

The Tioga County Agitator

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The Agitator 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 Pennsylvania.

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

Papers will be stopped when the subscription time expires, unless the agent orders their continuance.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WELLS, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y.

MAT. 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. THIS popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

D. HART'S HOTEL, WELLSBORO, TIOPA CO. PENNA.

THE subscriber takes this method to inform his old friends and acquaintances that he has resumed the conduct of the old "Crystal Mountain Hotel," and will hereafter give it his entire attention.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor. THIS is a new hotel located with easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor.

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.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, I WOULD inform Dealers in Agricultural Implements.

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, BEGS leave to announce to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand all kinds of

DRUGS AND MEDICINE, such as Jayne's Expectant, Alleviator and Pills; Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Pills and Cherry Pectoral.

BALL'S Ohio Mower and Reaper, FARMERS in this vicinity can procure this very valuable Machine by calling on

WRIGHT & BAILEY, who have the agency for the sale of it.

DISOLUTION, THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between Charles E. Phelps & George W. Nye.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the subscriber on the estate of Philip Van Baker.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE, THE subscriber on the estate of Philip Van Baker.

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, TIOPA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1864. NO. 46

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE.

Prince's Metallic Paint, Fluid Extracts, Concentrated Medicines, Cinnamon Wines and Brandy.

W. D. TERRELL, Corning, N. Y.

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

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

DR. SUTTERLEE, Medical Purveyor to New York U. S. Army, in the Hospital of his Department.

SWEET CATAWBA WINE, THIS WINE has all the properties of Dry Sherry Wine.

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

Farmer's Catechism, Question. What is the best kind of Wooden beam Plow?

Answer. THE WARD PLOW. Question. Wherein does it excel all others?

Answer. In ease of draft, in being less liable to clog, and in fact it excels in every particular.

Question. Where is this Plow to be found? Answer. At the KNOXVILLE FOUNDRY, where they are made, and at various agencies around the country.

Question. Are there any other plows made at that Foundry? Answer. Yes! Biles makes various kinds of wooden and iron beam plows, both for flat land and side hill.

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Select Poetry.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

BY GEORGE F. ROOT.

Just before the battle, mother, I am thinking most of you; While upon the field we're watching,

With the enemy in view; Comrades brave and me lying, Filled with thoughts of home and God;

For well they know that on the morrow Some may sleep beneath the sod.

Cousins—farewell, mother; you may never Press me to your heart again; But oh! you'll not forget me, mother, If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother, And the loving ones at home; But I'll never leave our banner, 'Till in honor I can come.

Tell the traitors all around you, That their cruel words, we know, In every battle kill our soldiers, By the help they give the foe.

Cousins—farewell, mother; you may never, &c.

Miscellaneous.

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.

My father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of my morning glass.

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 pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks.

He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child.

The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hearing, clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn the strange thing.

My father merely said it was some scheme to unite the church and State.

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.

I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat, and we passed across the green to the church.

I remember well how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavern keeper, and around him a number of friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair household.

All were curiously watching at the door, wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in and took a seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all.

Two men finally came in and went to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness pervaded throughout the room.

The men were unlike in appearance—one being short, thick set in his build; the other tall, and well formed.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open it with prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon one present to make remarks.

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, who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men.

At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the stranger and his plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward, as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his dilated nostrils.

To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

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.

My father's attention had become fixed to the eye of the speaker, with an interest I had never before seen him exhibit. I can

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."

With a thrilling depth of voice, the speaker locked his hands together, and continued:

"O, God! thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted up upon which the drunkard can look and be healed; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide him back to honor and Heaven the bruised and weary wanderer."

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, followed by others like rain drops.

The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and continued:

"Men and Christians! You have just heard that I am a vagrant fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me, and be just."

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and boundless ocean, and life's hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home, or kindred, on earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friends, kindred or home! It was not once so."

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.

"No, my friends, it was not once so. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine, no more."

The old man seemed looking away through fancy upon some bright vision; his lips apart, and his fingers extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by his magic movements.

"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-beautiful creature as ever smiled in an earthly home—her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eye grew dim, as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every fiber was broken. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy; but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom—but these hands destroyed it, and it liveth with one who loveth children."

"Do not be startled, friends;—I am not a murderer, in the common acceptance of the term. Yet there is light in my evening sky.—A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The child-angel visits me at nightfall—and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale, and excited by some strange emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic, when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness, and home, to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the genius being whom I injured so deeply."

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence, I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw my wife's cheek grow pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone, amid the wreck of her home idols, and riotous at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread."

"One New Year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek. At that moment the child in its cradle awoke and set up a fainting wail, starting the despairing mother like a serpent's sting."

"We have no food, James—have had none for several days. My once kind husband, must we starve?"

"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. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before; but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down, as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched my hands in her hair."

"God of mercy!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked upon my fiendish countenance, "you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie!" as he sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door; and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With a yell of fiend, I still dragged her on, and hurled her out into the darkness and storm. With a wild hush I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading means mingling with the wail of the blast and the sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not yet complete."

"I turned on the little bed where lay my older son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half-awakened struggles opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of

feared, he called me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers into my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and, with the coolness of a devil, as I was, I shut the door upon the arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist."

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. My father had arisen from his seat, and was leaning forward—his countenance was bloodless, and the large drops were standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I bade never since behold such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"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. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy scene of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had had a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door, with a shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow, and striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—O God! how horrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe—frozen to ice!—The ever true mother had bowed herself over her child, and wrapp'd all her clothing around it, leaving her own person naked to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half opened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

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. In tones of low and heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded:

"I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, and was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom.—Oh God, no!—I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no man. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful a one to me. I would see my wife and children beyond this vale of tears."

The old man sat down; but a spell as deep and strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat, and snatched it at eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

"Sign it—sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood, if it would bring back my loved and lost ones."

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.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed.

They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, but reeled and gasped—

"My own dear boy!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each other's neck, until it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.

"Let me thank God for the great blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loth to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grandchild on the knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

DIED YESTERDAY.

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.—Each day, from the summer fields of life, some harvester disappears. Yes, every hour some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging billows of eternity.

"Died yesterday!" Who died? Was it a gentle babe, sinless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's hymn—one whose laugh was the gush of summer rills loitering in a bowler of roses, whose lips were a perpetual litany? Or was it a youth, hopeful, generous—one whose soul was hallowed by flowers, no wily serpent lurking underneath; one whose spirit panted after the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the gerdon in the distance?

"Died yesterday!" Was it a young girl—pure as the orange buds that clasped her forehead, stricken down as she stood at the altar? No, it was none of these—but a strong man, who has sunk into dreamless slumber, and is now being borne to the garden of the slumberer. One whose love of country was paramount, and whose life was in the end a sacrifice to his zeal in the performance of good works. A faithful teacher of the Word, he has now gone to receive the great reward—"Blessed are the Dead."

Daily, men, women and children are passing away—and hourly, in some graveyard, the soil is flung upon the dead. As oft as the morn, we find some flower, that blushed sweetly at sunset, has withered up forever. Daily, when we rise, some one has been borne from among us. Each day some pearl drops from the jeweled threads of friendship—some lyre, to which we have been wont to listen, has been hushed forever.

As up-country editor pays his respects to— "Newspaper borrowers, may their be a life of single-blessedness; may their path be carpeted with cross-eyed snakes, and their nights be haunted with knock-necked tom cats."

The man who never says nothing to nobody, was married last week to the lady who never speaks ill of no one.

Early Rising.—I hold it is not natural. With men, as with pens, early rising is all a matter of forcing.—Pelham the Second.

A fellow who chopped off his hand; the other day, while cutting wood, sent an apothecary for a remedy for chopped hands.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

Table with 4 columns: 1 Square, 2 do., 3 do., 4 do. and 5 columns: 3 months, 6 months, 12 months. Rates range from \$3.00 to \$25.00.

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand.

Making Fun of People.

Once 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. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and sheep looked demurely at us, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense.

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

So it seemed to me; for, after awhile, an aged woman came running across the fields, lifting up her hand to the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself between two posts which were very near together.

The young lady in the stage coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable; for, in getting through the fence, the poor woman made sad work with her old black bonnet; and now, taking a seat beside a well dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind.

This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card, pretended to take a pattern of her bonnet, and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh at her.

At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her, and said:

"My dear girl, you are now young and healthy, and happy. I have been so too, but that time is past. I am now old and forlorn. The coach is taking me to the deathbed of my only child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in the world, where merry girls will think me a very amusing object.—They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and sad appearance, forgetting that the old woman has loved and suffered, and will live forever."

The coach now stopped before a poor looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling enquiry of the mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

The driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was