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MARBLE SHOP, I AM now receiving a STOCK OF ITALIAN and RUTLAND MARBLE.

JOHN A. ROY, DEALER IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Chemicals, Varieties, Paints, Dyes, Soaps, Perfumery, Brushes, Glass, Putty, Toys, Fancy Goods.

Q. W. WELLINGTON & CO'S. BANK, CORNING, N. Y.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, [For the 5th District, Pa.]

Manfield Classical Seminary, Rev. W. D. TAYLOR, A. M., Principal.

W. E. HOLLAND, Secretary, Mansfield, August 5, 1863.

STROP that cough by using Clive's Vegetable Emulsion.

THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN SHALL CHASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. X. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1863. NO. 11.

Select Poetry.

OVER THE HILL.

Twilight sat on the brow of night, And shadows grouped in the vale below;

Does your path lie long o'er this lonely wild? For the way is dark, and forlorn the night!

What do you know of the long-sought shore, Or the greeting that awaits in that stranger land?

He spoke of the day when an angel came, And opened the gateway across the wild,

The admiral is wrapped in a snowy cloud, And a river rolls on the other side;

He had been kind and tender, but she had thought him only brotherly. She had been obliged to leave for home very suddenly.

Select Story.

NOT DRAFTED.

Sunday afternoon, in a certain rustic town, the shaded streets were deserted, and the shutters of private residences most jealously closed.

George Ayres, sauntering down State street, turned into the gate leading to Squire Peyton's residence.

"What have you been doing with yourself all this hot day, George?" "Trying to keep cool, Lizzie—that's a fact; and I've been to church just a little while this afternoon to return thanks on account of not being drafted."

"Why not? Patriotism is a very fine thing in its way; but active service in such hot weather as this is a little too severe. Probably a winter campaign would not be so hard."

"I really cannot imagine what the weather has to do with a man's doing his duty, under any circumstances, and in any emergency, in a manly manner."

He felt the cut, and endeavored to defend himself by finding fault with the Government, as usual.

"But when the sacrifice of blood and treasure is all in vain, what is the use of wasting more when nothing is to be gained? We have been blundering along in such a way that to-day we are as far from a restoration of the Union as we were at the beginning of the war."

A grand look came over Lizzie's face, as she regarded this creature of little faith, with no more spiritual vision than a mole and no more enthusiasm than an oyster; and she had thought to mate with this narrow soul, who could not see an inch beyond the present, and to whom the innate justice of a cause gave no confidence!

"The blunders made in the generalship of our armies is cooling my enthusiasm." "The firm response was: 'No matter how many mistakes are committed in the name of liberty, no crime or mistake committed in its name justifies us in loving it less or in sacrificing less for it. Suppose any one had done me a wrong, would you be justified by that in withholding your help, or in being less my friend? There's your doctrine applied to a given case.'"

"Lizzie, you are a perfect monomaniac on the subject of the war," he exclaimed.

tiently, feeling however that he had the worst of the argument. "Every ruffian and rascal can wear shoulder-straps now."

"Pray, sir, don't get personal in your remarks. A commission in active service is the best letter of recommendation that any gentleman can bring me."

"Yes, I know what ails you, Miss Peyton," broke out the puffed-up young masculine.

"You have saved me the trouble of doing it, sir," said the indomitable Peyton, getting up with a grand air, and looking like an iceberg sculptured into some beautiful human shape.

But he had wronged her in his grossly worded charge. At Newfries, where she had been visiting, it was not known publicly that she was engaged, and here she met Legrand Curtis.

He had been kind and tender, but she had thought him only brotherly. She had been obliged to leave for home very suddenly.

It was now quite dark, and she had been lying face downward on a divan in the gloomiest corner of the library for more than half an hour.

"What I have to say, sir, pains me very much, yet I feel it my duty to make you aware of a piece of information that has recently been connected with this house, else I should not trouble myself about it."

"Your clerk, Walter Grantley." "Indeed, what of him? We have always considered him one of our most trusty clerks; honest, steady, and wholly devoted to his business. What have you learned of him?"

"I could never believe that, but to-day all doubts were dissipated, when he asked me to accompany him there to-night."

"I am quite intimate with him. But did you know that he was addicted to gambling?" "Impossible."

"I never was inside a gambling saloon in my life; and I do not much fancy going there."

"I do not blame you for that; but there would be no harm in going there, I pity Dick, that's all."

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WALTER GRANTLEY'S REVENGE.

The wholesale dry-goods store of Savage & Co., was one of the most extensive in the city and of course boasted of a large number of clerks.

Walter Grantley was a whole-souled young man, and was as earnestly devoted to his avocations as any other man in the city.

George Hill was also devoted to his business, and held the confidence of his patrons. He possessed an unbounded stock of ambition, which, unfortunately, would not stop at all times within the strict bonds of honesty.

One of the head clerks had given notice that he was about to leave the establishment to enter another firm as a partner. This would occasion a desirable vacancy, and either he or Walter would be advanced to that post.

Some three days after he had overheard the decision of his employers, he requested an interview with them. It was granted during the day, and George made known his business.

"I do not deserve this of you, Walter," said the humbled man, in a tremulous voice.

"I am quite intimate with him. But did you know that he was addicted to gambling?" "Impossible."

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the players, no longer doubted, and the result was that George Hill was promoted to the head clerkship, and no one, save a comrade of his, was aware of his little plot to accomplish his ends.

Walter though disappointed and annoyed at the coolness of his employers, which he imagined was without a cause, retained his place for a few months and then was taken into partnership with an uncle. As the years went on, prosperity attended his efforts in the city to which he had removed.

About a year after his leaving Savage & Co., an acquaintance, who possessed the secret of George Hill, told him of the part his former friend had played; but Walter disdained to retaliate, and he was now doing much better than he would have done had he gained the place he coveted in the house of Savage & Co.

Ten years had rolled around since the first incident of her sketch transpired. One bitter cold day in December, Walter Grantley sat before the open grate in his counting room. He had prospered well, and was now an opulent merchant. To-day he was thinking of the past, and wondering what had become of his quondam friend, George Hill—for, some years before, he had been informed that he had left his place.

The door opened, and a person entered the apartment and bowed to its occupant. He was dressed in a rusty suit of black, and his face was wan and thin, as if he had felt the blighting curse of poverty. He seemed to hesitate to speak, and at last the merchant said:—"Well, sir, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Can you give me work?" "What can you do?" "Anything about the store. Book-keeping would be preferred; but anything that will keep my family and myself from starvation."

"What is your name?" "George Hill," was the reply. "And I am Walter Grantley." George Hill started as if he had received a blow.

"Walter Grantley! Then I can have no hope here," and he turned to go. "Stop George. I know all about that little plot of yours, and have long since forgiven you. I am in want of a clerk; and you shall have the place. What do you say; will you accept it?"

"I do not deserve this of you, Walter," said the humbled man, in a tremulous voice.

"I am quite intimate with him. But did you know that he was addicted to gambling?" "Impossible."

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Table with 3 columns: Rates of Advertising, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS. Includes rates for 1 Square, 2 do, 3 Columns, 4 do, 1 do.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion.

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.

Southern Gentleman. I dined yesterday at the house of Tresslewell was one of the company.

"Why, how funny!" said she, "we used to meet so many every Summer at Newport."

"I know them," answered I. "And yet you say you never met any gentlemen from the South?"

"I do." "I mean that all those men knew that women were inhumanly whipped in order that they might dance and flirt in Newport and elsewhere; and they did not protest, but insisted that it was necessary and right."

"I suppose I am, dear Madam, and I suppose it's some dreadful thing; but, seriously, I had rather be an Abolitionist than a gentleman who whips women."

"Perhaps they do," ejaculated X. "There was one moment's pause and then simultaneously everybody turned and began to chat with his neighbor.—Harper's Weekly.

Hunting for Cedar Timber. In New Jersey there are men who make it a business to dig up the cedar trees buried for centuries in the swamps, and out them into shingles of it, it is said, extraordinary excellence.

"These swamps are very valuable, an acre of such timber commanding from five hundred to a thousand dollars. A peculiar feature of the swamps is that the soil is of purely vegetable growth, often twenty feet or more in depth. This peaty earth is constantly accumulating from the fall of leaves and boughs, and trees are found in it buried at all depths, quite down to solid ground. The timber so buried retains its buoyancy and color, and it is considered so valuable, that large numbers of workmen are constantly employed in raising and splitting the logs up into rails and shingles."

One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this: "Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles by rigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount to their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them it they strove, it could never have been attained."

AFFECTING INSTANCE OF REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—At a London police court, lately, a man was charged with stealing lead from an empty house. He admitted to the constable who apprehended him that he had taken the lead, and acted mournfully, "It certainly is a very paltry act, for in my time I have broken into and robbed jewellers' shops. See what it is to be reduced."

A PERSON complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel. "Ah," replied the doctor, "and what did you call him?" "Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel, too." "Well," resumed Franklin, "I presume you are both gentlemen of veracity, and as the account seems balanced between you, each should regard it as a receipt in full."

IT is difficult, if not impossible, for men to love and be wise; even the heathen gods, when they were in love, made fools of themselves.

A NEW-LEANT CHIEF maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten its former owner.

A LITIGANT GERMANMAN at a great fire, exclaimed: "Dickens, Knott, Burns."