

The Tioga County Agitator

BY M. H. COBB.

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THE AGITATOR.

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

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Table with 3 columns: Rate, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS. Includes rates for 1 Square, 2 do., 3 do., 4 Columns, 1 do., 2 do., 3 do., 4 do.

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DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor, MAJ. A. FIELD.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, WELLSBORO, PA.

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P. R. WILLIAMS, BEGS leave to announce to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand all kinds of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, such as Jayne's Expectant, Alterative & Pills; Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Pills and Cherry Pectoral.

REVENUE STAMPS, JOHN M. PHELPS, Deputy Collector of the Mansfield, has just received a large lot of Revenue Stamps.

P. NEWELL, DENTIST, MANSFIELD, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

COWANESQUE HOUSE, THIS House which has been open for convenience of the traveling public for a number of years.

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

HUGH YOUNG, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER, AND DEALER IN

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

WE have just arrived in Wellsboro with a large Stock of CLOTHING and

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Also, HATS & CAPS, and a great assortment of

LADIES' CLOAKS, Which we offer to the citizens of Wellsboro and surrounding country at

50 PER CENT. CHEAPER, than any other establishment in this part of the country. Our object is to reduce our

WINTER & FALL STOCK OF GOODS. PRICES: OVER COATS from \$4 to \$40.

STOCK AND PRICES, before purchasing elsewhere. NAST & AUERBACH, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Blossburg, Pa.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Manufacturers of Photographic Materials, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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CARD PHOTOGRAPHS, Our Catalogue now embraces over Five Thousand different subjects (to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits of Eminent Americans, &c.

3,000 COPIES OF WORKS OF ART, including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, &c.

WELLSBORO ACADEMY—The second Term of the present school year will begin Monday, Dec. 12, 1864.

MANUFACTURERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

WELLSBORO ACADEMY—The second Term of the present school year will begin Monday, Dec. 12, 1864.

BRADING & EMBROIDERY, MACHINE SEWING, of all descriptions, done on a first-class Grover & Baker machine.

FARM FOR SALE—The undersigned wishes to dispose of his Farm in Covington township, lying on Elk Run, about three miles from Covington.

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

MILLINERY, I would inform my friends in and around Tioga County, that I have opened a shop in the dwelling formerly occupied by Miss Rachel Prutsman.

REVENUE STAMPS, A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Revenue Stamps of all denominations, just received at the First National Bank of Wellsboro.

CONGRESS WATER, for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

Miscellaneous

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

It was the day before the commencement at the M— Academy, in the pleasant town of G—, and since early morn every ig-cooming train had disgorged crowds of young ladies and gentlemen, all destined for its classic shades.

It was now five o'clock, and in fifteen minutes the last train for the night would arrive, and many of the early comers were strolling towards the depot to witness the fresh arrival of students.

They had not waited long before the train came in with its usual scream and clamor and another crowd passed out; two young ladies among the new comers I wish particularly to notice.

One was short, with laughing blue eyes, which made her the very personification of fun and mischief. Her companion, though taller, was slight and graceful, every movement denoting by its perfect ease that she was associated with the educated and refined; she was dressed in black, and a thin veil screened her features from observation.

They went directly to the principal's office, as students were required to enter their names before rooms were assigned them in the Boarding Hall. The Principal bowed respectfully in answer to a similar salutation from them, and placed a large book before them; the first entered her name as Jennie Allen, the other as Nettie Moore. The Principal drew the book towards him and glanced at the names; then looking up to Nettie he said,

"I believe I have the honor of addressing Miss Moore?" "Yes, sir, and I thank you very kindly for your timely arrival."

"I was also out walking, when I heard you scream, and ran to your assistance." "During the conversation the wretch had arisen from the ground and slunk away, muttering threats his cowardly heart would not dare fulfill. They watched him a few moments, then turning, Walter said—

"Shall I have the honor of escorting you back to the Hall?" "Perhaps you do not know I am only a shoemaker's daughter?"

"Miss Dormont was particular enough to inform me this evening; but she may learn that wealth or station is not my standard of affection. My father was once a poor boy, and has taught me to honor the industrious and good, if they are poor."

The walk back to the hall passed pleasantly, and they parted excellent friends. That night he dreamed of shoemakers and their daughters, more than he did of his Greek and Latin.

The weeks of the long term flew away—Nettie was reminded every day by slights and other insults, that she was looked upon as an inferior. There were some who did regard her so, and there was one who showed her as much deference as a subject would his monarch; this was Walter Percy. Since the night he had rescued her they had often met and conversed, much to the chagrin of other young ladies who could gain from him nothing but cold civility.

When he conversed with her his voice was deep and tender, and there was a light in his eyes which often caused Nettie's delicately tinted cheek to wear a richer hue. They visited together many of the romantic places in the vicinity of G—, taking with them Jennie and Ralph Gordon, who though poor, was handsome and one whom Jennie much admired.

The term was drawing to a close. The twenty-four weeks had dwindled down to four when an event happened which caused much excitement.

A lady, formerly a student of the Academy, was to give a grand party, and an invitation was extended to all the students.

To the young ladies, wearied by the continuous routine of study, the excitement of preparation was a delightful recreation, and was indulged in to such an extent by some as to bring opposite their names numerous black marks designed to show how black spots had been stamped on their teacher's opinion in regard to their scholarship.

The invitation had not been given long, when Walter sought Nettie and asked her company. She first refused, as she had not attended a party since her mother died two years before.

Walter pleaded earnestly; and finally gained her consent. Estelle hinted several times that his company would be agreeable to her, but she appeared not to understand her, and she was finally obliged to find another escort.

Mr. Jameson's room was rapidly filling with the wealth, beauty and fashion, of G—, among the gay assembly were many whom I have before introduced. Jennie had refused many of the upper tendons of the Academy, and was now proming through the apartment leaning on the arm of Ralph Gordon.

Adelle moved gracefully through the throng attended by Frank Needham. Estelle sat in the recesses of the window, talking with Harry Spaulding; while others romanced the rooms or sat in groups conversing.

"I wonder where Nettie is?" said Jennie, having sought her in vain. Just then casting her glance towards the door she exclaimed: "Ah! here they come!"

students were seated, and she saw the handsome stranger but a few chairs above her, conversing with Estelle, who had contrived in some manner to be his opposite; as Nettie seated herself he glanced at her, and admiration was at once depicted on his countenance. Estelle noticed it and bit her lips with vexation. After the Principal had invoked the Divine blessing, the hum of conversation began, and Walter inquired the name of the young lady who was dressed in black.

Estelle's lip turned scornfully as she replied, "It is Nettie Moore; only a shoemaker's daughter."

Walter regarded her for a moment with an expression she could not interpret, and then looked at Nettie. Her face was flushed; she had overheard Estelle's sneering answer.

That night she walked out alone across the fields, Jennie herself otherwise occupied. She seated herself at the foot of a lofty oak and gave herself up to reflection. She did not bear the steps which were approaching her from behind, nor did she know a person was near until a man rudely seized her by the arm and attempted to kiss her. She screamed and struggled violently to free herself but the villain held her fast, and had almost pressed his polluted lips to her cheek, when he received a blow that sent him reeling to the ground.

Nettie turned to thank her preserver and saw Walter Percy standing before her. Her cheeks flushed, for she remembered the scene in the drawing-room. He appeared not to notice her embarrassment and said:

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Walter and Nettie had just entered; as they passed in the room, she moved beside him with an ease and quiet dignity few could imitate, none equal. She had for a time laid aside her morning garb, and was dressed in a rich but simple robe which floated gracefully around her faultless person. She wore no ornaments but a few white buds among the dark braids of her hair. The evening passed pleasantly, and finally Walter proposed a walk over the beautiful grounds which surrounded the house and to which many had resorted. Nettie gladly consented. Walter tied on her hat, and they stepped out on the verandah and entered one of the paths which led through the grounds.

It was a beautiful night; the moon, slowly rising through the heavens, cast a silvery radi-

ance over all objects; no sound broke the stillness save the sweet tinkling of the fountain as it threw aloft its waters all sparkling in the mellow light.

They wandered for a time along the different paths, feasting upon the scene of beauty, and then he drew her to a seat beside him on a rustic bench.

They sat there for a while in silence, she gazing off into the dim distance, he watching the changes of her lovely features.

"Nettie!" and his whole heart seemed to go out with the impassioned utterance. "What, Walter?"

"Nettie, since the first night we met I have loved you deeply, and truly, and now existence would be a blank without your sweet company. Oh, say! you can—do you love me?"

"At the first sentence her eyes sank under his eager gaze, and a rich crimson suffused her face; but as he finished her eyes sought his, and she said—

"Do you not see, Walter, that I am treated as an inferior by my fellow students, and are you willing, with your wealth, your bright prospects, to take such an one to your heart?"

"Ah, Nettie, I should consider wealth and all its blessings as nothing if your love was denied me; those who despise you are deficient in all that belongs to pure and noble womanhood. Oh, say, Nettie, may I hope I am beloved?"

"Yes, I do love you, Walter, with my whole heart," and her head sank on his shoulder.

I will pass over the remainder of the term which was mostly occupied in preparation for the examination. Nettie, Adele, and Estelle were the only graduates, and they were busy at work on their essays, for each desired to take the prize. This would also finish Walter's preparatory course, and next term he would enter Yale.

On the morning before the examination, as the students were all assembled in the chapel, they were electrified by the announcement that the Governor of the State would arrive that night and remain through the examination.

The students were all excitement, and when the time drew near expectation was on the alert.—A carriage was seen coming up the road, and they all cried, "the Governor is coming!"

The carriage halted, and a noble, portly looking man alighted; but what was their disappointment, when Nettie rushed out, and throwing herself into his arms, called him father.

Heads were drawn back, and many said contemptuously, "how absurd to mistake a shoemaker for a Governor!"

They watched in vain till tea was announced, when they gave it up, concluding he would not come that night.

The students were all seated when the Principal entered, accompanied by Mr. Moore and Nettie. To the surprise of all, he gave that gentleman the head of the table, while he and Nettie took the next seats below. When all was quiet, he said, in a clear, distinct tone, so that all could hear—

"Governor Moore will you ask the divine blessing?"

It would be hard to describe the surprise and mortification of those who now learned they had been slighting and sneering at the daughter of their beloved Governor.

Jennie, who sat next to Adele, whispered in her ear—

"He was once a shoemaker, but now a Governor."

It was true. Governor Moore, when a young man, learned the shoemaker's trade, and worked at it many years. He prospered, and finally retired from business, but was soon called upon to fill the highest office in the State, and nobly did he perform his duties.

Walter was greatly surprised, but this did not intensify his love, for he had given Nettie his whole heart, when he thought she was only a shoemaker's daughter.

How to Dress for a Photograph.

A lady or gentleman, having made up her or his mind to be photographed, naturally considers, in the first place, how to be dressed so as to show off to the best advantage.

By no means such an important matter as many might imagine. Let me offer a few words of advice touching dress. Orange color, for certain optical reasons, is photographically black. Blue is white; other shades or tones of color are proportionately darker or lighter as they contain more or less of these colors.

The progressive scale of photographic color, commences with the lightest. The order stands thus: white, light blue, violet, pink, mauve, dark blue, lemon, blue-green, leather-brown, drab, cerise magenta, yellow-green, dark-brown, purple, red, amber, maroon, orange, dark black.

Complexion has to be much considered in connection with dress. Blondes can wear much lighter colors than brunetts; the latter always present better pictures in dark dresses, but neither look well in positive white. Violent contrasts of color should be especially guarded against. In photography brunetts possess a great advantage over their fairer sisters. The lovely golden tresses lose all their transparent brilliancy, and are represented black; while the "bonny blue eye," theme of rapture to the poet, is misery to the photographer, for it is put entirely out. The simplest and most effective way of removing the yellow color from the hair is to powder it nearly white; it is thus brought to about the same photographic tint as in nature. The same rule, of course, applies to complexions. A freckle quite invisible at a short distance is, on account of its yellow color rendered most painfully distinct when photographed. The puff-box must be called in to the assistance of art. Here let me intrude one word of general advice. Blue, as we have seen, is the most readily affected by light, and yellow the least; if, therefore, you would keep your complexion clear and free from tan, and freckles while taking your delightful rambles at the sea-side, discard by all means the blue veil, and substitute a dark-green or yellow one in its stead. Blue tulle covers no more obstruction to the actinic rays of the sun than white. Half a yard of yellow net, though not very becoming, will be found very efficacious, and considerably cheaper than a quart of kalydor.

The cause of freckles is simply enough. It is nothing more than the darkening of the salts of iron contained in the blood by the action of light. A freckled face is, therefore, an animated photograph.

Next to being a bride herself, a very good looking young woman likes to be a bride's maid. Wedding is thought by a large proportion of the blooming sex to be contagious, and much to the credit of their courage, fair spirits are not at all afraid of catching it. Perhaps the theory that the affection is communicated by contact is correct. Certain we have known one marriage to lead to another and sometimes to such a series of "happy events" as to favor the belief that matrimony, as John Van Buren might say, "runs like the cholera."

Is there any book entitled "Rules for Bridesmaids" in secret circulation among young ladies? It seems as if there must be, for all the pretty hench-women not precisely alike. So far as official conduct is concerned, when you have seen one bridesmaid you have seen the whole fascinating tribe. Their leading duty seems to be to treat the bride as a "victim led with garlands to the sacrifice." They consider it necessary to exhort her to "cheer up and stand by." It is assumed, by a poetic fiction, that she goes in a state of fearful trepidation to the altar, and upon the whole would rather not. Her fair aids provide themselves with pungent essences, least she should faint at the "trying moment" which, between you and us, reader, she has no more idea of doing than she has of flying. It is true that she sometimes tells them that she "feels as if she would sink into the earth," and that they respond, "poor dear soul," and apply the smelling bottle; but she goes through her nuptial martyrdom with fortitude, nevertheless.

In nine cases out of ten the bridegroom is more "flustered" than the fragile and loving creature at his side; but nobody thinks of pitying him, poor fellow. All sympathy, compassion, interest, is concentrated upon the bride, and if one of the groomsmen does recommend him to take a glass of wine before the ceremony, to steady his nerves, the advice is given superciliously—as we should say "what a soney you are, old fellow."

Bridesmaids may be considered as brides in what lawyers call the "inchoate" or incipient state. They are looking forward to that day of triumphant weakness when it shall be their turn to be "poor, dear creature," and Freston salutes and thereafter sustained and supported, the law of nuptial pretences directs. Let us hope they may not be disappointed.

Hope—Hope is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed friend company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way, all the miseries of our pilgrimage. It tells the soul such sweet stories of the succeeding joys; what comforts there are in heaven; what peace, what joy, what triumphs, what marriage songs and halcyons there are in that country whither she is travelling, that she goes merrily away with her present burden.

To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap-dogs; go to church every time you get a new dress.

A young lady was heard to declare that she couldn't go to fight for her country, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and die an old maid, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as anybody could be called upon to make.