The Tioga County Agitator

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

COBB & VAN GELDER.

J. H. COBB. | P. C. VAN GELDER

ADVERTISING RATES.

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Special Notices 15 cents per line; Editorial or Local 20 cents per line.

The Tioga County Agitator.

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

VOL. XVI. WELLSBORO, PA., JULY 28, 1869. NO. 30.

JOBBING DEPARTMENT.

The proprietors have stocked the establishme with a new a varie 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.

MASONIC.

OSSEA LODGE, No. 317, A. Y. M., meets at their Hall over Dr. Roy's drug store, on Tuesday evening, on or before the Full Moon, at 7 o'clock P. M.

TIOGA CHAPTER, No. 194, R. A. M., meets at the Hall, on Thursday evening, on or before the Full Moon, at 7 o'clock P. M.

TIOGA COUNCIL, No. 31, R. & S. MASTERS, meets at the Hall, on the third Friday of each calendar month, at 7 o'clock P. M.

CLAUGHTON COMMANDERY, No. 23, of KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, and the appendant orders, meets at the Hall, on the first Friday of each calendar month, at 7 o'clock P. M.

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, 1867

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 B. 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, since 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 branches. Persons from a distance can find good board at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired.—Visits any part of the State in consultation, or to perform surgical operations. No. 4, Bunton Block, up stairs. Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866.–1y.

Wm. B. Smith,

ROXVILLE, 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 this room, Tompson Hotel, Wellsboro, will meet with prompt attention. Jan. 15, 1867.–1y.

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. [Sept 67 1y.

Hairdressing & Shaving.

Saloon over Wilcox & Barker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa. Particular attention paid to Ladies' hair cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc. Braids, false curls, and switches on hand and made to order.

A. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

J. G. PUTNAM,

MILL WRIGHT—Agent for all the best TURBINE WATER WHEELS. Also Stewart's Oscillating Movement for Gang and Circ 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 and see. Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.–1y.

PETROLEUM HOUSE,

MANSFIELD, 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.

HAZLETT'S HOTEL,

TIOGA, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., Good stabling attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance. A. W. HAZLETT, ... Proprietor

HILL'S HOTEL,

MANSFIELD 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. Conveyance attached. Terms moderate Nov. 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 to the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the travelling public [Jan. 1, 1868.]

Bounty and Pension Agency.

HAVING received letters-in-action 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 pending bounty claims which may be placed in my hands. Correspondence promptly answered. Office at my residence, Wellsboro, and their communications will be promptly attended to. WM. H. SMITH. Wellsboro, October 24, 1866

HARKNESS & RILEY,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS,

Over Wilcox & Van Valkenburg's Store, in the shop 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 neatly. Give us a call.

JOHN HARKNESS, WM. REILEY.

Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1868–1y.

CITY BOOK BINDERY

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.

BLANK BOOKS

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.

ALL KINDS OF GILT WORK

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

MAGAZINE READERS

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.

BLANK BOOK & OTHER PAPER,

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

BILL HEAD PAPER,

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.

John C. Horton,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Tioga Pa. Office with C. H. Seymour, Esq. Business attended to with promptness. apr. 7th, '69–1y.

C. B. KELLEY

DEALER IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., &c., corner of Market and Crafton streets, Wellsboro' Pa. Jan. 6, 1868.

E. S. Perkins, M. D.

Respectfully announces to the citizens of East Charleston and vicinity, that he would be grateful for their patronage. Office at the Store of Cooper and Kohler. Mar. 24th '69–1y.

Smith's Hotel.

[TIOGA, PA.]

E. M. SMITH, having purchased the hotel property lately owned by I. N. Smith has thoroughly refitted the hotel, and can accommodate the traveling public in a superior manner. March 24th, 1869–1y

KEYSTONE HOTEL.

SABINSVILLE, Tioga County, Pa., J. B. Bean, Proprietor. Convenient to the best fishing grounds in Tioga Co. Fishing parties accommodated with conveyances. Good entertainment for man and beast. June 9, 1868–tf.

New Tannery.

THE undersigned has fitted up the old Foundry building, near the Brewery, Wellsboro, and is now prepared to turn out fine calf, kip, cowhide, and harness leather in the best manner. Hide tanned on shares. Cash paid for hides.

Wellsboro, Oct. 14, 1868. M. A. DORIF

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 rum. 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.

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

BAREELS, 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 made in the best 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.

New Tobacco Store!

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

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

☞ Call and see for yourselves.

JOHN W. PURSEL.

Wellsboro, Nov. 11, 1868—tf.

TO FARMERS!

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

David Smith	S M Cobble	A P Cone
M H Cobb	H E Simmons	J Bernauer
G W Barker	Asa Smith	E Strait
S B Davis	Albert King	John C Miller
J H Watrous	W H Watrous	L L Marsh
R M Smith	O A Smith	H M Foote
J D Strait.	P C Van Gelder	J J Smith
Jared Davis	J F Zimmerman	C L King
L L Smith.		

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

Poets' Corner.

WE TWO.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love—what can it do?
I am thine, and thou art mine, life is sweet and new.
If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by,
For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me thy man; now the song begins,
All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins.

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Then shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.

Miscellaneous Reading.

FROM THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

BURIED ALIVE IN THE SEA.

In the year 1840, I was serving as a midshipman on board the United States frigate St. Lawrence, then cruising in the Pacific. The St. Lawrence carried a crew of six hundred men—Americans, Irishmen, and men belonging to every nationality under the sun. The majority of them had passed the best days of their lives in the service, and were imbued with all the superstitions so common to their calling, thirty years ago. It was often my fortune to hear wierd yarns of the sea told by men who believed every word of them, to comrades who scarcely dared to move while they listened. Some of the older sailors could, in dark, stormy nights, make the hair of a whole watch, including their own, stand on end—with the tales of seas that gave up their dead, and of the ships that were haunted. On one of these occasions Larry Mc Blather, Captain of the forecastle, spoke as follows.

"When I sailed on the Sabine, she was haunted, an' this is the way it happened. Yesee, it was a dark, stormy night just like this, an' the men were sent out to furl the flying jib. The captain of the forecastle was stowin' the head of the sail, and all of a sudden he said to the man next to him: 'It blows hard, Jack;' an' then cut his throat an' fell overboard an' was lost. Ever after that, of a dark, stormy night, when the men went out to furl the flying jib they would see a man sittin' on on the end of the boom, an' he would say: 'It blows hard Jack;' an' cut his throat an' fall overboard."

Just as Larry finished, a voice which seemed to proceed out of the air overhead, remarked: "It blows hard Jack." In an instant those who were not frightened too much to move were on their feet, and holding on the rigging to keep their tottering legs from letting them down.

"Did ye hear that, Harry Blower?" asked Mc Blather, as soon as he had recovered himself enough to speak."

"Yes, I heerd, it," replied Harry; and like all ye other bloody ghosts, it wasn't a ghost, but a parrot that said it."

"Man the flying-jib-downhaul, clear away the halliards—haul down! Lay out, and furl the flying-jib!" These orders were issued by the officer of the deck; but there was hesitation displayed by all whose duty it was to obey them. In the meantime Mc Blather turned to Blower and said: "Now, Harry, I believe in ghosts—you don't. I hash't the pluck to lead the men out on the flying jib-boom; I would be sure to see a man on the end of it. You have the pluck, an' you wouldn't see a man; therefore, Harry, will yez do me the favor to lead the men out?"

Harry Blower replied: "Larry, you're an idiot, a fool, and an ass. And ghost or no ghost, I don't lay out on the flying jib-boom tonight."

"Come! Lay out there, you lubbers, and furl the flying jib. What are you about?" came from the quarter-deck in a voice that smacked of a cat-o'-nine-tails and a dozen on the bare back.

In an instant the lubbers were scrambling out, led by Mc Blather.

"Do you hear anything, Larry?" inquired Terence Malone, who was the next man on the inside.

"No, blast ye," replied Larry "and if you hear anything, don't let on ye hear it. Don't tell me ye hear it; and I warn you not to show me anything ye see."

The sail was furled in short order; and the men "laid in," each one trying to get ahead of the other.

In a little while the watch was scattered about the decks—some to sleep, some to discuss the events of the evening, or any other subject which happened to interest them.

"I say Jack," remarked Terence Malone, "they ought to git Simon Gobble out of the ship. He's been a pirate an' a murderer, an' the devil knows what. He swings close to me, you know; an' the other night jist as I was fallen into a doze, I felt something ketch me by the arm. I sprung up in my hammock, an' there was Simon Gobble a sittin' up in his, and he was a sayin': 'Leave me; why do ye hant me? Leave me I say.' And his eyes were closed; and his ugly ould face looked so white, I thought it was dead. I tell ye, Jack, I niver was frightened so bad in all me life, as I was thin; an' it didn't take me long to turn out uv me hammock. You may be sure I slept on a soft plank the rest of the night, an' I've been a doin' uv it ever since. I wouldn't sleep along side that man agin for all the gold uv Peru. Did ever you see such a awful cold, sharky eye as he's got? An' then his face is just like the face uv one of the divils I used to see when I had the horrors. Mark me, Jack, if iver this ship comes to grief, it will be through Simon Gobble."

"Poor fellow," replied Jack, "I pity him. Sometimes he never speaks to any one, and no one ever speaks to him. In all the ship there is not one man he can call his friend—and yet no one does his duty better. But then he has such strange ways about him; and there is hardly a man in the ship that he has not frightened out of his wits. We ought to try to be more friendly."

"Friendly? Is it friendly you mane. Bad luck to him; he'd better never try to be friendly with me."

"That's what the men all say, and it's not fair; they should give the man a chance."

"He don't deserve a chance; a' I tell ye, Jack, he has done something awful. If the dead could speak, they would tell us terrible stories about Simon Gobble. Jist before you joined the ship we were caught in a hurricane. All hands were called to reef top-sails. I was on the maintop-sail yard, and Gobble was at the weather earing. Well, all at once there was a long flash of red lightning, Gobble gave a yell that made ev'rybody turn pale. The men on deck an, the men on the yard looked, an' there on the yard-arm, right behind Gobble, was a man with his throat cut from ear to ear, an' the blood streaming down his breast. Terence Malone, I never saw such a bloody set of Irishmen as there is on board this ship. When I first joined her, I was not afraid of the 'Old Harry' himself; but now I don't care to go about in the dark, unless some one is with me. Every time I go aloft in the night, I don't dare to look around me for fear of seeing a ghost. For all that though, Terence, I never believed in ghosts, and don't believe in them now. But I've got the panics, and so I am just as much afraid as anybody."

About this time the other watch was called. Terence turned in on his soft plank, and his friend Jack turned into his hammock—both to pleasant dreams, it is to be hoped. In a few days the St. Lawrence arrived at Tahiti, where she was visited by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, principally missionaries and their families. One day a beautiful little girl was standing on the edge of an empty chest, and leaning over the iron rail around the poop deck, watching a school of sharks that were hanging around the ship. Suddenly the child's feet slipped from under her, and, to the horror of all, she rolled overboard.

In an instant Simon Gobble, who had been seizing a ratline in the mizzen-rigging, threw overboard the chest and, and then leaped after it, fairly alighting among the sharks. With one arm and a long sharp knife he kept off the sharks, while with the other he placed the child in the empty chest, where no sharks could harm her. He now gave all his attention to the hungry monsters that everywhere surrounded him, and to the surprise of every one was picked up by a boat which was sent to his assistance, with only two slight wounds—one in the side one in the arm. He wished to place the little girl he had saved so gallantly in her mother's arms himself, but nothing could induce the child to go near him, and she would shrink away with a frightened look if he attempted to approach her. This was a terrible blow to poor Gobble, and he said: "I might as well be dead, as living and where I am. There is a curse upon me, and I have never done anything to deserve a curse. It is too hard—too hard!"

From the moment he saved the little girl, Simon Gobble was a hero in the estimation of the officers; but the men ascribed his success to the interposition of the devil, and from that time believed him to be in regular communication with the evil one. They dreaded him, if anything more than ever, and Simon Gobble was as much alone on the crowded decks of the St. Lawrence as he would have been in the midst of the Desert of Sahara. In a week we sailed from Valparaiso, and four days afterwards were struggling for existence in the track of a hurricane.

One night Simon Gobble and Terence Malone were stationed at the life buoys. I was midshipman of the quarter-deck, and Terrence came to me and said: "If Simon Gobble is to remain at one of the life buoys, sir, I respectfully ax to be relieved. I haven't the pluck to stay, sir." I relieved Gobble and sent another man in his place. Shortly afterwards I walked for to speak to the officer of the forecastle, when there I heard a veritable sob. The sob came from the aching heart of Simon Gobble, I told him to cheer up, and asked him to come aft and have a talk with me. He replied that he "felt too bad to talk with anybody, but that some other time he would like to tell me his history." Poor fellow, the next morning he was found black and dead in his hammock. The ship was rolling and pitching at such a terrible rate, that it was impossible for the surgeon to examine into the cause of his death; but he determined to wait a little while in hopes that the hurricane might abote. Night came on, but there was no change for the better. It was observed that the body of Gobble was turning white rapidly but this did not excite any particular comment at the time.

The order was given to prepare the body for burial, and it was immediately sewed up in a hammock with a sixty-four pound shot at its feet. It was then placed between a couple of guns, where it was intended to let it remain until daylight. The men seemed to be gathered in groups all over the ship, and to be discussing some object very earnestly. One of the officers happened to overhear them, and the impression left upon his mind was, that they would rather go down with the ship than go aloft with the body of Gobble on board. This was quietly reported to the Captain, and he gave orders to bury the corpse without delay.

It was fine o'clock at night and pitchy dark. The wind howled and shrieked through the rigging, and I never wished to hear it again. Occasionally a deafening crash of thunder would burst upon our ears, or a flash of lightning would illuminate the sea for miles around. The gallant old ship in her struggles with the waves pitched and rolled until every timber moaned and quivered. In the midst of all every one was startled by the order "All hands bury the dead!" passed by the boatswain in a full, clear voice. Then his mates stationed about the ship, one by one, took up the order, and repeated: "All hands bury the dead!"

The corpse was carried up the gangway and placed on a plank ready for launching. The men huddled together forward of the gangway, and the officers assembled just abaft it. When everything was ready, the chaplain commenced to read the burial service, but occasionally thunder would be so loud and long continued that he would have to stop and wait until it was over, before he could be heard. Then again a lurid flash of lightning would blind him so completely, that he could not see to read until after the effect of the lightning had passed away. At such times the eyes of all were so strangely affected that everything assumed a weired, unnatural shape. The faces of the ship's people looked like faces of the dead. The corpse seemed to move and glare at us through its canvas coffin, and the St. Lawrence herself looked like a phantom ship. One man touched another to attract his attention, but he did not dare to look around to see what it was that touched him. Somebody's hat blew out of his hand, and it struck Larry Mc Blather in the face. Larry sank to the deck in a fainting condition, and none of the others dared to move. They pretended to know nothing of the mystery of poor Larry. As the chaplain read, "Now, therefore, we commit the body of our deceased brother to the deep" the corpse was launched. And as it was launched a shriek, so wild and terrible that it chilled the very marrow in our bones, burst upon our ears, and then the faint echoe of another shriek that was hushed forever in the seething, roaring waters, rose upon the gale. Simon Gobble had been in a trance, and we had buried him alive.

The hurricane lasted seven days. On the morning of the seventh it commenced to abate, and toward evening it was almost calm. In the afternoon an immense shark was observed to follow the ship. The men all said it was the spirit of Simon Gobble. However, the shark followed the ship for three days and three nights, when the wind fell to a dead calm. One of the midshipmen decided to "fish for Gobble," as the shark was called, and in less than an hour he was traced up over a scuttle on board the St. Lawrence ready for dissection.

Larry Mc Blather, who felt ashamed of his conduct on the night of the burial, volunteered his services to the midshipman, who wanted the shark's backbone for a cane. Larry commenced by cutting the shark's belly open from the tip of the nose to the end of his tail, and then, as is customary on such occasions, reached into his stomach to find what was there. The men were all interested spectators, and were cracking all kinds of jokes at poor Gobble's expense. Larry sung out to trice up a little on the shark. As they did so, he pulled something out of the shark's stomach—that is, he pulled it partly out, and then with one wild look dropped his knife, and both he and the men who were looking on took to their heels. The men who were tricing up, let go the rope, and the shark went down through the scuttle into the sea. Larry Mc Blather had extracted from the stomach of the shark the horrible hideous, half-digested head of Simon Gobble.

ORATION

Delivered by Maj. R. T. Wood, at Sabinsville, July 5th 1869.

[Published by request.]

We have assembled to celebrate the day, that 93 years ago, our forefathers made forever sacred to every lover of liberty and all true American hearts; a day which was stamped as an epoch in this land, by the lives and sacred honor of some of the finest men the world ever saw; a day hallowed, by the registering in Heaven, of an oath as immutable as time and lasting as eternity. Transmitted to us through their blood and suffering, an inestimable treasure, it behooves us, as a duty to their memory, as a duty we owe our country, orselves and our decendants, to guard and protect it with a jealous care, and should there ever arise in this broad land of ours, a wretch so despicable, who would by word or deed disparage their fame, or slander their fadeless memory, may his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth and his right hand forget its cunning—may he be a vagabond on the earth, scorned by all mankind, the world refuse him shelter and Heaven a home!

We enjoy the greatest liberties and freest institutions of any nation on the face of the globe, made and preserved such, by the intelligence of the people and by the record and precedent of a noble, glorious, and worthy ancestry. They are our beacon light, and so long as we follow in their pathway, and are guided by their counsels, we need have no fears for the future. But, if at any time we shall forget their teachings and invent new doctrines and follow after strange idols, then civil strife, discord and national calamity will surely follow, and we shall behold too late, our follies and mingled in one common ruin, our sun will go down in darkness and gloom. How many thousand of our countrymen are gathered together throughout our land, like us to-day, and around the common altar of their country, pledging their lives, fortunes and the support and defence of this glorious Union. Now no war and strife and battle cast a gloom around our happy firesides; now no bondsmen's fetters clank and ring upon a foot of soil, governed and protected by our nation's banner, the glorious Stars and Stripes; now no wail goes up from widowed hearts, and orphaned beds; but all is peace, is liberty is joy and gladness, and plenty crowns our native heath and field and land.

Then how much have we to feel thankful for, and how much to cause us to love and venerate our native land—how much to call forth our pride, when we look around upon our mountains and valleys, our lakes and rivers, canals, railways and telegraphs and exclaim, "this is our own, our native land." That banner is the emblem of freedom and liberty, and whenever it floats, there we are equally protected, and there we are safe from injury and insult, and should any dastard hand dare to molest or trample upon the rights and liberties of any person, however humble, claiming its protection; how suddenly our entire government demands a reparation of the injury and indemnity for the future, and if denied, the war power is brought into requisition to compel a restitution. Then cherish that noble emblem; swear upon your family altars, that it shall float in honor above you, or torn and in shreds, it shall be your winding sheet in its defence.

As individual members of society, there are three duties we owe, one to our God, one to our country, and one to ourselves. Of the first, it is unnecessary for me to speak, as better and abler men teach you from the pulpit, and their exemplary lives, how you are to perform that duty, and to them, I willingly submit the first and greatest subject that should agitate the public mind, but of the others, it is proper and fitting that, upon this occasion and at this time, we should mingle our sentiments and counsel together.

To our country we owe obedience, respect and support, obedience to its laws and institutions, respect to the rulers, lawmakers and executors of all its various branches and support, to defend against all opposers and factions who would seek to disrupt or destroy it.

It was said by the ancient Romans, that ingratitude and treason to one's country were the greatest crimes known to their law, and punished with the utmost vigor. The principle to a great extent is applicable to our own times, and can not be too strictly observed.—Here all are equal and all may be animated by the same spirit of ambition, no hereditary titles pass from generation to generation, and no titled aristocracy controls the destinies of this free republic, and the farmer's boy, now plodding along in your District schoolhouse may ere long occupy the highest official position in our government. This leads me to our system of education. No other country on the face of the globe enjoys educational privileges like ours, and to that we are to look for the great bulwarks of our liberties, strength and perpetuity; so long as the masses of the people of this nation are given a good and liberal education, so long liberty and freedom will be the prevailing element of the public mind.

It is proper upon occasions like this and upon this day, that we should allow our memories to take us back to an early day in our country's history, and cull from its teachings, lessons to govern our own actions—to make jottings by the wayside, and collect gems from the shoreless ocean of time.

In fancy, I am carried to that old palladium of liberty—Independence Hall, in the city of Philadelphia—93 years ago this day, were assembled in that Hall, a body of Patriots, with whom the world has since become familiar. They still live in our recollections, by that endearing title of "The Father's of their Country." The subject of their deliberations was the Declaration of Independence. I can imagine their feelings while weighing the consequences that would result to their country from that day's deliberations. With firm and sorrowful countenances—on the one hand they looked back to their mother country, and their friends who still remained there, dreading to rend asunder the tie that had so long bound them together; on the other, looking around upon the land of their adoption, they behold the oppression of the people, and their groan coming up from every hillside and valley, but still wavering and doubting betwixt hope and fear, until the silver headed Adams rising from his seat, sent through that body the electric shock with which he was already overcharged. "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, my voice is for this Declaration." The climax was reached, the deed was done, and just as the sun was sinking behind the Western hills, the clarion notes of the old Independence bell, proclaimed the glad tidings to the assembled thousands, that America was declared forever free. We are all too familiar with what followed, of the seven long years of devastating war, until in 1783, we compelled the mother country to acknowledge our Independence, and we were recognized as a nation by all the great powers of Europe.

Then prosperity commenced to dawn upon the new nation, and with the immortal Washington at the head of government, and a congress of our wisest and honest men, they laid the foundation of our Republican government, so sure that no power or faction has hitherto been able to prevail against it; and long, long may it be perpetuated, governed by the same wise policy of our fathers. It will be impossible in the short space of time I propose to occupy, for me to enter into any minute detail of the political history of our country, until of very recent date. Suffice it to say, that from that time, with the exception of our difficulties with the mother country in 1812 to 15, we enjoyed peace abroad, and domestic tranquility at home. The arts and sciences were the study of all classes, and wars were forgotten in the universal reign of peace. Colleges and institutions of learning were endowed; manufacturing establishments were erected, and the hum of industry was the nation's lullaby. With rapid strides we moved forward upon the highway of progress, extending our area from Ocean to Ocean, and from the Northern Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Every hamlet was crowned with its churches and school houses, and every heather with its lowing herds. Cities grew apace, and plenty sat smiling in every household. In the midst of this domestic tranquility, a sectional difficulty arose between the North and South, resulting from the institution of slavery, an incubus that had fastened itself upon the body politic from its earliest formation, until jealousies turned to rancor, rancor to hatred and hatred to civil war and bloodshed.

In 1860, we had elected to the chief magistracy of the nation, that noble minded and pure patriot Abraham Lincoln, and soon after his inauguration in March, following, the South almost unanimously arrayed themselves against the general government, and sought by force of arms to establish an independent confederacy. War followed—and for four long years our country was a vast field of Mars.

The horrors of those four years are written upon the pages of our country's history, in letters of blood, and its effects are too plainly visible in the numberless graves; widows and orphans, maimed and crippled veterans that we daily see around us. Let it be our pleasing duty to cherish the memory of the dead, to shield the widow and orphan, and extend the hand of sympathy and gratitude to the crippled soldiers; and above all, may we hope to trust that the like calamity will never again happen to our beloved country. "Grim visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front," and you are no longer called upon to part with your husbands, brothers or sons, to enter the serried ranks in defence of their country. No bugle call arouses the worn and wearried soldier from his earthy couch, no trumpet's clangor or beating drum marshals its hosts for battle, no booming cannon or signal gun gives warning of the approach of the foe, for all is peace, and "wars are waged and feared no more." Happy, thrice happy is that country that holds in the hearts of its people its only safeguard!

With all the blessings of our free government, our broad and experienced country, our fruitful hills and valleys, and everything that makes a nation great, free and happy—how much have we to feel thankful for, and how much to excite our admiration and gratitude. Its future destinies are in our hands, for weal or woe, and guided by the illustrious examples of our ancestors, let us guard well this citadel and make it an asylum for the oppressed of all lands and every clime.

Lest I weary your patience, let me conclude these marks by simply saying:

The same sun shines above us that shed its enlivening rays upon our ancestors, the same old banner floats at the mast head of the old ship of State, as unfurled its Stars and Stripes to the breeze at Independence Hall, the same constitution that they framed for our land, remains still the supreme law, and has made us one of the greatest and freest nation's of the world; all those remain the same, but all else how changed. Generations have come upon the stage of action, lived their allotted time and passed away, and the sculptured marble speaks of them as things of the past. The vast concourse of life's moving actors, are but units to the millions that sleep beneath its surface, and we too, who are assembled here this day will ere long "shuffle off this mortal coil," and after life's fitful power, sleep well. The sun will shine as brightly, seasons come and go in their accustomed round, nations rise and fall, yet we shall be oblivious of their glory or fame.

THE WRONG SMELL.—A high officer of the Sons of Temperance presenting himself with smell of grog he had been drinking upon him, at the door of a "Division" for admission, was waited upon by an Irish sentinel, to whom he gave the password, when the following passed:

"Sir," said he, "an' yez are Mister O'Wright, the Grand Worthy Patriarch of the State of Khaintucky, I do be afther belavin."

"Yes," said Jim, "you are perfectly right, my friend; but why do you ask the question?"

"To tell yez the truth, then, sir, and shame the divil," said Pat, "yez do be havin' the right password for a Son of Temperance, entirely; but by the Holy Virgin and the blessed Saint Patherick, yez got the wrong smell."

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* recommends as a remedy for a toothache, or neuralgic affections arising from teeth in any stage of decay, a small bit of clean cotton wool, saturated with a strong solution of ammonia, applied to the affected tooth. The pleasing contrast instantaneously produced in some cases causes a fit of laughter, although a moment previous extreme sufferings and anguish prevailed.

TOM THUMB'S COURTSHIP.

The General met us at the depot in Bridgeport on Saturday morning, and drove us to my house in his own carriage—his coachman being tidily dressed, with a broad velvet ribbon and silver buckle placed upon his hat, expressly for the occasion. Lavinia was duly informed that this was the General's "turn out;" and, after resting an hour at Lindencroft, he took her out to ride. He stopped a few moments at his mother's house, where she saw the apartments which his father had built expressly for him, and filled with the most gorgeous furniture—all corresponding to his own diminutive size. Then he took her to East Bridgeport, and undoubtedly took occasion to point out in great detail all the houses which he owned, for he depended much upon having his wealth make some impression upon her. They returned, and the General stayed to lunch. I asked Lavinia how she liked her ride; she replied:

"It was very pleasant, but," she added, "it seems as if you and Tom Thumb own about all of Bridgeport!"

The General took his leave and returned at five o'clock to dinner, with his mother. Mrs. Stratton remained until seven o'clock. She expressed herself charmed with Lavinia Warren; but not a suspicion passed her mind that little Charlie was endeavoring to give her this accomplished young lady as a daughter-in-law. The General had privately asked me to invite him to stay over night, for, said he, "if I get a chance, I intend to 'pop the question' before the Commodore arrives." So I told his mother I thought the General had better stop with us over night, as the Commodore would be up in the late train, adding that it would be more pleasant for the little folks to be together. She assented, and the General was happy.

After tea Lavinia and the General sat down to play backgammon. As nine o'clock approached I remarked that it was about time to retire, but somebody would have to sit up until nearly eleven o'clock, in order to let in the Commodore. The General replied:

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