

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 Wealthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL 'MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN' SHALL CHASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. X. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 15, 1864. NO. 42.

Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS. Includes rates for 1 Square, 2 do., 3 do., 4 do., 5 do., 6 do., 7 do., 8 do., 9 do., 10 do., 11 do., 12 do.

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

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y. 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 of informing his old friends and customers...

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

WELLSBORO HOTEL, Proprietor. THE Proprietor having taken possession of the above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure the comfort of guests...

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

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

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

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

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

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office of Comptroller of the Currency, WASHINGTON, March 2, 1864.

BOARDMAN AND GRUBBS CELEBRATED PATENT IMPROVED INSULATED IRON RIM AND FRAME PIANO FORTES!

WRIGHT & BAILEY, who have the agency for the sale of this one of the best machines in use...

WRIGHT & BAILEY, Mansfield, WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA. CONCENTRATED LIME, for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE.

Prine's Metallic Paint, Pflzer & Co's Chemicals, Theodius David's Inks, Fluid Extracts, Concentrated Medicines, Rochester Perfumery and Cincinnati Wines and Flavoring Extracts, Brandy, Paints and Oils, White-wash, Petroleum Oil, Kerosene Lamps, Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, School Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Wyoming Mills Wrapping Paper, Dye Glass, Dye Colors, Furnished at Wholesale Prices by W. D. TERBELL, Corning, N. Y.

Zimmermann & Co's, NATIVE BRANDY & WINES, FOR MEDICAL & COMMON PURPOSES.

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

MESSRS. ZIMMERMANN & CO., of Cincinnati and New York had formerly partnership with N. Longworth...

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

NOTICE. THE Town Council of the borough of Elkland, in the county of Tioga, hereby give notice...

DRUGS & MEDICINES. P. R. WILLIAMS, BORO AND VICINITY, that he keeps constantly on hand all kinds of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, such as Jayne's Expectorant, Alternative and Pills; Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Pills and Cherry Pectoral...

New Millinery Goods. MRS. A. J. SOFIELD desires to call the attention of the Ladies of Wellsboro and vicinity...

ESTRAY. CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber on the 16th inst., about four miles south of Wellsboro...

Select Poetry. WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. The birds, against the April wind, Flow northward, singing as they flew...

Miscellany. THE RETURNED VETERAN. This is an account of one of Major General John Logan's men...

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handsome, and if any woman ever loved her husband, it is she.

"I don't know how Andy would like that kind of talk," said she, "for he writes in his letters altogether different."

"Don't you be troubled, gal," said Squire Clifford; "he writes so just to please the officers, for they open all the letters."

"I hope they don't open any of mine, though there's nothing bad in them."

"You just wait and see how I'll talk to him, I'll bring him around, sure."

"The Squire was a peace democrat. To tell the truth, he belonged to the Knights of the Golden Circle, a lodge of which was organized by the lawyers at the county seat; and, being an influential man, he and a few others had made Rose Prairie a hard place for Union men."

It astonished one to see how plain men, honest in their dealings, and good neighbors, but ignorant, can be moulded by the intolerant and designing. When slavery made the people ignorant, a foundation was laid for every species of intolerance—even of infamy and crime.

All at once the wagon came through the yard with the horses trotting, which they had seldom done before, and it was filled with soldiers, who were the Rose Prairie boys, and Andy among them.

Almost in a moment Andy had jumped over the bars, and was near the porch, when Susan gave a spring around his neck, and would have thrown him over if he had not been tall and strong, and if he had not braced himself; and there she hung, lifted up from the ground.

"Now, I want to see my boy," said Andy, as he gently held him up, and, for the first time, gazed upon him with eyes as clear and as full of satisfaction as they were on the blessed Fourth of July last, when, with his companions, he stood on the ramparts at Vicksburg.

His mother and his sisters also came around him, and there was a great time. They all kept looking at him. He was older and tanned. There is scarcely a person in the whole North, old or young, who does not know the exact color of the Vicksburg tan. It is said that the rebels were worse tanned, which is likely, since Gen. Grant is a tanner; Andy's clothes were so clean they seemed new, and the blue cloth was very fine. The women thought his beard was so very funny, for it was only a little bunch around his mouth; they could not keep their eyes off the bright, round little buttons on his blue vest, and his shining patent-leather sword belt.

His hair was cut so as to make him look as smart as Gen. Logan. His father was proud—he knew his boy was handsome and smart,—but he had returned handsomer and smarter than he expected. After the first few words Susan said little, for she began to hurry the supper; but one could see by the glimmer of her eyes, under their lashes, that she had pleasant thoughts.

Then they had a good supper. It should have been good, for they had been preparing victuals for several days. Everything on the table and around the house looked as though there had been a wedding. It was very nearly a wedding.

As soon as supper was over the old man commenced. He spoke of the wickedness of the war, of high taxes, of the overthrow of the Constitution, and the ruin of the country, and concluded by saying that we ought to let the South go. Susan and the women tried to get him to talk of something else, while Andy interrupted and tried to explain, but he would listen to nothing, and he talked till he had said more to say. He made out a terrible case. Then Andy said:

"I see how this business is. Some of them lawyers up to the county seat have been laming you these things. And now let me tell you, though they sound mighty big, there's scarcely a word of truth in them, from one end to the other."

"What's this, what's this?" said the old Squire. "Do you mean to call your father a liar? Say, sir, am I a liar?"

Andy's bunch of beard began to work in a curious way, and he waited a little before he spoke.

"Who talks about liars but yourself? I'll tell you what the army would say of you, if you talked like that among them. They'd say you was a d—d traitor; and if you didn't happen to have a first best friend by you, they would string you up. And I'll tell you, too, we think a heap more of an out-and-out rebel than we do of the traitors at home, who, when we strike the rebels a lick, help them to strike us back."

"You git out of my house. If you are my own son, you shan't insult me in it. I have done with you—you shan't have none of my property—not a hair—out of my house—I'll have nothing to do with you!"

"That suits me if it does you. Susan pick up what things you want now, and leave the rest for another time. We'll go to Bob Reynolds. He's a good Union man. Your dad's a Copper, I know. You'll hear a different story one of these days, dad, mind I tell you."

Susan, you forgot your pocket handkerchief."

She went back, while Andy waited. She was gone a long time. Once she came out, lingering, and then very hastily went back. At last she came running, and, looking pleased, said his father wanted to speak with him. He turned rather reluctantly, and found his father filling his pipe by the fireplace.

"I want to ask you one question, Andy.—Answer me now, fair. Sayin' 'nethin' about them Northern chaps, ain't it shame to us as comes from the South to be fightin' and killin' our own kind of folks, and some on 'em our own kin?"

"I don't want no dispute with you, dad, but I can answer that mighty sudden. It's a shame—but the shame is theirs, not ours. It is they that's fightin' us. We didn't strike the first lick, we didn't want no war, but they did, and they've tried to break up the Government.—When they want peace, and to have things as they had 'em before, excepting one little thing as has gone up, all they've got to do is to say it. But if they've got an idea they can make two Governments out of one, that belongs to both of us, they've got a bigger job on hand than they've got an idea for—in fact, the thing can't be did. I'll tell you what all John Logan's men, and the rest the sojers say; we say we'll sweep 'em from the face of the earth, before we give up to 'em. And we can do it."

"That's dreadful hard talk, Andy, but there seems to be something in what you say about the first lick. I hadn't thought of that. I say, Andy, you ain't a goin' to desert your old father, are you? He's got a right to be proud of you. Let's argerly this business. I've got the handsome clover lot you ever seed, and the primest wheat you ever set eyes on. I want you to look at 'em. You shan't go—what a talk I'll make. We'll argerly and keep cool."

So things quieted down. The women were happy as crickets, and Andy went through the story of the fights he had been in, at Belmont, at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, where Logan was wounded at Shiloh, at the Big Black, and Champion Hills, and finally at Vicksburg. But even then he was not done. There was not that time evening to tell all. In listening, the Squire was so proud of his son and of the success of the Northern army, that he almost forgot he was a Democrat.

Next morning before they started, Susan had to show her husband her piece, and how she could weave. He left her weaving with all her might. A woman needs strong ankles to work the treadles, and, in weaving, she gets them.

They went out to look at the wheat and clover. The women were there, walking around, and at last to stop by a pair of barn. The old man held down his head a good deal, as if listening, while Andy made gestures, as if engaged in telling something. When they came to dinner, of greens and plenty of other things, the Squire said:

"Old woman, if what Andy's been telling me is true, there's some mistake about this Golden Circle business; and I've got to look into it; and if it's so, and it seems to be so, then them lawyers to town has been lyin' to me the cussedest."

When Andy's furlough expired, and he had started to return to the army, his father gave him his best wishes and hoped his safe return. He hoped too that he might be victorious over the rebels in every battle. Susan held up her baby as high as she could, that he might see it to the last. It would be hard to undertake to tell how much encouraged Andy felt.

Soon after this, it was talked about among the Copperheads that the furloughed soldiers had been converting the people of Rose Prairie to Unionism, and a couple of lawyers came down from the county seat to see about it.

Mr. Clifford being the most influential man, they called on him first. After going through a considerable long, smooth and slippery introduction, they told him their business. He confessed he had changed his mind, and he thought men of learning ought to know better than to be deceiving plain farmers who couldn't be expected to know all about politics. And how they knew when they never had much schooling—and this was because the blasted old slaveholders where they came from didn't want no schools. One of them, who is figuring to go to the Legislature, let out, in quite a speech filled with genuine copper democracy, telling about Lincoln's tyranny, the overthrow of the Constitution, high taxes, the ruin of the country, and concluded by saying we ought to let the South go.

"I'll tell you," said the old man, "what they'd say of you down in the army, if you talked that way to 'em. They'd say you was a damned traitor; and if you had no first best friend with you, they'd string you up; and if I was with 'em, I wouldn't kere much to help 'em. Them's my sentiments, fair and square."

"This is very strange," Squire Clifford; very strange, indeed. Why, sir, you belong to our order of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and you cannot have forgotten the solemn oath you have taken, nor the dreadful penalty which attaches to the violation of that oath."

This made the Squire mad.

"Git out of my house, you infernal scoundrel—you traitor to your God and your country. You lied to me to git me into it. Git out of my house! And if any of you Golden Circle fellows touch a hair of me or mine, I'll send for Andy and the rest of the boys, and, by the Jekes, they won't leave a grease-sput of your whole gang. Git out of my house; I'll have nothin' to do with a traitor to my country and the old flag of the stars and stripes."

The lawyer went—they both went. When he was getting on his horse, he said:

"Good-by, Mr. Clifford. You've got to be a Yankee nigger, I see. It must be you want a nigger wench."

"Yes, I do. I want a thousand of 'em. I ain't afraid of niggers as much as I was. I'm ashamed, though, I was a traitor, like you are. Yes, I was a traitor, and I helped to fight agin' Andy and Susan and her baby there.—But thank God, in his mercy, I'm a traitor no longer."

It would have done you good, had you seen how pleased the women were to hear the Squire give the lawyers his mind. N. C. M. Donovon, Union Co., Ill., April 25, 1864.

Letters from the Army. From the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

CAMP IN THE FIELD, (Near Bermuda Hundred, Va.) May 29th, 1864. Friend Agitator:—As Butler's movements on the river James are attracting a good degree of the attention of our people at home, perhaps, in the absence of any particular details from this locality, a brief account of a trip up said river from its mouth, might be found of sufficient interest as to warrant its perusal; at least I flatter myself that such might be the case.

Sunday, May 22d, at 2 o'clock P. M., we embarked on board the Golden Eagle, (a 2d class ferry boat,) at Portsmouth, Va., and ran down as far as Fortress Monroe, where we took on board a skilful pilot, and about 5 o'clock P. M. entered the spacious mouth of the James river. Just here is a point, or rather an obtuse angle, known as Newport News, and is the site of a strong Union battery. It is celebrated, as the scene of the dash of the first rebel ironclad, (the Merrimack.) Within a few yards of the beach, and a trifle below the battery, lies the hulk of the ill-fated Congress, (plainly visible at ebb tide,) while directly in front, and about forty fathoms from shore, the gallant Cumberland went down, but still unconquered,—her stars and stripes still proudly floating from the masthead. It seems but yesterday that I saw her struggling with the rebel monster; and I can still hear the yells of defiance that went up as the ship went down, carrying with her the scores of dead and wounded.—Full a score of the crew were clinging to the shrouds and other parts of the rigging—and these were saved;—but out of a crew of 300 men, two-thirds found a seaman's grave.

On our right, lying at anchor, with her broadside toward us, we have a splendid view of the new ironclad "Roanoke," it being the U. S. frigate Roanoke, cut down, raised and refitted, until not one particle of her former shape can be recognized. She is a powerful vessel, of perhaps 4,000 tons burthen, and sports three immense turrets or cupolas, each of which mounts two guns, of fifteen inch caliber. At a distance, her side resembles a beautiful granite wall, surmounted by pleasant little summer houses; but the romantic fancy is somewhat dispelled, upon a nearer approach.

Leaving this hard shelled baptist behind us, we continued on our way up the river, passing James river lighthouse No. 1, which is a neat little cottage, about eighteen feet square, standing in the center of the river, but to the right of the main channel, and mounted upon an iron structure, so that the floor never gets damp. There is a beautiful piazza running entirely about the house, and upon this we beheld a couple of bright faced urchins at play, having no fear of being drowned, as an iron railing or latticework precludes the possibility of any of the smaller fry tipping overboard. At the side of the house, and suspended by a couple of stout halyards, hangs a beautiful little "life-boat," no doubt entirely at the disposal of the mistress of the place, (who, viewed through a fine opera glass—and I beg her pardon for being so rude as to gaze at her—seems to be quite good looking,) and answers instead of a coach and four to carry her on her visits to her nearest neighbors, only two and a half miles away. Indeed, she seems very fond of music, for, as we steamed by, the band struck up, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and she leaned out over the terrace, and bringing the glass to bear, we could see her watching until the last distant strain died away, when she disappeared within.

Ran until eight o'clock P. M., when we dropped anchor off Warwick Court House. A delightful game set in about nine P. M., causing us to lie close to the decks, and to hang fast to everything having a permanent location, for fear of having to make a bed in company with the funny tribes, (we have no evidence that mermaids exist as far up as the James river,) and your humble servant does not think the change a very desirable one. Tripped anchor at daylight, and continued on our way. Nothing of interest occurred for thirty miles run. Not a single guerrilla deigned to fire a shot, although we were totally unarmed. About 11 o'clock arrived off Fort Powhatan, where we fell in with the captured rebel ram Atlanta, taken by the ironclad monitor Weehawken on the Ogeechee river, near Savannah, Georgia. This vessel is built, as are all rebel ironclads, after the style of the Merrimack, with sloping sides or decks, while fore and aft there is an immense prow, built of wood, and covered with thick plates of iron, the whole surrounded by circles of band iron about four inches thick. She mounts six heavy guns, (100 pounds,) and her ports are closed from the outside, by heavy wooden slides covered with iron armor, and fastened to the deck at the top by heavy staples. The bottoms of the slides are connected, thro' loop holes, to the carriages of the guns, by thick iron cables, so that on running out the pieces in time of action, the port holes are uncovered, while the recoil of the piece slackens the chains connected with the slides, and they fall by their own weight, thus closing the ports. This formidable iron monster was built by the ladies of Savannah, who gave their jewels and family plate for that purpose; but the ungallant Captain of the Weehawken boldly faced the withering storm of female indignation, and carried off the trophy, amid the gnashing of all the beautiful teeth in the Confederacy.

At ten o'clock P. M., Monday, dropped anchor at the wharves of Bermuda Hundred.—This is an insignificant, miserable little place, or was until the arrival of Butler's armada gave it a show of importance. It contains about a half dozen miserable houses, and mud to an astonishing depth. It is separated from City Point, another apology for a town, by the Appomattox river, which at this place is about 15 miles in width. Butler's forces are advanced from this place about six miles, where he has excellent fortifications, and can hold the whole of Lee's army at bay. But I will not be tedious, and reserve the remainder until some future time. M. D. B.

Most persons would rather see you stand 'on your head, than use it for any purpose but thought.