The Tioga County Agitator

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

COBB & VAN GELDER.

M. H. COBB.] [P. O. VANGELDER

ADVERTISING RATES.

TEN LINES OF MINION, OR LESS, MAKE ONE SQUARE

No. of Sq'res.	1 In.	3 Ins.	4 Ins.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year
1 Square,.....	$1,00	$2,00	$2,50	$5,00	$7,00	$12,00
2 Squares.....	2,00	3,00	4,00	8,00	12,00	18,00
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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., SEPTEMBER 15, 1869. NO. 37.

JOBBING DEPARTMENT.

The proprietors have recently added to the establishment with a new and variegated 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.

TIOGA COMMANDERY, No. 28, 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 in 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 20, 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 accommodations at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired.—To any part of the State in consultation, or to the surgical operations. No 4, Union Block, up stairs. Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866—1y.

Wm. B. Smith,

MANSFIELD, 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 room, Townsend Hotel, Wellsboro, will meet with prompt attention. Jan. 15, 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. 1 Sept 67 1y.

Hairdressing & Shaving.

Shop over Willcox & Barker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa. Particular attention paid to Ladies' Haircutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc. Braids, Curls, 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 Stewart's Oscillating Movement for Gang and Circular 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 on a gentleman.—may 20 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.

G. 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. Conveyances furnished. Terms moderate. Feb. 5, 1868-1y.

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

GRACE 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 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 Government 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 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 Henj. Seeley.

BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds made to order and in the best manner. REPAIRING of all kinds done promptly and neat. Give us a call.

JOHN HARKNESS, WM. REILEY.

Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1868-1y.

CITY BOOK BINDERY AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY,

9 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. May. 24th '69-1y.

Smith's Hotel

[TIOGA, PA.]

E. M. SMITH, having purchased the hotel property lately owned by L. H. 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. Bens, Proprietor. Convenient to the best fishing grounds in Tioga Co. Fishing parties accommodated with conveyances. Good entertainment for man and beast. June 9, 1869-tf.

New Tannery.

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

Wellsboro, Oct. 14, 1868

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 great. 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

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 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 & Bernauer, at their works on Elk Run, in Gaines township, and we believe it to be equal if not superior to the Cayuga Plaster.

David Smith	S M Conable	A P Cone
M H Cobb	H B 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.

LEGEND OF LAKE SARATOGA.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A lady stands beside the silver lake;
"What," said the Mohawk, "would'st thou have me do?"
"Across the water, Sir, be pleased to take
Me and my children in thy bark canoe."

"Ah!" said the chief, "thou knowest not, I think,
The legend of the lake—hast never heard
That in its wave the stoutest boat will sink,
If any passengers speak but a word?"

"Full well we know the Indian's strange belief,"
The lady answered, with a civil smile;
"But take us over the water, mighty chief;
In rigid silence we will sit the while."

Thus they embarked, but ere the little boat
Was half across the lake, the woman gave
Her tongue its wonted play!—but still they float,
And pass in safety o'er the utmost wave!

Safe on the shore, the warrior looked amazed,
Despite the stoic calmness of his race;
No wonder he spoke, but long the Indian gazed
In moody silence in the woman's face.

"What think you now?" the lady gaily said;
"Safely to land your frail canoe is brought!
No harm you see has touched a single head;
So superstition ever comes to naught."

Smiling the Mohawk said, "our safety shows
That God is Merciful to old and young;
Thanks to the Great Spirit!—well he knows
The pale-faced woman cannot hold her tongue!"

Miscellaneous Reading.

A QUAKER DETECTIVE.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

We were five passengers in all; two ladies on the back seat, a middle-aged gentleman and a Quaker on the middle, and myself on the one in front.

The two ladies might have been mother and daughter, aunt and niece, governess and charge, or might have sustained any other relationship which made it proper for two ladies to travel together unattended.

The middle-aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, towards whom, in his zeal to *do*, he rather *over* did, the agreeable—bowing and smiling and chattering over his shoulder in a way painfully suggestive, at his time of life, of a *"crick"* in the neck. He was evidently a *gray* Lothario.

The quaker were the uniform of his sect, and confined his speech, as many a parliamentarian would save his credit by doing to simple "yeas" and "nays." As for myself, I make it an invariable rule of the road to be merely a looker-on and listener.

Towards evening, I was aroused from one of those reveries into which a young man, *without* being either a poet or lover, *will* sometimes fall, by the abrupt query from the talkative gentleman:

'Are you armed, sir?'

'I am not,' I answered, astonished, no doubt visibly, at the question.

'I am sorry to hear it,' he replied; 'for before reaching our next stopping-place it will be several hours in the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been committed.'

The ladies turned pale, but the stranger did his best to reassure them.

"Not that I think there is the slightest danger at present," he resumed; "only when one is responsible for the safety of ladies, you know, such a thing as a pistol in reach would materially add to one's confidence."

"*Your* principles, my friend," addressing the Quaker, "I presume are as much opposed to carrying as to using carnal weapons."

"Yea," was the response;

"Have the villians murdered any of their victims?" the elder lady nervously inquired.

"Or have they contented themselves with—with—plundering them?"—added the younger, in a timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable gentleman hastened to give assurance; "and as we are none of us prepared to offer resistance in case of attack, nothing worse than robbery can possibly befall us.'

Then, after blaming his thoughtlessness in having unnecessarily introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excelled himself in efforts to raise the spirits of the company, and had succeeded so well by the time night set in, that all had quite forgotten, or only remembered their fears to laugh at them.

Our genial companion fairly talked himself hoarse. Perceiving which, he took from his pocket a package of a newly-invented *'Cough Candy'* and, after passing it first to the ladies, he helped himself to the balance, and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of a high encomium on the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which he insisted, depended on its being taken by suction, when a shrill whistle was heard, and almost immediately the coach stopped, while two faces, hideously blacked, presented themselves, one to each window.

'Sorry to trouble you,' said the man on the right, acknowledging with a bow two lady-like screams from the back seat; 'but 'business is business,' and ours will soon be over, if things go smoothly.'

'Of course, gentlemen, you will spare, as far as may be consistent with your disagreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies,' appealed the polite passenger, in his blandest manner.

'Oh! certainly; they shall be first attended to, and shall not be required to leave their places, or submit to a search, unless their conduct renders it necessary.'

'And now, ladies,' continued the robber, the barrel of his pistol glittering in the light of the coach-lamp, 'be so good as to pass out your purses, watches, and such other trinkets as may be accessible without too much trouble.'

The ladies came down handsomely, and were no further molested.

One by one the rest of us were compelled to get out, the middle-aged gentleman's turn coming first. He submitted with a winning grace, and was robbed like a very Chesterfield.

My own affair, like the sum I lost, is scarcely worth mentioning. The Quaker's turn came next. He quietly handed over his pocket-book and watch, and when asked if he had any other valuables, said 'Nay.'

A Quaker's word is good even among thieves; so, after a hasty 'good-night,' the robber thrust his pistol in his pocket, and with his two companions, one of whom had held the reins of the leaders, was about taking his departure.

'Stop?' exclaimed the Quaker, in a tone more of command than request.

'Stop! what for?' returned the other, in evident surprise.

'For at least *two* good reasons,' was the reply, emphasized with a couple of Derringers cocked and presented.

'Help!' shouted the robber.

'Stop!' the Quaker again exclaimed. 'And if one of thy sinful companions advances a step to thy relief, the spirit will surely move me to blow thy brains out.'

The robber at the opposite window, and the one at the leader's heads, thought it a good time to leave.

'Now get in, friend,' said the Quaker, still covering his man, 'and take the middle seat; but first deliver up thy pistol.'

The other hesitated.

'Thee had not better delay; I feel the spirit beginning to move my right forefinger.'

The robber did as he was directed, and the Quaker took his place by his side, giving the new-comer the middle of the seat.

The driver, who was frightened half out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was especially facetious on the Quaker's prowess.

'*You're* a rum Quaker, *you* are. Why, you don't *quake* worth a cent.'

'I'm not a '*Shaking Quaker*,' if that's what thee means."

'Of the 'Hickory,' or rather of the '*Old* Hickory' stripe, I should say,' retorted the lively man; but the Quaker relapsing into his usual monosyllables, the conversation flagged.

Time sped, and sooner than we expected, the coach stopped where we were to have supper and a change of horses. We had deferred a redistribution of our effects till we should reach this place, as the dim light of the coach lamp would have rendered the process somewhat difficult before.

It was now necessary, however, that it should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion had previously announced his intention of leaving us at this point. He proposed a postponement till after supper, which he offered to go and order.

'Nay,' urged the Quaker, with an approach to abruptness, and laying his hand on the other's arm, 'business before pleasure,' and for business there is no time like the present.'

'Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner?' he said to me, still keeping his hand, in a friendly way, on the passenger's arm.

'I did so, *but not one of the stolen articles could be found!*

'He must have gotten rid of them in the coach,' the gay gentleman suggested, and immediately offered to go and search.

'Stop! thundered the Quaker, tightening his grasp.

The man turned pale, and struggled to release his arm. In an instant one of the Derringers was leveled at his heart.

'Stir a hand or a foot, and you're a dead man!'

The Quaker must have been awfully excited so completely to forget both the language and the principles of his persuasion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand, with directions to fire on the first of the two men that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on Lothario, from whose pockets in less time than it takes to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amazement of the two ladies, who had begun, in unmeasured terms, to remonstrate against the shameful treatment the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker, I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective, who had been set on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middled aged friend—who didn't look *near* so middle-aged when his wig was off—was the ringleader. The robbery was adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned. After the unexpected capture of the first robber, it was attempted to save the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping-place.

The result was that both, for a season, 'did the State some service.'

A Boy Letter.

Philosphers tell us that it is impossible to obtain a true idea of any object unless we can see it in all its phases, and from every side. Even the rural felicity of the Adirondacks cannot be fully understood or appreciated unless seen from the position of more than one observer; and the only way to get at a genuine expression of opinion is to read a couple of the letters now lying waiting for the mail. First comes a large and rather dirty looking envelope, directed in a sprawling boyish hand, and furthermore adorned by two blots and a big smear, the latter evidently effected by the impatient little finger of the writer. It reads thus:

DEAR JIMMY:—Ask your mother to bring you right up here, right off. It's gay. There's fishing here, and plenty of worms to catch 'em with. You stick the hook in 'em, and they wiggle bully. Fishing's funnier when you don't catch the hook in the seat of your pantaloons, so'to you can't sit down and can't fish all the way home. I did that the other day, and Mr. Jenkyns, cousin Laura's beau, asked me if I was a sole or a heel. Suppose he thought he was going to be funny, but I didn't see it. Bime-by, I see him cut a little piece out of cousin Laura's hair, where her hook caught, and kiss it like a great baby, and put it in his pocket. So I told on 'em at tea and everybody else laft. They have cows here, and I go to see them milked. They don't pump it out with their tails, like you and I thought they did, but they squeeze it out of a bag that comes on purpose, I suppose. I milked the other night. It was very hard to squeese, and it would not go into the pail. Some of it went into my eyes, and the rest of it up my sleeve. I don't like milking. I don't like turkeycocks neither. They ruffle themselves up big and run at you. They are a pherocious bird, and disagreeable to live with.—Chickens are nicer. We eat 'em. They put them under a barll at night, and Bill and I kill them in the morning. We have bully fun wfinging their necks. You'd better come here right off, and bring a shet-gun, for there are bears here, any way we saw a fox, and some candy, becos we can't get any here, and some bows and arrows and things. Perhaps we can shoot a deer. I think Mr. Jenkyns is a blanie fool. He made believe find a deer's tract the other day, and when I looked at it, it was nothing but the marks of cousin Laura's boot. I do not see what makes men so sappy about girls. We won't will we? I'd be ashamed. I'm going to ride old Sam to-morrow. He's a horse. You ride him bareback and it's very hard to stick on, he feels so squirmy. Give my love to all the boys, and tell them I'm having a bully time, only I hate old Jenkyns. No more at present from, Yours truly,

ROBBY.

"Oh, where do you get the red for your cheeks?" said a pale, wan young lady to a bright laughing minx.

"Where the roses get their's, in the air and sunlight," was the reply.

We heard the other day of a gentleman who "died without a will."—"Died without a will," forsooth! Who ever heard of a person who died "with a will?"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

From Dickens' All the Year Round.

During the summer of the most disastrous and doubtful year of the late American war, the colonel of a New Hampshire regiment lay for some weeks extremely ill of camp fever, near Hampton Roads, in Virginia. Hearing of his critical condition, his wife left her Northern home, and after much difficulty, made her way to his bedside.—Her cheerful presence and careful nursing so far restored him that he was in a short time able to be transferred to Washington.

In the Potomac river the steamer in which the invalid officer, Col. Scott, and his family had taken passage, was sunk in a collision with a large vessel, in the night time. The crew and nearly all the soldiers on board were rescued or saved themselves; but amid the horrible confusion of the scene, colonel Scott became separated from his wife, and she was lost. The Colonel was picked up in the water by the crew of the larger steamer, and under his direction every effort was made to discover his wife, or rather her body, for all hope of finding her alive was soon abandoned. The sad search was fruitless; it was resumed in the morning, the people along the shore, humane Confederates, lending their aid. But the gray, sullen river refused to give up its dead, and the young officer, half frantic with grief, was compelled to go on to Washington. Within a week, however, he received word that the body had been washed on shore; that those good country people, generous foes, had secured it, cared for it, and were keeping it for him.

It happened that just at that time imperative orders were issued from the War Department prohibiting all intercourse with the peninsula—a necessary precaution against the premature disclosure of important military plans.—So it was with some misgivings that Colonel Scott applied to Mr. Secretary Stanton for leave to return to Virginia, on his melancholy duty.

'Impossible, Colonel,' replied Mr. Stanton; 'no one can have leave to go down the river, at this time, on any private mission whatever. Our present exigencies demand the most stringent regulations, and I hope I need not say to you that no merely personal consideration should be allowed to interfere with the national interests. Your case is a sad one, but this is a critical, perilous, cruel time. 'The dead must bury the dead.'"

The Colonel would have entreated, but the busy Secretary cut him short with another 'impossible,' from which there was absolutely no appeal. He went forth from the presence, and returned to his hotel quite overwhelmed.

Fortunately, he was that afternoon visited by a friend, to whom he told the story of his unsuccessful application and sad perplexity, and who immediately exclaimed, 'Why not apply to the President?'

The Colonel had but little hope, but acknowledging that the plan was worth trying, drove to the White House.

They were too late. It was Saturday evening, and Mr. Lincoln had gone to spend Sunday at Soldiers' Rest, his summer retreat. This was but a few miles from town, and the Colonel's indomitable friend proposed that they should follow him out, and they went. What passed at that interview was the outcome of the fact that all the wronged, the troubled, and suffering could find a refuge in 'Father Abraham's capacious bosom;' a belief that was not far out of the way. Yet there were times when overburdened, wearied, tortured, the patriarch longed to clear that asylum of his forlorn inmates, to bolt and bar and double-lock it against the world; times when life became too hard and perplexing for his genial, honest nature, too serious and tragic and rascally a thing by half.

It happened, unluckily, that the poor Colonel and his friend found the President in one of his most despondent and disgusted moods. He was in his little private parlor, alone in the gloaming. He was lounging loosely in a large rocking chair, jutting over it in all directions. His slippered feet were exalted, his rough head was thrown back, his long throat bare—he was in his shirt sleeves. Yes, dear, fastidious English reader, it was genuine Yankee *abandon*—make the most of it.

He turned upon his visitors with a look of almost savage inquiry. There was, indeed, in his usual pleasant eyes a wild, angry gleam—a something like the glare of a worried animal at bay.

Colonel Scott proceeded very modestly to tell his story; but the President interrupted him, to say brusquely, 'Go to Stanton; this is his business.'

'I have been to him, Mr. President, and he will do nothing for me.'

'You have been to him and got your answer, and still presume to come to me! Am I to have no rest? no privacy? Must I be dogged to my last fastness, and worried to death by inches? Mr. Stanton has done just right. He knows what he is about. Your demands are unreasonable, sir.'

'But, Mr. Lincoln, I thought you would feel for me.'

'Feel for you! Good God! I have to feel for five hundred thousand more unfortunate than you. We are at war, sir; don't you know we are at war?—Sorrow is the lot of all; bear your share like a man and a soldier.'

'I try to, Mr. President, but it seems hard. My devoted wife lost her life from coming to nurse me in my sickness, and I cannot even take her body home to my children.'

'Well, she ought not to have come of to the army. She could have stayed at home. That is the place for women.—But if they will go tearing about the country, in such times as these, and rushing into all sorts of danger, they must take the consequences? Not but that I am sorry for you, Colonel. As for your wife, she's at rest, and I wish I were.'

Saying this, the President leaned back wearily in his chair, and closed his eyes, not noticing, except by a slight wave of the hand, the departure of his visitors.

I am not ashamed to confess that my hero tossed restlessly that night upon a pillow wet with many tears; that he was desperate and resentful, utterly unresigned to the decree of Providence and the War Department; and that he thought Abraham Lincoln as hard as he was ugly, and as inhuman as he was ungainly.

Toward morning he fell asleep, and slept late. Before he was fully dressed there came a quick knock at the door of his chamber, and he opened it to President Lincoln!

The good man came forward, pale and eager, tears glistening in his eyes, and grasped the Colonel's hand, saying, 'I treated you brutally last night. I ask your pardon. I was utterly tired out, badgered to death. I generally become about as savage as a wild cat by Saturday night, drained dry of the milk of human kindness.' I must have seemed to you the very gorilla the rebels paint me. I was sorry enough for it when you was gone. I could not sleep a moment last night, so I thought I would drive into town in the cool of the morning, and make it all right.—Fortunately I had little difficulty in finding you.'

'This is very good of you, Mr. President,' said the colonel, deeply moved.

'No, it isn't; but that was very bad of me, last night. I never should have forgiven myself if I had left that piece of ugly work stand. That was a noble wife of yours, Colonel. You were a happy man to have such a noble-woman to love you; and you must be a good fellow, or such a woman would never have risked so much for you. And what grand women there are in these times, colonel! What angels of devotion and mercy, and how brave and plucky!—going everywhere at the call of duty, facing every danger! I tell you, if it were not for the women, we should all go to the devil, and should deserve to. They are the salvation of the nation. Now, come, Colonel; my carriage is at the door. I'll drive you to the War Department, and we'll see Stanton about this matter.'

Even at that early hour, they found the Secretary at his post. The President pleaded the case of Colonel Scott, and not only requested that leave of absence should be given him, but that a steamer should be sent down the river expressly to bring up the body of his wife. 'Humanity, Mr. Stanton,' said the President, his homely face transfigured with the glow of earnest, tender feeling, 'humanity should overrule considerations of policy, and even military necessity, in matters like this.'

The Secretary was touched, and he said something of his regret at not having felt himself at liberty to grant Col. Scott's request in the first place.

'No, no, Mr. Stanton,' said the President; 'you did right in adhering to your own rules; you are the right man for this place. If we had such a soft hearted old fool as I here, there would be no rules or regulations that the army of the country could depend upon.—But this is a peculiar case. Only think of that poor woman!'

Of course the 'impossible' was accomplished.

To the surprise of the Colonel, the President insisted on driving him to the navy yard, to see that the Secretary's order was carried out immediately; seeming to have a nervous fear that some obstacle might be thrown in the way of the pious expedition. He waited at the landing till all was ready, then charged the officers of the steamer to give every assistance and attention to his 'friend, Colonel Scott.' With him he shook hands warmly at parting, saying, 'God bless you, my dear fellow. I hope you will have no trouble in this sad affair—and Colonel, try and forget last night.'

Away up in the New Hampshire church-yard there is a certain grave carefully watched and tended by love. But every April time the violets on that mound speak not alone of the womanly sweetness and devotion of her who sleeps below—they are tender and tearful with the memory of the murdered President.

M. Guad's New School Reader.

Ever since being called upon to pay my school tax, I have turned my attention to educational affairs. Perhaps the reader has observed this fact. But I do not desire to praise myself; actions speak louder than words, especially nitro-glycerine actions. In looking over the school books of the present day, more particularly the readers, I find that they are far in the rear of modern progress and modern expressions. This arises from the fact that the compilation and origination have been left wholly to old fogies, who desire that young America shall persist in following the same paths as when the child was taught to spell cat with a k. I have endeavored to remedy this evil by originating a new reader. I think it will suit. I think it is the best book I ever saw, which is saying a good deal for me, or my saying a good deal. In order that common superintendents of country schools may get an insight into the merits of my reader, I hereby present a few choice extracts, explaining, however, that they do not commence with the lessons nearest the middle of the book. I have culled at random from the first few pages.

The horse is on his nest. He is a fine horse. Can he make his nile in two minutes? Some horses have the scratches. So do some boys.

The goose is on her roost. She is a fine quadruped, and has a tender tenor voice. Can the goose fly far? No; neither the goose nor the rhinoceros can fly far.

Here is a man. He is a fireman. He belongs to number 10. If you are a good boy, you will some day be an angel like that fireman. It is a dangerous thing to be a fireman. They sometimes get their heads broken.

Here is the gas-works. It is a high building. All our Congressmen are born here. Do Congressmen ever steal? You may be sure that they do!

Do you see that small boy? He is a good boy, and supports his mother by selling newspapers. His father don't have to work any more now.

Here is a picture of a young widow. See how "sad" she looks. Her husband could not pay her dry goods bill, and so he—died. Do you think she will get another man? She will try hard.

Here is the sea-side. You see that "swell" there drinking spring water? What is he here for? For his health. Will he get it? Yes; if his father's money holds out and she don't get engaged first to that fellow with the paste diamond.

Do you see this colored man? See how fast he runs! He is 'running" for an office. He was a poor boy once, and worked for his clothes and vituals. Now he don't.

This is a picture of Horace Greeley. What is he doing? He is mailing strawberry plants to his subscribers. They are fine plants and yield a bushel a plant. This is his "political economy."

Here is a fine likeness of Colfax. See how he smiles! He is looking at the White House.

This is a scene in Tennessee. That man there, weeping, is Stokes. Why does he weep? Has he much money; No; he can't see a sent-er. Poor man! He will doubtless find some one in Washington who will sympathize with him.

What is that man doing there? He is counting over government. greenbacks; he is a public official. See how fast he counts! Those one-dollar bills on the left-hand side are the money he is to return to the government; those $10 bills on the right are the money he is going to put into his pocket. It is a good thing to be a public official! Now you're talking!

Here is the face of the reporter. See how joyful he looks. He has just heard that a man has cut his own throat, and he is going for the item. Should you like to be a reporter, and get licked on dark nights, and see dead persons, and climb up four pair of stairs?—*Detroit Free Press.*

If you call upon an acquaintance and hear him, at the top of the stairs, directing Betty to tell you he is out, never conclude he is stating that which is true; for you have assuredly found him out.

A young man without money is like a steamboat without fuel; he can't go ahead. Among the ladies he is like the moon on a cloudy night—he can't shine.

A Journey to the Iron and Copper Mines of Lake Superior.

Correspondence of the Agitator.

One pleasant afternoon in June, when the sun was slowly sinking down the occidental skies—whose great banks of clouds, with their amber and gold, seemed to inform the heart of the beautiful world which lies beyond—we bade farewell to the busy thoroughfare of Chicago, and proceeded on our journey northward. My companions were the senior class of the Chicago University. A few miles from the city we passed over an old coast line, where Lake Michigan dashed in long lines of foam when its waters stood at a higher level than at present—mayhap, five hundred centuries ago. We reached Fort Howard, on Green Bay, early the next morning, and went on board the steamer Saginaw. I know not what circumstance gave to Green Bay its name; but it certainly deserves it from the beautiful forests which clothe its shores in eternal green; and as our graceful steamer plowed the foamy billows, "like a thing of life," the scenery on either hand was ever changing, and the 140 miles which we travelled on Green Bay forms a reminiscence not soon to be forgotten. We reached the village of Escanaba in the afternoon, where we procured two boats and rowed across the bay, a distance of six miles, to a high escarpment of rocks. These rocks proved to be a portion of the Hudson River Group of the Silurian System; and in their imperishable folds we saw millions of forms locked up in the dead and stony sleep of Ages, which "lived, moved, and had their being" in that remote epoch.

The next morning we took the train for Lake Superior. The country along this route, for twenty or thirty miles, is very low and swampy, and contains dense thickets of balsam, larch, pine and hemlock; but beyond this point the country is drier, and the soil becomes a pure sand, upon which scarcely any vegetation subsists except a few stunted pines, huckleberry bushes, and a peculiar kind of laurel. Beyond this sandy plain we came to a low range of mountains, which fired my soul with strange emotions, for I had not seen such lofty hills since a year ago, when I left the pine-clad mountains of Pennsylvania—that Switzerland of America. Nestled down among these hills, and surrounded with somber forests, is a beaut