

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
attend the Courts of Bucks, Chester and Merion
counties. [Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1863.]

DICKINSON HOUSE
CORNERS, N. Y.
MAY A. FIELD, Proprietor.
Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. HEMERY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Wellsboro, Pa. Will devote his
time exclusively to the practice of law. Collections
made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylv-
vania. nov21,60

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,
Corner of Main Street and 1st Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa.
J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.
This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-
furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a
first-class house.

ISAAC WALTON HOUSE,
H. C. VERMILYAN, PROPRIETOR.
Gaities, Tioga County, Pa.
This is a new hotel, located within easy access of
the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern
Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation
of pleasure seekers and the travelling public.
April 12, 1860.

G. C. CAMPBELL,
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER,
SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in
his line will be done promptly and as it
can be done in the city. Preparations for re-
moving, dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale
cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and
see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

HART'S HOTEL,
THOMAS GRANT, Proprietor.
(Formerly of the Conington Hotel.)
This Hotel, kept for a long time by David Hart,
is being repaired and furnished anew. The
subscriber has leased it for a term of years, where his
customers may be found ready to accommodate them
in the travelling public generally. His table will
be provided with the best market affords. At his
bar may be found the choicest brands of liquors and
cigars.
Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
B. B. HOLLIDAY, Proprietor.
The Proprietor having taken possession of
the above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure
the comfort of guests and the travelling public. At-
tentive waiters always ready. Terms reasonable.
Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.

J. CAMPBELL, JR.,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
KNOXVILLE, TENN. COUNTY, PA.
Prompt attention given to the procuring of Pen-
sions, Back Pay, &c. &c.
Jan. 7, 1863.

Q. W. WELLINGTON & CO'S. BANK,
CORNING, N. Y.
(LOCATED IN THE DICKINSON HOUSE.)
American Gold and Silver Coin bought and sold,
New York Exchange, do.
United States Money, do.
Uncurrent Money, do.
Interest on Deposits, do.
Particular care will be taken to accommodate our
patrons from the Tioga Valley. Our Office will be
open at 7 A. M., and close at 7 P. M., giving parties
passing over the Tioga Road ample time to
transact their business before the departure of the
train in the morning and the arrival in the evening.
Q. W. WELLINGTON, President.
Corning, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1862.

JEROME E. NILES,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
NILES VALLEY, Tioga County, Pa.
Having associated himself with a legal firm in
Washington, he possesses first rate facilities for
the prosecution of Claims for Pensions, Back Pay,
Bounties, and all claims against the Govern-
ment. All such claims will be attended to with
promptness and fidelity, and "no charges" will be
made unless the application is successful.
Middlebury Centre, Nov. 12, 1862-3.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa. Will attend the several Courts
in Potter and McKean Counties. All business con-
fided to his care will receive prompt attention.
He has the agency of large trunks of good settling, and
will attend to the payment of taxes on any lands in
said counties.
Coudersport, Jan. 21, 1863.

**WOOL DRESSING AND
CLOTH DRESSING,**
IN THE OLD FLOURRY AT
Wellsborough, Tioga County, Pa.
The subscriber has fitted up the place for the
purpose of Wool Dressing and Cloth Dressing, and
also would invite the people that he will take
wool to manufacture in shirtings or by the yard, to suit
customers, and would inform the people that he can
card wool at any time, or work run by steam
power, and also that he will be credited for four
cents per pound. We shall produce will be taken for
pay for the same.
N. B. Prompt attention will be paid to all favoring us.
We will give good satisfaction.
CHARLES LEE,
JOHN LEE.
Wellsboro, June 11, 1862.

150 BEST PIANOS,
JOS. P. HALE & CO., having removed to their
new warehouses,
No. 47 BROADWAY,
are now prepared to offer the public a magnificent
new article.
7 OCTAVE JOSEPH PIANO,
containing all improvements known in this country
or Europe, over-strung bass; French grand action;
heavy pedal, full iron frame.
\$150 & 175 CASH,
Warranted for 5 Years.
Rich moulding cases,
\$200, \$250, & \$300,
all warranted made of the best seasoned material, and
to stand better than any other piano now made by
the old methods of manufacture. We invite
DEALERS AND TEACHERS
in all parts of the country to act as agents, and to
test these unrivalled Pianos with Steady & Sons,
Chickering & Sons, or any of the best manufacturers.
JOS. P. HALE & CO.,
478 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Oct. 22, 1862.

HOMESTEAD.
A NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP HAS
Just been opened in Tioga, Penna., where may
be found a good article of Cooking, Parlor and
Box Stoves of the most improved patterns, and from
the best manufacturers. The HOMESTEAD is ad-
mitted to be the best provided Oven Stove in the
market.
"GOLDEN AGE" & "GOOD HOPE,"
are square, flat top stoves, with large ovens,
with many advantages over any other stove before
made. Parlor Stoves, with elegant and Capstan zinc
both very neat and durable.
Also Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron work, kept
constantly on hand and made to order of the best ma-
terial and workmanship, and of which will be sold at
the lowest figure for prompt ready pay.
Job work of all kinds attended to on call.
Jan. 11, 1863. GIBBNEY & MEAD.

PENSION AGENCY.
TO SOLDIERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.
The undersigned having had considerable expe-
rience in procuring Pensions, Bounties and Back
Pay of Soldiers, will attend to all business in that
line entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.
Persons wishing to confer with me will please call
or address me by letter at Sylvania, Bradford County,
Pa. Charges reasonable. GEO. P. MONROE.
Refers by permit to:
H. B. Card, Comd'g, Wellsboro, Pa.
D. F. Pomeroy, T. J. B.
A. H. Spalding, S. H. Tawanda, Pa.
Oct. 15, 1862.

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. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1863. NO. 30.

Select Poetry.

BEFORE THE RAIN.

BY T. H. ALDRICH.
We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst.
Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—
Dipping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.
We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

AFTER THE RAIN.

The rain had ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood,
And on the church's dizzy spire
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.
From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely-carved, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye.
And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disc, a speck,
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

Select Story.

JOHN MORGAN'S SUBSTITUTE.

It had been the day for drafting in a little town in the hill-country of Connecticut. It was night-fall now, and a man walked slowly home to the wife who watched and waited for him. He was a tall, handsome fellow—thirty-five, perhaps; vigorous of limb, strong of muscle, and kindly yet earnest eyes, well cut features, and an expression of fearless integrity. You would have known him at once for what he was—a good, unselfish, courageous, honest man, worthy of winning, capable of holding a woman's love.

She who listened for his coming heard the slow step upon the gravel, and sprang from the door to meet him. You could see, even in that dim light, what a bright, cheery, pretty woman she was; with her loving eyes; her dark, soft-smooth hair; her red, tender lips; and the fresh roses on her cheeks. She went up to her husband and put her hands on his arm lovingly.

"I know you have had news for me, John!" "Yes, Mary; I must go. I was the third one drafted."

The wife felt her limbs shake, and she thought at first that she could not stand. All the forces of her nature seemed giving away, but she rallied bravely. For his sake she would be calm and strong; but she could not speak just then. She led him into the house, where their children were—five of them; the eldest only ten in the July just gone. There was something in their father's manner which checked the noisy demonstrations with which they were wont to greet him, and they only gave him a few silent kisses as he sat down in the great chair by the west window. He buried his face in his hands for a while, and then he lifted it and looked round on the little group of his loved ones.—"Three girls and two boys, and his wife, their mother, looking, in spite of years of care, as fair, almost as young, as the day he brought her home his new-made bride. His chest heaved with a long and bitter sigh—a sort of sob of despair, rather—and then he said, as if he feared even she, his other self, might misunderstand him:

"God knows, it is not for my own sake, Mary! I do not think I am afraid to die. I would go with more than willingness, with joy, if I had not so much to leave. If I fall, what will become of you and the children? I can not bear to think of what you might suffer, with no one to stand between you and the cares and sorrows of the world. Mary, this drafting indiscriminately does not seem just. Surely the single men ought to go first."

His wife stole her hand into his very gently. "Do not think of us," she said, with a true woman's self-forgetfulness. "It is not that. We should do well enough. You need not fear that we should come to want. But oh John!" And just there she broke down utterly, and cried out, with a burst of passionate tears, "No, I can not bear it! You will die! I shall never see your face again! If I could know that you would come back, even were it maimed and helpless, I would not murmur, but to think that you might die there, and I could not help you—that your eyes would seek mine, your hands grope for mine, and I not be there—oh! John, I shall go mad with hopeless horror!"

It was his turn to be the comforter now. He drew her into the shelter of his arms; he rested her poor head on his breast; he whispered tenderly:

"All who fight do not die, Mary. God watches over us there as well here. Some women's husbands must go, poor child!—Something may happen yet that I shall not have to go."

He knew, however, no solitary chance under the wide heavens by which he could escape. The words with him were but the vaguest utterance of soothing; but she caught at them eagerly.

"You could procure a substitute, perhaps—is that what you mean?" "I would if I could," he answered, earnestly remembering in his own mind the difficulty far richer man than he had experienced in procuring them in those quiet, thinly-peopled, agricultural towns. "I am very tired, Mary; can you give me some tea?"

Checked a little by her new hope, and anxious, above all, to cheer him and make him comfortable, the wife got up and went into the kitchen. The biscuit for supper were already made, and in a few minutes tea was upon the table. John Morgan drank up after cup of it, with an eager, feverish thirst, but eating with him was a mere feat. When the meal was over the children were put to bed, all but the two oldest girls. They stole out to the open door, and sat down in the September moonlight, their arms round each other—feeling, with a sort of dumb pain, that a shadow which they could not resist had fallen upon the household. Their mother, meantime, had lighted her lamp and taken her work—a child's

frock which she was finishing—to the little round stand. She would not let this evening seem more unlike other evenings than she could help.

Soon there came a footstep up the gravel-walk; this time a quick, firm tread. The girls in the door made way for the new-comer to enter, and he came in and stood silently for a moment in the centre of the little sitting-room. He was a slender, elegantly-moulded man.—You could see at a glance that the fire of his manhood had never yet been tested by any tough struggle with fate. Yet one would not have doubted his untried courage. It shone in his steady blue eyes, sad with an unspoken pain; it betrayed itself in the curl of his lip, the curve of his nostril. They say no soldiers ever fought more bravely than the gentry of England—white of hand, haughty of look, delicate of feature. Some such blood flowed in the veins of Ash Thornycroft. He was the only son of the rich mill-owner whose foreman John Morgan was. He was no stranger at the little cottage; and even in this sorrowful hour there was no danger of his being unwelcome. He was the first to speak.

"It is hard on you, Morgan, this draft. My father was saying to-night that he did not know how he should contrive to spare you. So well as you're doing now, too—already comfort and competence for you and yours, and better things in prospect."

"It's useless talking. I think I was not born under a lucky star. You were, Mr. Thornycroft's son, to begin with; young rich, with-out a tie to fetter you; and of course the draft spares you."

"Without a tie! Do you call that happiness?" John Morgan's eyes fell beneath that sad, steady gaze of reproach. He remembered then one who had died in March, on whose grave the lonesome spring rains had wet tears which sprang up again in roses and violets—the gentle girl whom Ash Thornycroft had loved so long and well.

"Forgive me," he said, in a low, penitient tone. The other went on: "I think you forget yourself a little when you repute that as stroke as if it were the worst thing which could have happened. Would you give up your wife, or one of your children, even to escape from the perils of this war?"

"Did you think I was a coward?" and the honest soul looked indignantly out of John Morgan's eyes. "It was not for myself I feared, but for them. If I were to fall what would they do? I have struggled to shield them so far as I could from toil, or care, or privation. How are they fitted to tread the world's rough paths alone?"

"No, I did not take you for a coward. If I had I should not have thought your life worth saving. I think I know how I should feel in your place. It is a place in which I shall never stand. I am going to enlist, John! It is my duty, for I have nothing to keep me at home. I am ready to give all that I have to my country. If I fall I shall only go the sooner where all my longings tend. What is to hinder my sparing you to your happy fire-side? I came to propose myself as your substitute."

"It is not, are you sure it is not, to spare me, would you do in any case?" John Morgan asked with a little doubt in his voice. "Do not fear that I am going for your sake. I made up my mind as soon as the call came for the volunteers. I only waited for this very thing—the chance, if I should not be drafted myself, of saving some man who was, to the woman who loved him. I am glad it is you, John, my good old friend, to whom I can render this service."

John Morgan was a man of few words, of feelings which lay so deep that they seldom rose to the surface; but there was something which Ash Thornycroft needed no language to interpret in the look of his eyes, and the grasp of his hand, as he hurried out of the room.

Thornycroft was one of those men with a vein of tenderness in the midst of their strength which always allies them more nearly to women than to men. Left alone with Mrs. Morgan, he said what he never would have said to her husband. It was when she thanked him, with earnest words, and sobs and tears of joy yet more eloquent.

"There was one, Mrs. Morgan, who loved me as well as you love John. You do not need to thank me. All that I ever could do for any other woman I would do for her sake. You have seen her: you know how fair and sweet she was; but I think no one save me knows all her purity, her saint-like goodness. I have had only one hope since she died, that I might be fit to go home. If I die in this good cause, think of me as happy with an unspeaking happiness. It will be opening the golden gates the sooner. I shall not see you again, so I will bid you good-bye now."

Her tears fell upon his hand, her lips touched it. She whispered brokenly her blessing, the blessing of one who owed to him more than her own life; and so, appointed for his work, as it were, by those holy tears and prayers, he went away.

The girls at the door saw his face in the moonlight, while yet radiant and tender. They ran in to their mother asking their childish questions—

"What made Mr. Thornycroft look so?—What was he here for?" "Father is not going away; Mr. Thornycroft is going in his stead. We shall keep father at home."

And then woman-like, she fell to hugging them and crying over them; and just then John came back, and took the three all together in his strong arms.

It was one of the supreme moments of life which, whether of joy or grief, picture themselves to our minds and need no description.

throbbed again to the accents of such love.—Many a night had he talked to her there, as now, with a strange sense of nearness—a full belief in the communion of their souls.

"You are not here, I know, and yet I know you hear me. I am going away to-morrow, you soldier and yours. Give me your blessing, Constance, and pray for me, you who have already seen the Father's face, that I may do my work without faltering, and the end may come soon."

It was but a dream of his own overwrought fancy; but he seemed to see a cloud draw near, from which a face looked—a white sweet face, sad with waiting, yet glorified with immortal hope. He seemed to hear a voice, which said:

"Go forth; my beloved, and do your work. Soon will the struggle be over, and the reward is long and sure."

For an instant he seemed to see the smile upon her face, the look of faithful love in the immortal eyes. Then when he stretched out his arms toward it, the cloud seemed to melt into the white moonlight; not even an echo of the voice thrilled the September air—he was alone with the night.

He went away next day to join his regiment, one of which had already seen hard service. There was in him the metal of a true soldier. His day might be short—he would be busy while it lasted. Besides, I think he liked his grim work. He was always to be found among the volunteers for any desperate service. In many a fierce charge he led the van, with his bright fair hair glittering goldenly in the sunlight, and a blue glist in his eyes. He was never wounded. Nothing happened to disable him from his duty. He had refused well-earned promotion, and once, when a true comrade who marched always at his side, had asked him the reason why, he answered,

"Because I shall be here so little while." "I thought you volunteered for three years. I had heard that you came in place of a nine-months man, but that you chose to enlist for the longer time and join an old regiment."

There was no answer to the inquiring tone which made a question of this remark, and Steven Chase, who understood his comrade too well to press the point, was as much puzzled as ever.

He comprehended it all better the night before Fredericksburg. They sat together on a stone a little way from their tent. For a while both had been thinking silently of what the dawning was to bring.

"It will be a tough fight," Chase said, at length. "You may well say so," Ash Thornycroft answered. "It is a terrible responsibility to assume, that of leading men to such certain destruction; and yet, if we can but win the victory! There is hardly a man but would be willing to sell his life for that. It is the only regret I have in going in, that I shall never know which side conquers."

"Nonsense, man, don't get blue after seeing as much blood spilt as you have, and coming out of so many hard bouts scathless!" "It was not my time hitherto. It is now. I have had my call. But I'm not blue, never fear. I shall go into that fight more joyfully than ever tired child went home. I have only one wish. If you pull through alive take care of my body. I want to be buried at home, beside a grave that was made last March, in the Westville church-yard. You must send me to my father—David Thornycroft, Westville, Connecticut. Here it is written down for you. Papers that I left at home explaining my wishes will be sufficient for the rest."

His manner carried conviction with it, conviction at least of his own faith in his forwarding, but Steven Chase tried to shake it off.

"I never knew a presentiment to come true in my life," he said, sturdily. "You will talk over the battle with me, twenty-four hours from now."

Thornycroft only smiled, as he said, "Do you promise what I asked, Steven?—Will you send my body to my father if it is within your power to protect it?" "Yes: for your satisfaction I promise. I shall not bid you good-bye, though."

They were toiling up the hill, that fatal afternoon of the next day, side by side, when suddenly Thornycroft looked round with kindling eyes to his comrade. He stretched out his hand with a smile which the other will never forget if he lives till his hair is white.

"Good-bye, Steven!" The next instant he fell heavily. A rebel shot had given him his mortal wound.

With exertions which would seem half incredible if I should relate them, Steven Chase succeeded in getting him off the field. He was not dead, and a hope still lurked in his true comrade's heart that he might yet live to tell at home the story of the war. He did not speak or move, but faithful Steven could feel the faint beating of his heart.

children, will speak the name of Ash Thornycroft all their lives with such reverent tenderness as befits the memory of one who is enshrined in their hearts as saint and as deliverer. We know not yet for what good end he and those who fell with him laid down their lives—God grant that we may know hereafter—that the seed sown in tears we may reap with exceeding great joy.

Letters from the Army.

From Hammond's Company.

CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAIN, VA.,

February 23, 1863.

FRIEND AGITATOR: It will be seen that we remain in the same place. It is now more than two months since we came here and built quarters, as we were instructed, for the winter—Col. Lyle, commanding our Brigade, is every inch a soldier and gentleman; and when we settled in this little valley, he took the precaution to see that measures were adopted to make us comfortable for the winter, in case we should remain here. This seemed to be uncertain; but the facts, as they have occurred, have fully vindicated the sense of his judgment, and the correctness of his forethought. We have the warmest places, most convenient to wood and water, and, with all, the most comfortable quarters that I have seen. Unlike many of our neighbors, who have to carry their wood some of them nearly a mile, we have wood so near by that three of a squad of ten can provide enough in one-half hour for a whole day and night. Then the cheerful fire glows, and round its genial heat and cheerful blaze, we pass the time in talking of the past, in reading, and in various ways too commonly mentioned to be of interest. We compare our present with our past soldier experience, and grow almost jubilant at the contrast. How often have we, when on the march, risen at the early reveille, sometimes long before it was yet light, and after diligently searching, perhaps, for half an hour, for something to kindle a fire, and then hurrying off for water with which to boil a tin of coffee, cooked our morning meal of the soldier's unvarying, often scanty fare, if sufficient time were allowed; and having partaken of it, have then buckled on our heavy load, and set out for a day's march! Then, at a halt during the day, with interval of rest uncertain, how often have we poured the coffee on the ground for want of time to cool to a palatable degree or perhaps, have seen it overturned by the over-anxious hurry of some hungry companion, as unconsciously he undermined the uncertain basis, and our "tin," capsized, lay empty before us, who, with huge appetites, betook ourselves to the inevitable "hard-tack," and a slice of strong bacon. This, perhaps, is the darker side; and yet is only on paper, and varies much from actual experience, in that no imagination can equal the solid fact. So we are most willing to hang the curtain of forgetfulness between the past and present, through the indulgence of the times.

"Yes, we have our duties before us even now; the early morn is announced by the rattle of the drum, and the shrill echoes of the fifes, when the soldier awakens, and hurries from his warm bed, simply to let the other particular superior, who have such watchful care of them, know that they are present—to hurry on their boots or shoes, button every other button, and appear before the scrupulous Orderly, simply to say, in answer to their names "here," that they may be accounted present. Then they gather up the embers of the fire of last night's vigils, and if they are so fortunate as to have a remnant of yesterday's wood, they soon have a blazing fire, if the chimney does not obstinately refuse "to draw." One is dispatched for water, which they catch near by, as it runs from a gun barrel inserted into the bank of an adjacent creek, where numerous springs of very good water are found; while another sweeps up the earthen floor, with a broom made, perhaps, in an idle hour, of either hickory or maple; and yet another sets about preparing the morning meal. This consists of the regular rations, with an occasional issue of vegetables, and with what additions they see fit to make, by purchasing what may here be had, at the rather exorbitant prices which here prevail. Thus: cheese at 40c., butter at 50c., apples 50c. per dozen, soda crackers at 25c., cakes do., and many other things at prices ranging about the same.

Breakfast eaten, the streets and adjacent grounds are "policed," as it is here termed, by a police guard, regularly detailed, or perhaps appointed for being absent at roll-call. So that, when the weather is fine, things look clean and neat about camp; and a healthy atmosphere thereby prevails, which is of course very essential. Then, if the weather permits, guard-mounting and company drill follow: the former of which is quite an interesting formal parade, the first few times it passes under one's observation. [Battalion drill and dress parade consume most of the afternoon. We never have enjoyed much of an opportunity to drill in battalion; and yet so much diligence has been observed, that we can perform the most essential evolutions with general success. Of course the weather is such, most of the time, that drilling is suspended. To-day there is a body of snow a foot deep lying upon the ground. Most of it fell the 20th and 21st instants. It melts fast beneath the warm sun, which shines out to-day in splendor from the clear, blue heavens. The snows we have had here have uniformly melted away in a few hours; and the top of the soil, which is light and sandy, soon dries off. We have had a few nights, and one or two cold days; but we shall scarcely realize that another winter has passed, even when the vernal showers have fallen, and the bright summer-time is well upon us. Five days ago we had a heavy rain; then two days of clear, bright weather intervened, during which time, by good fortune, we were on picket; and now a deep snow covers the ground, which we expect will give place to mud in a few hours. Speaking about picketing: The first night we were out, at about 3 o'clock we were quite surprised to hear the sharp crack of many rifles, in the line to the right and front of the post where I was stationed, with forty men; which we had reason to think

might result in something serious; for it is unusual and strictly prohibited. Yet, I could but think there must be some mistake about it; for we had heard nothing from the cavalry pickets in front, and could but think that it was the result of timidity. The firing continued for some little time, but at length ceased; whether from the want of ammunition, or the removal of the cause of fear, we knew not at that time; but in the morning the former inference was refuted, for they began anew and kept firing, at intervals, till they were relieved. It proved to be the "new soldiers," as they are called, who came down in the Bucktail Brigade; but I am assured by Capt. Sufield, of your place, (whom we had the pleasure to meet a day or two since), that the Bucktails were not among them. So we had all our trouble for nothing—no blood was spilt, unless they chanced to hit a rabbit, that tempted them by crossing their best.

We were agreeably surprised the evening we returned from picket (21st) to see Treasurer Card, of our county. We had a friendly visit, and received from him a full account of many things of local and, consequently, particular interest to us. We had hoped to see others of our friends from Tioga, but begin to despair. A visit would pay well, for the time; in what might be seen and heard. Calvis Hammond made us quite a visit; so that, after all, we have seen quite a number of Tiogans during the winter.

Capt. Hammond, after suffering for months from protracted illness, and trying in vain to get a leave, or resign, (as he believed he would never be fit for the service again,) was lately ordered to the Officers' Hospital at Georgetown. We miss him very much, and were sorry to have him leave us; yet we know that he was growing weak, and hoped he might get without the limits, and free from the tyranny of the army, when he might restore his health, and be among his friends. Truly, a man may about as well be dead, as sick in the army.

Respectfully yours, Jno. I. Mrcnell.

From Capt. Soffield's Company.

CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAIN, VA.,

February 21, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER: You will see by the heading of my letter that we have changed our locality somewhat since my last writing, and have taken up our abode in that much talked of land called "Dixie." But before I attempt to describe the country where we are at present located, I will give you a hurried sketch of our trip and a glance at all our movements since we received marching orders.

One week ago yesterday we received orders to report to our regiments head quarters as soon as relieved. This, of course, set us to conjecturing as to what was to be done with us. As the Reserve Corps was then at Alexandria, some said that we were to reinforce Hooker, others that we were to go into the new barracks that were said to be fitted up for our accommodation. "We were relieved for this evening, and the next afternoon we were ordered to remove to our new barracks. This seemed to please all very well, although we well knew that it could be but for a short time at the longest, as we were obliged to turn over all government property; and our worthy Q. M. found storage for all private property we chose to leave. Now that we were in the barracks we might stay a week, perhaps a month—no one knew how long—but about seven in the evening all such conjectures were scattered to the winds by an order to draw two days rations and cook them that night and be ready for a start at six in the morning—"a thousand hands were busy then," in preparing their "hard tack" and salt pork for a march. At four in the morning the long roll called all from their beds, and at eight the regiment was formed and our much beloved Colonel gave the order to "forward march" and we were off for the wharf through the rain and mud where we embarked on the Louisiana, which had been sent up for our accommodation. At two fifteen in the afternoon we were under sail for some point in the "Sunny South" we knew not where. We had a fine chance to see the surrounding country.—Nothing remains but one desolate waste. I say all, but there is one spot which met our view which seemed to have escaped from the desolating tread of treason's hosts. That spot was the home of the illustrious Washington, Mount Vernon. I only regret that I did not get a fairer view of those sacred grounds, that Mecca of America. At eight in the evening we were anchored at Aquia creek, where we expected to land in the morning but were happily disappointed by finding as the day began to dawn our boat again under sail. * * * * *

At about two o'clock we were landed at Belle Plain, with some three miles march before us through the mud, but as the old saying is "variety is the spice of life" we all took it good naturedly and soon were on our way to arriving, over hills and through the mud. We arrived at what now proves to be our camp ground, at about four o'clock, pretty well tired and without a spot of place to lay our heads. We all began to think that this must be the romance of the thing, so we all went to work to prepare for a night's rest. Some fixed up a shelter with their blankets—others threw up a pile of brush and then threw themselves upon it, and sang out, "who would not be a Soger?" There was one thing however essential to the comfort of a soldier which we had not received since our landing, that is a hard cracker. Some of the boys went to the Quartermaster's and procured a few of the requisite and then pounced upon them as a thousand hungry wolves would upon a sheep fold. After having satisfied their hunger they repaired to their brush heaps and blankets for the night and soon all was wrapped in the tender embrace of morpheus. We awoke in the morning to find five or six inches of snow. We had no tents and but two or three axes in the regiment and the snow still flying thick and fast around us. * * * * *

I will now give you a short history of what has transpired since we arrived here. At seven o'clock Tuesday night we received orders for a detachment of 228 men from our regiment for picket duty. There was a detail from each company ordered to get two days rations of hard tack and forty rounds of cartridges and be ready to start at six the next morning. I was among the number and will give you a description of our trip. At six in the morning we were all ready for a start and were soon on our way for Brigade head quarters. On reaching them we were joined by a detachment from the 150th and 151st P. V., which swelled our numbers to 360 men. We were then put in charge of a field officer and marched to the picket line, a distance of 8 or 9 miles, through mud, slush and rain, and over the roughest country I ever saw. I need not stop to say anything about the mud as you have often heard of Virginia mud. I need only say that it can not be exaggerated. The storm still kept pelting away at us as though we were made of iron and could stand everything, but we were obliged to stand it and do our duty, come what would. I did not hear a