

THE TIoga COUNTY AGITATOR.

THE SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click
Goes the type in his stick;
As the printer stands at his case,
His eyes bright, and his fingers pale,
The type at a rapid pace;
And one by one as the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and clear—
Steady and slow—
But still they grow.
The tyrants quake,

And words of fire they shall still glow;
Wonderful words without a sound—
Traverse the world to its utmost bound—
Words that shall make.

The tyrants quake,

And the letters of the oppressed shall bind—
Words that can crumble an army's might;

Or trouble its strength in a righteous fight;

Yet the type they look but lending & lending—
As he puts them in, plain in anger & dumb—

—And his work begins!

By churning a song as the letters he will—
With pick and click—

Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!

"O, where the man, with such simple tools,
Can govern the world as I?"

With pricking press, an iron stick;

And a little lend me.

With paper of white and ink of black,

I support the Right, and the Wrong fall.

Say, where is he, or who may he be?

That can rival the printer's power?

To no monarch that lives, will doth he give—

Their sway lasts out an hour,

While the printer still grows, and God knows

When his might shall cease to tower!

From Sofield's Company,

CAMP CURTIN, Sept. 1, 1862.

FRIEND AGITATOR.—Three weeks have passed since I left old Tioga County, as a soldier in the great army of Uncle Sam, and each week has seemed like a month, on account of the slow, dull way in which things are carried on. It seems to take them forever to find out what they want of a man after they get him, but the prospects of an evacuation of this must be begun, begins to look more favorable, and I expect orders to-night to be ready to leave to-morrow at half past eight, for the hostile land of Dixie. Captain Sofield & Mr. Bryden's companies, left here last night, enroute for Washington. They were organized and mustered into the 149th regiment, yesterday and received their bounty from the State. They were supplied with the Enfield rifles, a beautiful, and I should judge, a very formidable weapon. They left here in the best of spirits, and I almost envied them their privilege, for I had rather for my part, face the music in a hard contested battle, than to be cooped up in the dusty, unromantic impasse upon well regulated camps. I have seen a great many regiments march out of here since I came, but not until last night have I seen a regiment that suited my taste—the first in the Bucktail Brigade. A more manly, intelligent, and brave looking set of men, never marched to the inspiring strains of martial music. Their countenance seemed to indicate the purpose for which they left their homes, and loved ones, and every look and every motion seemed to say, "We know our purpose, not only to sustain the reputation of the brave Bucktails that have gone before us; but to help end this cruel and unhappy rebellion, and establish a government under which future as well as present generations can live in peace and happiness, and until that purpose is gained we hope never to turn our faces upward."

I have not learned the names of all the field officers of the regiment, except the Colonel and Lieutenant Col. Major Roy Stone, formerly of the Bucktail regiment, is their Colonel, and a splendid man he is too. It is a man of about medium height, black hair, and dark eye brows, and has a very commanding appearance. I think that his past history in connection with his former regiment in the great fight before Richmond, is enough to assure the friends and relatives of those under him, that they could not have made a better selection for a commanding officer. In a word, he has all the good qualities of a gentleman, officer, and of a devoted patriot combined.

Their Lieutenant Colonel Dwight, of Potter County, is probably better known to you than to myself; but from what little I have seen of him, I should judge him to be a man of superior judgment, and natural military abilities, and the fact that he is an inhabitant of the real home of the genuine Bucktails, and that he came here at the head of 130 men, naturally leads us to the conclusion that he is the right man in the right place, and parents, wives, and sisters, may rest assured that their dear ones could not have placed themselves in the care of more humane and skillful officers than they have done.

The news from the seat of war is interesting to-day, but I suppose you have heard it all before this time. There was another great battle fought on the old Bull Run battle ground last Friday, but the result was on the other side this time, and Stonewall Jackson, with his whole force was in full retreat toward the mountain, but was pursued closely by a division of our army. He had lost about 11,000 men, while our loss was about 8000. They fought from daylight until dark. Report came last night that Jackson with his whole force was taken prisoners, but that it is most to good to be true; if it is so, however, I shall look for speedy termination of this unnatural rebellion. I do as it is, but I should feel more safe in my anticipations, if I knew that this rebel Jackson was captured.

Time will not permit me to write any more at present, but when I reach my destination in the famous land of Dixie, I may expect to hear from me again. Hoping that the time is not far distant when you can hear from us all, verbally, instead of through the medium of the pen, when we can all return to our homes in old Tioga on an honorable discharge, I remain truly yours,

GARIBOLDI.

SENSIBILITY OR A CONSCIENCE.—The morning after the battle of Waterloo, Dr. Hume waited upon the Duke of Wellington to report the list of the killed and wounded, and to take his directions. He found him worn out with fatigue and buried in a deep slumber. When he awoke he was ready for the duty, and commanded the doctor to read the list which took him more than an hour. The doctor looked up at once, and saw the Iron Duke stringing his hands in sorrow, while the big tears rolled down his cheeks. Though knowing that his country would be intoxicated with joy at what he had achieved, and would be ready to load him with its highest honors, he displayed no thought of personal glory, and no unfeeling exultation over a fallen enemy, but felt a man who had discharged a solemn duty at a painful sacrifice of human life and happiness.

The hand of philosophy is held out to all, but there are few who pres. accordingly.

The time when the wind is most destructive to forests is when it is chopping round.

Fortune may favor fools; but that's a poor reason why you should make fool of yourself.



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ERATON & STRATTON,

Buffalo, N. Y.

MAP OF THE WORLD ON MERCATOR'S PROJECTION.

The undersigned has been appointed Agent of the New Illustrated and Historical Copper Plate Map of the World, on Mercator's Projection, compiled from the latest and most authentic sources, exhibiting the recent Arctic and Antarctic, African and Australasian Discoveries and Explorations.

1st. This Map shows the world as it is.

2d. Shows the rapidity of the ocean currents and streams per hour.

3d. Shows the Earth, showing the currents of the winds and streams of the Ocean. Also the lines of equal seasons, equal summer and equal winter, temperature attached to it.

4th. Time table of the world, elevations of the Earth, lengths of the principal rivers of the world.

5th. The world in four hemispheres. Also the world as apprehended by the Ancient Greeks, Caesar in Homer's time 900 years before Christ.

6th. Divided into principal countries, division of the principal creeds in the world, table showing the mean annual fall of rain in the U. S. of America, statistics of the whole world.

7th. Hyetographical Map of the World, exhibiting the mean proportion of rain distributed in different Zones. Table showing the relative proportion of land and water.

8th. The Phases of the Moon, and Chronological table showing the most important events of the brave Bucktails that have gone before us; but to help end this cruel and unhappy rebellion, and establish a government under which future as well as present generations can live in peace and happiness, and until that purpose is gained we hope never to turn our faces upward."

I have not learned the names of all the field officers of the regiment, except the Colonel and Lieutenant Col. Major Roy Stone, formerly of the Bucktail regiment, is their Colonel, and a splendid man he is too. It is a man of about medium height, black hair, and dark eye brows, and has a very commanding appearance. I think that his past history in connection with his former regiment in the great fight before Richmond, is enough to assure the friends and relatives of those under him, that they could not have made a better selection for a commanding officer. In a word, he has all the good qualities of a gentleman, officer, and of a devoted patriot combined.

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GARIBOLDI.

WELLSBORO ACADEMY.

Wellsboro, Tioga County, Penna.

MARINUS N. ALLEN, A. M.—Principal

assisted by a corps of competent teachers.

The Fall Term will commence on the 18th of August, 1862.

Fee for term of fourteen weeks, from \$2.50 to \$6.00.

R. D. A. TEACHERS' CLASS will also be formed.

By order of Trustees,

J. F. DONALDSON, Pres't.

Wellsboro, July 30, 1862.

WELLSBORO POST OFFICE.

Mails close as follows: The Northern (Tioga, Cleveland, New York, &c.), at 9:45 a. m.

The Southern (Troy, Philadelphia, Washington, &c.) at 12:30 p. m.

The Western (Albany, Boston, &c.) at 1:30 p. m.

and the Condors (Pine Creek, Gaines, West Pike, &c., &c.) at 2 p. m., every Tuesday and Friday.

California Mail leaves New York the 1st, 11th and 21st of each month.

An Overland Mail for California leaves St. Louis twice a week.

Letters for Schools and Academies will be marked "Overland."

All letters alleged to contain valuable enclosures will be registered.

Post Masters are instructed to retain all mail matter belonging to any individual until his arrearages are paid.

Post Office open from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M., every day, Sunday excepted.

HUGH YOUNG, P. M.

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Also a large assortment of fine BRANDIES, GINS,

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he also Manufactures a superior article of CORN WHISKEY, which he will sell to Lumbermen, Hotel Keppers and others, at marked prices.

W H O L E S A L E ,

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J. J. EATON, Wellsboro, Jan. 15, 1862.

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