

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 AGITATOR.

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

WELLBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1865. VOL. XI. NO. 44.

Table with 3 columns: Rate, 3 months, 6 months, 12 months. Includes rates for 1 square, 2 columns, 3 columns, 4 columns, 5 columns, 6 columns, 7 columns, 8 columns, 9 columns, 10 columns.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter & McKean counties.

JOHN I. MITCHELL ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Tioga Village, Tioga County, Penna.

JEROME B. NILES, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Wellsboro, Tioga County, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE. Wellsboro, Pa.

D. HART'S HOTEL, WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PENNA. THE subscriber takes this method to find out his old friends and customers that he has forgotten.

A. FOLEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c. REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.

WILLIAMS & SMITH, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. BOUNTY & PENSION AGENCY.

S. F. SHABLIN, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER. Shop, Opp. C. L. Wilcox's Store.

WESTERN EXCHANGE HOTEL, KNOXVILLE, BOROUGH, PA. THE undersigned having leased the above Hotel for a term of years.

REVENUE STAMPS. JOHN M. PHELPS, Deputy Collector of the Stamps, of all denominations, from one cent up to \$5.

P. NEWELL, DENTIST. MANSFIELD, TIOGA COUNTY, PA. Prepared to operate in all the improvements in the various departments of filling, extracting, inserting artificial dentures, &c.

WELLSBORO HOTEL. B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor. One of the most popular Houses in the county.

HUGH YOUNG, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER. American Clocks, American, English, and Swiss Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware, Spectacles, Picture Frames, Photographic Albums, Stereoscopes, Microscopes, Perfumery, Yankee Notions, Fishing Tackle and Fly, and Fishing Rods.

TO FISHERMEN. THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has a fine assortment of the best ROCHESTER TROUT FLIES.

ROCHESTER FLY RODS. Hooks, &c., &c. Shop in rear of Wm. Rolfe's Tin and Store Store.

FOR SALE.—HOUSE & LOT on Mt. Street, adjoining Wright & Bailey's Store, &c. near the House and Lot on Covington Street.

WALTER A. WOOD'S PRIZE MOWER.—The Wood Mower has been in general use for the past five years. It embraces all the qualities necessary to make a perfect Mower.

PUTTY & WINDOW GLASS AT ROY'S DRUG STORE.

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 DICKINSON HOUSE, and first door east of Hungerford's Bank. SMITH & WAITE, 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 entrenched 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, Bargains, Muslins, Hosiery, Notions, Boots and Shoes, &c., 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. Adm'r.

ROCHESTER & N. Y. TROUT FLIES.—I have just received 1 Gross of ROCHESTER TROUT FLIES, 1 do of NEW YORK. Dealer in Fishing Tackle, &c. Wellsboro, May 24, 1865.

NOTICE.—The Supervisors of Richmond Township will meet at the house of W. B. Ripley, in said township, on Saturday, June 10th, at 2 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of letting a job on a new road commencing at said Ripley's and running a south course 275 rods to intersect with the "Old Road" on Lamb's Creek. All interested are invited to attend. D. J. HUSTED, J. M. ALLEN, Supervisors. Richmond, May 31, 1865-2w.

FARM FOR SALE.—Situated on the Spencer's Mills Road from half to three-fourths of a mile east of Whitney's Corners, in Charleston township, said farm contains about 107 acres, about 65 acres cleared, the balance valuable woodland. It is well watered by springs of excellent water, and small creeks. The house is two stories, comfortable, and the outbuildings are in good condition.

Original Poetry. (Written for The Agitator.) FRAGMENT: (From an unpublished Poem.) BY W. MAGRUDER ROBERTSON.

FAREWELL shall sound o'er many a new-made tomb, And stars shall fall as they have fallen before.

Why should I dread that final, fatal sleep, Whose shadow hides the thought of grief and shame?

Why should it fall thus, in the day of youth, Ere yet my heart has grown too hard and cold To dread or grieve the flight of human truth?

Why should the early life be poisoned now, The rising star be dim, and pale, and dull; And madness blare the once pure, marble brow?

Miscellaneous. THE HUSBAND'S REVENGE. Somewhere about the year 1835, William Bradley, a young man of five and twenty, then living in the interior of the State of New York,

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or detain them, and they had gone, no one knew whither. It was about ten o'clock in the morning that William Bradley first saw the ruins of his home, and heard the awful news of his irreparable loss; and all through the remainder of that day and the night which followed it he conducted himself in the manner we have described, seemingly taking no notice of the curious groups that gathered around him, and replying to none of the idle questions put to him.

The next morning he went into a neighbor's house and asked for something to eat, which was given him. He offered to pay for this, but the man of the house declined to receive any money, and, with expressions of sympathy, invited him to make his home there for a few days.

"No," returned Bradley, "I intend to leave to-day."

"You don't look as if you'd got strength to go far," said the man in a kindly tone.

"I have that within which will sustain me," replied Bradley.

He then inquired into the particulars of the awful tragedy and the direction taken by the murderers—speaking calmly himself, and listened calmly to all the replies—his features the while retaining their unnatural, livid hue, and displaying no signs of emotion, save perhaps now and then a perceptible quiver of the bloodless lips.

"Well, what of it, whether it is or isn't?" was the unkind demand.

"If it is, I owe you something, which I wish to pay," returned the stranger; "and if it is not, perhaps you can put me in the way to find the person I seek?"

"What do you owe me for, and how much?" inquired the gambler, taking his hand from his bosom.

"I am right, then, in supposing, I address George Harbaugh himself?"

"Yes, that's my name. What's yours, where'd we ever meet before?"

"If I am not mistaken," pursued the stranger, "you, with two companions, were at the village of—, on the Red river, on the night of the sixth of September last?"

"He had not time for more, ere with a flash and a crack, a ball passed through his breast. As he staggered and fell, shouting murder, a sharp knife was drawn across his throat and the name of William Bradley hissed into his dying ear. It was the last earthly sound he ever heard. He was found murdered, but his assassin was not discovered.

During the winter following, James Fawcett went among the Choctaws to purchase horses. While trading with the Indians he fell in with a small dealer, who, for a trifling consideration, offered to assist him in taking his horses to the settlement some two hundred miles distant, where he expected to dispose of them at a heavy profit.

The bargain was struck, and, with fifteen horses, James Fawcett set off with his assistant through a long stretch of wilderness.

On the second night, as the gambler and murderer sat smoking before the camp-fire, he was suddenly startled by finding a noose dropped over his head and shoulders and drawn around his body, so as to pinion his arms. In less than a minute, notwithstanding a vigorous resistance on his part, he lay stretched on the earth as helpless as an infant.

"What's the meaning of this? Do you intend to murder me?" demanded, in a voice not tremulous by fear.

"I suppose you do not recollect ever having seen me before you met me in the Indian village?" said the man who had been acting as his assistant, as he now stood over his prostrate form.

hung dangling, swinging, and struggling a few feet from the ground. Bradley looked calmly on, till the body became still in death; and then, mounting his own horse, he rode swiftly away, leaving the other horse, and the money on the person of the dead man, to whoever might find them.

It might have been six months after the terrible death of the ruffian just recorded, that two men sat in a private room of a gambling den in Natchez, playing cards for money. Piles of gold and silver and rolls of bank notes were on the table between the men, and each was staking his money freely, and apparently considering nothing but how to beggar the other by his superior skill or knavery.

"You know," said one of the two men—"that we are to play till one of us wins all?"

"Suppose we take another drink on it?"

"Agreed?"

A bottle and tumblers stood on the table just behind the first speaker, who got up and turned round and poured out two glasses—his companion, who had the deal, improving the opportunity as well as he could to arrange the cards so to give himself a winning hand. The man who poured out the liquor now handed one to the gambler at the table and held the other himself, ready for drinking.

"To the cholera!" he said, quietly nodding to the other—for the malady had at that time begun its work of destruction.

"To the cholera be it then, and let it do its work!" cried the gambler, with forced bravado, turning somewhat pale, and tossing off his glass at one gulp.

The other drank quietly, replaced the two tumblers, and resumed his seat at the gambling board. For a few minutes there was no remark made, except what concerned the game; and then one who had partially packed the cards, as he raked down a large sum he had just won, said, looking up, with an expression of alarm, "By Heavens! I feel very strange!"

"You look very pale," returned the other—"I think you are going to die."

"Well, you're a pretty comforter, I must say."

"I think you will find me so presently."

"Ah?" groaned the gambler, dropping the cards and clasping his stomach with both hands, "I am on fire inside."

"Of course you are!"

"How, of course? What do you know about it? Have I got the cholera?" demanded the gambler somewhat fiercely.

"Listen to me a few moments, and you will know and understand all. There were once three companions named George Harbaugh, James Fawcett, and John Ellery. A little more than a year ago, they murdered an innocent woman and two children, in the village of—, while the husband and father, William Bradley, was away. When he returned and learned all the horrid particulars, he swore a solemn oath that he would never rest in peace till he should have hunted them all down, and put an end to their guilty lives. George Harbaugh was assassinated in the streets of Natchez, and John Ellery was poisoned in Natchez."

"But I am John Ellery!" cried the gambler, the very picture of horror.

"No need to tell me that, who has hunted you to your death?" said the other. "I am William Bradley!"

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.

Official Report of the Battle before Petersburg. HEAD Q'RS 2d BRIG., 3d DIV., 9th A. C., April 12, 1865.

Maj. Jno. D. BERTOLLETT, A. A. GEN'L, 3d DIV., 9th A. C.—Major:—I have the honor to submit the following Report of the action of my 2d brigade during the assault on the enemy's works on the 2d inst.

My report will only embrace the action of the brigade, up to 10 A. M. of the 2d inst, at which time I left the field by order of General Hartman on account of sickness, turning over the command of the brigade to Col. R. C. Cox, 20th Reg't Pa. Vol.

At 10 1/2 P. M., 1st inst., I received orders to mass my brigade at the camp of the 205th and 207th regiments. At 3 1/2 A. M., 2d inst., in compliance with orders, I moved my brigade along the "Jerusalem Plank Road" around the right of Fort Sedgwick and massed it in column of regiments directly in rear of our picket line and in the front of the Fort with the 21st in front, the 205th in the rear and the 211th in the rear of the 205th. My left rested on the plank road. My brigade Pioneer Corps under charge of Lieut. A. Alexander (Pioneer Officer) was distributed along the front of the leading (Col. R. C. Cox 207th) regiment.

Just before daylight the order to charge was given, and my men moved hastily forward, crossed the enemies picket line, and to the double line of chevaux-de-frise in front of the enemy's works.

A murderous fire of grape, canister and shell, met us at every step, but my Pioneer Corps, aided by the first regiment cut away the obstructions and the regimental colors were planted on the redoubt which is thrown upon the plank road. The guns in the redoubt were at once seized, and my brigade turning to the left captured Fort Malone, with its guns and a number of prisoners, and also one other Fort (name not known) with a like result.

Artillerymen from the rear were at once brought up to work the captured guns, and they were turned upon the enemy with good effect. My men carried ammunition for these guns from Fort Sedgwick, and as the enemy had range of the plain between the two lines, many men were killed or wounded while thus engaged. The enemy made repeated efforts during the forenoon to recapture their line, but each time they were repulsed with heavy loss.

It is impossible for me to mention my losses up to this time. To Lieut. A. Alexander (Pioneer Officer) to whom was entrusted the stern duty of cutting the line of the enemy's chevaux-de-frise belongs more credit than I can here ascribe him. He was severely wounded and died after being taken to the rear. Major E. M. Morrow, commanding the 205th regiment, who was severely wounded discharged his whole duty up to the hour of his fall. I commend him to the favorable consideration of the Commanding General. I much regret his loss.

To Col. R. C. Cox, who commanded the leading regiment, I owe the entire good success that attended the charge. Foremost among those who scaled the enemy's works, cheering his men by his courage, preparing them to meet the many charges of the enemy to retake their lines, and thus leading his men back each time with heavy losses in killed and wounded. He is deserving of the highest praise.

For the action of the brigade from 10 o'clock on the full report of casualties, and the number of guns and prisoners captured, I would respectfully refer you to Col. R. C. Cox's Report. All of which is respectfully submitted. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, Your obedient servant, J. A. MATHEWS, Col. Commanding Brigade.

HEAD QUARTERS 207th REG'T P. V., April 12th, 1865.

Maj. Jno. D. BERTOLLETT, A. A. GEN'L, 3d DIV., 9th A. C.—Major:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the action of the Second Brigade, from 10 o'clock A. M., the 2d instant to 10 A. M. 3d inst.

I was put in command of the Brigade at 10 o'clock A. M., at which time I was with my regiment in the works of the enemy, which had so shortly before been captured from them. The other two regiments were occupying the same line, the 211th were mostly on the right, and the 205th on the left. It is difficult to state the exact localities of the regiments, for while the charge was being made, the men of one regiment became mixed with those of others, and the peculiar position we occupied, prevented me from ascertaining the position at that time. Lieut. Col. Dodd of the 211th regiment with part of his own, and part of the 207th regiment occupied Fort Malone, and to him is due the honor of securing artillerymen to work the guns of the fort against the enemy, which so materially aided us in holding our position. During the day, repeated charges were made by the enemy to drive us back, but each time they were met with such determined resistance by my men that they were compelled to fall back to their second line with heavy loss. At one time during the afternoon they succeeded in driving the men of the 1st brigade, 2d division, 9th A. C., out of a fort on my left, and this recapturing gave them an enfilading fire on part of my brigade. After resisting this fire for about two hours holding our line, part of my left was compelled to give way and fall back in disorder, but reinforcements came up at this time, and my entire line was re-established. We then held our position until after dark when I ordered my men to move the enemies chevaux-de-frise from our rear over the first line of the enemy's works and construct a new line with it in our front. About 9 o'clock A. M., I received orders to establish my head quarters in rear of our old picket line, where I remained until 2 1/2 A. M., the 3d inst., when by direction of Gen. Hartman, I moved two of my regiments (205th and 207th) back to the picket line and sent the 211th to report to Col. Hartman, commanding brigade of 1st division, 9th A. C. At 4 1/2 A. M., received intelligence that the enemy had withdrawn from their lines and was ordered to push my two regiments forward. I did so and entered Petersburg unmolested. After waiting there about two hours, I was ordered by