

The Tioga County Agitator

Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE.

THE AGITATOR

Dedicated to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealth 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, DECEMBER 7, 1864. NO. 16.

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

F. S. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties.

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor, M. A. FIELD. GUESTS taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, Wellsboro, Pa. Proprietor, J. W. BIGONTI.

D. HART'S HOTEL, WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PENNA. THE subscriber takes this method to inform his old friends and customers that he has returned to the conduct of the old "Crystal Fountain Hotel."

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa. Proprietor, H. C. VERMILYEA.

A. FOLEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c. REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES. POST OFFICE BUILDING, NO. 5, UNION BLOCK.

E. R. BLACK, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER, SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE, NO. 4, UNION BLOCK.

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

DRUGS & MEDICINES, P. R. WILLIAMS, D.D.S. I desire to announce to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand all kinds of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, such as Jayne's Expectorant, Alterative and Pills; Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Pills and Cherry Pectoral; Hemenway's Extract Buds, Sarsaparilla and Skin Wash; Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup; Wright's Pills; Clark's and Cheesman's Pills; Hall's Balsam; Bininger's London Dock Gin; Horrick's Pills and Plasters; Brown's Bronchial Troches, &c., &c.

REVENUE STAMPS, JOHN M. PHELPS, Deputy Collector of Mansfield, has just received a large lot of Revenue Stamps, of all denominations, from one cent to \$5.

F. NEWELL, DENTIST, MANSFIELD, TIOGA COUNTY, PA. Prepared to operate in all the improvements in the various departments of filling, extracting, including artificial dentures.

COWANESQUE HOUSE, THIS House which has been open for convenience of the traveling public for a number of years, has been newly furnished throughout and is fitted up in every respect as can be found in any first class hotel.

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

HUGH YOUNG, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER, AND DEALER IN American Clocks, American, English, and Swiss Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware, Spectacles, Picture Frames, Photographic Albums, Stereoscopes, Microscopes, Perfumery, Yankee Notions, Sewing Machines and Files, and Fancy and Toilet Articles.

REVENUE STAMPS, A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Revenue Stamps of all denominations, just received at the First National Bank of Wellsboro, in the Store building of C. & J. L. Robinson.

CAUTION—Whereas, my wife, CAROLINE, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation; I hereby forbid all persons harboring or assisting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts for her contracting after this date.

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A Complete Pictorial History of the Times. "The best, cheapest, and most successful Family Paper in the Union."

HARPER'S WEEKLY, SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED. Critical Notices of the Press. "The best Family Paper published in the United States."

TERMS—HARPER'S WEEKLY, one year, \$4 00. An extra copy of either the Weekly or Magazine will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or Six Copies at \$2 00.

TERMS—HARPER'S MAGAZINE, one year, \$4 00. An extra copy of either the Magazine or Weekly will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or Six Copies at \$2 00.

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Select Poetry. FAUST TO MARGUERITE. BY LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

Wild visions, born of memory and remorse, Recall thy ruined beauty, Marguerite! And I behold thee still before me glide,

And then the vision changes. I behold The pure and fair as when I saw thee first, Ere yet the fiend and I had staid thy steps,

And thou didst love me—yes, the last on earth, For mortal love shall never more be thine. What have I left me now? Remorse, despair—

There's blood upon my hands; it does not weigh So heavy upon my soul as thine undoing. His word not mine—his rage aroused my wrath!

And even Death will renounce us not, That last hope and last dear wish is not mine. The awful thought that will not pass from me, Will separate for aye my soul from thine.

Miscellaneous. FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT. A Secret from the Eyes of Death.

I had but a few months longer to remain at College when I was sent for, in consequence of the serious illness of my mother.

On reaching home I found that Fanny was staying there and during this time we were necessarily a great deal together. My sister was occupied in attendance on our mother, and could not often accompany us in our walks.

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she had gone out alone before breakfast, as usual, and had not been seen since, though she had been sought for in every place.

It may have been a year or more before this that I had taken a great interest in photography, and there was not a picturesque spot about the estate or near it that I had not photographed.

During my mother's illness it was my chief amusement; and, accompanied by my cousin and a man to carry the apparatus, I had spent several weeks in practicing an art which, to me, had all the charm of novelty.

I remembered well all the spots which had most pleased her, and where we had afterwards walked most frequently. Too impatient to regulate my pace by my father's, I called to my groom to come with me, and set off to search those places beyond the limits of the estate which we had liked most.

I had searched several of these without success, and had got as far as the Beeches, when I suddenly recollected that there was a place called "Clay Hollow," about two miles distant.

This was a very lonely spot, but commanded a beautiful view, and had been a favorite walk of ours since we had discovered it. Wondering why I had not thought of it before, I set out for this place.

The path, which led into the hollow, wound through furze and broom, and came out behind a remarkably fine oak. I had no need to look further. Beneath this oak lay the dead body of the woman with whom I had expected to share a long life of happiness.

If this had happened but an hour ago, I should not have a more vivid recollection of what I felt as I looked at the widely opened glazed eyes and the distorted features which I had last seen full of life and animation.

The body was carried home and laid in the great hall, and a surgeon was sent for, who, after a brief examination, told us, what I had seen already, that she had been strangled.

No other motive for the murder except robbery could be suggested; but whether she had been robbed or not nobody could tell, as at that early hour of the morning it was not likely she could have anything about her which anybody could steal.

There was indeed a brooch missing from her shawl, but this was afterwards picked up among the grass. The necessary legal formalities were gone through the next day, and a verdict of "Willful Murder" against some person or persons unknown was returned.

As soon as the crowd of individuals concerned in the inquiry had departed, and I was left alone with my father and the surgeon (my sister having been sent, as soon as Fanny's body was discovered, to her aunt to inform her of the dreadful loss we had sustained), I requested the latter to come with me to the hall.

Perfectly alone, I walked over to the feet of the dead body of my betrothed. Night and day I had remained beside the corpse; and it was while looking at the eyes, so changed since the mind had ceased to look out of them, that an idea occurred to me which I had immediately determined to put in execution as soon as the official investigation was over.

The idea was, that a photograph of the retina of the eye might be magnified so as to present a distinct image of the last object depicted upon it. Every object on the retina during life endures for a time, and is succeeded and effaced by another. The duration of the image on the retina is, however, influenced by various causes.

If the eye is directed towards a very brightly-illuminated object the impression made upon the retina is so strong that when the eye is turned towards a light-colored surface the dazzling object is still visible; but, instead of appearing bright, it is represented darkly, as though it were the shadow of that object.

The duration of the image is also affected by the humors contained in the eye. When death is caused by strangulation the eye becomes charged with a viscid secretion, which is not withdrawn, but coagulates and hardens, so to speak, as vitality is expelled, and the last image impressed on it is retained precisely as the picture is retained on the photograph which the light has printed on it with the most delicate gradations of tone.

These and similar reflections induced me to determine to put the conclusions I had arrived at to the test. With this view I requested the surgeon to remove one of the eyes from its socket. From this I took a great number of photographs on glass, and then gave it back to him that he might restore it to its place.

These pictures were, of course, very much smaller than the eye itself, and it was therefore necessary to devise a method of enlarging them. No very profound knowledge of the effects produced by a combination of lenses was required to point out the means of accomplishing this. I caused one of the rooms to be made totally dark; and an opening to be made in the boards which were nailed over the window just large enough to admit a single ray of light. This ray was made to pass through a succession of lenses, and also through the glass on which the photographic image was printed, a sheet of prepared paper being fixed to receive the magnified image, and record it in ineffaceable characters.

defined. What mixed feelings of horror, rage, and grief filled my mind while this likeness of the murderer crept slowly, but steadily, from darkness into light. It seemed as if it were a phantom from the world beyond gradually assuming the solidity of an inhabitant of the earth.

At last I had before me the portrait of the last human being on whom her eyes had rested. It was that of a man, young, with good features; but with an indescribable expression of mingled terror and ferocity in his face. This, to some extent, served as a disguise; but the features were so strongly marked for it to prevent any person who knew the original from recognizing me. I showed it to my father, and he had a vague impression that he had seen a person resembling it somewhere, but that was all. I then rode with it to the police station, and put it into the hands of the superintendent.

All the constables were called in, but they all declared that they had never seen a person about the country resembling the portrait. Leaving this in his possession, I took another likeness, which I myself showed to every individual, old and young, for miles around.

All our researches were fruitless. Nobody had seen a person resembling the portrait; a circumstance the more mysterious that it was not that of a person who would be likely to pass unnoticed. The only plausible suggestion to account for this was made by the superintendent—namely, that the man, whoever he was, had come across the fields from the railway station, and had returned the same way; but inquiries made at the station failed to confirm the idea.

The continual sight of the effigy of the murderer almost drove me out of my senses. My brain was so far affected that I was incapable of applying myself to anything, and I believe nothing saved me from going raving mad but the conviction that I should one day discover the murderer. To search for him was my sole occupation. In theatres, on the race-course, at railway stations—everywhere where men congregated I sought him. I saw neither the amusements nor the business; nothing but faces. The death of my mother, which at any other time would have affected me deeply, came so soon after the other calamity that I hardly felt it.

Month after month I wandered up and down the streets of London from morning to night, avoiding no place, however infamous, where there was a chance of finding the man of whom I was in search. My quest was interrupted for a time by a letter from my sister, summoning me home. My father was very ill, and no hope was held out of his recovery.

When all was over the medical man suggested that I might be more successful in finding my cousin's murderer if I went on the continent. I thought him right. I went to Paris, thence to Baden, and through all the German watering-places. From Berlin I went to Vienna, and from that city to Venice, having been drawn to the latter place by a paragraph in a newspaper stating that the city was thronged with foreigners. I was always supplied with letters of introduction to persons in every place I visited.

The first I presented on the morning after my arrival in Venice was to Count Frasin, who, before we parted, gave me an invitation to a ball to come off in the evening. The Count occupied a palace facing the square of St. Mark, a very large building, which on this evening was crowded with visitors. I had seated myself on a balcony outside the ball-room, from whence I could see all who approached the Countess to pay their respects. I dare say it was close upon midnight when I saw two gentlemen making their way towards the spot where the Countess was seated conversing with the young Archduke Maximilian, and the commander of the Austrian troops. The taller of the two bent his head so frequently that I was unable to get a distinct view of his face; but the partial glimpse I got of him from time to time convinced me that I had at last found the man I had been so long seeking. I re-entered the room; but just as I did so he seemed to think it would be hopeless to attempt to reach the Countess, for he turned suddenly to the right, passed through a doorway, and disappeared. Little as I heeded who I thrust aside in crossing the room, it took me so long to make my way through the crowd of visitors that when I reached the staircase the man of whom I was in pursuit had reached the street. I rushed down the stairs, and found that they led me to a small door, which likewise opened into the square; but it was not that by which I had entered, which was at some distance and surrounded by servants and footmen. I looked eagerly about the square, uncertain which way to pursue, when suddenly I saw a bright flash at the furthest corner of the square, as though somebody was lighting a cigar. The distance between us was so great that I could only imagine it to be the man I was seeking. Nevertheless, I rushed across the square as fast as I could run towards him. I overtook him as he was leaning over a bridge which crossed one of the canals, looking down at the water. I seized him by the arm with my left hand, and with my right I grasped a handful of his clothes. I could not speak for the moment, so great was my excitement; and just as I was about to raise my voice for help, I felt a sharp pain and a descent through the air, followed by a sensation of extreme cold. After this I was half conscious of a cry that an assassin was in the water, and then I seemed to fall asleep. A long sleep it must have been, for it was five weeks afterwards before I knew that I had been thrown into a canal, from whence I had been taken by some boatmen who were close to me, with their gondolas, where I had fallen. As soon as I had recovered my strength sufficiently to move about my room, (for the wound I had received was more painful than dangerous,) I was told that I must consider myself in custody, the boatman, who gave me over to the officials, having told them that I was attempting to commit a robbery on a gentleman, when his two servants seized me, and in the scuffle wounded me, and I jumped into the canal.

I sent for Count Frasin and told him what had happened. He soon settled the matter with the police; but although I showed the portrait of his guest, he was unable to identify

the original, "which," said he, "is not surprising, considering the number of strangers who are here, and that many of my friends are privileged to bring a number of their friends to our parties as the choicest, without the ceremony of an introduction."

I did not lose courage even under this disappointment; on the contrary, the conviction that I must one day discover the murderer became stronger than ever. The first use I made of my renewed strength was to resume my search in Venice, but to no purpose; and when all hope of finding him here was gone I travelled to Rome. At this city I found an accumulation of letters from my sister. They spoke of the satisfactory way in which the bailiff, who had served my father for many years, managed the estate, of a great many matters of less importance, and urged me strongly to return home. The strongest motive she had for desiring my return, she said very little about. Nor did I, in my then state of mind, feel much interested in it. She wanted to consult me respecting an offer of marriage she had received from Fanny's brother, who had returned to England and become reconciled to his aunt.

I answered her letter, telling her that, if she liked to accept him as her husband, I should have no reason for objecting to him; that she had better act in the way most agreeable to her inclinations, subject to her aunt's approval, and that I would endeavor to reach England in time to be present at her wedding. Having written thus, I dismissed the matter from my mind and continued my wanderings. I shall not weary you by specifying any more of the cities I visited. I had heard that my sister was married and was very happy; and in utter weariness and despair of succeeding in again meeting with Fanny's murderer, I resolved to come back here for a time.

I left London about noon, and on reaching the station where the journey ended, told the porter to put my luggage in a safe place till I should send for it. I had not taken the trouble to write to my sister to say on what day I should come, so, as I was not expected, I took my way across to the old oak tree beneath which the body had been found. I sat there buried in thought a long time, and, soon after turning into the lane on my way to the house, I met a woodman with whom I had spent days in felling trees. He was so anxious that I should go to his cottage to see his wife, who had been nursemaid in our family when I was a child, that I walked with him there. I stayed there some time, listening to what they had to say of changes about the estate, and of persons I had once known, but whose names I had then almost forgotten. On leaving them I found that it was so late that I pushed my way through a hedge to get to the house by a shorter way than by following the carriage road. By going this way I had to pass through wood; and directly I stepped out from beneath the trees I saw crossing the field, about a stone's throw distant from me, a man carrying a gun. I stepped out briskly to overtake him. The land had been newly plowed, so that he did not seem to hear my steps till I was close to him, when he turned and we stood face to face. The sun was going down, and he had to bend his head a little to look at me. My heart for an instant ceased to beat. There before me—his face inclined exactly as it was in the photograph—stood the murderer! He had been seeking for so many years. He no doubt recognized me, for he looked at me as though he had suddenly turned to stone. As soon as the shock had passed, I rushed at him and seized him with both hands. "Murderer!" I said, "You do not escape as I Venice." He offered no resistance at first, and I looked to see if there was anybody near that I could send to the police station to bid the constables come to fetch him away. He may have understood why I withdrew my eyes from him, for he recovered his strength instantaneously, and seized me by the throat. He was far stronger than I, and I felt myself tossed hither and thither; and it was he who succeeded in forcing me backwards to the earth. Still, I hold him, but he could now press my throat with full force; and it was I who now had to struggle to save my own life. My head seemed to be swelling to a monstrous size, and this was the last thing I remember.

I lay in the field all that night. In the morning I was seen by the man who came to finish the ploughing, and he, with the help of the keepers, carried me home. I was quite unable to move; but I had a dreamlike consciousness of what was being done. By the time I was laid on the bed I had recovered so far as to be able to speak; and the first words I spoke were an order for a man to ride as hard as he could go to the police station, and bring back with him the superintendent.

My sister came to my bedside as the man left the room. We were always strongly attached to each other; but I was surprised to see her so agitated by, as I supposed, the attack on me. Her eyes were red and swollen, and she looked so worn and pale that I feared she was ill. After answering her questions with respect to myself, I said:

"You were with our aunt when I made those photographs of poor Fanny's murderer, and have never seen one, have you? I thought not," I continued; "but if you open the pocket-book which is in the breast-pocket of my coat you will see it."

She opened it, took out the portrait, and, looking at it, said, "This is not it. This is my husband's portrait. Where did you get it?" "Your husband! Fanny's brother!—her murderer!" I stammered. The truth flashed upon our minds at the same instant.

For several hours she remained totally insensible; and when at last she became conscious, she talked incoherently, and has not since recovered the use of her reason. I was thankful, when I was told that the superintendent had arrived, that I had not had time or opportunity to mention to anybody but my sister the cause of my being found insensible. Leaving it to be inferred that it was due to a sudden illness, I gave the superintendent to understand that I had sent for him to direct a search after my brother-in-law, who had not