JOBBING DEPARTMENT

The proprietors have stocked the establishme with a new a varied assortment of

JOB AND CARD TYPE

AND FAST PRESSES,

and are prepared to execute neatly and promptly

POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, CARDS, PAMPHLETS, &c., &c.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, and a full assortment of Constables' and Justices' Blanks on hand.

People living at a distance can dependon having their work done promptly and sent back in return mail.

The Tioga County Agitator.

"The Agitation of Thoughts is the Beginning of Wisdom."

VOL. XVI. WELLSBORO, PA., APRIL 7, 1869. NO. 14.

The Tioga County Agitator

Is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 per year, invariably in advance.

COBB & VAN GELDER.

M. H. COBB.] [P. O. VAN GELDER.

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AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY,

8 Baldwin Street,

(SIGN OF THE BIG BOOK, 2D FLOOR,)

ELMIRA, N. Y.

OUR MOTTO:

GOOD AS THE BEST, CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

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Of every description, in all styles of Binding, and as low, for quality of Stock, as any Bindery in the State. Volumes of every description Bound in the best manner and in any style ordered.

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Executed in the best manner. Old Books rebound and made good as new.

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COMPLETE YOUR SETS!

I am prepared to furnish back numbers of all Reviews or Magazines published in the United States or Great Britain, at a low price.

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Of all sizes and qualities, on hand, ruled or plain.

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Of any quality or size, on hand and cut up ready for printing. Also, BILL PAPER, and CARD BOARD of all colors and quality, in boards or *cut to any size.*

STATIONERY,

Cap, Letter, Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, &c.

I am sole agent for

Prof. SHEPARD'S NON-CORROSIVE STEEL PENS, OF VARIOUS SIZES, FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Which I will warrant equal to Gold Pens. The best in use and no mistake.

The above stock I will sell at the lowest Rates at all times, at a small advance on New York prices, and in quantities to suit purchasers. All work and stock warranted as represented.

I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. Orders by mail promptly attended to.—

Address, LOUIS KIES,

Advertiser Building,

Sept. 28, 1867.-1y. Elmira, N. Y.

UNION HOTEL.

MINER WATKINS, PROPRIETOR,

HAVING fitted up a new hotel building on the site of the old Union Hotel, lately destroyed by fire, I am now ready to receive and entertain guests. The Union Hotel was intended for a Temperance House, and the Proprietor believes it can be sustained without grog. An attentive hostler in attendance.

Wellsboro, June 26, 1867.

E. R. KIMBALL,

GROCERY AND RESTAURANT,

One door above the Meat Market,

WELLSBORO, PENN'A,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the trading public that he has a desirable stock of Groceries, comprising, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, and all that constitutes a first-class stock. Oysters in every style at all seasonable hours.

Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867-tf.

Boots & Shoes.

Great Excitement! Johnson impeached, and Embree's Boots and Shoes triumphant! The subscriber would say to the people of Westfield and vicinity that he is manufacturing a Patent Boot which he believes to possess the following advantage over all others; 1st, there is no crimping; 2d, no wrinkling, save as they break to the feet; 3d, no ripping. In short, they are just the thing for everybody. Samples on hand and orders *solicited. Sole right of Westfield township and Boro'* secured. He has also just received a splendid set of balmoral patterns, latest styles.—Come one, come all! We are bound to sell cheap for cash or ready pay. Shop one door south of Sanders & Delegrove.

Westfield Boro', Feb. 13 1868. J. R. EMBREE.

WALKER & LATHROP,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS,

STOVES, TIN-WARE,

BELTING, SAWS, CUTLERY,

WATER LIME,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Carriage and Harness Trimmings,

HARNESSES, SADDLES, &c.

Corning, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1867-1y.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE

BARRELS, FIRKINS, CHURNS, BUTTER TUBS, &c.,

Kept constantly on hand, and furnished to order, by

W. T. MATHERS,

at his new store, 2d door above Roy's Building, Wellsboro. (June 10, 1868.)

Scales! Scales! Scales!

THE Buffalo Platform Scales, all ordinary sizes, for heavy, and counter use, may be found at the Hardware Store of Wm. Roberts, Wellsboro. These Scales are the Fairbanks patent and have no superior anywhere. They are modern in style and have taken the premium at all the great exhibitions.

I have the sole agency for these Scales in this region. WILLIAM ROBERTS.

Wellsboro, Feb. 12, 1868.

PACIFIC HOTEL

170, 172, 174, & 176 *GREENWICH ST.,*

New York.

THE UNDERSIGNED takes pleasure in announcing to his numerous friends and patrons that from this date, the charge of the Pacific will be $2,50 per day.

Being sole Proprietor of this House, and therefore free from the too common exaction of an exorbitant rent, he is fully able to meet the downward tendency of prices without any falling off of service.

It will now, as heretofore, be his aim to maintain undiminished the favorable reputation of the Pacific, which it has enjoyed for many years, as one of the best of travelers hotels.

The table will be bountifully supplied with every delicacy of the season.

The attendance will be found officient and obliging.

The location will be found convenient for those whose business calls them in the lower part of the city, being one door north of Cortlandt Street, and one block west of Broadway, and of ready access to all Rail Road and Steamboat Lines.

Dec. 2, 1868-6m JOHN PATTEN.

New Tobacco Store!

THE subscriber has fitted up the rooms adjoining D. P. Robinson's Tin and Stove Store for the manufacture and sale of

CIGARS, (all grades), Fancy and Common CHEWING, and all kinds of PLUG TOBACCO, PIPES, and the choicest Brand of CIGARS.

☞ Call and see for yourselves.

J. W. PURSEL.

Wellsboro, Nov. 11, 1868 —tf.

TO FARMERS!

ELK RUN PLASTER.—We hereby certify that we have used the Elk Run Plaster manufactured by Champney & Bernauer, at their works on Elk Run, in Gaines township, and believe it to be equal if not superior to the Cayuga Plaster.

David Smith	S M Conable
M H Cobb	H E Simmons
S W Barker	Asa Smith
Geo Davis	Albert King
J H Watrous	W H Watrous
R M Smith	O A Smith
J D Strait.	P C Van Gelder
Jared Davis	J F Zimmerman
C L Smith.	

N. B.—Plaster always on hand at the Mill.—Price $5 per ton. Nov. 4, 1868.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WILLIAM H. SMITH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Main Street Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.

WM. GARRETSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Notary Public and Insurance Agent, Blossburg, Pa., over Caldwell's Store.

GEO. W. MERRICK,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office with W. H. Smith, Esq., Main Street opposite Union Block, Wellsboro, Pa. July 15, 1868.

W. D. TERBELL & CO.,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints and Oils, &c., &c. Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1868.-1y.

S. F. WILSON. J. B. NILES.

WILSON & NILES,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW, (First door from Bigoney's, on the Avenue)—Will attend to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1868.

JOHN I. MITCHELL

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa.

Claim Agent, Notary Public, and Insurance Agent. He will attend promptly to collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty. As Notary Public he takes acknowledgements of deeds, administers oaths, and will act as Commissioner to take testimony. ☞ Office over Roy's Drug Store, adjoining Agitator Office.—Oct. 30. 1367

John W. Guernsey,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Having returned to this county with a view of making it his permanent residence, solicits a share of public patronage. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to, with promptness and fidelity. Office 2d door south of E. S. Farr's hotel. Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa. sept. 26.'66.-tf.

JOHN E. SHAKSPEARE,

DRAPER AND TAILOR. Shop over John R. Bowen's Store. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and in best style. Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868-1y

GEORGE WAGNER,

TAILOR. Shop first door north of L. A. Sears's Shoe Shop. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and well. Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.-1y.

JOHN ETNER,

TAILOR AND CUTTER, has opened a Shop on Crafton street, rear of Sears & Derby's shoe shop, where he is prepared to manufacture garments to order in the most substantial manner, and with dispatch. Particular attention paid to Cutting and Fitting. March 26, 1868-1y

Dr. C. K. Thompson.

[WELLSBOROUGH PA.]

Will attend to Professional calls in the village of Wellsboro and elsewhere. Office and Residence on State St. 2d door on the right going East. [June. 24, 1868.

D. BACON, M. D., late of the 2d Pa. Cavalry, after nearly four years of army service, with a large experience in field and hospital practice, has opened an office for the practice of medicine and surgery, in all its branches. Persons from a distance can find good boarding at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired.—Will visit any part of the State in consultation, or to perform surgical operations. No 4, Union Block, up stairs. Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866.—1y.

Wm. B. Smith,

KNOXVILLE, Pa., Pension, Bounty, and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate. [Jan 8, 1868—1y

Thos. B Bryden.

SURVEYOR & DRAFTSMAN.—Orders left at his room, Townsend Hotel, Wellsboro, will meet with prompt attention. Jan. 13. 1867.—tf.

R. E. OLNEY,

DEALER in CLOCKS & JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c., Mansfield, Pa. Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired. Engraving done in plain English and German. 11sept67-1y.

Hairdressing & Shaving.

Saloon over Willcox & Barker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa. Particular attention paid to Ladies' Hair-cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc. Braids, Puffs, coils, and switches on hand and made to order.

H. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

J. G. PUTNAM,

MILL WRIGHT—Agent for all the best TURBINE WATER WHEELS. Also for Stewart's Oscillating Movement for Gang and Mulay Saws.

Tioga, Pa., Aug. 7, 1868, 1y.

C. L. WILCOX,

Dealer in DRY GOODS of all kinds, Hardware and Yankee Notions. Our assortment is large and prices low. Store in Union Block. Call in gentleman.—may 20 1868-1y.

PETROLEUM HOUSE,

WESTFIELD, PA., GEORGE CLOSE, Proprietor. A new Hotel conducted on the principle of live and let live, for the accommodation of the public.—Nov. 14, 1866.-1y.

WELLSBORO HOTEL.

C. H. GOLDSMITH, Proprietor.—Having leased this popular Hotel, the proprietor respectfully solicits a fair share of patronage. Every attention given to guests. The best hostler in the county always in attendance. April 29, 1868.—1y.

FARR'S HOTEL,

TIOGA, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.,

Good stabling, attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance.

E. S. FARR, Proprietor.

HAMILTON HOUSE,

On strictly Temperance principles, Morris Run, Pa. R. C. BAILEY, Proprietor. Horses and Carriages to let.—March 8, 1868.—1y.

HILL'S HOTEL,

WESTFIELD Borough, Tioga Co. Pa., E. G. Hill, Proprietor. A new and commodious building with all the modern improvements. Within easy drives of the best hunting and fishing grounds in Northern Penn'a. Conveyances furnished. Terms moderate. Feb. 5, 1868-1y.

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

HORACE C. VERMILYEA, Prop'r. 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 traveling public. [Jan. 1, 1868.]

Bounty and Pension Agency.

HAVING received definite instructions in regard to the extra bounty allowed by the act approved July 28, 1866, and having on hand a large supply of all necessary blanks, I am prepared to prosecute all pension and bounty claims, which may be placed in my hands. Persons living at a distance can communicate with me by letter, and their communications will be promptly answered. WM. H. SMITH.

Wellsboro, October 24, 1866.

HARKNESS & RILEY,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS,

Over Wilson & Van Valkenburg's Store, in the room lately occupied by Benj. Seeley.

BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds made to order and in the best manner.

REPAIRING OF all kinds done promptly and good. Give us a call.

JOHN HARKNESS,

WM. RILEY.

Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1868 1y.

HOOP SKIRTS, at DeLANO & CO'S.

Poets' Corner.

BETTER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

That haunting dream of Better,
Forever at our side!
It tints the far horizon,
It sparkles on the tide.
The cradle of the Present
Too narrow is for rest;
The feet of the Immortal
Leap forth to seek the Best.

O beauty, trailing sadness!
Despair, hope's loftiest birth!
With tears and aspirations
Have ye bedewed the earth.
The opening buds of April
Unthinely frost-bay chill;
The soul of sweet October
Paints out in mystery still.

What buriest thou, gay childhood?
Sweet youth, what fled with thee?
Laugh'st at our losses, Sorrow,
As in some godlike glee?
Away, away forever
Our vessels seem to sail;
The Eternal Breath o'ertake them;
Home speeds them every gale.

The filmy gold and purple
Swathed not the hill we trod;
'Twas hard and common climbing,
The bramble and the clod.
The bitterness we tasted
Was Truth's most wholesome leaven;
The friends that left us lonely
Are opening doors in heaven.

And now the deeper midnight
Discovers larger stars;
And grafts of glory burgeon
From earthly blights and scars.
And now the mists are lifting—
The tides are rushing in—
The morning is on the mountains!
Let life is yet to win!

Miscellaneous Reading.

A FAMILY JAR, AND WHAT COME OF IT.

I remember it as though it had happened yesterday. It was the biggest row we ever had in our family.

It was one cold, rainy evening in the early part of December. We all sat down to the supper table as usual, but not, apparently, in our usual good humor.

By "all," I mean our family, which consisted of father, mother, my two sisters, Clara and Lizzie,—Bob and myself.

Bob Carver was one of our family, as he said, "by brevet." His mother and my mother had been friends in girlhood, and had never outgrown their intimacy. Ever since Bob had lived in the city, he had boarded at our house, and he seemed like one of us.

He was a jolly good fellow, and appeared to think a good deal of us all, especially Clara, who, by the way, did not seem to care particularly for him, though, of course, she liked him "well enough," as we all did.

The relations between these two had caused me some painful consideration. I like Bob very much, and would have been glad to have him in the family more fully than he never dreamed of this my brother. Him made me feel a warm sympathy for his unreciprocated affection for Clara. I was in love myself, and thought that if Maggie Cranston showed as much indifference to me as Clara did sometimes toward Bob, that I should have been inexpressibly miserable.

Besides this, Clara seemed to take a good deal of pleasure in the company of that stupid Jim Bayne, whose chief delight seemed to consist in talking about religion, politics and other subjects, which bored me intolerably. I was nineteen, and poetical.

It always seemed to me that Lizzie would have suited Bob better than Clara, anyhow. They were both fond of music, and often played and sang together; but they never got along smoothly together. They did not appear to agree about anything but music, and they quarreled about that. Yet they would still practice together.—Their voice harmonized well, and I supposed they tolerated each other for the sake of the music.

I could never understand Lizzie's conduct toward Bob. It was absurd. Some of his ideas that she argued against with all her might, when he stated them, she as warmly defended in conversation with the rest of us. I believe she delighted in being contrary.

Mother sometimes rebuked her for her petulance to Bob, but father said it made no difference,—it was customary for musical people to quarrel. He was quick-tempered himself, and Lib was more like him than any of the rest of us were.

But to return to the December evening, as I have said, the weather was bad. For that reason, I suppose, the boy had failed to leave the evening paper.

When father came in, he asked for the paper, and said, "Confound the boy."

When Bob came in, he asked for the paper, and went up stairs to change his boots, grumbling out something about hanging the boy to the nearest lamp-post.

The girls were in bad humor, because they had been unable to get out shopping that afternoon on a holiday shopping expedition; while mother was worried because the bread had not turned out well, and the buckwheat cakes showed a tendency to become sour.

Mother said something about the bread—said she had been over the baking nearly all day, and it seemed as though it never would rise. She said, "I think either the flour or the yeast is bad."

Father, just to be disagreeable, I suppose, said, "A bad workman always complains of his tools."

Mother blushed up instantly. She was a good bread-maker, and she knew it. She said, "That don't apply to me. We generally have as good bread as any one. Don't you think so, Robert?"

Bob, who looked as though he was working out some problem in mental arithmetic, answered, "I don't presume to criticise the fare of my boarding-house."

This was improving (?) things rapidly,—Bob calling our house his boarding-house.

After supper Bob went up to his room and smoked a cigar, and afterward came down in a more social humor. In accordance with a previous arrangement, he and Lizzie sat down to practice an instrumental duet.

I sat in the parlor reading, and so long as the music ran smoothly on, I paid no attention to it; but suddenly there was a discord, and then it ceased.

"You made a mistake there," said Bob, pointing to the music.

"No, it was you," said Lizzie, "and there is where it was," pointing at one of the hieroglyphics with which composers disfigure paper.

"I beg pardon," said Bob, "but I could not have made such a mistake, as I am quite familiar with the piece. I played it with Miss Peterson the other evening, and made the same mistake you did—only she saw it when I pointed it out."

"Oh, yes; she would see that black was white, if you point it out. What has Miss Peterson to do with me? I surely thought that you and I lived long enough in the same house together, and were sufficiently intimate if not friendly—to allow me to differ with you sometimes, and even to dispute authority in support of my own opinion when it was at variance with yours."

Whatever friendly relations there were need not continue. You have chosen to define your position in the house as that of a mere boarder, and as such, had no right to flout another young lady in my face, and claim that because she made a mistake, I must have done so, too. You talk quite glibly about this music, anyhow. If you're as familiar with the piece as you pretend, why did you practice it? I know you are not right about the mistake, and I don't believe you think you are, yourself."

"If a man had given Bob Carver the lie so directly, I suppose he would have knocked him down. As it was, he jumped up, without a word, and went to his room.

Lizzie played several very lively airs with great animation, and was as merry as a bird until she went to bed.

Her apparent triumph over the latter angered me, and I bluntly told her she had been ill-natured and unlike; whereupon she informed me that "children should be seen and not heard."

At breakfast, next morning, all due had apparently recovered our good humor, but there was something food about Bob's gayety. I noticed that he and Lizzie said nothing to each other. When he left, he said he would not be back to supper. (He always dined down town.) As this was not altogether unusual, no one but myself appeared to notice it, except Clara, who looked at Lizzie with a sort of "I told you so" glance.

Bob came home late that evening, and we did not see him until the next morning. At breakfast Lizzie seemed about to say something to him, once, but did not do so.

Father, mother, and Clara went to church. Bob and I concluded not to go, and it was Lizzie's turn to stay at home and superintend the preparation for dinner.

We are accustomed to eating our dinners on Sunday, as it was the only time we could all eat that meal together and take our time at it. We all enjoyed those Sunday dinners keenly.

Just before the folks started to church Clara and Lizzie were talking earnestly together, and Clara said, "Yes, you ought to do it, and at once." I gave no heed to the words then, but afterward knew what they referred to.

Father had a sort of half-library, half-office, up stairs, and there Bob and I went, he to take a smoke and myself to read.

After we had been there a short time Lizzie tapped at the door and walked in. I asked her if she would have a cigar, to which she made no reply, but walked directly toward Bob, who involuntarily got up to meet her.

I saw that they were about to make up their quarrel; but as I had been present at half a dozen make-ups of theirs, I only thought it necessary to gape, with sudden interest fixed on Mr. Carver, who, she "I was provoked at what you said at the table, and so forgot myself; I'm sorry."

I wished I had gone out; but they were between me and the door, so I did not know what to do.

Bob maintained an awkward silence for a few seconds. I began to feel interested. I knew that that was pretty much of an apology for Lib to make to any one, and I mentally said if he did not accept it as frankly as it was offered, he was a—well, not what I thought him.

Lizzie must have grown tired of his silence, for she had turned around from the window, when Bob said "stop."—She turned toward him and he continued:

"Lizzie, don't think I am such a brute as not to accept your apology. I was only at a loss to find words to express my regret at having provoked you into saying what you did. It was all my fault."

"No, it wasn't," curtly returned Lizzie; and I mentally concluded that they would quarrel over this.

But Bob continued seriously, and in a most lugubrious tone, said, "Well, may be it isn't. I guess it is fate. It is the result, I suppose, of oversensitiveness to your indifference—or dislike."

"Bob!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"It's true he said," "I cant help feeling that you don't like me, and my uneasiness leads me to act so as to increase your aversion."

I wished I had gone. They seemed to be settling not only their last quarrel, but all they had ever had.

"You had no right to say that, Bob. You—know—I don't—dislike you," said Lizzie, actually breaking down and sobbing.

I guess he must have concluded that he knew it, for he took her in his capacious arms just as I passed them on a rapid retreat, terribly ashamed of not having gone in the first place.

I do not know what took place after I left, but so far as dinner was concerned, Lib might as well have gone to church.

Bridget got it all right, however, and I think it was about the happiest one we ever did eat.

Happiness is contagious, and there was enough of it in Lizzie's eye alone to have inoculated a whole regiment with joy.

I believe Clara saw the state of affairs at once, and shared Lizzie's joy to the greatest possible degree.

Father and mother seemed to accept the "era of good feeling" without explanation, while Bob was insane.

He asked father about the sermon, and on being assured that it was an excellent one, said he would take a little of it.

Father asked him, "What?" and he said "potatoes!"

He helped himself to a spoonful and then deliberately took a spoonful of butter.

Mother significantly asked him if he thought smoking agreed with him, and he told her yes; he considered it a delightful exercise; and as he gave her this novel assurance, he reached for the molasses and poured it over his potatoes and butter.

This was too much for Clara and me, and we burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which recalled Bob to his senses; and, blushing crimson, he confessed that he was absent-minded, as he had just been able to see his way clear in a matter which had troubled him for months.

He then heartily joined in the general laugh at his mistakes; Lizzie also joining in, and blushing a pink accompaniment to his deep crimson flush.

Bob and father took a smoke in the office that afternoon, and mother and the girls held a conference in the parlor; I took a walk.

When I came back Clara said, "You're a gump."

Without any idea of what that might be, I meekly assented, and said, "I had no idea of what was coming; I thought Bob wanted you instead of Lib."

"You're all the worse gump for that," said she; "and for fear you can't see something else in time, I'll tell you now that I'm engaged to Mr. Bayne."

I thought the marrying days of the year had come, and went off to my room to indulge in a delightful dream of my own marriage, in the far-off future, with Maggie Cranston.

* * * * * * * *

Five years have passed since then. Clara and Lizzie got married, of course, and I stood up at their weddings. Clara keeps house. Bob and Lizzie still live at our house, and father insists that they always shall.

I do not think Jim Bayne so stupid as I once did. Three years in the fish and oil business, as junior member of the firm of Martin & Son, have damaged my poetic enthusiasm, while Bayne's seems, something or other, on the increase.

I have not married Maggie Cranston. In fact, I do not know her. We did not keep up our acquaintance long after she left the boarding-school where she was when I so fully expected to marry her, and thought I could not get along without her.

I am still a youthful bachelor, awaiting an opportunity to quarrel with some young lady, as Bob Carver did with our Lizzie; but I don't want any nineteen-year-old brothers on hand at the reconciliation.

ALMOST A WRECK.

Captain Abel Withers was one of the best shipmates that ever handled a quadrant; a perfect sailor, thoroughly versed in navigation, and possessing a very clear, calm judgment. And then he was one of the most humane commanders of our mercantile marine—treating his men like brothers, and ever mindful of their comfort and welfare. All this he was when he was Abel Withers; but some times he would put a thief into his mouth to steal himself away. When overcome by liquor he was totally another being—reckless and cross, and wholly unmindful of his conduct or its consequences. The owners knew that he made a free use of liquor sometimes when on shore, but they fancied he kept perfectly straight when at sea. The fact was neither his officers nor men would expose him, for they loved him too well.

In 1843 Withers had command of the ship Waterspout. She was a noble craft, and had a noble crew. Several times during the outward bound course, the skipper allowed himself to be overcome by his enemy. It seemed to be a sort of disease with him. For several weeks in succession he would remain perfectly sober, sometimes taking an occasional glass of brandy and water, and at others going a week without tasting it. If by chance he got enough on board to feel it, he was sure to get drunk; and then came a storm, for which he would subsequently atone by renewed kindness and regret.

The Waterspout was bound for Smyrna. At noon on the 23d of September we were in latitude 35 degrees 50 minutes north, and longitude 26 degrees 49 minutes east—about two hundred miles from Milo. During that afternoon and the following night there was but little wind. The ship lay upon her course, and averaged about three knots. The next morning the breeze freshened a bit and came out from the east by one, and one it stood in on a At noon the sun was so deeply obscured that no observation could be obtained, and the course was calculated from dead reckoning. Toward the middle of the afternoon the wind lulled awhile, and then came out strong from the westward. At the same time Capt. Withers came on deck—drunk! His face was flushed, his eyes wild and glaring, and his step unsteady. There was a peculiar compression of the nether lip which betokened the worst state of his mind. As soon as he saw the wind had changed, and that the ship had it almost dead aft, he ordered all sail to be made—studding sails on both sides, and the sky-sails set. After this the log was thrown, and she ran off eleven knots.

"Glorious!" cried Withers. "We'll make up now for lost time. We have made just twenty miles since yesterday at this time."

"We've made nearer eighty, sir," said the mate.

"What! Do you dispute me sir?" cried the Captain, in a rage. "I tell you we've run off just twenty of 'em—just twenty, sir! I've kept the reckoning and I know!" "We'll have no mutiny here, if you please."

"But, Captain, have you not made a mistake?"

"By the eternal heavens, sir, do you mean to question my authority? Touch a rope if you dare! I'll sail this ship, if you please."

Such was Abel Withers, drunk.

The breeze continued fresh and steady, and all sail was kept on. At dark, Mr. Sargent, the mate, asked if he should not shorten sail. The Captain swore like a madman. He seemed to fancy that his officers wished to assume command and put him out of the way. He said he would shoot the first man who dared to take in a rag of canvass.

But Withers was not satisfied with this. He went below and took another glass of brandy, and then putting on his pea-jacket he returned to the deck and ordered the mate to go below. Sargent obeyed at once, though he was determined not to go to sleep. At midnight the Captain became aware that the masts were being strained, and he ordered the studding-sails taken in and the royals furled. The mate had taken the sky sails off before dark. Yet the ship now ran off ten knots.

At two o'clock the second mate went to the wheel and whispered to the helmsman to lay the ship three points further south. The man did so and Withers noticed it at once.

"What's all this?" he cried, with an oath. "Has the wind changed?"

He went to the binnacle, and saw the trouble at once. The second mate had hoped that he was too drunk to notice the change, but his wits were keen and quick in that direction. It is a peculiarity of drunkenness that the intoxicated man seems possessed of an intuitive perception of any effort to deceive him and so was Withers in this case. He ordered the man at the wheel to be put in irons, and then ordered the second mate, Mr. Clingman, below. He had the ship put up to her original course, and then he paced up and down the deck raving and storming like a madman.

At four o'clock Mr. Sargent came up. He could stand it no longer.

"Captain Withers," he said, firmly, but respectfully, "this ship must not stand on so another half hour. I assure you, upon my honor, that the Island of Milo is directly ahead, and not over fifteen miles distant, at the farthest."

"Get out of this!" yelled the Captain. "Go below, sir, at once! I am commander here, if you please."

"But, sir, I am in earn—"

"Out!" interposed the madman with an oath. "Down below you go at once! I have kept the reckoning, if you please, and we are a hundred miles from Milo."

Sargent still urged the captain to listen but he could make no impression upon him. He quickly found that Withers was not only determined, but madly so, and that he would not hesitate to resort to violence if he was opposed further. The mate was anxious to avoid, for the skipper was not only very powerful, but if pushed to physical violence there would be danger of a death. So Sargent went below, but he resolved that in one hour he would come up, and then if nothing could be done, the Captain should be secured by force, or some stratagem and kept bound until he got sober.

The hour passed and yet the ship stood on at the old speed. Mr. Sargent came on deck and looked about him.—The stars were obscured by a thick haze, but the wind kept us as fresh and fierce as ever. The mate knew that the land could not be far distant. He made his way forward, and he fancied he could hear the roar of the breakers. It would be already daybreak but for the thick atmosphere. With a quick step the officer walked aft and asked the Captain if he would not change the course further to the southward.

"What?" cried Withers, starting back and clenching his fists, "you here again? Now, by the Infernal Heavens, I'll let you know—"

At this moment the Captain's voice was drowned by a cry that came from the bows. Quick as thought the mate rushed forward. The mist had lifted—the first gleam of daylight was upon the water—and directly ahead, not more than three cable's length distant, loomed up a foam dashed, towering wall of jagged rocks! They looked like black monsters there, with the mad sea lashing in fury against them.

"Breakers ahead!" echoed half a dozen voices in concert.

"Braces! braces!—all hands!" cried Sargent, in a prompt ringing tone, which sounded clearly above the roar of the breakers. He had examined the lay of the rocks carefully, and he knew how to act, though hope hung upon a thread.

"For your lives, my men!" he shouted, springing toward the waist. "Cast off the starboard braces!—haul in on the larboard lines! Port the helm!—steady—steady—hard a port now! Oh! for your lives, my men! for your lives! Meet her now! Right your helm.

The men saw the danger, but the stern promptness of the mate gave them strength and they obeyed his orders quickly and with a will. As the yards were braced up and the helm cast a port the old ship felt it, and came nobly up to the wind. Captain Withers had been paralyzed by the first cry of the breakers, and his power seemed gone. He stood at the taffrail, like one in a fearful dream, trembling from head to foot, and watching the working of the men with eagerness. As the ship came up to the wind her stern came in towards the rocks and the end of the spanker boom, actually hit a projecting point! There was a sudden shock—a bump—and the men were nearly thrown from their feet. The keel had hit a sunken rock! A groan escaped the captain's lips, and he clung to the rail for support, as the cold spray from the breakers came dashing over him.

A few minutes after this shock the men held their breaths, but the ordeal was soon passed. The ship stood freely on and in a few minutes more the danger was over. The breakers were leaving them in the distance with our saved lives and a whole ship.

Ere long the mist was gone, and the beams of the sun showed us the bleak wave lashed coast of Milo under our lee. The captain was sober now, and I as he stood and gazed upon the grim rock in the distance.

At the breakfast table he said not a word; he could not eat, and seemed sick and faint. Towards noon he came on deck and called all his crew aft.

"My men," he said in a firm, feeling tone, "I have deeply wronged you all and my officers more deeply still. But But let the past be forgiven me. I ask you not to forget it, for in the memory of the terrible fate I came so near bringing upon you, shall my own safety be fixed. But forgive me, and as God is my master, you shall never have occasion to blame me again.

The glad shout which went from the deck assured Captain Withers that he had not lost a friend. They loved him better than ever from that day, and he never betrayed the confidence they imposed on him. He cast the accursed enemy from him, and never touched it more, for he knew too well that his fate depended on an entire shutting out of the thief which had so often stolen the best part of him.

[For the Agitator.]

The Constitution of the Earth.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

This theory of a living earth supposes that the breathing alternations are as in other animal life for the purpose of taking into the body of the earth external gases, and for diffusing the various substances as modified throughout the system and for expelling those gases that have been generated in the body, but are unfit for incorporation into the system.

In analogy, then, to animal breathing the earth must take into its interior not its own atmosphere, but the gases that it finds in the track of its annual circuit. These gases, as stated in a former paper, may be supposed to be made up, in part, of the various constituents of all the heavenly bodies, the earth included. In its expirations, it must throw out from its own interior in a gaseous form, some of the materials that have been formed within itself, thus making mutual interchange with other heavenly bodies, of the material that goes to make up each. This supposes that the organization of the heavenly bodies is analogous.

The heat of the animal body is caused by the chemical and electrical operations going on within. The gases expired from the lungs must, consequently, be warm and produce a warm atmosphere around the mouth and nostrils. For this reason, in the coldest night, the face may be left uncovered without danger of freezing.

In all animal bodies there is the analogy of position for the breathing aperture, and taking that analogy as a guide, we should conclude that this breathing aperture of the earth is near the north pole, at least within the area contained between the pole and the 80th degree of latitude.

On the principles stated above, around all the region in which this gas is exhaled, there must be a corresponding warmth. Consequently there must in all probability be an open polar sea if there is water in the region of this aperture. Let the reader observe that all the organs and parts of the earth are immensely gigantic, compared to the organs and parts of the most gigantic animals on the earth.

If, then, there is no open polar sea nor any region of heated atmosphere within the 80th parallel, or near the pole, it is a strong argument, perhaps conclusive, against my theory; but if there is, then it is equally conclusive in its favor.

The animal body takes in most of its supply to the stomach where it undergoes certain changes in form and is sent to various parts of the body and what is found to be finally unfit to be incorporated into the system, is thrown off as excrementitious matter, either as solid or liquid.

It will be alleged that here the analogy does not hold. That so far as the taking of food into the stomach, there can be nothing connected with the earth analogus to it. I admit that so it would *appear* to one who has not thought of the subject, as the earth *appears* to be stationary. And yet if this life theory be correct, and the rapid locomotion of the earth through space of 1140 miles per minute be a fixed fact, and if there be no mistake in the discovery by astronomers, that the earth in its flight, encounters innumerable bodies, which we call meteors, many of which are destroyed by contact with the earth or its atmosphere, may it not be possible that these meteors are the food of the earth, and are taken into the capacious maw of this flitting monster, to be there digested and sent through all its elementary canals to furnish food for its continued existence. This looks rather romantic, I suppose, to those who have not thought much upon the subject. It is somewhat romantic to ride at the rate of sixty miles an hour on a railroad car, and most people would feel quite anxious for their personal safety at such a speed; but they would think it a good deal more romantic to ride at the rate of 68,400 miles an hour. And this we are actually doing without any anxiety at all.

Now would it seem any more incredible to a person, who had never heard of such a thing, to be told that he was riding through the regions of space and whisking along among the stars at the rate of 1140 miles a minute without knowing it, than that this vast earth every day made a dinner on a couple of thousand of good sized meteors. Imagine he would believe the fish story first.

Some very acute philosophers, as I have said before, have started the theory, that all the secondary deposites of the earth, that is, all above the granite formation, is but an accumulation of meteors dashed to atoms or set on fire by coming in contact with the earth. They go so far as to say that the earth was at first only a small dark colored nucleus and all after growth has been by meteoric accretion. Now the only difference between my theory and this seems to be that in one case the earth swallows the meteors and in the other, dashes them to pieces and spreads them on the outside.

But badinage aside, this idea of the earth consuming the meteors floating in its track is no more strange and startling than was at first the theory of the earth's spherical form, or of the earth's diurnal and annual motions; and it is just as difficult for us to conceive that we are riding through space at the rate of nineteen miles a second, as it is to conceive that the earth we are riding upon, is a vast animal body floating in an attenuated ether and gathering its food in the same manner that all other animals do.

Let us look at it a moment. There are animals whose natural element is water; in that they live; out of it they die. Then there is another order of animals, whose natural element is the atmosphere that surrounds the earth. They can only live by breathing that atmosphere; out of it they die. Then above that order, is another, of bodies, whose natural element is the attenuated ether spoken of above. That is their element. In it alone they exist. Would it be a strange supposition that as we go up the analogy still holds as it does below the order of which man is the lowest?

On the plane of the first two we may place ourselves. We have organs to measure with our animal position and wants; and we can examine and analyze all those existences on our own plane. Far above us—we may say almost infinitely—are those existences, which are presented to view, by their representatives, the starry points of light in the firmament. I say *representatives*, for we no more see the bodies that the stars represent, than we see the whale when we look at a speck of spermaceti, or the fl