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THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. VII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 14, 1866. NO. 15

Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS. Includes rates for Square, Column, and other ad types.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. JAS. LOWREY & F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

DICKINSON HOUSE. CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor: M. A. FIELD.

IZAAK WARRON HOUSE. H. C. VERMILYAN, PROPRIETOR. Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

H. O. COLE, BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER. SHOP in the rear of the Post Office.

THE CORNING JOURNAL. George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.

FURS! FURS! FURS! The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Furs for ladies wear.

TO MUSICIANS. A CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian and German Violin Strings.

WELLSBORO HOTEL. WELLSBOROUGH, PA. Proprietor: R. S. FARR.

PICTURE FRAMING. TOILET GLASSES, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D. WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa.

MCKINROY & BAILEY. WOULD inform the public that having purchased the Mill property, known as the "CULVER MILL."

TIOGA REGULATOR. GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jersey Store at Tioga Village, Tioga County, Pa.

DENTISTRY. FRANK McGEORGE, Permanently located in Corning, N. Y.

Veterinary Surgeon. THE undersigned begs to inform to people of Tioga County, that he has located himself at Tioga in the shortest time.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. FOR Children teething. Price 25 cents.

From Potter's Spirit. THE BERRAVED HUNTER. My boy is dead—my pet—my own.

Two years ago I fondly said, "Lo! unto me a son is born."

My soul in fierceness makes reply: "My beautiful, my dark-eyed boy, whose very being was a joy."

Why should I fear the mountains tall—Where is the pleasure? what the need To dwell with all the deadly fall?

THE DETECTED TRAITOR. The proud and wealthy James Agmoor, silk and velvet merchant of Broadway, New York,

There was an ominous sternness in his tone that attracted the quick ear of Thornton Clair,

"I have, Hiram Mould, I have!" and his face pale and red by turns, again sought the cover of his trembling hands.

"I told her all," burst from the quivering lips of the merchant. "I told her that Hiram Mould was the master of her father; that ere she was born I committed a crime—a crime whose ever-present guilt has blanchied my hair before I have numbered my forty-fifth year."

the assault for purposes of his own—because he hated each with a deadly hate. You, Hiram Mould, first made us, who were till then bosom friends, bitter enemies.

While the tortured man was saying all this far more incoherently than I have written it, the unmoved conspirator had rapidly sketched a picture of a gibbeted felon, and as the merchant concluded, Hiram Mould placed the insignificant sketch before him.

"I am in your power," groaned the unhappy man, rising and opening the door; but as he did so his daughter Rachel stepped quickly from the side of Thornton Clair with whom he was eagerly conversing, and said:

He seemed ill at ease as those splendid eyes slowly scanned him from head to foot, bathing his face as it were in worldless scorn.

"I am happy to see that Miss Rachel Agmoor considers so humble a person as Hiram Mould worthy of so continued a gaze.

"This is the thing that dares to hope to call me wife!" said Rachel; and though the words were cutting, the tone and manner penetrated to the marrow of the rascal's bones, and flashed bitter words to his white lips.

"There is a young man in your father's employ whom he loves as his own son. Rather than harm a hair of that young man's head, James Agmoor would gladly lop off his right hand, I verily believe, if the sacrifice could avail either. Mr. Agmoor call in Thornton Clair."

"On my honor, Mr. Agmoor," said Thornton, "that Charles Harper is alive, and still thinks that he killed James Agmoor. Until this morning I was of the same belief, for my father, who since that unfortunate combat has concealed himself under an assumed name in the wilds of the West, while my mother followed him, has often told me sorrowfully of all that transpired. But he never told me the name of the man whom he deemed he had slain nor that of the man who, as he rose after a moment of unconsciousness, pointed at your bleeding body, and you were dead and prevailed on him to seek safety in instant flight, upon the very horse you had ridden. Your daughter related to me what you told her last night, a few minutes ago, and we immediately concluded on the truth."

or I shall make myself what you have forced me for years to think myself—murderer!" While Thornton was speaking, the guilty cashier had sunk into a chair and rested his head upon the table, hiding his face, as he for ten years delighted in torturing his victim to do; but when James Agmoor, no longer a crime bound serf, thus addressed him he staggered to his feet, groping blindly for the door, tottered feebly through the bazaar, to his desk, where he had so long ruled with the magic rod of gold, and pressing his hands to his head, groaned, reeled, caught himself erect, opened his private drawer, placed a pistol to his temple, and fell dead ere he could press the trigger, smitten—said the Coroner that day—by the almighty hand of God.

SCOTTISH HUMOR. The following amusing anecdotes we copy from an article in Blackwood's Magazine, on "Scottish National Character."

A minister of Crail had been long annoyed by the drowsy propensities in church of a farmer, one of his parishioners, "one David Cowan in Trustrie," and remonstrating on the subject, had his patience conciliated by two cartloads of coal which the offender engaged to drive to the manse door.

"Such tales of colloquy in church abound. "Jenny," asks a Dunferline minister of the same generation, stooping from his pulpit, "have you got a preen (pin) about ye?"

"I am conscious of my strength. Do you wish to see a proof of it?" sneered Hiram. Rachel bent her head contemptuously. Hiram Mould was at a loss to comprehend this unexpected defiance; but sure of his ground he said:

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purchase the trees round his house, and as usual under similar circumstances, it was hinted to him that it would be well to introduce a bottle or two of brandy to inspire competition. "Lord have a care of your deaf heads!" exclaimed the poor laird, "if I had two or three bottles of brandy, I'd think I would sell my trees?"

THE SHADOW-ANGEL. Dreary, and desolate, and lonely it stood. There were mountains around, gleaming with brightness and beauty, but the Mountain of Shadows was neither bright nor beautiful: no trees whose interlacing branches were made melodious by bird and breeze, no mossy carpet mosaic-patterned by that subtle sunlight that so loves in dim forest and glorious mountain to edge with gold the restless leaves, and clothe in gayest robes rough bark and bare rock, rendering uncouthness attractive; no charmed fairy circle which the moon makes with its silver sheen to woo Titania and her merry court; no flowers to exhale fragrance as Zephyrus lifts their gay corollas, waking them by his cool breath from passionless dreams; no chattering brook Naiad-haunted—tumbling over rocks in seething eddies, and anon settling itself into such a polished calm that Narcissus might choose to be mirrored there forever; no mischievous-loving squirrel or downy, fawn-riden rabbit to frisk among the verdure; no, none of these made glad the Mountain of Shadows, but all was dark, and desolate, and lone.

And yet, strange to say, a maiden dwelt there, more desolate and lone than the mountain. Her dark hair fell, with its tints of grey mist, in changing masses over her shoulders; melancholy had stamped on lip and brow and cheek an imprint which Time's effacing finger might not touch. Her eyes! oh, those eyes! into which you sought to penetrate their mystery. They were homes perpetual shadows, telling of a spirit of which a doom has fallen—a doom which closes over hope with the remorselessness of a prison gate, fading memories of the past and vain yearnings for the future, to dash themselves wearily against its horizon folds.

She had a doom, and this it was—to cloud the brow and shroud the spirit of every mortal ushered through mysterious gates of darkness into life never-ending. She haunted the tearful child, the man perplexed with care, the toiling statesman, the king, the slave. Mankind acknowledged her influence, for human hearts are alike in all ages, only the variation in outward surroundings lends to the same joys, the same sorrows, the shifting phases of the kaleidoscope. She had come with the Death-Angel—she was the child of Sin.

Where had she not been? Her feet had trodden the palaces of all the cities of the past, her footsteps' echo may be heard in every hall of the present. The ancient palaces are crumbled and her brooding wings enfold not their ruins, but the dust of them that were merry in love and gay revel, that were fierce in hate and war, that were sorrow-stricken and afflicted within their marble walls, hung with the purple of Tyre and glittered in adornings of gold and gems.

Who could withstand her? With form invisible to mortal eye, with step that left no sound in its coming. Men yielded in the young years of the world, their lips uttering wails of anguish; philosophers, in the golden age of art and poetry, taught them to clothe their souls in impenetrable garments of stoicism. Vain! she came rending them—and they stood before her trembling and exposed.

Did she never relent? did she never pity? was her heart stone? Her heart did pity, but the doom was on her—she might not lift it. A higher power guided her wanderings to and fro through the earth; she might not stay her hand—she must obey.

There came a man into the world, a man of sorrow—"one acquainted with grief"—the hand of the shadow-angel was not lifted off his brow—he was "to bear our infirmities." O! haunted, shadowed soul, lay your burdens on Him, and when the angel comes, look up, that heaven's pure light of unutterable peace may dispel the darkness and the sin-gloom.

AN HOUR OF HORROR. BY W. H. C. In 1846, not long after the murder of Col. Davenport, on Rocky Island when many parts of the West were filled with criminals of every grade and hue, and the traveler had good cause to be suspicious of all he met, I was journeying on horseback through the northern part of Illinois, then but sparsely settled. My companion was an only sister just recovered from a lingering attack of fever. We had buried both of our parents and an only brother upon the other side of the Father of Waters, and were now wending our way back to New England, the land of our nativity.

One evening, just as the sun was setting we emerged upon a broad prairie, stretched beyond us as far as the eye could reach. Ten dreary miles had been traversed since we had seen a house, and now the little log cabin which greeted our sight was as welcome as the oasis to the tired Arab. Riding up to the door, an old woman of ferocious appearance answered my summons, and in reply to my question of how far it was to the next house, granted out that it was twenty-eight miles.

Here was a dilemma. Our horses were already jaded, and my sister so fatigued that she could scarcely retain her seat in the saddle. To proceed was impossible, to remain there, I felt a strange presentiment would be but courting death. From a whisper consultation with my sister, I found that she shared my suspicious respecting the old woman and the character of the house. Finally, of the two alternatives, we decided to ask for lodgings. The Old woman made some excuse—said there was but one bed in the house besides her own and, that she was not prepared to take travelers.

As I was well armed—not without some experience in hand to hand fighting, and could have a bed for my sister, I decided to remain in preference to venturing across in the night. As we dismounted from our horses, a villainous looking man, apparently twenty-five years old, came up from a ravine beyond the house, with a gun upon his shoulder and a large hunting knife in his belt. He did not look us in the face but cast sidelong glances, indicative of one whose conscience was ill at ease.

After a supper of venison and corn bread, of which my sister and myself partook sparingly notwithstanding our long fast I requested that my sister might be shown to bed. As there was but one below, we knew the bed must be in the loft, the floor of which was laid "pancheons," leaving many broad cracks. Ascending by a ladder, I accompanied my sister to the room above, and having viewed the place and some what reassured her, descended to pass half an hour with my horses and my bow knife.

Upon engaging her in conversation, I learned that she was formerly from Tennessee. That her husband had been killed about a year previous in a fight about a claim, and that she was intending to return the next month to her native State. As I became more acquainted with her, my fears subsided, and when I finally decided to retire to the room above, intending to sit up and watch all night, I forgot my overcoat, in which were my pistols and bowie knife.

My sister was still awake, and I was rejoiced to find like me her fears were gone. Seating myself upon a chair without any back I leaned against the wall, and was dropping into a doze, when I was startled by hearing whispers at the foot of the ladder. Cautiously rising to my feet, I peered through a wide crack, and distinctly saw the old woman sharpening the huge hunting knife, which now looked double its natural size. At the same moment the young man leaned against a stick in the corner, causing it to fall to the hearth.

"Hush!" whispered the old woman, "you will wake them up." In a moment, like a shock of electricity, a full sense of our awful situation rushed upon my mind; I had evidently been wheeled into confidence by the old hag, that she might the more easily murder us. And my pistols! O, horrors, they were beyond my reach, and I could see nothing, save the chair with which to defend myself. Had I been alone, I think I should not have lost my presence of mind. But my sister the only near relative I had on earth—the life of my sister hung upon my protection, and by one of those strange contradictions in nature, when I should be the most active, I sank down on the chair perfectly paralyzed.

I now distinctly heard the old woman ascending the ladder, but to save my life I could not move a muscle. Fortunately my sister was asleep, and in my dreadful extremity I was so base as to hope that the blow might be struck with unerring certainty, that she might awake to consciousness only in the land of spirits.