The Tioga County Agitator: BY'M. H. COBB.

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eated the open way.

Inc.

The Agranon is the Official paper of Tioga, Co., and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscriptions being on the advance-pay system, it circulates among a class most to the interest of advertisers to reach. Terms to advertisers as liberal as those offered by any paper of equal circulation in Northern Danderlounia.

Pennsylvania.

A cross on the nargin of a paper, denotes that the subscription is about to expire.

Papers will be stipped when the subscription time expires, unless the agent orders their continu-

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON. A TTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Will attend the Cours of Tiogs, Potter and
McKean counties. [Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1863.]

JOHN S. MANN,

TTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW A Conderaport, Pa., will attend the several Courte in Potter and McKean counties. All business cotrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. He has the agency of large tracts of good settling land and will attend to the payment of taxes on any lands in said counties.

Jon. 28, 1863.

in said countids. J. CAMPBELL, JR., Knozville, Tiega County, Pa., TTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW A. Prompt attention given to the procuring of Pensions, Back Pay of Soldiers &c.
Jan. 7, 1863.-6m.

DICKINSON HOUSE,

CORNING, N. Y.

MAJ. A. FIELD, Proprietor.

CUESTS taken to and from the Deput free
[Jan. 1, 1863.]

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, Wellsboro, Pa.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE.

Gaines, Tiega County, Pa. H. C. VERMILYEAProprietor

THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the travelling public.

[Jan. 1, 1863.]

EAGLE HOUSE: 🤄 THOMAS GRAVES,Proprietor.

WELLSBORO HOTEL.

" A. FOLEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c., REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES. POST OFFICE BUILDING, NO. 5, UNION BLOCK.
Wellsboro, May 20, 1863.

E. R. BLACK, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER, SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE,

NO. 4, UNION BLOCK. Wellsboro, June 24, 1863. MARBLE SHOP.

I AM now receiving a STOCK of ITALIAN and RUTLAND MARBLE, (bought with cash) and am prepared to manufacture all kinds of

TOMB-STONES and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices.

HARVEY ADAMS is my authorised agent and will sell Stone at the same prices as at the shop.

WE HAVE BUT ONE PRICE.
Tioga, May 20, 1863-1y. A. D. COLE. FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

MKIGHI & DUIDDI

AVE had their mill thoroughly repaired and are receiving fresh ground flour, feed, meal, &c., every day at their store in town.

Cash paid for all kinds of grain;

WRIGHT & BAILEY. Wellsboro, April 29, 1863.

Q. W. WELLINGTON & COS. BANK CORNING, N. Y.,

(LOCATED IN THE DICKINSON HOUSE.)

American Gold and Silver Coin bought and sold.

New York Exchange,
Uncurrent Money.

do.
do. New York Exchange, do. Uncurrent Money, do. United States Demand Notes "old issue" bought.

Collections made in all parts of the Union at Cur-rent rates of Exchange.

Particular pains 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 Rail Road ample time to transact their business before the departure of the train in the morning, and after its arrival in the evening. Q. W. WELLINGTON, President. Corning, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1862.

HOMESTEAD.

A NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP HAS A, just been opened in Sioga, Penna, where may be found a good assertment of Cooking, Parlor and Box Stores, of the most approved patterns, and from the best manufacturers. The HOMESTEAD is ad-mitted to be the best Elevated Oven Stove in the market. The "GOLDEN. AGE" & GOOD HOPE,"

are square, fist top air tight stoves, with large ovens, with many advantages ever any other stove before made. Parlor Stoves. The Signet and Caspion are both very neat and superior stoves.

Also Tin, Copper, and, Sheet Iron ware, kept con-

stantly on hand and made to order of the best material and workmanship, all of which will be sold at the lowest figure for eash or ready pay.

Job work of all kinds attended to on call. Tioga, Jan. 14, 1863. GUERNSEY & SMEAD.

Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing. THE subscriber informs his old customers and the public generally that he is prepared to card wool and dress cloth at the old stand, the coming season, having secured the services of Mr. J. PEET, a competent and experienced workman, and also intending to give his pe is not attention to the business,

tending to give his pe a mai attention to the business, he will warrant all werk done at his shop.

Wool carded at five cents per pound, and Cloth dressed at from ten to twenty cents per yard as per color and finish.

J. I. JACKSON.

Wellsboro, May 6, 1863-tf.

JOHN "A. ROY,

DEALER IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES. Chemicals, Varnish, Paints, Dyes, Soaps, Perfumery, Brushes, Glass, Phtty, Toys, Fancy Goods, Pure Wines, Brandies, Gins, and other Liquors for medical use. Agent for the sale of all the best Patent Medicines of the day. Medicines warranted genuine and of the

BEST QUALITY. Physician's Prescriptions accurately compounded. The best Petroleum Oil which is superior to any other for burning in Kerosine Lamps. Also, all other kinds of Oils usually kept in a first class Drug Store. FANCY DYE COLORS in packages all ready compaunded, for the use of private families. Also, Pure Loaf Sugar for medical compounds. ,' Wellsboro, June 24, 1963-17.

HE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Artension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Actorm.

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, JULY 22, 1863.

Orginal Poctry.

[For the Agitator.]

MORE MEN FOR THE FIELD!

HARR! the blast of the trumpet, the roll of the drum:

'More men for the field! more men for the field!

From mountain and valley in proud haste they come,
With hearts brave and manly, these men for the field.

Shall the banner of liberty fall?—is their cry;
Shall we hesitate now, shall we tremble and yield?

Our armies are valiant to do, or to die!

Then help, freemen, help the braves in the field!

Our hosts falter not in each deadly affray,
But boldly go forward the foemen to meet;
They've faced the dread cannon, they face them to-day,
Then haste, ere dark numbers enforce their retreat.
They have laid in the swamps till their ruddy cheeks

paled; Have met the fierce foe and have held him at bay; Their blood cries aloud from mountain and vale,
And their hearts turn to home in this perilous day. There is room, ample room, for the noble and brave; Sons, brothers, and sires will ye hesitate now? DARE YOUR TATE, tho' it lead to a soldier's lone grave, And the victor's red seal may gleam on your brow.

Shall the blood of our herces be pour'd out in vain?
Shall we shrink from the perils they valiantly dare,
Or go forth like freemen our rights to regain?

6, no longer delay at Honor's last call,
But may be the decaded and the struction of the s Great God of our fathers! and shall we despair?

But rush to the fisg and your maniness prove;
Till the star-spangled banner shall wave over all—
The homes that ye fight for, the country ye love! Texas, July 12. 1863. MEETA MELGROVE.

[For The Agitator.].
OUR BROTHERS.

And they have gone, the true and brave,
Responsive to their country's call,
Their good right arms, their hearts they gave,
And for us sacrifice their all.

They bid adieu to friends and home, And as they go we hear them cry:—
"Beloved country, see, we come,
Resolved for thee, if need, to die!"

Brave boys, march on! and may the cause You have espoused, be nobly won; Protect our flag amid her foes,
And in proud triumph hear it on.

Yes, brothers, go! and may the best Of Heaven's choice blessings with you be; Where e'r ye march, where e'r ye rest, Our prayers, our wishes follow ye.—H—— Mansfield, July 1, 1863.

Story of the War.

[For the Agitator.] A REMINISCENCE.

"But a remnant remains-only fifteen left!" Such were the sad words coming up from the bloody field of Antietam. More than one long year before, as the first echo of Sumter's warning voice roused the unconscious nation to a sense of its peril, brave spirits from a hundred homes, moved by one common impulse, rushed forth-to help stay the uplifted arm of desecration. But it fell ; and with it many noble lives, but a bright halo marks their going out; and now come the cruel words, telling sorrowfully of the thinned little band, all that is now left of the once full company. They have fal-len for their country, and it will cherish their

The history and fate of this company, is the history and fate of thonsands of others; and what is true of companies, is proportionately true of regiments, separately or in divisions; and if one division has been repeatedly decimated by disease and battle, such may be the standard to rightly judge the strength of our first armies. The company to which allusion is made, forms a portion of that veteran body muring endurance. Reserved, on account of the dependence to be placed in them, for the critical moment, in the many battles where they have borne a part, their losses much exceed that of many other divisions. In many a "deadly breach," where death rioted in frightful carnage, have their torn and gapping ranks carried victory on their banners. In some sem-blance, they are but the shadow of their former strength; they little more than exist but in name; yet shall they live as long as heroic deeds are remembered. Let us go back and follow them through one short month of their eventful history.

The army lay at Harrison's Landing, seeking a little rest at the close of the memorable seven days battles before Richmond. The Pennsyl. fated little army, cutting off its communicavania Reserve Corps carned a proud name in those hard fought engagements, and right nobly did they do it. How they gallantly and repeatedly rolled back the triple forces of the en- and the retreat is ordered. In Washington, all emy in their massed charges on their camp at Mechanicsville-how they stood like a bulwark of steel in the unequal conflict of Gaine's Mill -how they steadily repulsed under a deluge of be heard of those slender, battling, isolated shell. every attack at Savage Station-how they acted their part in the crowning victory of Malvern, where the excited enemy, flushed with the pleasing hope of capturing our whole army, was hurled back like a broken wave, on his whipped, confused and disordered masses-and of the incessant watching and night marching,

it is not our purpose to speak. The damp, cold nights, long, hot days, low, morbid water, and miasma of the Peninsula, were wasting the army like a pestilence. An epidemic of the most unrelenting character, prevailed to an alarming extent. Many strong on the turnpike directly in front. The division regiments could barely furnish their own camp guard. A picture of vigorous health, was a rare thing to be seen. Sick, wan and emaciated soldiers, met the gaze on every hand. And yet, thank Heaven! a helping hand stretched over all; hovering on the bosom of that broad river, were messengers of mercy, soldiers' good angels, the ever present Sanitary Steamers, bringing cooling draughts, cordials and medicines to the sick, and bearing away diseasehearts were waiting to offer sympathy, encour-

agement and health. debility, came the order for the army of the lay on our arms that night, glad to get even a Potomac to join the army of Virginia. How- few hours broken rest, as our usual allowance ever secret our commander may have endeay- of sleep had been cut short and very irregular ored to keep this movement, the wily enemy within the last fortnight. The next day our divined it, and began his own, ere our slow and corps seemed to have been used as a sort of

Everything now depended on celerity of batteries would open upon us with grape and dainties, ladening the tables of the opulant,

ted and vastly superior force upon Pope, which he was straining every nerve to do, what would success, and our discomfiture, seemed inevitaoly certain. For while the line of transit adopted for our army, carried it around nearly three one third the distance to compass.

The confederate legions stand upon the south bank of the Rapidan. With characteristic secreey, its massed columns begin to unfold around the flanks of our trebly outnumbered army. But Pope is on the alert, keeping a bold front, until the impending blow seems about to fall, when by a sudden and rapid night march, he slips from the tightening coil, and places the Rapahannock between him and his baffled foe. While a deep river separates him from his powerful adversary-all is well; struction awaits him. But the confident and sanguine, enemy reckoned too surely, and his prey slipped through his fingers; his strategy came to naught.

to leave the Peninsula-have reached Fredericksburg; feeling invigorated, to be sure, by pure water and fresh mountain air, yet far from being fit to endure an active campaign. involuntarily tightens on its weapon, and a most obstinate resistance. light beams in every eye, not difficult to understand. As the hot August sun nears the west- weak lines then are borne back like chaff before ern horizon, an Orderly, begrimed and dusty, the impetuous charge of Jackson's swarming and his horse covered with foam, dashes into brigades. If they reach the roads to our rear, camp, bearing dispatches to head quarters; the army is lost! On, on they come, in solid and soon the busy hum of hurried preparation | columns closed in mass, yelling like loosed deresounds through the camp. The night sets in with a drizzling rain, murky and low run- flying fugitives. Who shall roll back this vicnig clouds; and a deep, pitchy hue pervades torious onset? Who shall check this sweeping everything, broken only by the falling rain, tide that threatens to engulf the struggling lib till the command rings out, and the column is the army? Give us trusty, ah, give us cool, in motion. But to march through a new and resolute, tried regiments, if they are to turn unknown country, such a night, was a physi- back that fiery assault, flushed and excited with cal impossibility. The darkness was intense; regiments became separated, some taking drance. Who will do it, who? It must be wrong roads, and others, none at all. Aids quick work now! and other mounted officers rode hither and thither; lost parties called to each other; cavalry, infantry, batterries and baggage trains ground, (the enemy fall back,) they will do it. became inseparably intermingled; officers Can they stand before that flashing, rolling toxfidgeted at the delay, and finally after marching, counter-marching, and toiling through the storm until nearly morning, only advancing three miles, the "halt" was ordered, and the already fatigued division lay down in the road and snatched an hour's sleep. At early dawn the march was resumed, continuing without interruption, through the weary length of a long, hot, sultry day, making a forced march of thirty-six miles. In the then weakened condition of the troops, numbers, overcome by the heat and exertion, faint and exhausted, gave out and dropped down by the roadside, unable to proceed farther, until revived by rest and of death. Again the batteries flash forth their food. The tired fellows, throwing themselves hot breath of scathing flame and iron, and upon the ground, slept soundly that night in the drenching rain, that wet their garments through and through; forgetting in slumber, tired column again to work, and soon it was in motion, hurrying on. For several days, Pope lines around the right of our little army, for like true soldiers, they fell back with their faces to the foe. But our inferior force could

commander. But the ubiquitous Jackson, stealing like a stealthy brigand up the mountain gorges, suddenly emerges on the plains of Mannassas, twelve miles in the rear of our now seemingly tions, destroying its supplies, and threatening its retreat. To hold out longer on the banks of the Rappahannock, would be certain starvation, is doubt, uncertainty, alarm and apprehension. The enemy's scouts are seen almost within the very line of entrenchments; and nothing can columns. Is, then, Pope and his brave army lost? Judge, Surrounded by a wily, elated of the long march, staggering and weak from hunger, that noble, undaunted band of heroes, struggle with strong hearts unmurmuringly on towards the threatened Capital. The last morsel of their only expiring rations are consumed, and as night sets in, the head of the columnled by the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, now on the advance-is greeted by a discharge of shell from Jackson's force, holding a strong position | half the army, only six miles away, been moved is quickly deployed in line of battle, and the and food denied those nobly striving, brave and long range parrot battery unlimbering to the starving men! What fate should not meet front, delivers such a rapid and accurate fire, such soulless, brainless, treacherous ingratitude that the enemys' guns are soon silenced. Under this feint, the Reserves, by a flank movement, and detour of six or seven miles gain, during the night the opposite side of the rebel position. Writes one who bore on his uniform, the well known letters, P. R. V. C.:

laid scheme, was frustrated by our sleepless

"Already twelve hours without food, our rastricken ones, where gentle hands and warm tions expiring on the morning of this day's hearts were waiting to offer sympathy, encourment, hunger began to make loud demands on our haversacks, but they were hopelessly In the midst of this wide spread disease and empty-thanks to Stonewall for that-and we tedious preparations were nearly completed. feeler—pushed out in one place, until concealed

and so it was worked during the day, keeping us constantly under a close destructive artillery become of our army and the Capital? Their fire, solid shot plunging through the lines and ploughing great ferrows in the soil, bursting shell filling the air with clouds of dust, or striking down here and there, some brave fellow hundred miles to reach the Rapidan, the enemy | in the ranks; and worse than all for a soldier's could rapidly burl his forces along the base of patience, our batteries following us about with this circuitous rout, aided by double lines of no liberty to fire a single shot in return. Recrailroad communication, and with less than onnoisance was doubtless the object. Again a little rest, but vainly. The rebel hardes have with little change of position, we slept on our arms, ah slept! else exhausted nature must have given out-no morsel of food had passed our lips for two days. Haggard and weak, on the morning of the third day, we are moved to the center, driving the rebel skirmishers back into their main line, and our splendid division batteries advancing with us, opened at close range, drawing a quick, savage response from the rebel guns. Many comrades are left lying there in their last repose, as death hurried here and there with his hoarse dirge of billowy smoke, and sudden crash and screech of bursting missiles, seizing his victims even as they. lay calmly sleeping in the ranks. At midnight we were relieved from this position by other troops, and at one o'clock the roar and clash of battle rolled over the field like a horrid din, as The Pennsylvania Reserves—among the first Lee's whole army was fiercely hurled upon the bleave the Peninsula—have reached Fred-small, half-famished army of Pope. The deepvoiced guns, the rattling vollies, the hourse command, the shouts and yells, as one side or the other rushed to the charge, rose and fell, But as the heavy booming of Pope's distant and rolled, and flashed along the lines, but our guns strikes on the ear, the grasp of each hand intrepid troops were swept back, despite the

But look! our left flank is turned, and the mons, as they swoop down on the broken and success, as it dashes headlong over every hin-

A mile down the line, the brave old Pennsyl vania Reserves are doggedly holding their rent? Never fear. Wheeling from their line in the center, excitement nerves their tottering limbs, as the short, heavy tramp of the "double quick" brings thom face to face with the bold, exultant enemy. Now the whistling balls cut through the ranks, and our batteries hurl in a murderous discharge of grape and canister; but the gray masses of rebel infantry never flinch-like a howling legion of hungry wolves, they make a running dash for our guns. "Cool men, cool; double charge every piece, aim low, fire," and the crushing metal screeches and screams as it speeds on its errand again the torn columns close quickly in, only halting while a terrible, low simed volley leaps from the muzzles of their flashing guns, and our crippled batteries but feebly return the fire.

through the gray clouds of smoke, as the dark column, reeling, faint and staggering for want of rest and food, rush up the ascent at full only retard the enemy's progress, not prevent charge, after their intrepid leader. Volley after it; and every cunning artifice, feint, and deep volley burst through their closed ranks; strewing the ground with the fallen, but the dauntless column never wavers, never falters, pressing on with shouts and cheers which rend the air, high above the clash of battle; on, on they go, up the ascent, over the crest, down the declivity, pushing everything fiercely before them. In vain the broken masses of gray rebels, rally, break and rally, in reckless, desperate, unavailing efforts to check the rapid advance. But on sweep the dauntless brigades, their tattered colors floating over them like an angry wave, and the routed columns of the enemy, repulsed and dismayed, recoil upon each, other before the impetuous charge. The yawning danger which a little while before, driving in like a wrathful storm, threatened to swallow up our half-starved little army, was dissipated, broken confident enemy-thirsting in the heat and dust and hurled back upon itself in everwhelming disorder, by one weak and exhausted, but resolute division.

> The ground thus recovered was held until night in mercy drew her mantle over the agonizing scene of our heartless defeat; aye defeat, for such it was to the little army; and heartless, for who can doubt that a great and signal victory would have crowned our arms, had oneto the aid of Pope? Reinforcements withheld, Left to "get out of the fix" as best they could, Pope's bleeding lines drag their weary foot-steps, under cover of night, behind Bull Run; and spent with the trials, toils and perils of their long retreat, they sink down on the bank of that storied stream, nerveless, shattered, bruised, but defiant still. The wounded lay up there on the crimsoned field, stark, starving and dying! The hot breath of battle floats down in sulphurous, stifling gusts; and the rankling bitterness of brave hearts breaks forth in muttered curses on the head of the culpable author of such terrible double dealing, if such

there be, and who'll dony it? Late into the night of the third day since they had tasted food, a ration of hard crackers were drawn, and think you that the rare, choice

of the Rapidan. If the enemy in the race ing, perhaps, the distance of a mile. Then the long lines of army ambulances and private should outstrip McClellan, and throw his unifrom that terrible battle-field. At last the six thousand wounded are safely removed, and the army moves on; Pennsylvania's favorite division still holding the post of honor, bringing up the rear as the army retreats. Through night and storm they hurry on, as the guns at Chantilly signal the conflict, but they are too late to take part in the action. The army arrive at Washington and sink down, hoping for invaded Maryland, and the foot-sore, lame and stiffened soldiers having scarcely loosened their clothes or acconterments for two long weeks, again take up their weary march. again take up their weary march.

NO. 48.

[For the Agitator.] HOSPITAL SCENES. BY MEETA MELGROVE.

It was a long night—the one preceding my arrival at the hospital. All night had the lifelike engine shrieked, and snorted, as the crowded train swept along, and I sat with weary and fainting heart, wishing for its speed to increase. At length day dawned, and I eagerly threw up the sash to catch the early morning breeze. Soft and pure came the September air, and my aching brow, now throbbing with excitement, gratefully received its refreshing breath.

The sun rose with unusual splendor, and the soft sweet carol of the morning birds, rang in music calls through the trees. I strove to forget for the moment what had brought me on my lonely journey, and looked dreamingly upon the panoramic sun. Soon however the distant spires of the city told of a speedy arrival; and a few moments more found me ordering breakfast in a quiet well furnished

Mechanically I passed through the dull routine of breakfast, bills, and directions, and entering a street car I asked to be set down at - Hospital. The well dressed guards were slowly promenading before the door on my arrival, and "the corporal," met me at the entrance, and politely enquired for whom I sought. "J. H. A," I replied. "Of what regiment?" The 8th Cavalry, an efficer in Company B," I answered. The next-five minutes seemed an age, and then the orderly returned with the surgeon's books, in which he found the name of my friend. Then came another pause while the ward-masters were questioned, and answers returned. "Occupies ward B, is too ill to descend," was the final reply.

. A guide conducted me up three long flights of stairs, and pointing to one of the beds turned and left me. I approached the bedside. Oh, the agony of that moment. Fear that death bad preceded me, nearly withheld the whispered name; but summoping courage I pronounced it. Feebly, the sufferer raised his languid, bloodshot eyes, then a quick gleam crossed them, and he stretched forth his thin spoken; and resting in my arms; the sick man sobbed like a weary child. Locating myself at a convenient distance

from the hospital, I became a daily visitant, and during the intervals in which my patient slept, I had leisure to observe its inmates. On a low cot in the same ward, lay a young man, tention. I approached his bed, he was sleeping, of troops, the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, their blistered and swollen feet, aching limbs our crippled batteries but feebly return the fire. and I gazed upon him for a moment in surprise, than which no braver, truer, nobler men ever than which no braver, truer, nobler men ever than which no braver, truer, nobler men ever the people of the South that Philadelphia was without than which no braver, truer, nobler men ever drew sword in a good cause, and they need no better one. Veterans, not alone in tried displie, but in valiant deeds. Distinguished no less for their daring valor, than their unmung at the upper fords. This early summoned the less for their daring valor, than their unmung at the upper fords. This early summoned the less for their daring valor, than their unmung of the war, and soon it was in the beautiful landscape of river, field and wood, were lost, and our broken army rolled back unar, and beautiful as those of a young girl, and his soft brown hair was tossed back from away, and we scattered, routed and driven into was, and soon it was in the beautiful landscape of river, field and wood, were lost, and our broken army rolled back and his soft brown hair was tossed back from away, and we scattered, routed and driven into was, and soon it was in the beautiful landscape of river, field and wood, were lost, and our broken army rolled back and his soft brown hair was tossed back from the beautiful landscape of river, field and wood, were lost, and our broken army rolled back and his soft brown hair was tossed back from the beautiful landscape of river, field and wood, were lost, and our broken army rolled back and his soft brown hair was tossed back from the beautiful landscape of river, field and wood, were lost, and our broken army rolled back and his soft brown hair was tossed back from the beautiful landscape of river, field and wood, were lost, and our broken army rolled back and his soft brown hair was tossed back from the beautiful landscape of river, field and wood, were lost, and our broken army rolled back and his soft brown hair was tossed back from the beautiful landscape of river, field and wood, were lost, and our broken army rolled back and his soft brown hair was tossed back from the beautiful landscape of river, field and wood, were lost, and our broken army rolled back and his soft brown hair was tossed back from the beautiful landscape of river, field debrow burning with fever. One small hand love which marked the opening of the war, and Vashington? Not yet, not yet.

Lay upon the cheeked counterpane, while the showed how much a free people could suffer "Steady men, steady," and the brave old other, heavily bandaged, fell powerless beside before accepting the arbitrament of blood. Reserves close sternly in front of their silent him. With a sudden start he opened his full Mr. Justice Woodward took part, and made a stubbornly contested the passage of the fords, guns. "Fix bayonets," and the clanging steel blue eyes, and looked doubtingly at me for a slowly ascending the river as his powerful an rings down the line. "Forward," shouts the moment, as if he thought me some expected moment, as if he thought me some expected tagonist attempted to flank him by lapping his gallant Reynolds, and his waving sword gleams friend. "Can I do anything for you?" I said, "you seem to be suffering." "I don't know Miss," he replied, "they are all very kind here, but oh, if I could only see my mother." Then taking my hand with sudden energy, he circulation. His subject was the troubles of pointed to the friend I had just quit, and asked, "Is he going home?" "I hope so," I replied,, "I am trying to obtain his discharge." That is it," said he, "that is what you can do for me, oh, persuade them to give me one, I am sure I should get well if I could once more their slave property, whatever means of protecsee my mother, and hear the gentle voices of my little sisters, but here, I shall die!" "What is your name;" I asked, "and how are you disabled?" I asked. Willie French," he replied, "and I am shot, in my wrist and side." promised compliance with his request, and after bathing his brow with water left him.

Days passed, in which my poor suffering friend absorbed the most of my attention : still. I found frequent opportunities of visiting the bedside of my acquaintance. He grew daily worse, and it soon became evident to me that death would soon discharge him, although I presented his case to the head-surgeon, of the hospital, who gave a favorable reply, which I duly reported to Willie.

He now came to expect me daily, and I always met the gaze of his mournful eyes, as I. entered the room. He was not quite eighteen years of age, the only son of a widowed mother, tenderly reared, and now dying in a hospital, far from his home, and all he held dear, save his country's honor. He belonged to a New York Zouave regiment, and was wounded in the battle of Antietam. One morning he seemed much worse, and

when the surgeon of the ward came round, he said he could do nothing more for him. I had just been writing a cheerful letter of his dictation, to his mother, and I dreaded the task of the death of her only son. He had heard the surgeon's remark, and looking up with a sad smile he said: "Tell my mother I would have died for her, as I shall now die for my country, but oh, it is hard never to see her blessed face With fast falling tears, I severed a lock of bair from his white, damp brow, and bending down, kissed him silently. He looked up with pleased surprise, and taking my hand he said. "I do his devotion to the country, this cold, unsymnot fear to die, but it seemed dreadful to die pathetic, and selfish man has held his peace. movement. Speed was safety. The little armore face, and ever tasted sweeter than that hard, flinty bread, the heardest part of a soldiers' fate, a longly slavery. "The world," he said, "cannot live my of Pope, rested quietly on the north bank march back, sustaining a hot fire while march

Rates of Advertising.

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but you have been a kind sister to me. God will reward you!"

I watched beside him with but short intervals, until I saw his blue eyes curtained closely down by the chill hand of death, and then four soldiers bore him solemnly to the deadhouse and I saw him no more.

As I enclosed the little lock of hair that

would be so tearfully and despairingly welcomed, and added a few words of my own to my letter of he morning, I could not help wondering why the last hours of the dying soldier must be thus embittered; why! when even life itself, had been cheerfully laid upon his country's siltar, when death-wounds pierra his body, and in that last struggle when the old childish longing for home comes over him; where is the humanity that holds him a pining captive in a hospital, with heart tendrils vainly reaching to loved ones far away! Why not soften to the utmost of human ability that sharp heart-agony, by sending the faithful sentinel of his country's peace, to die within the cherished fold of home.

Oh! ye who hope for peace in that dread hour, look well to this!

TEXAS, 1863.

Political.

It is not without a degree of hesitation that

The Record of Mr. Justice Wordward.

we find surselves called upon to criticise the course of a gentleman seated on the Supreme Bench of Pennsylvania. We have an instinctive respect for the ermine, which prevents us , from saying anything that may tend to weaken the confidence of the people in the most sacred office that a citizen can hold. If we do otherwise now, it is our misfortune and the fault of Mr. Justice Woodward. It that gentleman so far forgets the dignity of the jurist as to enter into an exciting political canvass without relieving himself of the responsibility of his judicial station; if, in other words, he comes before the people in a position demanding criticism and investigation, and looks to the bench to give him immunity, he shirks his own duty and makes ours unpleasant but imperative. Many years' seclusion on the bench render it difficult for Judge Woodward to have a record; for his position entailed silence in every time of doubt, and freed him from the necessity that all brave men must sometimes mestof speaking with boldness and decision. The country has been for two years in an agony of war, and although patriotic and good jurists elsewhere have given their influence to the cause without at all disparaging their dignity, Mr. Justice Woodward has been so devoted to the law and its etiquette, that he has not found it proper to avow his patriotism, or to utter a single word of sympathy with the people. If his Gubernatorial candidature has no other effect, it will give him this opportunity; for there arms, with the single word-" Mary !" faintly are words and speeches of this gentleman which must be explained before he can assume to be the chief executive officer of the loyal State of Pennsylvania. After the election of Mr. Lincoln to the

Prisidency, and before the treason of Mr. Buchanan had ripened into war, a demonstration of the citizens of Philadelphia took place in whose almost constant moans attracted my at- | behalf of the Union. Many good men of allparties participated, and there seemed to be hatred to them or their institutions. It was before accepting the arbitrament of blood. speech that contained evidences of care and study. He was so much pleased with it as a declaration of his faith, or, what is more probable, as an inducement for the nomination he then sought and subjequently obtained, that he printed it as a pampulet and gave it general the country, and in showing how the country had wronged the South he said these remarkable words: "It seems to me that there must be a time when slaveholders may fall back on their natural rights and employ, in defence of tion they possess or can command." For using language like this Jefferson Davis and his friends were called Secessionists; for obeying the opinion of this judge of a Northern Supreme Court the world has called them traiors. These words were spoken in December. 1860. The Southern States were then taking up arms; Fort Sumpter was being invested, and all over the South angry words and threats were heard. There were men here base enough. as all will remember, to give the traitors of the South comfort and encouragement, and we now. see that prominent among these was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. How sincerely the slaveholders of the South have followed the advice thus given by a Pennsylvania judge two years of weary war have shown. As we wish to deal fairly with Mr. Justics

WOODWARD, we shall more particularly define his position. He might have innocently held the opinions now on record, for such sentiments were frequently uttered by good men, who had been betrayed into their advocacy by the false philosophy that then controlled the Democratic party. When they saw, however, their fearful effects; when they saw that war and treason formed the only logic that followed them, they spurned the belief, and atoned for the past by persistent and conscientious loyalty. General adding a postscript of my own, to tell her of Butler, Mr. Dickinson, and others, are illustrious examples. But Mr. Justice Woodward was careful then, and has been careful since, to prevent any misapprehension of his true position. None can say of him that he ever changed the opinions thus boldly expressed. again, please send a lock of my hair in that Since the slaveholders of the South began the letter, and tell her it is the last of poor Willie." war he has been silent. Amid danger, defeat, and death, when the community was oppressed alone, with none to care for me; -Oh that is He had made himself, the champion of human