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The Editor is the Official paper of Tiooga Co., and circulates in every neighborhood therein.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one insertion, and \$1.50 for three insertions.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WELLBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1865. NO. 34.

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

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y.

JOHN I. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

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PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE.

J. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.

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

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REVENUE STAMPS.

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COWANESQUE HOUSE.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, (Corner Main Street and the Avenue.)

HUGH YOUNG, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE TO COLLECTORS.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS & WOODMEN.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

TO THE FARMERS OF DELMAR & CHARLES.

PETROLEUM! PETROLEUM!

Geologists and practical men unite in their belief and so report that

Discovery of Oil in Wellsboro is near at hand.

But I would say to the people of TIOGA COUNTY & VICINITY,

(before investing your Capital in Oil Stock) that I have recently purchased the Stock of Goods of M. Bullard, consisting of

CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c., all at a great reduction from

New York Jobbing Prices, and am bound to give to my customers the advantage

OF MY PURCHASE.

Being desirous of closing out the Clothing part of this Stock, I now offer the entire Stock

AT COST FOR CASH!

HATS AND CAPS, I will almost give away; at all events, will sell them so cheap you will hardly know the difference.

Call soon and avail yourself of this RARE OPPORTUNITY.

Remember the place, the Keystone Store, one door above Roy's Drug Store. G. P. CARD.

WELLSBORO, Jan. 25, 1865-4f.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

(One door below Harden's Store.)

WE have just arrived in Wellsboro with a large Stock of CLOTHING and

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Also, HATS & CAPS, and a great assortment of

LADIES' CLOAKS,

Which we offer to the citizens of Wellsboro and surrounding country at

50 PER CENT. CHEAPER,

than any other establishment in this part of the country. Our object is to reduce our

WINTER & FALL STOCK OF GOODS.

PRICES: OVER COATS from \$4 to \$40.

BUSINESS COATS from \$3 to \$25.

PANTS from \$2 to \$10.

VESTS from \$2 to \$8.

We bought our goods when Gold was only 150 and we can afford to sell our goods cheap.

All our goods are manufactured under our own supervision and can not be surpassed in quality and durability.

We respectfully invite every one whose interest is to be economical, to examine our

STOCK AND PRICES

NAST & AUERBACH, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Blossburg, Pa.

WELLSBORO, Dec. 14, 1864-4f.

Original Poetry.

(Published by Request.)

LINES To the Memory of Mrs. F. A. M. GREEN, of Mansfield, Tiooga County, Pa.

Friend of my early years—they tell me thou art dead, That spring's first fragrant flowers now bloom above thy head;

But oh, I see thee still, as in youth's sunny hours, When, with light happy hearts, we sought the earliest flowers;

Memory brings back to me thy face and form each day, I cannot feel that thou hast passed from earth away;

From all our childish haunts my home is far away; And to thy resting place my thoughts may never stray;

Yet oft at twilight's hour my thoughts shall seek the spot, Where rests the form of her who cannot be forgot.

Oh truly, thou wert, in youth's bright spring to die, New life's first fragrant flowers now bloom above thy head;

But oh! the aching void which thou hast left behind, The sorrowing friends—the bleeding hearts—where shall they comfort find?

The weary sleep's hours of night—the sad deserted room—How can the sleeping soul sustain its weight of grief and gloom!

But faith points far above, beyond the deep blue sky, To that best world of love where friends no more can die;

Where partings come no more to rack the anxious breast Where tempests all are o'er and wearied spirits rest.

Oh, if departed souls may view the scenes of earth, Methinks thy angel form clothed with immortal birth,

Now hovers round the loved one's resting place, From all created goods to Heaven's unclouded day.

Richmond, Ohio. M. L. DODD.

Correspondence.

(For the Agitator.)

OUT OF A REBEL PRISON.

BY CAPT. REES G. RICHARDS, 45th P. V.

AT AN EARLY HOUR on the morning of the 15th of February, 1865, the officers confined in prison at Columbia, S. C., were ordered to pack up immediately, as we had heard the friendly booming of Sherman's cannon the previous afternoon, and knew very well the occasion of our exodus at so early an hour.

We were closely packed as possible in box cars, with a guard at each door. Receiving a cracker and a half, each, for a day's ration, we started for Charlotte, N. C. After a breakdown or two we arrived there on the morning of the 17th, having traveled 109 miles in two days.

Before leaving the cars, an order, or rather, a letter, dated at Richmond, was read to us, stating that a general exchange of prisoners had been agreed upon, and that we would soon be paroled and sent to our lines; but as liars cannot be believed, even when they do tell the truth, I, like many others, thought it was all to deceive us.

As soon as we reached camp, which was near a wood, I discovered the guards to be both ignorant and negligent of their duties, and of that fact determined to take advantage. So, after getting all the loose crumbs my messmates could spare, I walked up to a sentinel who was leaning on his musket, as though he, too, was without his breakfast, and asked permission to pass outside his post to gather leaves and brush for a bed. "Go just out there," was the kind reply; and out I went, taking leaves, and continuing to take leaves until the 16th of March, when I arrived at Knoxville, Tennessee, safe and sound.

When a mile and a half from camp I met two officers—Adj. Hastings, 7th Pa. Reserve, and Lieut. Richard Cooper, 7th N. J. Vols., who had also made their escape. We resolved to keep together and travel westward. About four miles from camp we concealed ourselves until night. Here each but for himself a stout stick for protection against the canine species. Lieut. Cooper, whom we called "Dick," was on his weapon—"Death to dogs!" One of the party, somewhat elated over his escape, composed the following parody on one of the well known poems—"Excelsior":

The shades of night were falling fast, As o'er the rocky roads there passed Three Yankees, bearing each a stick, On one of which was carved by "Dick"— "Death unto dogs!"

Evading the roads, we traveled until ten, P. M., when seeing a plantation, one stole up to a negro shanty, knocked at the door, when he heard a voice from within—"Who dar?"

"'Yankee!" was the whispered reply. "At that Sambo opened the door, saying in a low tone:

"'Lor, massa! you's the fust white man dat ever o me to this house widout wakin' up dat ar dog. You 'lone!"

"No, there are two more out here." "Well, you must be careful, massa's jes' done gone hant fer you 'Yankee." He heard you run away. I'm Charlotte ter day, and young massa's watching the horses, fear you's steal 'em. D'you want sumf'n, 't 'at?"

"Yes; as soon as you can get it for us." Shortly, as we stood some distance from the house, half a dozen negroes came to us, with all of whom we had to shake hands. They gave us a pone of corn-bread apiece and a little bacon, most of which we put in our haversacks, and after receiving directions to cross the river, we were again skedaddling. The guards usually kept at the bridge over the Catawba, fortunately for us, were taken off that evening; so we crossed unmolested. As it was now daylight we concealed ourselves in a wood and slept.

On waking, we found ourselves in dangerous proximity to a white man, who was chipping. To help the matter, three dogs stood at bay, growling fiercely. As soon, if not sooner, as it was convenient, we passed, quietly as possible, down a ravine, out of danger. Our appetites being sharpened by exercise, our corn pones made us but a slender breakfast, so that before traveling very far that night, we were going to replenish our haversacks if possible.

At 9 P. M., one of the party cautiously stole to a shanty near the road and quietly knocked. "Who dar?" came from within, in a whining voice.

"Yank!" "Good lor, massa! I don't go no furder, ole massa's he's 'bout mile 'head, gearin' de bridge."

"All right. Got anything to eat?" "Well, ole massa's he's berry hard on us, but reckon we kin gib yous a little."

So we took that "little" gladly, and following their instructions, we went with a negro

from another plantation, who said he would give us something to eat. As good as his word he gave us all we could eat, besides filling our haversacks. He also gave one of us a new shirt, and offered a coat which he said was new. Not wishing to impose upon good nature we declined the coat. He took us across the river (which was guarded) by another way, and accompanied us for four miles. Such was the treatment we received at the hands of the despised negro.

At daybreak, finding, as we supposed, a suitable place, we laid down to sleep. At about 9 o'clock, forenoon, we awoke and found ourselves near a small stream. Soon after noon we were startled by a crackling of the brush. Looking around we saw a rebel soldier approaching us. He came within 50 yards, then crossed over the stream, and came down on the other side, passing within sixteen feet of where we lay. We lay still as white mice, and watching his eyes, were confident he did not see us, although one of the party had his coat off, and displayed a shirt that once was white.

On the morning of the 20th of February we reached Lincolnton. By "flanking" the place we made the plantation of a Mr. Kessler, where we found the negroes as ready and willing to assist us as ever. One of the name of R., who, by the way, took Capt. Clark of Mansfield, across the river the night previous, concealed us in a wood on the river bank, while another, named M., was making arrangements to bring a Union man to us. Sure enough, at ten in the morning, conducted to our place of concealment a Mr., who proved himself to be more than loyal. That night he took us across the south branch of the Catawba, accompanied by another of the right sort. We were then taken to a paper mill, where we saw fifteen Union men, all members of the "Union League," and informed that there were fifty in that vicinity. This was in the heart of North Carolina. We were then lodged in a barn for five days, awaiting the approach of Sherman; but instead of marching on Charlotte, he took a northeasterly course toward Wilmington from Chester. During this time we were making out the necessary papers, each one furnishing himself with a furlough, on which were fac similes of Adj. General Cooper's and Col. Hoke's signatures—the latter being in command of the Department of North Carolina. Besides, your humble servant had a letter from his sister Mary, (though he has no sister Mary) dated at Jonesboro, E. Tenn., Jan. 1, 1865, addressed to Corporal R. G. Allender, Camp Chase, Ohio,—by which he was informed that his father had raised "right smart" of corn and a few molasses. Our friend Mr., also made out a map of the route we were to travel to the foot of the Blue Ridge, and presented me with a rebel hat and jacket at the same time. He cautioned us against washing our faces or combing our hair, telling us to "appear as dumb" as we could.

So, on the night of the 26th of February, three "Johnnies" might have been seen traveling westward from the little village of Lincolnton at a rapid pace. Next morning we found ourselves within two miles of the ford across the north branch of the Catawba. We asked a lady at the junction of the two roads which was the right one to the ford. She directed us to take the left. We did so; but after walking three miles were informed that it was five miles to the ford. The lady had misinformed us, more from ignorance of the distinction between the right and left hand, probably, than from design. In returning to take the other road we traveled seven miles, and learned that we were six miles from the ford. Again we changed our course, and found the ford long after dark. Thus, after plodding through the mud from 10 A. M., to 8 P. M., during which time it rained almost incessantly, we gained but two miles on our journey.

Arrived at the river we knew no more of its depth than as to what shape the clouds would assume on the morrow. But into it we plunged, and though deep and swift in places, we landed safely on the other side. On the night of March 1st we found ourselves on the banks of the same Catawba. Owing to heavy rains the river was prodigiously swollen. Unable to cross, we slept on the banks until morning. We then hid in the straw stacks, expecting to see a colored man to take us over. Up to 1 A. M., we saw neither white nor black man. We then decided to put on a bold face, and called the ferryman, a rank rebel, to take us over. He asked who we were. We told him we were paroled prisoners belonging to Hood's army. "Jump in here!" said he. How finely we glided across. "Well, sir, how much for your trouble?" "Oh, nothing; I reckon you poor soldiers suffer right smart with them ar Yanks. Take the left hand road to that brick house, and they'll tell you where to go from there."

However, we took the liberty to avoid the brick house, and learned from the negroes the way to the Lenoir ford. While crossing the ford next morning one of our party was carried away by the current, but regained his feet and got safely over. Here the mountain scenery was truly magnificent. After climbing to the summit of Lenoir mountain, several thousand feet above the level of the sea, we stood for some time to speechless wonder at the sight—a blending of the picturesque and sublime. A peak called "Short-Off" attracted our attention in particular. Its sides were almost perpendicular, and its summit crowned with evergreens looking beautifully in the morning sun, while the mist hung far below the summit. Before descending we rolled a huge rock down the steep, listening attentively to the reverberations as it bounded from crag to crag, until they died away in a low murmur; when we turned away its descent was audible, echoing through the fearful abyss.

At 3 in the afternoon we had the fortune to meet a rebel Colonel with a squad of armed men. We were halted with a stern:

"Who are you?" "We are paroled prisoners, sir."

"Where are you going?" "Home, to Tennessee."

"Where do you live there?" "I live in Jonesboro."

"And I live near Greenville," said number three.

"Whose command do you belong to?" "Hood's."

"When were you paroled?" "February 22."

"The roads are very muddy."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, success to you."

"Thank you, sir." And away they galloped. We passed on a little further and were halted again by three armed soldiers, who propounded nearly the same questions to which we replied as before. One of them at last said very knowingly—"I believe you are Yankees."

We told him we could show our papers. "Well," said he, "it doesn't matter whether you are Yankees or not. Come up the mountain with us."

"No, sir; we must stop at this house to get supper."

"Then we shall wait till you are ready, I reckon."

Thinking their company not very agreeable, we were willing to spare them the delay. But all was for the best. They proved to be all right, though clad in rebel uniform. So we felt at home until the next morning, when we began the ascent of the Blue Ridge. One of our rebel friends joined our party, and is now a soldier in the 13th Tenn. Volunteers. After climbing mountains and jumping ditches to our hearts' content, we arrived at the house of Mr., an old man with snowy locks, but very active even in his old age. He seemed like a military governor of the county where he resided. He is a terror to the rebels, but a friend to all who are loyal to the old flag.—Whenever the rebels threaten an incursion into the mountains, he always has a party of citizens armed and equipped to meet them. Such is the Union feeling among the hardy mountaineers of North Carolina.

Here a guide joined our party; and by the 11th of March we numbered eleven, including deserters from the rebel army and two negroes wanting to fight for Uncle Sam. On that day we ascended the last mountain between us and the valley of the Tennessee. Though it was pleasant in the valley, on the summit of the "Big Butte" our ears were in danger of freezing. Before leaving the mountains I must pay a tribute of respect to their hardy dwellers, to whose humble dwellings we were always welcomed, and whose last crust is freely shared with the needy if only loyal to the old flag, which they worship. Though limited in education, their eyes beam with intelligence. They are both honest and industrious, brave, and always ready to shoulder their trusty rifles in defence of their country and firesides. Their homes have been the scenes of most horrible atrocities during the rebellion. Their wives and children have suffered the most cruel deaths for Freedom's sake, and they have been robbed of everything movable. Yet they are firmly devoted to their country's honor.

We now descended to the valley, in more danger than ever, the country being overrun by guerrillas, who pursue the trade of murdering peaceable citizens. Had we fallen into the hands of these men, whose hands are red with the blood of women and children, our fate may be imagined.

Our pilot was now as ignorant of the way as ourselves. After traveling over 200 miles the prospect was gloomier than ever, but we pressed forward cautiously during the night, arriving at the house of the late Capt., who died at Annapolis, Md., shortly after being confined in a rebel prison. Here we were welcomed; but as soon as breakfast was over, we were concealed in a wood, with the male members of the family, momentarily expecting the demons clad in gray.

About 10 o'clock forenoon, two accomplished young ladies, (Misses — and —) went out on a reconnaissance, after having gained the desired information they returned, knowing the whereabouts of the rebels three of which they had seen. At 8 o'clock evening, we again took up our line of march, the same ladies volunteering to pilot us. They were in the advance about 50 yards so that in case of any danger they could give us warning. If caught, their fate would have been like ours; as to that they were satisfied. The night was exceedingly dark; whether our deeds were evil or not I leave others to judge. At any rate under those circumstances we chose "darkness rather than light." While passing a house the dogs barked most furiously, and the negroes being somewhat timid, and seeing a black stamp, thought we were being pursued. More than a little excited they came running up to us advising us of the danger. Having no reason to disbelieve the negroes, Sergeant Young, the only man armed in the party stood with his revolver at full hammer ready for the emergency. During this time the ladies stood with folded arms awaiting the development of affairs. We were soon on our way again, and after traveling over fields and through the woods for six long miles, we bid the ladies a reluctant good bye. We made the best of our time until we arrived at the house of Mr. Johnson, a relative of our Vice President. Here we were told that two or three days before reaching there, an old gentleman named Walker was thus treated by the guerrillas: Mr. Walker was an old man, he interfered with no one's affairs, he was a Union man but neither aided nor abetted our cause. They demanded of him his gold and silver; to save his life he complied with their demands; they not only took his money but everything of value that they could carry, after which they shot him dead like a dog in his own house, and struck his aged spouse on her head with a musket so that she lay helpless by the side of her dead husband. What do our "Coppers" think of such treatment at the hands of their inaccurate friends. I have heard of so many atrocities so similar to the above from the lips of honest men that I am constrained to believe them although perpetrated by the hands of Americans. Let us disown that class bearing the name of our nationality. From there we passed on until the 16th of February. O happy day! we were again under our old flag, to which we love to do homage. The tears would faint start for joy to see those stars made brighter by our late victories, floating so gorgeously to the breeze.

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Rates of Advertising.

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Table with 4 columns: Advertiser, 3 months, 6 months, 12 months. Rates range from \$4.00 to \$39.00.

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

A Dutchman's Opinion of the War.

Editors:—I s'pose I hef so much rite to say something as some older men who pays his taxes and sticks up by the constitution. I goes in for de Union algeder, and don't haf nothing to do mit tem old Copperheads dat gors around humbugging de peeples. Dat ish not my style—O no! I tells you vot I do.—Ven dish war begins to broke out, I calls my son Shorge. "Come here, you Shorge," I sez. He Combed. "Shorge," I sez, "ven you has a little poy I gives you de name of Shorge Vashington, because he was a good man vat fits mit his country. Now, here ish annudder mus pegun between Uncle Sam and some more old raskals, and I vant you to put your gun across your pack and den shoulder your knapsack, and go and fite too, and be so goot a man as he vas." Vell, off he goes and bretty soon dey makes him a corporal and now he rites a letter on me and sez he hef a good chance to be made captain so soon as his turn comes. My Shorge is no gowart. I tell you he vil vite so as to toyvel, I see him hok a poy more as half as big as himself. Vell, ven he goes mit de sogers I tell he shall rite home on me and let me know vat he does, and how many pattles dey fite, and how many rebels dey don't kill and how many rebels kill dem, and how many men de rebels haf, and vat de Shenerals are apout, and vat de gogerals ish apout, and vat Sheff Davis ish apout, and all apout eferferying. Of gores, I reads some of dese things in de bapers, but dey is all lies. I pelevates not more things from the whole of dem. I see them make it all up down in der cellar.—I tink dey do not know more about it as I do. My Shorge is dere rite on de spot, and sees it mit his own eyes; dat is better, ash bein in a cellar; and if he rites some things I ashure his shust so. Vell, py and py he writes me a letter.

"My dear fadder," he sez, "I got nothing to eat." All rite. I send him a poy so big as a parn, mit sourkrot and polonias, and bratzels and kase, and all vat ish goot. Vell, bretty soon he writes another letter. "My dear fadder," he sez, "I hef no clothes." All rite.—I tells my old woman, and she sent him shirts and stockings and drawers, and baper collers more ash two men could lift. Vell, I wait, a letter comes. "My dear fadder," he sez "I haf no money." Dash is all de news I gort from him so fur. I kin see how tings go on bretty vell myself, and I tells you how I tink dia war ish managed. Some fuller shumps up and vants to be Sheneral. All rite! Vell, he goes round to his friend—Congressman, contractors and under thieves, and sez, "I goes into a Sheneral." All rite I vere vell. "Now you must speak to Ole Abe, and tell him vat I vants." All rite and sez; and den dey goes to Ole Abe, and sez, "Ole Abe, here ish a mity shmart man, and you shall make him for a Sheneral. "I haf more Shenerals as I knows vot to do wit," says Ole Abe. "Never mind," dey sez, "dish feller ish shmartar den all of dem;" and des bodder and bodder, till Ole Abe he sez; "Go to de toyvel and make him a Sheneral." All rite again. Vell, so soon as he gits to pe a Sheneral, he puts on some new clothes, mit a kuppel-pounds of gilded brass on de shoulders, and gits some more fellers with new clothes and gilded brass, den ish de sthaff—and gey ride all down togedder, and take command of de army. Den, as de next ting, is de men has to pack up dere tings, and off dey goes. Vell, dey marshes till dey come to a place vere dere is plenty of whiskey and den the Sheneral sez, "Halt! I dinks we sthoph here; dish ish a good position." So dey sthoph dere