

The Tioga County Agitator
BY M. H. COBB.
Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE.
The paper is sent postage free to county agents, but, though they may receive their mail at post-office in counties immediately adjoining, for a distance.
The AGITATOR is the official paper of Tioga County, and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscriptions being on the advance pay system, it is sent among a class most to the interest of advertisers to reach. Terms to advertisers as liberal as the office offers by any paper of equal circulation in Northern Pennsylvania.
A cross on the margin of a paper, if not the subscription is about to expire.
Papers will be stopped when the subscription term expires, unless the agent orders their continuation.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.
Will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties.
(Wellsville, Jan. 1, 1883.)

DICKINSON-HOUSE,
CORNING, N. Y.
M. A. FIELD, Proprietor.
GUESTS taken to and from the Depot free of charge.
(Jan. 1, 1883.)

JOHN I. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Tioga Village, Tioga County, Penna.
Prompt attention to Collections.
March 1, 1883-ly.

JEROME B. NILES,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Niles Valley, Tioga County, Pa.
Having been specially licensed by the United States for the Prosecution of Claims for Pensions, Back Pay and Bounties.
Particular attention will be given to that class of business.
Niles Valley, Feb. 15, 1883-ly.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,
CORN OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE,
Wellsville, 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.
(Jan. 1, 1883.)

D. HART'S HOTEL,
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PENNA.
The subscriber takes this method to inform his old friends and customers that he has removed the conduct of the old "Crystal" Hotel to this place, and will hereafter give it his entire attention. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a renewal of the same.
DAVID H. HART.
Wellsville, Nov. 4, 1883-ly.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,
GAINES, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.
H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor.
This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public.
(Jan. 1, 1883.)

A. FOLEY,
Watches, Clocks, Jewels, &c., &c.,
REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.
POST OFFICE BUILDING,
NO. 5, UNION BLOCK.
Wellsville, May 20, 1883.

W. H. WILLIAMS,
Wm. H. Smith,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
COUNTY & PENSION AGENCY.
Main Street, Wellsville, Pa.
January 4, 1883-ly.

S. F. SHABLIN,
BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER,
SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE,
Ladies' Hair-Cutting done in the best manner.
Wellsville, Dec. 7, 1884.

WESTERN EXCHANGE HOTEL,
KNOXVILLE, BOROUGHS, PA.
The undersigned having leased the above Hotel for a term of years would respectfully inform traveling public that he has put the Hotel in first class order for the reception of guests and no pains will be spared in the accommodation of travelers. As far as the situation will allow, he will keep a first class Hotel, in all things except prices, which will be moderate. Please try us and judge for yourselves.
Knoxville, Oct. 19, 1884-ly. J. H. MARTELL.

REVENUE STAMPS,
JOHN M. PHELPS, Deputy Collector of the District of Columbia, has just received a large lot of Revenue stamps, of all denominations, from one cent up to \$5. Any person wishing stamps can get them at any office in Mansfield, or of M. E. BULLARD, Assistant Assessor, at Wellsville, Pa.
J. M. PHELPS.
Mansfield, Feb. 1, 1884.

P. NEWELL, DENTIST,
MANSFIELD, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.
Is prepared to operate in all the improvements in the various departments of filling, extracting, inserting artificial dentures, &c.
Mansfield, August 10, 1884-ly.

COWANESQUE HOUSE,
This House which has been open for convenience of the traveling public for a number of years, has lately been newly furnished throughout and fitted up in good style as can be found in any country or city Hotel. The Proprietor does not hesitate in saying that there will be no pains spared to add to the comfort of his guests, and make it a home for them. The best of stabling for teams; and a good table always in attendance, all of which can be found at mile east of Knoxville.
M. V. PURPLE, Proprietor.
Deerfield, May 25, 1884-ly.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
(Corner Main Street and the Avenue.)
WELLSBORO, PA.
D. E. HOWARD, Proprietor.
One of the most popular Houses in the county. This Hotel is the principal Stage-house in Wellsboro. See leaves daily as follows:
For Troy at 9 a. m.; For Troy at 3 p. m.; For Jersey Shore every Tuesday and Friday at 12 p. m.; For Coudersport every Tuesday and Friday at 12 p. m.; Stages Arrive—From Tioga, at 12 1/2 o'clock p. m.; From Troy, at 6 o'clock p. m.; From Jersey Shore, Tuesday and Friday 11 a. m.; From Coudersport, Tuesday and Friday 11 a. m.; N. B.—Jimmy Cowden, the well-known hostler, will be found on hand.
Wellsville, Oct. 5, 1884-ly.

HUGH YOUNG,
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
AND DEALER IN:
American Clocks, American, English, and Swiss Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware, Spectacles, Picture Frames, Photograph Albums, Store, Trunks, Microscopes, Perfumery, Yankee Notions, Fishing Tackle and Fish, and Fancy and Toilet Articles.
SCHOOL BOOKS of every kind used in the County, constantly on hand and sent by mail, or otherwise, to order.
NO. 5, UNION BLOCK, WELLSBORO, PA.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters of Administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Daniel Snyder, late of Jackson township, deceased, notice is hereby given to those indebted to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement to—
J. H. I. MITCHELL, Adm'r.
Tioga, March 15, 1885-64.

CASH PAID FOR UNION SETTS
BOY'S DRUG STORE.

THE AGITATOR.

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

VOL. XI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 26, 1865. NO. 35.

U. S. 7-30 Loan.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium which increases the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, and its exemption from State and municipal taxation adds from one to three per cent. more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to:
One cent per day on a \$50 note.
Two cents " " " \$100 "
Ten " " " \$500 "
20 " " " \$1000 "
\$1 " " " \$5000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded at once. The interest to 15th June next will be paid in advance. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. The amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Banks throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

Subscriptions will be received by the FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Wellsville.
March 25, 1865.

THE NINTH NATIONAL BANK

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. Paid in.

Fiscal Agent of the United States, and Special Agent for Jay Cooke, Subscription Agent.

WILL DELIVER 7-30 NOTES, free of charge, by express, in all parts of the country, and receive in payment checks on New York, Philadelphia and Boston, current bills, and all five per cent. interest notes, with interest to date of subscription. Orders sent by mail will be promptly filled.

This Bank receives the accounts of Banks and Bankers on favorable terms; also of individuals keeping New York accounts.
J. T. HILL, Cashier. J. U. ORVIS, President.
Mar 8-85.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

No. 2, Union Block.
Has lately returned from New York with a splendid assortment of

DRY GOODS, READY-MADE CLOTHING,

BOOTS & SHOES, GLASSWARE, HATS & CAPS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, DOMESTICS, WOODENWARE, ENGLISH CLOTHS, LADIES' DRESS GOODS, SATINS, TWEEDS AND KENTUCKY JEANS, FRENCH CASSIMERES, FULL CLOTHS.

Attention is called to his stock of Black and Figured Dress Silks, Worsteds Goods, Merinos, Black and Figured DeLaines, Long and Square Shawls, Ladies' Cloth, Opera-Flannels, &c.

Purchasers will find that No. 2, Union Block, Main Street, is the place to buy the best quality of Goods at the lowest prices. JEROME SMITH, Wellsville, Nov. 16, 1884-ly.

NOTICE TO COLLECTORS.

Collectors of the several townships and Boroughs of Tioga County, who are in arrears for Taxes are hereby notified that their duplicates must be settled up on or before May Court, or their Bonds will be entered, and costs made immediately thereafter. Also, all persons indebted to said county by note, judgment or otherwise, must make immediate payment or cost will be made. By order of the Commissioners.
Apr. 12, '85. A. M. SPENCER, Treasr.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS & WOODMEN.

The School Directors of Charleston will meet at the Young School House, on Friday, the 21st inst., at 8 o'clock A. M., to hire teachers for the Summer Schools, and let the getting of wood for next Winter Schools. By order of the President of the Board.
Apr. 10, 1885. J. L. KINGSBURY, Sec'y.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The School Directors of Union District will meet at the Court House in Wellsville, on Saturday, the 22d day of April, inst., to hire teachers for the ensuing Summer term at 10 o'clock A. M. Teachers applying for schools, will please have their certificates with them. A 5 cent stamp is required on each contract. By order of the Board. ISRAEL STONE, Secretary.
Apr. 12, 1885.

VENUE.

In the Borough of Mansfield, on Saturday, April 22d, inst., at 1 o'clock P. M., One span of Mares, one yoke of Oxen, Cattle, Sheep, Mower and Reaper, Wagons, Ploughs, Drag, Sleds, Harness, Clocks, Books, Desk, Sledboard, Fanning Mill, Straw Cutter, and a multiplicity of other things. Also Real Estate. Terms made known at the time and place above mentioned. D. P. MARYATT, Mansfield, April 12, 1885-2w.

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned having been appointed an auditor to settle the account of J. J. Werline and J. H. Woodruff, Executors of Jeremiah Black, dec'd., and make distribution of the proceeds of said estate will attend to the duties of his office at the House of J. H. Woodruff, in Liberty, May 8th proximo. S. PIERCE, Auditor.
Wellsville, April 12, 1885-3t.

Miscellaneous.

TWICE AT BAY.

It was midnight in East Tennessee, not the night of nature, but the middle of that dark and detestable night during which that persecuted region was assailed under the Davis despotism. It was political midnight in East Tennessee. It was nearly twilight, when a young man and a young girl sat at the open window of a fine mansion near a pleasant little village—a village now almost swept out of existence by the Sirocco-breath of war.

The girl was Mary Basham; an orphan, who, with her brother Richard, had inherited the splendid property of her parents, consisting mostly of land and slaves. The greater part of the slaves had been left to her brother; but the mansion belonged to them in common, and she also owned a sum in Louisville bank shares. Her brother had taken up arms to protect his property, as he said, and he probably thought, and was then a Captain of Confederate guerrillas. Mary Basham was considered a "great catch," and it was certainly strange, if not improper, in Mrs. Grundy's eyes, that she should love that fair-haired young man who sat by her side at the open window, for Ernest Felder had had no riches, except a fair share of talent, and a true, honest heart. Consequently he was worse than a Yankee, and a marriage with him would be as bad a messianism as Mary Basham could make.

"You are foolish, Ernest," said the girl, as she plucked a flower from the vine and pulled it to pieces. "What is the Union to you, that you are so anxious to make yourself a martyr for its sake? Besides, what can you do for the Union by hiding out in the woods and mountains, and being hunted down at last, and hung or shot, or imprisoned?—So far, although you have been subject to annoyances, you have escaped harm; and now, if you will simply submit to the new order of things, all will be well, and you will not be troubled."

"The Union is everything to me, Mary Basham," said the young man, "for it sheltered me and my flag protected me when I came to this country an exile; and under the Union I have enjoyed the fruit of my labor, and have been happy and contented. It would be worse than ingratitude to desert it now, because I happen to be among its enemies."

"Then you will leave me," said the girl, as she tore a flower passionately.

"I must, Mary, unless you can be convinced that it is politic as well as right to seek peace and safety on Union ground. But that is not to be expected, and I do not wonder at you, being a slaveholder."

"O, bother the slaves," broke in the impatient girl. "They are more trouble than they are worth, and always were. Dick Basham is welcome to all of them, if he wants them, except Henry and little Jim. I always felt as if I belonged to them more than they belong to me, and the feeling is irksome. But as for those guerrilla bands like that of Brother Dick's, they are a disgrace to the country, and ought not to be permitted. Dick has said he meant to bring his gang of ruffians here some night, and give them a supper—as if I would stay in the house where these wretches are holding their drunken orgies! I dared him to do it."

"Humph! he talks so much about the blood of the Bashams—let him try to commit such an outrage on common decency and he will find that there is as much blood of the Bashams in his veins as in mine. I will let master officer know that I am not to be frightened by him."

The conversation was then interrupted by a rough looking man, dressed in brown homespun, badly tattered; and carrying a long rifle, upon his shoulder, who came hurriedly over the lawn toward the house. "Hardly stopping to knock he entered the front door, and pushed into the room where Mary Basham and Ernest Felder were talking.

"Beg pardon, Miss," said he, pulling a slouched hat from an unkempt head, and resting the butt of his rifle upon the carpet; sorry to come in so sudden like, but I haven't time for politeness. Mr. Felder, the guerrillas has been hunting for you in the village, and they kept at you, so there ain't no time for tradin' horses, if you want to get off."

"It has come sooner than I expected, Mary," said Ernest, as he started up. "I must bid you farewell, now, and perhaps forever. If I can reach the Federal lines safely I will try to get word to you."

"No use talkin' about the Federal lines now, Mr. Felder," said the rough looking man, "for here's the guerrillas."

As he spoke, about twenty horsemen, dressed in homespun imitation of the Confederate uniform, rode up the street, and halted in front of the mansion. They were a villainous set, to look at, and were armed with all sorts of weapons, from a hunting rifle to a flintlock pistol. At their head rode a young man in the gay uniform of a Confederate officer, whose seat in the saddle was quite unsteady.

"They are part of Dick Basham's gang," said Mary, as she coolly surveyed them from the window, "and he is drunk, again, I'll be bound. It is enough to destroy any man's respect for himself to associate with such wretches, and I should think nothing could induce a gentleman as Dick Basham used to be, to do it."

"Come, Ben Sterling," said Felder, who had hastily seized his hat, "we can yet escape by the back way."

"No!" exclaimed the girl as her eye shot fire. "You can do no such thing, for they have already surrounded the house. Come now you two, you are men, and you have arms, and if it comes to the worst, you know how to sell your lives dearly. But let me do my part first, for I tell you that not a man of that gang shall cross this threshold while Mary Basham lives! Mr. Felder, give me one of your pistols."

Quite overcome by the intrepidity and energy of the high spirited girl, Ernest Felder almost mechanically handed her a pistol. As quick as thought, she brought out from an adjoining closet a large tin can filled with powder, carried it into the hall, threw open the door, and stood there, with pistol in hand, proud and defiant, and beautiful in her pride and defiance, Captain Basham, with four of his rough troop-

ers, dismounted, and walked toward the house. The path was hardly wide enough for the gallant captain, whom a commission as a lieutenant-general could not have induced to walk in a straight line. But he staggered, on until he was brought to a sudden pause by the ringing voice of his sister.

"Halt there, Dick Basham!" exclaimed the indignant girl. "What do you want here, with that pack of dirty hounds at your heels? None of your ragamuffin out-throats shall enter this house; nor shall you until you are sober."

"Don't be foolish, Mary," hiccoughed the officer. "We only want that gold-headed Dutch Tory Abolition piano tuner, if he is in the house. He must fight for the South now, or hang."

"Ernest Felder is here," answered Mary, "and he is no Dutch Tory Abolition piano tuner, but a gentleman, and that is more than you are now, Dick Basham. He has not harmed you nor any one else, and has not meddled with your niggers, or any other man's, and you shall not touch him while he is under my roof."

"It is my roof as much as it is yours, Mary," persisted Dick, who was inclined to temporize when he saw that the "blood of the Bashams" was fairly up in his sister.

"It is not, for you said the house was to be all mine while the war lasted, if I would let you have Jake and Henry. If it was not mine, none of your thieving gang should ever enter it, nor shall you; as I told you, until you are sober."

"Come on, boys," said Basham, as he commenced to stagger toward the house. "My sister is carrying the joke too far. We are not to be turned from our duty by a girl. Make way there, Mary, for we must search the house."

"Halt there for your life! his sister almost shouted, in a tone that caused the young man to stop instantly. "Do you know this can of powder, Dick Basham?" said she, as she pointed to it with her pistol. "And this?" thrusting the muzzle deep among the shining hairs of his head.

"Now I warn you, sir, that if you or any of your thieves approach a step nearer, I will blow house and all to atoms, as far as this can of powder can do it."

"Hold, Mary!" exclaimed her brother, whom her desperate resolution had almost sobered. "For God's sake take your pistol out of that powder! You are excited; and the least slip of your finger would send you, and perhaps all of us, into eternity."

"I am as cool as ice, Dick Basham," answered the girl, "and my nerves are as firm as iron. Now mark me; I give you until I count twenty to mount your horses and ride away from here. If you don't leave in that time, I swear to you by the blood of the Bashams, that I will fire the pistol into the powder. One—two—"

"I'll be bound she'd do it, Captain," said one of the men. "I can see it in her eye, and I reckon we'd better begin."

"Of course she would," said Basham, almost indignantly. "I would never own her for a sister of mine, if she hadn't spunk enough for that. Well, she must have her way this time, and we will have chances enough to catch the Dutchman."

"We are going now, Mary," he continued, "but you will be sorry for this, and if you have so far forgotten your position and your duty as to fall in love with that piano tuner, both he and you shall pay dearly for it."

"Never fear but that I can take care of my position and my duty, Dick Basham," said the girl, as the guerrillas mounted their horses and rode away.

When it was fairly night, Felder bade Mary Basham good bye, and went to the hills with Ben Sterling. Mary sent her boy Jim with them, to bring her word if they got off safely; and when the boy returned she sent him back to their temporary hiding place, with two horses and a supply of provisions.

Ernest Felder, after much hardship and some narrow escapes, reached the Federal lines in safety. Finding a number of his old friends in the cavalry force, some of them in high rank, he joined that arm of the service; and as he had a thorough military education, and was as brave as a man may well be, his promotion was quite rapid; so that in the course of time he was known as Major Felder, and was spoken of as a very promising officer.

It was many long months after the midnight of East Tennessee, before the gleam of Union bayonets and the flash of Union sabres began to make a very pleasant sort of sunrise in that region. In the advance of the grand army, which at last carried relief and protection to that persecuted people was a fine squadron of cavalry, which occupied, after a slight resistance, the village near which Mary Basham lived. This squadron was commanded by Maj. Ernest Felder.

Dick Basham had been killed while making a brave but desperate defence against the overwhelming force of the Federals, when they entered the village; and his sister, although she did not love him as she formerly had, was indignant at his death, and resolved to revenge it, if she could find a shadow of excuse for so doing. So with the "blood of the Bashams" boiling in her veins, she seated herself at the window where she and Ernest had sat so many months before.

More troops came pouring into the village, among them an infantry regiment, all tired and hungry. An army on the march seldom treats very tenderly the country through which it passes, nor is discipline always preserved as it should be. Some of these men were excited by liquor, and others were foraging about as they chose.

A number of them made their appearance at Mary Basham's fine mansion, and commenced a raid upon the pigs and poultry. Mary warned them off to open the door, threatening to break it open if she refused. She again warned them off, and leveled her gun at the foremost man. The soldier laughed and advanced toward the door with a rail to burst it open.

Mary Basham coolly sighted her piece, but as she drew the trigger a fine looking fair-haired officer rode up in front of the disorderly soldier just in time to receive the bullet in his shoulder. He fell from his horse, and had only strength enough to order the men to protect

that house, and carry him in. It was Ernest Felder.

When Mary Basham saw who it was that she had shot, she quite forgot the death of her brother in this new calamity, and her coolness and firmness forsook her entirely. She did her best, however, to cure the wound she had inflicted, and the presence of the wounded officer in the house was the best protection she could have had. It was two months before Ernest fully recovered, and when he was able to return to duty, Mary Basham felt that she was not forgetting her position in marrying the brave and talented officer.

FROM THE SOLDIER BOYS.

Q. M. DEPT. CIV. DIV. ARMY OF THE JAMES. NEAR RICHMOND, April 6, 1865.

FRIEND AGITATOR:—On the 25th ult., the movement of our troops commenced. The 24th Corps, colored, was left to hold the entrenchments of the army of the James—the balance of Ord's army moving into Meade's lines, except our cavalry division, which joined Sheridan on the 29th—the army of the Potomac being massed at Hatcher's Run preparatory to the final struggle for Richmond. So quickly was this movement executed, that it forestalled a similar movement of the enemy in the same direction, with a view to the recapture of the Weldon railroad.

The rebels opened the ball by assaulting Fort Steadman, an account of which your readers have seen here. A brigade of Pennsylvania troops, including the 20th regiment, largely composed of men from Tioga county, bore off the laurels in the recovery of the fort.

As soon as this was over, the Lieut. General went to work in earnest, striking the vital point in the enemy's line—the Southside road—and on Sunday assaulting the enemy's works from the Appomattox to the left with such success as to place Petersburg in our possession during the afternoon. This decided the fate of Richmond, which the rebels evacuated during the night, having destroyed their fleet and exploded some of their magazines, and fired a quantity of their stores near the river. The fire raged all day Monday, and destroyed several blocks in the business part of the city.

Weitzel's negroes worked hard all day to stop the conflagration, and though the proud city was humbled by falling into the hands of the colored troops, it would present one mass of blackened ruins, had not their strong arms saved it.

I was in Richmond on Tuesday, and was much surprised to see the streets thronged with citizens of all shades of colors, and of all classes—from the ton to the ragged vagabond—all seeming to enjoy the promenade; and while their joy by every species of ludicrous action peculiar to the race. Though no protest guard had been established, good order prevailed, and so far from any acts of violence being committed, the behavior of the troops was such as to win the applause of the citizens. The evidences of want and misery were seen in the half-starved and desperately ragged forms on every hand. I could not help thinking that all the "resources of statesmanship" had been exhausted when I saw the condition of the people—in itself a stronger appeal for peace than mortal pen can indite.

I do not accuse Old Jeff of hardening his heart like Pharaoh, for nature must have made it of adamant to resist the appeal of living evidence of his crimes for submission to the authority of the United States. The city is in a wretched condition; it probably has not been cleaned for months. President Lincoln, Rear Admiral Porter, Major General Kautz and party came up the river in the afternoon and paid a short visit to Richmond. The negro population ran wild with enthusiasm. Libby was crowded with rebel prisoners.

The defenses of this long and hard fought for stronghold of rebellion, consist of three elaborate, and massive lines of earthworks, enclosing clusters of batteries, all protected by every device known in military science. With these works properly manned, it would be impossible to capture them by direct assault. I notice that the northern press give too much credit to Weitzel's troops for the capture of Richmond. The honor belongs to our army under Grant away down below Petersburg, and the greatest praise undeniably belongs to Sheridan and his Cavalry. The people of Richmond told me that Lee thought Grant was massing his forces north of the James, and for that reason, Lee massed his army below Petersburg to counteract the movement, and also to gain every advantage the supposed weakness of our lines would warrant, and the mad assaults he made would seem to give some color of truth to the statement. What seems most strange in the statement is that Lee is not apt to blunder so badly. When the rebel army left, large numbers gave themselves up, having secreted themselves until the 24th Corps advanced, and all day Monday squads of rebels were going to Bermuda Hundred with their arms, without guard where they were paid for their muskets and sent North.

I cannot give any account of the movements of my regiment, but it is reported that they did some very hard fighting. Col. Spear was badly wounded; Major Monroe was killed, also a Lieutenant of Co. H; these are all the casualties I have been able to obtain a list of. The highest good feeling prevails, and a high confidence felt in the speedy close of the war.

Hoping to be able soon to give full accounts of my regiment, its movements and losses, I have the pleasure of being most truly yours.

SOLDIER.

A man recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. A wicked editor, in commenting upon the fact, says: "He should have married her and then refused her a new bonnet, to have developed her powers of talk."

One of the most whimsical notions connected with the conception, is that of the drafted men of two wards in Philadelphia, who propose to give a grand dress ball next week, "in honor of the country's calling them forth to battle."

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one insertion, and \$1.50 for three insertions. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 Square,.....	\$4.00	\$7.50	\$12.00
2 do.	8.00	15.00	24.00
3 do.	12.00	22.50	36.00
4 do.	16.00	30.00	48.00
5 do.	20.00	37.50	60.00

Advertisements not paying 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. Judges', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE FAR WEST.
DENVER CITY, Col. Ter., March 1, 1865.

FRIEND COBB: My last letter was written at Cottonwood Springs, N. T., and in that I gave you the items of interest from Atchison to that point, and on the 16th I left Cottonwood and reached here last Saturday evening, making the trip through from the latter place in ten days, and eighteen days on the road from the Missouri river here.

The last part of the journey I think was the hardest trip I have ever taken on the plains, though some days the weather was as pleasant as I ever saw in May, the mosquitoes flying almost as thick as in summer, though not quite so bloodthirsty. The first day out from Cottonwood was decidedly the most windy day I ever saw, and the dust and sand blew in such immense clouds that it was impossible for the horses to keep the road and the coaches (there were four of them) were obliged to corral and wait till the wind ceased blowing before going any further; thus we were detained about five hours, and kept a sharp look-out for Indians.

We reached Julesburg on the 19th, and as nearly all the stations had been burnt or deserted, and our grub "growing small and beautifully less," we were obliged to draw from the Fort at Julesburg one hundred pounds of hard tack and managed to live on this and a good supply of rusty bacon the balance of the way here, though it went pretty tough for me. We had plenty of good coffee which we boiled in a camp kettle, though we had no milk and but little sugar.

At Washington ranch, midway between Cottonwood and Denver it began to snow and continued every day until we reached here, and hardly a day has passed since my arrival here that it has not snowed. The people of Colorado have enjoyed the best kind of sleighing for four months, and from where I now sit every peak visible in the Rocky Mountains is covered with a white mantle.

There is but little travel on the plains this winter owing to the large