

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will
attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean
counties. [Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1883.]

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

J. EMBRY,
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 Pennsylv-
ania. nov21, 60.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,
Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa.
J. W. BIGONY, 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. FERRILL, PROPRIETOR,
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of
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, 1880.

G. C. CAMPBELL,
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.
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 re-
shampooing and beautifying the hair, for sale
moving
Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and
see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

HART'S HOTEL,
THOMAS GRAYES, Proprietor.
(Formerly of the Springton Hotel.)
THIS Hotel, kept for a long time by David Hart,
is being repaired and enlarged. The
improvements will be finished in a few days, where
they may be found ready to wait upon his old customers
and the traveling public generally. His table will
be provided with the best of the market. At his bar
may be found the choicest brands of liquors and
cigars.
Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1883.-1f.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
B. E. HOLLIDAY, Proprietor.
THE Proprietor having again taken possession of
the above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure
the comfort of guests and the traveling public. At-
tentive waiters always ready. Terms reasonable.
Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1883.-1f.

Q. W. WELLSINGTON & CO'S. BANK,
CORNING, N. Y.
(LOCATED IN THE DICKINSON HOUSE.)
American Gold and Silver Coins bought and sold.
New York Exchange, do.
Uncurrent Money, do.
United States Demand Notes "old issue" bought.
Collections made in all parts of the Union at Cur-
rent rates of Exchange.
Particular pains will be taken to accommodate our
patrons from the Tioga Valley. Our Office will be
open at 10 A. M. and receive P. M. giving parties
passing over the Tioga Rail Road ample time to
transact their business before the departure of the
train in the morning, and after its arrival in the
evening.
Q. W. WELLSINGTON, President.
Corning, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1882.

JEROME E. NILES,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
NILES VALLEY, TIOPA COUNTY, PA.
HAVING associated himself with a legal firm in
Washington, he possesses first rate facilities for
the prosecution of Claims for Pensions, Back Pay,
Bounty, and all other just demands against the Gov-
ernment. All such claims will be attended to with
promptness and fidelity, and "no charges" will be
made unless the application is successful.
Middlebury Centre, Nov. 12, 1882.-3m.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts
in Potter and McKean Counties. All business con-
tinued to his care will receive prompt attention. He
has the agency of large tracts of good settling land
and will attend to the payment of taxes on any lands
in said counties.
Coudersport, Jan. 28, 1883.-4

J. CAMEBELL, JR.,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
KNOXVILLE, TIOPA COUNTY, PA.
Prompt attention given to the procuring of Pen-
sions, Back Pay and Bounties &c.
Jan. 7, 1883.-6m.

**WOOL CARDING AND
CLOTH DRESSING,**
IN THE OLD FOUNDRY AT
Wellsborough, Tioga County, Pa.
THE subscriber having fitted up the place for the
purpose of Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing, and
also would inform the people that we will take
wool to manufacture on shares or by the yard, to suit
customers, and would inform the people that we can
card wool at any time, as our works run by steam
power, and also that we will be credited for four
cents per pound. Wool and produce will be taken for
pay for the same.
N. B. Prompt attention will be paid to all favoring
us. We will give good satisfaction.
CHARLES LEE,
JOHN LEE.
Wellsboro, June 11, 1882.

HOMESTEAD.
A NEW STORE AND TIN SHOP HAS
just been opened in the town of Corning, where may
be found a good assortment of Cooking, Parlor and
Box Stoves, of the best approved patterns, and from
the best manufacturers. The HOMESTEAD is ad-
mitted to be the best. Elevated Oven Stove in the
market.
"GOLDEN AGE" & "GOOD HOPE."
are square, flat top of tight stoves, with large ovens,
with many advantages over any other stove before
made. Parlor Stove, The Signet and Caspian are
both new and a perfect stove.
Also Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron ware, kept con-
stantly on hand and ready to order of the best ma-
terial and workmanship, all of which will be sold at
the lowest figure for cash or ready pay.
Job work of all kinds done to order.
Tioga, Jan. 14, 1883. BURNESSEY & SMEAD.

WELLSBORO ACADEMY.
Wellsboro, Tioga County, Penna.
MARINUS N. ALLEN, A. M., Principal
assisted by a corps of competent teachers.
The Spring Term will commence on the 30th of
March, 1883.
Tuition for term, from \$2.50 to \$6.00.
A Traces' Course will also be formed.
By order of Trustees,
J. F. DONALDSON, Pres't.
Wellsboro, March 11, 1883.

STOVES AND TINSWARE.
WILLIAM ROBERTS
HAS opened a new Store and Tin Shop in the
Post Office Building, where he is prepared
to furnish his old friends and customers, and
the public generally with everything in his line of
business, including
Cooking Stoves of the most approved styles; Par-
lor, Dining Room, and Coal Stoves; Tinware and
Kitchen furniture of all varieties.
Call and see our new stock.
Wellsboro, Feb. 3, 1882.

**CORNING
WHOLESALE DRUG AND BOOK STORE.**
RUGS AND MATS,
PAINTS AND OILS,
WINDOW GLASS,
KEROSENE OIL,
ACCORD,
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
Sold at wholesale by
W. J. TERRELL.
Country Merchants supplied with these articles at
NEW YORK PRICES.
Corning, Feb. 28, 1882.

STOP that cough by using Chas. C. Vegetable
Embrocation. See advertisement in another col-
umn. Sold by Druggists. [Feb. 18, 1883.]

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. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOPA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1883. NO. 34.

Select Poetry.

COMPROMISE.

Compromise! who dares to speak it
On the nation's hallowed day,
When the air with thunder echoes
And the rocket-lightnings play?
Compromise! write on the dial
Liberty goes ages back—
Scourged, and bound, for our denial,
Firm to the despot's rack?

Compromise! while angels tremble
As we falter in the road!
Crimes, and flatter, and dissemble!
We who hold such royal power!
Compromise! 't is better the crown!
Has our valor stopped below?
Have we lost our ancient armor?
Face to face to meet the foe?

Compromise is treason's ally,
Traitor's Velvets, coward's raid;
All the wrongs that Justice suffers
Flourish in its deadly shade,
Compromise is base undoing
Of the dearest our fathers' wrong;
They for Rights and Freedom mingled
We, disdaining what they bought.

No! by the Mayflower's peril
On the wild and wintry sea,
By the Pilgrim's prayer ascending
As he knelt with reverent knee;
By the fairest day of summer,
When the tried, the true, the brave,
Name, and life, and sacred honor
To the roll of Freedom gave;

By the tears, the march, the battles
Where the noble fearless died—
Wild around the cannon's rattle,
Waiting angels at their side;
By our children's golden fetters,
By our fathers' stainless shield,
That which God and heroes left us,
We will never, never yield!

Hear it, ye who sit in council,
We, the people, tell you so!
Will you venture "Yes" to whisper,
When the millions thunder "No"?
Will you sell the nation's birthright
For a moment's selfish gain?
While a cry of shame and vengeance
Rings from Oregon to Maine?

Compromise—then separation—
Such the order of the two;
Who admits the first temptation,
Has the second's work to do.
Compromise—the subtle ally;
Separation—whirlwind power!
For a moment's selfish gain,
Will you risk that reading hour?

Who would sell the Mississippi?
Who would the Missouri hold?
Win Ohio's fertile borders?
Sacramento's sands of gold?
Whose would be our banner's glory?
Whose our old illustrious story,
Patriot's graves and fields of fame?

Compromise—we scorn the offer!
Separation—we defy!
Firm and free and one forever!
Thus the people make reply:
"Death to every form of Treason,
While the chorus swells and echoes—
WE WILL NEVER, NEVER YIELD!"

Year and year passed by, and plodding care
and industry helped Caleb Graymarsh, to climb
the ladder of fortune. At first, some deaf hand-
icraft brought him higher wages; that he
became foreman, and at last a partner in the
very establishment which he had first entered
a friendly boy, ordered and cuffed about by
any one who chose to take the trouble. The
steps were short and easy after this, and twenty
years from the day on which he had knelt
beside his young wife's grave, the black chim-
ney of his own factory arose above the roof-
line of the town New England town, and people
spoke of Caleb Graymarsh as a person of wealth
and influence.

Select Story.

CALEB GRAYMARSH.

Old Caleb Graymarsh dwelt in the New Eng-
land village of M—, hard by his own stone-
walled, black-chimneyed factory, which belched
forth fire and smoke all day, and shone like
some ogre's palace half the night with the fires
and lights which glimmered through the win-
dows, and shed a crimson gleam over the waste
and barren land about the building. For it was
a stirring place, this factory, and the work
people were there among the whirring machi-
nery night and day—strong, stalwart fellows,
with begrimed hands and faces—old men,
who could just totter up the stairs—women,
tidy and trim, and some of them very pretty,
and the little children, who had been born
of wealthy parents, would only have been per-
mitted to leave the nursery under the guardi-
anship of a maid.

There was occupation for all M— at this
great factory, and in the eyes of his employees,
Caleb Graymarsh was a man of mighty wealth
and power. Fabulous tales were told of his
possessions in real estate, and the women folks
had a legend among them that the tea service,
which some of them had seen glittering on the
factory table, was made of solid dollars, melted
down for the express purpose, and that through-
out the house the furniture was covered with
real silk velvet. It was a pity, they said, that
poor Mrs. Graymarsh could not have lived to
see all this, but had died when Caleb was a
young man, struggling with the fortune which
was now his. A few years before there had
been a simple white slab in the grave-yard,
bearing the words, "KITTY GRAYMARSH, aged
20." But of late, a splendid marble monument
had arisen there, with a flowery inscription on
its face, and the figure of an angel bending
over it. A showy thing, with nothing artistic
about it; yet though the dead girl, who would
have been an elderly woman by this time had
she lived, slept no more peacefully under the
costly structure than she had beneath the sim-
ple slab, there was something in the sight when
one thought that by its erection the old man
had striven to make his lost wife participate in
the only possible way in the wealth which he
so valued.

It is hard to think of most old business men
as young lovers—strange to believe that smiles
or frowns from one woman were once of greater
moment to them than the rise or fall of stocks
has now become. And the grim old factory,
whose brows were puckered into a continual
frown, and whose mouth had become a straight
stern line, with grooves like wrinkles on either
side of it, scarce looked "the hero of a love
tale." Yet Caleb Graymarsh had been young
once, and had loved his little Kitty with a
strong, manly earnestness. She was the sole
love of his life, the only woman who had ever
made his heart beat. When he won her, sim-
ple country girl though she was, no monarch
was fonder of his queen, although all but his
wife believed him cold-hearted, and wondered
what stern force, blue-eyed Kitty had found
in his stern face. Only Caleb Graymarsh him-
self knew how well he loved his wife, and
when the sod was piled above her breast, he
knelt above it, tearless and speechless, and
prayed silently that God would let him die
also.

We talk of wishing for death very often, but
only those who have drained the cup of suffer-

ing to the very dregs ever pray for it so earn-
estly that they would not shrink and tremble
if their sinful prayer were answered; and the
bolt from heaven were seen descending. One
of those rare and terrible moments came to
Caleb Graymarsh as he knelt above his young
wife's grave, but none who knew him ever
guessed it. They saw, a few moments after-
wards, a plain, homely working man, with a
crease about his hat, rise to his feet, and plod
slowly homeward, and, seeing no tears in his
eyes and hearing no complaint from his lips,
thought he did not feel much, and so left him.
But Caleb Graymarsh, having no living kin-
dred, and not being at that time rich enough
to have made friends, took the wailing baby
from the woman who had cared for it, while he
had followed his mother to the grave, and nursed
it all night, feeling a strange comfort in the
soft cheek he held against his own, and in the
unconscious trilling of those tiny fingers about
his face.

He had thought very little of the baby while
his wife lived, save as a pet and a plaything;
it is well enough for him to have, but now he
experienced a new feeling towards it. It would
grow, perhaps, to have her form and features.
He wished it were a girl instead of a boy; and
yet even now he felt he was not quite desolate,
since God had left him this. And so, when
the morning dawned, and the golden sunbeams
crept through the bed-room window, they fell
on Caleb Graymarsh fast asleep, with his baby
on his bosom.

He put the child to nurse the next day, and
went about his work as usual. Whatever were
his feelings, he never spoke of them to any
one, and, young as he was, he had a grim, un-
social way with him which encouraged none
to seek his confidence. On Sundays, instead
of going with most of the other men to drink
and frolic, or joining the few more sober mind-
ed at church, Caleb Graymarsh went to the
country place, where his baby was at nurse,
and kept it with him under the green trees all
the day long. And the child, unconscious as
it really must have been, was so strangely
happy and contented that one might easily
have imagined that its little eyes could see and
read the tender secret of that rough working-
man's soul.

Year and year passed by, and plodding care
and industry helped Caleb Graymarsh, to climb
the ladder of fortune. At first, some deaf hand-
icraft brought him higher wages; that he
became foreman, and at last a partner in the
very establishment which he had first entered
a friendly boy, ordered and cuffed about by
any one who chose to take the trouble. The
steps were short and easy after this, and twenty
years from the day on which he had knelt
beside his young wife's grave, the black chim-
ney of his own factory arose above the roof-
line of the town New England town, and people
spoke of Caleb Graymarsh as a person of wealth
and influence.

In his life this man had married two strong
passions—the love for his dead wife, and the
greed of wealth; not a miser's love of hoard-
ing, but the pride of possession. Caleb Gray-
marsh liked to see envious eyes turned upon
him, and was fond of boasting and display—
Very little sympathy had he, either, for a poor
man. What he had done he believed that others
might do also. Those who worked for him
knew this, and expected no kindness from him.
He was strictly just, and sometimes even re-
miserated success by liberality; but he never com-
miserated failure or misfortune. Few heartily
liked him, but all, with accord, seemed to warm
towards his son, young Harry Graymarsh, a
genial, good-humored fellow, just come to man's
estate, and handsome enough to turn the heads
of all the girls in M—. He was, as Caleb
hoped he might be, his mother's image. He
had her blue eyes and fair hair, her gentle
smile and impulsive heart. Old Caleb had
merely education enough to enable him to read
and write and cypher in an imperfect manner;
but his son had been taught as well and thor-
oughly as any lad throughout the land. The
grim factory looked what he was, a working
man risen to prosperous circumstances and
wearing good clothes; but the son might have
been of royal blood for anything you could
guess to the contrary.

Once home from college, young Harry Gray-
marsh was often seen in the factory, passing,
with a kindly look and a laugh, along the ranks
of the grim workmen who toiled in the lower
part of the huge building, or passing to chat
with some blushing girl, who moved with light
step and graceful arms, bare to the dimpled
elbow, amongst the whirring wheels and spin-
dles upon the upper floor. Even the bent old
men and the pale factory children had a word
from him, and many a comfortable blanket and
warm shawl found its way, at Christmas, to the
dwelling of some old workman. "dreadful
bad with the rheumatism," at the bidding of
"young Master Harry."

There came at last amongst the forces in the
women's room, one who, to the rapturous eyes
of Harry Graymarsh, was wondrously beauti-
ful. An Italian sort of face, with liquid black
eyes, and hair so dark that there really was a
purple gloss upon it in the sunshine. It was
the face which riveted the chain that first at-
tracted the factor's son, but it was the soul that
riveted the chain which beauty first twined
around his heart.

She was not ignorant, and though she was
poor, there was an innate refinement in every
movement. And so, by slow degrees, from a
casual interchange of words, they came to
whispered conversations by the river side, and
long, summer evening rambles in the green
woods, and, before long, he had told her how
beautiful she seemed to him, and how tenderly
he loved her; and she, by blushes and sil-
ence rather than by words, had revealed the
secret of her heart to him.

And then, one glorious day, when the sun
was setting and great flocks of birds were fly-
ing homeward across the cloudless sky—when
the distant mountains were all adame, and
every quivering leaf upon the trees told a shi-
mery point of gold, Harry Graymarsh and
Alice Lee were betrothed to each other; and so
perfectly did she love him and trust his love for
her, that she never thought "He is rich and I
am poor," but only, "He loves me."
Whether in those summer rambles Harry

Graymarsh ever thought of his father, I do not
know. He had never been thwarted by him in
all his life, and perhaps he could not imagine
that the rod of parental authority should first
be wielded in a manner of such import; be-
sides what was there in modest, beautiful Alice
Lee to awaken any one's aversion? Certain it
is that when one evening, sitting on the bank
beside the river, with his arm about the waist
of his betrothed, Harry lifted up his eyes and
saw his father standing behind him. He felt
bashful and confused, but not alarmed.

The old man vanished as softly as he had
appeared, and poor Alice did not even see him,
but a storm was brewing, and it broke over
Harry Graymarsh's head that very evening.
"Do you know you are the son of the richest
man in the place?" said Graymarsh, stand-
ing crimson with rage before his son: "that
you might marry any heiress if you like? and
here I find you making love to a girl in my own
factory, and you say you mean to marry her—
you actually say that to my face."

"I repeat it," replied Harry: "we are be-
trothed."
There were hot words between the father and
son after that; taunts and reproaches, the first
which had ever passed their lips, and the sun
went down upon their wrath. They parted for
the night in anger, and neither slept. It is an
awful thing when those who love first, quarrel,
and wounds are made which are the harder to
heal for the memory of past tenderness. Old
Graymarsh had been in his own way a tender
father and Harry a dutiful son. A stern pa-
rent and a bad child could have been reconciled
more easily.

Since Alice had given him the opportuni-
ty to be more idle, old Caleb had felt some
touches of the gout, and one of them stung
and twinned him the next morning. Therefore
he sent a grudging message to Harry, telling
him that he must go in his place to the factory
that morning, and received an angry but obedi-
ent answer. Then, before Harry was off, a
servant left the house with a note for Alice Lee,
bidding her not to go to work that day, but to
present herself before him in an hour's time.
She must be got rid of, he thought. He would
bribe her to go to some distant place. This
common factory girl could not wed his Harry.
But when she stood before him in her modest
beauty, it was very hard for him to speak to
her as he had intended. This was no coarse
creature, ambitious of wealth and setting
snares for the rich man's son: something of
the soul of Harry's dead mother shone upon
the old man from her earnest eyes, and he felt
somewhat softened.

They were together in a little room, the win-
dow of which looked upon the factory; she
was standing near the casement with her eyes
upon the stars; he was seated at the table,
with his hands upon his papers and wondering how
to begin. In the silence, the whirr of the
machinery came plainly to their ears, and Caleb
thought the noise was strangely loud and dis-
tinct. He remembered that impression long
after, and wondered that it did not trouble him
more at that moment. As it was he only
thought—"what shall I say? Why does that
girl in her shabby dress look so much like a
lady that I am afraid of insulting her by words
that seemed so easy to say awhile ago?"

Softened though Caleb was, he was still a
grim, hard old man, and his mind had been
made up too firmly to change it now. He
opened his lips, closed them again, and cleared
his throat and began.
"Miss Alice Lee, I have something to say to
you. I shall make you angry, I suppose,
but I can't help it. You will please attend to
me."
She did not look at him, but stood staring,
in an awful manner, from the window.

"I am speaking to you. Do you hear me?"
the old man repeated; but before the words
had left his lips, Alice had turned and caught
him by the arm, and then with an awful roar,
like the voice of some fiend, an explosion oc-
curred which shook the house, a chorus of wail-
ing screams and groans, and then a terrible
silence.

There were great black torrents of smoke
pouring from the window of the factory, and
the wall toward the side where most of the
great engines were, bulged, and tottered, and
fell, and the roof caved in, and before them in
an instant, as though some fiend had been at
work, stood a ruin, black and horrible, smoking
and steaming mass, and seeming with its awful
yawning jaws to groan and scream. And from
the lips of the father and those of the betrothed
maiden broke one word, simultaneously—
"Harry!"

It united them in their great love and terror.
They clung together, feeling the link between
them for the first time. Both loved him, and
he—oh! what was he now! a living, breathing
being, or a mass of crushed flesh, senseless,
helpless, lost to them forever? Together they
rushed out into the open air, seeking him or
what remained of him.

Oh! the awful sight that summer sun shone
upon! Men, dead and dying, crushed and mu-
tilated, lay stretched upon the ground. The
women of the village came into the streets,
some with their bare arms wet with soap-suds,
some with babies on their bosoms, wailing and
screaming, sobbing and fainting, clinging to
corpses which an hour before had been breath-
ing men, peering with livid faces into horrible
black hollows in the wall whence hands and
feet protruded, listening for groans under those
piles of rubbish, that they might hear the voice
of some loved one amid those awful sounds;
and there amidst the ruins of his mighty fac-
tory, stood the old man, calling aloud for help
to save his Harry.

There was no sign of Harry's body yet. At the bottom of that awful
pile no doubt he lay mangled into shapeless-
ness. Alice knew that it must be so, but the
old man kept saying, still—"They shall save
Harry."
Dusk had come, and they worked by torch-
light now. All had been found dead or dying,
wounded and maimed. They were carried to
their homes. Yet still the crowd was thick
about the ruin, waiting for the moment when
what was left of Harry Graymarsh should be
brought into the open air. An awful silence
prevailed, only the click of spade and pickaxe
broke it.

Suddenly there was a shout, a lifting of those
hundred voices. They had come to the lower
door of the building, and part of it remained
entire. There was a little hope; yes, more than
a little; for listening, they heard a faint
voice calling to them, so it seemed, though the
words were inaudible. Faster now—there are
great rafters to lift, and piles of stones and ma-
chinery to cast out. But that voice inspires
them. They worked as they never worked be-
fore, and at last they hear the cry again. It
comes from the part of the cellar where the
floor remains. And one great man, crouching
on his face, forces himself down into the black-
ness and screams—"Who is there?"
And the answer is returned from the awful
cavern—"Harry Graymarsh. Help me if you
can."

Then the men out with a glorious shout, and
set to work like giants; and even women came
to help, as they thought of the fair young face
buried in that darkness. He may be maimed
and wounded, but at least he lives. And there
is no pause, no respite from that toil. At an-
other time many there would faint beneath it,
but not now, for every lifted stone brings them
closer to the buried man, and gives him a firmer
lease on life. As the morning broke the last
is heaved aside, and the bronzed giant, who
before crept into the cavern leaps down now
and vanishes in the shadow.

Silence, in what you might hear a pin fall or
a heart beat—silence that freezes the blood—
and then, breaking upon it, a woman's scream;
a shriek from the lips of Alice, as they bring
in a form of her lover, blood-stained and sense-
less, to the light. Not dead! oh, no! she
thanked God for that. The great beams had
protected him. He was bruised and wounded,
but not mortally, and in a little while his blue
eyes open, and his pale lips whispered, "Fath-
er!"

Then the old factor kneeling by his child as
he had knelt upon his dead wife's grave so long
ago, took the white hand of Alice in his own
and placed it in his son's. "She is yours,"
he said, "take her Harry and be happy—
wealth isn't worth as much as love. I should
have known that all along, remembering Kitty,
live, Harry! only live! and I'll never do any-
thing to grieve you."
And Harry did live. Long before the winter
snows had come, he stood—a little paler
and thinner than before, perhaps, but well and
strong again—before the altar of the little
church, with Alice by his side, and that night,
when the moon was high and no one watched
him but the angels, the old factor stood beside
his Kitty's grave, and whispered words of yearn-
ing love, which told that the soul of the young
lover only slumbered in its iron-bound case,
and that when death should set it free it would
rise, pure and unswayed to meet its angel wife
in heaven.

PERILS OF PRECOCIITY.—BARTLEY mentions
one hundred and sixty-three children endowed
with extraordinary talents, among whom few
arrived at an advanced age. The two sons of
Quintilian, so vaunted by their father, did not
reach their tenth year. Hermogenes, who, at
the age of fifteen, taught rhetoric to Marcus Au-
relius, who triumphed over the most celebrated
rhetoricians of Greece, did not die, but at 24
lost his faculties, and forgot all he had previ-
ously acquired. Pica di Mitandoli died at 32;
Johannes Secundus at 25, having at the age of
fifteen composed admirable Greek and Latin
verses and become profoundly versed in juris-
prudence and letters. Pascal, whose genius de-
veloped itself at ten years of age, did not at-
tain the third of a century. In 1791, a child
was born at Lubek, named Henri Heinicke,
whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months
of age, he spoke distinctly, at twelve learned
the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months
was perfectly acquainted with the old and new
Testaments. At two years he was as familiar
with ancient history as the most erudite au-
thors of antiquity. Sauson and Danville only
could compete with him in Geographical knowl-
edge, and in the ancient and modern languages
he was proficient. This wonderful child was
unfortunately carried off in his fourth year.

NOVEL TREATMENT.—Jaundice proceeds from
many myriads of little flies of a yellow color,
which fly about the system. Now, to cure
this, make the patient take a quantity of the
ova of eggs of spiders. These eggs, when
taken into the stomach, by the warmth of that
organ, vivify and, being vivified, of course
they immediately proceed to catch the flies.
Thus the disease is cured; and then send the
patient down to the sea-side to wash all the
cobwebs out of the system.

"GRANDMA, do you know why I see up in
the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four
year old, of a venerable lady, who sat in the
garden knitting. "No, my dear; why is it?"
said grandma, bending her ear, eager to catch
and remember the wise saying of the little pet.
"Because there is nothing in the way," replied
the young philosopher, resuming his astronomi-
cal search, and grandma her knitting.

The best way to succeed in the grocery busi-
ness is to sell cheap and give light weight.
The farmer will bring you customers, and the
latter will enable you to skin them.

Letters from the Army.

From the 136th Pennsylvania Regiment.

CAMP BAYNE NEAR BELLE PLAIN, VA.,
March 23, 1863.

FRIEND AGITATOR: The receipt of your fam-
iliar and friendly sheet reminds me that I
have neglected to tell your readers anything of
the 136th for about two weeks. I think that
my communications, probably, repeat many
things, and are, without doubt, void of any
thing like general interest; for I write them
as I would write a letter to a friend, and hope
that they will be received by those who may
choose to read them, in the same spirit. They
may seem too personal, and perhaps egotisti-
cal; yet I prefer the blunt "I" to the oblique
"we," or "your correspondent," when I may
wish to say anything.

To-day is Monday. Last Thursday I was on
the detail for picket, with one hundred and
sixty-four men from our regiment, and early in
the morning, after poking up what rations I
could well carry, strapped on the marching
harness and set out with the boys on a three
days' sojourn to the front. A few days of
good weather had preceded, and we could but
expect bad weather; so that, when we found
ourselves in the midst storm continuously dur-
ing our term, we were not surprised. In our
division there are three brigades, which fur-
nish the picket guards for it successively for
three days at a time, leaving us, under the
present arrangement, three days off and six
days on. Since our detachment at the Land-
ing (about one-half our duty men) has been
recalled, the duty is not so frequent with the
men; and the officers usually take turns alter-
nately on picket. At 10 o'clock we had formed
the guard and begun preparations for making
our stay there as comfortable as the industry
of the soldiers would allow. The picket was
divided into two wings—we held the right,
which furnished eleven vedettes to stand guard
in the front lines. Each man, as is the custom
in all guard duty, was to stand one-third of
the time, so that we needed three reliefs of
thirty-three men each, besides the officers and
non-commissioned officers in charge of them.
One relief went out for twenty-four hours; it
was divided into three supports, or posts, re-
spectively 9, 15 and 9 men, 1 corporal at each
post, a sergeant and lieutenant in the center
with the 15 men. Each post of 9 men fur-
nishes 3, and the center furnishes 5 vedettes;
which are relieved every two hours. The front
line is about 400 yards from the main reserve.
On the reserve, one sentinel is posted, and one-
half the men are required to keep their belts
on and remain in readiness to prevent surprise.
The field officers, one for the brigade, one for
the division, and one for the corps, (if I am
right), make the rounds frequently to see that
these and other instructions are carried out.
The countersigns at present are running upon
the names of places, and are entrusted to the
sentinels at night-fall.

Major Ryan was out with us, as he is now
returned to order from the War Department.
He left us, it will be remembered, while at
Brook's Station, laboring under a severe attack
of acute rheumatism and fever. He had a
leave, I think, for thirty days, with a reference
to certain general orders, by complying with
which, in case of continued disability, he would
be entitled to an extension of the time. He
was unable to return at the expiration of his
first leave, and he forwarded a certified state-
ment of a practicing physician to that effect.
But, by some means or other, no notice was
taken of it, and he was reported absent with-
out leave, and dropped from the rolls, by which
means great injustice has been done him by the
publication of his name in such a list, without
the least statement of the facts to accompany
it, inasmuch as that nothing was then known
of him at headquarters. On his arrival here
he immediately called for a Court of Inquiry,
and having presented the most perfect and
clear evidence