentally came in contact with a fat pig, so accidentally that he should not disturb the quiet repose of its owner, with even one decent meal, then it seems to me only an act of kindness for a Lieutenant, Sergeant, or any other soldier, to put an end to its misery, which done, it would certainly be wrong to leave it to waste or be destroyed, in the event of the neglect of its owner.

We have heard firing all the afternoon in the direction of Snicker's Gap, toward Winchester, which is a little north of west. Burnside's division has passed in that direction to-day. The firing is only some eight miles distant. We shall probably march in the morning—probably before. The rebels must run or fight. I think probably they will retreat, but we hope to give them some trouble before they reach Gardonsville. We have the shortest road to that place, and Siegel has yet a shorter route. They may run into Ohio, or perhaps overcome our defensive forces at Harper's Ferry or some other crossing, and again go North; or, again, they may intend making a great struggle at Winchester. I do not believe they can cross the Blue Ridge to Richmond, unless they overcome us in a decisive battle. I can not tell with any certainty how many for a there are across here; but there are at least enough for a great battle. They may out-number, out-general, and perhaps beat us; but we believe

the contrary. I only hope we may have a chance to fight a decisive battle; I think our greatest danger is in their making a successful retreat. Oh! that the right may triumph, the Constitution and the Union be permanently established, law vindicated, and order, and honorable peace restored, by one effectual conquest of the enemy in Virginia.

I write entirely by moonlight now, and will close this long and disconnected letter, hoping next time to give you an honorable account of the 130th under fire. JOHN I. MIRCEN.

FROM A TIOGA BOY. Extracts from a Private Letter. FAIRBANK SEMINARY HOSPITAL, VA., Oct. 28, 1862.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS—One of our finest autumn days is drawing to a close. It is less crisp than some of its predecessors, has been quite pleasantly sprinkled with heavy rains. As I write, the sweet strains of a chant, from the chapel organ, are wafted to the ear on the balmy, gently stirring evening air. Now it is full, clear, distinct. Now it is merged with a heavy, rumbling tone, like the dying echoes of a passing storm, or as the rising surges of the surf, far away; and then it falls to a plaintive strain, sad as the wail of a desolate spirit. Now, it dies to a murmur of gentle winds, tremulous as playing sphyras; and rises then in tones full, strong and deep, thrilling the nerves and quite stirring the air seemingly, with its rolling bass. Oh, such rich, full tones! Such chords! Such harmony! Do they not strike responsive chords in the human heart? How full of melody! How full of a lovely, vague, undimmed something, that ever brings home to the memory, I cannot account for it, but no sooner come these soft, sad strains of music, than steals with them, through the heart, a feeling of loneliness, quite unnerving! Tears seem floating near the troubled surface of the feelings, which only need to ponder on dear, distant friends and home ties; to bring them gushing from their fountains! Is this a weakness? 'Tis not; for I would not check them! They are as dew to the heart. What is there in music that so ignominates itself into the soul, unless it be some inward sympathy, an inward answering music! A thin, quivering vibration of invisible air, ever thrilling the sense with the same pure, intangible, subtle sweetness.

One by one the fleeting days are gradually shortening and passing away; and this one, a golden, dreamy, autumnal day is hastening to its sequel to say good night to the setting sun, ere quickening night shall intervene with her dark, hovering wings. And as the day, so in nature approaching her disarming time. The sighing wind whistles mournfully through the rustling branches of the trees. The fields grow yellow more in the decaying remnant of their glorious summer garb. The deep, green colors, in nature's rustic robe, are fading slowly away; the grass, far-stretching hues are shedding their stale and sober hues and assuming their undress attire which rustles and sings them to their long, winter sleep. Each tree puts on its dusky coat of russet brown and nods like an early sleeper to the whispers of the breeze. The leafing, weary, laughing brooks will soon be hoarse, and crystallized in icy fetters and prove dangerous slip-ups for careless feet. Outward signs of life will wither, drop and fall, until bronzed russet Autumn, shall breathe its last, in the stern advance and strong, but chilling embrace of winter.

May we not find an analogy to this in life? I think we can. The going and coming clouds and sunshine of youth—the warm budding showers of life's spring time—the tills up the ascent to the bright and sunny summer plains, flushed with the brilliancy of vivifying, exuberant, vital, undimmed hope—then the autumn fruits of mature intellect—all followed by the fading, the dimmed eye, the silvered hair—the fading hues of life, the signs of physical decay, resolving themselves one by one, into the lineaments of another life, into the glowing vestments of a higher life.

This is the fruitful, heavy laden, autumn-time of nature. And with its passing days, come such autumn-loads of sweet, thronging, pleasing memories! They come, like the lugh of trooping children, down the embowered vista of the past, in bewildering compulsion—a buoyant, joyous, happy group, with just the sweet shadow hovering o'er their path. They reach far, far off—they come from home—ah, "home, sweet home!" Such memories never sorrow, never sadden. They bring from out the teeming past childhood's delights, boyhood's wealth of fun and frolic and the sober pleasures of after youth. Home! Does our good Saxon give us a sweeter word? Around it cluster the dear names of mother, sister, wife, father, brother; names which form a wreath of love about the delights of social life and beauty around the shrine of our home altar. Home! There is a spell in the sound of its sweetly-voiced accents. The familiar scenes and associations of that precious spot are dredged so deeply into memory's vault, that no distance shall dim, no time obscure them; nor shall the dark caverns of the mind spirit them away. Not only is there a sweetness in the word, but a power. Our affections cling to it even as the loving tendrils of its own running vines. And in semblance, we'll train our happy recollections of these, about our affections, so that they shall outlive the transient fleetness of their own trailing vines! Too dear the thoughts of thee, "sweet home," to be lost in ungenerous forgetfulness! Thy pleasures are manifold, thy lessons many.—The anticipated pleasure of their re-joyments, cannot, will not be dismissed. Can we forget thee? Never. No—we cannot give thee up! The brown, old barns, the rippling brook playfully toying in its babbling course with miniature water wheels; the garden, the meadows, the orchard; the herded pasture, the gorge, the rocks with all their sunshine shade and life, are to the mind's vision, clear, life-like, home-like and as plainly discernible through the falling mist of the dim distance, as if I overlooked them with an actual eye.—Sportive youth here breaks away its sunny hours. But not always so. A change must come. The tender ties of association and in-

timacy with fond, familiar scenes, must be broken for awhile. A new phase of life is opening up to the gaze of maturing youth. A work is to be done.

The fledgling, an untried wing leaves the old nest and seeks a mate to rear another. So with the human fledgling—the old home must be given up and untired energies and helping hands unite, to form a new one; to be, in turn, as nature and her maker demand; deserted as the other. The time arrives when those home delights must be bid adieu; and the youth, a fond brother or dutiful son perhaps, just beginning to feel the glow of manhood's aspirations swell his bosom, must go out into the world and grapple with the real and actual in life.

Will he throw down the gauntlet for the contest, well provided with a ballast powers of true self-respect, proper aims, pure aspirations, as hundreds have, and hundreds have failed to do before him? Will he be determined, resolute, self-reliant, upright in action, independent in thought, actuated by high resolves, a liberal fraternity of interests, noble examples and friendly words, which make our daily life one of happy, communings and beckoning hopes; or will he swoon from this course and prove recreant to these influences, and languish in timid, hesitating, uncertain action, and basely grovel to other men's nod, a fawning eunuch through life?

Will he adopt safe guides to action, and settled principles, knitted like compact muscles, that shall be firm and strong, engrafted into his being deep enough to ward off the subtlest barb; the keenest shaft of error and wrong? Shall he be always ready and willing to answer where duty calls and scorn to bow or cringe to one low thought? pure and proud of his home however lowly or obscure, that his home hearts may be proud of him? Or will his spirits weaken and he forget to wrestle and to work? will he forsake the Right, and throw off the gray mantle of sober Truth; to put on the treacherous, flattering robe of Error?

Earthing indeed, if he will lean on props and stoop and creep to others, as a mere imitation; too effortless to put forth strong manly labor to regain a lost inheritance, common to all, but by sin and labor cursed, and to be redeemed, ere reclaimed, with its world full of manifold blessings. Will he choose and accomplish the good of all this? Much depends on the native impulse—"to the manor born;" but more depends on the training of those impulses by this home life—whether he goes forth to meet the rough buffeting of life with a manly energy and a stern, well directed determination of purpose, or whether he faints under his task; and lives the mere semblance and apology of manhood.

But truly, how anomalies multiply! Here I am ranning this letter into a prolonged treatise on "the proper training of youth," when more than likely, I am ignorant of the very first elements or principle thereof. With this confession, I think I better desist—dry up—simmer down—cut short, and stop. So I will.

We have a character here among our Sagamore Doctors, that I must tell you about. We joyfully call him Sharkey, by way of a designator, which answers for a vulgarly known as a brick—full of his shibes, and withal, something of a tragedian besides; and by the way, I was a party to one of his innocent tragicities, the other day. But I must describe the Doctor to you, before I tell you about that.

Well then, imagine if you can, a raw-boned, lathy, six-foot specimen of the genius, apparently put together in the most careless manner imaginable, and seemingly ready to fall to pieces upon the slightest provocation. His legs are thin long and lanky, in fact, they deserve no better name than shanks. There seems to be an unabbreviated tendency to run to legs—they look as if they could make a long journey short, and are the most striking points about him, except his two fists, and if I should say they were his only visible means of support, (without reference to his salary,) I might make a statement to hook an argument on, and possibly a successful contradiction, for although they do to all appearance support him, the question of their visibility is clothed in some uncertainty. (Besides capacious pantaloons.) But the appendix or adjuncts, which belong to these perambulatory appendages, (I mean his legs of course,) surpasseth all the understanding I ever saw. But this at once demonstrates the principle of equal justice which reigns in nature; for what she has whitened from his legs, she has added to his feet. His feet are really stupendous—"like coming events, they cast their shadows before." They appropriate all the immediate available vicinity about the Doctor, and sometimes encroach upon his neighbor's. They understand the meaning of reverse engine; for to this does their conductor have to resort when he cannot turn around. In short, (if there is anything short about him,) in addition to his leathern saddle bags, he totes along a respectable tannery or two, and respectable, because they are two mighty silencers of any abuse, casting discredit upon a magnified understanding, not likely to be overturned. Long may it stand! As to his body, it is sound, robust, and broader than it is long; evidently much better fitted for use, than ornament. Geographically speaking, its latitude equals not its longitude; this is the effect on all old practitioners; poor fellows! They have to ride, such hard trotting horses. But nature in this case, ever watchful, comes again to the rescue—what his body lacks in length, his neck and arms do not; they are on the elongated order, tough, sinewy, and long drawn out. His long boy-ape-like hands, seem to possess a strong affinity for his feet, and are ever seeking a close acquaintance. The attraction is doubtless in their resemblance. Below his knees they immovable hang, or pendulate, let down like the bucket on a well-sweep. Beneath his jaunty cap, is an unmistakable head, it is globe-like at least, and the contents, if not solid, are yet sufficient for the capacity thereof; but whether they "boil down," or runneth old-fashioned, fits not very well; but generally all the head is very fitting done for the handwork of tapping out. Like signal stations, high honing here breaks away its sunny hours. But not always so. A change must come. The tender ties of association and in-

timacy with fond, familiar scenes, must be broken for awhile. A new phase of life is opening up to the gaze of maturing youth. A work is to be done.

The fledgling, an untried wing leaves the old nest and seeks a mate to rear another. So with the human fledgling—the old home must be given up and untired energies and helping hands unite, to form a new one; to be, in turn, as nature and her maker demand; deserted as the other. The time arrives when those home delights must be bid adieu; and the youth, a fond brother or dutiful son perhaps, just beginning to feel the glow of manhood's aspirations swell his bosom, must go out into the world and grapple with the real and actual in life.

Will he throw down the gauntlet for the contest, well provided with a ballast powers of true self-respect, proper aims, pure aspirations, as hundreds have, and hundreds have failed to do before him? Will he be determined, resolute, self-reliant, upright in action, independent in thought, actuated by high resolves, a liberal fraternity of interests, noble examples and friendly words, which make our daily life one of happy, communings and beckoning hopes; or will he swoon from this course and prove recreant to these influences, and languish in timid, hesitating, uncertain action, and basely grovel to other men's nod, a fawning eunuch through life?

Will he adopt safe guides to action, and settled principles, knitted like compact muscles, that shall be firm and strong, engrafted into his being deep enough to ward off the subtlest barb; the keenest shaft of error and wrong? Shall he be always ready and willing to answer where duty calls and scorn to bow or cringe to one low thought? pure and proud of his home however lowly or obscure, that his home hearts may be proud of him? Or will his spirits weaken and he forget to wrestle and to work? will he forsake the Right, and throw off the gray mantle of sober Truth; to put on the treacherous, flattering robe of Error?

Earthing indeed, if he will lean on props and stoop and creep to others, as a mere imitation; too effortless to put forth strong manly labor to regain a lost inheritance, common to all, but by sin and labor cursed, and to be redeemed, ere reclaimed, with its world full of manifold blessings. Will he choose and accomplish the good of all this? Much depends on the native impulse—"to the manor born;" but more depends on the training of those impulses by this home life—whether he goes forth to meet the rough buffeting of life with a manly energy and a stern, well directed determination of purpose, or whether he faints under his task; and lives the mere semblance and apology of manhood.

But truly, how anomalies multiply! Here I am ranning this letter into a prolonged treatise on "the proper training of youth," when more than likely, I am ignorant of the very first elements or principle thereof. With this confession, I think I better desist—dry up—simmer down—cut short, and stop. So I will.

We have a character here among our Sagamore Doctors, that I must tell you about. We joyfully call him Sharkey, by way of a designator, which answers for a vulgarly known as a brick—full of his shibes, and withal, something of a tragedian besides; and by the way, I was a party to one of his innocent tragicities, the other day. But I must describe the Doctor to you, before I tell you about that.

Well then, imagine if you can, a raw-boned, lathy, six-foot specimen of the genius, apparently put together in the most careless manner imaginable, and seemingly ready to fall to pieces upon the slightest provocation. His legs are thin long and lanky, in fact, they deserve no better name than shanks. There seems to be an unabbreviated tendency to run to legs—they look as if they could make a long journey short, and are the most striking points about him, except his two fists, and if I should say they were his only visible means of support, (without reference to his salary,) I might make a statement to hook an argument on, and possibly a successful contradiction, for although they do to all appearance support him, the question of their visibility is clothed in some uncertainty. (Besides capacious pantaloons.) But the appendix or adjuncts, which belong to these perambulatory appendages, (I mean his legs of course,) surpasseth all the understanding I ever saw. But this at once demonstrates the principle of equal justice which reigns in nature; for what she has whitened from his legs, she has added to his feet. His feet are really stupendous—"like coming events, they cast their shadows before." They appropriate all the immediate available vicinity about the Doctor, and sometimes encroach upon his neighbor's. They understand the meaning of reverse engine; for to this does their conductor have to resort when he cannot turn around. In short, (if there is anything short about him,) in addition to his leathern saddle bags, he totes along a respectable tannery or two, and respectable, because they are two mighty silencers of any abuse, casting discredit upon a magnified understanding, not likely to be overturned. Long may it stand! As to his body, it is sound, robust, and broader than it is long; evidently much better fitted for use, than ornament. Geographically speaking, its latitude equals not its longitude; this is the effect on all old practitioners; poor fellows! They have to ride, such hard trotting horses. But nature in this case, ever watchful, comes again to the rescue—what his body lacks in length, his neck and arms do not; they are on the elongated order, tough, sinewy, and long drawn out. His long boy-ape-like hands, seem to possess a strong affinity for his feet, and are ever seeking a close acquaintance. The attraction is doubtless in their resemblance. Below his knees they immovable hang, or pendulate, let down like the bucket on a well-sweep. Beneath his jaunty cap, is an unmistakable head, it is globe-like at least, and the contents, if not solid, are yet sufficient for the capacity thereof; but whether they "boil down," or runneth old-fashioned, fits not very well; but generally all the head is very fitting done for the handwork of tapping out. Like signal stations, high honing here breaks away its sunny hours. But not always so. A change must come. The tender ties of association and in-

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