

The Tioga County Ag... BY M. H. COBB. Published every Wednesday morning... Circulation in every neighborhood...

THE AGITATOR

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform. VOL. X. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1864. NO. 40

Rates of Advertising. Advertisement will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON. ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW. DICKINSON HOUSE CORNING, N. Y.

THE popular Hotel, having been refitted and refurnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first class house.

IZAAK WALTON HOTEL, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa. H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor. THE Proprietor, having again taken possession of the above Hotel, has now refitted and refurnished it.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY! Repaired at BULLARD'S & CO'S STORE.

A. FOLEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.

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

FLOUR AND FEED STORE. WRIGHT & BAILEY. HAVE their mill thoroughly repaired.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. I would inform Dealers in Agricultural Implements...

MARBLE SHOP. I AM now receiving a STOCK OF ITALIAN and RULAND MARBLE.

TOMB-STONES. HARVEY ADAMS is my authorized agent and will sell Stone at the same prices as at the shop.

CLAIM AGENCY. THE undersigned will promptly execute all claims against the Government for services rendered in the Military or Naval Service.

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

OFFICE of Comptroller of the Currency, WASHINGTON, March 21, 1864. WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence, presented to the undersigned...

TREES! TREES! FOR SALE.

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

Peaches, Price 18 cts. Bergen Yellow, Melocoton, Crawford's Early, Early York...

CHERRIES, Price 35 cts. Black Heart, Black Eagle, Black Tartarian, Downer's Late Red...

Wholesale Drug Store. Prince's Metallic Paint, Filter & Co's Chemicals, Thaddeus David's Inks...

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

Farmer's Catechism. Question. What is the best kind of Wooden beam Plow? Answer. The WEARD PLOW.

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Select Poetry. THE YANKEE GIRL.

She sings at her wheel at the low cottage door, With the long evening shadow stretching before, With a music as sweet as the music which seems...

Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call; They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe...

Oh, could you have seen her—the pride of our girls— Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls, With a scorn in her eye which the gulf could feel...

And the sky of the South may be brighter than ours, And greener thy landscape, and brighter thy flowers; But dearest the blast round our mountains which raves, Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves...

Miscellaneous. A DAY'S MARCH.

Right above our heads blazed the overpowering sun. We looked up piteously at the glaring sky, hoping in vain to see some friendly cloud interpose in our behalf...

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In my convalescence I bethought me of the chain. Taking it from my pocket, I examined it as well as my tears would let me. Attached to the chain was a small locket, enclosing an amethyst of a girl—Joan's sweetest, perhaps...

A HAPPY HOME. We can fancy a poor bird, forever restless, forever on the wing; beating the air, bright with the sunlight or black with the storm...

Moral Exclusiveness. Owing to the perversion of moral sympathy, there are a great many persons that separate themselves from human life, substantially following after moral qualities...

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and leaving it in my tracks, took the piece from his shoulder. We had hardly gained another mile before my head began to whirl, and the glittering bayonets ahead seemed, a flickering sheet of flame. I felt myself staggering.

"Water! I must be delirious, or are you mocking me? No, Joe never does that. Joe did not drink—then he cannot have it. Joe, Joe, where is the water?"

"Here, Tom, in my canteen." "Then for God's sake drink yourself, for I won't," I answered; determined he should not sacrifice the last drop of life at the altar of friendship...

"Come, Joe." "But he made no attempt to move, sitting motionless, embracing his knees, and watching me intently."

"Are you going, Tom?" he said vacantly. "Of course; we will both die, if we stay here. Come on."

"Good-bye, Tom," he said; while an almost angelic expression of love lit up his face. I stood confounded; was he crazy? Then, for the first time, the truth flashed upon my bewildered senses...

Joe, friend, how do you feel? He answered faintly: "Kiss me, Tom." "Poor boy, his mind wanders, thought I. Come, now, let me carry you, I said; but he made no signs of consciousness..."

made so by its inmates. How true it is, that joy dances in with the sunbeam at the window of a thatched, cottage, and lights up the faces of its humble inhabitants...

I was awakened by a grateful drop of water trickling down my throat. "More," I gasped, as I opened my eyes, and distinguished the form of a man kneeling beside me.

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Henry Ward Beecher's Interview with the King of Belgium. Mr. Beecher gives the following account of an interview with the King of Belgium...

When I was in Ghent, at the request of the American Minister, I consented, in the hope of doing some good to our country, to call on the King of Belgium. It would not do for me to go without some preparation...

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Miss Dix Describes the Returned Prisoner. I met Miss Dorothy Dix this morning—sister of Major-General Dix—the guardian-angel of our hundred hospitals—a glorious woman in a sublime cause...

"I had just got to the wharf," she said; "when our Flag of Truce boat, the City of New York, came in, and soon the poor fellows began to land—four hundred and fifty of them from Belle Isle. Such a sight!

Then they were let loose in cold weather or to freeze. They were in such a condition of hunger at any time that a man would give his blanket or his shoes for a bit of food...

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