The Tioga County Agitator
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COBB & VAN GELDER.
[A. H. COBB] [P. C. VAN GELDER

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TEN LINES OF MINION, OR LESS, MAKE ONE SQUARE.

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The Tioga County Agitator.

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

VOL. XIV. WELLSBORO, PA., APRIL 10, 1867. NO. 15.

JOBBING DEPARTMENT.
The Proprietors have stocked the establishment with a large assortment of modern styles
JOB AND CARD TYPE
AND FAST PRESSES,
and are prepared to execute neatly, and promptly
POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER HEADS, STATEMENTS, TOWNSHIP ORDERS, &c., &c.
Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, and a full assortment of Constables' and Justices' Blanks, constantly on hand.
☞ People living at a distance can depend on having their work done promptly, and sent back in return mail.
☞ OFFICE—Roy's block, Second Floor.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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, 1866.-1y.

W. A. NICHOLS. JOHN I. MITCHELL.
NICHOLS & MITCHELL,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.
Office formerly occupied by James Lowrey, Esq.
WM. A. NICHOLS. JOHN I. MITCHELL.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866-1y.

WILLIAM H. SMITH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Main Street Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866.

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, 1866.

D. ANGELL & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS of, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Doors, Sash, and Blinds. Also Planing and Turning done to order.
Knoxville, Tioga Co., Pa., Jan. 16, 1867-1y.*

F. W. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Mansfield, Tioga co., Pa.
May 9, 1866-1y

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, 1866.-1y.

JOHN E. SHAKSPEARE,
DRAPER AND TAILOR. Shop one door above Smith's Law Office. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and in best style.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866-1y

JOHN I. MITCHELL.
AGENT for the collection of bounty, back pay and pensions due soldiers from the Government. Office with Nichols and Mitchell, Wellsboro, Pa. m30, '66

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

ISAAK 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 to the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. [Jan. 1, 1866.]

Pennsylvania House.
AMARIAH HAZLETT PROPRIETOR.
THIS popular hotel has been lately renovated and refurnished, and no pains will be spared to render its hospitalities acceptable to patrons.
Wellsboro, May 9, 1866.

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

J. C. STRANG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Any business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Knoxville, Pa., Nov. 14, 1866-tf

GEO. W. RYON,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Lawrenceville, Tioga Co., Pa. Bounty, Pension, and Insurance Agent. Collections promptly attended to. Office 2d door below Ford House.
Dec 12, 1866-1y

C. F. SWAN,
AGENT for the Lycoming County Insurance Company, at Tioga, Pa.
June 5, 1866.-3m*

FARR'S HOTEL,
TIOGA, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.,
Good stabling attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance.
E. S. FARR, Proprietor.

Blacksmith and Farrier.
JOSEPH MANLY would inform the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity that he has leased the old Mack stand, on Water street, lately occupied by Mr. Ritter, where he may be found prepared to shoe horses and oxen, and do all work pertaining to his trade. He also is a practical Farrier, and will treat horses for diseases.
October 24, 1866-tf

Hairdressing & Shaving.
Saloon over Wilcox & Barker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa. Particular attention paid to Ladies' Hair-cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc. Braids, Rolls, coils, and switches on hand and made to order
H. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

GOLD received on deposite, for which certificates will be issued, *bearing interest in gold.*
E. W. CLARK & CO, Bankers,
No 35 south Third street, Phila.

D. BACON, M. D., late of the 23d 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 branches. Persons from a distance can find good boarding at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired—While with any part of the State by consultation, or to perform surgical operations. No 4, Union Block, up stairs
Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866—1y.

NEW PICTURE GALLERY.—
FRANK SPENCER
has the pleasure to inform the citizens of Tioga county that he has completed his
NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
and is now prepared to take all kinds of Size Pictures, such as Ambrotypes, Ferrotypes, Vignettes, Carte de Visite, the Surprise and Eureka Pictures; also particular attention paid to copying and enlarging Pictures. Instructions given in the Art on reasonable terms. Elmira St., Mansfield, Oct 1, 1866.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.
WM. H. SMITH, Knoxville, Tioga County, Pa., (U. S. licensed Agent, and Attorney for soldiers and their friends throughout all the United States,) will prosecute and collect with unerring success,
SOLDIERS' CLAIMS AND DUES
of all kinds. Also, any other kind of claim against the Government before any of the Departments or in Congress. Terms moderate. All communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Jan. 17, 1866.

DENTISTRY.
DR. C. N. DARTT,
WOULD say to the public that he is permanently located in Wellsboro. Office at his residence, near the Land Office and Episcopal Church, where he will continue to do all kinds of work entrusted to his care, guaranteeing complete satisfaction in every case where the skill of the Dentist is called to the management of cases peculiar to the calling. He will furnish
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
set on any material desired.
FILLING & EXTRACTING TEETH,
attended to on shortest notice, and done in the best and most approved style.
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN
by the use of Anæsthetics which are perfectly harmless, and will be administered in every case when desired.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1865-1y.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—J. B. Shakespear, dealer in Decker & Brother and Haines & Brothers pianos, Mason & Hamlin cabinet organs, Front, Linsey & Co. melodeons, and the B. Shoninger melodeons. Room over J. R. Bowen's store. Sept. 12, 1866.

LAMPS.—A new kind of lamp for Kerosene—no breakage of chimneys—at FOLEY'S.

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.

WELLSBORO HOTEL.
(Corner Main Street and the Avenue.)
WELLSBORO, PA.
B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor.
THIS is one of the most popular Houses in the county. This Hotel is the principal Stage-house in Wellsboro. Stages leave daily as follows:
For Tioga, at 10 a. m.; For Troy, at 8 a. m.; For Jersey Shore every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m.; For Coudersport, every Monday and Thursday at 2 p. m.
STAGES ARRIVE—From Tioga, at 12 1-2 o'clock p. m.; From Troy, at 6 o'clock p. m.; From Jersey Shore, Tuesday and Friday 11 a. m.; From Coudersport, Monday and Thursday 11 a. m.
N. B.—Jimmy Cowden, the well-known hostler, will be found on hand.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866-1y.

W. D. LANG,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
PATENT MEDICINES, Perfumery, Musical Instruments and Musical Merchandise of all kinds, Fancy Goods of all kinds, &c.
MANSFIELD, PA.
Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded
October 31, 1866.-6m.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
501 BROADWAY, N. Y.
In addition to our main business of Photographic Materials we are Headquarters for the following, viz:
Stereoscopes & Stereoscopic Views
Of American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, etc.
Stereoscopic Views of the War,
From negatives made in the various campaigns and forming a complete Photographic history of the great contest.
Stereoscopic Views on Glass,
Adapted for either Magic Lanterns or the Stereoscope. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.
Photographic Albums.
We manufacture more largely than any other house, about 200 varieties from 50 cents to $50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to all others.
Card Photographs of Generals, Statesmen, Actors, etc., etc.
Our Catalogue embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects, including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of stamp.
Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D., will please remit 25 per cent. of the amount with their order. The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy. Jan. 2, 1867-4m.

LAWRENCEVILLE DRUG STORE.
THE undersigned having purchased the Drug Store of W. G. Miller, will keep a full stock of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
PATENT MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS,
Dye Stuffs, Kerosene Oil and Groceries, which will be sold at as low prices as any other establishment in the country for cash.
C. P. LEONARD.
Lawrenceville, Nov. 5, 1866 -tf.

To the Farmers of Tioga County.
I AM now building at my manufactory, in Lawrenceville, a superior
FANNING MILL,
which possesses the following advantages over all other mills:
1. It separates oats, cat litter, and foul seeds, and chess and cockle, from wheat.
2. It cleans flax seed, takes out yellow seed, and all other seeds, perfectly.
3. It cleans timothy seed.
4. It does all other separating required of a mill.
This mill is built of the best and most durable timber, in good style, and is sold cheap for cash, or produce.
I shall fit a patent sieve, for separating oats from wheat, to other mills, on reasonable terms.
J. H. MATHER.
Lawrenceville, October 10, 1866-tf

SAVE YOUR GREENBACKS!
AND CALL OFTEN AT
Nast & Auerbach's
CHEAP CASH STORE.
BLOSSBURG, PA.
Where you can always find the best assorted stock of
DOMESTIC & FANCY DRY GOODS,
CLOTHS, NOTIONS, READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Manufactured under their own supervision.
Also Gents' Furnishing goods, &c., &c.
In their merchant tailoring establishment they defy competition; having the best tailors of New York city, and an experienced cutter, Mr. H. P. Erwin. [feb2 1y.

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 reasonable hours.
Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867-tf.

JOHN SUHR,
WOULD announce to the citizens of Wellsboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a shop on the corner of Water and Crafton streets, for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of
CABINET FURNITURE,
REPAIRING AND TURNING DONE
to order. COFFINS of all kinds furnished on short notice. All work done promptly and warranted. Wellsboro, June 27, 1866.

J. STICKLIN, CHAIRMAKER, Turner, and Furniture Dealer, opposite Dartt's Watch Shop,
MAIN STREET, WELLSBORO, PA.
Orders promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed. Fancy Turning done to order.
Oct. 31, 1866.-tf J. STICKLIN.

WELLSBORO PETROLEUM CO.—Notice is hereby given that the Board of Directors of this Company at a meeting held December 15, 1866, resolved to close up the affairs of the Company and distribute the balance in the hands of the Treasurer, *pro rata* among the holders of paid in stock. The property of the Company will be sold and the proceeds divided in like manner. Stockholders will present their receipts to the Treasurer. By order,
Dec. 19, 1866. M. H. COBB, Clerk.

RICH Bohemian Glass Vases, at
dec19 FOLEY'S.

SPECIAL NOTICE!
READY-MADE CLOTHING
FOR THE MULTITUDE.
OVER COATS! OVER COATS!
HEAVY BUSINESS SUITS, FINE BL'K SUITS, DRESS SUITS OF ALL GRADES.
FURNISHING GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.
Is fully stocked with the choicest and newest styles of Garments, equal in style, workmanship and material to the best custom work, both for
BEAUTY OF FIT, QUALITY & ECONOMY IN PRICE.
shall be unsurpassed.
NEW STYLES CONTINUALLY RECEIVED.
All Goods will be sold at the
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
N. ASHER.
under the Agitator Printing Office, next door to Roy's Drug Store.
Wellsboro, Sept. 26, 1866.

AT GARDNER'S
YOU CAN FIND A FIRST CLASS STOCK OF
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
TEAS OF ALL KINDS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES, SYRUPS, SALT, SPICES, DRIED FRUIT, FIGS, CANNED FRUITS, PRUNES, ENGLISH CURRANTS, RAISINS, CITRON, CREAM TARTAR, SODA,
PORK, FLOUR, MACKEREL, WHITE FISH, CORN MEAL, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.
ALSO HARDWARE.
NAILS, AXES, TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, SHOVELS, SPADES, HOES, FORKS.
Crockery, Jars, Jugs, Lamps and Chimneys, Lanterns. Wooden-Ware of all kinds.
Bedcords, Rope, Brooms, Brushes of all Kinds; Plug & Fine Cut Tobacco, Segars; also a large variety of Fancy Smoking Tobacco.
In regard to the sale of these goods I have a word to say, in strict confidence, of course. These goods were purchased for cash and will be sold for cash at prices which will make it an object for housekeepers to purchase. I mean to do a square and fair trading business. Call and see me—at the J. D. Jones' stand.
L. A. GARDNER.
Wellsboro, Dec. 12, 1866-tf

Claim Agency.
HENRY SHERWOOD & J. HARRISON Atty's, will collect BOUNTIES, PENSIONS, and all other claims against the Government.
Under the provisions of late acts of Congress
$100 Extra Bounty
will be paid to every three years' man who served out his full time, or was wounded in service, or was discharged by reason of the termination of the war, and to the widows, minor children or parents of three years men,
$50 Extra Bounty
will be paid to all two years' men and their heirs under like circumstances, and to three years' men who served two years of their enlistment.
In no case will any extra bounty be paid when more than $100 has been previously paid.
No claim will be entertained unless presented under RULES AND REGULATIONS issued by the War Department Sept. 22, 1866.
The Department will receive claims from Oct. 1, 1866, until April 1, 1867. In case of claims by parents under late acts of Congress for bounty, the FATHER and MOTHER must both join in the application.
Increase of Pension.
$15 per month to every Invalid Pensioner totally disabled.
$2 per month for each child under 16 years of age of widow Pensioners.
Fees for procuring Extra Bounty,.....$5
" " Increase Pension,.....$5
" " Original Pension,.....$10
" collection the 4th of Sept. and 4th of March payments of Pensions,.....$1

REGULATOR!
ARE NOW OFFERING greater inducements than heretofore to the people of Tioga as they have placed their entire stock, consisting of
BROAD CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, FLANNELS, MERINOES, ALPACAS,
Also a large quantity of Prints of desirable quality and patterns with a large stock of Sheetings,
HATS and Caps,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES.
HARDWARE & CROCKERY,
At a reduction of 20 to 25 per cent, below former prices, with a view of reducing their stock for the spring trade.
We invite all to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as we are confident of giving satisfaction both in price and quality.
All kinds of
GRAIN AND BUTTER
Taken in exchange for Goods.
Jan. 30, 1867. WILCOX & BARKER.

HARKNESS & RILEY,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS,
OVER HUGH YOUNG'S BOOK STORE.
BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds made to order and in the best manner.
REPAIRING of all kinds done promptly and good. Give us a call.
JOHN HARKNESS,
WM. RILEY.
Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867 1y.

Original Poetry.

[For the Agitator.]

REMEMBRANCE.

Just one year ago this summer,
When sweet roses fairest bloomed,
Softly to the grave we bore her
And our darling there entombed.

Just one year! alas, the shadow
O'er our heart's, so dark hath swept
Since our loved one has departed
And beneath the grasses slept.

Just one year the blue-eyed pansies
O'er her grave their watch have kept;
While beneath their lovely shadows
She in dreamless rest hath slept.

Just one year the earth's sweet warblers
Breathed their mournful cadence o'er
The early grave of our lov'd sister,
Whose bright spirit went before.

Just one year her friends have missed her
From the household circle dear,
With her voice of sweetest music,
And her words of brightest cheer.

Just one year she's been in Heaven
With the sinless angels, pure,
Far across death's winding river
She will rest forevermore.

MARCH, 1867. JOSIE H.

Miscellaneous.

THE WRONG CARPET BAG.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

DEAR FRED.—I am glad that you got home safely, and confess to having enjoyed yourself during your week's sojourn with me. Your remarks in reference to my "better half" are somewhat flattering, but I accept them in the spirit of "kindly intentions." You ask me to relate to you how and where I came to "pick up such a glorious woman." I respond with pleasure, though I forewarn you that the narration will abound more in the gossip of "little or nothings" than in romantic adventures. This shall suffice for a preface. I shall now enter upon the story, subdividing it into appropriate heads.

I. THE DISCOVERY

I reached the city of Philadelphia weary and travelstained. Registering my name at the hotel, I rushed upstairs into the room allotted to me, to refresh myself with a change of linen. I unlocked my carpet-bag, thrust in my hand, and brought out—a pair of delicate lace under-sleeves.

"I wonder how some of sister Nell's 'fixins' got in here?" I said to myself.

I made another dive with no better success—bringing to light a waterfall, two "rats" (that's what Nell calls 'em,) and a pair of side-combs. I stared at them in astonishment. I shut the bag and examined it. If it was not mine it was one remarkably like it. I turned it bottom upwards. Were my initials there? No—but somebody else's were.

"Well, here's a go!" I muttered. "I have got the wrong carpet-bag, and a woman's at that—'M. J. P.'—that might stand for 'Mary Jane Peckover.' This is provoking, but not to be helped. I will go on with the inventory."

Emptying the bag, I found a variety of articles, describable and indescribable. A bundle of letters tied with blue ribbon, a diary, a photograph album, etc. The latter contained photographs of men in military uniforms—all fine-looking fellows. Under one was written "Brother John—missing since the battle of Cedar Mountain;" upon another, "Brother Ralph—died at Andersonville, Sept. 1864;" under another, "Cousin Oliver, Major in the 45th."

"A patriotic girl! I said, closing the album.

The diary next claimed my attention. The chirography was excellent. I read a few pages. The writer evidently was a keen observer—shrewd, piquant, racy. I subjoin a few.

II. EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY.

Thursday, Nov. 1st.—A rainy, chilly, disagreeable day. Tried to sew, but found that it hurt my eyes; tried to write, but could not concentrate my thoughts; took up a book, and flung it away, vexed at the stupidity of the author. Why cannot people write about natural things naturally? Why must they warp sentiment, overstrain probabilities, belie the commonest experiences?

This afternoon little Abbie came up to my room. I hugged and kissed her. She brough a plenitude of sunshine with her. I would like to see the artist who could sketch her, the author who could describe all her varying moods! Such quaint conceits, such warm imaginings, such belief in uncommon things!

There is something beautiful in the faith exhibited by a child. Pity it is that we grow so skeptical as we grow old. A child believes without mental reservation. He may wonder why "doctor brought baby with him, under a cloak"—or how the touch of a wand could transform the rags of Cinderella into the robes of a princess—or how Jack's beanstalk grew to the sky in a night; but he is easily satisfied and silenced. Good children believe what is told them. Then why should not he? And he *does* belive?

How is the child to distinguish between the Witch of Endor and the Witch of Edmondton—between the giant whom David slew and the giant whom Jack killed—between the she-bears that tore up the taunting children and the wolf that gobbled up Red Riding Hood—between the miracle which followed the touching of the bones of the prophet and that which followed the rubbing of the lamp of Aladdin? Ah? in after years comes to him the subtle power of reasoning—the force of logic—the ability to dissect and anatomise. * * * * * *

Friday, March 9th.—Air bracing. Clear over head and dry under foot. Out shopping. Spent the afternoon at Mrs. D——'s. Went in the evening to hear Mr. E——lecture. It was talk in elegant dishabille. The spice of tone and manner were there—the fires of rhetoric—the rich, strong essences of an individual mind. When will lectures meet with the remuneration and popularity they so much deserve? Books have their office. They are the products of insulated hours—dissevered nights—sundered years. The lecturer is their counterpart—organized in flesh and blood relations to the people—the living mind in living contact with the living world.

May 3d.—A delightful day. Went to the Sixth Street Church. A good sermon, but delivered under difficulties and heard under adverse circumstances. The preacher dealt in semi-tones, and his voice languished through the exercises something like Hamlet's "infirmity of purpose," without his vigor of speech. I could not hear to advantage. The edifice was one that no human voice could have filled. It was closely, but not convenient—patterned after some Notre Dame at the expense of the first principles in acoustics. The reputation of the finest speaker would have suffered amid such architectural folly. Why did they cramp up the preacher in that wine glass enclosure, called a gothic pulpit? No wonder he suffered with bronchitis. Why was not his place in the chancel, in the midst of the congregation, where he could move his limbs as freely as Paul did on Mars Hill, and where we could hear and feel the magnetism of his appeals? * * * * *

So the diary read on. The record of each day contained such passages—such racy dashes of passing thoughts. On the fly leaf I found the name and address of the owner of the carpet bag: "Marian J. Penrose, Altoona, Pa."

Of course the lady would like to have her valuables, and perhaps she could give me some information respecting mine. So the next day I wrote to her as follows:

III. THE LETTER TO M. P. J.

Girard House, Phila., June 8d, 1865.

Miss (or Mrs.) Penrose:

By an exchange, error, mistake, oversight, or in some other unaccountable way, a carpet-bag belonging to you has come into my possession. If we made an *exchange*, you can appreciate how much I have been inconvenienced, and will be just as ready as myself to "effect a compromise." Your letters have been untouched. I took the liberty of looking at your diary in order to obtain your address. Will you take offence if I compliment you on those racy, criticising pen sketches? Your property awaits your order. I shall send it to you in such manner as you may direct—though I feel like exacting conditions. I am a single man; and if not inconsistent with the relations you hold in life, I would be pleased to have you correspond with me—for enjoyment, pastime and profit. What do you say? Direct your letter to L——, Pa., where I reside,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN A. CARSON.

When I returned to L——, I found the following letter at the post office:

IV. M. J. P. IN REPLY.

Altoona, Pa., June 7th, 1865.

Mr. Carson:—The receipt of your letter is hereby acknowledged. Please return my baggage by earliest express. It would be difficult to prove which of us was most inconvenienced by the blunder. I strongly suspect that the mistake was mine. I forward your carpet-bag this morning. I took an inventory of it, as any other curious, vexed woman would have done. In doing so, I for the first time discovered upon what a preciously small allowance of baggage a man can travel! I am not offended at your compliment; I receive more flattering ones every day. I am not offended because you glanced at my diary; I only wish you had *read* it. You would have been profited by some hard hits at the "immaculate gentry."

You ask me, in a brusque way, to correspond with you. I have no objections. But you will be disappointed in the pleasure and instruction you wish to receive. In justice to myself, though, I must ask you to look upon this as a mere premonitory symptom of what is to follow. I warn you not to go "sickly sentimental." I will take it as a hint to close the correspondence. Write earnestly about earnest things, and describe pleasant scenes pleasantly.

I am not at present in the mood for writing. My head aches, and the apple dumpling bubbling in the boiler brings my airy flights back to every day miseries and realities. There is such a thing as a mood for writing. Sometimes it is toilsome, dragging, up-hill work. The ideas will not flow; particular words taunt us; sentences cling together horribly disjointed. What is the reason? Because the organism is unstrung, the mind dull, the brain weary, the mood unfavorable, unpropitious. At another time you may try again. Away the pen gallops, leaving the bundles of sententious reasoning: thoughts crowd, language flows, the word painting is exquisite, delightful! O, you are merely in the right *mood*.

When Meissonier, the artist, had just lit his cigar at a banquet given him by his admirers, he began, unconsciously, while talking, to draw on the table-cloth with the blackened end of a match. The Baron de Hoyt, the landscape painter, seeing what he was about, continued to put half burnt matches in his way, and with these, Meissonier sketched one of the most exquisite of his little male figures, full of nature and vivacity. The Baron took away the cloth, purchased it of the landlady of the house, and it is now in his drawing-room, the figure part admirably framed, and the remainder of the cloth tastefully arranged as a drapery.

I have imagined that to be the way or pleasant mood in which some authors write.

In a moment of sheer idleness as it were, the pen-sketch grows rapidly into life, sparkling, vivacious—to be stored away with pleasant memories.

In consideration that I am not in a happy mood, as I have said, I bring my letter to a close. You may write to me again if you wish. Perhaps I should have said, that I rather wish you would write. I remain yours, etc., MARION J. PENROSE.

V. SUBSEQUENT ACQUAINTANCE.

We exchanged a dozen letters or more. Last spring a young lady took the cars at Downingtown. The seats were all filled, so I offered her mine. She accepted it with a pleasant smile and nod. She was a well formed girl, with clear skin, laughing eyes, white teeth, red lips, arching neck.

I remained standing in the aisle. She looked up at me. It was but a second, yet I knew she had made her estimate of me.

"You may sit beside me," she said, pleasantly, making room. "You were kind in giving me a seat. I will not allow you to stand."

"Are you going far?" I asked, taking the seat.

"No farther than Harrisburg to-day."

In looking down at her feet I saw a black carpet-bag, with the letters M. J. P." on it. Was this my sprightly correspondent? I was quite sure it was.

"M. J. P." I repeated alone "That might stand for Mary Jane Peckover."

"So it might," answered my companion.

"Or for Marion J. Penrose," added I.

She started a little—then looked up into my face in astonishment.

"You have the advantage of me," said she.

"Slightly," said I.

My eyes twinkled merrily. She followed them in a glance at the carpet-bag. Then the crimson surged over that transparent face, touching the roots of her hair, pencilling the delicate throat.

"You are Mr. Carson," she said.

"At your service, madam," said I.

She laughed a low silvery laugh.

"Don't 'madam' me any," she said.

"I would be sorry to *miss* you," returned I.

"Was that intended for a pun?"

"It might be taken for a compliment."

"I did not think of that," she said.

We chatted about a variety of things, and appeared to be mutually pleased with each other.

VI. THE CONCLUSION AND THE CONSEQUENCE.

She invited me to visit her at the farm at Altoona. I went. There was something attractive in those high hills, mountain gorges, and sunny valleys. I went repeatedly. I proposed to her and was accepted. And now you know, Fred, how and where I came "to pick up such a glorious woman."

Mount Joy, Pa.

Love of scandal has made greater havoc of neighborhood peace than war.

HOSPITALITY REWARDED.

The following characteristic anecdote is related of the Count de Dijon a benevolent French Nobleman.

One morning during the last winter, being at his country residence he recollected that the lease of an inn called the Red Cross, about three leagues distant, had expired. The landlord was soliciting a renewal; but wishing to judge of the premises, he set out on foot, although the weather was intensely cold, and the snow falling.

At some distance from his chateau he overtook a wagoner walking along by the side of his cart. Between pedestrains acquaintance is soon made; and it was not long before the count discovered that the man's name was Penot, his wife's name Marianne; and that he had five children, and as many horses, and that all he had to depend on for the support of his family and cattle was his errand cart.

But all at once, while they were walking on in earnest conversation, the leading horse made a false step, fell down, and broke his leg. At this sight the wagoner cried out in despair, and began to use epithets which are not to be found in any vocabulary of polite conversation.

"You do wrong to utter such language," said his companion; "your conduct in this small misfortune is really sinful. How can you tell what may be the intentions of Providence towards you?"

"Will you hold your peace?" replied the wagoner. "I wish you were in my place, and that you were losing that fine horse instead of me. Do you know that he cost me twenty-five louis? Do you know how much twenty-five louis are? I am afraid not. What will my poor Marianne say? No, if God were just, He would never have permitted the horse of a poor man like me, with a large family, to have broken his leg."

"And I tell you again, my friend, that it is wrong to doubt the goodness of God, and for twenty-five miserable louis."

"You talk very much at your ease about twenty-five miserable louis; as if you knew anything at all about them. Did such a sum ever find its way into your pocket, I wonder? Oh my poor horse! Twenty-five louis are not to be found upon the highways.

"Well, I will give you the twenty-five louis; so compose yourself," said the count.

"Oh, you are making game of me into the bargain!" exclaimed the wagoner, throwing a contemptuous look at the well-worn brown surtout of his companion. "You will give them to me—you will steal them then, I suppose? Come, say no more about it, but lend a hand at unharnessing the poor beast. Marianne, poor Marianne! what will she say!"

The count readily did as he was desired, and gave all the assistance in his power; but this accident having caused considerable delay, they did not arrive until late at the Red Cross Inn.

"Can you give me a room and a bed?" said the count to the landlord.

The latter seeing a foot traveler, covered with snow, and without either a cloak or an umbrella, haughtily replied "there is no room for you here; you must go elsewhere."

"But I should have to go a league further, which would be very unpleasant in frost and snow: let me have a place. I am not particular."

"I should think not, indeed," replied that the hostess; "but our inn is not for every one that comes along. I admit none but respectable people—all wagoners; I will admit your companion, but not you."

"Allow me at least, madame, to share the supper and room of my companion."

"As to that, it is no concern of mine; you must settle it with him."

The count then turning to the wagoner, repeated his request.

"Well, be it so. Come then, good woman, supper for two and a comfortable room."

When supper was over, they paid their reckoning, and retired to their apartments; the count then made some inquiries respecting the people of the house.

"I know," replied Penot, "they have well feathered their nest; this is the only inn in the district, and during the nine years they have kept it, they must have laid by a pretty sum. Oh, if my poor Marianne and I had such an inn! I should not grieve so much for the loss of my poor horse!"

"Well, if this house suits, you shall have it."

"Why, how bravely you talk! First you say you will give me twenty-five louis, and then you say you will give me an inn. I cannot help laughing at the idea. However, take care; I tell you I won't be played upon."

"No play in the case. I tell you that if you like this house, I will give it to you," replied his companion.

"And I tell you again, that if you say another word, I will turn you out of the room," said the wagoner.

He seemed like a person to do so, therefore the count said no more.

The next morning the count rose early, and repaired to his solicitor in the next town. After some conversation between him and the solicitor, the latter set off for the Red Cross.

On reaching the inn, he told the landlord that the count had arrived.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the landlady, "where is he? Why would he not honor us by putting up here?"

"He came here, but you refused to admit him," replied the attorney.

"That is not true: he never came here."

"Yes," said the attorney, "he came here last night in company with a wagoner. Where is this wagoner?"

"There he is," replied the landlady, pointing to a stout looking man, who was eating his breakfast near the fire.

"My friend," said the attorney, addressing himself to the wagoner, "the person with whom you shared your room last night is the Count de Dijon. In the first place here are the twenty-five louis he promised to give you for the loss of your horse that broke his leg; and in the next, here is a lease, which puts you in possession of this inn for nine years, on the same terms as your predecessor; but in order to repay you for your hospitality last night to a poor pedestrain, the Count gives it to you rent free for the first three years. Will that suit you?"

"Oh, my poor Marianne—my five children! Oh, my good sir!" exclaimed the wagoner, letting the knife drop from his hands; "and I who said such rude things to that kind gentleman! Where is he, that I may go and throw myself at his feet?"

"He has returned to his chateau," replied the attorney.

CHILDREN may teach us one blessing, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management, that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsatisfied by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasure. He can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

Original Story.

[For the Agitator.]

HOW I CAME TO BE A SOLDIER.

It was not for love of my country, nor yet for glory or fame. No, I had no patriotism then, and as for glory and fame I cared not for them. Curious, then, was it not, that I should have volunteered to join the Federal Army when it was trying to subdue the rebellious South? But I will tell you how it all came about.

In the year 1860 I was proprietor of a moderately sized farm in Kentucky, having on it a snug little cottage, surrounded by a neat garden of flowers and vegetables; a good barn and other outbuildings which it was my pride to keep in the most perfect order. I had for my wife one of the loveliest women both in looks and character, that these eyes ever looked upon; and with three sweet children, George, Alice, and baby Blanche, my happiness was complete. I think no group ever enjoyed more of happiness, and we thought it would always continue, never thinking the end was so near.

I employed no negroes about the place; doing my own work, and minding my own business, not meddling with politics, and knowing nothing of party prejudices.

Things went on in this way till the year 1861, at the time Fort Sumter was fired upon. Now my hitherto quiet neighbors began to talk loudly of secession; of rights which they had been cheated out of; of a new government, which, under the management of *southern gentlemen*, would be productive of an immense amount of good. That the Yankees had cheated them long enough, and that now the time had come to assert their rights, and put down these mean, despicable tyrants, who had held the reins of government too long.

I did not join in these rantings, nor did I attempt to gainsay them. I knew but little about our government and could not tell whether it was conducted by tyrants or not. I only knew that I had lived a quiet, peaceable life, and there had been none to disturb me or make me afraid.

Now things began to take on a new aspect. Excited groups of men met at the village tavern, where there was loud talk of battles; of Yankee invaders who would devastate the land, and steal their slaves. But I did not heed their ravings, feeling secure from receiving visits from the "cowardly Yanks," as they were styled by my neighbors, the slave-holders.

But one day, having an errand taking me to Lexington, some sixty miles away, I bid good bye to my darling wife, and precious children, telling them I would be back in three days at the farthest, and departed, riding my swiftest horse, and secretly determining that I would be back one day before the given time, and give them a happy surprise.

I had a successful ride to Lexington, performed my errand, and with a few presents for my wife and children in my pockets, I started homeward. On my way I heard of a band of Confederates, who were mustering their forces in the neighborhood of my own home. I rode rapidly forward never halting for a moment till I came in sight of my own precious home, my earthly paradise. I was almost in sight of the beloved spot, and thinking of the loved ones I was so soon to greet, when I was startled by seeing dense clouds of smoke ahead, that I had not before noticed. I hurried on, breathless and anxious, for fear of some harm that might have befallen my loved ones; when what a sight burst on my vision! It sent such a thrill of horror over me, as froze the blood in my veins.

Where the cosy little cottage nestled among the trees, and my happy home but a short time ago stood, now nothing was to be seen but black and smoldering ruins. I scarcely breathed as I hastened forward to see if my family was safe. I could see nothing of them and now perceived, for the first time, that my barns and other outbuildings were also burned to the ground, my horses and cattle gone, and everything which could be carried off or destroyed, was served in that manner. This then was no accident, nothing but premeditated violence. Who could have done the dreadful deed, and where