

The Tioga County Agitator

BY M. H. COBB.

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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 CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. XI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1865. NO. 41.

RICHMOND HAS FALLEN! And so has the price of DRY GOODS.

LEE HAS SURRENDERED, AND WE HAVE SURRENDERED THE EXTREME HIGH PRICES OF GOODS.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE, is now receiving additions to their stock of GOODS, BOUGHT DURING THE LATE DEPRESSION IN PRICES.

THE LOWEST MARKET RATES. We have made arrangements to get Goods every week, and as we keep posted in regard to the New York Market, we shall at all times make the stock on hand conform to new prices.

REGARDLESS OF COST, and we wish it distinctly understood, that however much others may blow, WE DO NOT INTEND TO BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY.

quality of goods considered. It shall be our aim to keep constantly on hand a good stock of such goods as the community require, and SUCH ARTICLES AS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION TO THE CONSUMER.

THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM under which our business has constantly increased for the last ten years will be adhered to, as also the READY PAY SYSTEM more recently adopted. Don't buy until YOU HAVE EXAMINED OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

STORE DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE BICKERSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y., May 17, 1865.

THE BIG FIGHT having been closed up by Messrs. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, & Co., KELLY & PURVIS have volunteered for a war of extermination against high prices, and will be found wrenched behind a huge pile of NEW AND CHEAP GOODS at the old OSGOOD STAND, where their communications with New York cannot be interrupted.

They have just received a good stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS such as Prints, Delaines, Serges, Muslin, Hosiery, Notions, Boots and Shoes, etc., in fact everything in the Dry Goods line may be found at our counters, and purchased at prices corresponding to the late heavy fall in goods.

WE also invite purchasers to examine our fine stock of GROCERIES. Can't be beat this side of New York. Remember the place. "OSGOOD'S CORNER." KELLY & PURVIS. Wellsboro, Apr. 22, 1865-ly.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION HAVING been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Josiah L. Butler, late of Delmar, deceased, those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them to CALVIN F. BUTLER, Delmar, May 17, '65. J. M. B. ADMR.

ROCHESTER & N. Y. TROUT FLIES—I have just received 1 Gross of ROCHESTER TROUT FLIES, 3 do of NEW YORK Snells with or without hooks, Fly Rods, Reels, and Braided Silk Lines. L. A. SEARS, Dealer in Fishing Tackle, &c. Wellsboro, May 24, 1865.

NOTICE—Whereas, my wife SARAH, has left my bed and board without any just cause or provocation, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date. HUGH ARGETSINGER. Rutland, May 31, 1865-3\*

FOR SALE—HOUSE & LOT on Main Street, adjoining Wright & Bailey's Store, 20 acres of land in Delmar, between John Gray and Merrick. House and Lot on Corvinton Street. For terms, apply to HENRY SHERWOOD, Esq. Wellsboro, May 31, 1865-4\*

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following persons have settled their accounts in the Register's office of Tioga County, and that the same will be presented to the Orphan's Court of said county, on Monday, the 6th day of June 1865, for confirmation and allowance: Account of Martin Rappard, Executor of the estate of Joseph Rappard, dec'd. Account of Charles Sherman, Adm'r of the estate of James Dann, dec'd. Account of O. Ballard, Adm'r of the estate of Mortimer Ballard, dec'd. Wellsboro, May 10, '65. H. S. ARCHER, Reg'r.

FOR THE LADIES—BABBITT'S CELEBRATED SOAP POWDER, or washing made easy, and stains removed from Table Linens, Napkins, &c. For sale at Roy's Drug Store.

Select Poetry.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

Thank God, the sky is clearing! The clouds are hurrying past; Thank God, the day is near; The dawn is coming fast.

And when glad herald voices Shall tell us peace has come, This thought shall most rejoice us, "Our boys are coming home!"

Soon shall the voice of singing Drown war's tremendous din; Soon shall the joy-bells ring Bring peace and freedom in. The jubilee bonfires burning Shall soon light up the dome, And soon, to soothe our yearning, Our boys are coming home!

The vacant fire-side places Have waited for them long; The love light lacks their faces, The chorus waits their song; A shadowy fear has haunted The long deserted room; But now our prayers are granted, Our boys are coming home!

O mother, calmly waiting For that beloved son; O sister, proudly dating The victories he has won! O maiden, softly humming The love song while you roam— Joy, joy, the boys are coming— Our boys are coming home!

And yet—oh, keenest sorrow! They're coming, but not all; Full many a dark to-morrow Shall wear its sable pall; For thousands who are sleeping Beneath the empurpled loam; Woe! woe! for those who're weeping, Who never will come home!

O sad heart, hush thy grieving; Wait but a little while! With hoping and believing They now are far beyond. Wait for the joyous meeting Beyond the starry dome; For there our boys are waiting To bid us welcome home!

Miscellany.

The Mysterious Floating Jacket.

Early in the beginning of 1860—the exact date unfortunately cannot be supplied—an event occurred which disturbed and alarmed the inhabitants of the Island of Barbados. News had been afloat some time in the spring of the year of the mysterious death of a black fisherman, who was, it is presumed, well known, since his disappearance (even in those times a negro's life was not a matter of importance) created considerable sensation in the parish, to which he belonged, and indeed, all over Barbados. It seemed impossible, however, notwithstanding that several people were arrested on suspicion, to fix the guilt upon any body.

The clothes of the murdered man—found by him had met with a violent death, if the testimony of the ground stepped in blood be of any weight—were discovered in a wood by some stray people, and were produced at a renewed committee of inquiry. But his jacket, which was a coarse, knotted garment, such as fishermen wear on some English coasts, was nowhere to be found; nor could the body of the ill-fated black be recovered, notwithstanding a rigorous search in all directions. This mystery alone gave importance to the wretched negro's disappearance; but though unsolved it began to lose interest, and was dying a natural death, when, one morning, an inhabitant of St. Philip's parish staggered the local authorities by a report that the murdered man's jacket was floating in the middle of Tudor's Pond, which was inclosed in an estate hard by the main road, and in the centre of a field, through which it was approached by a narrow walk or foot path.

Away rushed hundreds of gaping blacks and whites to the spot; and there, sure enough was to be seen, floating about in the middle of Tudor's Pond, a fisherman's jacket. The news spread like fire among the gosses, (to use a local illustration), and in a short time a great crowd encompassed the pond. The authorities, roused by this fresh stimulus into a hope of obtaining some clue to the agent of the late murder, now appeared on the scene, but only just in time to see the jacket slowly sink and disappear. Drags were instantly employed, and, after some difficulty and loss of time in their carriage, boats arrived and were launched into the pond. After some hours of unavailing labor the boats were pulled up on the banks, and the crowd separated—full of surmises, suspicions, theories, and of hints at Ubbah, the negro's point d'appui of superstition. The mystery, however, was not to end here; for the next day a large concourse assembled at the same time, between eleven and twelve in the morning, to watch for the possible reappearance of the jacket. Punctually at twelve o'clock the blue garment rose to the surface of the pond. Horror now fairly took possession of the spectators; some ran for guns and others for the Governor.

Down came the authorities with the chief official. There was the jacket floating calmly. A boat was now put out by order of His Excellency the Governor, and its occupant rowed up to the mystery; the boat crept on, nearer and nearer—till a man in the bows cautiously extending his oar attempted to secure the jacket.

Just as he seemed on the point of touching it down it sank like lead. The rowers backed water a little and waited. The jacket, after a brief space, rose again in the same spot. This time the boat made a rush at it—but once more the thing disappeared before the oar could reach it. The Governor now gave orders that, on its reappearance, the jacket should be fired at. Accordingly the crack shots awaited rising, with their rifles fixed in their shoulders and pointed at the spot in the centre of the pond. They were not disappointed—up came the jacket, and on reaching the surface a dozen bullets riddled it. The jacket, however, didn't sink; the water was white with the dashing of the bullets and the object of their aim was severely agitated, but it was not till they passed and the boat approached that it sank—but then it went down like a stone; and it being by this time one o'clock, it rose, no more

that day. The Island was now in a ferment of doubts and fears; scientific men (there were not many, it must be confessed, in the Island at that time) shook their heads after vainly endeavoring to find a natural reason for this strange occurrence. "It must be a hoax," they said aloud, but how a hoax could possibly be worked in the centre of a pond they did not attempt to explain. Day after day, at twelve o'clock precisely, the goblin jacket rose to the surface of Tudor's Pond, and day after day, eluded all efforts to secure it. The pond itself was guarded and watched incessantly and dragged thoroughly at intervals, but to no purpose—the best swimmers in the Island (and in Barbadoes, as in the West India Islands, the inhabitants seem to have an instinct for swimming, and are, as it were, to the manner born,) endeavoring to circumvent the delusive jacket, but were obliged to return to the shore battered and exhausted. In vain, as it sank, did they dive after and strive to follow it to its retreat—panting, almost breathless, they were compelled to come up again and rest, while the provoking jacket would slowly rise before them as if in scoffing. Visitors from various adjacent islands arrived—the best shots, the most noted swimmers would try their respective skill, but fruitlessly. Approaching the jacket as closely as possible, the swimmers would dash out from their boat apparently upon the jacket, but they never succeeded in catching it. Day after day, and week after week, this went on in sight of the Governor and other officials, and before thousands of spectators; and no one "could catch the jacket asleep," as it was said.

Gradually, however, the pond began to dry up, and expectation was raised to its height. Nothing, however, was discovered in the pond when all the water had evaporated under the severe drought—though it was dredged carefully, and when the rains refilled the basin its appearance entirely ceased.

No one as yet has accounted in any way satisfactory for this startling occurrence, though one or two theories were broached from time to time—one of which (suggested to the writer of this paper) was to the effect that some fish had got entangled in the jacket—which might have been thrown into the pond by the supposed murderer—and so, in its struggles to escape, and for fresh air, have dragged the jacket to the surface of the pond. This is far enough, so far as the mere rising of the jacket and its elusion of pursuit are concerned, but how was it that it rose and sank at precise intervals? and how was it that no traces were discovered when the pond was dredged and dragged?—Furthermore, is it likely that out of the hundreds of bullets actually fired into the jacket not one succeeded in killing this entangled fish?

ENOCH ARDEN IN WINCHESTER. The beautiful story of Enoch Arden has bro't to mind similar incidents in different parts of the country. Our own town has been the home of one who realized in her experience a history of like import. During the latter part of the revolutionary war there lived in New London a sea-captain by the name of Sanford, with a wife and one child. They were united and happy in the family relation, and not until the captain had been gone ten years, and all his other friends had abandoned all hopes of his return, did she cease to look for him. Then the news of the shipwreck and total loss of his vessel came, and made her realize her widowhood as a sad reality. In course of time she married a Mr. Reuben Miner, and became the mother of another child. One day, while at the spinning wheel, the door opened, and Capt. Sanford stood before her. His history was soon told: his vessel was indeed wrecked, but he, with some of the crew, were cast upon a desolate shore and rescued by an outward bound ship, so that years had passed in making voyages without its being in his power to return to his home. But the poor woman—what could she do? The husband of her youth and the husband of her mature life were both before her. Neither spoke one word of reproach, but consulted together in the most friendly manner as to what should be done. They then came to her and told her they had concluded to leave the decision to herself as to which of them should be still considered her husband, and gave her twenty-four hours to decide. She went alone and spent the time in earnest thought and prayer. At the end of that time she asked Captain Sanford if he would give up the sea and make his home on land if she lived with him. This he could not do; she then told Mr. Miner that she would remain with him on condition that he would sell his house in New London and remove to some inland town, where she would never be in danger of meeting Captain Sanford when he was in port. This he gladly consented to do. Captain Sanford left immediately on another voyage. Mr. Miner came to Winchester and bought the farm now owned by Grant Griswold which was then in a wilderness, and two miles from any settlement. Here they spent the remainder of their days. The son of Captain Sanford, who removed here with them, settled in New Hartford. Mrs. Miner was greatly beloved—she was a lady of refinement and a true Christian.—Winsted (Conn.) Herald.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun to ruin your sons. Don't let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment, around the lamp and firelight of a home, bids out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world, is the unseen influence of a bright, domestic sensation.

Catching a Pickpocket.

A lady traveling by the land route between New York and Boston, was unfortunate enough to lose her purse, containing a considerable amount of money, which was undoubtedly appropriated by a gentlemanly person who occupied the seat next to her, but who left during the time the train was passing the city, having managed to pick the lady's pocket during that time undetected, as half an hour previous the purse was known to be safe.

In recounting her loss to a friend who was soon after about to make the same journey, the danger of gentlemanly appearing men occupying the next seat to unprotected females, and, in fact, the danger of trusting to appearances at all, was strongly dwelt upon.

The new tourist was particularly cautioned to beware on going through the tunnel at New York, and being thoroughly admonished, concluded to keep her pocket book grasped in her hand during that perilous passage.

The lady started; sure enough, a gentlemanly looking person, on the arrival of the train at Springfield, solicited permission to fill the unoccupied seat beside the fair traveler, who, accordingly to the rules of travel, could not refuse. The stranger's manners were those of a gentlemanly ease, (pickpockets in novels are always so), his costume was plain, serviceable and adapted to traveling. He was polite; he offered the lady his newspaper—it was coldly declined; he volunteered a few remarks, which received only chilling monosyllabic responses. In fact he made no progress whatever in becoming better acquainted with his neighbor, and evidently giving it up in despair, occupied himself with his newspaper and a cheap novel.

The lady had almost forgotten her traveling companion, as well as the advice of her friend, when the recollection of both suddenly flashed upon her, as the train entered the Cimmerian darkness of the tunnel. She hurriedly fumbled for her pocket, but the finding of a lady's pocket amid the folds of her dress is often a matter of difficulty, and now in the impenetrable darkness seemed doubly so. Nervously she felt in the direction where she supposed that appendage was, till at last the aperture was reached, and her hand thrust in to grasp and hold her pocket book safely till the train should again emerge into daylight, when, horror of horrors, she encountered the gentleman's hand in her pocket!

Whether to scream for assistance, to seize the intruder, or in fact what to do, she scarcely knew; however, acting upon a sudden resolution, she seized the hand and held on, determined to show the villain detected in the very act on emerging to the light.

The train rolled slowly—it seemed so slowly on, that it appeared as if the end of that terrible tunnel would never be reached—she clutched the intruding hand with a firmer grasp, which made no special effort to relieve itself, probably knowing how useless would be the struggle, or else, both were unglued, feeling content to rest in the soft, warm clasp that enveloped it. At length, however, the train emerged into daylight, which found both lady and gentleman anxiously looking toward each other, the lady's face wearing a frightened, anxious expression, and the gentleman's a curious and puzzled one, as he gazed into the startled eyes of his companion.

"Sir!" she began indignantly, tightening her grasp, when, chancing to cast her eyes downward, she found, oh, terrible circumstance, her hand in the outside pocket of his coat, desperately grasping his hand, which it had encountered.

The lady was covered with confusion at this unlooked for turn of affairs, and the gentleman, who was a man of discrimination, saw that the encounter was accidental, and that each had probably received pickpocket impression of the other from it. Mutual explanations at length ensued, and cards were exchanged.

It remains for us to add that the acquaintance thus commenced was continued, and that the lady and gentleman, who are both well known in this city, were recently united in marriage. We would not, however, advise marriageable young ladies, as a general thing, to mistake gentlemen's pockets as their own, as the sequel may not always turn out to be as pleasant as in the above instance.

AN UNKIND TEAR.—When I used to tend store at the "Regulator," in Syracuse, the old gentleman comes round one day and says: "Boys, the one that sells the most betwixt now and Christmas, gets a vest pattern as a present."

Maybe we didn't work for that vest pattern! I tell you there was some tall stories in praise of goods, just about that time. More cheek than any of us had a certain John Squires, who roomed with me. He could take a dollar out of a man's pocket, when he intended to spend only a sixpence; and the woman—Lord bless you!—they just handed their pocket books to him, and let him lay out whatever he liked for them. One night John woke me up with: "By Josh, old fellow, if you think that ere's got any cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from and make him swear to his own wool! 'Twon't wear out, either—wore a pair of pants of that kind of stuff myself for a year, and they're as good now as when I first put 'em on! Take it at thirty cents, and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Eh, too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight cents. What do you say? Shall I tear it? All right—it's a bargain!"

I could feel John's hands playing about the bed clothes for a instant then rip! tear! went something or another, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and was sure that John had torn the old sheet from top to bottom.

When I woke up next morning I found—alas! unkindest tear of all—that the back of my night shirt was split from tail to collar band.

The silent accomplice more than the noisy The tail of the rattlesnake makes all the noise, but the head does the execution.

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:

Table with 3 columns: 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS. Rows include 1 Square, 2 do., 3 do., 4 Columns, 1 do.

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.

ALL ABOUT JEFF DAVIS.

A correspondent who visited Davis & Co., when they arrived at Port Royal, thus described their appearance and the circumstances surrounding them:

"In company with a number of others, invited by Col. Pritchard, I visited the craft containing the prisoners. We took a small steamer, and I can hardly tell you what emotions I approached that little area of deck-room having securely within its limits the remains of the Confederacy which we have been battling so long. As we swung alongside, a tall, spare man, dressed in gray, having a wan, gaunt, and depressed look, his whiskers and moustache rather close out and almost white, was walking along the space between the deck-cabin and bulwarks, and stopped for a moment to caress a little girl very indifferently dressed, and then passed in at the gangway door. These were Jefferson Davis and his daughter. I recognized at once the features which had once graced the Senate Chamber of the United States.—Then he had a haughty, military air. Then he was the leader of the Southern party in Congress, dictated terms to Northern doughfaces imperiously. Now, the State prisoner, bent and borne down as though oppressed with weight of care and length of years. Evidently, he has passed through a great deal of mental trouble for the last four years—how much of it has had its influence, recently, in producing such a change, perhaps no one but himself knows. Once on board, he seemed to be the observed of all observers. He was seated in a corner, his wife a plain-looking lady, dressed in black, by his side, and the two were engaged in perusing papers which had been brought them. His hair was drawn down pretty well over his eyes, so that only when he lifted his face could much expression be noticed. No one wished to be introduced to him. Two of his children, a boy and girl, looked to be about six and seven years of age respectively, were about everywhere, seemingly unconscious of the intense interest concentrated upon their sire.

"Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice President of the late Confederacy, looks old. He has the same stoop, the same parchment-like face, the same keen eye, and the same fragile form that characterized him years ago—only, he looks older. His manner was subdued, but not that of a prisoner. He conversed freely, desiring information upon many points, and canvassing without reserve reconstruction and the treatment of the subdued South, in the way exactly that it struck his mind, never evincing the least care or anxiety respecting himself personally.

"Ex-Postmaster General Reagan is a heavy, stout, and somewhat lethargic man, but, in conversation, shows a great deal of ability.—He desired particularly to know what policy would be instituted in the way of reconstruction, believing that a humane one would be the easiest in order to conciliate and hold the South."

The ruse perpetrated by Jeff Davis to get away from the guard throws entirely into the shade anything of the sort on record. When the guard went to the tent occupied by defunct royalty, they were met by Mrs. Davis en disabille, with—

"Please, gentlemen, don't disturb the privacy of ladies before they have time to dress."

"All right, madam," said the corporal, "we will wait till you have on your duds."

Presently there appeared at the tent door an ostensible old lady, with a bucket on her arm, escorted by Mrs. Davis and her sister.

"Please let my old mother go to the spring for some water to wash in!" said Mrs. Jeff., in a pleading tone.

"It strikes me your mother wears very big boots," said the guard, as he hoisted the old lady's dress with his sabre, and discovered a pair of number thirteen calf-skins.

"And whiskers too," said the sergeant, as he pulled the hood from her face; and lo! Jeff. Davis, in all his littleness, stood before them.

A "Spencer" was immediately pointed at his ear, and he was marched back to the tent and placed in duress vile. "How are the mighty fallen!" The great leader of the Confederacy trying to escape the clutches of justice in his wife's petticoats!

One more incident is all that time and space will permit me to mention. The soldier immediately went to searching Davis, to see what valuables he could find on his person, and besides an amount of specie found a fine silver-mounted revolver, a present from a London manufacturing company. While he was searching, private secretary Harrison came up and in very indignant tone, said: "Ain't you ashamed to treat our President so?"

"President—hell," said the soldier. "What's he President of?"

THE SPECIFIC STORY A HOAX—SHIPMENTS TO EUROPE. Colonel Pritchard immediately formed his lines, placing the prisoners in their own wagons and ambulances, and started for Moon. The parties were all sullen, but the ladies tried their skill at repartee several times, and the men strained themselves to be sarcastic.—Davis remarked to Colonel Pritchard that, had they not been taken by surprise, they would not have surrendered without a fight.