

THE AGITATOR.

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do.	11.00	12.50	14.00
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Dedicated to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealth 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, MAY 7, 1862. NO. 99.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL.
DAVID HARTY, PROPRIETOR.
This hotel is situated on the corner of Main and Centre streets, Wellsboro, Pa. It is a first-class hotel, having been recently renovated and refurnished throughout, and is now open to the public as a first-class hotel.

JAS. LOWREY & SONS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
TOWNSEND & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.
Will attend the Court of Tioiga County, Pa., at Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 1, 1862.

DICKINSON HOUSE.
CORNING, PROPRIETOR.
This hotel is situated on the corner of Main and Centre streets, Wellsboro, Pa. It is a first-class hotel, having been recently renovated and refurnished throughout, and is now open to the public as a first-class hotel.

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE.
E. O. FARMLEY, PROPRIETOR.
This hotel is situated on the corner of Main and Centre streets, Wellsboro, Pa. It is a first-class hotel, having been recently renovated and refurnished throughout, and is now open to the public as a first-class hotel.

G. C. CAMPBELL.
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.
Shop in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as can be done in the city.

THE CORNING JOURNAL.
GEORGE WOODRUFF, EDITOR.
Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N.Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance.

WELLSBORO HOTEL.
WELLSBORO, PA.
This hotel is situated on the corner of Main and Centre streets, Wellsboro, Pa. It is a first-class hotel, having been recently renovated and refurnished throughout, and is now open to the public as a first-class hotel.

E. H. BENEDICT, M. D.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.

WELLSBORO GYMNASIUM.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.

TROY ACADEMY.
TROY, N. Y.
TROY, N. Y.
TROY, N. Y.

BLACKSMITHING.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.

CORNING DRUG AND BOOK STORE.
CORNING, N. Y.
CORNING, N. Y.
CORNING, N. Y.

MILLINERY.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.

NEW YORK LACES.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.

NEW SPRING GOODS.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.
WELLSBORO, PA.

THE PHOENIX ROBBER.
BY T. H. HENRY.
On a distant peaceful night fall, a way-worn and weary traveler, was overtaken by a snow storm. When the first few flakes came softly dropping down, he looked eagerly around in hope of discovering a place of shelter, but none was to be seen; only the reckless waste of rolling lands and far-off hills in the direction which he was going—so far off he feared he never could reach them. With the departure of light the snow began falling, the wind keener, the road over the prairie soon became hidden from view, the traveler felt that he was lost on a trackless waste, without a star to guide him across the dangerous country.

"This is terrible," he said aloud. "I fear much I shall never come to my destination. If I had but a compass and a light I should not fear, for I could resist the effect of the cold long enough to reach the hills, where I could find human habitations, or at least the shelter of a rock. Now I may go in a circle until I freeze, and be no nearer help. What a fool I was to leave the river and cross the prairie, just for the sake of a few miles more, or less, of journey. No matter, I must even battle it out now—heaven helping!"

And battle it out he did most manfully. He drew his cap down over his ears and brow, and his fur collar up over his mouth, and thrusting his hands deeper in his pockets, pressed on through the yielding snow. The gloom increased, the wind came sharper, and through his heavy clothes the traveler began to feel the effects of the cold. His feet grew numb, his arms chilled, and after an hour's rapid walking, he suddenly paused.

"For Heaven's sake, let me in; I am freezing to death!"
"Who are you, and how came you in this lonely place on such a night as this?"
"I am a traveler from below; I lost my way, and am dying with cold. For pity's sake, let me in or I shall perish!"

Milly hesitated. She was alone, and it was three miles to the nearest neighbor's house. "O, cease me—drive me! I am dying!" were the thrilling words that met her hearing. There was a heavy fall against the sill, and then low moans. Her woman's nature could stand no more; true to the instinct of her being, she unlocked the door and threw it open. A closely-muffled figure crept by her into the room, and shutting the door she followed.

"On reaching the fire place, the stranger threw off his disguise, and stood erect and strong without a sign of indifference from the effects of the weather. Milly retreated from him in amazement, but recovering herself, and putting the best face on the matter, she respectfully addressed the man.

"I am sorry, sir, you are cold. It is a bitter night to be abroad. Will you not sit by the fire?" and she pushed a chair forward.

"The man made no response, but stooping forward, ran his fingers through the snow. Then he turned and stared at her with a look which made her blood run cold. She would pretend he was 'there in the house,' for she already felt afraid of the man and bitterly regretted having admitted him.

"You'd like to see some of the men folks, sir?" she inquired. "If so, I will call them from their beds." The man laughed heartily and replied: "Milly Dean, for that I believe your name, you cannot deceive me. You are alone in this house. I took particular care to ascertain that before I came. So you can make yourself easy on that score, and do as I bid you."

"In the basket of a poor woman, but that the circumstance had passed out of his memory. "Ah, but the fact's forgotten!" said the sailor warmly, but inquired, "but do you recollect what the man that walked with you said?"

"I think I do," he said—Bill, what a fool you are to throw your money away!" "That proves it," said the sailor, joyfully, and dashing his hat on the floor, he seized the astonished young man by the hand with hearty grasp, saying:

"God bless your soul, sir! you saved my mother's life, you did—I knew you must be the man the moment I set my eyes upon you. Why bless your generous heart, that poor old woman was my mother!" said the sailor, a big tear at the same time running over his brown cheek. Drawing his guest aside the clerk learned that he was the second mate of a ship now in port; that he had been searching for his mother's benefactor, nearly three weeks upon almost every wharf in that part of the city; that during his absence the winter before, he had been taken sick in a foreign port, his mother had met with misfortune, and had heard nothing from him, and was deprived of the provision he had made for her support during his absence; that, expecting to hear from him, she managed to speak out air existence, till the chill month of November, found her without food, fire, and clothing, and had driven her to the street to procure them; that the handful of change which the young man threw into her basket procured her necessities till other means fortunately rescued her.

The next day, it was thought unsafe for the baggage and commissary wagons to go without a escort, and our Regiment was detached to protect their rear. It was slow, tiresome work, but as we only had twelve miles to march, we didn't mind it much. To prevent depressions, a man from the advance regiment was stationed at each house from the hut of the slave, to the dwelling of the aristocratic owner, and ordered to remain until the last regiment passed, and to shoot any man who should attempt to enter. In this manner the best of order was kept along the whole line of march.

The Harris Light cavalry suffered considerably in a skirmish near this place. They were in advance of Gen. Anger's brigade. The essential particulars, as nearly as I can learn them, are these: The skirmish took place in the right. A man who pretended to be loyal, said he knew where a force of rebels could be captured, and volunteered to be a guide. They followed unsuspectingly, until he had them between two breastworks made of rails, behind which was posted rebel infantry. Our cavalry was repulsed, rallied and charged, but to no purpose, they could not dislodge them. They sent to Gen. Anger for a force of infantry, which routed the rebels, who retreated to Fallmouth, on the north side of the Rappahannock, and after crossing the bridges to Fredericksburg, burned them. The second regiment of Sharpshooters came up in time to save part of one of the bridges. The battery fired a few shells after them, but all fell short. Our loss was nine killed, besides some who were wounded, all of whom were cavalry. There were three steamers here, which the rebels burned. Save now and then a small band of cavalry, they have retreated to the hills. It is thought they will remain there to harass our men while rebuilding the bridges. Two of our gunboats are reported to be four miles below. Last night batteries were planted preparatory to shelling the rebels in the woods beyond the city. Our force is about 7,000—the Pennsylvania Reserves are in our rear—the weather is cold and stormy.

This placid that the rebels were ordered to hold this placid at all hazards. It is of important place for them; as it is only 50 miles from Richmond, and connected with that place by Rail Road. If we don't meet with opposition here, we shall before we proceed much farther.

Our Daughters.
The greatest danger to our daughters in the present time is the neglect of domestic education. Not only to themselves, but to husbands, families, and the community at large, does the evil extend. By far the greatest amount of happiness in civilized life is found in the domestic relations, and most of those depend on the domestic culture and habits of the wife and mother. Let our daughters be intellectually educated as highly as possible; let their moral and social nature receive the highest graces of vigor and refinement; but along with these, let the domestic virtues find a prominent place.