

The Tioga County Agitator: Published weekly, except on Sundays and holidays, at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE. The paper is sent postage free to county subscribers, though they may receive their mail at post-offices located in counties immediately adjoining, for convenience. The Agitator is the Official paper of Tioga Co., and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscriptions being on the advance-pay system, it circulates among a class most to the interest of advertisers to reach. Terms to advertisers as liberal as those offered by any paper of equal circulation in Northern Pennsylvania.

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, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1863. NO. 50.

Rates of Advertising.

1 Square.....	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 do.....	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$8.00
2 do.....	5.00	6.50	12.00
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4 do.....	9.00	11.00	20.00
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9 do.....	19.00	23.50	45.00
10 do.....	21.00	26.00	50.00

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

JAS. LOWERY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. (Wellsboro, Jan. 3, 1863.)

JOHN S. MANN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. (Wellsboro, Jan. 3, 1863.)

J. CAMPBELL, JR., ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. (Wellsboro, Jan. 3, 1863.)

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor, MAL A. FIELD. GUESTS taken to and from the Depot free of charge. (Jan. 1, 1863.)

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor, J. W. BIGONY. THIS popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house. (Jan. 1, 1863.)

IZAAK WATSON HOUSE, GAINES, TIOGA COUNTY, PA. Proprietor, H. C. VERMILYAN. THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure-seekers and the travelling public. (Jan. 1, 1863.)

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY! Repaired at BULLARD'S & CO'S. STORE, by the subscriber, in the best manner, and at as low prices as the same work can be done for, by any first-rate practical workman in the State. (Wellsboro, July 15, 1863.) A. R. HASCY.

WELLSBORO HOTEL. B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor. THE Proprietor having again re-fitted and re-furnished the above Hotel, and insured the comfort of guests and the travelling public. Attends to waiters always ready. Terms reasonable. (Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.)

A. FOLEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, &c., &c. REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES. POST OFFICE BUILDING, NO. 5, UNION BLOCK. (Wellsboro, May 20, 1863.)

E. E. BLACK, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER, SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE, NO. 4, UNION BLOCK. (Wellsboro, June 24, 1863.)

MARBLE SHOP. I AM now receiving a STOCK OF ITALIAN and RUTLAND MARBLE, (bought with cash) and am prepared to manufacture all kinds of TOMBS, STONES and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices. HARVEY ADAMS, authorized agent and will sell Stone at the same prices as at the shop. WE HAVE BEST ONE PRICES. (Tioga, May 20, 1863.) A. D. COLE.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE. WRIGHT & BAILEY. HAVE had their mill thoroughly repaired and are receiving fresh ground flour, feed, meal, &c. every day. Fresh ground flour, feed, meal, &c. every day. Cash paid for all kinds of grain. (Wellsboro, April 29, 1863.)

Q. W. WELLINGTON & CO'S. BANK, CORNING, N. Y. (LOCATED IN THE DICKINSON HOUSE.) American Gold and Silver Coin bought and sold. New York Exchange, do. Uncurrent Money, do. United States Demand Notes "old issues" bought. Collections made in all parts of the Union at current rates of Exchange. Particular pains are taken to accommodate our patrons from the Tioga Valley. Our Office will be open at 7 A. M., and close at 7 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. Q. W. WELLINGTON, President. Corning, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1862.

HOMESTEAD. A NEW STORE AND TIN SHOP HAS just been opened in Tioga County, where may be found a good stock of Cooking, Parlor and Box Stoves, of the most approved patterns, and from the best manufacturers. The HOMESTEAD is admitted to be the best Elevated Oven Stove in the market. The "GOLDEN AGE" & "GOOD HOPE," are square, flat top tight stoves, with large ovens, with many advantages over any other stove before made. Taylor Stoves, the largest and Caplin are also very neat and superior stoves. Also Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware, kept constantly on hand and made to order of the best material and workmanship, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash or ready pay. The work of all kinds attended to on call. (Tioga, Jan. 14, 1863.) GUENESEY & SMED.

Wool Garding and Cloth Dressing. THE subscriber, in Tioga County, has old customers and the public generally that he is prepared to card wool and dress cloth at the old stand, the coming season, having secured the services of Mr. J. PEET, a competent and experienced workman, and also intending to give his personal attention to the business, he will warrant all work done at his shop. Wool carded at 50 cents per pound, and Cloth dressed at from ten to twenty cents per yard as per color and finish. (Wellsboro, May 8, 1863.) J. JACKSON.

JOHN A. ROY, DEALER IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Chemicals, Varieties, Paints, Dyes, Soaps, Perfumery, Brushes, Glass, Putty, Toys, Fancy Goods, Pure Wines, Brandy, Gins, and other Liquors for medicinal use. Agent for the sale of all the best Patent Medicines of the day. Medicines warranted genuine and of the BEST QUALITY. Physician's Prescriptions accurately compounded. The best Petroleum Oil, kerosene superior to any other for burning in Kerosene Lamps. Also, all other kinds of Oil usually kept in a first-class Drug Store.

FANCY DYE COLORS in packages already compounded, for the use of private families. Also, Pure Leaf Sugar for medicinal purposes. (Wellsboro, June 24, 1863.)

HIDES AND VEAL SKINS WANTED. The highest market price paid in money at the BROOKLYN TANNERY near Tioga. (July 1, 1863.)

Original Poetry.

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN H. MILLER, OF JERSEY MILLS, A SIGNAL SOLDIER.

Fold the glorious banner round him,
Lay him in the silent tomb;
For his sake he left behind him,
All the quiet joys of home,
And a heart more true to duty,
Beat there not beneath the sun;
Fold the glorious banner round him,
For his work is nobly done.

On the field he never faltered,
Though the battle raged around;
Always in the line of duty,
On the blood-stained battle-ground,
Through the dreary swamps he waded,
With his comrades bold and brave;
Watching for the coming signals,
Though they beckoned to the grave.

Bit signals of a scorching fever,
Burned on his brow, and in his brain;
Alas! for him there no returning,
His willing friends must wait in vain.
Beyond the blue Atlantic waters,
On fair Virginia's distant shore;
He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking,
A signal soldier—never more.

Father, mother, sister, brother,
Weep, oh weep for him who's gone!
For a better and a braver,
Morning sun ne'er rose upon.
But upon his country's altar,
His life, his name is written;
Pray ye to the God of battles,
That such deaths be not in vain.

Then above him drape the banner,
Though your hearts grow grey and old;
And if in your eyes, tears tremble,
Dry them with its stars and fold.
For though lost to earth forever,
He will long remembered be;
For beneath his name is written—
"Lo! he died for liberty!"

Texas, July 31, 1863. META MELBROVE.

Story of the War.

(For the Agitator.)

A SOLDIER'S RETURN.

There was weeping beneath the old roof, and the wall of broken hearts. The death angel met Walter B. on his way from the hospital to his home, and pitiless of the dark shadow his wing would cast over loving hearts, bore him silently within the gates of the "Beautiful City."

Walter's was a brave heart, and at the first call of the President for volunteers, bade adieu to his classmates at L. College, hastened to his home, and after spending a few days in the cherished circle, went forth in his manhood's strength to the protection of the glorious old flag. We will not follow him through all the changes of camp life; let it suffice that his nobleness of heart soon won the love of the entire regiment.

In the memorable contest at Manassas, he received a severe wound in the side, and when weakened from the loss of blood, and near fainting, begged of them not to carry him from the field. "Let me die here," he said, "with the noble slain; and in my last hour let me see that starry flag waving above my head, and then shroud me in it for my last long sleep." But he was not then to die. In a few months he is well and strong again, and worthily promoted to the position of Captain of his company. Again we see him on the morn of the struggle at Antietam. Behold that noble form, his eyes lit by the fire of patriotism; his countenance glowing with undaunted courage, rushing into the hottest of the fray, shouting "come on my brave boys to victory or death." The deadly missiles are flying through the air, thinning the ranks of our noblest; his voice is heard—anon that brave commander's voice is heard—"forward, never give up 'till we win the field!"

Walter passed through many hard battles, and Providence shielded him from danger. And it were well; for our noble brave could ill spare the services of so daring and efficient an officer.

Once more let us follow him to the deadly combat. On that bloody field where fifty thousand strong men are fighting with most desperate courage; and while a portion of our troops are being driven by the overpowering numbers of the enemy, we behold the proud form of Captain B. at the head of his company; his eye flashing fire, his voice ringing out clear above the din of battle, "onward to victory!"

But, oh God! before the last syllable was uttered, a well aimed bullet sent the gallant fellow reeling to the earth.

"Oh comrades, are we almost there? Let us haste, for it will be so sweet to die in the old home. It will be far easier crossing the dark river, if on this side my last gaze behold those loved ones—father, mother, sweet sisters, Nellie and Kate." His eye now moistens, his lip quivers as he puts his emaciated white hand in his bosom and draws forth a small miniature, and unclasping it gazes on the features of a lovely girl. Then raising his eyes toward heaven with a beseeching look, he murmurs, "oh God! stay the summons! Let me but once clasp sweet Helen in one last, long, loving embrace! Let her breast pillow my dying head, her hand wipe the dew from off my brow; and the last sounds that fall on my dying ear, be 'Walter, I loved you to the last, and will come to you on the other shore!'"

The feeble breath comes more faintly each moment; the eyes are fixed heavenward; the pallor that never but once comes over the features, is coming over that brow. But hark! ho whispers! Catch the last feeble murmurs, for, like precious balm, will they will they come, crushed and bleeding hearts. "Mother, home, Helen, heaven—all come to me there; and as brave and noble a spirit as ever dwelt in human form, is gliding across death's dark waters."

"Mother, do you think he will be here to-night? Let me arrange this sofa where he can lie and look down the avenue, and catch the sun's last rays through the branches of the elms. Then the feelings of other time will come over him, and he'll forget his pain for a time." And the light form of Nellie B. glided more swiftly from one apartment to another, as the hour for Walter's arrival drew near. The shadows of evening are creeping on. Anxious eyes are at the windows, and little Kate's fairy feet are tripping up the hill, that she may get the first kiss, and be the first to welcome dear brother Walter. The

Political.

Reply of the President to the Ohio Committee.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 29, 1863.

GENTLEMEN: The resolutions of the Ohio Democratic State Convention, which you present me, together with your introductory and closing remarks, being in position and argument mainly the same as the resolutions of the Democratic meeting at Albany, New York, I refer you to my response to the latter as meeting most of the points in the former. This response you evidently used in preparing your remarks, and I desire no more than that it be used with accuracy. In a single reading of your remarks, I only discovered one inaccuracy in matter which I suppose you took from that paper. It was where you say, "The undersigned are unable to agree with you in the opinion you have expressed that the Constitution is different in time of insurrection or invasion from what it was in time of peace and public security."

A recurrence of the paper will show you that I have not expressed the opinion you suppose. I expressed the opinion that the Constitution is different in its application in cases of rebellion or invasion, involving the public safety, from what it is in times of profound peace and public security; and this opinion I adhere to, simply because by the Constitution itself, things may be done in the one case which may not be done in the other.

I dislike to waste a word on a merely personal point, but I must respectfully assure you that you will find yourselves at fault should you ever seek for evidence to prove your assumption, that I "opposed in discussions before the people the policy of the Mexican war."

You say: "Expunging from the Constitution this limitation upon the power of Congress to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and yet the other guarantees of personal liberty would remain unchanged." Doubtless, if this clause of the Constitution, improperly called, as I think, a limitation upon the power of Congress, were expunged, the other guarantees would remain the same; but the question is, not how those guarantees would stand with that clause out of the Constitution, but how they stand with that clause remaining in it, in cases of rebellion or invasion, involving the public safety.

If the liberty could be indulged of expunging that clause, letter, and spirit I really think the constitutional argument would be with you.

My general view on this question was stated in the Albany response, and hence I do not state it now. I only add that, as seems to me, the benefit of the writ of habeas corpus is the great benefit through which the guarantees of personal liberty are conceived and made available in the last resort; and corroborative of this view is the fact that Mr. Vallandigham, in the very case in question, under the advice of able lawyers, saw not where else to go but to the habeas corpus. But by the Constitution the benefit of the habeas corpus itself may be suspended, when in cases of rebellion and invasion the public safety may require it.

You ask, in substance, whether I really claim that I may override all the guaranteed rights of individuals, on the plea of conserving the public safety—this question, divested of the phraseology calculated to represent me as arrogating for an arbitrary personal prerogative, is either simply a question who shall decide, or an affirmation that nobody shall decide, what the public safety does require in cases of rebellion or invasion. The Constitution contemplates the question as likely to occur for decision, but it does not expressly declare who is to decide it. By necessary implication, when rebellion or invasion comes, the decision is to be made, from time to time; and I think the man whom, for the time, the people have, under the Constitution, made the commander-in-chief of their army and navy, is the man who holds the power and bears the responsibility of making it. If he uses the power justly, the same people will probably justify him; if he abuses it, he is in their hands, to be dealt with by all the modes they have reserved to themselves in the Constitution.

The earnestness with which you insist that persons can only, in times of rebellion, be lawfully dealt with, in accordance with the rules for criminal trials and punishments in times of peace, induces me to add a word to what I said on that point in the Albany response. You claim that men may, if they choose, embarrass those whose duty it is to combat a giant rebellion and then be dealt with only in turn as if there were no rebellion. The Constitution itself rejects this view. The military arrests and detentions which have been made, including those of Mr. Vallandigham, which are not different in principle from the other, have been for prevention, and not for punishment—as injunctions to stay injury—as proceedings to keep the peace—and hence, like proceedings in such cases and for like reasons, they have not been accompanied with indictments, or trials by jury, nor, in a single case, by any punishment whatever beyond what is purely incidental to the prevention. The original sentence of imprisonment in Mr. Vallandigham's case was to prevent injury to the military service only, and the modification of it was made as a less disagreeable mode to him of securing the same prevention.

I am unable to perceive an insult to Ohio in the case of Mr. Vallandigham. Quite surely nothing of this sort was or is intended. I was wholly unaware that Mr. Vallandigham was, at the time of his arrest, a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, until so informed by your reading to me the resolutions of the Convention. I am grateful to the State of Ohio for many things, especially for the brave soldiers and officers she has given in the present national trial to the armies of the Union.

You claim, as I understand, that according to my own position in the Albany response, Mr. Vallandigham should be released; and this because, as you claim, he has not damaged the military service, by discouraging enlistments, encouraging desertions, or otherwise; and that if he had, he should have been turned over to the civil authorities under the recent acts of Congress. I certainly do not know that Mr. Vallandigham has specifically, and by direct language, advised against enlistments, and in favor of desertion and resistance to drafting. We all know that combinations, armed in some instances, to resist the arrest of deserters, began several months ago; that more recently the like has appeared in resistance to the enrollment preparatory to a draft; and that quite a number of assassinations have occurred from the same animus. These had to be met by military force, and this again has led to bloodshed and death. And now, under a sense of responsibility more weighty and enduring than any which is merely official, I solemnly declare my belief that the hindrance of the military, including maiming and murder, is due to the course in which Mr. Vallandigham has been engaged, in a greater degree than to any other cause; and is due to him personally in a greater degree than to any other man. These things have been notorious, known to all, and of course known to Mr. Vallandigham. Perhaps I would not be wrong to say that they originated with his special friends and adherents. With perfect knowledge of them, he has frequently, if not constantly, made speeches in Congress and before popular assemblies; and if it can be shown that, with these things staring him in the face, he has ever uttered a word of rebuke or counsel against them, it will be a fact greatly in his favor with me; and one of which, as yet, I am totally ignorant. When it is known that the whole burden of his speeches has been to stir up men against the prosecution of the war, and that in the midst of resistance to it he has not been known in any instance to counsel against such resistance, it is next to impossible to repel the inference that he has conspired directly in favor of it. With all this before their eyes, the Convention you represent have nominated Mr. Vallandigham for Governor of Ohio, and both they and you have declared the purpose to sustain the National Union by all constitutional means. But, of course, they and you, in common, reserve to yourselves to decide what are constitutional means, and, unlike the Albany meeting, you omit to state or intimate that, in your opinion, an army is a constitutional means of saving the Union against a rebellion, or even to intimate that you are conscious of an existing rebellion being in progress with the avowed object of destroying that very Union. At the same time, your nominees for Governor, in whose behalf you appeal, is known to you and to the world to declare against the use of an army to suppress the rebellion. Your own attitude, therefore, encourages desertion, resistance to the draft, and the like, because it teaches those who incline to desert and to escape the draft, to believe it is your purpose to protect them, and to hope that you will become strong enough to do so. After a personal intercourse with you, gentlemen of the committee, I cannot say I think you desire this effect to follow your attitude; but I assure you that both friends and enemies of the Union look upon it in this light. It is a substantial hope, and by consequence, a real strength to the enemy. It is a false hope, and one which you would willingly dispel. I will make the way exceedingly easy. I send you duplicates of this letter, in order that you, or a majority of you, may, if you choose, endorse your names upon one of them, and return it thus endorsed to me, with the understanding that those signing are thereby committed to the following propositions, and to nothing else:

1. That there is now a rebellion in the United States, the object and tendency of which is to destroy the national Union; and that, in your opinion, an army and navy are constitutional means for suppressing that rebellion.
2. That no one of you will do anything which in his own judgment will tend to hinder the increase or favor the decrease, or lessen the efficiency of the army and navy, while engaged in the effort to suppress the rebellion; and
3. That each of you will, in his sphere, do all he can to have the officers, soldiers, and seamen of the army and navy, while engaged in the effort to suppress the rebellion, paid, fed, clad, and otherwise well provided for and supported.

And with the further understanding that upon receiving the letter and names thus endorsed, I will cause them to be published, which publication shall be, within itself, a revocation of the order in relation to Mr. Vallandigham.

It will not escape observation that I consent to the release of Mr. Vallandigham upon terms, not embracing any pledge from him or from others, as to what he will or will not do. I do this because he is not present to speak for himself, or to authorize others to speak for him; and hence, I shall expect, that on returning, he would not put himself practically in antagonism with the position of his friends. [But I do it chiefly because I thereby prevail on other influential gentlemen of Ohio to so define their position as to be of immense value to the army—thus more than compensating for the consequences of any mistake in allowing Mr. Vallandigham to return, so that, on the whole, the public safety will not be suffered by it. Still, in regard to Mr. Vallandigham and all others, I must hereafter, as heretofore, do so much as the public service may seem to require. I have the honor to be respectfully yours, etc.

A. LINCOLN.

Miscellany.

Rebel Atrocities in East Tennessee.

The editor of the Memphis Bulletin, who has been on a visit to Nashville, communicates the following to his paper, in reference to rebel rule in East Tennessee. Colonel Crawford, the gentleman from whom the facts are obtained, has a personal knowledge of some of the circumstances, having left the scenes of their enactment quite recently, and vouches for the truth of all of them.

In the month of January, 1863, at Laurel, N. C., near the Tennessee border, all the salt was seized, for distribution by Confederate commissioners. Salt was selling at seventy-five to one hundred dollars a sack. The commissioners declared that the "ories should have none," and positively refused to give Union men their portion of the quantity to be distributed in that vicinity. This palpable injustice roused the Union men; they assembled together and determined to seize their portion of the salt by force. They did so, taking at Marshall, N. C. what they deemed to be their just share.

Immediately afterwards, the 65th North Carolina regiment, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Keith, was ordered to Laurel to arrest the offenders.

L. M. Allen was colonel of the regiment, but had been suspended for six months for crime and drunkenness. Many of the men engaged in the salt seizure left their homes. Those who did not participate in it became the sufferers. Among those arrested were Joseph Wood, about sixty years of age; David Shelton, sixty; James Shelton, fifty; Roddy Shelton, forty-five; Elison King, forty; Helen Moore, forty; Wade Moore, thirty-five; Isaiah Shelton, fifteen; Wm. Shelton, twelve; James Metcalf, ten; Jasper Channel, fourteen; Samuel Shelton, nineteen, and his brother, aged seventeen, sons of Litus Shelton—in all, thirteen men and boys. Nearly all of them declared they were innocent and had taken no part in appropriating the salt. They begged for a trial, asserting that they could prove their innocence.

Colonel Allen, who was with his troops, but not in command, told them they should have a trial, but they would be taken to Tennessee for that purpose. They bid farewell to their wives, daughters, and sisters, directing them to procure the witnesses and bring them to the court in Tennessee, where they supposed their trial would take place. Alas! how little they dreamed what a fate awaited them!

The poor fellows had proceeded but a few miles when they were turned from the road into a gorge in the mountain, and halted. Without any warning of what was to be done five of them were ordered to kneel down. Ten paces in front of these five, a file of soldiers were placed with loaded muskets. The terrible reality flashed upon the minds of the doomed patriots. The old man Wood (sixty years of age) cried out: "For God's sake, men, you are not going to shoot us? If you are going to murder us, give us at least time to pray." Colonel Allen was reminded of his promise to give them a trial. They were informed that Allen had no authority; that Keith was in command; and that there was no time for praying. The order was given to fire. The old men and boys put their hands to their faces and rent the air with agonizing cries of despair; the soldiers wavered, and hesitated to obey the command. Keith said if they did not fire instantly he would make them change places with the prisoners. The soldiers raised their guns, the victims shuddered convulsively, the word was given to fire, and the five men fell pierced with rebel bullets. The old men, Wood and Shelton, were shot in the head, their brains scattered upon the ground, and they died without a struggle. The other three lived only a few minutes.

Five others were ordered to kneel, among them little Billy Shelton, a mere child, only twelve years old. He implored the men not to shoot him in the face. "You have killed my father and brothers," said he; "you have shot my father in the face; do not shoot me in the face." He covered his face with his hands. The soldiers received the order to fire and five more fell. Poor little Billy Shelton was shot in both arms. He ran to an officer, clasped him around the legs, and besought him to spare his life. "You have killed my old father, and my three brothers; you have shot me in both arms—I forgive you all this—I can get well. Let me go home to my mother and sisters." What a heart of adamant the man must have who could disregard such an appeal. The little boy was dragged back to the place of execution; again the terrible word "fire!" was given, and he fell dead, eight balls having entered his body. The remaining three were murdered in the same manner. Those in whom life was not entirely extinct the heartless officer despatched with their pistols.

Old Mrs. Unus Riddle, aged eighty-five years, was whipped, hung, and robbed of a considerable amount of money. Many others were treated with the same barbarity. And the men who did this were called soldiers! The daughters of William Shelton, a man of wealth and highly respectable, were requested by some of the officers to sing and play for them. They played and sang a few national airs. Keith learned of it, and ordered that the ladies be placed under arrest and sent to the guard house, where they remained all night.

Old Mrs. Sallie More, seventy years of age, was whipped with hickory rods, till the blood ran in streams down her back to the ground; and the perpetrators of this were clothed in the habiliments of rebellion, and bore the name of soldiers!

One woman, who had an infant five or six weeks old, was tied in the snow to a tree, her child placed in the doorway in her sight, and she was informed that if she did not tell all she knew about the seizure of the salt, both herself and the child would be allowed to perish. Houses were burned and torn down. All kinds of property was destroyed or carried off.

All the women and children of the Union men who were shot, and of those who escaped, were ordered by Gen. Alfred E. Jackson, headquarters at Jonesboro, to be sent through the lines by way of Knoxville. When the first of them arrived at this place the officer in charge of the train was melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart cannot—no, not by the strongest and noblest flame.

To grow up to the skies we must be planted low in the dust.

The Honest Match-boy.

There was a poor widow who had a son named Harry. Now Harry was a very good boy, and when he saw his mother working hard for him, and also perceived that she was growing paler every day, he determined to do something to support himself, so that his mother would not have to work so hard. He could not think of anything that he could do, but determined to look for work the next day. So after saying his prayers, he lay down to sleep.

Next day Harry was unsuccessful in his endeavors to obtain work, and was returning home, feeling sad, when he met a boy selling matches. This made Harry think that he too, might make some money in the same way. When he reached home he told his mother of his design, and persuaded her to lend him a little money to begin with. She kissed him good night, and promised to do so; and Harry went to bed happier than he had been for many days.

The next morning Harry went with a basket on his arm to the match factory, and having procured as many matches as could be bought for his limited funds, he set off to sell them. Several weeks went by, in which Harry was quite successful. One winter day, when it was bitter cold, Harry, shivering with cold, for he was thinly clad, was walking up the street offering his matches for sale to passers-by, when a gentleman came out of a very fine looking house, Harry offered him his matches. The gentleman seeing that he was very thinly clad and wishing to help him, bought a penny's worth, giving him what he supposed to be a cent, but was really a twenty-five cent piece. Harry perceived the mistake and stood undecided whether to run after the gentleman, or keep the coin. The evil spirit whispered that the gentleman had plenty of money. But Harry knew it would be wrong to keep it, so he ran after the gentleman, and gave him back the twenty-five cents.

Next day the gentleman went to see Harry's mother, and offered to send Harry to school. The offer was gladly accepted, and Harry went to school.

When he was sixteen years old, the gentleman took him into his store, where, by his honest and upright behavior, he gained the confidence of his employers, and afterwards became a partner in the firm. He is now a merchant and gives liberally to the poor.

Boys be honest. When you are tempted to do a dishonest thing, remember that God sees you, and that his favor and blessings are worth far more than anything you could possibly gain by any dishonest act.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.—Mr. Pilkinton, a small farmer in Pennsylvania, was some time ago drafted for the service of his country. The wife, though she possesses but a small stock of general information, is one of the best conjugal partners, and she was much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. As she was engaged in scrubbing up her doorstep, a rough-looking stranger came up and thus addressed her:

"I hear, ma'am, that your husband has been drafted."

"Yes, sir, he has," answered Mrs. Pilkinton, "though, dear knows there's few men that couldn't better be spared from their families."

"Well, ma'am, I've come to offer myself as a substitute for him."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Pilkinton with some excitement.

"I'm willing to take his place," said the stranger.

"You take the place of my husband, you wretch! I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman that way, you vagabond!" cried Mrs. Pilkinton, as she discharged the dirty soap-suds in the face of the discomfited and astonished substitute, who took to his heels just in time to escape having his head broken by the bucket.

It is not all the world that can pull an humble man down, because God will exalt him. Nor is it all the world that can keep a proud man up, because God will debase him.

You can depend on no man, on no friend, who cannot depend upon himself. He only who acts conscientiously toward himself will act so toward others.

"I am like Balaam," said a dandy, on meeting a pretty girl in a passage, "stopped by an angel." "And I am like the angel stopped by an ass."

In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and the virtuous.

Among the drafted men in Boston, are two catholic clergymen, six editors, the U. S. District Attorney, the Provost Marshal General, an artillery armorer, and three John Smiths.

CHILDHOOD has little retrospection; its heart and soul are in the future, a glorified dream. Memory, with all its pleasures and pains, is for the old, and chiefly for the prematurely old, but youth is a vision of the islands of the blest; it tells its own fairy tale to itself, and is at once the innocent and the hero.

The editor of the Scientific American has received from California a piece of wood from a tree 30 feet in diameter, the annual rings upon which indicate the age of the tree to be 6,300 years! This leaves the saplings of our ancient friends, Nebuchadnezzar and Socrates, standing in the cold, and carries our mind back to the period when Eve ate the stolen fruit.