

The Tioga County Agitator:

BY M. H. COBB.

Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE.

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JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y.

Mrs. A. FIELD, Proprietor. GUESTS taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, Wellsboro, Pa.

J. W. BIGONY, Proprietor. THIS popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

D. HART'S HOTEL, WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PENNA.

THE subscriber takes this method to inform his friends and customers that he is his old friend of the old "Crystal Mountain" named the conduct.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor. THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, Proprietor. THE above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure the comfort of guests and the traveling public.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!

REPAIRED at BULLARD'S & CO'S STORE, by the subscriber, in the best manner, and at as low prices as the same work can be done for, by any first rate practical workman in the State.

A. FOLEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c., REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.

POST OFFICE BUILDING, NO. 5, UNION BLOCK, Wellsboro, May 20, 1863.

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

FLOUR AND FEED STORE, WRIGHT & BAILEY, HAVE had their mill thoroughly repaired and are receiving fresh ground flour, feed, meal, &c. every day at their store in town.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, I WOULD inform Dealers in Agricultural Implements that I have a large stock of the most approved styles and superior quality.

MARBLE SHOP, I AM now receiving a STOCK of ITALIAN and RULAND MARBLE, (bought at cash) and am prepared to manufacture all kinds of

TOMB-STONES, and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices.

WE HAVE BUT ONE PRICE, HARVEY ADAMS is my authorized agent and will sell Stone at the same prices as at the shop.

CLAIM AGENCY, THE undersigned will promptly prosecute all claims against the Military or Naval Service of the United States.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, (For the 5th District, Pa.)

Mansfield Classical Seminary, Rev. W. D. TAYLOR, A. M., Principal.

Administrators Sale, IN pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court of Tioga county, the undersigned Administrator of the estate of G. D. Smith, late of Wellsboro, dec'd,

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. X.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1864.

NO. 32.

Select Poetry.

(From the Anti-Slavery Standard.) ARMY SONG.

[THE ARMY TO THE PEOPLE]

Men of the North! ye are true, ye are strong! Give us a watchword to cheer us along; Write on our banners, in letters of fire, Words that shall be our motto, our pride; Words that shall strike to the heart of the foe Terror and trembling wherever we go; Give us this watchword to bear through the fight: "Freedom and Fatherland, God and the Right!"

"Freedom" for all who are weak and oppressed - "Fatherland, God and the Right!" For the rest, Leave that to us! With a watchword so true, What shall be lacking that brave hearts can do! Soon, from the Gulf to the Border, o'er most, O'er battlement, fortress, the banner should float, Blazoned all over with letters of light: "Freedom and Fatherland, God and the Right!"

Men of the North! ye are firm, ye are leal! Firmer than granite and truer than steel! Loving and loyal, this only remains: Strike from the bondman his fetters and chains! Then, then shall our Legions go forth to the fray, Invincible, clad in their battle-array; And conquering angels shall lead on the fight For Freedom and Fatherland, God and the Right! Hitchburg, Mass. CAROLINE A. MASON.

Select Story.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The lighthouse stood on a strip of land that ran out into the sea. Sand bars lay all along the shores, on both sides. It was a bad place for ships to come near; and if no light had been there, many ships would have gone to pieces on the sand banks.

An old man and his wife lived in the lighthouse, and kept the light with great care. By day they would put in the new wick and fill it with oil, and all the long night, when the clock struck the hours, they would take turns and go up the steep iron steps to trim the lamp and keep its light from going out.

There was no child in the house. Long, long years ago, they had laid away in the cold ground the dead body of their only child, a noble boy, and since that they had lived alone. No, not ever since that. About six years before, there was a great storm in that part of the sea, and a fine ship went to pieces. Many dead bodies came ashore; but of all that sailed in that noble ship, only one was left alive, and that one was a child not more than two or three years old.

She was found in the arms of a dead woman, who was tied to a plank and washed ashore. It was thought this woman must have been her mother, but there was no name on her clothes, and they only kept a trace of her long hair, and her dead body was laid in a grave under the willows.

The child was white like her mother. She had blue eyes and fair hair; but there was no work on her clothes, save on her white dress a little vine was wrought in the shape of the letter W. But the child could not tell her name, and that was all they could learn of her life—that letter W.

And the old man and his wife loved the child dearly, because they had none of their own; and because she looked so bright in their plain rooms, they kept her for their own.

For a long time they could not think what to call her. The child seemed to forget its own name; and that was strange, too, but so it was. They would have it begin with W, as her true name did, but what should it be? They could think of nothing to suit them, till at last the old man said it should be Waif.

After that she was known by this sweet and quaint name; to the old man, his wife, and all their friends. So she grew up under their kind care; and their old hearts grew fresh again, for having her to cheer them with her merry laugh.

As she grew, she found many ways in which she could help the old folks; and when her task was done, she would walk out alone a long way on the seashore, and pick up pretty stones and fine shells, until her little apron was full of the bright things. And then again she would sit with the wives of the poor men that got their food by fishing, and watch them mend their nets and listen to their stories of the wild, wild sea, and the great storms that had come over it.

But the lamp in the tower was a great wonder to her; and when she knew the purpose for which it was kept, she looked at it with awe. "The first time they let her fill and clean it, it seemed to her she could never do it well enough; but she soon saw that she did it even better than the old folks, and then it became a great pleasure to her. Still, they would not let her take her turn to watch it by night. She often asked them to let her do it, but they said she was quite too young for that. She often wished for the time when she would be large enough, and at last she did watch it one night, all by herself—just one night, and no more.

The old man and his wife were called away to visit a sick friend. When they went they said they would try and come back that night; but lest they should not, they would get a good man, whom Waif loved, and whom she called Uncle Jay, to come and stay with her all night.

A woman and a little girl from one of the houses near by came to stay with her through the day, and at night Uncle Jay would come. After one o'clock a storm began to blow up. They could see the black clouds away across the sea, and they knew that there would be a great storm that night. When it came near five, it looked all the while as if it would rain soon, and Waif saw that the woman wanted to get home; so she had better go before the rain, and then she would not get wet. Waif was a brave little girl, and so the woman and the little girl went away.

Waif went up to trim and light the lamp on the tower, and then she came down and spread the table for tea, and put more wood on the fire, and looked at the clock; it was half past five. Then she took a long look down the road for Uncle Jay, but he was nowhere to be seen, and

it was growing quite dark. She took up a book to read, and then she looked at the clock again—it was six o'clock. The next hour she looked at the clock a great many times; and when the hour hand pointed to seven, she began to fear that Uncle Jay would not come. She went out of the door and called to one of the huts, but the noise of the wind and rain and the fierce waves drowned her voice, and she went back into the tower. Eight o'clock came, and then she tried to make her little heart very brave—She put the bars up to the door, and went up into the lonely tower to watch the light all night.

And it was a long night. The wind roared, and the waves beat madly against the tower, till it seemed as if they would wash it down. Waif could not help thinking of the stories she had heard of lighthouses that had been beaten down by the fierce waves, and she began to fear that such a fate might come upon her, for the tower shook with the fury of the storm. Her little hands shook as she put fresh oil into the lamps and wiped the damp from the glass; but while she stood thus by the side of the great lens, there came as it were a sweet voice to her ear that said:

"In thy need, call to the Lord; Pray to him, in faith and trust."

It seemed as if she had heard these words often before, but where or when she could not tell. She did as they told her, and she knelt down and asked God to keep close by her. Just then there came a great wave quite over the tower. It broke the glass on one side, and the water came in; and if the poor child had not prayed, she would have gone off in a swoon with fright. As it was, she stood firm, for she was not alone. Soon she heard the boom of a gun. She knew now that some ship was nigh, and oh, how she hoped that her light might keep them off the shore. She trimmed it anew; and there she stood by it, amid the rain and spray that came in through the broken glass, all night long. She tried to look out once, but she could see nothing but the white caps dancing madly about, as if trying to reach her, and she went back to her post, and waited till morning.

At last the gray dawn came, and Waif strained her weary eyes till she saw a large ship safe at anchor a little way off, and then she leaned her tired little head against a bench and dropped to sleep.

Half an hour later a boat came through the waves. The captain wanted to tell the people in the lighthouse that they saved his ship. The door was fast, and he got in at the window; but as he found no one below, he went up into the tower, and there, lying on the wet floor, amid the broken glass, he found the little girl asleep. He took her up gently, bore her down stairs to her little bed, and then called the men that came with him to look at the child that had saved them. Tears stood in the eyes of all. But when she softly said in her sleep, "In thy need call to the Lord," one of the men caught her to his heart and wept aloud. That verse, he said, was what his long-lost wife used to sing to her little child, in her cradle. Poor Waif was too tired to wake at once, and she slept on, while they stood beside her, till the old folks came home and wept over her, and told her story to the men. She slept even after this strange man had claimed her for his child, whom he had long thought dead. The long hair was brought out and shown him. It was just like that of his wife, and the little white dress with the vine-wrought W was Winnie's.

Oh, how glad was little Waif, now Waif no longer, to find, when she awoke, that she had saved the life of her own father! How close she clung to him, her arms around his neck, and how glad he was to take her away to his home. And the old folks who had cared for her went and lived with him till they died; and Winnie was their sunshine, and the joy of her father's heart.

WOMAN.

What is it to give woman a schooling, if you make her education stop where the real education of her brother begins? What is it to give woman wider employment, unless in this employment you proportion her wages to her work, and do not give her work harder than man's with one quarter of the remuneration? What is it to woman, if better laws are passed here and there for her protection, if still the clergyman binds her to obey, and the lawyer assures her that man and wife are one, and that one is the husband! To reform these things, the impulse must come from woman herself. Men judge of women as they personally see them. How can you expect a man to honor womanhood, if you do your utmost to dishonor it by wickedness or frivolity? How can you expect any man to labor for the elevation of those who spurn at the very laborers, and take pains to explain to the world, that they themselves, at least, are not "strong-minded"; as if anybody supposed they were? How can any man reverence womanhood beyond the personal reverence of his own household! I do not need to visit a man to see what his domestic relations are; I can talk to him about the rights and powers of woman, and his answer gives me the true daguerotype of his sister, wife, mother, daughter. How can he get beyond the standard of Thackeray—every woman weak or wicked—if he can only judge from a wife, who knows nothing in the universe beyond her cooking stove; and a daughter who has not much experimental acquaintance with even that?

On the other hand, what tales of mesmerism or alchemy can fitly symbolize the power of a noble woman over him who loves her? The tale of Ulysses is only half the story. Dryden's story of Cymon and Iphigenia needs to be placed beside it. Woman not merely finds her own soul through love, but gives it to her lover. Woman has this mighty power—when will she use it nobly? There are thousands to-day who are looking out of their loneliness, their poverty, or their crime, for the new age, when women shall be truer to themselves than men have ever been to women; the new age of higher civilization, when moral power shall take the place of brute force, and peace succeed war.

T. W. Higginson.

Any person desiring funds with which to commence business, will please call on the Devil.

Letters from the Army.

From the 45th Pennsylvania Regiment.

CAMP CURTIN, Pa., March, 1864. Friend Agitator:—It is with pleasure I am again permitted to send your readers a few words from camp. Once more we are together as a regiment, our ranks replenished, and in excellent health and spirits. It gives me pleasure to be able to assure you, that among all veterans and recruits universal cheerfulness and health prevail. The veterans, after their fatigues, evince no symptoms of home-sickness, or depression of spirits, which might be expected on being ushered from the luxuries of home into the tented field, with a full realization of what is before them. On the contrary—carrying with them the good wishes and grateful remembrance of near and dear ones at home, they are better prepared to endure the arduous duties of the coming campaign than ever before.

The recruits, having been mustered, paid and clothed, are, under the supervision of experienced officers, fast acquiring that rigid discipline so indispensable to their becoming efficient soldiers.

Being comfortably quartered, and having ample rations, none have found cause for complaint. Col. Curtin having magnanimously given us liberty to visit the city, at discretion, its luxuries and wealth are open to us; that is, so long as our purse is full. Without money, or Uncle Sam for dependence, the soldier might starve and freeze, without disturbing the patriotism (??) of the majority of the citizens of our State capital. There may be, and there undoubtedly are, many true, patriotic and warm hearted citizens in the city, but they keep wonderfully "dark." As a general rule, an unusual degree of coldness exists between the soldier and the civilian, which often leads to "dry knocks," in which Mr. Copperhead comes out second best.

Places of amusement are constantly open in the city; and as all restrictions upon the sale of liquors have been removed, the soldiers of returning veteran regiments are making the most of the few days during which they are allowed to remain here. It is needless to say that such privileges are often abused; but I am glad to say that, though our Colonel has given us all possible privileges, none have been, so far, abused as to cause him to change his orders.

The weather has been very changeable, generally, here, and the walks muddy, rendering traveling tedious and disagreeable. Yesterday it was unexpectedly announced in camp that Gen. Burnside would review us at 11, A. M. At the appointed hour all was ready, and the General, accompanied by Gov. Curtin, made his appearance. Several Pennsylvania veteran regiments, besides our own, belonging to the 8th corps, were present; and as the favorite commander, who has so often led them to victory, and the "soldier's friend" walked along the ranks, cheer after cheer rent the air in honor of Gen. Burnside and Gov. Curtin. The General was dressed in citizen's clothes. His general appearance was cheerful, and indicated robust health.

No important changes have as yet been made in the regiment, if we may except that Lieut. Haynes is acting as Quartermaster, and will probably be appointed to that post, as it is reported vacant. Details from each company have been made to continue recruiting for the regiment. I am unable to give you the correct number of men in the regiment; we have somewhere near eight hundred. Recruits are constantly coming into Harrisburg from the country; each one of whom adds a soldier to the ranks of the national army.

By request of my comrades, I refuse to close without tendering, in behalf of myself and all the "Tioga volunteers" who have been grateful recipients of the hospitality of home during our short sojourn there, our sincere thanks and grateful acknowledgements to the citizens of Tioga county, and especially to the ladies of Wellsboro, for the many favors and demonstrations given in honor of the soldiers who hail from that vicinity. Experience has taught us that the soldier, though absent and far from home, is not forgotten; and if at any time we should lack courage or energy to do our duty in camp or on the battle field, we have but to think of the many smiling faces who ministered to our wants while at home, and the desire to have those ministrations and smiles renewed, will prove sufficient to urge even the most indolent to endeavor to return, "when this cruel war is over," with the character of a good soldier. I intended to send you a list of 108 names in our company, but having received orders to be prepared to leave at a moment's warning, I am compelled to omit it this time. I will send a list at the earliest possible opportunity. You will next hear from us at Annapolis, Maryland. Until then, I remain

Yours respectfully, VETERAN.

CAMP 45th P. V. V., (Near Annapolis,) March 24, 1864.

Friend Agitator:—In compliance with my promise, I herewith send you a list of names in company "G." By the caption of this you will notice that we have changed localities.—Leaving Harrisburg at 2, P. M., on the 19th, we arrived at Baltimore at 11, P. M. On the next day at 1, P. M., (Sunday,) we left Baltimore, on the transport Columbia. After a pleasant ride on the Chesapeake bay, we landed at Annapolis, at 4, P. M. After an evening march of about three miles, we took quarters in barracks at Camp Parole. Since then we have pitched our tents, and are now encamped within two miles of the city, near the railroad. The "A" tents with which we have been furnished, we find much more convenient than our small steeper tents.

This camp is to be the general rendezvous of the 9th corps, which is to form the nucleus of Burnside's second expedition. It is needless to predict how long we may remain here. It is certain, however, that a considerable length of time will be taken up in organizing and preparing the raw troops for active service.

Annapolis is built immediately on the water's edge. As to beauty, taste, or wealth, it com-

pare favorably with other Southern cities through which we have passed. The general appearance of the place is dull, filthy, and devoid of taste; being very irregularly laid out, with scarcely a building of prominence, or wealth to diversify the scene; and the trees, with which the buildings are thickly interspersed, and which might, when clothed in green, lend a somewhat cheerful aspect to its otherwise desolate appearance, being leafless and dry, do not add beauty to the scene. The capital of Maryland, were it not for the impetus and general liveliness given it by the soldiers, would just now be no better than the majority of deserted Southern villages. The soil here, like that of the South in general, is sandy. Farmers are plowing near our camp. The weather has moderated considerably since our arrival here. On the 22d it was quite cold. On the morning of the 23d the ground was covered with about six inches of light snow. It has however nearly all disappeared. This afternoon is warm and balmy as early summer.—General good health, with the exception of bad colds, particularly among recruits, prevails in camp. Veteran regiments are arriving almost daily. Having just received new orders for drilling, parade, &c., to fulfil which will keep us busy, friends at home need not be disappointed if the boys write less often than usual while here.

LIST OF VETERANS IN CO. G. Captain—Rees G. Richards. First Lieutenant—Samuel Haynes. Second Lieut.—Ephraim Jeffers (a) First Sergeant—John J. Rogers. Second Sergeant—David L. Bacon. Third Sergeant—Tilden C. Crutenden. Fourth Sergeant—Thomas J. Davies. Fifth Sergeant—Jasper R. White. Corporals—Joseph R. Jennings, (c) James R. Tilton, (c) Charles T. Kelley. Musicians—John W. Ferra, John C. Rice. Wagoner—Lafayette Godfrey.

PRIVATES. Andrew Beckus, (a) Carl Presit, (b) David E. Down, David W. Rees, David H. Belcher, John Robbins, Eugene Deauge, Henry T. Rice, Eleazer Boats, Philemon Soles, James Dickinson, Orville Soles, Eli Smith, Darius H. Hotchkiss, Charles H. Terbell, John Hauber, (d) David H. Uplike, John J. Johnson, Daniel J. Williams, Nelson Knapp, Charles L. Willard, George S. Marvin, William E. Willard, Aaron Mann, (e) Delmer Wilson, (f) Willis J. Mickle, Joseph Willard, (g) Washington Mann, (c) Joseph Willard, (d) William W. Peterson.

LIST OF RECRUITS—PRIVATES. Joseph Beckus, Thomab Rees, Thomas J. Butler, Charles Rogers, William D. Downing, Thomas J. Rogers, George R. Derbyshire, Vincent M. Smith, Hiram D. Deming, Philander Smith, Abram Giles, (b) Ezra Smith, Simon L. Hakes, (b) William E. Peck, William L. Jones, Joseph Humphrey, William A. Mickle, Noah Robbins, Erwin A. Porter, William P. Wood, William W. Peterson.

Note.—Those marked "a" are absent, sick. Those marked "b" are absent on furlough. Those marked "c" are prisoners in Rebeldom. Those marked "d" are still connected with the company, but not re-enlisted as veteran volunteers. W. F. Willard is home recruiting. Total number of enlisted men, veterans and recruits, present, now attached to the company, 49. Aggregate strength of the company, including commissioned officers, 63.

Since our original organization, we have lost, by death, 16; by discharge from disability, 21; by transfer, 12; by desertion, 2; lost in the enemy's country, and not accounted for, 2. As those who refused to re-enlist, or were absent from the regiment, and were, by order of Brig. Gen. Ferrero, transferred to the 79th N. Y. Vol., have, by a recent order from the War Department, been ordered to join their original organizations, we may expect some of our old comrades among us soon.

Yours respectfully, VETERAN.

A Printer on a Tramp.

A good natured Dutchman, sitting at the door of his tavern on West, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward on foot, with a bundle on a cane over his shoulder.

"Well, Misster Valkunstick, vot you vant?" "Rest and refreshment," is the reply. "Supper and lotchin," I suppose?" "Yes, supper and lodging."

"Do you a Yankee pedlar, mit chawelry in your pack, to steal to girls?" "No, sir, I am no Yankee pedlar."

"A singin' masher, too lazy to work?" "No, sir."

"A sheenteel shoemaker, vot lofes to measure te pails' foots unt angles petter ash to make te shoes?" "No, sir, or I should certainly have mended my own shoes."

"A pook achen, vot bodders to segool gommittees till dey do vot you vish, shoost to git rid of you?" "Guess again, sir—I am no book agent."

"A dentish, preakin' to peeples' chaws at a dollar a sehng?" "No, sir, I am no puller of teeth."

"Prenolochist, ten, feelin' te young folks' hearts, like so many cappidge?" "No, sir, nor a phrenologist."

"Vell, den, vot teuce do you pe?" Shoost tell, unt you shall have te pesth'sassige for supper, unt shstay all night, free oratis, for noting; mit out cent payin, unt a chill of visky to shstart mit in te mornin'."

"I am a disciple of Faust—a professor of the art preservative of all arts—a typographer, at your service."

"Vatsh dat?" "A printer, sir—a man that print books and newspapers."

"A man vot brints pooks unt newshabers! Oh! yaw, yaw, dat ish it—a man vot brints te newshabers! Yaw, yaw! I vish I vash te schot, if I didnt tink you vash a poor tyval of a dishrist schmahshater, vot works for noting unt poards novare. Yaw, yaw, I tought you vash him. Valk in, vash in, Mishter Brinterman!"

FACTS FOR FARMERS.—If you invest money in tools, and then leave them exposed to the weather, it is the same as loaning money to a spendthrift without security—a dead loss in both cases.

If you invest money in fine stock, and do not feed and protect them, and properly care for them, it is the same as dressing your wife in silk to do kitchen work.

If you invest your money in a good farm, and do not cultivate it well, it is the same as marrying a good wife, and so enslaving her as to crush her energies and break her heart.

Table with 3 columns: Duration (3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS), Rate per square (1 Square, 2 do., 3 do., 4 do., 5 do., 1 do.), and Total cost (\$3.00, \$4.50, \$6.00, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$25.00).

Singular Adventures of a Young Woman in the South.

Some five months ago, a young lady, a native of Illinois, passed through the lines for the purpose of relieving a brother who was a prisoner at Richmond. She succeeded, and furnishes the following interesting narrative to the Chicago Post:

"Finding it impossible to do anything in Richmond immediately, I went to work systematically and leisurely. I took board with a poor but respectable family; insisted that I was a native of Virginia and a secessionist, and made all the acquaintances I could. I visited meetings of ladies for the relief of the Confederate soldiers; prepared lint and bandages; canvassed the city and solicited contributions for a soldiers' relief fund, and frequented the hospitals.

"By-and-by my money began to run out. As my funds were diminishing rapidly, I found it would be necessary for me to go to work and earn something. I commenced to take in sewing, thinking that I could make a living that way; but I soon found that I could not. The condition of my affairs was growing every day more gloomy. I hardly knew what to do. At last a thought struck me that I shall never be able to account for, I have never seen such a penchant for amusement as there is in Richmond. A dozen entertainment halls of various grades are crowded nightly, and a performer of any merit at all can command a good salary. I concluded to make my debut on the stage. I was always considered a tolerably good singer, and I learned to dance years ago. I thought I might turn these accomplishments to some use. I applied to the manager of a second class theater, where everything is produced, from a sensation play down to the latest popular dance or patriotic song. It seemed that the manager was eager to engage female performers, and he very readily consented to pay me \$300 a week—enough in Confederate scrip to pay a month's board. Mistaking that I would make a failure if I attempted to dance the first night, I was announced to sing only; and for the occasion I composed a song brimful of Southern patriotism. I blundered through it, and it was received free times. Every time I was called before the curtain, I came forth with renewed courage. On the third evening of my engagement I danced, and wore short skirts; that was another tribulation that is too painful to think of. The second week I received seven hundred dollars, and after that nine hundred dollars per week. I had almost abandoned all hope of being able to do anything for my brother, and was working more for money to take me home than anything else. But there was luck ahead that I had not anticipated. Major B., of the 21st South Carolina infantry, whom I had often seen in a private box, was seized with a ferocious attachment to me. He sent me presents, and all sorts of comments. I became acquainted with him, and learned that he was of the Libby Prison Guard. I made myself agreeable in every way consistent with propriety. In fact, he was so charmed, that my brother, his cousin, and two intimate friends, effected an escape one fine midnight."

What Mania-a-Potu Is.

The reporter of the Philadelphia Press relates the following: "A pretty well-dressed young man stepped into the Central Station, Monday afternoon, to enter a complaint. He appeared to be perfectly sane; but it was not long before we came to the conclusion that we stood in the presence of a man who was laboring under an attack of mania-a-potu. 'Sir,' said he, 'I am very much annoyed by the riding Railroad Company; they have caused to be laid a double track from the cellar of my house to the roof; one track goes up on one side of my bed and one down on the other side. They run the cars all night. Just as I get into a doze a locomotive whizzes by, blowing the steam whistle and ringing the bell. Last night, sir, across my bed the flect flew off the track, leaped one of my locomotives to the other track, and the engineer grinned at me like a devil. The passengers all looked like devils—some with horns, and some with no horns at all; each devil carried a canary bird, that seemed to sing like a steam whistle.'

Here the informant paused.

"Well, sir, your complaint is just; we have already taken measures to have the railroad tracks removed from your house, so that you can sleep without being disturbed," was our reply.

The man seemed to be grateful that such a course had been taken, and as he arose to depart, he said, 'Sir, I wish you would remove that worm from my shoulder; only a little while ago I pulled one out of my forehead and threw it on the pavement; just as I was about to put my foot upon it, nearly a hundred ran up my leg, and I suppose this is one of them.'

We removed the imaginary worm; whereupon he exclaimed, 'Why, there's more of them.' 'Wait a moment,' said we. A brush was obtained and promptly used. The man, evidently a gentleman, returned his thanks for our kindness, and suddenly left the office. He was a stranger. What became of him we know not, but we thought the whole scene was a first class temperance lecture."

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Step out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect; with the head and shoulders back; and then, fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air, not through the nostrils, but through the lips, into the lungs. When the chest is about full, raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head; just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward, and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath, till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times during the day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it, the glorious sense of vigor which follows the exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches during six months;