

Terms of Publication

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR... published every Wednesday morning... 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.

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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 4 columns: Advertiser, 3 months, 6 months, 12 months. Includes rates for square, line, and column.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square... Advertisements not having the number of insertions...

The Casually Emancipated Blacks.

Our philanthropists have a task to perform for the black population which the progress of the war is already liberating in great numbers.

Those who look to see the black population abandoning itself to the wildest license... The liberator of the South...

There are thousands of blacks now in the neighborhood of Port Royal, emancipated by the effect of the war.

and yet behaving themselves as quietly as if they had been always free... They had never seen a sofa or a piano before...

Among the stories told of General Nelson, one of the best of the Federal Commanders in Kentucky, is the following:

A country editor, noticing the decrease of a wealthy gentleman, observes: "He has been regretted by a numerous circle of friends...

A leading secessionist in Price's army wrote in a recent letter: "Our men have no dread of Federal Generals except Sigel and not for him when he is advancing..."

A school boy having good naturally helped another in a difficult cyphering lesson, was angrily questioned by the Dominie.

An Irishman put his head into a lawyers office, and asked the inmate: "And what do you sell here?"

A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was good business, answered: "I can't bargain say; but it is surely better than being raised by it."

A GENEROUS CRIMINAL.

A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulon... He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country...

"You see me driven to despair," said the father: "my wife and children without food or shelter, and I without means to provide for them."

"No, never," exclaimed the astonished listener: "my children should starve a dozen times before I should do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted and declared at last that he would go and give himself up if the father would not consent to take him.

When it was proposed to raise the 25th Massachusetts Regiment, a gentleman residing at Worcester...

A few mornings since, our honest old Chaplain while distributing some religious "tracks" among the soldiers...

Our election for Colonel took place last Wednesday; the candidates were, Lieut. Col. Thomas L. Kane, and Capt. Hugh W. McNeil...

"General Nelson—Beg your pardon, sir, I want the officer of the guard."

VIEW OF NIAGARA.—The Ohio State Journal tells a story of an Irishman of the better class, who thought he must conform to the fashionable mania in paying a visit to the Falls of Niagara.

A HAPPY CONTRABAND.—While the Union troops were marching through Elizabethtown, Kentucky, the other day, a venerable daughter of Ham...

"We once heard of a rich man who was badly injured by being run over."

A Mr. Henn has started a new paper in Iowa. He says he hopes by hard scratching to make a living for himself and his little chickens.

FROM THE BUCK-TAILS.

CAMP PIERPONT, Jan. 26, 1862. FRIEND AGITATOR.—'Tis a cold winter night, the north wind is playing "Hail Columbia" with the top of my little domicile...

We left our camp about 7 o'clock in the morning, with a drenching rain pouring down upon us, and with the mud more than shoe deep to go to the picket line...

It rained nearly all day and night, and as we had no tents or houses, (except for those who wore straps upon their shoulders), there we must stand, or wade in the "sacred soil" of old Virginia...

Late at night, as I passed the window of a warm and well lighted room, where a few officers sat smoking cigars, singing songs, and occasionally taking a little "o-be-joyful," I could not but contrast their condition with those who were standing in the ice and mud...

A few mornings since, our honest old Chaplain while distributing some religious "tracks" among the soldiers, called at a tent on 3d street, and said, "good morning boys, good morning; shant I leave a few 'tracks' at your tent?"

Our election for Colonel took place last Wednesday; the candidates were, Lieut. Col. Thomas L. Kane, and Capt. Hugh W. McNeil, of Co. D.

"Nobility shot and nobody hanged—that's not the way we used to go on in California. Fact is, my boy, there wasn't a man on the jury that didn't know that he deserved a rope himself."

"The wounded man eventually recovered, as wounded men generally do when fortunate enough to breathe the free air of a wilderness instead of the close atmosphere of a hospital ward."

REGIMENTAL RIVALRY.—It is related that a rivalry exists between two regiments encamped on the Potomac, which is sometimes carried to the most absurd extremes.

GENEROUS.—"I will give you a thousand pounds," said a young buck to an old gentleman. "How?" "You have a daughter, and you intend to give her ten thousand pounds as her portion, I believe?" "Sir, I will take her with nine thousand."

that in America no speech on any subject can be complete without them. A parallel was drawn between the vigorous policy of the unflinching General Jackson and the decisive measures adopted by the prisoner to vindicate his wounded honor.

The usual compliments to the well-known moral and intellectual qualities of the jury followed this forcible argument on the side of mercy. He saw intelligence beaming in their eyes, he believed that the twelve noble-hearted men whom he saw before him were the most honorable, the most high-minded.

In about ten minutes the jury returned to the tent and pronounced a general verdict of not guilty, and the prisoner was briefly informed by the judge that he might "clear out" at once.

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volunteered to act as constables, and there was every probability that justice would be executed, although law was without a representative in the community.

Towards evening we heard that the criminal had voluntarily given himself up, and the entire population of the mines assembled soon after nightfall to "liquor" at the chief barroom of Gila City, as, according to American custom, a score of tents and picket houses were somewhat inappropriately designated, almost every free and independent citizen present being prepared to manifest deep legal opinion.

The prosecuting counsel were extremely vehement in their address to the jury, and showed a considerable amount of skill in their examination of witnesses. It was urged that an example ought to be made at once in order to check that progress to the use of Colonel Colt's ingenuously constructed weapons which had been the bane of a neighboring State, and which already threatened to convert the peaceful valley of the Gila into a mere shooting-gallery.

The defense was magnificent. It must be confessed, indeed, that the leading counsel did not stick very closely to his brief, but his speech thrilled the hearts of the majority of the audience, and he had got himself up for the occasion by changing his personal appearance in a manner that was very impressive.

He digressed boldly into the history of the Union, and alluded in a touching manner to that bird of freedom which is said to be in the habit of sitting upon the summit of the Rocky Mountains, quenching its thirst in the Atlantic while moistening the feathers of its tail to the Pacific.

THE VOLUNTEER'S BURIAL.

By PARK HENNINGHAM. (This one brightly beaming star shines from the eastern heaven above tonight the footsteps of the brave, slow marching to a martyr's grave.)

JUDGE LYNCH'S MERRY.

On one of the last days of the year 1858, I was disagreeably aroused from a pleasant morning dream by the report of a pistol shot at hand, followed in a few minutes by a struggling volley of fire-arms...