

Terms of Publication. THE TOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday Morning, and is sold to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. VIII. WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 22, 1862. NO. 94

Rates of Advertising. Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion.

REGISTER'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the following Administrators and Executors, have filed their accounts in the Register's Office of Toiga County, and that the same will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Toiga County, on Monday the 10th day of February, 1862, for confirmation and allowance.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE. By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court, I do direct, I will sell at public vendue on Saturday the 1st day of February 1862, at the Court House in Wellsboro, Pa. a lot of land in Charleston Township, bounded as follows.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE. By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court, I do direct, I will sell at public vendue on Saturday the 1st day of February 1862, at the Court House in Wellsboro, Pa. a certain lot or parcel of land situated in the township of Delmar, beginning at a post in the north west corner of land surveyed for John H. Getz, &c.

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TAVERN LICENSES. Notice is hereby given that the following named persons have filed applications in the Court of Quizzes, Sessions of Toiga County, asking for licenses to sell and retail liquors in said county, and that a hearing will be had on the same, on Wednesday, the 5th day of February, at 2 o'clock P. M.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration having been granted to the subscribers on the estate of George M. Van Dusen, dec'd, the same are hereby given to those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those owing to said estate to present their claims properly authenticated for settlement to the subscribers.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration having been granted to the subscribers on the estate of Aaron Barrows, dec'd, the same are hereby given to those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those owing to said estate to present their claims properly authenticated for settlement to the subscribers.

EXPENDITURES OF Delmar Township, for the year 1860. Road account, as rendered by the supervisors, \$1200 80

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given to the following named persons, that they are required to appear in person, or by their attorneys, at the Court of Quizzes, Sessions of Toiga County, on Monday the 10th day of February, 1862, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Notice to Bridge Builders. Commissioners will call on the 1st day of February 1862, at their office the building of bridges across the mouth of Murch Cr. on the foot of the old dam, with the following specifications.

UNPAID TAXES. Those persons interested in the sale of the real estate of the late John H. Getz, &c., are notified that the same will be sold at public vendue on Saturday the 1st day of February 1862, at the Court House in Wellsboro, Pa.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE. BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE. 'Tis morn—the sun beacons come to bring Joy, health and freshness to his wing; Bright flowers, to me all strange and new, Are glittering in the early dew.

'Tis morn—a calm, unbroken sleep Is on the blue waves of the deep; A soft haze, like a fairy dream, Is floating over wood and stream, And many a broad magnolia flower Within its shadowy woodland bower, Is gleaming like a lovely star.

'Tis morn—the sun beacons come to bring Joy, health and freshness to his wing; Bright flowers, to me all strange and new, Are glittering in the early dew.

THE POISONED ARROW. We would carry our readers back some 30 years to the times when civilization was slowly approaching the western wilds, and when the spirit of adventure led the hardy pioneers out from their native villages to the domain of the red man.

"Nay, Barton, I prefer the landscape as seen from this position," answered his companion, "I shall keep my saddle until you are ready to remount."

"We shall go no farther!" Barton replied, "If we are to pitch our tents in the wilderness, brother mine, let it be here, for we may not find a greener spot, or one that we should like better. See this grove of pines! A little labor will transform it into a rustic palace, where Barton and Harry Newton may find the rest they are in pursuit of."

"So be it then," Harry answered, he threw himself from his horse, and unslung the rifle from his back. "When we started I agreed to abide your selection, and I shall not question it now. This is indeed a lovely place! Surely no white man has ever before set his foot upon this solitude, never pressed the rich soil beneath us. Let us be the first to wake the slumbering echoes."

"You will learn better in time, Harry!" Barton said. "Never again waste a shot even for a whim, you may need all your ammunition ere long. We are now in the territory of the Dacotahs, and must keep a careful watch against surprise."

"You are not alarmed at our absence from the settlements, or fearful of the Indians?" "No! I only wish to meet them in the broad light of day, face to face. We shall soon make friends of them if they approach us thus; but they may not stop to form friendships if they come upon us unawares."

"I have felt your powers of persuasion, and judging from their influence upon me, cannot doubt your winning qualities. For myself, not being so gifted, I shall keep my rifle always ready to act as an interpreter."

"Come, then, let us prepare a shelter. We can so weave these boughs, as to form a very respectable house for the present. Out with your hatchet man, and to work!"

my every faculty. If I could but make Barton hear. What ho! brother Barton!" So rapid had been the action of the irritating agent, rewerith the weapon had been charging, that his voice seemed to have become affected, and he could do little more than whisper. Meanwhile, Barton had become somewhat annoyed at his brother's absence. He had half a mind to commence an attack upon the venison which was fast growing cold, but he bethought him that he had better look down upon the river, to see what detained the youngster. He stood upon the edge of the bluff, but as far as he could see there were no signs of the missing brother. Barton now grew anxious, he could form no satisfactory reason for his disappearance. There could be but one solution of the mystery; the Dacotahs must have been watching them, and succeeded in capturing Harry. This conclusion arrived at, he turned to look far up the river, where rose upon the still air a tall column of smoke that told him he was near some Indian encampment.

"Yes, it must be so!" he muttered, as an agony of feeling stole across his soul, "My brother has been made, thus early in his frontier experience, a prisoner by these cursed savages. But he shall be rescued, or if too late for that, avenged!"

Without further delay he unhitched his horse from the limb to which he had been fastened while quietly grazing, replaced his saddle, examined the priming of his rifle, and vaulted upon his animal.

"Now, Barbary!" he almost shouted, "you must bear your part nobly in this enterprise. We must bring back my brother, or return not at all!"

As the sound of footsteps died in the distance, and an unbroken silence brooded once more over the spot, there shot from the opposite bank a light canoe propelled by the practical hands of a young and beautiful forest maiden. With the rapidity of lightning it sped across the waters and touched at the very spot where Harry had received his wound. As it grazed the beach the girl sprang lightly from it, and ran swiftly up the bank to where the young man had fallen. She arrived just in time to see him stretch himself out with an agony of pain, throw his arms wildly above his head and sink almost insensible again. She bent over him and in a sweet whisper said:

"Come with me; the warrior's arrow has wounded the white bird, who flew to our forests for a home; but Atawahtha will save the life of the pale face. Quick to my canoe, or the chiefs of my tribe will discover us. I saw you from yonder grove, watched the movements of the Dacotahs, and am here to save you. Atawahtha is not very strong, but she can at least guide you to her hut among the bushes there. You will die if you do not come."

With such gentle words the maiden strove to rouse him to the effort, and finally succeeded. He had sense enough remaining to know that if he did not accompany her his hours of life were numbered. He had heard of the medicinal knowledge that the Indians possessed, and he doubted not that she could aid him.

"My brother!" he said faintly. "Will return to this spot, and wait your coming; it has gone to seek you. He will never leave you till he meets you again. When the sickness is passed Atawahtha will bring you here. Come, ere the warriors of my race shall discover you and me."

By a series of painful efforts, Harry at last reached the canoe, into which he was assisted by his fair guide.

"Now you must trust yourself to Atawahtha, who, by the help of the Great Spirit, will draw this arrow from your arm, and heal the wound. She could thus atone for the cruelty of him who drew the bow."

As Harry felt himself lifted from the frail barge, he cast a grateful look upon his preserver, and became unconscious.

ly I can languish. Fear not, then, my truth, for by the light of the great sun I swear—" "No! not for me! The great Manitou will not hear an oath. I am yours forever! If, in some future hour your heart should go back to the friends of earlier days, I will bid you depart and lay the dead to die. At least you will be mine till then."

She did not longer hesitate, but with an impassioned gesture, clung about his neck, while Harry imprinted innumerable kisses upon her yielding lips.

"It may be my brother!" exclaimed Harry, with a glad smile, as they hand in hand went in the distance. Harry at once recognized in the white man his brother.

"Not so! He is my brother now!" answered the maiden proudly, "and not one of our tribe shall dare to molest him."

As the horseman drew near, Harry cried: "Stop brother! Barton, do you not know me? It is your brother Harry that calls."

Although the rider heard the voice and recognized it, he could not check his steed until he had fairly reached the edge of the river. Atawahtha placed herself directly in the way of the pursuers, and with a motion, bade them pause. A short pause ensued, at the end of which the Dacotahs turned their horses' heads, and rode back from whence they came.

Barton soon made known to his brother the various events he had passed through, as he followed for months the trails of different tribes of Indians, in search of the lost one, until his hopes died out, and turned to retrace his steps; he had been met by those who were following him, and had to run for his life.

Harry Newton and his Indian bride, lived to see a flourishing town grow upon the spot where they first met, for he never left her in life.

From the Sunday Morning Chronicle of Jan. 12. THE HEROES OF DRANEVILLE. Re-presentation of Colors. PATRIOTIC SPEECH OF GEN. CALISTA A. GROW.

Yesterday the regiments comprising the division of General Geo. A. McCall, were with us, of a scene that might infuse a new spirit into the hearts of our almost slumbering legions. The State of Pennsylvania has been lavish in her expenditure of men and means to carry on the war for the purpose of crushing this horrible rebellion. Foremost in the field, she has not forgotten either the comforts or the ambition of her noble sons. As the only State which has furnished each regiment with a magnificent set of colors, she deserves imperishable renown. This she has already done without waiting to deliberate upon the expense. In the beginning, she declared, through her legislature, that upon each flag should be inscribed, in letters of gold, the engagements through which her troops should brave themselves with credit, and that they should be deposited in the archives of the State. This was intended to be done after the different regiments returned from the war; but Gov. Curtin determined that, inasmuch as the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps had covered themselves with renown on the 20th of December last, that "Draneville, December 20, 1861," should be inscribed upon the flags that had already been presented. Yesterday, Col. Pulston, on behalf of the State, returned the flags to the brave soldiers who had so nobly defended them. The whole division was drawn up in line, under Gen. McCall, to receive them, and Gen. W. H. Keim introduced the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, Speaker of the House, who presented to each regiment that participated in the battle of Draneville the colors prepared for them. After referring to the late battle for the national supremacy, said:

But the exultation of your triumph is saddened by the loss of the brave spirits who fell in the hour of conflict. Yet, for them we are in doubt whether to rejoice or mourn their fate, for

be for the near and dear of the living, whose hearts bleed for their loss. Citizen soldiers, the hour draws nigh when the drum-beat will again summon you to the battle-field, there to decide, not a question of family or dynastic rule, but whether the will of the majority, constitutionally expressed, shall be respected by the minority—the vital principle of free elective government.

Man's capacity for self-government is on trial, and if it fails now by the overthrow of the Republic the last great experiment of elective constitutional government among men has been tried. Liberty, having her last sigh, may then wing her way back from earth to heaven, and the crushed and down-trodden of the world may hug their chains as the only legacy they can bequeath to their children.

Called upon the peaceful avocations of life, you and your co-patriots in arms stand to-day soldiers of humanity, fighting the battles of mankind. For, in all essential features, this contest is the old struggle of aristocracy and republicanism revived. Instead of family or landed aristocracies, it is now the institutions of human bondage warring upon the vital principles of free government, and they have chosen and will permit no arbiter but the sword. The only argument, therefore, befitting the times are cannon balls and battalions. The orators of the hour are before me; and, if I mistake not the signs, they will soon be called on to speak in tones that shall again teach the enemies of liberty and the rights of mankind the lessons taught by our fathers; and the last great battle of constitutional freedom will have been fought and won. In that trying hour, you have already proven by your heroic deeds that the fame of the old Keystone State, and the memory of her illustrious dead will receive no dishonor at your hands.

"Take your banner! may it wave Proudly o'er the good and brave, When the battle's distant wall Breaks the Sabbath of our vale— When the clarion's music thrills To the hearts of these low hills— When the spear in conflict shakes, And the strong lance shivering breaks."

After the presentation, the troops marched in review before Speaker Grow, in the following order: Capt. Stewart's, Easton's, and Kearner's batteries; Col. Bayard's cavalry, Kane's Buck-tails, whom the rebels mistook for regulars, followed by Simmons', Roberts', Hayes' (who were accompanied by a fine band), Mann's, Magilton's, Sichel's, Harvey's, Gallagher's, McCalmont's, Medill's, Taggart's, and Jackson's. After the review, the Speaker and friends adjourned to Gen. McCall's headquarters, where they were sumptuously entertained.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA. INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILA. Jan. 11, 1862. I arrived here last evening, and to-day have been strolling about the city, and as a matter of course, my thoughts were directed to this Hall, the "Mecca" of America. This Hall is upon Chestnut, between fourth and fifth streets, and in the most central portion of the City. The building is in a fine state of preservation, and one would not think from its appearance that it had been built one hundred and fifty years. Upon entering the building from the front, you find the Hall upon the left hand on a first floor. As you turn to open the door, a notice posted upon it, respectfully asks you to wipe your feet, which reminded me of the people of old taking off their shoes when walking upon "holy ground." After observing this rule, I cautiously opened the door, being loth to disturb the spirits (if spiritualism be true) of the illustrious dead, that might be lingering there. This Hall is about thirty feet square, and every pains is taken to preserve its original appearance.

The first thing which attracts the eye, is the marble bust of Washington, directly opposite the entrance. This statue is life size, and is pronounced by good judges, one of the finest specimens of artistic skill in the country; and while gazing upon it, almost fancied that I was really viewing the Father of his Country, instead of a marble column. The walls are covered with portraits of the "immortal fifty-six," and the generals of the Revolution. Besides these, upon the walls are hung many old relics of Revolutionary memory—various old Continental Bills, the Treasury Notes of 1776, and a quantity of deeds executed a couple of centuries ago.

Nearly in the center of the room is placed the "old Independence bell," which, on the morning of July 4, 1776, proclaimed liberty unto the thirteen united colonies. The tongue of the bell lies at the foot of the statue of Washington. Various old relics, among which is a limb from the Hartford Charter Oak. A bomb shell dug up at Yorktown—a cannon ball found on the battle field at Trenton—a pew which Washington used to occupy in Christ's Church—the chairs used by the Continental Congress, and many other very interesting things here met the eye.

I perceived that the person in charge of the Hall, had a large quantity of canes on hand, which he said were made of pieces of wood taken from Independence Hall, which I will guarantee had been on a live tree and growing within two years. He said the canes were in great demand, and went off very rapidly, and I suggested to him that it was said that a city of old "raised herself from her own ashes," and without doubt this Hall possessed some mysterious, recuperative power, by which it kept itself in a perfect condition, and at the same time provided him with the material to do a flourishing cane (cane) business; whereupon he "slid quietly away," and I thought I would go to the top of the building, and take a "bird's eye view" of the city. When I had nearly reached the top, I found my way obstructed by a door under lock and key—rattled away on the door, and presently a little girl came from a side room, and smilingly told me I could not go up "there." I looked her quietly in the eye, slipped a quarter into her hand which she had already extended, and in less time than I have been writing this, the door was opened, and she very politely asked me to go up and stay as long as I like.

From the spire, one has a very fine view of the city, though a pebbles does not feel the most secure in the world, in his high position, from the fact, that the spire is built of wood, and has been exposed to the weather for nearly one hundred and fifty years—viewed the city and adjacent country as long as it was interesting—came back into the Hall—took my pencil from my pocket—wrote the above lines, when the following thoughts suggested themselves to me:

And this is Independence Hall! Am I now seated in the room where the glorious old Declaration was formed—where Sherman, Hancock, Carrall and their co-workers labored so long and so hard to bequeath to us a free country? Are these the walls which once echoed to the calm reasoning of Franklin—the powerful logic of Jefferson, and the fiery declamation of Henry?

These walls now remain, but through what a fearful ordeal the political fabric which they helped to rear, is now passing. They thought they were forming a structure to endure for all time, and they little thought so soon an attempt would be made to tear it in pieces—that so soft the stars and stripes would be fired upon by their children—trampled upon—disowned and defiled by their own children. Perchance their spirits may now be hovering in this room, or taking cognizance of events which are rapidly passing before us; and if so, what must be their thoughts? Who can tell? How frail are all earthly things! How prone to change and decay! How easily nations may be rent with foreign and intestine struggles, which, but an hour before seemed to be invincible—and what an example the American people now present! We have boasted that war belonged to a barbarous age—that our christianity and progress had placed us above it, but at the first tap of the drum, we beheld a million of men under arms; and who can definitely tell how it will terminate? Where is the prophet that can solve the problem? The day has been when the heart of an American would swell within him, when seated within these walls—he would point with pride at the faces before him, and recount with a swelling heart the valor of his fathers, and rejoice that he was an American citizen. But now, one is filled with sadness, instead of joy—pain, instead of pleasure, on visiting this place. He almost feels that he has no country—no nationality—a foreign war hanging over our heads, and bleeding at every pore, by a rebellion at home.

But if there is nothing pleasing in the future to contemplate, still one may be benefited by a visit to this place. He can recall to mind the suffering of those who, in miniature, he sees before him. He may vividly remember Valley Forge, and kindred places, and for what did they suffer? To give us a flag, a Constitution and a country, for all which the Union army is now struggling! And if our fathers, thus toiled to give us such blessings, should we not imitate them by preserving these gifts and hand them unimpaired to our children, as we received them from our fathers? They imperiled every thing to make us a nation—can we not suffer much to preserve it?

FROM HARRISBURG. HARRISBURG, Jan. 8, 1862. HENRY YOUNG, Esq.—Will you permit an old friend, and a former contributor to your paper, to send you a few lines occasionally from this place, during the coming winter. The Legislature is now fairly running. The Senate was organized yesterday, the Republicans being in a strong majority, but in the House the case was different. There were three parties, and neither had a majority—and there has been an amount of caucusing. The Union men after a long time, finally agreed upon a ticket with the Republicans. Yesterday, after a strong debate, they elected Rowe, Union Democrat, over Hopkins, Straight Out Democrat, by a vote of 53 to 45, and 2 scattering. The Union men and Republicans voting for Rowe. This morning after some preliminary business, the House proceeded to the election of a chief Clerk, which resulted in the election of E. H. Rauch, straight out Republican, over Jacob Zeigler, by a vote of 52 to 46, and 2 scattering. The House has been organized upon a Union Republican basis; J. B. Niles, of your county is one of the transcribing clerks. The Republicans, under the arrangement only had two clerks, the Union men the balance. The best of feeling prevails between the Union men and Republicans, and they constitute a good working majority. Democracy (this afternoon) is rampant. The Democrats had counted upon organizing the House upon a Democratic basis. They were very sanguine until yesterday morning, but the Republicans have signally out-generalled them; and their wrath, this afternoon, knows no bounds.

The present House is said to be the ablest that has been assembled for many years. There are many men of talent—men that have been retired for some time from political life; yet have been called into action again, by the demands of their country. John Rowe, the Speaker, is one of the ablest men of the State. He was elected Surveyor General a few years ago. Was then a Democrat, but became disgusted by his iniquities, and is now heart and hand against it. As soon as I have leisure, I will write you more about the different members.

E. H. Rauch, the chief Clerk, is a man of sterling metal. Democracy, yesterday, was fully determined upon, now, they had their ropes all laid, and nothing but the firmness of Rauch, who was the presiding officer, pro tem, saved us from it; and, perchance, our organization. He has been chief clerk two years and makes an excellent presiding officer.

Your, FRANK.

A kind-hearted wife once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for her husband's eyes which were sore.

"Let him wash them every morning with brandy," said the doctor.

"A few weeks after the doctor thought to meet his wife.

"Well, has your husband followed my advice?"

"He has done every thing in his power to do it, doctor, but he never could get the brandy higher than his mouth."