

The Tioga County Agitator

BY M. H. COBB.

Published every Wednesday morning... The paper is sent postage free to county subscribers...

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. X. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, 1864. NO. 31

Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS. Includes rates for 1 square, 2 squares, 3 columns, etc.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties.

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y. MRS. A. FIELD, Proprietor. GUESTS taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.

D. HART'S HOTEL, WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PENNA. THE subscriber takes this method to inform his old friends and customers...

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa. H. C. YERMILYEA, Proprietor.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor. THE Proprietor has again taken possession of the above Hotel...

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY! Repaired at DULLARD & CO'S STORE, by the subscriber, in the best manner...

A. FOLEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES! POST OFFICE BUILDING, NO. 5, UNION BLOCK.

E. R. BLACK, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER, SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE, NO. 4, UNION BLOCK.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE, WRIGHT & BAILEY. HAVE had their mill thoroughly repaired and are receiving fresh ground flour...

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. I WOULD inform Dealers in Agricultural Implements, that I have on hand...

MARBLE SHOP. I AM now receiving a STOCK of ITALIAN and PORTLAND MARBLE...

CLAIM AGENCY. THE undersigned will promptly prosecute all claims against the Government...

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, [For the 5th District, Pa.] AND Mansfield Classical Seminary.

Rev. W. D. TAYLOR, A. M., Principal. Mrs. H. S. TAYLOR, Superintendent.

THE Fall Term of this Institution will open Sept. 24. The Winter Term, Dec. 24. The Spring Term, March 16th, 1864.

Office of Comptroller of the Currency, WASHINGTON, March 21, 1864.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the First National Bank...

NOW, THEREFORE, I, HUGH McCULLOCH, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the First National Bank...

PUTTY & WINDOW GLASS, BOY'S DRUG STORE.

TREES! TREES! FOR SALE.

Apple, Price 20 cts. Extra, 25 cts. SUMMER VARIETY.—Early Harvest, Red Astrachan, Early Strawberry, Junting, Early Sweet Bough...

Pears, Price 50c. Extra, ex. Price. SUMMER VARIETY.—Bartlett, Brandywine, Bloodgood, Beurre d'Angouleme, Carpenter, Dearborn...

Plums, Price 50 cts. Blecker's Gage, Columbia, Coe's Golden Drop, Egg Plum, Green Gage, Imperial Gage, Jefferson, Lawrence...

Wholesale Drug Store. Prince's Medical Paint, Fluid Extracts, Concentrated Medicines, Rocheste's Perfumery...

CATAWBA BRANDY. THIS BRANDY has been analyzed by the Medical Director of the Naval Laboratory at Brooklyn...

SWEET CATAWBA WINE. THIS WINE for its mildness is adapted for Invalids and for communion purposes.

NOTICE. In the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga County, State of Pennsylvania...

NOTICE. Ejectment for a tract of land in Deerfield township, county of Tioga...

NOTICE. Ejectment for a tract of land in Deerfield township, county of Tioga...

NOTICE. Ejectment for a tract of land in Deerfield township, county of Tioga...

NOTICE. Ejectment for a tract of land in Deerfield township, county of Tioga...

NOTICE. Ejectment for a tract of land in Deerfield township, county of Tioga...

NOTICE. Ejectment for a tract of land in Deerfield township, county of Tioga...

NOTICE. Ejectment for a tract of land in Deerfield township, county of Tioga...

NOTICE. Ejectment for a tract of land in Deerfield township, county of Tioga...

NOTICE. Ejectment for a tract of land in Deerfield township, county of Tioga...

NOTICE. Ejectment for a tract of land in Deerfield township, county of Tioga...

Select Poetry. THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost? "Because we miss them from our onward road? God's unseen angel o'er our pathway cross..."

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand A little child, had bailed by the well, To wash from off her feet the clinging sand...

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had, Drew near and looked upon the suffering twin; Then, pitying, spoke, "Give me the little lad..."

Mr. Moneybags shook his head. "Sure, sir, you're not going to let me pass this comfortable place at night fall, when I only ask the same shelter that your horses and oxen have..."

Select Story. THE BEGGAR BOY.

Mr. Moneybags shook his head. "Sure, sir, you're not going to let me pass this comfortable place at night fall, when I only ask the same shelter that your horses and oxen have..."

He was a stranger and a traveler; but he never had, till now, heard the hard word beggar applied to him. His little stock of money had held out till this evening, by careful economy...

"Supper for the gentlemen," at length was announced. A great, rosy-faced, good-natured man, who sat by the fireside, and had, unsuspected by our hero, been attentively observing him, arose to follow the not unwelcome summons...

"Who could not see that?" said the other. "It's the very reason I asked you. Will you come?" "With many thanks—" "Not a word of that, my boy. Do you take anything before?" The lad declined...

Gregory glared on him with anger and astonishment. "Perhaps you did ask Oliver's permission, and were to stay with us. If you did not, I will give you a written apology to him."

nor his return was noticed, and he saw, with some uneasiness, that his new friend was furnished with some "warm drink," which he was enjoying with great gusto. Oliver was direct and straightforward, and he went at once to the side of the "old man," as the stable interlocutors had termed him...

"I'm a young man looking for shelter, clothing and food, and willing to earn them. I've no father and no mother—no many miles from what I used to call home, and have no friends. And I answer to the name of Oliver."

Mr. Gregory was a farmer, well to do in this world. Everything about his homestead had an air of abundant and substantial comfort. He rejoiced in the possession of many acres, from which he was content to draw the means of living, without incurring debt...

He was resolved upon a quarrel with Oliver; and when such a determination exists, the pretext will not be long wanting. But why quarrel? It may be asked. Two reasons. Gregory was in the wrong, and knew it. And he was in long arrears of debt, and really dependent upon one whom the custom of the world regarded as his dependent...

Part with him he did, and speedily went to ruin. But a few years were necessary to accomplish great changes. Gregory's habits grew from bad to worse. His farm ceased to support itself. His ready money found its way into the pockets of his thievish companions...

He was furious, when his forgotten debt to his old servant, with its arrears of interest, was put in suit, and judgment went against him by default. Other creditors followed, and Mr. Gregory was a completely ruined man.

"I wish Oliver had remained with us!" sighed the wife, as they sat round the hearth, no longer theirs, and looked painfully and uncertainly forward to their forced removal.

There was a knock at the door. In answer to the usual summons to "walk in," the subject of their conversation entered. Mr. Gregory offered him a chair, with formal politeness. Mrs. Gregory offered him her hand—Miss Gregory did not refuse hers, when he essayed to take it.

While Mr. Gregory was endeavoring mentally to concoct something which should be sufficiently dignified and contemptuous, Mrs. Gregory answered that they had no plans.

Gregory paid no further attention to this, sally, than to order his horse promptly. Still the shot told, and the man felt more than he was willing to acknowledge, a false shame that he had submitted even to good direction.

prove that he was his own master! Many a man has made a similar error. Moneybags was too skillful a tempter to repent the provocation. He saw that it was doing its work, and that was enough. To overdo the matter, would have been to defeat his purpose. Still there was left too much influence of the man over his master, to suit the ends of the clique, and they thought themselves of a new motto to lessen it.

"No—neither of them take to farming." "It's very well, then, that you have this Oliver What's-his-name to look after matters." "I couldn't have a better."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Gregory. But the shot had rung as well as the other; and when the farmer walked his horse past his kitchen window, and saw the cheerful fire and light within, the scene was not pleasant to him.

He was resolved upon a quarrel with Oliver; and when such a determination exists, the pretext will not be long wanting. But why quarrel? It may be asked. Two reasons. Gregory was in the wrong, and knew it. And he was in long arrears of debt, and really dependent upon one whom the custom of the world regarded as his dependent...

Part with him he did, and speedily went to ruin. But a few years were necessary to accomplish great changes. Gregory's habits grew from bad to worse. His farm ceased to support itself. His ready money found its way into the pockets of his thievish companions...

He was furious, when his forgotten debt to his old servant, with its arrears of interest, was put in suit, and judgment went against him by default. Other creditors followed, and Mr. Gregory was a completely ruined man.

"I wish Oliver had remained with us!" sighed the wife, as they sat round the hearth, no longer theirs, and looked painfully and uncertainly forward to their forced removal.

There was a knock at the door. In answer to the usual summons to "walk in," the subject of their conversation entered. Mr. Gregory offered him a chair, with formal politeness. Mrs. Gregory offered him her hand—Miss Gregory did not refuse hers, when he essayed to take it.

While Mr. Gregory was endeavoring mentally to concoct something which should be sufficiently dignified and contemptuous, Mrs. Gregory answered that they had no plans.

Gregory paid no further attention to this, sally, than to order his horse promptly. Still the shot told, and the man felt more than he was willing to acknowledge, a false shame that he had submitted even to good direction.

and escape the advance of more money on a property which would not yield more to a non-resident in rent than it would pay in interest. Having given them this information, and desisted from that to postpone their answer till the morrow, Oliver took his leave.

Certain colloquies are remarkable for their influence over husbands who are rebellious when wide awake and stirring. Sleep is a pacificator, and Mr. Gregory having been talked into slumber by his helpmate, awoke in the morning disposed to be placable. The issue will readily be conjectured. Oliver entered into possession very much on the old footing, only that Mr. Gregory had no longer the temptation of large sums in his pocket on cattle market days.

Matters soon resumed their cheerful look as the Gregory farm. Not only was the interest on the mortgage promptly paid, but the principal was annually diminished, until in a few years the estate was Oliver's property in fee simple.

Mr. Moneybags for many years had disappeared from the neighborhood. His claims against Gregory were contested, and shown on trial to be "without consideration." Disgrace followed the exhibition which this suit caused, and losses of various kinds followed disgrace. His fellow harpies devoured the remnant of his effects, and their evil practice finally brought down the whole of the knavish coterie to their true level.

The bed for the stranger is still kept up as the Gregory farm. One night an old man, who applied for shelter, was put there to rest. In the morning he was reported ill, and Oliver was shocked to recognize in him his old enemy, Mr. Moneybags. He was brought to the house, and well cared for until he recovered. And then, perhaps you are ready to say, he was given constant shelter and employment. Not at all. Oliver is not romantic in his generosity, and would not endanger his own household to serve a stranger.

There was an immense Union war meeting at Bryon Hall, Chicago, last week, at which Gov. Yates, of Illinois, was the principal speaker. In the course of his remarks, he said: "I am anti-slavery, not because I was born in New England, and have my prejudices against the southern people, but because I was born in the South. There center all the memories of my youth; there is the home of my kindred; and I believe that the yearning pulsations of humanity flow in as deep a current through Southern veins, as in any people beneath the sun—but slavery has been the canker of the South, to eat out both its substance and its manhood, and to subject it to a boastful, insulting, arrogant aristocracy, which, from the habit of tyrannizing over the poor slave, has become too pampered and arrogant to submit to the rightful authority of good government and laws. Slavery not only oppressed the African race, sundering husband from wife, and father from son, exacting service without remuneration, but degraded the poor white, deprived him of his rights, reduced the wages of his labor, divided the land into large plantations, so that the white population was sparse and schools few and remote. It stood as a perpetual living wall, a black and ghastly specter, to roll back the tide of emigration which was pouring from Europe and New England, and which sought the prairies and woods of the Northwest, and which, under the genius and life-giving energy of free labor and free institutions, has marched forward with stalwart giant tread, to wealth and power, while the South, with its fertile soil and genial sky, has drooped and withered beneath the curse of slavery."

It is for the good of the South, as well as for the welfare of the country, that I wish to see slavery extinguished. Small farms, free labor, free schools, a free press, and open Bibles, with free institutions, will make the South bloom and blossom as the rose. [Loud cheers.] Whenever, self-poised and conscious of her moral status and power—when every man can lift up to God unfettered limbs and soul—then the South will start with a bound; emigration, and genius, and art, and enterprise, will seek her sunny hills and vales; and these shall be the Lookout Mountains upon her deliverance, and a race of unending progress to wealth, power and renown. [Lengthened applause.]

One of the Vice Presidents of the McClintock meeting recently held at Cooper Institute, New York, was a man named HENRY GRINNELL, who is regarded by the Southern rebels as an open and ardent champion of their cause, upon the strength of letters printed in the Richmond papers. Another Vice President, Mr. Lathers, is a South Carolina by birth, and is said to have declared that when South Carolina, succeeded, his readiness to fight under her standard. These are the sort of patriots who are most active in pushing George B. McClintock or President.

Sorrow can never wholly fill the heart that is occupied with others' welfare. Constant melancholy is rebellion.

If you would pass for more than your value, say little. It is easier to look wise than to talk wise. When the shepherd is angry with his sheep, he sends them a blind guide.