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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 19, 1863. NO. 52.

The Preacher.

OUR NOBLE DEAD.

Correspondence.

WELLSBORO, Aug. 6, 1863. REV. J. D. BELL—Dear Sir:—The undersigned having listened with much pleasure and profit to your Thanksgiving Discourse this morning and believing it may be instrumental of much good if more widely circulated, respectfully solicit it for the purpose of publication.

Messrs. H. W. WILLIAMS, J. F. DONALDSON, AND OTHERS—GENTLEMEN:—Your request commands my respect; for I am mindful that it comes from well-known and valued citizens who have long been identified with the interests of both the town and the county.

It seems to be by a sort of divine impulse, or at least, by the working of some superior instinct in us, that we are urged on to do honor to those who, with their manhood unconquered and uncompromised, have fallen for a worthy cause.

When we see a man do as Regulus that brave Roman did, or as Leonidas that Grecian hero of Thermopylae did, or as Warren that martyr-soldier of Bunker Hill did—when we see a man, in the hour of his country's peril, rise to his feet, and grid up the loins of his mind, and out of ease, out of comfort, out of the bliss of home, and out of the dear embraces of fond friend and of clinging love, go forth into the midst of terrible war, and there fight and die for the sake of right principles, we then have a feeling which swells our hearts, and makes us ready to exclaim, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

And, in this undertaking, we will set out with the simple comprehensive statement, that obedience to duty is the grand element of manhood. To make this point clear, let us just glance at three things pertaining to man's life. Now, it is a truth that we cannot avoid seeing that there are duties devolving upon us—duties as kinsmen, as neighbors, as citizens, as men.

Where is the individual who, if he is in the possession of reason, is unable to see that he has positive duties? Life is somewhat like this: A person emerges into existence, arrives at reflection and accountability, and chooses his course of action. He seeks happiness and finds it; and on he goes to seek and to find it more and more.

He is struck with grief—go and comfort him. He is without money—go and give him some of your money. Do not delay to consult your own advantage; but go at once, turn directly from your path of pleasure or of interest, and go where that fellow-mortal is, and at the expense of your own time, at the expense of your own ease, at the expense of your own enjoyment, and of your own strength, and of your own means, do unto him as you—if you were in similar circumstances, would have him do unto you.

Now, if a man should refuse to act according to such a bidding as this in such a case as this; you would at once pronounce him unmanly. If the case were a different one—if, for instance, a child or a woman were drowning, and a man passing by could rescue the child or the woman, and Duty should say to him, "Go!" and he should refuse to go, you would in like manner, call him unmanly. Unmanliness, then, is the title universally awarded to him who refuses to do a plain and pressing duty.

The more important the duty, the grosser and baser will be the unmanliness of him who knows that duty, but does it not. Respect and kindness are due from a man to his mother; and if a man neglects his mother, or strikes her, he is called a coward. Patience and devotion are due from a man to his wife; and if a man deserts his wife, or unmercifully assaults her, he is called a dog.

Loyalty and heroic faithfulness are due from a man to his country; and if a man sees his country in danger, and turns away from her in her hour of need, saying, "Let the party that brought on the danger, help the country out of it," he is justly regarded as a vile and ungrateful wretch who scarcely deserves the protection of common law.

We are showing, now, that disobedience to duty, invariably implies unmanliness. Let a father and a mother say they are under no obligations to care for their infant child, and soon enough would the piteous wail of the poor helpless little one declare their inhumanity. Let my next-door neighbor see my house in flames, when I am absent or asleep, and yet go away saying he is under no obligations to try to extinguish the flames, and soon enough would the crackling fire of my burning house declare his base selfishness.

son why we affirm that the grand element of manhood, is obedience to duty. Let a man go about among his fellow-mortals, daring to do right at whatever cost, having it for his life-rule to do his duty under all circumstances; and he will always bear the stamp of a true man on his brow. He may be poor, he may be without rank; but he will be seen to be a man for all that. If the great element of manhood is not obedience to duty, then pray what is it else? Are you going to tell us that it is power, or that it is dignity, or that it is courage, or that it is perseverance, or that it is sagacity, or that it is self-control, or that it is aspiration? It is not one of these. King Darius I, had almost every one of these qualities; but, after all, he was pitifully unmanly, and when he died, his epitaph was, "Here lies one who could drink many bottles of wine without staggering." Napoleon the First, had these qualities; but, as you know, he was amazingly deficient in manhood. Jefferson Davis has these qualities; but, if his manhood should be weighed in the Almighty's balance, how much do you think it would weigh? Oh! it is when we find a man who is proof against the selfish tendencies of his own nature, and against all the allurements and fascinations of a selfish world, in the hour that calls for sterling moral virtue and bravery; it is when we behold the firm bearing of a soul that dares to take the way of hardship, of loss, of suffering, of danger, and even of death, because it is the right way; it is when we follow in his course, one who, though a common toiler, obscure, unhonored, rough-hewn, and though prizing the blood that courses in his veins as worth just as much as any other man's blood, and though loving his home-streets just as fondly as you do yours, nevertheless bends his spirit in the direction of duty, saying with sacred heroism in his breath, "Duty calls me and I must go!" it is then, and then only, that we see one who has the grand element of manhood.

Now, if we turn our attention to this war, and at the same time keep in view the general truth which has just been developed and illustrated, we shall see that during the past two years and a half, our country has been the theater of many impressive exhibitions of manhood. Let us pause, here, and reflect for a moment. We live, and have been living in a period of civil strife and bloodshed. We live, and have been living, in the days of fearful and bloody collisions of armed forces. Think of the events that have taken place, and that are taking place. Think of the carnage, and of the invasions, and of the raids, and of the destruction of property, both public and private; and of the pillaging, and of the plundering. Think of the number of the sanguinary battles. Think of the magnitude of the armies engaged, and of the immensity of the losses involved. Think of the great nations here and there around us, that are looking on with wonder and amazement. Think of the frequency of the sudden launching of souls, by the thousand; into eternity! Think of the quick breaking of the hearts of so many wives, and of so many mothers, and of so many sisters, and of so many betrothed maidens. And yet, these are only a few of the scenes which make up this wide, mournful war-picture, which is doomed to survive. But let us be thankful that, amid it all, there is the grandeur of individual heroism and nobleness, which in a great measure, saves the picture from being utterly gloomy. Thank God we may know that in our times, manhood having been tried, has not been found wanting. We may know that in this period, when men, ready to be brave unto death, were needed, such men presented themselves. We may know that there have, in the last two years and a half, gone forth, at the call of duty, those who have welcomed the gory bed of the slain, so that the dear flag of their country might not be cast down in dishonor, but might wave on the sacred symbol of freedom and of triumph.

But in order that we may clearly see who our noble dead are, let us refer to the beginning of the great Rebellion. We wish to ascertain what the voice of Duty was, in relation to that terrible beginning. We all know just when and where that first shot was fired which was the actual origin of the present war. I shall not carry your thoughts further back than the time of the attack on Fort Sumter. That attack, I affirm, was the real opening of this period of civil carnage. You may say that the war began in the quarrel between the north and the south about slavery; but I deny that it had its commencement there. The agitation of the slavery question might have gone on 'till the extinction of slavery without civil war; had not first shot been fired against our government. It was in Charleston harbor, on Friday, April 12, in the year of our Lord, 1861, that the real war-period was ushered in. Those Southerners, and we Unionists, were then, and never before, obliged to become sworn and determined enemies. You remember what the situation was on that day. They had turned the batteries of Fort Moultrie, and the batteries of Cummings' Point, and the batteries of Fort Johnson, and the guns of their newly-constructed floating battery—turned them, shall we say, against a mere fort? against nothing more than an armed mass of solid masonry standing out in the sea? No, they had turned them against the United States Government as represented in the little garrison of Fort Sumter. And it was when they opened those batteries—it was when the first outburst from those seventeen mortars and thirty-three cannon, blackened the air—it was when the wild men of the South offered that gunpowder insult to the Federal Constitution, that the war had its direful beginning. Then rebellion was first flashed and thundered forth. Then the sober test question was made to ring in every true American heart, "Have we a government or not? Are the laws of this new-world nationality, mere names which can be set aside at will? or are they mighty verities, having unconquerable strength and manhood behind them?" It was at once and everywhere seen and felt, that the Government was in danger. An armed Confederacy had defied it—had insulted it—had made war against it. And in those days, all men that had souls in them, began to think of the case, and to think of it with all their might. The President beset with himself, seized the great trumpet of war which

had been lying silent so long that the dust had settled deep upon it, and through it he sent to the loyal states, the thrilling call, "Let me have men to defend the government! Let me have men to maintain the national authority! Let me have men to repossess the forts, the arsenals, and the territory of the United States! Let me have heroes to fight for the Republic! Let them come from the east and the west, and from the north and the south! Let them come from all parties! Let them come at once, and let them come in thousands." And then it was that the true citizens of this country heard the voice of Duty, as well as the voice of the President. Duty met every man and said to him, "What are you doing in this fearful day? Are you mindful of the emergency which has come? Do you realize its nature and its momentous importance? Do you see the stern demand which this crisis makes upon individuals? Come now, I bid you to awake, to look around, and to consider what you yourself ought to do in this day of your country's peril." We all know what a prompt and sublime uprising there then was of men to stand by the government. We remember how the New England States, and the middle States, and the western States, poured forth their volunteers. We have not forgotten how the brave Massachusetts men fought their way to Washington and to the war, through the Baltimore mob, on the memorable 19th of April.

It is true there are persons who would tell us that those fresh soldiers were actuated by some other motive than that of duty. They did not look for hardship, it may be said—they did not look for a long war. They did not look for the terrors of bloodshed. They did not look for death and for a grave, far away from their homes and friends. They went for interest, or for pleasure, or for the romance of a soldier's life. How easy it is for selfish men, cold-hearted lookers-on, to say such things as these. We answer that many of those volunteers may have been thus moved to enter the war; but everything goes to show that the thoughtful, substantial portion of them, the majority of them in intelligence and ability, were men who were impelled to action by the exalted motive of duty. They turned their backs upon home-scenes that were dear to them, and upon the pleasant associations of peaceful society, and went into the strife, because they had the very same kind of feeling that Putnam had when he left his team and his plow, in the field, and with his brow yet moist with the perspiration of a farmer, made haste to act his part in the inevitable drama. And who have a right to believe that even those who volunteered under the influence of some lower motive, did, at length, come to have the same noble feeling to which we have referred. They were converted after a while from selfish adventurers into true heroes, into martyr-soldiers, into men moved and inspired by the conviction that they were fighting for a good and great cause, and were proving themselves obedient to duty.

And now let us just glance at the other side of the war—the side of our enemies; and see what is the best thing that can be said of those who have bled and fallen in the service of the Rebellion. We shall not say that the rebels have been at all wanting in the fighting element. We shall not say that, since this war commenced, they have been at all backward as officers or as soldiers. Surely, they have been pugnacious enough. They have been ready enough to go through hardships, and ready enough to give and receive battle, and ready enough to die at the command of their leaders. We have no disposition to underrate their indefatigable energy, their daring spirit, their fidelity to orders, their fierce courage. We know how obstinately they fought us at Bull Run. We know how furiously they flung themselves upon our terrible artillery at Malvern Hill, where they were led on by the drunken Magruder. And we remember how long and how fiercely they held their ground at Gettysburg, before they ran from our gallant troops. But, let us ask, what has been the feeling that has impelled these rebels? What has been the noble feeling of duty? We answer, no! Just look at the case: They rebelled against our government, for what? Because it was oppressive? No; but because it was too much opposed to oppression to suit them. Did they rebel against it because it was illiberal? No; but because it was too liberal to suit them. Did they rebel against it because it was sectional? No; but because they could see signs in the times indicating that it was about to become tremendously national. They rebelled against our government in the interest, not of freedom, not of humanity, not of truth, not of justice, not of religion, not of any good principle, or set of good principles in the world; but in the interest, solely, of a confederacy founded on falsehood and wrong.

If you examine their attempted and boasted Confederacy in the happiest light you can, you will find that it is a monstrous concern for the pampering and the apotheosizing of human selfishness. Like hell itself it is built on wickedness. It is based on three principles: 1st—Slavery; 2d—The Cotton Interest; 3d—The Extension of Slavery. For this mean and loathsome thing the rebels have poured out their blood like water. For this they have submitted to all kinds of distresses, fatigues, losses, and privations. Poor, self-made victims of utter folly! what has been their inspiration? what has given them their nerve? what has made them to leap so into the jaws of flaming batteries? what has led them on so to poverty, and to suffering, and to death, and to eternity? You may have some answer to this question different from mine; but I know but one answer to it, and it is, that passion, selfish, unworthy, ignoble passion, is the feeling which has moved them. This has been their impelling principle; this the misapprehension of their conduct—this, and nothing higher or better. You will outrage Heaven itself, if you say that the feeling of duty has been their motive. Surely, it was not duty that led them to hate the northern States, and especially those of New England, for their love of liberty, and of those dear rights of Man for which the Fathers of the Republic struggled and suffered! It was not duty that led them to despise the old flag of Stars and Stripes! It was not duty that led them to scorn that time-honored American

principle, that the majority shall rule in political affairs! It was not duty that led them to insult, with powder and shot, the United States Government, on the 12th day of April, 1861! It was not duty that urged them to convert their fruitful land into one vast expanse of battle-fields! No, no! Ignoble passion—this is the feeling which has impelled them in all they have done, and in all they have tried to do, as the enemies of the Republic.

And when we turn from them and consider those in the loyal States who have inveterately sympathized with them, we are obliged to conclude that they have been actuated by the very same accursed motive. And it is one of the most trying facts we have to encounter to-day, that in all these States, there are such—shall we call them, men? No! they are not men! They have no genuine manhood. We are almost tempted to call them, after the manner of one of the ancient philosophers—"two-legged animals without feathers." Can it be that in this period, there are those around us who correspond precisely to the base fories of 1776? I have thought that if there is one thing more completely adapted for the trial of Christian patience than another, it is to have to stand by the side of an individual of this class, and breathe the air that is polluted by his venomous utterances.

I will tell you what such individuals remind me of. It is of an incident in the life of the celebrated Robert Hall, of England. Some friend asked him if, as Rumor had it, he was intending to marry a certain lady. "I marry her!" he replied, "why, I would as soon marry Bees-zebub's daughter, and then go home to live with the old folks!"

Now there are many individuals in the loyal States who have married that daughter of Bees-zebub, the Southern Confederacy; but the pity is that they haven't all gone home to live with the old folks. Some of them have already gone there, and would to God that the rest might go as soon as possible. We were saying that ignoble passion has been the one motive which has led the rebels to take the course they have taken. This explains their astounding waste of treasure, of energy, of blood, and of life. And now, how great is the relief found in turning away from their fallen thousands, and placing our thoughts upon our own noble dead! O ye host of slain heroes! O ye martyrs to duty, to country, and to Freedom! How shall we suitably honor your memory to-day! How shall we appropriately aid in securing to your names a long and loving remembrance!

I will speak of one of them. I knew him well. I had breakfasted and supped with him. He had seen trouble. His affectionate wife had, after a lingering, chronic illness, gone to that shore "where the weary are at rest;" and he was still cherishing her image, as I could see from the fond, noiseless care with which he was preserving a hundred little keepsakes she had left him. After his departure to the war, I missed his voice in the evening prayer-meeting, and his presence in the Sabbath-day congregation. I remember well how that brave Lieutenant wrote me from the distant camp beyond the Potomac, that he found God everywhere, and that he, and a few of his fellow-soldiers, had been preparing a place within the lines at which to hold religious meetings. And I remember when I read the short announcement which speedily made an end of me of all feverish hoping and fearing, concerning that noble volunteer.

But I think of him to-day as he lay all night on the bloody field of Fair Oaks, bleeding and suffering from his death-wound; and as he afterward expired, saying—"I have done my duty; I am ready." And I have thought that these dying words, though they came from the lips of a common New-England citizen, do breathe of a courage more real than that of the classic warriors, and of a patriotic obedience to duty more sublime than that of the Spartan soldiers who went to death along with Leonidas.

Who has not been bereft of some near or distant relative, some excellent neighbor or chosen friend, by this cruel war? I have recently taken pains to look after the names of those who went forth from this Borough and its vicinity, and laid down their lives in their country's service. By the assistance of one of your esteemed citizens, I am able to present the following historic list:

- WELLSBOROUGH.—Capt. R. W. Sturrock, Co. F 5th Pa. Reserves. Killed in the first day's fight before Richmond.
Capt. A. J. Sefeld, Co. A 149th P. V. Killed at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.
Lieut. G. D. Smith, A. A. G. Co. I 45th P. V. Killed at South Mountain, Sept. 4, 1862.
Lieut. James M. Cole, Co. I 45th P. V. Killed at South Mountain, Sept. 4, 1862.
Lieut. R. M. Pratt, Co. H 6th Pa. Reserves. Killed at the first battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.
James F. Cowden, Co. H 6th Pa. Reserves. Killed at the second Bull Run.
Joseph Hoyt, Co. H 6th Pa. Reserves.
William Margraff, Co. H 6th Pa. Reserves.
James Moore, Co. H 6th Pa. Reserves.
Wm. D. Vanhorn, Co. H 6th Pa. Reserves.
E. R. Atherton, Co. H 6th Pa. Reserves.
Delos Wetherbee, Co. H 6th Reserves.
Wm. Hook, Co. H 6th Reserves.
Solon S. Darrt, Co. I 45th P. V.
Henry Fenton, Co. G 45th P. V.
Geo. E. Mickle, Co. G 45th P. V.
Emery Pollard, Co. G 45th P. V.
Jacob Squares, Co. G 45th P. V.
Harris B. Smith, Co. G 45th P. V.
Moses Thompson, Co. G 45th P. V.
John Kirkpatrick, Co. I 45th P. V.
Thomas R. Smith, Co. G 45th P. V.
Joseph Crandall, Co. F 45th P. V.
George English, Co. I 45th P. V.
James Hard, Co. F 45th P. V.
John E. Jones, Co. I 45th P. V.
James Naylor, Co. I 45th P. V.
Geo. W. Brewster, Co. G 45th P. V.
Martin Crockett, Co. E Bucktails.
Chas. C. Hoadley, Co. E Bucktails.
Benj. Impson, Co. A Bucktails.
Henry Vinner, Co. E Bucktails.
George Kriner, Co. E Bucktails.
H. H. McCarty, Co. E Bucktails.
Ithiel Royce, Co. E Bucktails.
Abisha Sheeler, Co. E Bucktails.

Table with 3 columns: Advertisement type, Rate per square, and Total rate. Includes categories like 1 Square, 2 do., 3 do., 4 do., 5 do., 6 do., 7 do., 8 do., 9 do., 10 do., 11 do., 12 do., 13 do., 14 do., 15 do., 16 do., 17 do., 18 do., 19 do., 20 do., 21 do., 22 do., 23 do., 24 do., 25 do., 26 do., 27 do., 28 do., 29 do., 30 do., 31 do., 32 do., 33 do., 34 do., 35 do., 36 do., 37 do., 38 do., 39 do., 40 do., 41 do., 42 do., 43 do., 44 do., 45 do., 46 do., 47 do., 48 do., 49 do., 50 do.

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.

Slas Warriner, Co. E Bucktails. Cyrus Wetmore, Co. E Bucktails. M. Fetzner, Co. A 149th P. V. Nathan H. Wilcox, Co. A 149th P. V. George A. Nobles, Co. A 149th P. V. L. L. Bacon, N. Y. Vol. David Ingorsoll, Co. I 7th Pa. Cavalry. Geo. E. Kennedy, 3d Pa. Cavalry. Loren B. Simmons, Co. G 7th Cavalry.

Those of the killed who went from the region of Pine Creek, might have been included in this list. Among these is to be numbered the brave son of my brother now seated in this pulpit, (Rev. Mr. Christian). My heavens, I have not yet led your minds beyond the limits of all mortal scenes, to the boundaries of the spirit-world, and asked you to consider the question, "where are fallen soldiers now are?" This is not a question for me to answer in any unqualified manner. But I am moved to say in regard to it, that we have a right to believe that when a man goes to battle, feeling in his inmost heart the impelling principle of duty; when a man fights, and bleeds, and dies, urged on by the high-born conviction that in manfully serving his country, he is serving his God, then he goes not to hell, but to heaven! The opinion, therefore, we have to express, is, that all who in the true sense of the words, are entitled to be called our noble dead, are to be regarded as taking rank among those of whom our blessed Savior said, that if they should give to one of his little ones no more than a cup of cold water, in the name of a disciple, they should not fail of their reward.

But there is another division in the outline of this discourse, respecting which something waits to be said. We were to intimate wherein gratitude over our dead is due to Almighty God. Here I shall be brief; for I know that your minds will readily seize upon the manifold reasons which we have for thankfulness on this day of national consecration and observance. Shall I remind you that our noble dead have not fallen in vain? Let us be thankful for all the events, both long-past and recent, which tend to show us that over their perished blood, our distracted country shall yet have a great and glorious calm. Let us be thankful for the grand steps which our government has already taken toward the utter extinction of slavery—that curse which must be done away, before we can hope to enjoy lasting prosperity. Let us be thankful that we have succeeded so well in confining the ravaging and the carnage incident to the war, to the soil of those who have foolishly rebelled. Let us be thankful that we have captured New Orleans, Memphis, Island No. 10, Vicksburg and Port Hudson; and that we now have the free use of the whole Mississippi. Let us be thankful for the victory so mighty in view of the baleful calamities it prevented, which was gained by our army of the Potomac, over Lee with his hordes of eager and furious Vandals. Let us be thankful for the tokens we have of the capture at no distant day, of Charleston, of Savannah, and of Richmond. And may the language of our hearts, now and henceforth, be, "We love to think on mercies past, And future good improve; And all our cares and sorrows cast, On Him whom we adore."

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Includes: Certificates granted, Schools visited, Average time spent in each, (hours), Institutes attended, Miles traveled, Days spent in official duties, Official letters written.

The following extracts are from my Monthly Report for July: "Certificates granted, 19. Schools visited, 4. Average time spent in each, (hours) 12. Institutes attended, 19. Miles traveled, 260. Days spent in official duties, 20. Official letters written, 10."

I should be able to report the visitation of one more school had not one of our Charleston school-ma'ams "gone a huckleberrying" on a certain Monday morning. Such was the report of the returning urbanus, as I learned the schoolhouse about half-past-nine.

The average attendance during the month of July, I have found in a majority of schools to be much less than for the preceding months, while the whole number on the teachers' rolls is lessened about one-third or one-fourth. I have talked with a great number of Directors, parents and teachers in different parts of the county, and all unite in saying that during the months of July and August their schools lose one-half of their interest and value. There seems to be three very obvious reasons why our schools "run out" during the summer season:

- 1. The weather is too warm, and its effects upon the human system too debilitating to render the confinement of teachers and pupils, within school house walls, either pleasant or profitable.
2. In this rural district, and especially now that there is such a scarcity of help, if parents ever need the services of their children, it is during the haying and harvest season. All children should be taught to labor; it would form an important part of their education; and at no season of the year, can the labor of children be so pleasantly and profitably employed, as during the summer months; for by a wise arrangement of Providence, labor is made most conducive to good health, at that season when it is most requisite to secure necessary crops in the field.
3. Children will go a berrying during the berry season, "whether school keeps or not," and who has the heart to hinder them. Every body likes berries, and children love to pick them; besides in this season of the year, ripe berries are almost indispensable to a healthful diet, to say nothing of their being the greatest of luxuries.
Friends of Common Schools, allow me to ask more than a passing consideration of the one fact that I have stated; for it is a fact, and one generally admitted, that summer schools of the first of July, do not pay. Will some one suggest a remedy? Or shall we persist in keeping up lawless schools, in defiance of labor and the laws of health? I propose to take one more month to observe and consider the difficulty, when if my opinion remains unchanged, I will attempt to prescribe for the public.
Annual Reports from about two-thirds of the