

THE TIoga COUNTY AGITATOR is published weekly, on Wednesdays, and is sold at the price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, in advance. It is intended to notify every citizen of the county, and to keep him posted on all the news of the day. The paper will be sent to any subscriber who sends the money in advance. The paper will be sent to any subscriber who sends the money in advance. The paper will be sent to any subscriber who sends the money in advance.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
CRISTAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL.
DAVID HART, Proprietor.
This hotel is located in the heart of the city, and is one of the most comfortable and well-furnished in the county. It has a large dining hall, and a comfortable sleeping porch. The rates are reasonable, and the service is excellent.

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DICKINSON HOUSE.
J. C. WHITAKER, Proprietor.
This hotel is located in the heart of the city, and is one of the most comfortable and well-furnished in the county. It has a large dining hall, and a comfortable sleeping porch. The rates are reasonable, and the service is excellent.

THE NEW POSTAGE STAMPS.
The National Bank Note Company, at No. 1 Wall street, has been for some time past engaged in the preparation of the new Post Office stamps, which have already been distributed in some of the smaller cities, and will be ready next week for exchange and delivery in the New York Post Office. The necessity for a new issue of stamps is due to the fact that the old stamps are fast becoming worn and obsolete.

THE EVENING JOURNAL.
This paper is published daily, except on Sundays and holidays. It contains the latest news from all parts of the world, and is one of the most reliable sources of information in the county. The rates are reasonable, and the service is excellent.

WELLSBORO HOTEL.
WELLSBORO, N. Y.
This hotel is located in the heart of the city, and is one of the most comfortable and well-furnished in the county. It has a large dining hall, and a comfortable sleeping porch. The rates are reasonable, and the service is excellent.

PICTURE FRAMING.
This service is offered by a local artist, who is skilled in the art of framing pictures. He can frame pictures of any size, and in any style. The rates are reasonable, and the service is excellent.

THE PROGRESS OF MANUFACTURE.
An article in the Evening Post of yesterday, describing the various processes of book-making, will give a general idea of the manufacture of the Post Office stamps. As in book-making, the design is engraved upon a steel plate, which is then used to stamp the design upon the paper.

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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. VIII. WELLSBORO, TIoga COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1861. NO. 4.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.
I.
The maid who binds her warrior's sword,
And tucks his armor round his waist,
While he is off to fight the good fight,
And leave her home in loneliness and wait.

II.
The wife who girds her husband's sword,
And tucks his armor round his waist,
While he is off to fight the good fight,
And leave her home in loneliness and wait.

III.
The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
And sends him off to fight the good fight.

IV.
The father who conceals his grief,
While to his arm his son he presses,
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V.
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VIII.
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IX.
The hero who conceals his grief,
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X.
The patriot who conceals his grief,
While to his arm his patriot he presses,
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XI.
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FROM THE TIoga BOYS.
Correspondence of the Agitator.
WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21, 1861.

HIGH YOUNG—DEAR SIR.—We are now about half way between Harper's Ferry and Washington, surrounded by rebels of the deepest dye. Last Friday night our camp near Harper's Ferry, was thrown into a state of excitement on receiving orders to prepare to march on the following morning, where to, no one, not even our Captain knew. The most of that night was spent in making preparations to leave one of the pleasantest camps that we had ever had; and early on Saturday morning we took up our line of march in company with a train of our fellow soldiers, 6 or 7 miles in length. It was no small sight to see. Bands played, officers rode to and fro—horses halted, and drivers cursed. All was excitement. A thousand different stories were in circulation. One moment we were going to Washington, and the next we were going into Virginia, to attack Johnson. Owing to the great crowd, we did not get one mile from camp, during the whole forenoon.

We traveled that afternoon thirteen miles, and slept by the roadside without our tents. Sunday morning by sun rise, we were again under motion—traveled eight miles and pitched our tents for the night. We were then two miles below the Point of Rocks, one of the strongest places on the Potomac. That was a small day's travel for us, but some of the other regiments were tired out. There was not a regiment in the whole train that could begin to travel with the Back-tack. Monday morning, the roll of the drum called us out at three o'clock, but a heavy rain drove us back until five. We traveled only nine miles, and encamped on the banks of the Monocacy river. That was a hard day's work, for the rain in the morning had made the day a perfect salve. Tuesday morning at sun rise, the drum beat for the tents to be struck, but they had scarcely reached the ground, when the order was countermanded and we were ordered to pitch them again. This was a mystery to us, and we were as ignorant of the cause as an Egyptian mummy. In a short time, the loud report of two rifles startled the inmates of a thousand tents. We soon learned that a traitor of the blackest dye, a rebel, a fiend in human shape, a fair subject of southern bravery, had received his just doom. It appears that a few days before, a young Virginian had been taken prisoner by the picket guards of the New York 19th, and released at Sandy Hook near Harper's Ferry, but not being satisfied at this, he followed up the train to this place, when he was observed by the same guards to bend over the spring with a cup to drink. Here he was closely watched, and a small vial was seen to drop from his hand, and the man started off. He was ordered to halt, but not obeying the call, the guard fired, and the ball struck him in the side, causing only a slight wound, when the next guard standing but a few yards from the first, was ordered to fire; he obeyed the order, and the ball went home to the center of life. It struck the heart and the wretch fell dead without a groan. The vial was examined and was found to be filled with the rankest poison.

Wednesday morning we again took up our march. The day was filled with scenes which would chill the heart's blood of a Roman Nero. In the morning a circumstance transpired which clearly showed, according to southern rights, that one man had a right to own another. We had scarcely started, when six or eight well-dressed men, followed by about twenty human beings, came dashing into our camp, and demanded from the Colonel their property. The Colonel in a calm tone, told them that he was not aware that he had their property, but if he had, they were welcome to it, for he did not want it. At this the well-dressed men rode along the ranks until they came to three negro cows, which one of the Company had hired a few days before, on being informed by them that they were free, and always had been. At this moment, five or six of the white slaves (for they were such under the sanction of the first as the ranks themselves, rode up and snatched the cows, they are the ones, I know them, I've seen them at work for you.) At this the driver and said—take the cows—nigger home, put him under a good guard and when I come I will have him whipped within an inch of his life, and if he ever causes me any more trouble I will shoot him, d—n him.

Nothing else of importance transpired until nearly dark, when five or six of the men were taken very sick. The Doctor was immediately sent for, and it was soon ascertained that they had been poisoned. Before night, three of them died. The only Tioga boy who took a dose, was Thomas Smith, of Company E, under Capt. A. E. Niles. He is not dead, and I was informed a few moments ago by Sergeant Humphrey, who is spending the most of his time with him, that he thinks he will recover.

The excitement of our camp is intense. If this is civilization, show me barbarism. They were poisoned by an old woman whose husband and son are in the rebel army. As soon as the news reached this camp, about two hundred cavalry men rode back and shot her dead in her own house. Four balls struck her at the same moment. That is giving the devil his due. We expect to leave this place in a few days, and proceed on our way to Washington. I can only give you the news of our own camp, for we know nothing of what is transpiring around us.

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Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one of three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The published rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:	3 months.	6 months.	12 months.
Square,	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
1 do.	5.00	6.50	8.00
2 do.	7.00	8.50	10.00
3 do.	8.00	9.50	12.50
4 do.	10.00	12.00	15.00
5 do.	12.00	15.00	18.00

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 conformity with the published rates and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

A FRENCH SOLDIER'S EQUIPMENTS.
The New York Express gives the following description of the equipments of a French soldier lately received in that city:
"There is now on exhibition at Tiffany's a whole set of equipments used by the French soldier when in active service. The set was brought here by the last steamer, and will probably attract considerable attention from those who take an interest in the welfare of our troops.
"The first thing likely to strike the eye is a pack saddle for either a horse or a mule. It is a large and rather clumsy looking piece of workmanship, but on examination turns out to be handy and convenient. Hooked on to the saddle are the *caracols*, or seats, in which the slightly wounded soldier is placed and conveyed to the hospital.
"Then there are also the litters, or ambulances, made of the shape and size of a bed. These are also hooked on to the saddle and used when the soldier is dangerously wounded. They can be covered, should it be necessary, to keep the sun or the air from the suffering patient. Although the whole arrangement looks clumsy, yet a minute examination will prove its great value in case of a severe action.
"Upon examining the clothing, its superior quality is at once observable. Their shoes are stout, pegged with heavy nails, and yet weigh less than those served out to our own soldiers. The leggings, pantaloons and coat are all of good material and excellently made. Their cost is much less, probably, than ours.
"The knapsack of the French soldier is made of leather with the hair on, and is probably the most complete thing of the kind ever seen in this part of the world. It contains the following articles: One overcoat, one pair of woolen pants, one pair linen pants, one pair drawers, one shirt, one cravat, one pair shoes, one pair leather leggings, one waist belt, one cartridge box, one plume, one pompadour, one hairbrush, one bowl, four brushes, one case with thread, needles, &c., one bag to hold coat when folded up, one canteen, one pair leather gaiters, one pair linen gaiters.
"The tent is the next most noticeable article. It is intended for short expeditions, it is about four feet high, and can accommodate two soldiers, who carry it in equal parts upon their backs. Its weight is but a few pounds. The small gamelle is a very convenient article, and can be used as a plate and ration dish. The larger gamelle is a dish from which eight men are provided with food, etc. It is of solid tin and cannot be broken.
"The lanterns—one for trench work and the other for signal lights—seem peculiarly excellent. The first throws its light only in the trenches, and not out of them. The other, carried on the musket barrel, would have prevented our snipers from firing on one another at Big Bethel."

THE WAR.
EDITOR DEMOCRAT.—We bear it asserted, as well as printed that slavery is the great source of all our troubles: which is true in the same sense, and no other, that money is the cause of all our ills and miseries. The robber exclaims, "Had it not been for the money in your pocket I should not have robbed you, and been condemned to years of imprisonment—So, if there had been no involuntary servitude, we should not have been troubled with these agitators who have been instrumental in bringing about the war, and arraying brother against brother, in this unnatural conflict. These agitators have for years denounced the constitution as a vile instrument, and by so doing have played into the hands of the secessionists of the South. Calumny and misrepresentation have accomplished its work, and civil war, with all its horrors, is upon us. As to the war, a few words will give you my mind. Suppose one of our chivalrous brass should take a raw side under his arm, and vend his way to the residence of his "ladies love," and say, "Arabella, I have waited some time for a favorable answer from you, and now I want to know whether you will have me or not?" She answers, "No; I will not." "But why?" "I don't like you, nor the company you keep." "But you must have me." "I shall not!" "But you shall, or I will lick you with this raw hide until you say Yes?" and he attempts to put his threat into execution—how would he fare? In my opinion he could come out of the contest with one or both eyes scratched out, and not hair enough left on his cranium for a scalp lock. But, suppose he should by some lucky or unlucky blow, so completely paralyze the tongue of his "dilectus," that she could say No, what kind of a life-partner he would get, I leave to your readers' imagination to picture.

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