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PURE GINGER at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

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. XII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1865. NO. 4.

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, and they will be sold at 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 OSBODD 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, Batistes, Muslins, 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.

PETROLEUM! PETROLEUM! Geologists and practical men unite in their belief and so report that the Discovery of Oil in Wellsboro is near at hand.

But I would say to the people of TIOGA COUNTY & VICINITY, (before investing your Capital in Oil Stock) that I have recently purchased the Stock of Goods of M. Bullard, consisting of CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c., all at a great reduction from New York Jobbing Prices, and am bound to give to my customers the advantage OF MY PURCHASE.

Being desirous of closing out the Clothing part of this Stock, I now offer the entire Stock AT A GREAT REDUCTION FOR CASH! HATS AND CAPS, I will almost give away; and all events, will sell them so cheap you will hardly know the difference.

Remember the place, the Cheap Cash Store, Roy's Building, Wellsboro, Jan. 25, 1865-ly.

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.

EDGAR HILL, Agent, Corning, N. Y. May 31, 1865-ly.

WANTED—SIX ARMY BLANKETS, For which Cash will be paid. Apply at the Agitator's Office. Wellsboro, Aug. 9, 1865-ly.

Select Poetry.

WEARINESS. BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

O little feet, that steele long years Must wander on through doubt and fears, Must ache and bleed beneath your load!

O little hand, that weak or strong, Have still to serve or rule or ask! Have still to hold the book and pen, Have still to hold the pen and ask!

O little hearts, that throbb and beat With such impatient, feverish heat, Such limitless and strong desires! Mine, that so long have glowed and burned, With passions into ashes turned, Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls, as pure and white And crystalline as rays of light, Direct from heaven, their source divine! Betrothed through the mist of years, How rare my setting sun appears! How lurid looks this soul of mine!

Miscellany. THE BUSY BODIES.

John Robbins was a hard-working mechanic; and, setting aside his prying curiosity and disposition to intermeddle with things which did not belong to him, he succeeded pretty well.

But when there was any exciting gossip circulating, or "laying round loose," he was then able to enjoy himself in the superlative degree.

They lived in the little village of R., which was just large enough for gossipmongers like Mr. and Mrs. Robbins. Everything that transpired was carefully noted, and related with additions to every one who would waste their time in listening to its recital.

And not a word was spoken by any of the men, with whom Mr. Robbins labored, or dropped in his hearing at the postoffice, or at the village shop, but it was as carefully treasured up and aired away for future use.

In the course of events there came an addition to the village in the shape of a Mr. Colton and family. Scarcely had they arrived, before the neighboring Mrs. Robbins paid them the honor of a call. She, of course, could not neglect such a golden opportunity for ascertaining the quality of her newly-arrived neighbors.

Proceeding to the house, she gently rapped the door, and on the summons being answered by Mrs. Colton, she said: "I am, Mrs. Robbins, I supposed you would be in some of your new localities, and would probably desire to know a little about the folks."

"I am sure," pleasantly returned Mrs. Colton, "that I appreciate your kindness, and I hope soon to have the pleasure of an acquaintance with my neighbor, or, unless we can live upon the terms of amity, and in the bonds of fellowship with our acquaintances, we are not fitted to enjoy life as we should."

"You speak truly," said Mrs. Robbins; "but this is the most unsocial place I ever knew. The people seem to distrust one another, and to keep away from close associations, as if they feared there was something contaminating in their being brought together."

"There's Mrs. Bidwell, the minister's wife, she will coldly repulse all attempts to approach her. She seems to think herself above the rest of folks, and looks down upon them in contempt, though they do say Mr. Bidwell is not the most exemplary man in the world."

"Then there is Mrs. Rockwell, the milliner, why, you can't get near enough to touch her with a ten-foot pole."

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"She dresses very gaily, and thinks people who don't spend everything to put on their backs are persons of no consequence, and not entitled to any of her consideration. And, they say, her husband drinks all he can get. Then there's Mrs. Barker, she is proud and so fussy. She's got half a dozen grown up daughters whom she's been trying to marry off for six years, but hasn't succeeded. They don't know how to do anything, that's useful. It seems to me that it is very wrong to bring up girls in that way. But I must be going, it is getting late, and I wish to make a call or two before I go home. I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again very soon."

"And curtseying very low, she departed. A few minutes' walk brought her to Mrs. Bidwell's, and as soon as she was seated, she began: "I've just been to see our new neighbors. I fancy they are not much any way. Their things are very plain. Why, she had a ragged carpet on the kitchen, and she was dressed in a calico gown, with her sleeves rolled up, mixing bread. She kept right on to work, and did not stop all the time I staid. But I must hurry home. Mr. Robbins will soon be here."

"And away she went. A short walk brought her to Mrs. Rockwell's, and she went in: "O, Mrs. Rockwell! you can't guess where I've been. Why, indeed, I cannot. "Oh! I've been to call upon Mrs. Colton, and I must say I was quite disappointed. She was dressed in a common calico dress, and working away like a servant girl. They've got very plain things, and the children's playthings were all scattered around the floor. I don't believe she's a very neat housekeeper."

"And off she started for Mrs. Barker's. "O, Mrs. Barker! how do you do? It is a long time since I have seen you. How well your girls are looking. I should think some of the young men here, would like to see if they could get a hold on you. I've just been down to call upon the newly-arrived Mrs. Colton."

"Ah! indeed!" returned Mrs. Barker; "I presume you know they are relations of ours?" "Yes, indeed." "I've just been to see our new neighbors. I fancy they are not much any way. Their things are very plain. Why, she had a ragged carpet on the kitchen, and she was dressed in a calico gown, with her sleeves rolled up, mixing bread. She kept right on to work, and did not stop all the time I staid. But I must hurry home. Mr. Robbins will soon be here."

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lady. Does not feel herself above everybody. She's a neat, tidy housekeeper, I'll warrant. Real sociable, too. It seemed as if we were old acquaintances, after I'd been there a few minutes. Quite different from that sanctimonious, long faced Mrs. Bidwell, and that stuck-up Mrs. Rockwell. She'll be a good addition to the society of the place. And good society you will admit, is not very abundant here."

"As to that," rejoined Mrs. Barker, "I do not know but society is quite as good in this place as in most others. There are good and bad in all communities, and I am of the opinion that if every one would strive to make themselves as they should be, we should have no difficulty, and but very little trouble. And to this end gossiping and scandal-mongering should be carefully avoided. Nothing should be told which may be learned or drawn from mere inference, and no additions put upon stories and paled off on 'they say.' But above all, every one should remember their own omissions, failings, imperfections, and shortcomings, quietly 'sweeping their own doorway,' and carefully minding their own business. This were done, happiness would reign; our hearts would possess every heart; every man would take his neighbor by the hand in sincerity, and all these bickerings would then be at an end."

Incidents of Antietam. We take the following incidents of the battle of Antietam from "The Field, the Dungeon, and the Escape," by A. D. Richardson:

My confere and myself were within a few yards of Hooker. It was a very hot place. We could not distinguish the "ping" of the individual bullets, but their combined and mingled hum was like the din of a great Lowell factory. Solid shot and shell came shrieking through the air, but over our heads, as we were on the extreme front.

Hooker—common-place before—the moment he heard the guns—loomed up the gigantic stature. His eye gleamed with the grand anger of battle. He seemed to know exactly what to do, to feel that he was master of the situation, and to impress every one else with the fact. Turning to one of his staff, and pointing to a spot near us, he said: "Go and tell Captain — to bring his battery and plant it there at once!"

The Lieutenant rode away. After giving one or two further orders with great clearness, rapidity, and precision, Hooker's eye turned again to the mass of rebel infantry in the woods, and he said to another officer, with great emphasis: "Go and tell Captain — to bring his battery here instantly!"

Sending messengers to the various divisions and batteries, only a single member of the staff remained. Once more scanning the woods with his eager eye, Hooker directed the aid: "Go and tell Captain — to bring that battery here without one second's delay. Why, my God, how can he pour it into their infantry!"

By this time several of the body-guard had fallen from their saddles. Our horses plunged wildly. A shell ploughed the ground under my feet, and another exploded near Mr. Smalley, throwing great clouds of dust over both of us. Hooker leaped his white horse over a low fence into an adjacent orchard, whither we gladly followed. Though we did not move more than thirty yards, it took us comparatively out of range.

The desired battery, stimulated by three successive messages, came up with smoking horses, a full run, and, unobserved by the twinkling of an eye, and began to pour shot into the enemy, who were also suffering severely from our infantry discharges. It was not many seconds before they began to waver. Through the rising smoke we could see their lines away to and fro; then it broke like a thaw in a great river. Hooker rose up in his saddle, and, in a voice of suppressed thunder, exclaimed: "They're gone. Forward!"

Our whole line moved on. It was now nearly dark. Having shared the experience of "Fighting Joe Hooker" quite long enough, I turned toward the rear. Fresh troops were pressing forward, and stragglers were ranged in long lines behind the ranks and trees.

Riding slowly along a grassy slope, as I supposed quite out of range, my meditations were disturbed by a cannon ball, whose rush of air fanned my face, and made my horse shrink and rear almost upright. The next moment came another behind me, and by the great blaze of a fire of rails, which the soldiers had built, I saw it ricochet down the slope like a foot ball, and pass right through a column of our troops in blue, who were marching steadily forward. The gap which it made was immediately closed up.

Men with litters were groping through the darkness, bearing the wounded back to the ambulances. At nine o'clock I wandered to a farm-house, occupied by some of our pickets. We dared not light candles, as it was within range of the enemy. The family had left. I tied my horse to an apple tree, and lay down upon the parlor floor, with my saddle for a pillow. At intervals during the night we heard the popping of musketry, and at the first glimpse of dawn the picket officer shook me by the arm.

"My friend," said he, "you had better get away as soon as you can; this place is getting rather hot for civilians."

I rode around through the field, for shot and shell were already screaming up the narrow lane. Thus commenced the long, hotly-contested battle of Antietam. Our line was three miles in length, with Hooker on the right, Burnside on the left, and a great gap in the middle, covered only by artillery, while Fitz John Porter, with his fine corps, was held in reserve. From dawn until nearly dark, the two great armies wrestled like athletes, straining every muscle, losing hair, gaining teeth, and at many points fighting the same ground over and over again. It was a fierce, sturdy, decisive conflict. Five thousand spectators viewed the struggle from a hill comparatively out of range. Not more than three persons were struck there during the day. McClellan and his staff occupied another ridge half a mile in the rear. "By Heaven! it was a goodly sight to see 'For one who had no friend or brother there.' No one who looked upon that wonderful panorama can describe or forget it. Every hill and valley, every corn-field, grove and clamber of trees was fiercely fought for.

The artillery was unceasing; we could often count more than sixty guns to the minute. It was like thunder; and the musketry sounded like the patter of rain drops in an April shower. On the great field were riderless horses and scattering men, clouds of dust from solid shot and exploding shells, long dark lines of smoke rising from their muskets, red flashes and white puffs from the batteries—with the sun shining brightly on all this scene of tumult, and beyond it, upon the dark, rich woods and the clear blue mountains south of the Potomac.

Communication. (For the Agitator.) A Word from a Soldier.

Now that the sword is sheathed, the blood laid aside, and the fortunate survivors of the bloody battle fields and terrible marches of the last four years are exchanging the "suit of blue" for the habiliments of more peaceful avocations, a word from the returned soldier may not be inappropriate.

Much has been said and written upon the probable, if not certain, destruction of the spirit of industry and usefulness in the discharged soldier.

Years ago, when the demon of War in his prime was sweeping thousands of our comrades to untimely graves, this doctrine was preached and harped upon by Northern Copperheads, to aid in quenching, if possible, that spirit of patriotism, and determined resolution which, thanks to our brave boys, has saved the Nation from ruin.

Fellow Soldiers! We are here to refute this theory. Let us unite in proving to the world that courage, patriotism, and perseverance can go hand in hand with honor, industry, and frugality.

Do this, and the American soldier has won a reputation, excelled only by that of the daring deeds and powers of endurance exhibited throughout his campaigns.

There is no good reason why he who has been a good soldier should not be a good citizen. It is generally true that those who have entered the army with no fixed habits of industry, symptoms in an aggravated form, who from patriotic motives dropped the implements of usefulness in civil life, to grasp the musket and sword in defence of their country's honor, can, and do, resume their former avocations with no loss of manliness or respectability.

The soldier returns to claim merely the right of citizenship. We expect to abide by your laws. If we make mistakes, remind us of it, and we'll thank you for your trouble. If we persevere in violating your statutes, by punishing the delinquent you will gain the confidence and support of those who respect justice and discipline.

We may, during our rough campaigns, have forgotten some of the gentler etiquette of civil life; still, a soldier seldom forgets how to appreciate kindness or resent insult. Treat us well, and you will find us a pretty good lot of fellows after all. Insult us by talking copperheadism to our faces and you must expect a display of that combatsiveness before which the Southern chivalry finally fled.

And now a word to the ladies. Ladies, you have done a great deal for us, and we are not ungrateful enough to thank you for it. Many times during the terrible campaign of 1864, and particularly during the memorable siege of Petersburg, did we have reason to feel grateful for luxuries, probably never furnished to an army before, and with which, through the efforts of the loyal ladies of the North, and those benevolent institutions—the Christian and Sanitary Commissions—we were so abundantly supplied. We ate your fruits and your pickles, we drank your wine and your cordials, and it did us good. The timely use of these luxuries ameliorated the sufferings of thousands, and doubtless saved the life of many a poor fellow; and the probability that some of these good things were prepared by some damsel from the hills of Pennsylvania, did not make them taste any the worse, I assure you.

Ladies, whenever you wish a favor, ask it of a soldier. We may not do it quite so nice as your whilom fops, who have been prattling at home during the last four years; but we will do it cheerfully, and with a warm heart. If you see him doing wrong, don't go about telling that this, or that young man, has lost all his manners, and is "going to ruin;" but come and tell us of our faults and we will do better, merely to please those who have done so much for us. No good soldier will insult, or voluntarily hurt the feelings of a lady. The Southern girls will tell you that.

When we get the tan and Southern bronze worn from our faces, we are coming around to pay you a visit; (married ladies need not read any further) to offer you, in compensation for your many acts of kindness and benevolence, the tried and loyal hearts of a few good looking young veterans.

When a wealthy friend promises to leave you a house and lot, it is not always best to take the will for the deed.

We may do a very good action and not be a good man, but we cannot do a very ill one and not be an ill man.

It is a dangerous thing to treat with temptation, that which ought at first to be rejected with disdain and abhorrence.

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