

Terms of Publication: THE TOIAGA COUNTY AGITATOR published weekly on Wednesdays... ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM... The paper will be sent to any subscriber within the county...

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, TOIAGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1862. NO. 34

Rates of Advertising: Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion... FROM WHITNEY'S COMPANY. Extracts from a Private Letter.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS: JEROME SMITH. Has now on hand a LARGE and EXTENSIVE STOCK of DRY GOODS, BLACK AND FIGURED DEES SILKS, WORSTED GOODS, Plain & Figured Delaines & Cassimeres, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, TEAS, COFFEE, TOBACCO, &c., &c.

DOMESTIC GOODS: Such as Brown and Bleached Sheet, and Shirting, Tickings, Dupons, striped Shirting, Red and White Flannels, Brown and Bleached Cotton, Flannels, Cotton Batting, Carpet Warp, Cotton Yarn, Drilling, etc., etc. We have also a large stock of CLOTHS AND CASSIMERS, Groceries, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS.

J. W. BAILEY & CO., AT THE UNION STORE, WELLSBORO. An opening of a fine stock of NEW GOODS. Just bought at PANIC PRICES, and will be sold FOR CASH, at a little ABOVE COST, if possible.

MANFIELD CLASSICAL SEMINARY. MANFIELD, TOIAGA CO., PA. The Spring Term of this Institution will commence March 15th, 1862, and continue thirteen weeks. E. WILDMAN, A. M., Principal. Mrs. H. P. B. WILDMAN, Secy. Miss E. A. CHASE, M. T. Teacher. Mr. ISAAC STRICKNER, Penmanship.

WELLSBORO ACADEMY. Wellsboro, Tioga County, Penna. MARINUS N. ALLEN, A. M., Principal. The Spring Term will commence on the 24th of March, 1862.

NEW YORK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. Home Fire Insurance Company. NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT; CAPITAL, \$200,000.

WELLSBORO POST OFFICE. Mails close as follows: The No. 1 (Tioga, Corning, Cleveland, New York, &c.) at 4 1/2 A. M. The Southern (Troy, Philadelphia, Washington, &c.) at 7 1/2 A. M. The Jersey Shore (Morris, Cedar Run, &c.) and the Coudersport (Bingo, Gaines, West Pike, &c.) at 2 P. M., every Tuesday and Friday.

JOHN R. BOWEN. BEGS leave to state that having "removed" from the "OLD EMPIRE STORE" across the street to his present location, he is now prepared to furnish his old friends and customers with a well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, LADIES' GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, CLOTHS, JEANS, CASSIMERES, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, TEAS, COFFEE, TOBACCO, &c., &c.

CORNING CHEAP CASH STORE. \$20,000 WORTH OF DESIRABLE GOODS, CONSISTING OF DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, YANKEE NOTIONS, GROCERIES, &c., now on hand for sale cheap for CASH or produce, at CASH PRICES.

Always Depend on finding (all the goods wanted) In His Stock, saving them the trouble of running around, and also giving them the CHANCE OF SELECTING from a large and varied assortment of NEW GOODS.

All Our Purchases are made for CASH OR PRODUCE (which has been our rule for years) we have no bad debts to CHARGE UP to our Customers but can GIVE THEM the benefit of the SAFE RULE.

Expenses of Coming. All Goods warranted as represented. An early Call is Solicited. JAMES A. PARSONS, No. 3 CONCERT BLOCK, CORNING, N. Y. Feb. 12, 1862.

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP. The subscriber has opened a BOOT AND SHOE SHOP over ANDREW CROWL'S Wagon Shop, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. ON SHORT NOTICE.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE. By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court to me directed, I will sell at public vendue on Saturday, the 5th of April next, at the Court House, in Wellsboro, at 2 o'clock P. M.

NEW COOPER SHOP. The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he has opened a COOPER-SHOP opposite CROWL'S WAGON SHOP, and is ready to do all manner of work prompt and to order, from a gallon keg to a fifty barrel tub.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration having been granted to the subscribers on the estate of James Merrill late of Liberty township, dec'd., notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement to the subscribers.

MAN LIKE A RIVER. In yonder wood a little spring Is bubbling forth, a crystal fount, And moving on, a tiny thing, Doth over many barriers mount. And gaining strength, as down the hill Each little stream its tribute pays, Until no more a little rill, But mighty river, meets your gaze; A river on whose liquid breast, Gay boats and steamers proudly ride, Bearing with a noble zest, Many a trust to ocean's side.

THE CABIN BOY. A CAPTAIN'S STORY. On my way across the sound I fell in with two old sea captains John Streeter and Asa Morton—with whom I had some slight acquaintance. Capt. Streeter was about three score, and had followed the sea most of his life.

When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship Peterham. She was an old craft, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety. But her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I wouldn't refuse to trust myself.

My cabin boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from his widowed mother, and had promised her that if he behaved himself, I soon made myself believe that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever came across.

One day when it was very near noon I spoke to him and told him to go below and bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter rail and I knew he did hear me, and the next time I spoke, I ripped out an oath, and intimated if he did not move I would help him.

"I didn't hear ye," he said in an independent tone. "No words," said I. "I s'pose I can speak," he retorted, moving slowly towards the companion way. His looks, words, and the slow careless way in which he moved fired me in a moment and I grasped him by the collar.

For the Agitator. a rope, and beat him until my arm fairly ached; but he never wincing. "How's that?" said I. "There's a little more life in me you'd better flog out," was the reply. And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and then I sent one of my men for my quadrant.

From that hour I never forgot those words and from that hour I never struck a blow on board my ship. I make men feel that they are men—that I regard them so, and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence.

"Tell me of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves, I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings, of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it.

"Men-buyers are exactly on a level with men-stealers! Indeed you say, 'I pay honestly for my goods; and I am not concerned to know how they are come by.' Nay, but you are; you are deeply concerned to know they are honestly come by; otherwise you are partaker with the thief, and are not a jot honest than he.

"I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible and returned with a lantern and three men. Three of the timbers were completely wormeaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken and would burst in at any moment the boy might leave it, whose feet were braced against the plank before him.

Jack Withers was struck to the cabin, where he managed to tell his story. Shortly after I put him in the hold, he crawled forward and looked about for a snug place to lie in, for his limbs were sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he heard a faint sound, like water streaming through a small hole, he went to the open place in the cargo and looked down, and he was sure he saw a small jet of water springing up from the ship's bottom.

And there he sat, with his feet braced, for four and twenty hours, with the water spurting in tiny streams all over him, drenching him to the skin. He had thought several times of going to the hatchway and calling for help; but he knew that the plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His strength was failing him—his limbs were racked with pain—but he would not give up.

That boy lay sick almost unto death; but I nursed him with my own hands—nursed him through all his delirium; and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him, and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms about my neck, and told me if I would be good to him, he would never give me cause for offence; and he added as he sat up again, "I am not a coward—would not be a dog."

"I am not prepared to say," remarked Capt. Streeter, in reply, "that the condition of our man-of-war-men will be in every case benefited by the abolition of flogging, though I am sure it might be so. I mean that the officers have it in their power to do away with all kinds of punishment. I mean, of course, for such offences as are usually punished on ship-board."

"Make haste—I'll try and hold it till you come back." I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible and returned with a lantern and three men. Three of the timbers were completely wormeaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken and would burst in at any moment the boy might leave it, whose feet were braced against the plank before him.

"Perhaps you will say: 'I do not buy any slaves; I only use those left by my father.' But if that enough to satisfy your conscience? Had your father, have you, any man living a right to use another as his slave? It cannot be, even setting revelation aside. Neither war nor contract can give any man such a property in another as he has in his sheep and oxen. Much less is it possible, that any child of man should ever be born a slave.

Saxo says that Vermont is famous for staples—"men, women, maple sugar, and horses;" and that the first are strong, that the last are feet, the second and third are exceedingly sweet, and all are exceedingly hard to beat.

FROM WHITNEY'S COMPANY. Extracts from a Private Letter. FORT DRAYTON, OTTER ISLAND, S. C., Sunday, March 16, 1862. * * * I received your letter last Tuesday, and would have answered immediately; but a very serious accident had just befallen our regiment, and no one was allowed to write home, until the colonel had written a letter for publication, to prevent any ill feeling that might arise among those most interested.

On the 12th inst., Companies G, (Capt. Whitney,) and H, (Capt. Scheiffin,) of Tioga County, and Company K, of Lancaster County, started for the main land, scouting. They were on Fenwick Island, that night, and next morning at two o'clock, started for the main land to take some rebel pickets, supposed to be quartered in a house about a mile from the boat channel. Capt. Whitney was left at the boat with a part of his company, and the rest were divided between the other two companies who marched toward the house, Company K, taking one direction and going on one side of the house, and Company H taking another, and going on the opposite side. The fog was dense, and the morning dark, and as Company H advanced to the mouth of a lane, (where they expected to find the "secesh,") hearing footsteps, Captain Scheiffin challenged the coming party, but for some reason, was not heard, and each party thinking the other to be enemies, ordered the men to fire. A volley was poured from both sides, when Lieut. Col. Beaver, who was with Company K, gave an order in so loud a voice that Capt. Scheiffin recognized it just in time to save another volley that would have caused many of our gallant comrades to bite the dust along with those who had fallen but a few moments before.

The companies had negro guides, and when they went, one of the "woolly heads" stuck out his eyes "about a foot," which shone so brightly, that one of the men took them for a target and "blazed away." Next day, "Cuffy" showed his cap, riddled with ball and shot. The whole affair is a sad one, indeed. The flag is at half mast, wears a melancholy look. On Thursday, we heard a heavy firing in the direction of Savannah. All supposed that Fort Pulaski was attacked by our troops, but news came next night of an attack which the rebels had made on our men, who were planting a battery on Tybee Island, with which to storm Pulaski. Our troops succeeded in taking three gun boats, one of which was iron clad—Cannon balls would not penetrate her thick sides, so they boarded her with cutlasses, and took her in a hand to hand fight.

Good news continues to come with each mail boat, and I think the "day of pentecost" is near at hand; so I will not think of going home under war is over, unless the bands pen "walking papers," and I do not think they will. The boys are all well "bodily," and will be "spirually," when the shock of this dreadful catastrophe has subsided. One thing only will I ask, and that is—"write often," for most assuredly does a letter "soften the pain of absence" to the poor soldier. P. W. WELLS.

Thackery, on his first visit to the country, was introduced to Mrs. C., one of the ladies of society. Thinking to be witty, he said: "I am happy to meet you, Mrs. C. I have heard, Madam, that you were a fast woman." "Oh, Mr. Thackery," she replied, with one of her most fascinating smiles, "we must not believe all we hear. I have heard you were a gentleman." The great English wit admitted, afterwards, that he had the worst of it.

A Bachelor was rather taken aback a day or two since as follows:—Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman; "Before I would ever kneel to a woman I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young woman, he inquired: "Do you not think it would be the best I could do?" "It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the reply. An old lady down East, having kept a hired man on cold liver nearly a month, said to him one day, "why John, I don't think you like liver." "Oh yes, said John, 'I like it very well for five or six hundred meals, but for a steady diet, it don't go quite so well.'" The old lady cooked something else for the next meal. A "secesh" lady in Tennessee, recently asked one of our volunteers how far back the Northern army extended, and received the following answer: "By Golly, Madam, it reaches to the North pole, and when I left two other regiments were trying to get in." He is a contemptible fellow that sneaks through life on tiptoe, with his ears at the key-hole of every body's business. Was getting sick upon the eve of battle.