

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday Morning, and mailed 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 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, JANUARY 29, 1862. NO. 25.

Rates of Advertising.

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

Table with 4 columns: Rate, 3 months, 6 months, 12 months. Includes rates for square, do., column, and do. per year.

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

REGISTRAR'S NOTICE. These are hereby given that the accounts of the Registrar of Tioiga County, and that the same will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Tioiga County, on Monday the 10th day of February, 1862.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE. By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court do directed, I will sell at public vendue on Saturday the 1st day of February 1862, at the Court House in Wellsboro, Pa. at 2 o'clock P. M.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE. By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court do directed, I will sell at public vendue on the 30th of January, 1862, at the Court House in Wellsboro, Pa. at 2 o'clock P. M.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE. By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court do directed, I will sell at public vendue on Saturday the 1st day of February 1862, at the Court House in Wellsboro, Pa. at 2 o'clock P. M.

TAVERN LICENSES. Notice is hereby given that the following named persons have filed petitions in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Tioiga County, asking for licenses to sell wine or tavern in the county, and that a hearing will be had on the same, on Wednesday the 29th of February, at 2 o'clock P. M.

AUDITORS NOTICE. The undersigned do hereby certify that the accounts of the Auditor of Tioiga County, and that the same will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Tioiga County, on Monday the 10th day of February, 1862.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration having been granted to the undersigned, I hereby give notice to all persons who have claims against the estate of George M. Prutsman, deceased, to make immediate payment, and to those who have claims to present them properly adjusted to the undersigned.

APPLICATION IN DIVORCE. The undersigned do hereby certify that the accounts of the Auditor of Tioiga County, and that the same will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Tioiga County, on Monday the 10th day of February, 1862.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration having been granted to the undersigned, I hereby give notice to all persons who have claims against the estate of Aaron Barrow, deceased, to make immediate payment, and to those who have claims to present them properly adjusted to the undersigned.

EXPENDITURES OF Delmar Township, for the year 1860. Road account, as rendered by the Treasurer, \$1200 00.

NOTICE. These are hereby given to those who owe me money, to come forward and settle with me as soon as possible. I am compelled by the necessity of the present hour to ask you to do so.

NOTICE TO BRIDGE BUILDERS. The Commissioners will let on the 1st day of February 1862, at their office the building of a bridge across the mouth of Creek No. 10, to be of the following description: The bridge to be of stone, and to be raised one foot higher on the old abutments with large piers.

UNPAID TAXES. Those interested will take notice that all Road and Special taxes for the year 1861, and Building taxes for 1862, are to be paid to the Commissioner's Office, before the first day of February next, or the same will be collected by law for their due.

TRUE POETRY. For eighteen and twenty, the following lines from the pen of Charles Mackay, challenge the whole world of poetry. How many thoughts I gave thee! How many thoughts I gave thee!

BOB-O-LINK. It was noon in summer. The earth lay breathless in the heat, with its thousand tongues in wood and field too faint for their accustomed low, mysterious speech.

BOB-O-LINK. As I sauntered down the little path that led from the house where I was boarding for the summer, to my favorite haunt by the sea-shore, with clouds of insects springing from the grass like a living spray at every step I took, I suddenly heard the easy notes of that low comedian of birds, the Bob-o-link.

BOB-O-LINK. The head, however was not without a form. The long bending grass met over the body, leaving exposed only the pale, beautiful face, which looked like an exquisite Venetian picture framed in gold and green.

BOB-O-LINK. "Good morning, Sir," said the youth in a sweet voice as he bent over him, looking, I supposed, a little bewildered at this sudden apparition, and frowning at the same time Master Bob-o-link with long slender fingers. "Good morning, Sir."

BOB-O-LINK. "I was attracted by your bird," I said; "I thought he had a nest here, and so followed him. I trust I am not intruding."

BOB-O-LINK. "Not at all, Sir; I am glad to have some one to speak to. As for Bob, he has a nest here, but it's in my heart. He is the only thing on earth that loves me."

BOB-O-LINK. "You take too sad a view of life, my friend. Your calamity is great, no doubt, but still—'Ab! Sir, it's all well enough to talk so when you have limbs and health and freedom. When you can work and go out into life and tread the earth with the full consciousness of being. But whenever you can remember you have been but the moiety of a man, utterly helpless, utterly dependent, an infant without an infant's happy unconsciousness. But what's the use of my talking to you in this way? Bob, show the gentleman your tricks."

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Winter Birds. One of the prettiest objects a winter landscape affords is seen in the birds, that singly or in flocks, sit about our houses, fields, orchards, and gardens, sometimes lighting on trees or bushes, near the door, sometimes even fluttering against the windows, as if envious to witness the ways of human domestic life, or desirous of sharing the warmth and comfort within. No other than a human cry for shelter and protection touches the benevolent, sympathetic heart with a more piteous, appealing sound, than to hear one of these "wee, helpless things," come beating against the window-pane, to which the cheerful light within has attracted it, and from which any movement of welcome will send it frightened away.

Winter Birds. Winter birds excite our interest and curiosity in many respects. First, their extreme hardiness, so superior to that of other birds that they find summer in our season of frost and snow, is sufficient to call forth our wonder and admiration. To what their great power of resisting cold is due—by what means they are enabled to live in temperature that would prove fatal to tenderer birds—whether on the approach of spring they seek a more northern latitude—what they find to eat when the ground is frozen and perhaps covered deep with snow—when they fold their wings at the coming of the bleak, wintry night, when the leafless trees can afford no shelter—the popular superstition that the appearance of flocks of snow-birds, so-called, indicates a speedy fall of snow, while brown birds are held to be sure prognosticators of rain—these and other considerations tend to invest them with a peculiar and romantic interest.

Winter Birds. We are accustomed to think and speak of winter as a season made desolate by the absence of bright flowers, green leaves, singing birds, and babbling brooks; and to perhaps most of us the coming and going of the robin, the blue bird, the oriole, the bob-link, and other summer birds, seem worthy of attention; the habits and movements of the winter king, the chick-a-dee, and the whole class of hardy, feathered songsters passing nearly or quite unnoticed. Indeed, we easily and naturally associate birds with summer; birds and winter are scarcely thought of together.

Winter Birds. The difference between summer and winter birds, with respect to their gentleness and familiarity with man, almost warrants us in distinguishing the former as tame or domestic, the latter as wild birds. Those hover about our dwellings, seem to invite our acquaintance and sing for our satisfaction. They pick and eat our berries, help us destroy noxious insects, build their nests hardly outside our houses, almost taking materials out of our hands to put into them, and in various ways signify their desire for human companionship. These, on the contrary, though they not altogether shun the abodes of men, manifest the most provoking shyness in all their movements. They pay us only flying visits, and any attempt at coaxing frightens them into instant departure. The singing seems not intended for our ears. Unlike the fall gasping melody of summer birds, that commands attention by its heartiness and continuance, theirs is scarcely a single note, uttered in a hurried way, almost escaping observation, but, when heard, conveying to the ear a simple, exquisite wildness of tone, in keeping with the free, untamed nature of the singer. Rural New Yorker.

A Remarkable Incident. Some time ago a private in the Nineteenth Indiana Regiment was tried by a court-martial for deserting his post, and found guilty, the punishment for which is death. His execution was deferred for some time, and he was kept in a painful state of suspense. At last the time was fixed for his execution, and five regiments were drawn up in line to witness it, while a file of twelve men were in advance to execute the sentence of death by shooting him.

A Remarkable Incident. The prisoner was led forward blindfolded, and the usual words of preparation and command were given in a low, measured tone by the officer in command. During the interval between the commands "Take aim!" and "Fire!" and before the last was given, a horseman rode rapidly up the road, waving in the air a paper, which was understood by all to be a reprieve. Covered by dust and perspiration, the officer rode hurriedly up to the officer in command and delivered to him what really proved to be a reprieve.

A Remarkable Incident. The shout "reprieve" fell upon the poor soldier's ear, which was already strained to the utmost in anticipation of hearing the last and final word that was to usher his soul into the presence of his Creator; it was too much for him, and he fell back upon his coffin apparently dead. The bandage was removed from his eyes but reason had taken its flight, and he became a hopeless maniac. He was discharged from the army and sent home to his friends. His death had never really been intended, but it was deemed necessary for the good order and discipline of the army to make an impression upon not only himself but the whole brigade; for that purpose the forms of the execution were regularly gone through with, in presence of five regiments, and the reprieve arrived in good time, as it was intended. It was sought, by this means, to solemnly impress upon the whole assemblage of soldiers the necessity of a strict observance of duty and obedience, under penalty of an ignominious death. It was a fearful ordeal for the deserter, but it was certainly better than to have completed the tragedy by sending his soul to "that bourne from which no traveller returns."

A Remarkable Incident. Query.—Can you not divine the signs of the times? This rebellion, now raging in the southern part of the republic, is without a parallel in the world's history. It is the basest of savandrels, and the government will embrace an early opportunity to—then from the face of the earth. When they shall fall into the hands of the Federal authorities, their necks will be worth simply 00. The 1 is unheated, and "Down with the rebels," is the cry of all right minded men, the world over. Such of the rebels who are left from the halter should be made to suffer stripes till they see "in the constellation of the Union."

A Remarkable Incident. One of the privates in Jennison's Regiment has written a new song to the tune of Dixie, the last verse of which is a "specimen brick": We've no respect for Pomp or Minib. But we're bound to have Miss South Carolina. Look away, away, away in Dixie. For they're the ones that will not quit Dixie. And I wish to God they had more Dixie. Look away, away, away in Dixie.

The Heroes that have Died. The papers have done their full share toward hanging Gen. Baker down to fame. It is well that they should do so; he was worthy, and his name and his fame will be cherished and remembered in future time. So has it been with Ellsworth, so with Winthrop, and so with the noble Gen. Lyon. They have been the subject of frequent and well deserved panegyric and eulogy. The nation has felt their loss and mourned over their death, even though in dying, they became doubly famous. We would not have had it otherwise, and would not detract one iota from the merit, gallantry, or nobleness of either of them. Would to God they were living to-day, to take part in the great struggle which must still go on though they have died.

The Heroes that have Died. But while remembering and cherishing the noted ones who have yielded up upon the altar of their country, and yet bequeathed a legacy of honor to their posterity, we would not forget the unnoted brave who have died and made no sign. Just as noble, just as brave, in all the elements of true manly nobility and heroic bravem, as General Baker, fell out of the ranks of common soldiers at Ball's Bluff, and died for their country. The blood that they shed, the lives that they gave, the sacrifice that they made, were just as noble, precious, and priceless as his. Yet they are among the unnoted and unrecorded brave.

The Heroes that have Died. So of Bull Run, and wherever Wilson's Creek lost and blood has been shed. The same noble purpose, the same patriotic sacrifice was made by the common soldier as by the famous to whom we have referred. What tongues shall toll and what pen record, the heroism—heroism in its highest sense—which has been displayed in Western Virginia, in weary march, in dismal camp, on lonely ground, in battle or in hospital, by a multitude of brave men who left all the treasures of home and affection, and rounded their days by a sacrifice of their lives? To the world they are all unknown save as many "killed," so many "dead in hospital," so many "pickets shot," but not to the smaller circle of which they formed a part: Father, mother, sisters, brothers, neighbors, will guard just as jealously the relics they have left, and their memory, as a nation will those of Baker and Lyon.

The Heroes that have Died. But let them all be treasured by the great popular heart alike entitled to honor and fame. If Baker or Lyon were important to the nation, yet as far as they were each concerned, they have no more than each man of the rank and file who has died. They only gave their lives and could do no more. So their brave men did also, and had they possessed a Baker's genius or a Lyon's military ability, they would just as readily have made the sacrifice. Alike noble, alike brave, alike worthy of nation's tears, the humblest soldier in the ranks, as the noblest general in the land.—Sandusky Register.

Anecdote of ex-Governor Grimes.—The following story of ex-Governor Grimes is vouched for by one who knew him well.—The Legislature had just convened at the Capitol of Iowa. Governor Grimes had arrived the night before, and taken rooms at a certain hotel—at least so a young aspirant for office from a distant portion of the State ascertained as he drove up and alighted from his carriage at the steps of that public house. The hostler threw out his trunk, and the landlord conducted him to his room, leaving his trunk in the bar-room. Wishing his trunk, the young man demanded to have it brought up and seeing a man passing through the lower hall, who he took to be the porter, he gave his commands in an imperious and lofty tone. The order was obeyed; and the man carrying a quarter of a dollar for his services, a marked quarter, that was good for only twenty cents, was slipped slyly into his hand and was put in his pocket by the man with a smile.

Anecdote of ex-Governor Grimes.—"And now Sirrah!" cried the new arrival, "you know Governor Grimes?" "Oh yes, Sir." "Well, take my card to him, and tell him I wish an interview at his earliest convenience." A peculiar look flashed from the man's blue eyes, and with a smile, extended his hand, he said: "I am Governor Grimes, at your service, Sir."

Anecdote of ex-Governor Grimes.—"You—I—that is my dear Sir, I beg—a thousand pardons!" "None needed, Sir," replied Governor Grimes. "I was rather favorably impressed with your letter, and had thought you well suited for the office specified. But, Sir, my man who would swindle a working man out of a paltry five cents would defraud the public treasury had been opportunity. Good evening, Sir!"—Harper's Monthly.

Anecdote of ex-Governor Grimes.—"Ah I am very sorry for this rebellion; it prevents my going South," said an Englishman the other day, dining at a club in Philadelphia by invitation. "They tell me," he continued, "that the American gentleman is only to be found at the South. How is that true? Can you explain it?" "I can't," replied his host; "it is an error to be explained than this statement so often made, that there are gentlemen in England, but that none of them ever come to this country!"

Anecdote of ex-Governor Grimes.—"Where did you get that turkey?" said Col. Billy Wilson to one of his amiable recruits, who came into camp the other day with a fine bird. "Stole it," was the laconic answer. "Ah," said the Colonel triumphantly to a bystander, "you see my boys may steal, but they won't lie." The Charleston Mercury tells the Yankees troops now threatening the South, "unpeddlars." It is true that the Yankees have generally in their visits South, peddled tin, but we guess they mean to peddle lead this time.