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The Agitator is the Official paper of Tioga County, and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscriptions being on the advance pay system, it circulates almost a class most to the interest of advertisers to reach.

A cross on the margin of a paper, denoting that the subscription is about to expire.

Papers will be stopped when the subscriber on time expires, unless the agent orders their continuance.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties.

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

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

J. W. BIGONY, Proprietor, THIS popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

D. HART'S HOTEL, WELLSBORO, TIOPA COUNTY, PENN. THE subscriber takes this method to inform his old friends and customers that he has resumed the conduct of the old "Crystal Fountain Hotel," and will hereafter give his entire attention to the public as a first-class house.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor, THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania.

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

WESTERN EXCHANGE HOTEL, KNOXVILLE, BURGESS, PA. THE undersigned having leased the above Hotel for a term of years, will respectfully inform the traveling public that he has put the Hotel in first class order.

P. NEWELL, DENTIST, MANFIELD, TIOPA COUNTY, PA. I prepared to operate in all the improvements in the various departments of filling, extracting, inserting artificial dentures, &c.

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

B. H. HOLIDAY, Proprietor, One of the most popular houses in the country. This Hotel is the principal Stage-house in Wellsboro.

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

PROTECTIVE WAR CLAIM AND PENSION AGENCY OF THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

FLOUR AND FEED, BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, Meal, Pork and Salt, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Soap, Candles, Saleratus, Tobacco, and Kerosene Oil.

PROTECTIVE WAR CLAIM AND PENSION AGENCY OF THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

PURE GINGER at BOY'S DRUG STORE.

THE AGITATOR.

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

WELLSSBORO, TIOPA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1865. VOL. XII. NO. 5.

Table with 3 columns: Length, Width, and Price per square. Includes rates for 10 lines, 12 lines, 14 lines, 16 lines, 18 lines, 20 lines, 22 lines, 24 lines, 26 lines, 28 lines, 30 lines, 32 lines, 34 lines, 36 lines, 38 lines, 40 lines.

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.

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 SON, HOBBS, and first door east of Hubberford'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 ORGOOD STAND, where their communications with New York cannot be interrupted.

They have just received a good stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, such as Boots, Balm, Berries, Mullins, Hosiery, Notions, Pins and Shoes, &c., in fact everything in the Dry Goods line may be found at our counters, and purchased at prices corresponding to the times.

HEAVY FALL IN GOODS. We also invite purchasers to examine our fine stock of

GROCERIES, Can't beat this side of New York. Remember the place. "Osgood's Corner."

KELLY & PURVIS, Wellsboro, Apr. 22, 1865-ly.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY AND PLATED WARE. Call at No. 4, Union Block, if you want a good WATCH, where you will find a good assortment of

AMERICAN & SWISS WATCHES. I keep on hand E. Howard & Co.'s movement in heavy Silver Cases, which for time has no equal.

PLATED WARE. Dinner and Breakfast Castors, Cake Baskets, Spoon Holders, Napkin Rings, Forks, Table and Tea Spoons, &c., &c., &c.

HEAVY PLAIN GOLD RINGS, and JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS. A good assortment of CLOCKS constantly on hand.

REPAIRING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE. Wellsboro, Aug. 30, 1865-ly. A. FOLEY.

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. It recommends itself to every farmer for the simplicity of its construction.

BOY'S DRUG STORE, Kerosine Lamps at BOY'S DRUG STORE.

Communication.

(Written for The Agitator.) MUGGINS ON FISH.

FIRST PAPER. Bayard Taylor has written his travels, and Port Crayon and Barnum have written theirs.

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gan sympathies—and—and—but why follow up this strain? Can unwritten music and poetry in the bud, reach the senses through a newspaper article? Scarcely. Not much. It wants "blue and gold." Shall therefore let you fill out a blank requisition on your imagination for the rest, reserving one blank for myself.

Ten miles are up—so is the sun—except those that have willed—mercury still in ascension—horses nodding to every out field.

Muggins: "Spoke we stop?" Br'n: "Stop what? haint done anything I'm ashamed of."

Smith: "Whoa—whoa—steady—whoa—up!" Muggins: "Hello there!"

Stranger: "Hello yourself!" Smith: "Want to stop with you awhile—Feed our horses; get something to eat, and a room for six—can we do that?"

"Stranger: "Reason how as if yer mought, providin' y'uns have brought along your own grubland things. We uns aim much on stob like—we uns haint. My old woman kin tote the projue out of the parlor, and give yer right smart chance to range yerselves, I reckon."

So that is settled: we shall out: the bags go to the bottom of their coat boxes with a relish that speaks well for their digestive powers; while we looked about for an adventure, for Jones had told us they grew on trees about there.

"A boat ride! a boat ride!" is the unanimous chorus; while the wingless angels clap their hands in ecstatic delight, and the male cattle granted their approval. Half a mile below was the deep hole—so was the boat—but between us and there, were riffles, and the water, like our financial pile, was low.

Fortunately however, Smith knows how to double-quick (and so do Brown and Muggins, as to that, but their dispositions are more quiet) and he breaks away down the bank, at a tearing trot, while we follow sedately and decorously on at a meek and solemn pace. A splash and a shout, and Smith appears on the riddle—a la mule on the osmal—ankles exposed. Perseverance and muscle bring him into deeper water, and the shout: ship ahoy! brings him to shore.

Brown: "Why yes, ladies, step right in: never mind a few inches of water—I'll vouch for its purity—tho' I can't recommend it as a beverage—it will do for navigation, however, jump in, jump in!"

Now a boat is a good thing to have in the country, especially if there is any water about. But sieves are exclusively for straining pumpkin sauce, and our party representing the cabbage and gushah fraternity, we had no use for sieves, and a boat with a Bristol board bottom isn't apt to swim much better than a nutmeg grater.

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handkerchief. Tantalizing, provoking, aggravating I know, but you must be oblivious for a season. You will, of course, remember Keats' description of Magdeline, and ten to one, repeat it aloud:

Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees; Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed, Pensive, awhile she wades!

Imagination will paint some such picture—of course you should not; but the probability is you will. Yes, you will think of mermaids, and wish yourself almost any kind of a sea monster—even an imperceptible sucker, in transparent water. You would like to know how cold you are, and would ask for a thermometer to find out; and when you find the weather a good deal colder than you suppose it was, you will feel surprised—you will not understand it; there is something mysterious in it. You would like to be invisible—you would like to be bandaged—you would like to realize the imaginary picture on your retina—you would like—

"Kicks up," sometimes means to get yourself knocked down. A leaky boot or shoe sometimes brings a dampness over the frail spirit of Podology; whereas, a hole in your stocking is an open shame, therefore, let ventilation be confined to the hat and elbows: all of which is respectfully submitted, and bears directly or indirectly on my unsurpassed theory of Podology, which is generally estimated by the foot, but if any of you wish to patronize by the yard, you may do so at "Sears & Co."

O ye of little faith! O human ingratitude! Ingratitude belongs! Human cant! Can't I penetrate your chronology? Nothing in Podology, do you say? Why look around you as you stand. The refutation of your foolish disbelief is before your eyes. Look at that beautiful foot and—(Ah, I like to have said ankle, there in the mirage! What have you to say to the perfect symmetry of the ravishing picture! Its seductive sinuosities, swells and valleys, perfection of outlines, perspective, and all that looms up to the eye, more luminously as you concentrate your gaze and think of Cinderella; visible only it is true, to the imagination—ideal, and the beau ideal of all that is possible for Palmer. And if such a seeming foot will naturally arise to the eye here in the mountains—naturally, because the result of natural causes, what though in absolute fact there be no foot—what if it is all illusion, hallucination—all in your eye, as the vulgar say? It is only your reasoning mind that tells you this. The imaginative mind tells you there is a foot: one part of your intellect says there is not, another says there is,—which do you believe? Most undoubtedly, as far as the present picture is concerned, the one that tells your senses that here before you stands the foot. And here to all intents and purposes, it does stand, apparent before you in all its magnified glory, such as can only be had by the human being, and that of the order: come out to witness, Solomon in all his glory, did not amount to grass:—and here I rest the vindication of Podology.

"Don't go in any deeper, Muggins, or the subject will swim you."

"Let him pitch in; it's good wading all about where he is."

Gentlemen—all this repeated cant about Podology is not true in fact—not even a physiological fact. But what if it were? Yes, gentlemen, what if it were? And this question brings me to the gist of the matter. If you don't put on your shoes and stockings, I'll publish you all in the next Agitator!

"It's a slaughter of the innocents!" "It's a grand spouting!" "What a senator he'd make!" "Eh! he's high-strung!" "A sharp is G-flat."

"What a tremendous effort!" "Prodigious!" "Ponchous!" "He's discommodated 'em!" "Explunified 'em!" "All to smashes!" "How's your epiglottis?" "How's your diaphragm?" "How are you Podology?"

Thus endeth the first chapter.

Talent and Energy. The theory of the poet Gray, that undeveloped Hampdens, Miltons and Cromwells lie mouldering in many a village graveyard, is a very pretty one and may be true. The world, however, can only judge of a man's capabilities by what he says and does, it rightly prefers the man of small talent who makes occasion for his exercise, to the mental giant, whose intellect lies dormant until occasion wakes it up. Latent Genius that can only be called into action by a rare combination of exciting circumstances, is of less practical value to mankind and to its owner, than mediocre ability with plenty of spontaneous energy behind it.

We could put our finger upon many individuals of very moderate intellectual calibre, who have left greater minds huddled down in their wake in the race for fortune and even fame. The success of such men is due to their motive power. The public refers to them as "perfect steamboats," and, practically speaking, they are worth all the gifted do-nothings that ever lived or will live. You may call them fools if you will, but they achieve their objects, and not unfrequently extend a helping hand to legions of a higher order of talent, but of less energy and determination than themselves.

These facts—and we all know by our daily experience that they are facts—are consoling to persons in whom ordinary capacity is combined with irrepressible pluck and indomitable perseverance—men, who, as Billy Black says in the farce, "never give nothing up."

Really great men, however; those who make their mark upon the ages in which they live and survive it in history, are a class of beings of a different order. A strong intellect, high moral qualities, and energy commensurate to their full development, are the elements of true greatness; and whoever possesses these best gifts of God to man, is indeed "only a little lower than the angels." Alas! like Angel's visits the advent of such benefactors of their race are "few and far between; and, when most needed, we too often look for them in vain."

"Good! good!" "How clear he is!" "Clear as mud!" "What a figurative style!" "Guts a big figure!" "Fine; what a fool-killer he'd make!" "How he accumulates it on 'em!" "Piles the agony!" "Hut! he's about to touch on something profound!"

My gentle hearers, my beautiful system of Podology tells me that the big toe is a certain forerunner of the whole human family; and like John the Baptist, points out the way in which you must follow, or fall from grace into the total depravity! Nextly: Show me a man with his heel going back on him, and I will show you a human blue Jay, or a horticultural heliotope. A thick foot indicates great similarity in the head. A broad foot shows a substantial understanding, and, please Cripple, provide

Several minutes of torturing suspense follow. You feel affectionate, but you can't tell why—because you can't see. Then you feel miserable all the way through—as if an ounce of quicksilver had started from your big toe and was looking after your organ of generation. You still think yourself alive however, and if so, wish to remain. You picture to yourself that paradise lies just on the other side of your

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