

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of...

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga County...

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N.Y., Proprietor. Guests taken on and from the Depot, free of charge.

J. EMERY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his time exclusively to the practice of his profession...

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.

BRANK WALTON HOUSE, J. C. FENLLEY, PROPRIETOR, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

G. C. CAMPBELL, BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER, in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done with care...

THE CORNING JOURNAL, George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. Published at Corning, Seneca Co., N.Y.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, WELLSBOROUGH, PA., PROPRIETOR. Having leased this well known fashionable house, soliciting the patronage of the public...

E. B. BENEDICT, M.D., WOULD respectably say to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity that he has opened his office at Wright's Flour and Feed Store...

C.N. DARTT, WOULD respectfully say to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity that he has opened his office at Wright's Flour and Feed Store...

CORNING WHOLESALE DRUG AND BOOK STORE, DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS, WINDOW GLASS, KEROSENE OIL, ALCOHOL, BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

WANTED! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS WHEAT! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS CORN! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS OATS! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS RYE!

AMERICAN HOTEL, (Formerly D. Hart's "Crystal Fountain" House.) CORNER OF MAIN AND QUEEN STREETS, WELLSBORO, PA.

WELLSBORO, PA. Mrs. Boleman, Proprietor. Strict attention paid to the comfort of guests. Good dining. Charges reasonable.

WOOL CARDS AND CLOTH DRESSING, IN THE OLD FOUNDRY AT Wellsboro, Tioga County, Pa.

DR. RALPH GILLETTE, JASPER, STEUBEN COUNTY, N.Y., For a long time a resident of Wellsboro, will visit here in each month...

CHARLES LEE, JOHN LEE, Wellsboro, June 11, 1862.

DENTIST, DR. RALPH GILLETTE, JASPER, STEUBEN COUNTY, N.Y.

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THE AGITATOR.

Dedicated 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.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

No. 2, Union Block. JEROME SMITH HAS returned from New York with a splendid assortment of DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, GLASSWARE, GROCERIES, DOMESTICS, WOODENWARE, ENGLISH CLOTHS, LADIES' DRESS GOODS, SATINS, FRENCH CASSIMERE, FULL CLOTH, TWEEDS AND KENTUCKY JEANS.

Attention is called to his stock of Black and Figured Dress Silks, Worsted Cloths, Merinos, Black and Figured DeLaines, Long and Square Shawls, Ladies' Cloth, Opera Plaids, &c. Purchasers will find that No. 2, Union Block, Main Street, is the place to buy the best quality of goods at the lowest prices.

BEST PIANOS. 150 JOS. P. HALE & CO., having removed to their new warehouses, No. 478 BROADWAY, are now prepared to offer the public a magnificent new scale full.

7 OCTAVE ROSEWOOD PIANO, containing all improvements known in this country or Europe, over strung bass, French grand action, hazy pedal, full iron frame, for \$150 & 175 CASH, Warranted for 5 Years.

DEALERS AND TEACHERS in all parts of the country, to act as agents, and to test these unrivalled Pianos with Steingway & Sons, Chickering & Sons, or any first-class manufacturers.

PENSION AGENCY. TO SOLDIERS AND THEIR FRIENDS. THE undersigned having had considerable experience in procuring Pension Bounties and Back pay of Soldiers, will attend to all business in that line entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. In pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court for Tioga County, the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Annie Greenleaf, dec'd., will expose to public sale at the Court House in Wellsboro, on the 22d day of November next, at 2 o'clock P. M., of said day the following described real estate situated in Delmar township to wit:

IMPORTANT TO CONSUMERS OF TOBACCO. Persons desiring to abandon its use, should procure a package of the ANTIDOTE FOR TOBACCO. This antidote is the means of destroying the taste for tobacco, and thereby every one MAY ABANDON ITS USE!

READY SALES AND GOOD PROFITS. For particulars, enclose stamp and send for Circular Address, G. M. DEWITT, WEST BURLINGTON, PA. Aug. 27, 1862.

Application in Divorce. Charlotte Hubbard, by her next friend, Lyman Harris, vs. No. 195. Adversement in Divorce.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS. The School District of Delmar Township will meet at the Butler School House at Stony Fork, on Saturday, November 9th, next, to engage teachers for the Winter Schools. Teachers who make application will be required to present their certificates.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, having been appointed an auditor to distribute the proceeds arising from the Sheriff's sale of real estate of Wm. B. Middleburg and T. Patton, will attend to the duties of his appointment at the office in Wellsboro, on Friday, the 28th day of November next, at which time and place all persons having any claims upon said fund are required to present them for allowance.

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CROSTBY'S. Quite a curiosity in the shape of a new patent Fruit Jar for preserving Fruit, can be seen at Roy's Drug Store. Call and examine them if you do not wish to buy.

ALL IS FOR THE BEST. Repine not then when dark days come, For come they surely must, Now let misfortune's surging storms, Prostrate thee in the dust; But bravely stem the rising waves, With hope within thy breast, Remember—with a faithful heart That all is for the best.

Then fling away all foolish fears, Be firmness in the van, Trust like a child in Heaven's God, While acting like a man. Confide in Him and freely tell The sorrow in thy breast, Hope—and be happy in the thought That all is for the best.

From the dark chamber where Philip Stourton's wife lay sick of a mortal disease, the doctor had taken his departure, after gentle but ominous words, and the husband and wife were face to face in the valley of the shadow of death.

"I could have wished to live a little longer with you," said the sick lady, in a momentary lull of tears, "and not to leave the bonnie little children so soon with no mother to care for them; but Philip, you will promise me this, it is my dying request—do not put them in the power of a mother who is not their own; such are always cruel. For the memory of me dear Philip, and for the sake of the children, promise me not to marry again."

Philip Stourton was silent; he felt all the onerous conditions which a promise of this nature involved. However much he loved his wife—and he loved her devotedly—yet he saw what his partner could not see, that in depriving himself of his free will to act, he might be creating for himself a life long burden and sorrow. But his wife renewed her entreaties, and clasping him around the neck in a passion of tears, besought him not to refuse the request of one so near to the grave.

The nurse who tended Philip's wife was a woman of peculiar temperament, strictly upright, but fanatical in her notions of duty, and with a strong self will. She was an old servant, had been in the family of Mrs. Stourton's father many years, and had been selected to accompany the young lady at the marriage.

She had a sincere attachment to her mistress, who trusted and favored her, when the fact became known that Mrs. Stourton could not recover, her grief was violent and uncontrollable. On the day following the scene above described, Philip Stourton walking almost noiselessly into his wife's sick chamber, observed the nurse bending over the poor sick invalid, and taking from her hand a letter, while some whispered instructions were being given as to its careful delivery.

His entrance seemed to disturb them somewhat; but he was so heavy of heart he heeded nothing except the pale face which looked wistfully at him from the pillow. It was a sorrowful day, for before it closed his young wife died in his arms.

During the months of desolate solitude which followed his bereavement, the circumstances of the promise he had given, never once occurred to his mind. The great grief swallowed up all minor responsibilities of life. His loss was irreparable, his sorrow inconsolable; with his heart sealed up, as he fancied, and wished, against consolation, he went on his cheerless way.

But the influences which nature brings to bear upon us in our misfortunes, though slow and silent in their operations, are in the end irresistible. Grieving constantly over his loss, Philip's sorrow grew less poignant. His children became more dear to him, and to a greater degree than he thought possible, grew to supply the place of his dead wife. By degrees their merit became less gratifying to his ears. There were times, too, when his disposition recovered its natural tone; intervals of forgetfulness of the past, and hopefulness for the future. The children found a kind but strict foster-mother in the nurse; and his household was a fairly ordered household, yet though not the bright and complete one which he knew before the spoiler had trespassed upon it.

So Philip Stourton lived through his trouble, and found, after a while, in his children, his calling and his books, both comfort and tranquility. In his profession of an architect, he worked steadily and successfully; he loved it because he excelled in it, and labor of any kind blunted the sense of pain and loss. A wealthy manufacturer had employed him in the erection of some extensive business premises, and afterwards of a private mansion; and on the completion of the latter, arranged a pleasant party to celebrate the circumstance. To this festive gathering the architect received a kindly worded invitation. Philip debated with himself whether he should accept it, and finally concluded to do so. His wife had now been dead two years, during which time he had altogether refrained from society. In his happier days he had been anything but a recluse, for a gay and buoyant temperament had made him the favorite of many circles; and now the natural desire to mix with men once more, began to find a place in his mind. His promise occasionally recurred to memory, but had hitherto caused him no embarrassment or uneasiness. It was his fear on this score that had influenced his mode of life hitherto; and he thought not at all of the circumstance when he consented at last to break in on the seclusion which had become habitual.

Once under the roof of his hospitable friend, Philip's mind quickly took a coloring of cheerfulness and gaiety in keeping with the scene. This gaiety was, in fact, its most natural phase, and long constraint served no doubt to make each pleasurable impression more vivid. It has been said that he was well fitted to shine in such gatherings; he seemed to regain all his old powers on this occasion. Had the reunion been specially and cunningly planned, (as it was not) to allure him back into the circle of living sympathies, the object could not have been accomplished more effectually. The lights, the music, the wine, conversation and repartee, the fair and bappy faces about him, made up an atmosphere which a nature like his could not long resist. And when Philip returned to his somber hearth, the shadows seemed less dense, and life more lovable than before; for we look at life through the coloring medium of inward feelings, and to these human intercourse is like sunshine. But was there so special a reason beyond for this revulsion in Philip Stourton's mind? He might have answered there was no other; but it was whispered that bright glances shown upon and fascinated him! Philip's glances indeed! Yes, but they were Honor Westwood's glances, and Honor was a very lovely girl.

She was the niece and ward of Mr. Westwood, their host. Her features, also, it was said, Philip admired her beauty, felt perhaps a little flattered by her favor. But he was not to be taken by the first pretty face that chanced to look his way. Not in the least. But Philip had or made an errand to the great house, within a few days, when an opportunity was afforded to him of judging whether he had not overestimated the young lady's beauty and courtesy on his first visit; a matter which curiously interested him, and exceedingly favorable to the lady were the conclusions he came to.

Then more than once or twice or thrice did he repeat his visit, and gradually from his heart and from his hearth faded the dark shade which fell upon them when his dear wife died. One night after a prolonged visit to the Westwoods, Philip Stourton returned home, and sat down in his silent study, with a flushed and troubled brow. He tried to read, but after turning a page or two the book was thrown aside, and he sat with thoughtful eyes before the fire, absorbed in reverie. Not very pleasant were his reflections, to judge from the muttered words that escaped him now and then, betraying the theme on which his thoughts were busy. He had subjected himself to an influence that few can long resist, more especially when the mind has been acted upon by sorrow and solitude. He found himself suddenly in a forbidden realm, tempted by beauty, affection, companionship, feelings universally welcomed as the highest good of earth. But he was under disabilities; he was not free to choose like others; his promise stared him in the face. A wild mood of passion and remorse, and unavailing repentance perhaps for his rash promise, took possession of his mind, and made the long hours of that night sleepless. He was not so deeply enslaved but that he still retained sufficient control over himself to take what was undoubtedly a wise resolution, if he desired to preserve inviolable the pledge he had given his lost wife.

Philip's face grew white; he was not able to affect unconcern, the onset was so unexpected, and so deadly. He remained silent, breathing hurriedly like a man in pain. Honor was rather startled when she observed the effects produced by her words, and said: "I am sorry dear Philip; if I have grieved you by my question, but I have indeed received a letter containing some vague accusation or other against you. I give not the slightest credence to it, however; neither do I ask you to explain anything, if to do so would be disagreeable to you. I can trust you Philip."

"You have trusted me Honor, more than I deserve," said Philip; "let me look at the letter." She handed it to him; it contained but a few words, penned evidently by an illiterate person, and ran thus: "You are about to be married to Philip Stourton, I hear. You have no right to him. Ask him about the promise, the oath he took to his wife who is dead. God will visit you both."

There was no signature. Philip read it thrice, and lingered over it, as though endeavoring to take some resolution in his own mind. He looked at Honor at last, and said: "Could you promise me as the letter mentions?" Honor trembled a little, but after a short pause, smilingly said: "Well perhaps I could, provided it were not a very bad case."

"A death-bed promise—an oath!" said Philip. The lady was silent for a moment and her eyes began to fill with tears. "What have you been doing, Philip? What do you mean? Must you break an oath in marrying me?"

"I must," groaned Philip. "I promised my wife on her death-bed not to marry again. She had no right—I feel it now—to impose such a burden upon me. I had no right to pledge myself; but I did. It is irrevocable; no one can relieve me of it."

"I will not marry a man who has perjured himself," said Honor. "You have been cruel, very cruel to tempt me so far as this. I cannot marry you now, Philip," she repeated; and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed bitterly, and left the room. Philip, too, stole away, crushed and miserable; in his own eyes hopelessly dishonored.

Truth, loyalty, self-respect, you are but thin shades dwelling in a human breast, lightly esteemed, seemingly of little power; but when you depart, the pillars of the world seem to have fallen in, so weak and so desolate are our lives without you.

If Philip had been less scrupulously honorable, if in his heart he had attached as little weight to the promise made to his wife as his recent course implied, he need not have seen his hopes fall in ruin about him as they now appeared to do. It was not that he lacked the ingenuity to avert it. It had crossed his mind, of course, to deny the vague accusation contained in that miserable scrawl to impute malice and falsehood to the writer. Who was to know what transpired between him and his wife as such an hour? And Honor Westwood would have been a lenient judge, although in her secret heart she had believed him guilty; but when confronted with his offence, conscience re-asserted itself, and constrained him to admit the truth.

Philip went straight home to his study and there sat down. By and by he got up, hastily, undressed a secretary, and drew out something which glittered in the dull light of the lamp. It was a pistol. He placed it on the table at his elbow, and turned his pale cheek and absent eyes toward the fire. Did he see faces there, as we all do occasionally, when imagination is busy and judgment in abeyance?—Perhaps he did. The gentle face, it may be of his dead wife, earnest, loving, deprecating the evil deed he meditated. The faces, perhaps, of his children, touched with dread and wonder, appealing to him not to leave them helpless to the scant mercy of the world. — However that might be, a change came over his face before long which augured a better mind, and he put the shining, loathsome weapon on back.

On the morrow, though his reflections were bitter enough, the despair which had given birth to that dark thought of the previous night no longer haunted him. It was true that there was an end forever to his hopes for Honor, but now at least he could face contentment once more. He was even glad, amid his disappointed passion and poignant sense of humiliation, that he had been prevented from completing his design. The authorship of the anonymous letter perplexed him, though his suspicions finally narrowed down upon his own housekeeper. Yet how could she have presumed herself of the secret? His wife, he felt certain, would never have communicated to her what took place at that troubled interview, but it was possible she might have overheard. He took measures to ascertain, if he could, the truth; but they were of no avail. The woman's sullen answers revealed nothing, and Philip ceased at last to question, though not to suspect her.

With stern self-discipline, Philip warded himself from everything connected with his unfortunate passion, hoping to find, as once before he had found, in labor, solace and forgetfulness. The struggle, though sharp, was in a measure successful, and he calmed down by degrees into content. It would have been harder to him had he seen how dim the fair face of Honor grew beneath the cruel, hard dealt in her trustfulness; and had he heard the apologies she made for him to her heart, he would most surely have been tempted back. Her sex naturally, it may be assumed, would deal lightly with such an offence. A woman perhaps was wronged, but a woman was the gainer—and promises were but words. Honor was angry with him, it must be confessed; but rather because he faltered than because he allowed himself to be tempted. "She had no right to exact such a promise; he had no right to give it; but the fault was hers. O Philip, had you urged this as some would have urged it, I think I should have forgiven you." So mused the woman he loved; and it was well for Philip he could not know.

With great chivalry of character, Honor never disclosed to her guardian the cause of the abrupt termination of their engagement; and he naturally attributed it to some petty quarrel originating in a difference of disposition. "You must make it up, Honor," he said more than once. "Write to Philip, and bring him back." But of course Honor never wrote, and Philip never came.

Several months had passed away, when Philip Stourton's housekeeper was taken seriously ill. Meeting the doctor after one of his visits, Philip asked how his patient progressed. "I will not disguise from you," was the reply, "that she is in great danger, I fear she will not recover."

"I trust you are mistaken, doctor," Philip said; "I could ill afford to lose her, she has been a most faithful servant." The same evening Philip visited the sick-room, and perceived too plainly that he had heard the truth. A peculiar expression came over the pale hard features of the housekeeper when she observed his entrance, and there was an anxiety in her manner of replying to his inquiries which attracted his attention.

"Are we alone?" she asked. Philip replied in the affirmative. "I wished much to see you. I know I shall not live long," she continued; "and there is a matter nearly concerning you, of which I feel it is my duty to speak—something about your late wife, my beloved mistress."

Her voice was steady, her manner resolute; and she paused, as if debating with herself whether or not to proceed. Philip asked if she referred to the letter received by Honor Westwood. "Yes, to that and something beside. Mark, sir, I do not confess I have done wrong. I do not believe it, and I do not repent of what I have done. But if I had lived, I should have broken silence some day, and I feel I have no right to take my secret out of the world with me. Listen! I nursed Mrs. Stourton when she was a child, and I loved her. Before she died she called me to her, and confided to me how in the first dreadful moment, when the knowledge of her fate came upon her, she had exerted from you an oath that you would never marry again. She told me that in a calmer hour she had considered and repented of that act, but that the subject was so painful to be revived without you again. She had entrusted to me a letter, which she had written to you, and enjoined me to deliver it to you when she was dead. The letter I never delivered. Philip was struck dumb by the awful, the old affection and the new hope, both starting to life at the sound of the dying woman's voice, and shed together within his heart.

Philip Stourton was silent; he felt all the onerous conditions which a promise of this nature involved. However much he loved his wife—and he loved her devotedly—yet he saw what his partner could not see, that in depriving himself of his free will to act, he might be creating for himself a life long burden and sorrow. But his wife renewed her entreaties, and clasping him around the neck in a passion of tears, besought him not to refuse the request of one so near to the grave.

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Table with 3 columns: Rates of Advertising. 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. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS constantly on hand.