

JONES & ROE,
WELLSBORO' PENNA.
 ARE now receiving their full supply of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting in part of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, READY MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTING, CROCKERY, HARDWARE, WOODEN WARE, GLASSWARE, WINDOW GLASS AND SASH, CUTLERY, &c.

Eastern Clocks from the best Manufacturers, and warranted to keep good time.
Nails from the best manufacturers always on hand, and in fact nearly everything in the line of Goods can be found in this establishment and prices that cannot fail from suiting the closest buyers.
 Thankful for past favors we would still invite our customers and buyers generally to an examination of our new stock, believing that if GOOD GOODS and LOW PRICES are an inducement they will make their purchases of us.
JONES & ROE,
 Wellsboro', May 31, 1855.

LADIES SHOES & GAITERS.—Ladies will find a beautiful assortment of Shoes, Gaiters and children's shoes at **JONES & ROE'S,** May 31, 1855.

LAWNS & GINGHAMS.—A large stock of the above Goods, also Muslin and Cotton prints just rec'd. at **JONES & ROE'S,** May 31, 1855.

NEW STYLE MANTILLAS.—Just received some beautiful styles of Mantillas at **JONES & ROE'S,** May 31, 1855.

LONG & SQUARE BROCHES SHAWLS, at very low prices at **JONES & ROE'S.**

BONNETS, RIBBONS & LININGS, also children's dress hats just received at **JONES & ROE'S.**

READY MADE CLOTHING.—Just received a large stock of Ready Made Clothing for the spring and summer trade, which will be sold at a very small profit at **JONES & ROE'S.**

MEN'S BOOTS & SHOES & GAITERS.—Also Boys' shoes of every description at **JONES & ROE'S,** May 31, 1855.

TRUNKS.—Valises, Carpet Bags and Satchels a large lot just received at **JONES & ROE'S,** May 31, 1855.

MACKEREL, by the barrel, 3 bbl., and 1 bbl., at **JONES & ROE'S,** May 31, 1855.

OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA COFFEE, at **JONES & ROE'S,** May 31, 1855.

DOCTOR YOURSELF
The Pocket Esculapius:
 OR EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN.

THE fifth Edition, with One Hundred Engravings, showing Diseases and Malformations of the Human System in every shape and form. To which is added a Treatise on the Diseases of Females being of the highest importance to married people, or those contemplating marriage.

By Wm. Young, M.D.

Let no father be ashamed to present a copy of the ESCULAPIUS to his child. It may save him from an early grave. Let no young man or woman enter into the secret obligations of married life without reading the Pocket Esculapius. Let no one suffering from a hacking Cough, Pain in the side, nervous feelings, and the whole train of Dyspeptic sensations, and let up by their physician, be another moment without consulting the Esculapius. Have the married, or those about to be married, any impediment, read this truly useful book, as it has been the means of saving thousands of unfortunate creatures from the very jaws of death.

"Any person sending Twenty-Five Cents enclosed in a letter, will receive one copy of this work by mail, or five copies will be sent for one Dollar."

Address, (post paid) Dr. WM. YOUNG, No. 152 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

June 7, 1855.

HARNESS MAKING.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS!!!

THE subscriber, having purchased the HARNESS SHOP, OVER A CROWN & CO'S WAG, ON SHOX, Wellsboro', Pa., is now ready to make to order all articles pertaining to the business, in the best manner and of the very best material.

TO FARMERS AND OTHERS he would say that he sells articles in their line of business CHEAPER FOR CASH than any other establishment in the county. A good assortment of Whips, Harness, &c., &c., constantly on hand.

REPAIRING done on short notice and in the best possible manner.
 All orders promptly filled and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. "Live and Let Live" is my motto.
 All kinds of Counter-Product taken in exchange for work at the best market price.

A fair share of public patronage respectfully solicited.
 L. L. KIMBALL.
 Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1855.

Turning & Chairmaking.

T. STICKLEY, Turner, and Chairmaker, would say to the public that he has recently fitted up his shop in good style, and is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of CANE & COMMON CHAIRS, of the best material and finish. Also Turning done in superior style, on reasonable terms.

Shop, south of Main street, opposite Dr. W. D. Smith's residence.

SMITH'S HERZOG, having rented part of J. W. Smith's shop, is prepared to manufacture all kinds of CABINET WORK from the best material and in superior style. He has on hand several superior Mahogany Bureaus for sale cheap.

Wellsboro', April 1, 1855.

WANTER.

TOURNEYMAN WAGON-MAKER wanted to work by the day, month, or on shares, at the shop of the Subscriber in Clinton township, Tioga Co. Pa. I have a large quantity of seasoned lumber on hand, ready to be worked, and would prefer to give the workman a share of the proceeds.

CHARLES PRITCHARD.
 Clinton, June 14, 1855.

NEW GROCERY & PROVISION STORE.

A. and O. BELLARD, Dealers in PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, Wood & Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, Fruits, Confectionery, &c., &c. At the Stand recently occupied by Robert Roy, Wellsboro', Pa.

Plaster! Price Reduced!

THE subscriber has just received at his mill near Mansfield, 350 tons of PLASTER STONE, where he will keep constantly on hand fresh ground plaster, or supply all that may give him a call. No mistake! this lightning never strikes one tree twice. Price \$5.50 per ton.

Mansfield, Feb. 15, 1855.

W. W. WEBB, M. D.

HAS established himself in the practice of Medicine and Surgery in the Township of Liberty, Pa., where he will promptly attend all calls in his profession.

Liberty, Feb. 1, 1855.

PARASOLS.—A beautiful assortment just received at **JONES & ROE'S,** May 31, 1855.

DR. MURCEAUS Private Medical Companion. For Sale at **BAILEY & FOLEY'S,** V. CASE.

TRUSSES.—Benjamin's Superior Brass Truss, for sale by **V. CASE,** June 22.

MILL SAWS & FILES.—A large lot just received at **JONES & ROE'S.**

THE AGITATOR.

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

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 23, 1855.

NO. 6.

A Beautiful Poem.

[For the Agitator.]

REST.

BY M. L. DOUD.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away."—Rev. xxi.—4.

While through life's wilderness we roam,
 Without a resting-place or home,
 While snarers on every step surprise,
 And parting tears dim our eyes—
 How blest the hope to meet one day,
 Where God shall wipe all tears away.

When o'er the lowly mound we bend,
 The hallowed spot which holds a friend,
 While from the beaming eyes and heart
 The tears and groans of anguish start—
 Then faith points up to worlds above,
 Death cannot reach that place of love.

Sorrow shall never enter there;
 No tears of grief or pain or care,
 No scenes of strife, no aching heart,
 To that bright world shall have a part—
 But all be one unclouded day,
 Where "former things have passed away."

Pleasant Valley, Iowa.
 [We think the above is a beautiful poem. ED.]

A Domestic Story.

ADY AND JANE:

The Drunkard's Good Angels.
 BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Come Ady and Jane, it is time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman to her little girls, about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle work.

"Papa has not come home yet," answered Ady.

"No dear; but it is getting late, and it is time you were in bed. He may not be at home for an hour."

Ady laid aside her work and left the table, and Jane closed her book and put them away in her school satchel.

"You can light the lamp on the mantel piece," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, looking around as she spoke, when she saw the children had put on their bonnets and were tying their warm capes close about their necks. She understood very well the meaning of this, and therefore did not ask a question, although the tears came in her eyes and her voice trembled as she said—

"It is a very cold night children."

"But we won't feel it mother," replied Ady, "we'll run along very quick."

And the two little ones went out before their mother, whose feelings were choking her, could say a word more. As they closed the door after them, and left her alone, she raised her eyes upward and murmured, "God bless and reward the dear children."

It was a black winter night, as the little adventurers stepped into the street, the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back against the door. But they caught each other firmly by the hands, and bending their forms to meet the pressure of the cold rushing air, hurried on their way where they were going as fast as their feet could move.

The streets were dark and deserted; but the children were not afraid. Hope filled their hearts and left no room for fear.

They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a distance of several blocks, they stopped before a house over the door of which was a handsome lamp, bearing the words "Oysters and Refreshments." It was a strange place for two little girls like them to enter, and at such an hour; but after standing a few minutes they pushed against the green door—it turned lightly upon its hinges—and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar room.

"Bless us!" exclaimed a man who sat reading at a table, "here are those babes again."

Ady and Jane stood near the door, and looked all around the room. But not seeing the object of their search, they went up to the bar and said timidly to a man who stood behind it pouring liquor into glasses—

"Has papa been here to-night?"

The man leaned over the bar until his face was close to the children, and said in an angry way,

"I don't know any thing about your father—and don't come here again—if you do I'll call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you."

Ady and Jane felt frightened, as well by the harsh manner as angry words of the man, and they started back from him, and were turning towards the door, with sad faces, when the person who first marked their entrance, called out loud enough for them to hear him—

"Come here my little girls."

The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckoned them to approach, and they did so.

"Are you looking for your father?" he asked.

"Yes sir," replied Ady.

"What did the man at the bar say to you?"

"He said Papa was not here, and that if we came any more he would set his big dog on us."

The man knit his brows for an instant, and said, "Who sent you here?"

"Nobody," answered Ady.

"Don't your mother know you have come?"

"Yes sir; she told us to go to bed, but we could not until Papa was at home."

"He is here."

"Is he?" and the children's face brightened.

"Yes, he is at the other end of the room asleep, I'll go and wake him up for you."

Half intoxicated and asleep, it was with difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused. As soon, however, as his eyes were fairly opened and he found that Ady and Jane had each grasped tightly one of his hands, he rose up and yielded passively to their direction; he suffered them to lead him away.

"I guess you never saw them before?" said one of the barkeepers, lightly.

"No, nor never wish to again, at least in this place. Who is their father?"

"Freeman the lawyer."

"The one who a few years ago conducted with so much ability the case against the Marine Insurance Company?"

"The same."

"Is it possible?"

A little group now formed around the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman and his fall from sobriety. One who had several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home, as they had just done, said it was a most touching case.

"To see," said one, "how passively he yields himself to the little things when they come after him—sometimes when I see them I am almost weak enough to shed tears."

"They are his good angels," remarked another, "but I am afraid they are not quite strong enough to lead him back to the path he has forsaken."

"You may think what you please about it, gentlemen," spoke the landlord, "but I can tell you I wouldn't give much for a mother who would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets alone at this time of night."

One of those who expressed interest in the little children, felt angry at this remark, and retorted with some bitterness—

"And I would give less for the man who would make their father drunk."

"Ditto to that," responded one of the company. "And here is my hand to that," said another.

The landlord, finding that a majority of his company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings and kept silent.

A few minutes afterwards, two or three of the inmates of the bar room went away.

About ten o'clock the next morning, while Mr. Freeman, who was generally sober in the forepart of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and after sitting down, said,

"I must crave your pardon beforehand for what I am going to say. Will you promise me not to be offended?"

"If you offer me an insult I will certainly resent it," said the lawyer.

"So far from that, I came with the design to do you a great service."

"Very well, say on."

"I was at Lawson's Refractory last night?"

"Well?"

"And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at all last night it was only to dream of it. I have two little girls and I love them tenderly. Oh, sir, the thought of their coming out, in a cold winter night in search of me, and at such a place, makes the blood run cold in my veins."

Words so unexpected coming upon Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over.

"He made an effort to say something in reply, but could not utter a word."

"My dear sir," pursued the stranger, "you have fallen by the hand of monster intemperance and I feel that you are in great peril. You have not, however, fallen hopelessly. You may rise yet if you will. Let me, in the name of the sweet babies, who have shown in so wonderful a manner, their love for you, conjure you to rise superior to that deadly foe. Reward these good children with the highest blessing their hearts can desire.—Come with me, and sign the pledge of Freedom: Let us, through strangers to each other, unite in this one act."

Half bewildered, yet with a new heart, Freeman arose, and suffered the man, who drew his arm through his, to lead him away. Before they separated both had signed the pledge.

That evening, unexpectedly, to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home. After tea, while Ady and Jane were standing on either side of him, as he sat near their mother, an arm around each of them, he said, in a low whisper, bending his head down and drawing them closer to him—

"You will never have to come after me again."

The children lifted up their eyes quickly to his face, but half understanding what he meant.

"I will never go there again," he added, "I will always stay at home with you."

Ady and Jane, now comprehending what their father meant, overcame with joy, hid their faces in his lap, and wept for very gladness.

Low as all this had been said, every word reached the mother's ear—and while her heart trembled between hope and fear, Mr. Freeman drew a paper from his pocket and threw it on the table by which she was sitting. She opened it hastily. It was the Pledge, with his well known signature subscribed at the bottom.

With a cry of joy she sprang to his side, and his arms encircled his wife as well as her little ones, in a fondler embrace than they had known for years.

The children's love had saved their father—they were, indeed, his "GOOD ANGELS."

A man with a modest appetite dined at a hotel, and after eating the whole of a young pig, was asked if he would have some pudding. He said he didn't care much about pudding, but if they had another little hog he would be thankful for it.

Humorous Sketch.

TOO PUNCTUAL.

The hour was fast approaching for the departure of the New Haven steamboat from her berth at New York. And the usual crowd of passengers, and friends of passengers, newsboys, fruit-vendors, cabmen and dock loafers, were assembled on and about the boat. We were gazing at the motley group, from the foot of the promenade deck stairs, when our attention was attracted by the singular action of a tall, brown Yankee, in an immense wool hat, chocolate colored coat and pantaloons, and a fancy vest. He stood near the starboard paddle-box, and scrutinizing sharply every female who came on board, every now and then consulting an enormous silver bull's eye watch, which he raised from the depths of a capacious sabb, by means of a powerful steel chain. After mounting guard in this manner, he dashed furiously down the gang-plank and up the wharf, re-appearing on board almost instantaneously, with flushed face, expressing the most intense anxiety.

This series of operations he performed several times, after which he rushed about the boat, wildly and hopelessly ejaculating:

"What's the time or day? Wonder if my repeater's fast! What's the cap'n? What's the steward? What's the mate? What's the boss that owns the ship?"

"What's the matter, sir?" we ventured to ask him, when he stood still for a moment.

"Hain't see nothin' of a gal in a blue sun bonnet, with a white Canton crape shawl—cost fifteen dollars—pink gown and brown boots, hey? Come aboard while I was lookin' for the cap'n at the pint end of the ship, have ye? hey?"

"No such person has come aboard."

"Tormented lightning! she's my wife!" he screamed; married her yesterday. All her trunks and mine are aboard, under a pile of baggage as tall as a Connecticut steeple.

The dark black nigger says he can't hand it out, and I want leave my baggage anyhow. My wife—only think on it—was to have come on board at half-past four, and here it's most five. What's become of her? She can't have eloped. We hain't been married long enough for that. You don't think she's been abducted, do ye mister?" Speak! answer! won't ye! O! I'm ravin' distracted! What are they ringing that bell for? Is the ship afloat?"

"It is the signal for departure—the first bell. The second will ring in four minutes."

"Thunder! you don't say so! What's the cap'n?"

"The gentleman in the blue coat."

The Yankee darted to the captain's side. "Cap'n stop the ship for ten minutes won't ye?"

"I can't do it, sir."

"But you must, I tell you. I'll pay you for it. How much will ye tax?"

"I could not do it."

"Cap'n, I'll give you tew dollars," gasped the Yankee.

The captain shook his head.

"I'll give ye five dollars and a half—and a half—and a half! he kept repeating dancing about in his agony, like a mad jackass on a hot iron plate.

"The boat starts at five precisely, said the captain, shortly, and turned away."

"O, yeo sunny hearted heathen!" murmured the Yankee, almost bursting into tears. "Parting man and wife, and we just one day married."

At this moment the huge paddle wheels began to paw the water, and the walking-beam descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric to her centre. All who were not going to New Haven went ashore. The hands began to haul in the gang-plank; the fastenings are already cast loose.

"Leggo that plank!" roared the Yankee, collaring one of the hands. "Drop it like a hot potato, or I'll heave ye in the dock."

"Ye—ye!" shouted the men in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway.

"Shut up, you baying donkeys!" yelled the maddened Yankee, "or their'll be an ugly spot of work."

But the plank was got aboard, and the boat plashed the pier.

In an instant the Yankee pulled off his coat, flung his hat beside it on the deck, and rushed wildly to the guard.

"Are you drunk or crazy? cried a passenger, seizing him.

"I'm going to fling myself into the dock and swim ashore!" cried the Yankee. "I musen't leave Sairy Ann alone in New York City. You may divide the baggage among ye. Let me go! I can swim."

He struggled so furiously that the consequences of his rashness might have been fatal, had not a sudden apparition changed his purpose. A very pretty young woman in a blue bonnet, white Canton, crape shawl, pink dress, and brown boots, came toward him.

The big brown Yankee uttered one stentorian shout of "Sairy Ann!" clasped her in his arms in spite of her struggling, and kissed her heartily, right before all the passengers.

"Where did you come from," he enquired.

"From the ladies' cabin," answered the bride. "You told me half past four, but I thought I'd make sure and come at four."

"A little too punctual!" said the Yankee. "But it's all right now. Hallo, cap'n you can go ahead now. I don't care about stopping. Come nigh losing the passage money and the baggage—come nigh getting drowned, Sairy, all along of you—but it's all right now. Go ahead steamboat! Rosin up, there, firemen! Darn the expense!"

When the sun set, the loving couple were seen seated on the upper deck, the big brown Yankee's arm encircling the slender woman in the blue bonnet and pink dress.

Communications.

For the Agitator.

COMMON SCHOOLS—3.

SCHOOL HOUSE FURNITURE, AND TEXT BOOKS.

But very little attention has been paid to this subject in our county, and considering the quality of school houses, and the onslaught made heretofore upon everything moveable about a school house, it is well that but little expense has been incurred for what would in all probability have been destroyed. What is the appropriate furniture of a good school house? 1st, a broom. 2d, a water pail and cup. 3d, a black-board. 4th, Webster's Dictionary. 5th, outline maps. 6th, a geographical globe, one foot in diameter. These, with a few cards, blocks, numerical-pane, &c., for beginners in the A, B, C's and arithmetic may be considered a very good outfit. The broom and water pail are so essential that the teacher can generally tease them out of the directors. In only about one half the houses are black-boards, or in many cases apologies of black-boards introduced. The composition to prepare black-boards is given on the 368th page of the Pa. School Journal. If teachers or directors would be to very little trouble and expense, this very great convenience would never be dispensed with in our school rooms. But there are many teachers who have not enjoyed the benefits of a black-board in their own education, and do not know how to use them successfully in a school; so the absence of them in some cases is no great loss, and the difficulty goes back of the black-board. These black-boards should not be a loose board or a single hung to the wall; but a permanent part of the wall itself.

We have not seen a dictionary or a globe in any of our schools. Teachers, have in a few instances supplied themselves with these necessary instruments of their trade. All teachers that calculate to teach two or four terms, might well afford the necessary outlay for a good quarto dictionary and terrestrial globe. Whatever be their future calling, these