

The Tioga County Agitator

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A cross on the margin of a page denotes that the circulation is about to be discontinued.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, WELLSBORO, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, WELLSBORO, PA.

D. HART'S HOTEL, WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PENNA.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, GAINES, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

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

J. EMERY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND MILITARY CLAIM AGENT.

WESTERN EXCHANGE HOTEL, KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

DRUGS & MEDICINE, P. R. WILLIAMS, D. BORO AND VICINITY.

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 CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. XI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1865. NO. 25.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! (One door below Harden's Store.)

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Also, HATS & CAPS, and a great assortment of

LADIES' CLOAKS, Which we offer to the citizens of Wellsboro and surrounding country at

50 PER CENT. CHEAPER, than any other establishment in this part of the country.

WINTER & FALL STOCK OF GOODS. PRICES: OVER COATS from \$4 to \$40.

BUSINESS COATS from \$3 to \$25. PANTS from \$2 to \$10.

VESTS from \$2 1/2 to \$8. We bought our goods when Gold was only 150 and we can afford to sell our goods cheap.

STOCK AND PRICES. before purchasing elsewhere. NAST & AUERBACH, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Blossburg, Pa.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Manufacturers of Photographic Materials.

Wholesale and Retail, 501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of Photographic Materials, we are Headquarters for the following:

Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views, Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes, American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, &c., &c.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS. We were the first to introduce these into the United States, and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to \$50 each.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS. Our Catalogue now embraces over Five Thousand different subjects to which additions are continually being made.

DRUGS & MEDICINE, JOHN M. PHELPS, Deputy Collector of a Manassah, has just received a large lot of Revenue Stamps of all denominations, from one cent up to \$5.

P. NEWELL, DENTIST, MANFIELD, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

COWANESQUE HOUSE, This House which has been open for convenience of the traveling public for a number of years.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, (Corner Main Street and the Avenue) WELLSBORO, PA.

B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor. One of the most popular Hotels in the county.

HUGH YOUNG, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER, AND DEALER IN American Clocks, American, English, and Swiss Watches, Jewelry, &c.

ROY'S DRUG STORE, An assortment of TABLE GLASSWARE will be found at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

Original Poetry.

LINES FOR COUSIN LYDIA'S ALBUM. BY JAMES H. SHAW.

Let soldiers of their valor boast, let poets vaunt their muse, With none of these do I compete, but still cannot refuse To "write a friendly line or two," however poor it may be.

Miscellany.

IN A TIGHT PLACE. BY CHARLES DAWSON SERNEY.

The human skeleton, whether living or dead, is not in itself a cheerful subject, perhaps.

How a SUTLER WAS SOLD.—An army correspondent of the Cleveland Herald tells the following story of a "smart" private and a "sold" sutler.

THE WAY YOU ALWAYS STOPPED.—The Vermont Record tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," who was passengers on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision.

MAKING "A VETERAN" OF OLD ABE.—We were greatly amused at the remarks of one of Uncle Sam's German boys in regard to the Presidential canvass.

stitution of its treasure had long been a scheme that lay deeply coiled at the bottom of the robber Pasquale's heart.

"It was a lovely morning as the Padre Bartolo arrived at the head of the pass of Tamara upon his mule.

"I had the ability like some to wield the pen, I'd sit me down this pleasant day, collect my thoughts, and then I'd pen in glorious words a strain that 'e'er forgot should be.

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Annio Laurio. This lovely song, admired the world over for the beautiful simplicity of its words, its easy, flowing, and expressive melody, has lately received an additional impetus to its popularity by the following incident said to have occurred in Maryland.

A small select company had assembled in a pleasant parlor, and were gaily chatting and laughing, when a tall young man entered, whose peculiar face and air instantly arrested attention.

It was late in the evening when singing was proposed, and to ask him to sing "Annio Laurio" was a task of uncommon delicacy.

The name of the girl who treated him so badly was Annie, said a lady whispering to a new guest—"Oh! I wish he would sing it, nobody else can do it justice."

"No one dares sing "Annio Laurio" before you, Charles," said an elderly lady; "would it be too much to ask you to confer a favor upon the company by singing it?" she added, timidly.

He did not reply for a moment—his lips quivered a little, and then looking up as if he saw a spiritual presence, he began. Every sound was hushed—it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel.

Maxwellton's banks are bonny, Where early falls the dew, And 'twas there that Annie Laurio Gave me her promise true— Gave me her promise true, Which never forget will be, But for bonny Annie Laurio 'T'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her features are the fairest, That e'er the sun shone on— That e'er the sun shone on— And dark blue is her eye, And for bonny Annie Laurio 'T'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the gowan lying, Is the fall of her fairy feet, And like winds in summer sighing Her voice is low and sweet— Her voice is low and sweet, And she's at the world to me, And for bonny Annie Laurio 'T'd lay me down and die.

As he proceeded from line to line, and verse to verse, there was no more jesting among the company—all was hushed as if by the silence of death.

When finishing the last verse he made a slight pause, gazed with a searching, longing expression about the room, gasped forth: "And for bonny Annie Laurio, 'T'd lay me down and die."

And slowly dropped his head backward over the chair. The black looks seemed to grow blacker, the white temples whiter, and the white lustrous eyes to slowly close with inexpressible and torturing anguish.

There was a long and solemn pause. One glanced at another—all seemed to be struck—laid the lady who had urged him to sing struck her hand gently upon his shoulder, saying: "Charles! Charles!"

Then came a hush, a thrill of horror crept through every frame; the poor tried heart ceased to beat.

Charles, the love-betrayed, was dead.

How THE DEVIL LOST.—The following is too good to be lost. We clip it from an exchange paper, and respectfully call the attention to it of several persons who feel disposed to spread in the newspaper line.

A young man, who ardently desired wealth, was visited by his Satanic Majesty, who tempted him to promise his soul for eternity if he could be supplied on this earth with all the money he could use.

The devil was to supply the money, and was at last to have the soul, unless the young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish.

Years passed away; the man married, was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated widely, lost and gave away fortunes, and yet his coffers were always full.

He became an "ill-buster," and fitted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts.

He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual rates of interest for all the money he could borrow; but though the devil made wry faces when he came to pay bills, yet they were all paid.

One expedition after another failed; the devil counted the time, only two years, that he must wait for the soul, and mocked the efforts of the despairing man.

One more trial was resolved upon—the man started a newspaper! The devil growled at the bill at the first quarter, was savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke—"dead broke!" at the end of the year.

The newspaper went down, but the soul was saved.

Evidence of Friendship—kissing a married lady out of pure love for her husband.

Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, 1 Square, 2 do., 3 do., 4 do. and 5 do. with rates for 3 months, 6 months, and 12 months.

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.

From the 207th Regt. P. V. Camp 207th Regt. P. V., PETERSBURG, VA., Jan. 28, 1865.

Editor Agitator:—Rain, snow and hail have fallen alternately for the last fifteen days.

It appears to concur in the belief that the rainy season of the "sunny South" has fairly begun.

Officers and men, and in fact everything connected with this grand army, present the appearance of genuine "mudslills"—from the manner in which they are bedaubed with the "sacred soil."

Although nature presents rather a gloomy aspect, and has a tendency to create moroseness, to a great extent, among a large body of soldiers, nothing of the kind is to be seen in the Army of the Potomac;

nearly every face wears a smile of happy contentment. Though not doing anything worthy of note ourselves, the cheering reports which reach us of the heavy knocks dealt the Confederacy on all sides by Uncle Samuel's brave lads, assure us that the much looked and prayed for peace is fast approaching.

It may look premature to the friends at home to conjecture with any degree of certainty on peace, after four gloomy years of war; but nearly every one you meet in Uncle Sam's service, feels confident that a few short months will terminate the struggle.

Deserters are coming into our lines constantly; and as evidence of the numbers, one has only to refer to the report of the Provost Marshal at City Point—which shows that over twenty-five thousand rebel deserters have reported to him within the last two months.

All of them agree in the most essential points of interest to us, namely: 1st. That great dissatisfaction is felt towards Davis' administration.

2d. That the army is in a suffering condition; poorly clad, ill fed, and nearly demoralized by constant desertion.

3d. That every available resource of the Confederacy is completely exhausted.

4th. That all except the leaders are heartily sick and disgusted with the rebellion.

A brisk picket firing is kept up along these lines, but is attended with no serious loss to the camp of our brigade.

It has lately become a great sport for the rebel artillerymen to watch us closely, and whenever we are out on drills, reviews and inspections, to send us their compliments in the shape of 100 pound mortars—which, to say the least, is extremely unpleasant.

Last night and the night before heavy cannonading was heard on the right, at or near the Dutch Gap canal.

This morning we learn it was caused by three or four rebel iron clads attempting a raid on the shipping at Jones' landing and City Point, by running through the canal, and thence down the river.

Fortunately the movement was anticipated and our gunboats gave them a warm reception.

More anon, J. V. L.

Sizing Down the Ages of Man. The man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the railway brakeman.

His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in this capacity.

As the same age dies the factory workman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages and unwholesome toil.

Then comes the railway baggage man, who is smashed on an average of 30. Milliners and dressmakers live but very little longer.

The average of the one is 32 and the other 33. The engineer the fireman, the conductor, the powder maker, the well digger and the factory operative, all whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die on an average under the age of 35.

The cutter the dyer, the leather dresser, the apothecary the silversmith, the painter, the shoe cutter, the engraver, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer and the machinist, all of whom lead confined lives, in an unwholesome atmosphere, do not reach the average age of 40.

The musician blows the breath out of his body at 40. Then come trades that are active, or in pure air. The baker lives to an average age of 43, the butcher to 49, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the furnace man to 42, the mason to 48, the stone cutter to 43, the tanner to 49, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to 44, the drover to 40, the cook to 45, the innkeeper to 46, the laborer to 44, the domestic servant (female) to 44, the tailor to 43, the tailor to 41.

Why should the barber live to 50, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness and soap and water? Those who average over half a century among mechanics are those who keep their muscles and lungs in health by moderate exercise as not troubled with weighty cares.

The blacksmith hammers till 51, the cooper till 52, the wheelwright till 50. The miller lives to be whitened with the age of 61. The rope maker lengthens the thread of his life to 55; merchants, wholesale and retail, to 62. Professional men live longer, than is generally supposed. Litigation clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average 55. Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their lives to the same period.

The sailor averages 43, the caulked 44, the sailmaker 52, the stevedore 53, the ferryman 63, and the pilot 64. A disposition of Providence that the "Maine Law" men may consider incomprehensible, is that brewers and distillers live to the ripe old age of 64. Last and longest lived come painters, 67, and gentlemen 68. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves and live on their neighbors, outlast all the rest.

According to a municipal census just taken, the city of St. Louis contains 137,820 inhabitants.

The internal revenue receipts for the week ending on Saturday, the 4th ult., amounting to over ten millions of dollars.

To be tolerant is to be wise enough to have no difference with those who differ.

An Irish painter advertises a picture of Death as large as life.