

FROM A TIoga BOY.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 5, 1862.

Friend Agitator—Again I take my pen and presume to write, not sitting upon Bolivar Heights, but upon my blanket by the side of the road, after five days march from camp. Before I gave you a hasty sketch of our earlier life, up to our arrival at Harper's Ferry. Our present article, then, would naturally turn there for a commencement. Harper's Ferry is a place worthy of observation, from the fact of its association with important incidents in our Nation's History. 'Tis the place where John Brown struck a blow at the curse of our country, though it had no immediate effect, except to rebound upon himself, but there, are heroes to-day, as anxious for their country, as John Brown was, and as ready to suffer in its defence.

Harper's Ferry is an important place. Its defaced walls, its ruined armories and arsenals, bespeak strife. They bespeak that it is the subject of strife, that it has been made the target of contending parties; and from this we conclude that it is a place worthy of note, for things of little moment, are generally not subject to dispute. But beside this, it derives a kind of romantic beauty from its situation amid the mountains. Almost perpendicular heights arise on either side; Bolivar overlooking it from the west, Maryland and London gazing upon it with their grim faces from the north and south, with huge jagged rocks arising wall-like in the foreground; and I have wondered that these walls should not blush at the traitor that allowed the rebel Semmes to escape through such a mountain stronghold as this, when other passes less strongly fortified by nature, were held against all the assaults of the enemy. The exit of the enemy through Harper's Ferry, alone, casts a blur upon the otherwise high prize in the history of the battle of Antietam. Upon Bolivar Heights we lay encamped six weeks, going through with the regular routine of soldiers' duties, doing guard duty, of course, more than the soldier thinks necessary, but just as much as the officer requires; but officers are spirit—al beings, and soldiers commonly are not. The soldier classifies the different animals (if I may so call them) composing the army, in this style: 1st, the officer's horse; 2d, the officer; 3d, the mule; 4th and last, the soldier! This is rather a novel classification, but nevertheless, represents somewhat truly the privations of the soldier; but he will endure them willingly if he can be confident that he is benefiting his country, and sustaining its national glory.

Upon Thursday last, we received marching orders early in the morning. We struck our tents, and just before nightfall were started eastward. We marched four or five miles, and bivouacked for the night. Next morning, proceeded on our way again, passing Loudon Heights, then changing our course and marching south to Snicker's Gap, where we remained over night again; thence on in a southerly direction, to this place, where we have lain for two days awaiting further orders. I know not exactly where this place is, but it is east of a range of mountains, and probably about twenty miles from Winchester. The rebels are said to be in force on the opposite side of the mountain, and our army is making a grand move to come upon them from all sides at once, leaving them no chance for a skedaddle. I hope it will be successful. Frequent cannonading may be heard in different directions, probably occasioned by our artillery shelling the woods wherever they suspect that the enemy may be. A constant train of infantry, baggage, and ammunition wagons, are passing as I write, and we may soon be ordered forward. Times will tell whether or not this movement shall be more successful than previous ones.

For fear of wearying the patience of your readers, I will make my letter short, assuring them that it does a soldier good to know that he is remembered by friends at home; and that they put up a prayer for the salvation of their country through his instrumentality.

The Failure in Martyr Making.

The press that heretofore persisted in sustaining Gen. McClellan in his many moribund mistakes—mistakes which cost the nation so dearly in men and money—have been endeavoring to make a martyr of him by furling the people to believe that hundreds and thousands are daily rushing to Trenton to assure Gen. McClellan that he is great, that he has friends, and that he will be somebody some of these days. The New York Herald, that daily regurgitates of libels and lies, went so far as to print a speech which McClellan never delivered. All this is done on the same principle which has so often heretofore failed in the attempt of making a whistle of a pig's tail, and to show your readers that this attempt at creating a martyr in favor of a soldier who was relieved because he failed to do his duty, we quote from the Trenton Gazette. That journal, tired of hearing of crowds which never existed—except in the foolish imagination of our journalistic exaggerations, came out with a flat denial of the reports:

"A number of gentlemen," it says, "from different parts of the State, as well as from other States, have called upon Gen. McClellan, but the absurd reports of crowds rushing here from all directions are entirely unfounded. An inspection of the hotel registers will show that there has been no unusual number of strangers in Trenton during the week. In fact, the curiosity to see the General seems to be very limited, and a stranger visiting Trenton would not, from anything visible, imagine that there was any unusual interest manifested, or that any distinguished stranger was in our midst."

So much for those who seek to make martyrs of those who simply failed in the discharge of a delegated duty.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

We have yet to see the statement in a single Democratic journal that Gen. Cass has written a letter to the President, conveying his fullest approval of the removal of Gen. McClellan. Yet such is the fact. The veteran western statesman expresses himself as cordially satisfied with that removal, because the interests of the Union, the government and freedom demanded the change.

It is suggested by an officer of the army that if the money which is appropriated for the purchase of fancy swords, sashes and belts for favorite officers in the army and navy, was used to procure cork legs and arms for disabled soldiers and seamen, greater good and more glory would be done, by and gained for the donors. We think so, too.

The new Turkish Ambassador at Paris brings seven wives with him. The French have christened them Madames Monday, Tuesday, &c.—a wife for each day.

THE AGITATOR.

HUGH YOUNG, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 26 1862.

OUR PLATFORM.

"THE UNION IN ITS INTEGRITY, ABOVE ALL THINGS ELSE, FIRST, LAST, AND FOREVER."

Present Democratic Platform.

"THE UNION AS IT WAS when slavery ruled it, and the CONSTITUTION AS IT IS, as slavery interprets it."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Through the operations of the National Tax Law, the materials upon which we rely for the publication of a newspaper have advanced in price from twenty to fifty per centum. The paper maker receives for each blank sheet nearly as much as we receive for it after it is printed. The price of living, and of course the price of labor have greatly increased.—Many county newspapers will be stopped entirely under the pressure of these hard times, many have already increased their subscription rates, and even the daily papers are about to advance in price. After much consultation with, and advice from friends, we have concluded to raise the subscription of the AGITATOR from ONE DOLLAR—its present price—to ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF a year. We are compelled reluctantly to do this in order to counteract the sudden addition to our expenses. This change will not take effect until the first of January next, and all new subscriptions, or renewals of subscription, made before that time will be at the old rates. We ask our friends, therefore, to come forward and aid us by prompt renewals before the close of the year.

The past year has been a hard one for all newspapers—city as well as country. The depression in business of all kinds has made a consequent scarcity of advertising, and advertising, in its point of fact, the life-blood of the newspaper. The AGITATOR has suffered somewhat from this cause, but we believe—and we say it with gratitude to our friends—that the increased circulation of the paper during the past two years has made more than good this loss. Our circulation is now nearly double that of any other paper ever published in the county, and our list is steadily increasing. Of course we expect to lose many subscribers by the proposed change in price, but no one can blame us for making this change. Should the coming year bring easier times, we shall either resume our old rates, or enlarge the paper so as to make it a fair equivalent for the price.

THE DEMOCRATIC JOLLIFICATION.

There have been—will always be—occasions of great public rejoicing. A victory of arms over the enemies of our country whether foreign or domestic—a great discovery in physical science—the anniversary of some great event, such as the founding of a nation—these and whatever else marks an epoch in the development of the human mind in making the history of its achievements, are, without question, proper occasions for rejoicing. So too, it may be proper for a race to display its joy upon the anniversary of its disenfranchisement from slavery; or for a great political party in times of peace to become hilarious over the success of its principles. But looking from our stand point we can not see either appropriateness or taste in the time, manner, or spirit of the Democratic jollification held in this borough last Friday night.

Just look at it: It is more than a month since the election was held in this State. Notwithstanding the absence of over fifteen hundred Republican voters in the army from this county, the majority for freedom everywhere was undiminished in proportion to the whole number of votes cast. There was no democratic victory in this county, none in either the Representative, Senatorial or Congressional districts of which Tioga forms a part, and barely a majority in the State. Small reason for rejoicing here. It cannot certainly be claimed that the jollification was over the late Democratic victory in New York, for the Dickinson-Trautman Democracy in that State united with Republicans, and the chief argument of the "Union-No-Party" leaders in this county before the election, was, that their friends were now fighting the Seymour Democracy of New York! To those who have watched the dying struggles of the sham-democracy in this county for the last six years this demonstration will appear the most ludicrous of all. Every effort which has been made to galvanize democracy into life by making faint hearted and shallow minded Republicans believe in its sincerity, has been followed by some indiscretion on the part of the leaders, which alarms and drives off these victims of misplaced confidence. This late demonstration following on the heels of profuse professions of patriotism, indifference to party, and denunciation of those who believe in preserving the only unconditional Union party in its integrity, will be likely to dampen the ardor of those who were so anxious for the abolition of all party organizations.

The distant reader may ask what this jollification was, and we shall try to tell them. We consider it a good local item although our reporter's notes are not full. At about 7 o'clock on Friday evening the pyrotechnics commenced, consisting mainly of the firing of anvils, which amusement was kept up at intervals for about twelve hours. About ten o'clock Mr. Bigoney, the popular landlord of the Pennsylvania House, provided the guests with a splendid supper, after which music and speeches followed each other through the midnight hours. The most noticeable among the speeches was that of a Mr. Reiss who came here from Lock Haven to teach the jubilant democrats what he thought of Democracy. If he is correctly reported, he said that "he had a son of whom he was going to make a good Democrat when

he got old enough; he would make him read the Constitution, the Democratic Platform of 1860, and Jefferson Davis' speeches." No doubt can be entertained of that youth being orthodox in the "sham democratic faith." Another speaker from Lock Haven said he always loved the South and painted in blank verse or something approaching Homeric hexameters, the overwhelming, abominable, and execrable tyranny of our "imbecile administration." Another speaker who voted for O. F. Taylor and James T. Hale and went the "No-Party" dodge in full, thanked God that he could now express his sentiments without restraint since election. Need we say that in all the speeches of the night the administration and the abolitionists (and all men are abolitionists in their view who do not believe that slavery has the right to drink out the nation's life blood) received ten words of denunciation for every word said against the infamous traitors of the South?

The truth is that this meeting illustrates the unequal lenity of the administration which these men met to execrate. The right of free speech remains unbridged, and none but the man who has treason in his heart and on his tongue is afraid to speak his sentiments fully. Never was a people or government so gentle with traitors as ours. In the old world treason is a crime than which none is punished more severely. Its commission taints the blood for generations, but here treason is not considered half so disgraceful as petty larceny. The suspension of the writ of habeas corpus about which one of the speakers became so eloquent, has never been done in this country, except in the case of traitors whose arms had been raised either openly or in the dark to strike at the nation's life. Under all the circumstances of the case, we are at a loss to see what the jollification was for, or what good to the jubilants themselves, to the party they represent, or to the country they profess to love, could come of it. No one denies them the right to meet together for any purpose whatever, but the good taste of the thing is not apparent.

The time will come before long for a Grand Jubilee when all who love their country can unite in it without distinction of party.—It is the time when treason shall have received its death blow and peace shall dawn upon our once glorious and happy country; not peace gained by dishonorable concessions to slavery and those who would make this crime the cornerstone of a new nation, but a peace based upon equality of rights to all men, obedience to the Constitution, and to the enlightened laws made under it. When this time comes let us all unite in rejoicings—and though many mothers, fathers, wives, brothers and sisters will feel sad over the sacrifices made to attain this wished for peace—we shall forget for a time that these sacrifices were necessary, and look forward to the blessings which liberty and a united country must secure to the generations which will follow after us.

The war news. The news from Europe, brought by the Arabia, settles the question of mediation and of intervention by the European Powers in our affairs for the present, at least, if not altogether. Russia holds back, England refuses, and France alone is willing to interfere in what is none of her business. That both Russia and England are wise they, happily, are persuaded, and we are confident that France will be led into the path of wisdom, though it may be against her will.

The apprehension of any interference on the part of European Powers in the war in this country has not of late been much felt, but so long as it remained a doubt it was a painful one. There will be a sense of relief, now, at its positive removal, and the Nation will feel all the stronger in the sense that it confronts all the possible difficulties of the case in the suppression, pure and simple, of the Southern Rebellion.

Dispatches from Falmouth to Sunday evening state that the Sabbath passed quietly in our army and in Fredericksburg. During Saturday night the Rebels extended their works, but, as far as could be seen no more guns were mounted.

Ten Cents were at one time attempted to be made the standard of pay for a day's labor, by the man who is now also attempting to escape the bloodshed, orphanage, waste, desolation, and sufferings of this war, Buchanan. He failed—and what a blessing it would have been if all his efforts for evil had been attended by a like failure. From failing to have become the price of a day's labor, ten cents have assumed even more importance. It now requires ten cents to legalize the most important contract of a man's life. Without a ten cent stamp affixed, a marriage certificate would be null and void—its recorded vows like ropes of sand, its responsibilities like Democratic principles, and its whole purpose like the Democratic party, a fraud. Love hereafter cannot live on the light of Luna. The nectar from roses will not be sufficient for its nourishment. A marriage certificate is no longer a thing divested of the sordid bairnings of the merchant. It must have a ten cent stamp pasted in one of its corners, the ten above and the cents below the Hyemal Altar, where Cupid can make faces as he attempts to decipher and define what to him will be so strange an inscription. The marriage certificate and the ten-cent stamp are henceforth one and inseparable. To the certificate the stamp must be affixed, when let it become as binding as adamant, and of a strength which allows no man to put those asunder whom it has bound together. Honor to the ten cent stamp!

A PROFITABLE SPECULATION.—A man named Raph, who resides in Bushkill township, Northampton county, Pa., and was drafted, became somewhat frightened, and hired a substitute to take his place, agreeing to pay him the sum of \$700. The substitute went to Philadelphia and bought a second substitute to take his place at \$350. He then returned home, having made \$350 by the operation.

From Hammond's Company.

CAMP NEAR WARRENTONS, VA.,

November 9, 1862.

Friend Agitator—Again it is the holy Sabbath, so quiet and still away in our northern homes, but so full of activity, and so little respected in the army.—This terrible war, and all wars, how they demoralize a country, and lay waste the hearts and souls of men!—Indeed, many a sorrowful mother will never see again the face of her soldier son; but how many another will fail to meet the same warm, honest, manly heart, glowing in the eye, and radiant in the features of him who may by fortune once again return to her, if not a victim of the merciless engines of war, at least a prey to the ravages of its demoralizing powers, and a wreck of the nobility which he may once have represented. This is too sadly true, however much it may be denied. Indeed, there are some noble exceptions, who never yield to any powers—never turn from the path of true manliness; but, like gems of rarest worth, ever beam with the same lustre of soul, and like the immovable, unvarying star, ever follow in the same fixed, beaten path of rectitude and nobility, which so may lose, and so few keep.—The soldier's Sabbath varies little from other days, and he is thus led to forget the teachings of his parents, and the first lessons of his early life. The echoes of the "Sabbath Bell," long since have died away, amidst the ruins of the past, and the clamor and bustle of war have buried even the memory of the emotions which moved the sublimer springs of our moral nature, on those distant mornings; so that now it requires an effort to recall them from the misty pages of distant, and almost forgotten recollections.

Yes, it is Sunday, and I sit shivering under a little cloth shelter-ten, which flutters in the wind, as if anxious to fly away and leave our household goods and your humble servant, without a covering. The dry leaves rustle, and the bare branches sing the requiem of the autumn's last days, reminding one of the cheerful friends at home, and of the many times he has sought shelter there, long ago, when he knew little of life, and scarce dreamed of the changes with which it teems. A few oakwood fires are scattered about under the trees, around which the different groups of our company have built their transient homes, and whose genial warmth outweighs in point of comfort the unfriendly smoke which seems to take its way without regard to looks. We lie beside the road, and the constant rumbling of heavy wagons, which we see and hear at all times and in all places, leaves me not forgetful of what surrounds us and the mission which brought us hither. A thousand things are here which no historian can ever portray, and none but a soldier can imagine with anything like precision.

A week to-day, I wrote you while we were resting this side of Leesburg. We had heard cannonading all day, which I think was Pleasanton entering Union. That night there was little sleep in our camp. The Brigade was ordered to be ready to move at any moment.—Besides, the wind swept over the open field where we lay with such force, that it carried our canvas over, and it was feared that we should all be blown over the ridge into the rebel camp. We did not start, however, till about noon. Our march has been full of incidents which were new and interesting to me; and this vast movement of so many troops through a march of two weeks from Strasburg to this place, will undoubtedly find a place in the history of this campaign, and if portrayed as it is, must become an interesting page to read. Not that it has been so rapid, or perhaps, unusual; but rather, of great magnitude. We have made an average of about 12 miles a day, though we have not been constantly on the move. Of course we have traveled a much greater than the direct distance, owing to the fact that the whole country through which we have passed, has been filled with troops, so that we were obliged to find our way the best we could. One who has never seen an army on the march, would have little idea of the magnitude of such a move. The baggage trains have been reduced as much as possible, and yet the train to Rocket's division is a mile long, saying nothing of the ammunition. One day our regiment was rear guard for the division, and we met another similar one, which caused a delay of over one hour in passing, though the weather was such that we could move through the fields about as well as in the road. That was a tedious day's march, though we made but several miles. It was 11 o'clock when we lay down that night, after cooking our coffee, and pitching our tents. Among so many wagons, something was continually happening to some one; so that we frequently could not advance more than a dozen paces without stopping.

Thursday, we marched twenty miles, most of the way through the fields, leaving the road to the baggage and artillery. We marched a column on each side of the road. Most of the way, the walking was pretty good, and yet of course, it was more difficult than marching in the road; yet at night, every man answered to his name, which certainly speaks well for the company, and they deserve praise for it. The men were supplied with coffee and crackers, and meat, a part of them.

The weather, until Friday, was the most favorable, and the roads in splendid condition. Friday morning we set out at 7 o'clock, having crossed the Manassas Gap R. R., the day before, and marched to this place in a snow and sleet storm, which was not very agreeable, making the distance of ten miles in five hours. This brought us to this place, where we remained over yesterday, and may remain, I know not how long. I see no reason for stopping here. Yesterday Pleasanton drove their cavalry across the Rappahannock, and succeeded in preserving the Rail Road bridge at the station by that name.

There is one thing which will forever remain a stigma against this army, and that is the eternal amount of stealing which is going through the march. There is scarcely a hog, sheep, or live of bees left on the whole route. Probably in most cases the property mostly belonged rightfully to the United States; and yet this makes little difference. Many a cellar will be empty the coming winter, and much suffering must follow. It is not every soldier who commits such offences; but I suppose the truth is that there has been more of it in this march than on any heretofore. Strong orders have been published against it, and yet the whole army is so enraged against the neutral power of secession which neither claims to be for or against, that few heed either conscience or law. I dislike to see a home even of a rebel desolated; not on his own, but on account of his children and wife. I do not oppose the taking of such property, so much as the manner of taking it, and we know that all evils, where at all indulged, will be abused.

I supposed, when I last wrote you, that we should meet the rebels before this, but they are too fleet of foot for us. As usual, they probably started just in time to slip through our fingers. Yet, they must evacuate a great portion of the State, which may have a favorable effect abroad, and leave us in a better offensive position for the spring campaign.—Still, I hope a decisive battle may yet be gained this season, ere the weather renders it impossible for us to move. My impression is that they will mass at Gordonsville, and they may do it this side of there, in Culpepper. I have great confidence in the more on foot, and shall not be surprised with the most favorable results. Still, great armies must move slowly, and our leader is cautious. Besides, we are in good shape to run supplies down by two Rail Roads, should we succeed in driving them to either Gordonsville or Richmond. I know but little about the position of other corps, nor what is doing; but I presume the movement is general and uniform. One thing is certain: We shall soon bring an immense army against them, and they must either fight or retreat, if we are favored at all by the weather. I shall not be surprised to see our army strongly reinforced by drafted men before any great battle is fought. I understand that delegations have been sent from different regiments, to Harrisburg to get men to fill up regiments in the field. Orderly Pruteman of our company, was detailed for this purpose.—The Bucktails have sent for five hundred men. Now, this would not harmonize very well with the fancy soldiering which so much prevailed in the early stages of this war, when it was held that a man must drill from month to month, before he would be at all fit to go into battle. No doubt, drilling and discipline are necessary, but there is some limit; and besides nothing (it seems to me from what I have seen and learned from veteran soldiers) does so much to make a man a real soldier, as to give him experience on the battle field. There is certainly more danger in trusting raw men, but that danger may be successfully passed, as was shown in the recent great battles in Maryland. May we not hope as much in the future?

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JOHN I. MITCHELL.

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Wellsboro, Nov. 26, 1862. J. F. ROBINSON.

DR. JACKSON,

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Indian Physician,

OF ERIE CITY, PENN'A.

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Almond, N. Y., Howell's Hotel, Tuesday, Nov. 11

Horseshoeville, N. Y., Chadwick House, Wednesday, Nov. 12

Cameron, N. Y., Briggs House, Thursday, Nov. 13

Rathbunville, N. Y., Rathbun House, Friday, Nov. 14

Addison, N. Y., Doolittle's Hotel, Saturday, Nov. 15

Courting, N. Y., Dickinson's House, Tuesday, Nov. 25

TIOGA, Pa., Johnston House, Wednesday, Nov. 26

WELLSBORO, Pa., United States Hotel, Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27 and 28

Bath, N. Y., Union Hotel, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 9 and 10

Elmira, N. Y., Bradford House, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11 and 12

TROY, Pa., Troy House, Saturday, Dec. 13

Havanna, N. Y., Montoir House, Monday, Dec. 15

Watkins, N. Y., Jefferson House, Tuesday, Dec. 16

Punda, N. Y., Ellis House, Wednesday, Dec. 17

Pen Yan, N. Y., at Hotel, Thursday, Dec. 18

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