

**Terms of Publication.**  
 THE TIoga COUNTY AGITATOR is published weekly on Wednesday morning, and is mailed to subscribers on the first of each month. The price is \$1.00 per annum in advance. It is intended to notify every citizen when the term for which he has paid shall expire. The paper is published for the purpose of circulating the news of the county, and of the progress of the various enterprises of the people. It is sent to every neighborhood in the county. It is sent to every subscriber, whether he be in the county or not, and is sent to every subscriber, whether he be in the county or not, and is sent to every subscriber, whether he be in the county or not.

**AS. LOWERY & S. P. WELSON,**  
 ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
 Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 1, 1862.

**DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,**  
 CORNING.

**W. A. FILLIS,** Proprietor.  
 Agents taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

**EMERY,**  
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,  
 Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 1, 1862.

**PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,**  
 Corner of Main Street and the Avenue,  
 Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 1, 1862.

**ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,**  
 H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.  
 Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 1, 1862.

**THE CORNING JOURNAL,**  
 George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.  
 Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 1, 1862.

**WELLSBORO HOTEL,**  
 WELLSBOROUGH, PA.  
 J. S. FARR, Proprietor.  
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 DENTIST,  
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**WANTED!**  
 ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS WHEAT  
 ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS CORN  
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 For which we will pay CASH!

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 U. P. STEBBINS, Teacher.  
 Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 1, 1862.

**CROWLEY WAGON SHOP,**  
 Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 1, 1862.

# THE AGITATOR.

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

WELLSBORO, TIoga COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1862. NO. 3.

**Rates of Advertising.**

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The unjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:	1 month	3 months	6 months	12 months
Square	\$6.00	\$18.00	\$30.00	\$54.00
2 do.	3.00	9.00	15.00	27.00
3 do.	2.00	6.00	10.00	18.00
4 do.	1.50	4.50	7.50	13.50
5 do.	1.20	3.60	6.00	10.80
6 do.	1.00	3.00	5.00	9.00
7 do.	.80	2.40	4.00	7.20
8 do.	.70	2.10	3.50	6.30
9 do.	.60	1.80	3.00	5.40

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.  
 Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments; executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

**NOV OR NEVER!**  
 BY MARY WENZEL BOLLES.  
 Listen, young heroes, your country is calling!  
 This strikes the hour for the brave and the true!  
 While the foe's flag flies o'er our land,  
 Will up the ranks that have opened for you!  
 You who the father made free and defended,  
 Stand now the sons that employ his name!  
 Ye whose fair hairings sprang descended,  
 Leave not your children a birthright of shame!  
 Stay not for questions with Freedom's standard waving!  
 Wait not till Honor lies wrapt in his pall!  
 Brief the lips meeting be, with the hands clasping,  
 "Off for the wars" is enough for them all!  
 Break from the arms that would family carry you!  
 Hark! His bugle blast! Sabres are drawn!  
 Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,  
 Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!  
 Never of now cries the blood of a nation,  
 "Fought on the turf where the roses should bloom;  
 Now is the day and the hour of salvation,  
 Never of now beats the trumpet of doom!  
 Never of now! roars the horse thrated cannon,  
 Through the black canopy blotting the skies;  
 Never of now! Aps the silver-blasted-pennon,  
 O'er the deep deep where the Chubbards sail!  
 From the toll bells where our brothers are dying,  
 Alas and woe in the land of their birth,  
 From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying,  
 Pleading in vain for a handful of earth!  
 From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,  
 Eurrowed and ridged with the battle field's plow,  
 Comes the loud summons; too long you have slumbered,  
 Hear the last angel-trump—*Never of Now!*

**BIOGRAPHY OF A NOTORIOUS ELEPHANT.**  
 Among the most attractive features of Van Anburg & Co's Menagerie is a celebrated elephant, Hannibal, the largest animal ever exhibited in this country or in Europe, and as the old fellow has so frequently furnished newspaper itemizers with material for spicy paragraphs that his name has become familiar to almost every one, a brief sketch of his history may be found of interest.  
 Hannibal was brought to this country in 1824, from the East Indies, and was purchased by a butcher in New York, who exhibited him for a time in a stable in that city. He shortly after fell into the hands of his present owners, who have retained him ever since, and who would not now sell him at any price. He was supposed to be about twenty-five years old when imported, which would make him about sixty-three at the present time.  
 Hannibal first distinguished himself at the Zoological Institute in the Bowery, New York, in 1825, when he saved the life of his keeper, Mr. Joseph Martin, who resides at Girard, in Erie County. A large tiger and tigress had escaped from their cage and fastened upon a lama which was allowed to run wild about the building. Mr. Martin, hearing the noise, entered the apartment, without suspecting the extent of the danger, when the tiger immediately crouched to spring upon him. Martin was entirely unarmed, and all resistance to the attack of the infuriated beast would have been useless. At this juncture Hannibal rushed forward, seized his keeper, and raising him out of danger, held him in safety until assistance arrived and the animals were secured.  
 The admirable disposition exhibited by Hannibal in the incident just narrated gained him great credit with the public as a humane and well disposed elephant, of good feelings and generous impulses; but his subsequent conduct, we are sorry to say, has entirely destroyed that favorable impression, and he is now regarded, and not without reason, as a morose and incorrigible old rascal, who can only be kept within the bounds of decent behavior by the constant use of chains and frequent application of condign punishment. His breaches of peace have been so numerous that it would be impossible to detail them within the limits of a newspaper article, but we briefly allude to a few of his most violent outbreaks.  
 In 1847 the city was the scene of one of his most violent bursts of fury. The menagerie was wintering in the warehouse of Leech & Co., on the banks of the canal, where the Cleaveland and Pittsburgh freight depot now stands.  
 "Queen Ann," an elephant's maid, for whom Hannibal had formed a tender attachment, was removed from his companionship, and he immediately fell into a fearful state of sulkiness and rage.  
 For twelve days he refused all food, and during that time lost no less than three thousand pounds in weight, as was definitely ascertained at the time by the scales. He endeavored to drown his sorrows "in the flowing bowl," refusing to drink unless the water was still infused with whiskey, but this indulgence, by which it was sought to humor him, only rendered him more frantic in the end. His keeper, and a favorite dog with whom he had been on the best of terms, became the special objects of his animosity. At the first symptoms of insubordination he had been loaded with chains, and so firmly secured that it was thought impossible for him to break loose. Day after day passed away without any diminution of his temper upon the part of the large beast, until at last his unintermitting "surgings" resulted in tearing away his fastenings, and the infuriated elephant was at large in the building. The lions, tigers, leopards and other animals commenced dashing against the sides of the cages, while the air resounded with their cries of fright; the people by thousands gathered round the warehouse, armed with rifles and every description of fire arms. Hannibal roamed through the building, tearing down timbers, raising his enormous bulk upon his hind legs, and beating the roof with his trunk, and threatening every moment to make a complete wreck of the whole structure.  
 But the manager of the menagerie had provided for this. Long poles with strong steel hooks at the ends, were brought forward and inserted in the floor on every side; these were attached to ropes and tackle, manned by hundreds of men, and finally the angry monster, the blood flowing from his lacerated body in torrents, but still struggling desperately, and trumpeting fiercely, was brought to the ground and so chained up to render him perfectly helpless.  
 Spears and pitchforks were then brought into requisition, and he was punished until com-

**A CAPITAL RUNAWAY MATCH.**  
 A great many years since, when bright-eyed and fair-haired youths were not so plenty in New England as they are now, there dwelt in the town of P., distant some twenty miles from a market town, a peculiarly ugly kind of a man, and a very rich one.  
 Minnie was Danforth's only child, and report said truly she would be his only legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer, and was estimated to be worth full ten thousand dollars, at that period a very handsome fortune, indeed.  
 The sparkling eyes and winning manners of Minnie Danforth, had stirred up the fine feelings of the whole male portion of the village, and suitors were numerous, but her father was particular and none succeeded in making headway with either him or her.  
 In the meantime Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret! Who would have supposed for a moment, that such a fellow would have dared to look on beauty and comparative refinement.  
 His name was Walker, but he was generally called "Joe Walker"—and he was simply a farmer employed by old Danforth, who had entrusted Joe with the management of his large place two or three years.  
 But a very excellent farmer and a right good manager was this plain, unassuming, but good looking Joe Walker. He was young, too, only twenty-three, and he actually fell in love with the beautiful, pleasant and joyous Minnie Danforth, his employer's only daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was that Minnie returned his love earnestly, truly and frankly, and promised to wed him at a favorable moment.  
 Things went on merrily for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attention between them which excited his early suspicions.  
 Very soon afterwards Joe learned the old man's mind, indirectly, with regard to the disposal of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw that his case was a hopeless one, unless he resorted to stratagem, and so he put his wits to work at once.  
 By agreement an apparently settled coldness and distance was observed by the lovers towards each other, and which led him to believe his suspicions had been groundless.  
 Then by agreement also between them, Joe absented himself from the house at evening, and night after night as his work was done, 'd he disappear to return home at a late bed time.  
 Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter, who resides less than five miles distant, but after a faithful attachment between them for several months, the old man had utterly refused to entertain his application for the young girl's hand.  
 This was capital, just what the man desired. This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child; and he would have Joe get married and stop all trouble and suspicion at once. So he said:  
 "Well, Joe, is she a buckskin lass?"  
 "Yes, yes," said Joe, "I'm not much of a judge myself."  
 "And you like her?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Then marry her."  
 "Elope?"  
 "Yes, certainly; off with you at once. If the gal will join all right. You shall have the little cottage at the foot of the lane; I will fix it up for you. Your wages shall be raised, and the old man may like it or not."  
 "But."  
 "No buts, Joe, but do as I bid you. Go about it at once, and—"  
 "You will stand by me?"  
 "Yes, to the very last. I know you, Joe; you are a good workman, and will make a good son or husband."  
 "The old fellow would be so mad, though."  
 "Who cares? Go quietly but quickly."  
 "To-morrow night, then?"  
 "Yes."  
 "I will hire Culver's horse."  
 "I say no. Take my horse, the very best one, young Morgan. He will take you off in style in the phaeton."  
 "Exactly."  
 "And as soon as you are spliced, come right back here, and a jolly time we will have in the old house."  
 "Her father will kill me."  
 "Bah, he's an old fool, whoever he is. He don't know your good qualities, Joe, as well as I do. Do not be afraid; faint heart, you know, never won fair lady."  
 "The old man will be astonished."  
 "Never mind; we will turn the laugh on him. I will take care of your wife at any rate."  
 "You shall," said Joe, and they parted in the best of spirits.  
 An hour after dark on the following evening, Joe made his appearance, dressed in a new black suit, really looking very comely. The old man bustled out to the barn with him, helping to harness young Morgan to the phaeton, and leading the spirited animal himself to the road and away went John Walker in search of his bride.  
 A few rods distant from the house he found her, according to previous arrangements, and repairing to the next village the parson soon made them one in holy wedlock. Joe took his bride, and soon dashed back to the town of P., and halted at old Danforth's house, who was already looking for him, and who received him with open arms.  
 "Is it done?"  
 "Yes," said Joe.  
 "Bring her in, bring her in!" continued the old fellow in high glee. "Never mind compliments; no matter about the dark entry; here Joe, to the right, in the best parlor. We will have a good time of it now, sure! and the anxious farmer rushed away for lights, returning almost immediately.  
 "Here is the certificate," said Joe.  
 "Yes, yes."  
 "And this is my wife," he added, as he passed up his beautiful bride, the bewitching Minnie Danforth!  
 "What!" roared the old fellow, "what did you say? So, you villain, you scamp you! you cheat you, you—"  
 "It is the truth, sir, we are lawfully married.

You lent me your horse; you thought me worthy of any man's child. You encouraged me, you promised to stand by me, you offered me the cottage at the foot of the lane, and—"  
 "I did not, I deny it. You cannot prove it. You are a scoundrel!"  
 "Calmly now, said Joe; and the entreaties of the happy couple was united to quell the old man's ire, and persuading him to acknowledge the union.  
 The father relented at last. It was a job of his own manufacture, and he saw finally how useless it would be to try to destroy it.  
 He gave in reluctantly, and the fair Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walker.  
 The marriage proved a joyful one and the assertion of Danforth proved true in every respect.  
 The cunning lover was a good father and husband, and lived many a year to enjoy the happiness which followed upon this runaway match; while the old man never cared to hear much about the details of the elopement, for he saw how he shot over the mark.

**LETTER FROM "OCCASIONAL."**  
 WASHINGTON, August 12, 1862.  
 I had occasion to pass through the Capitol grounds a few evenings ago. It was one of the most beautiful days that summer had given us—and the sun had taken his lurid rays to Boreas or Cathay, leaving his sweetest smile to ting the evening clouds. The Marine Band, through their grandly apparel were going leisurely through an operatic march and a multitude of people were sauntering among the trees and around the garden-beds of roses—men and women, with their little ones; pratty damsels fair to look upon, and bright young men who seemed to live in their fascination; the inevitable officer in gold and blue, and pale soldiers who had strolled from the hospital to hear the sweet sounds and catch the evening air. I passed up the broad and gently ascending path, and the steps that led to the Congress Hall. The music ceased, and the strains of Mendelssohn died away among the leaves. While regretting the silence, and listening to catch another echo of the strain, the band commenced again to play. The air was national and patriotic—something that stirred the blood with rapture as it told of our country's glory and grandeur—the triumph of our armies, and the war's desolation. I stopped and listened to the soul-inspiring melody. I was standing at the foot of the Capitol, and it looked majestic, even with its uncouth dome and unfinished marble work. A weather-beaten flag was idly coiling around the flag-staff. The city, with its occasional glimpses of magnificence, was at my feet, and beyond the intervening city were the hills of Virginia—Arlington, peeping from the trees; Fort Richardson, brown and lofty; Fort Corcoran, massive and irregular; and other forts, indistinct and monotonous. It was a scene such as I have seldom witnessed, and I dwell upon it now partly because it recalls the pleasure which I felt at the moment, and partly because it brought with it many thoughts and suggestions that are always familiar and always new.  
 I thought of the other days when peace reigned over the land, and the hills over the Potomac had no memory beyond a May-day picnic or an evening drive; of the other men who had left Washington, never to return, after leading us into a war that might rule or ruin. How often their laughing faces had been heard in these very halls! Here their treason came into being; it bubbled, bloomed, and burst into fruit! The apathy of Northern men was constructed into slavery; their silence became submission. Government, to these Northern men, was the development of the nation's happiness. True to the teachings of their fathers—to the inspiration of Plymouth Rock and the example of William Penn—they labored for civil liberty, national peace, Christianity, commerce, and social comfort. They built Rail Roads, and canals, and breakwaters, and lines of telegraphic communication, and ocean steamships, and dry docks, and suspension bridges. They made treaties of reciprocity, and protective tariffs, and advantageous boundary lines. Harbors were widened, channels were deepened—rivers were made easy of navigation—the deserts of the West were cultivated, and the hunting-grounds of the Indians became the cornfield of the farmer. The mountains of Pennsylvania were burned as coal—the mountains of Missouri were hammered and rolled into iron—the mountains of California were melted and stamped into refined gold. The Northern statesman labored for these ends; and attained many of them. The Southern statesman was wrapped in a dream of personal and selfish ambition, and lived to no purpose beyond the aggrandizement of a section, and the triumph of a party. Industry brought power, and as the North became rich and powerful, all hopes of Southern greatness passed away. The cotton mill triumphed over the cotton gin! Defiant produced treason, and treason ended in war.  
 I cannot but think of the days that came upon us after the war commenced. The dark days and the light days. Truly it has been a storm. Clouds and showers and clear skies; lightning, thunder, and silver-lacing sunshine. The dread that came after Fort Sumpter; the anxiety; the fear; the uprising of the North; the rush of brave men to the aid of the Capital—Pennsylvanians in the advance. The New York Seventh! Its measured tread up the Avenue will never be forgotten. Tens of thousands have trod the Avenue since that day; tens of thousands have gone over into Virginia, never to come back again, never to answer to their names, until the angel of Eternity calls the muster-roll of Time. We saw the mighty North in that mighty array of brave men. It was War. In the roll of the drum, the bearing of the soldiers, the look that came from every eye, the fixed grasp of the musket, and the fierce meaning it conveyed, we saw war—War embodied, equipped, and drilled into battalions—War that carried with it purpose, determination, courage, and truth. With that marching regiment, now gone upon the stage, new heroes came into the minds of men, a new courage came into their souls. The old was combat-

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**ADMINISTRATIVE NOTICE.**  
 Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Matthew Evans, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons who have claims against the said estate, to make immediate application to the undersigned, to present their claims, for settlement to the undersigned.  
 H. K. HUBBARD,  
 Administrator.  
 Wellsboro, August 12, 1862.

**NOTICE.**  
 I have fresh assortment of  
 CALICOES—just received.  
 Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 1, 1862.

**GRAND WORDS.**—The following ringing sentences are from the conclusion of a late sermon of Henry Ward Beecher:  
 "I am not a prophet. I am not sanguine though hopeful. I think victory awaits us at every step, but if God thinks liberty too dear to be purchased so cheaply, we can give more. We can give more sons, more treasures—will give everything—but this country shall be one, and undivided. The Atlantic and Pacific shall say—deep answering to deep.  
 "Hear it, England—one people, one Constitution, one government.  
 "One God, one country, one flag, one destiny—cost what it may, we will have it. Let God name the price, and it shall be paid."  
 PRECIOUS BOY.—"As the cock crows the young ones learn." A good story is told of a certain man and his wife who were almost constantly quarrelling. During their quarrels their only child (a boy) was generally present; and of course had many of his fathers expressions.  
 One day when the boy had been doing something wrong, the mother intending to chastise him, called him and said, "Come here sir; what did you do that for?"  
 "See here, Madam, I don't wish to have any words with you."  
 AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—Lord Chief Justice Holt, when a young man was very dissipated, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey a man was convicted of highway robbery, whom the Judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt thinking the man did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, replied—"Ah my lord, they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

**CONVULSION.**—Mr. Jenkins playfully remarked to his wife, that in her he possessed four *Alfas*.  
 "Name them, love."  
 "You are beautiful, dutiful, youthful, and amiable."  
 "Ah, you have the advantage of me, my dear."  
 "How so, precious?"  
 "I have but one fool."  
 Mr. J. mizzled.  
 At Lynn, the other day, a Sunday School teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she didn't know. The question was put to the next an Irish girl, who answered, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La," said the first scholar, "you need not feel so grand about it—he wasn't an Irishman."  
 Never give a boy a shilling to hold your shadow, whilst you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week—it is money thrown away.  
 Wise—Getting sick on the eve of battle.

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