

# THE AGITATOR.

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

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 4, 1861. VOL. VII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

## UNION AND LIBERTY.

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and  
Blazoned in song and illuminated in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!  
Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblem from mountain to shore,  
While through the sounding sky  
Lead rings the Nation's cry—  
Union and Liberty! one evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,  
Pride of our children, and honored afar,  
Lead the wide banners of thy full constellation,  
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!  
Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unaccept! What foe shall stain thee,  
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?  
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fall thee,  
Striving with men for the birthright of man!  
Up with our banner bright, etc.

## THE RESCUE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A PIONEER WOMAN.

About eighty-one years ago (1780,) Joshua Davidson, with his wife and three children, removed from Pennsylvania and settled in Kentucky, all that country was a deep and nearly unbroken wilderness.

Here and there might be seen a small settlement, or the lonely cabin of some more bold and adventurous pioneer; but the Indians, the desperadoes, and the wild beasts held an almost undisputed sway.

Perilous adventures, hair-breadth escapes, violence and suffering, were everyday occurrences then and there; and the poor women, what few of them there were, had no alternative, even if they desired any, which I am certain they did not, but to share the common fate which befalls the footstep of all.

"Among the brave women of that day," was Joshua Davidson's wife, Jane, a strong, healthy, blue-looking female of forty, at the date of this occurrence.

It seems that one day, Mr. Davidson went into the forest, and not long after leaving his cabin, he encountered a half dozen blood-thirsty savages, who sprang upon him from behind the trunks of trees, and before he could do anything to defend his life, or give the slightest alarm, felled him to the ground, and chopped him almost to pieces with their tomahawks.

One of them then tore the scalp from the poor man's head; after which they all cautiously started forward toward the cabin—a few moments afterward wildly bursting in upon the astonished and frightened inmates, poor Mrs. Davidson and her children, three in number, two boys and a girl, aged respectively, eight, eleven and sixteen years.

A scream of terror burst from the lips of all; and at the same moment, the savages flourished their tomahawks, and with demoniacal yells, bounded at them.

At the same time, quick as thought itself, the oldest child, a boy named Charles, darted down under the arms of the Indians, and dashed out of the open cabin door with the speed of a race-horse, directed his steps toward an adjacent wood.

With a loud yell, the redskins sprang to the cabin door; but a moment afterward, at the conclusion of some undistinguished jabbering, five of them returned, the sixth one only starting off in pursuit of the fugitive boy.

Meanwhile, the other children were crying and clinging to their poor mother, who was standing in the center of the apartment; the very picture or the deepest despair.

"O mother! don't let them kill us! don't let them kill us!" cried the children in one voice.

"God help you, my poor children, I am powerless to do you any good!" moaned the poor mother. "We are in the hands of Him who made us."

At the same time, the Indians were frantically dancing all around the cabin, flourishing their tomahawks, and yelling hideously; and every moment the poor mother expected that herself and her children would be brutally murdered.

In the midst of their dancing, the redskin who had scalped Mr. Davidson shook the gory trophy in the face of the poor wife and mother, telling her in broken English how they had met her husband in the woods, and there killed and scalped him.

At the sight of her husband's hair, which she readily recognized, the poor woman uttered a cry of agony, and buried her face in her trembling hands.

in a few minutes, was completely enveloped in flames. With cries, and yells, and screams of exultation, the redskins finally started on their course, driving poor Mrs. Davidson and her children on ahead of them, more as if they were dumb beasts than human beings.

For many a long and weary mile, through the dark and deep wildwoods, the poor woman and her children were compelled to tramp along, and if they halted, or lagged behind a little, as sometimes the children would, the redskins whipped them forward, and with violent gestures, threaten to tomahawk them if they did not keep up the requisite speed.

Wearied and worn, the poor creatures trudged along; and while the mother, made strong to bear her cross, betrayed but little outward emotion, the children, despite of blows and threats, at times vented their feelings in cries and wailings.

"Oh, my children, be strong! be brave!" the anxious mother would whisper to them—"I know it is hard, my darlings, but oh! not near so hard as to die; and if you anger them much more, the Indians may murder you. Only keep up your spirits, and make as little noise and trouble as possible; and something may turn up to save us yet. But don't cry! it makes the Indians whip you, and may make them kill you. Remember, God is here as everywhere, and He may befriend us yet."

For a while, the children would utter lamentations, and hurry along. At last, the shades of night began to gather thick and fast.

"Night is coming on," mentally muttered the poor mother, "and then the savages must stop and rest awhile. Then will I make an effort to save myself and my children; and may the Lord strengthen me for the trial, for the effort is no easy one, and may precipitate our fate! But we might as well die that way, as any other; and God knows, we may escape the butcher's knives of our captors. Come what may, however, I am resolved to make the attempt."

Darkness had now set in, and the Indians halted and built a fire, around which they gathered in a circle. Then they brought out their corn and venison; and after properly preparing their food, ate their supper. Meanwhile, Mrs. Davidson and her children had been tied hand and foot, and lashed to the trunks of trees just outside the circle. Not a morsel of food, however, was given them, and the poor creatures were sick for the want of some such nourishment. The children bore it as long as they could, but at last began to beg for something to eat, and received in return, blows and threats of the most ferocious character.

With an anguish she could describe, the mother was forced to look on.

"For God's sake, my children, ask for nothing!" she frantically whispered.

After eating their supper, the Indians took a smoke, and then stretched themselves out on the ground, with their feet turned towards the fire, and went to sleep, one of their number being delegated to watch the prisoners and replenish the fire.

"God help us, all hope of escape is past, forever past!" mentally ejaculated poor Mrs. Davidson.

Bound and guarded as they were, well might she give up in despair.

Time passed away, and at last, even the poor captive children sank into a fitful slumber. The anxious mother, however, felt no inclination to close her burning eyes. Her mind was too busy, and her nerves too excited.

With straining eyes she watched the dusky sentinel as he kept his silent guard.

At length the fire began to smoulder, and the redskin stepped toward the edge of the forest—the camp was in a little clearing—to gather some sticks.

Mrs. Davidson watched him like a cat.

Suddenly, as the savage stooped down to the ground, something sprang out from the darkness among the trees, and quickly pounced upon his back. But the faintest noise—a slight scuffle, it might be—disturbed the stillness for a moment, and then all again was deadly silent.

"My God, what does it mean?" cried the bewildered woman.

"Mother, not a word, or sound, for your life!" suddenly came from behind her, in deeply whispered tones.

Notwithstanding the caution, Mrs. Davidson who instantly recognized the voice, was about to utter a sudden exclamation. The shock was almost too much for her heart and brain, and the poor creature came very near ruining everything.

"Not a sound, mother!" was again quickly whispered from behind, though no one was to be seen, anxiously, as she peered into the darkness.

By a strong effort, Mrs. Davidson choked down her emotion.

"O Charles, is that you?" she inquired a moment afterwards, in a low, deep, and tremulous whisper.

Mrs. Davidson turned her head the other way, and in the light of the camp-fire, beheld several men creep out from the edge of the forest, one after the other. In the red light of the fire she could see them plainly. There were six of them and they were white men.

cried Mrs. Davidson, as she sank down on her knees, and clasped all three of her children to her wildly beating heart. Oh! who shall describe the scene? The first burst of their boundless joy over, the whole party started forward to retrace their steps; to the nearest settlement, where Mrs. Davidson and her children never after remained.

In conclusion, it is only necessary to say that Charles, who was not killed, as represented by the Indian, succeeded in making his way to the station to which the captives were afterwards taken, and from whence he had started out with the party who had finally effected the deliverance of Mrs. Davidson and her children.

Of course the reader understands that it was one of the borderers who pounced so suddenly upon the Indian sentinel, and by a well-aimed blow, silenced his tongue, and prevented him from alarming his companions. On the successful accomplishment of that critical feat, in a great measure, depended the rescue of the captives.

## A SISTER'S AFFECTION.

When the army of the Potomac made its advance a few days since, a member of the 21st New York Regiment, picked up, in a place just vacated by the rebels, a copy of the Richmond Examiner of the previous week, from which we clip the following touching incident:

"One of those affecting incidents occurred at the departure of the Yankee prisoners for New Orleans, that whether concerning friend or foe, must move the stoutest heart. A young lady of northern birth, who has been sometime a resident of this State, and having a lucrative occupation, preferred to remain here, after the war broke out, discovered by some means, that her brother was among the prisoners in the city. She had made several ineffectual applications and attempts to see him; owing to the necessity of military law in such a case, her most urgent requests had been refused. For some weeks the poor girl had been too unwell to leave her home, but was recovering, and sitting at her window just as the prisoners passed by, on their way to the depot.

An instinctive seized her that her brother was among them, though a separation of several years, and the difference of dress and circumstances, rendered recognition difficult. A misgiving, however—one of those impulses of the heart that are not stifled—caused her to start to her feet, and hastily throwing on her shawl and bonnet, she summoned a friend and hurried to the depot. There the guard was so watchful, and the line so strict, that she was unable to approach within the yards; but with straining eyes and anxious love, did the poor girl endeavor to scrutinize each prizable form, until a mutual gaze met hers, and revealed the object of her search. Her brother recognized her. Darting forward, but repulsed by the guard, each precious moment threatened to sever them, perhaps, forever; who can judge the agony of the poor, stricken sister? Some of the Lystanders, becoming interested in the scene, used their influence to permit a message to be conveyed to the prisoner.

"Oh! is there anything I can do for him, anything he wants?" she exclaimed. "With loss of liberty, what else could avail him?" "Take this," she said, "it is all I have in the world." So they passed to the prisoner a few dollar bills with some small change, not knowing whether the poor boy would ever find any need for it, or an opportunity of spending it. Soon the cars were ready. He took his seat with the rest, in full view of his sobbing sister, and the cars began to slowly move.

With irresistible impulse, she darted forward. Sympathy governed stringer than law the crowd who were watching the departure; an opening was made through the guard, and she reached his hand. One grasp, so firm, so tight, was fastened upon the hand that she was drawn along the track, as the quickening motion of the engine increased, bearing her brother yet further, from her presence, and not until her arm, well high strained from her body, and the poor prisoner as he leaned himself toward her, was in danger of being dragged from the car, could that long, loving grasp be loosened.

A GOOD ONE.—A minister traveling where the road was difficult to find, requested a man by the way-side to direct him, naming the place where he wanted to go.

"Well, said the beggar and ditcher, 'keep on just as you are going about a mile and a half, there at the cross roads you will see a minister, who will direct you to the left a couple of miles, and there at the forks of the road is another minister, who will direct you to the right about three miles, and so on, at every fork and cross of the road, is a minister, to tell you which road to take."

"Ah said the parson 'what do you call ministers?"

"Why," said the other, "those things which stand up at the cross and forks of the road with something like a hand on them."

"Fingerboards, you mean," said the preacher; "why do you call them ministers?"

"Because they are always pointing the way to other people, and never go themselves."

BENTON'S MOTHER.—How touching the tribute of Hon. T. H. Benton to his mother's influence.

My mother asked me never to use tobacco. I have never used it from that day to the present day; she asked me never to gamble, and I cannot tell who is winning and who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute to the complying with her wishes. At seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and I made a resolution of total abstinence at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother.

## THE TRAITOR'S CHILD.

The energies of the American troops stationed at Fort Washington after their evacuation of New York, were fully taxed to repel the many sorties made by the enemy against them. It required a constant and careful watch upon the part of the Commander-in-Chief to prevent a surprise, and the more surely to effect this, a system of observations was maintained along the road, so that information passed from point to point, was sure to reach the camp before the British could carry out their designs. The majority of persons living on the line from the city to Kingsbridge, gladly aided in this plan of police, and thus rendered essential service to the cause. One of this number, however, a Mr. Jennings, at last took umbrage from some order of Washington on his subordinate, and with a reprehensible cunning, he determined to abandon the Americans and serve the interests of the foe. So secretly were these plans concocted and carried out, that no one outside of his own family suspected his disaffection.

The British General accepted the offered services, and pledged himself to pay largely for them. It was proposed that a number of his troops should march as far as his neighbors, who would, of course, communicate their movements to Jennings, who in his turn, instead of passing the warning, was to conceal the forces until reinforcements could arrive, and a formidable demonstration could be made against the fort.

"And for this service, in any event you shall have a thousand pounds," said the British General to the traitor. "Should it eventuate in the entire overthrow of the rebels, the sum shall be trebled, while other rewards shall be freely bestowed. You are certain that you have confided the matter to no one?"

"Not a soul, save those of my own family know it," Jennings replied.

"Of whom does your family consist?"

"My wife who is an invalid, and an only daughter."

"How are they affected by your change?"

"I know not, nor do I care. But of course they will follow my wishes, which have ever been law to them. My daughter is the only one who would think of a difference of opinion and even she would never dare to give it expression."

"I have heard that the majority of your American females have imbibed a sort of romantic attachment to George Washington, which might lead them to sympathize with him, but of course you are sure of your child, and can answer for her."

"With my life!"

"Suppose you allow me to invite her here. It would be a safe thing, and at the same time remove her from the suspicion of collusion, should you be discovered."

"I cannot part with her sir! She has aided me heretofore and can do so again. She is very obedient, so we need not fear her."

"Enough! Manage the matter yourself, I am content. Now for our plans. To-morrow at dusk a company of Capt. Trevor's command will be got in motion, and arrive about midnight at your house. You will conceal them and await the others. When they are all gathered together you will guide them to the attack. The rebels being off their guard will fall an easy prey."

"So far as the intentions of the British officer was concerned, the meditated plans were carried out. A number of picket men were concealed at the house of Jennings and at a proper time marched towards their destination. Under cover of the night they proceeded to the next station on the road when their advance was suddenly checked.

A sharp rattle of musket balls which seemed to have been designedly fired above their heads, brought them to an immediate halt. A second discharge gave them to understand that their further progress would be dangerous. Captain Trevor who was in command immediately gave orders for a countermarch, and in less than ten minutes the whole body were in a retrograde position.

We can hardly venture to describe the feelings of chagrin entertained by the original plotter of the expedition, when informed by Trevor of the unsatisfactory result. As that officer handed him the gold which had been promised, he threw it to the ground with a violent gesture and with an oath swore that he would murder the informer whoever it might be, that thus defeated his hopes. In vain the king's officer strove to calm him; the darker passions of his nature were aroused and would not be exercised. While he was thus storming and invoking malediction upon the head of the culprit, a fair girl entered the apartment.—There was a look of intelligent firmness upon her pale countenance, as her eyes met those of her father and quailed not.

"Come hither, Hester!" he cried. "Do you know ought of this matter? Can you tell me who sent word to Washington, respecting this expedition?"

Hester cast an appealing look upon the officer, who, however, did not interfere between them.

"Did you hear my question?" roared Jennings. "Tell me, do you know ought of this?"

"I do!" replied the girl in a low tone.

"I thought so! Now tell me the person's name."

"It was I!"

"You! Serpent! You betray me!"

"Father, hear me. I did send word to our General that the enemy were to make an attack on the fort, but your name was not mentioned as being a party to the expedition. No harm can come to you. I know how long and how ardently our countrymen had struggled against oppression; how nobly they contended against superior forces; how true was their devotion to the cause in which they were engaged, and I could not look quietly on and see their destruction attempted. I sent word of this, but in saving them I did not betray you."

"Enough that you have come between me and my revenge! This be your reward!"

He drew from his pocket a pistol and deliberately aimed it at his child. She moved not,

## 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 of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
Square, ..	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
do. ....	5.00	6.50	8.00
do. ....	7.00	8.50	10.00
3 column, ..	8.00	9.50	12.00
do. ....	15.00	20.00	30.00
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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, Labels, kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices' Constables', and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

did not even tremble, but Trevor, shocked beyond measure at the horror of the meditated deed, sprang toward the wretch and raised his arm. The ball grazed her head and was buried deep in the wainscot.

"Shame on you, man!" cried the officer with indignation. "Would you have her blood on your hands? of what are you composed? is she your child?"

"No!" cried Hester with a startling emphasis. "I am not, or at least shall not be for the future. I will not own a parent who to the crime of treason, can add that of murder. I did expose your villainy and would do so again. Nay, you may frown, I fear you not! This deed has frozen the natural current of my heart."

Then in a calmer and more feeling tone she continued:

"Father—'tis the last time I shall call you so—I bid you farewell forever. Your maledictions may be hurled against me, but never will you again look upon my face. Ere another day has passed Washington shall know of your treachery. Your only safety is in flight. In England you may enjoy the fruit of your baseness, but here you cannot remain. Farewell, forever!"

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She passed from the room, as the tears which she could no longer control, rushed rapidly down her cheeks. She paused at once to the bedside of her mother, in whose soul the last flickerings of life were fast fading. She knelt beside her and even as she prayed her worn spirit was released from bondage.

"Alone! an orphan! God help me!" she exclaimed as she pressed her trembling lips to those that had so often met hers in love.

Jennings lingered not long. Soon after he was on his way to England, where he lived, as a traitor should, in splendid disgrace. He became the wife of a Revolutionary officer, and lived long enough to give to her descendants the valuable example of the christian and patriot mother.

## For the Agitator.

The Old Stone School House.

Alas! no longer its old walls echo the voices of merry children; yet it still stands, reminding us that all things, sooner or later, must decay. It is deserted, but is it forgotten? Who will not join with me in answering, 'no! The pictures cherished in memory's casket, none are more dear to my heart, than the scenes in the old School House.

The old cracked stove, the high benches so convenient for the roguish scholars, the old door on which we so often swung, the old doorway—all are engraved on my memory, in lines never to be forgotten.

No summer's sun ever shone so bright, as to keep us from our accustomed place, no winter was cold enough to keep us from our daily visit to the Old School House. What times we had at noon, when free from all restraint, we gathered around the fire, telling stories, and joining in merry games. I feel, as scenes after scenes, pass before my mind, like exclaiming, "happy day of childhood, would I were a child again," as merry and gay as when "with loved friends, I sat beneath the trees, or culled sweet flowers which grew around the dear old School House."

Dear school-mates! where are they now? Some still reside near the home of their youth; others have wandered far, far away, from the home of their childhood; yet I doubt not, the old School House is remembered, with regret, as a friend in writing to me, not long since, said, if there is a place on earth I particularly wish to see, it is the old School House.

Many, very many of our school-mates, have long since gone to the spirit land; we hope they were prepared for the mansions of bliss, and are now singing praise to their Redeemer around the throne of God on high; and, one among them, how well I remember, a young man, beloved alike by schoolmates and friends, the pride of fond parents, brothers and sisters—he left his friends, filled with high anticipations—the future was bright before him, but oh! mysterious Providence, he went forth to die in a strange land, far away from home and friends, he breathed his last, and beneath the green turf of the valley, in California, his body now rests; but we trust his spirit has gone to a world where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Kind friends mourn his loss, yet they have the consolation that their Heavenly Father dealt the blow, and He ever "doeth all things well."

Another of the dear little "gone before," I shall never forget—a sweet little girl, whose blue eyes, and golden curls, won the admiration of all; she was loved by all, the favorite of all; a teacher and pupil; she was beautiful indeed, a sweet smile ever played around her lips; one could not help thinking of the poem, "Two beautiful girls"—and so it was, first in few short weeks, one sweet bud was taken to bloom in the garden of the Lord. It was summer when she left us; I remember one pleasant day she came to the teacher with her little bonnet in her hand, and lips, and said "please teacher, may we little ones go out to play?" The teacher drew her to her side, and putting back the golden curls, which, in her eagerness she had shaken over her face, she said: "I dare not let you go to-day, darling, you have got some cold, and I fear you will take more; wait until to-morrow." I felt like blaming the careful teacher as I saw the shade of disappointment pass over her countenance, for the sun was shining brightly, but never again was she to play around the School House door with her little friends; the teacher's fears were too well founded, that night our dear one was taken with the croup; after several days of intense suffering, her spirit went to God who gave it, there on the bosom of Him who said—"suffer little children to come unto me;" she now waits for us who loved her here below.

Little cherub, earth was not thy dwelling place, Heaven was thy home.

That we who remain of that gentle band, may so live that we may meet again never more to part, in a world beyond the skies, is the prayer of

MYRA L.  
Wellsboro, Nov. 30, 1841.

### Terms of Publication.

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

It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall expire, by the figures on the paper and labels on the right of each page. The paper will then be stopped, unless a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the publication.

The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County. It is sent to every neighborhood in the County. It is sent by express to any subscriber within the County, but whose remittance is received. An office may be had in any part of the County, on an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, 25 per year.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL.

DAVID HART, PROPRIETOR.

The undersigned begs leave to announce to his old and new friends, that he has taken possession of the old stand generally, it is in good repair and intends to keep it as a Temperance Hotel, and will be open to accommodate the traveling public in the most comfortable and convenient manner. Good tables and a good beer always on hand. Prices to suit the times. DAVID HART.

### AS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON.

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS, AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1861.)

### C. N. DART, DENTIST.

OFFICE at his residence, near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and accurately. [Age 22, 1858.]

### DICKINSON HOUSE.

CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor.

Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

### J. C. WHITTAKER.

Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PENNA. Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or refer them to their families. [June 14.]

### J. EMERY.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his attention exclusively to the practice of law, Collections in any of the Northern counties. [Nov. 21, 1860.]

### PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.

WELLSBORO, PA.

J. W. BIGNON, PROPRIETOR.

This popular Hotel, having been repaired and refitted throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

### ISAAK WALTON HOUSE.

WELLSBORO, PA.

W. C. FARMLEY, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. [April 12, 1860.]

### G. C. CAMPBELL.

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.

WELLSBORO, PA.

Everything in the way of the Barber and Hair-Dresser will be done with skill and neatness, as it is done in the city saloons. Proprietors for regular shaving and beautifying the hair, for sale. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. [Sept. 1, 1859.]

### THE CORNING JOURNAL.

WELLSBORO, PA.

George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.

Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at one dollar and fifty cents per year, in advance. The Journal is published every party of the week, and is a circulating journal in politics, and has a circulation extending to every part of Steuben County. It is devoted to extending their business into that county, and to publishing all the news and intelligence of the county, and to receive them in any style they wish and hang for specimens at

### WELLSBORO HOTEL.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

J. H. FARR, PROPRIETOR.

(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)

Having leased this well known and popular Hotel, and the patronage of the public, with attentive waiting waiters, together with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and profitable. [Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.]

### PICTURE FRAME.

G. C. CAMPBELL.

WELLSBORO, PA.

Certificates of Praiseworthy Work, Key & Co. in most manner, in plain and ornate styles. Pictures, Maps, Photographs, Albums, etc., etc. Put up in any style they wish and hang for specimens at

### E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.

WELLSBORO, PA.

Would inform the public that he is permanently located in Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa., and prepared by thirty years' experience, to treat all diseases of the eye and the appendage, on scientific principles, and that he can cure what will fail elsewhere, called St. Vitus' Dance, (Chorea Sacra) and will attend to any other business in the line of Medicine and Surgery. [Wellsboro, August 5, 1860.]

### NEW FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

WELLSBORO, PA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the people of Wellsboro and vicinity that he has opened a FLOUR and FEED STORE on Main St., which he will keep constantly on hand as good as any of the kind, which he will sell cheap for cash. Also, a large assortment of

### Choice Wines and Liquors.

J. B. EATON.

WELLSBORO, Dec. 10, 1860.

A superior quality, and warranted free from adulteration, which he will sell to Lumbersmen and others wholesale, cheaper than any other establishment in Pennsylvania.

### FASHIONABLE MILLINERY SHOP.

WELLSBORO, PA.

MAIN ST., WELLSBORO.

PAULINE SMITH has just purchased her FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

### ALL KINDS OF TRIMMINGS.

WELLSBORO, PA.

The subscriber calls from the ladies of Wellsboro and vicinity, feeling confident that

### WELL BEAR INSURANCE.

WELLSBORO, PA.

The subscriber is now in business, and is prepared to insure property in the County in regard to fire.

### WELLSBORO FLOURING MILLS.

WELLSBORO, PA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the people of Wellsboro and vicinity that he has opened a FLOUR and FEED STORE on Main St., which he will keep constantly on hand as good as any of the kind, which he will sell cheap for cash. Also, a large assortment of

### FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED.

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