

The Tioga County Agitator

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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, JULY 13, 1864.

NO. 46

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE.

Princo's Metallic Paints, Fluid Extracts, Concentrated Medicines, CINCINNATI WINES and BRANDY.

Select Poetry.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER. BY GEORGE F. ROOF. Just before the battle, mother, I am thinking most of you.

W. D. TERRELL.

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

Miscellany.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY. I shall never forget the commencement of the reformation. I was a child at the time.

Farmer's Catechism.

Question. What is the best kind of Wooden beam Plow? Answer. THE WILD PLOW.

CLAIM AGENCY.

The undersigned will promptly prosecute all claims against the Government...

BOARDMAN AND CO'S

CELEBRATED PATENT IMPROVED INSULATED IRON RIM AND FRAME PIANO FORTES.

DRUGS & MEDICINES.

No. 3, UNION BLOCK, WELLSBORO, PA. P. R. WILLIAMS.

DRUGS AND MEDICINE.

Chemicals, Varieties, Paints, Soap, Perfumery, Glass, Brushes, Putty, Putty, Putty, Putty.

Balls Ohio Mower and Reaper.

FARMERS in this vicinity can procure this very valuable Machine by calling on WRIGHT & BAILEY.

DISOLUTION.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Charles E. Phelps & George W. Near, is dissolved.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

I shall never forget the commencement of the reformation. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age.

One Sunday at church a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men.

The night came, and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jests and the laugh, and saw drunken men come reeling out of the bar room.

But my childish interest was in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height, looked giant-like, as he slowly strode up the aisle.

The pastor arose under the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddling fanatics.

For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then, in a low and tremulous tone, commended. There was a deep in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period had been rounded.

but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends—I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends—a new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker's voice was low and measured—but a tear trembled in every tone, and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand.

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrows, she went down to the grave. I once had a wife—a fair, angel-bearded creature as ever smiled in an earthly home."

"Do not be startled, friends;—I am not a murderer, in the common acceptation of the term. Yet there is light in my evening sky."

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence, I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me."

"That sad pleading face and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes, I—struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth.

that I had never seen him exhibit. In the agony of fear, he called me by a name I was no longer fit to hear, and locked his fingers in my side pocket.

"The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his chest heaved like a storm-swept sea."

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary."

"Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child.

"I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom."

"My father wrote, 'MORTIMER HUDSON.' The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a red and death-like paleness."

"They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, but reeled and gasped— 'My own dear boy!' 'My father!'"

"Every day some flower is plucked from a sunny home, a branch made in some happy circle, a jewel stolen from some treasury of love."

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

Making Fun of People. One when traveling on a stage coach, says a writer in a contemporary, I met with a young lady who seemed to be on the constant lookout for something laughable.

All this was, perhaps, harmless enough.—Animals are not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing.

"The Old School House." How many recollections crowd upon us, how many visions of happiness rise before us, as our thoughts stray away back to the past, when we were yet children?

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