The Tioga County Agitator:
BY M. H. COBB.

Published every Wednesday morning at $1 mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE.

The paper is sent postage free to county subscribers, though they may receive their mail at post-offices located in counties immediately adjoining, for convenience.

THE AGITATOR is the Official paper of Tioga Co., and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscriptions being on the advance-pay system, it circulates among a class most to the interest of advertisers to reach. Terms to advertisers as liberal as those offered by any paper of equal circulation in Northern Pennsylvania.

☞ A cross on the margin of a paper, denotes that the subscription is about to expire.

☞ Papers will be stopped when the subscription time expires, unless the agent orders their continuance.

JAS. LOWREY & S. E. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. [Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1863.]

DICKINSON HOUSE,
CORNING, N. Y.
MAJ. A. FIELD,.....Proprietor.
GUESTS taken to and from the Depot free of charge. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

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. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

D. HART'S HOTEL,
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PENNA.
THE subscriber takes this method to inform his old friends and customers that he has resumed the conduct of the old "Crystal Fountain Hotel," and will hereafter give it his entire attention. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a renewal of the same. DAVID HART.
Wellsboro, Nov. 4, 1863.–1y.

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. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the travelling public. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

WELLSBORO HOTEL.
B. B. HOLIDAY,.....Proprietor.
THE Proprietor having again taken possession of the above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure the comfort of guests and the traveling public. Attentive waiters always ready. Terms reasonable.
Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.–tf.

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.
Wellsboro, July 15, 1863. A. R. HASCY.

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.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
I WOULD inform Dealers in Agricultural Implements, that I have Horse Rakes of the most approved styles and superior quality. Also, Hand Rakes of a better quality than any manufactured in this section, which I will furnish in any quantity desired, to dealers in the counties of Tioga, Bradford, and Lycoming. D. R. ...OUD.
Mainsburg, Nov. 18, 1863–9mos.

CLAIM AGENCY.
THE undersigned will promptly prosecute all claims against the Government for services rendered in the Military or Naval Service of the United States. Charges reasonable—will advance the legal necessary fees if desired. No charge if not successful in the application. D. McNAUGHTON.
References: Hon. Victor Case, I. W. Bowers, Examining Surgeon at Knoxville, Pa., B. F. Strang, Clymer, Pa., F. Strang, Hector, Pa., S. S. Beebe, Harrison, Pa.
Westfield, Jan. 11, 1864.–6mos.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Office of Comptroller of the Currency,
WASHINGTON, March 2, 1864.
WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, of Wellsborough, in the county of Tioga, and State of Pennsylvania, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the act of Congress, entitled "An act to provide a national currency, secured by a pledge of United States stocks, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved February 25, 1863, and has complied with all the provisions of said act required to be complied with before commencing the business of banking;
NOW, THEREFORE, I, HUGH McCULLOCH, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the FIRST NATIONAL BANK, of Wellsborough, county of Tioga, and State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to commence the business of banking under the act aforesaid.
In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office, this twenty-first day of March, 1864.
(L.S.) HUGH McCULLOCH,
Comptroller of the Currency.
Mar30 64–9t

BOARDMAN AND GRAY'S
CELEBRATED
PATENT IMPROVED
INSULATED IRON RIM, AND FRAME
PIANO-FORTES!
These pianos have the pure musical tone of the Wood, together with the strength of the Iron, and are thus far superior to all others. The Upper Strung Scales, giving in connection with the Patent Iron Rim, full, round, powerful, and sweet tone. These pianos will remain in tune a greater length of time than any other pianos known, and are warranted for the time of five years. The undersigned offers these pianos at the same prices as at the warerooms in Albany or New York, saving the buyer the expense of going there to buy, and will keep them in tune for the term of three years, without charges. For a general description of these pianos send for a circular, containing prices, styles, &c. I. N. HOYT,
Osceola, Tioga County, Pa.
Osceola, Feb. 17, 1864.

Ball's Ohio Mower and Reaper.
FARMERS in this vicinity can procure this very valuable Machine by calling on
WRIGHT & BAILEY,
who have the agency for the sale of it. It is one of the best machines in use, everybody that has seen it that has used it, and it has taken the first premium at all State and County Agricultural Fairs in the Union, and is, by all considered the best in use. It is impossible to supply the demand for this celebrated Machine, and those that want a No. 1 Machine, best in the world, *must call soon or they will all be sold.*
It has no side draft; it does not weight upon the horse's neck, and is a perfect, durable, and cheap machine. For sale by
T. L. BALDWIN, Tioga.
J. & T. BAILEY, Mansfield.
WRIGHT & BAILEY, Wellsboro, Pa.
Wellsboro, May 18, 1864–tf

CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

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, JUNE 8, 1864. NO. 41.

TREES! TREES! FOR SALE.

Apple, Price 20 cts. Extra, 25 cts.

SUMMER VARIETY.—Early Harvest, Red Astrachan, Early Strawberry, Juneting, Early Sweet Bough, Early White, Jenkens' Pippen, Golden Sweet.
AUTUMN VARIETY.—Autumn Bough, Gravenstein, Porter, Autumn Strawberry, Hawley or Dowse, Pear, Henry, Prince, Canada Snow, Jersey Sweet, Stoddard, Fall Pippen, Mammoth Pippen, Rambo, Fall Juneting, Neutral, Thomas Wells.
WINTER VARIETY.—Baldwin, Fay's Russett, Northern Spy, Boston Russett, Golden Russett, Payne Sweeting, Bottle Green, Sweet Pearmain, Peck's Pleasant, Bentley Sweet, Rhode Island Greening, Hubbardston, None Such, Swaar, Black, Tallman's Sweet, Danver's Sweet, Tompkin's County King, Esopus Spitzenburg, Wagoner, Lady's Sweet, Yellow Bellflower, Dutch Mignonne, Newtown Pippen, Ladies' Sweet.
CRAB.—Large yellow and red. Small, do, do.

Pears, Price 50c. Extra, ex. Price.

SUMMER VARIETY.—Bartlett, Brandywine, Bloodgood, Beurre Gifford, Carpenter, Dearborn Seedling, Gapsel's Burgamot, Golden Beurre of Gilbon, Harvest, Julienne, Madeliene, Rostiezer, Osborn Summer, Summer Frank Real, Tyson.
AUTUMN VARIETY.—Beurre Bosc, Beurre Diel, Beurre Ganbault, Bezi De La Mott, Beurre De Amilis, Buffon, Cushing, Dix, Dutchess de Angouleme, Flemish Beauty, Fon Dante de Automne, Fulton, Henry Fourth, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Maria de Louise, Napoleon, Onondago, Paradise de Automne, Seckel, Sheldon, Sweet Pear, Stevens' Genesee, Urbaniste, Woodstock, Vergalieu, Washington.
WINTER VARIETY.—Glout Morceau, Passe Colmar, Winter Wadden, Lawrence, Vicar of Winkfield, Winter Nelis.

Plums, Price 50 cts.

Bleeker's Gage, Columbia, Coe's Golden Drop, Egg Plum, Green Gage, Imperial Gage, Jefferson, Lawrence Favorite, Lombard, Magnum Bonum, Princes Gage, Red Gage, Smith's Orleans, Washington, Huling Superb.

Peaches, Price 18 cts.

Bergen Yellow, Melocoton, Crawford's Early, Early York, Red Rare Ripe, Sweet Water, Geo. the Fourth, Lemon Cling, Red Cheek Melocoton.

Cherries, Price 38 cts.

Black Heart, Black Eagle, Black Tartarian, Downer's Late Red, Mayduke, Guigne, Elton, Late Black, Grey's Early White, Napoleon Bigereau, Amber, Yellow Spanish, Beauman's May, Holland Bigareau, Golden Drop of Herrington.
GRAPES.—Isabella, Diana, Hartford Prolific, Catawba, Rebecca, Delaware, Concord, White Sweet Water, Black Burgundy.
GOOSEBERRIES.—English—several varieties.
CURRANTS.—White, Cherry, Dutch and Red.

ORNAMENTAL.

Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, Scotch Fir, American Arborvitæ, Siberian do., Weeping Mountain Ash, Mountain Ash, Horse Chestnut, European Larch, Green Forsythea, White Flowering Deutzia, Graceful Deutzia, Chinese Wiegelia, Roses, Basket Willows.
The above I offer for sale at my Nursery. They are all of superior quality. In digging and packing, care will be taken; and the charge for packing will be the cost of materials used. Trees will be delivered at the Tioga depot free of charge. Call at the Nursery, and look at the trees for your own satisfaction.
B. C. WICKHAM.
Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa.—March 9, '64–3m

WHOLESALE
DRUG STORE.

Prince's Metallic Paint,	Pfizer & Co's Chemicals,
Thaddeus David's Inks,	Fluid Extracts,
Concentrated Medicines,	Rochester Perfumery and
Cincinnati Wines and	Flavoring Extracts,
Brandy,	Paints and Oils,
Whitewash Lime,	Petroleum Oil,
Kerosene Lamps,	Drugs and Medicines,
Patent Medicines,	School Books,
Stationery,	Wall Paper,
Wyoming Mills Wrapping Paper,	Window Glass,
	Dye Colors,

Furnished at Wholesale Prices by
W. D. TERBELL,
Corning, N. Y.

Zimmermann & Co's.
NATIVE BRANDY & WINES,
FOR
MEDICAL & COMMUNION PURPOSES.

CATAWBA BRANDY.

THIS BRANDY has been analyzed by the Medical Director of the Naval Labratory at Brooklyn, and substituted for French Brandy, for use in the United States Navy. It is also used and recommended by Dr. Satterlee, Medical Purveyor in New York of U. S. Army, in the Hospital of his Department.

DRY CATAWBA WINE.

THIS WINE has all the properties of Dry Sherry Wine.

SWEET CATAWBA WINE.

THIS WINE for its mildness is adapted for Invalids and for communion purposes.

MESSRS. ZIMMERMANN & CO., of Cincinnati and New York had formerly partnership with N. Longworth of Cincinnati the wealthy Native Wine producer, and therefore enables them to furnish *the best of American production, at moderate prices.*
Sold by W. D. TERBELL, at Wholesale and Retail, and by Druggists generally.
Corning, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1864–tf.

Farmer's Catechism.

Question. What is the best kind of Wooden beam Plow?
Answer. The WIARD PLOW.
Ques. Wherein does it excel all others?
Ans. In ease of draft, in being less liable to clog, and in fact it excels in every particular.
Ques. Where is this Plow to be found?
Ans. At the KNOXVILLE FOUNDRY, where *they are made, and at various agencies around the* country.
Ques. Are there any other plows made at that Foundry?
Ans. Yes! Biles makes various kinds of wooden and iron beam Plows, both for flat land and side hill, and he keeps ahead of all other establishments by getting the BEST PATTERNS invented, without regard to the COST.
Ques. Are Plows all that Biles makes?
Ans. By no means. He also makes HORSE HOES; a superb article for Corn, Potatoes, &c. ROAD SCRAPERS that beat the world. Cast Cultivator Teeth of a very superior pattern. Shovel Plow Castings for new land, and indeed almost every thing that is ever made at a Foundry, from a Boot Jack to a Steam Engine.
Ques. Would you then advise me to buy there?
Ans. Most certainly would I, for besides making the best KIND of every thing, Biles makes those that are the most DURABLE, and it is a common expression where his Plows have been introduced, that they last as long as from two to four got at any other shop; he has always been at the business from a small boy and ought to know how it is done, and if *you try his wares once, you will be ready with me to* tell all wanting anything in that line to go, send, or in some other way procure them of J. P. BILES, at the Knoxville Foundry.
Knoxville, March 30, 1863–tf.

BAKING SODA & SALERATUS at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

AN Assortment of TABLE GLASSWARE will be found at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

Select Poetry.

KISS ME, FATHER, ERE I DIE.

An Incident of the Present War.

[An only boy, whose mother had died in infancy, was brought home to his father's house to die from the effects of exposure in camp. On his death bed his constant petition was, whenever his father approached him, "Kiss me, father, ere I die"; and down to the very last moment he clung to this request, and finally died in his father's arms, "as a weary child going to sleep.]

Dearest father, I am going
To a brighter, better clime;
Soon my eyes will close forever,
Shutting out the things of time;
Raise my head upon my pillow,
Let me feel that you are nigh;
Press me to your aching bosom;—
Kiss me, father, ere I die.

Father, I have done my duty
In the camp and 'mid the strife,
Soon I'll seal my deep devotion
To my country with my life;
But it soothes my dying moments
When I know that you are by;
Put your loving arms about me;—
Kiss me, father, ere I die.

Kiss me, father, as you used to
In my childhood's happy day,
When I nestled in your bosom,
Ere your locks had turned to gray;
Cast a loving glance upon me,
As within your arms I lie:
I am going—God be with you;—
Kiss me, father, ere I die.

Miscellany.

THE BEREAVED SISTER.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

In the spring of 1824 I contracted an acquaintance, in one of the cities of the South, with a gentleman who had removed from England to this country with two small children, the one a boy of ten, and the other a girl of nine years of age. These children were the most lovely beings I ever saw. Their extreme beauty, their deep and artless affection, and their frequent bursts of innocent and childish mirth, made them as dear to me as if I had been the companion of their infancy. They were happy in themselves, happy in each other and in the whole world of life and nature around them. I had known the family but a few months, when my friend was compelled to make a sudden and unexpected voyage to South America. His feelings were embittered by the thought of leaving his motherless children behind him, and, as I was on the point of embarking for Liverpool, I promised to take them to their friends and relatives.

My departure was delayed two weeks. During that period I lived under the same roof with the little ones, that had been consigned to my charge. For a few days they were pensive, and made frequent enquiries for their absent father; but their sorrows were easily assuaged, and regret for his absence changed into a pleasant anticipation of his return. The ordinary sorrows of childhood are but dews upon the eagle's plumage, which vanish at the moment, when the proud bird springs upward into the air to woo the first beautiful flashes of the morning.

The day of our departure at length arrived, and we set sail on a quiet afternoon of summer. It was a scene of beauty, and my heart fluttered as wildly and joyously as the wing of a young bird in spring time. It seemed in truth as if "man's control had stopped with the shore," and was retreating behind us, and left the world of waters to give back the blue of the upper skies as purely and peacefully as at the first holy sabbath of creation. The distant hills bent their pale blue tops to the waters, and as the great sun, like the image of his Creator, sank down in the west, successive shadows of gold, of crimson, and of purple, came floating over the waves like barks from a fairy land. My young companions gazed on these scenes steadily, and when the last tints of the dim shore were melting into shadow, they took each other's hands, and a few natural tears gushed forth as an adieu to the land they had loved.

Soon after sunset, I persuaded my little friends to let me lead them to the cabin, and then returned to look out again upon the ocean. In about half an hour, as I was standing musingly and apart, I felt my hand gently pressed, and, on turning around, saw that the girl had stolen alone to my side. In a few moments the evening star began to twinkle from the edging of a violet cloud. At first it gleamed faintly and at intervals, but anon it came brightly out, and shone like a holy thing upon the brow of the evening. The girl at my side gazed upon it, and hailed it with a tone which told that a thought of rapture was at her heart. She enquired, with simplicity and eagerness, whether in the fair land to which we are going, that same bright star would be visible, and seemed to regard it as another friend, that was to be with her in her long and lonely journey.

The first week of our journey was unattended by any important incident. The sea was at times wild and stormy; but again it would sink to repose, and spread itself out in beauty to the verge of the distant horizon. On the eighth day the boy arose, pale and dejected, and complained of indisposition. On the following morning he was confined by a fever to his bed, and much doubt was expressed as to his fate by the physician of the vessel. I can never forget the visible agony, the look of utter woe, that appeared upon the face of the little girl, when the conviction of her beloved brother's danger came slowly upon her thoughts. She wept not—she complained not—but, hour after hour, she sat by the bed of the young sufferer, an image of grief and beautiful affection. The boy became daily more feeble and emaciated. He could not return the long and burning kisses of his sister, and at last a faint heaving of his breast, and the tender eloquence of his half-closed eye, and a flush, at intervals, upon his wasted cheek, like the first violet tint of a morning cloud, were all that told he had not yet passed "the first dark days of nothingness."

The twelfth evening of our absence from land was the most beautiful I had ever known, and I persuaded the girl to go for a short time upon deck, that her own fevered brow might be fanned by the twilight breeze. The sun had gone down in glory, and the traces of his blood-red setting were still visible upon the western waters. Slowly but brilliantly the many stars were gathering themselves together above, and another sky swelled out in softened beauty beneath, and the foam upon the crest of the waves was lightened up like wreaths of snow. There was music in every wave, and its wild sweet tone came floating down from the fluttering pennon above us, like the sound of a gentle wind amid a cypress grove. But neither music nor beauty had a spell for the heart of my little friend. I talked to her of the glories of the sky and sea—I pointed her to the star, on which she had always loved to look—but her only answer was a sigh, and I returned with her to the bedside of her brother. I instantly perceived that he was dying. There was no visible struggle—but a film was creeping over his eyes, and the hectic flush of his cheek was deepening into purple. I know not whether, at first, his sister perceived the change in his appearance. She took her seat at his side, pressed his pale lips to her own, and then, as usual, let her melancholy eye rest fixedly upon his countenance. Suddenly his looks brightened for a moment, and he spoke his sister's name. She replied with a passionate caress, and looked up in my face, as if to implore encouragement. I knew that her hopes were but a mockery. A moment more, and a convulsive quiver passed over the lips of the dying boy—a slight shudder ran through his frame—and all was still. She sat in tearless silence—but I saw that the waters of bitterness were gathering fearfully at their fountain. At last, she raised her hands with a sudden effort, and pressing them upon her forehead, wept with the uncontrollable agony of despair.

On the next day the corpse of the dead boy was to be committed to the ocean. The little girl knew that it must be so, but she sought to drive the thought away, as if it had been an unreal and terrible vision. When the appointed hour was at hand, she came and begged me, with a tone that seemed less like a human voice than the low cadence of a disembodied and melancholy spirit, to go and look upon her brother, and see if he was indeed dead. I could not resist her entreaties, but went with her to gaze upon the sleeping dust, to which all the tendrils of her life seemed bound. She paused by the bedside, and I almost deemed that her existence would pass off in that long and fixed gaze. She moved not—spoke not—till the form she loved was taken away to be let down into the ocean. Then indeed she arose, and followed her lifeless brother with a calmness that might have been from Heaven. The body sunk slowly and solemnly beneath the waves, a few long bright ringlets streamed out upon the waters, a single white and beautiful glimpse came dimly up through the dancing billows, and all that had once been joy and beauty vanished forever.

During the short residue of our voyage, the bereaved sister seemed fading away as calmly and beautifully as a cloud in a summer zenith. Her heart had lost its communion with nature, and she would look down into the sea, and murmur incoherently of its cold and solitary depths, and call her brother's name, and then weep herself into calmness.

I know not whether she is still a blossom of the earth, or whether she has long since gone to be nurtured in a holier realm. But I love *the memory of that beautiful and stricken one.* Her loveliness, her innocence, and her deep and holy feelings, still come back to me in their glory and quietude, like a rainbow on a summer cloud, that has showered and passed off forever.

"NEITHER"—"EITHER."

The pronunciation of the words at the head of this article, as if spelt *ni-ther* and *i-ther*, which is not unfrequently heard from divines and other cultivated men, is not sanctioned either by analogy or good use, and is only to be accounted for on the supposition that, by some, doubtful use in England is considered better authority than good use in America. Out of seventeen legicographers, *only two*, and they of little account, (J. Johnson and Coote,) expressly authorized the corrupt pronunciation; and the analogy of the language is utterly opposed to it, there being only one word of similar orthography, "height," whose accepted pronunciation accords with it.

To show how entirely analogy fails to sustain the corrupt pronunciation, the following paragraph has been framed, in which is introduced all the different connections in which the letters *e i* are met with, except as in the word "height" given above.

Being disposed to walk, I would *feign* have visited my *neighbor*, but on approaching his *seigniory*, I was alarmed by the *neighing* of his horse, and on lifting my *veil*, was terrified to find the animal within *eighty* yards of me, approaching with a speed that seemed *freighted* with the direst consequence. I was in a *streight*—caught in a *seine*. My blood stood still in my *veins*, as I *conceived* my life in danger. Turning my head, I was pleased to see an Arabian *Sheik* near by, and doing him *obeisance*, I begged that he would *deign* to come to my rescue. I was not *deceived* in my hopes. By a skilful *feint* he succeeded in *seizing* the *rein* attached to the fiery steed; and as he was a man of considerable *weight*, he checked him in his impetuous career, and my life was saved. For the favor thus *received*, may he ever live in a *ceiled* dwelling.

Every one of the words in the above paragraph, printed in italics, might as well have its *e i* "sounded as *i* in mine," as "neither" or "either." Where the authorities preponderate so greatly against any particular pronunciation, there is certainly no reasonable excuse for its adoption.

LAFAYETTE.—During the Revolution, Lafayette being in Baltimore, was invited to a ball. He went, but instead of joining the amusement, as might be expected of a young Frenchman, addressed the laies thus:

"Ladies you are very handsome, you dance very prettily; your ball is very fine *but my soldiers have no shirts!*" The ball ceased, the ladies went home, and the next day shirts were prepared for the gallant defenders of their country.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged $1 per square of 16 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 16 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS
1 Square,	$3,00	$4,50	$6,00
2 do.	5,00	6,50	8,00
3 do.	7,00	8,50	10,00
¼ Column,	8,00	9,50	12,50
½ do.	15,00	20,00	25,00
1 do.	25,00	35,00	50,00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand.

Letter from a Richmond Prisoner.

The following letter written by John B. Emery, a resident of this place, who was taken prisoner with a number of Tioga county boys, will be read with interest by our readers:

ANNAPOLIS, MD., April 27, 1864.

Dear Brother:—I came down here from Baltimore on Monday morning, on the steamer Wehonah, and am getting along finely on Uncle Sam's rations. We are in good barracks, with a good stove in each barrack, draw plenty to eat, and I am gaining strength every day; have the rheumatism some in my limbs yet, but think it will wear off shortly.

We left Tazewell, East Tennessee, on the morning of December 14th, with a train of twenty two wagons, loaded with sugar and coffee for the 1st division of 9th army corps.—There were about fifty of us with the train, and only about twenty-five of us had guns. We marched about thirteen miles, and went into camp about dusk, at the foot of Clinch Mountain, at Clinch Gap. We had just got our suppers cooked, and were setting down to it, when the Rebs appeared on a hill a short distance off, and commenced firing on us. We jumped for our guns, and returned the compliment, leaving our supper untouched. We skirmished a few moments, when they charged on us, from all sides. We fought until we were all mixed up together, and, as they were ten to our one, of course we were taken. The one that first reached me, took my watch, pocketbook, overcoat, gum blanket, tents, haversack, canteen, &c., &c.

As soon as they had finished overhauling us, a few of them went into our supper, while I stood by and enjoyed the fun of seeing the hungry rascals gobble our meal.

We were then taken over the hill, where Gen. Jones had two brigades of rebel cavalry; remained there until nine or ten o'clock at night, when we were started, marched all night, and until one o'clock in the afternoon, when we were halted. They here dealt out to each of us a pint of flour and a small piece of fresh beef. The meat we cooked on the coals, and baked the flour on a board. About four o'clock we started again, crossed Clinch Mountain at Flat Gap, and encamped on the other side about ten at night; started on at seven in the morning, marched five miles, and were put into a storehouse in the village of Mooresburg, where we drew a pint of flour and half a pound of fresh pork. The next day we drew nothing to eat, but the next noon after we got one pound of flour apiece, which we baked on a board.—At three P. M. we started on, marched six miles, and were packed into a house not large enough to accommodate a third of us. The next morning (10th) we started on, marched six miles, and arrived at Rogersville, at ten A. M., and were put into the East Tennessee Bank. In the afternoon we drew seven small biscuits and about three ounces of boiled beef, each.—Sunday, the 20th, were still in the Bank, and drew nothing to eat. The 21st we drew six biscuits and a little beef. The 22d we drew one pound of bread and half a pound of boiled beef.

Left Rogersville at ten A. M. the 23d, with the 38th Tennessee for an escort. There were a little over two hundred prisoners of us; they were captured at different points, but sent on together. We marched twelve miles that day, were put into a large church for the night, and drew one pound of beef and two biscuits, each. Started on again at seven in the morning, and arrived at Kingsport, fifteen miles distant, at three P. M.; were put into a church, and drew one pound of flour and the same of beef.

The 25th, we left Kingsport, at eight A. M., marched sixteen miles, quartered for the night in the Jefferson Seminary, at Blountsville, and drew rations of flour and raw meat without salt. The 26th, started at nine in the morning, marched nine miles, and arrived at Bristol, Va., at two P. M., and were marched into camp in a piece of tall woods. It rained nearly all day and all night, and, as the Rebs had stripped us, of course we had to lie and take the rain, as best we could; drew some flour and beef without salt. The 27th it rained all day; drew a pound of flour and meat in the evening.

Monday, 28th, drew three days' rations of hard tack and fresh beef, and at five P. M. got aboard the cars and started for Richmond.—Rode all night and the next day, and at dark changed cars at Lynchburg; changed cars again in the morning, and arrived at Richmond at noon.

When we got to Richmond, we were put on the lower floor of Scott's tobacco factory. It was already full except the back room where the hydrant was. We had to go in there, and slept with the water running under us all the time. In the center of the main room there was a regular swamp-hole, caused by all the slops, &c., being swept down from the upper floors. The smell was awful, especially where we slept. Thursday, 31st, drew some corn bread and fresh beef at noon, and at night some dodger and bean slop. Jesse Wilcox was sent to the hospital to-day. He was shot thro' the hand at the time we were taken.

New Year's day, 1864, moved over to the renowned Belle Island, about two miles from Scott's factory; drew a quarter loaf of bread and a piece of meat about the size of your two fingers. "Did you think of me at home?"—From the 1st to the 4th I did not get out of my bed, only long enough to get my piece of bread and soup or meat, twice a day. It was so cold, a person would freeze to death in a short time. I got into a kind of tent with some of the 57th Pa. and George Mattison, of Co. I, who was taken at Concord Station. For about a week after we got there, we got about an ounce of meat in the forenoon, but after that we got nothing but about a pint of black bean slop with once in a while a bean in it, twice a day, besides the quarter loaf. The piece of bread would never be over two or two and a half inches square. If ever men suffered with hunger, we did there. We would dream about something to eat all night, think of it the first thing in the morning, talk about it all day, and "something to eat" would be in our minds when we went to sleep. I pity the lousy Rebel that ever falls into the Belle Island boys' hands. You may believe it or not—but dogs were frequently killed on the island and eaten by our boys. I never was lucky enough to get hold of one, or I should have feasted for once. I have seen dog meat for sale at a dollar a slice, the size of your four fingers—and there was always a plenty of customers. At one time a man threw up his bean soup, and he had no sooner done so, than men went and picked up the beans and ate them.

You *think* you can imagine something near the suffering our poor fellows endured; but imagination cannot picture their sufferings.—Men would come in there in mid-winter, with no blankets or overcoats, and perhaps their shoes had been taken from them, and their feet were bound up with rags. They would find no tent, as all were full, and would have to run about all night to keep from freezing to death. Numbers of them froze to death, and dozens of them were frozen so bad that they had to be sent to the hospital in Richmond, where several of them died; and others had their toes all taken off, and some their feet. I cannot write the twentieth part of what I have seen and know.

On the 22d of February I was sent over to the hospital at Richmond, sick with a very bad cold, &c. I could not eat anything for several days before I went. The hospital was in three large tobacco factories, and called respectively 1st, 2d and 3d division hospitals. I was in ward 4, 2d division. The cooking was all done at the 1st division. The 1st division was the headquarters of the whole concern. Soon after I got over there, I was taken with chronic diarrhœa, but got so as to be around about the 20th of March. I then went to doing the writing for the steward and general ward master. I got more to eat after that, and of a better quality. About the first of April I went down to the 1st division hospital, as clerk in the office where all the business was done for the three buildings. There were three of us clerks. We had considerable to do, but got enough to eat; such as it was.

I remained there until paroled. The parole sheets were made out ten days before we left, but I did not get my name down until six o'clock the night before we came away. I supposed I could not come on that boat; but I worked the thing around about right, and got off. I am the only one of the 45th that came up. Oscar Henry, Jesse Wilcox, Joseph Jennings, James Tillotson, Washington Munn, Herman Jennings, and all others taken with me, were sent to Georgia the 7th of March, and were all well at that time. I saw "Cole" the day I left the island, and that is the last I have seen or heard of him.

I send you a complete list of the cases of each disease in the three divisions of the hospital, from January 1st to April 1st, and the deaths from each disease. I was in the office and had access to all the books where the admissions, deaths, &c., were entered by name; but did not bring a list of them, because if I had been caught at it, I should have been detained and sent to Castle Thunder. The list I send you is in so small a compass I could conceal it. By this you will see that in January there were 706 cases, and 311 deaths; in February, 1257 cases, and 525 deaths; in March, 870 cases, and 561 deaths. Of these, you will see that there were 229 cases of chronic diarrhœa in January, and 193 deaths; in February, 337 cases, and 265 deaths; and in March, 283 cases, and 250 deaths; or in the three months, 849 cases of chronic diarrhœa, and 708 deaths! Rather a narrow escape for me.

Yours, affectionately,
JOHN B. EMERY.

Punctuality.

When Hamilton was Washington's Secretary he was ordered to meet the Commander-in-Chief one morning at sunrise.—Washington was first on the spot, and waited five minutes before Hamilton appeared. The Secretary apologized by saying that "something must be the matter with his watch." Another appointment was made for the next morning, which was similarly broken. Hamilton again covered his negligence with a complaint against his watch to which the punctual soldier replied:

"Then, sir, you must either get a new watch, or I must get a new Secretary."

On one occasion the first Emperor Napoleon invited the staff of the Marshals of France to take dinner with him at two o'clock. The Emperor at the moment the clock struck, sat down to the table alone. He was a quick eater, seldom appearing at the table more than ten minutes. At the end of this time his staff appeared. He arose to meet them and said:

"Messeurs, it is now past dinner, and we will immediately proceed to business; whereupon the Marshals were obliged to spend the entire afternoon in planning a new campaign on empty stomachs.

THE GOOD AND HAPPY WIFE.—The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it. It is airy, and graceful, and warm and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the poetry and romance of life. She is herself a lyric poem setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not sinless, not painless, but still a paradise; for "Love is Heaven and Heaven is love."

A TRUE LADY.—"I cannot forbear pointing out to you my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, but, my darling, it is a misfortune, which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."