

THE AGITATOR.

HUGH YOUNG, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. WELLSBOROUGH, PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 8, 1862.

In the meantime, we were getting farther from the main than prudence would dictate, when we were ordered to halt and preserve silence. It appears that we had run on to a large force of the enemy who were lying concealed in the woods. We did not wait long before we were ordered to take up arms and commence firing. This was the signal, and the ball was opened in good earnest. We played at this game a short time, when the enemy charged on the woods, where we were; then came the order to form as skirmishers, and fall back fighting. But it was too late, as the enemy pressed us too closely, and so we fell back at double quick, with their bullets whistling by us and tearing up the dirt at our feet. Thus we reached the Pike to find our regiment drawn up in line of battle. We formed on the left, and awaited the assault. The enemy's infantry, however, pursued us no further than the edge of the wood, where they halted, at a distance of about twenty-five rods from us, and kept up a scattering fire. In the meantime, their battery opened upon us with shell and grape shot. The men were ordered to lie down, which they did, and kept loading and firing whenever they could see one of the rebels. By this time, our battery had been placed in a position commanding theirs. Then the big ball game, which had up to this time been all on one side, suddenly changed, and in a few minutes it became evident that they were no match for our gunners, as every shot and shell from our battery told, while theirs, with one or two exceptions, went harmlessly by over our heads. Their guns had almost ceased their fire when they attempted to turn our left flank. Here was the hottest part of the fight. As they came on we were ordered to charge, which was done in a most effective manner, that the rebels turned and ran for their lives, throwing away guns, knapsacks, hats, shoes and canteens; in their eager haste to escape. Thus ended the short conflict, with a loss to the enemy of not less than 80 killed and a large number of wounded. This battle reflects the highest credit upon the officers and men engaged, considering it was the first time under fire. Our officers were cool and collected. Capt. Niles was wounded in the early part of the engagement, while in the act of firing a gun which he picked up from the ground near him. His wound, though painful, is not very serious; and we hope in a short time to have him again on his feet. Lieut. Mack received a bullet through his coat sleeve, but it did not do him any harm. One of our men was killed on the field. His name was George Cook. He came from Covington, and was, I believe, a native of Philadelphia, where his father now resides. Four fellows we buried him yesterday (Sunday) with military honors. I append a list of killed and wounded of this company.

Killed—George Cook. Wounded—Captain A. E. Niles, ball in right side; Sergeant Geo. Ludlow, shot in right side; Privates E. O'horn, scalp wound, B. Dewey, scalp wound, P. Mosher, very slightly.

FROM PORT ROYAL. From Capt. Hill's Company.

OTHER ISLAND, Dec. 13, 1861. DEAR FRIENDS.—I have safely landed in Dixie's Land, where negroes, cotton, musquitoes and buffaloes are the principal productions of the land. We have had several skirmishes with the musquitoes, which generally attack in the evening. We have been wounded dreadfully, but glad to say not fatally and no lives lost. The rebels are all minus. They flee before us as "chaff before the wind," and well they may, for we are bloody fellows. I guess they were warned of our coming, by the buffaloes, which, by the way, are very knowing creatures, we found them crying, "go it, go it, go it," when we came home, and still they keep up the song of "go it, go it," or if you are the master, "show it, show it." We are not very easily frightened, and must not think to bluff us off in this way. We left Fort Monroe one week ago to-day, and had a delightful trip. I wish I could describe it to you; grand beyond description. If Government was not to give me anything but my clothing, I should think I was well paid for my time. We set sail on Friday, and arrived at Port Royal on Sunday evening. Monday morning we had a peep at Fort Beauregard and Fort Walker. About 10 o'clock we left for Otter Island, which is forty miles from Port Royal and twenty from Charleston—here we found a small fort, which the rebels had abandoned with two cannon unfit for use. We have a large gun in the fort, and experienced artillerymen, to manage them. The rebels left in double-quick time, leaving behind them cattle, sheep, quantities of sweet potatoes, and other things too numerous to mention. Our men shall take care of these things, they are taking their houses would be of no use to us, burned them. There was about 200 negroes on the island when we got here, and have been on since ever since; 44 came to shore this morning from Charleston, in small boats; said they have been on these three days. Our Captain, and twenty men went out on a scouting expedition this morning, with orders to return at 4 o'clock. It is now after 9 o'clock, and we are all feeling anxious about their safety. They have been shelling sand from the muskets, so that the rebels had fired. There was a large quantity of powder in the fort, but fortunately for us, the slow match failed to do its work. Our jets argue upon the sea shore, the water comes up within two feet of us. It is now after eleven o'clock and the Captain and boys are all with us safe and sound. They brought in ten sheep, one beef creature, forty or fifty bushels of potatoes, several rolls of lemon, lots of oranges, peaches and oysters by the bushel, and a large knapsack full of valuable books, one hundred bushels of corn; and upon the whole, we are having what is called a good old time—plenty to eat, drink and wear, and plenty of good reading.

To School Directors. To-day I mail to each Secretary of Boards of Directors the Blank Annual Report and Affidavit for the School year ending on the first Monday in June, 1862. As soon as the schools in the several districts shall have been open four months, by filling out the blank with the proper affidavits and forwarding to me, a warrant will be issued on the State Treasurer for the amount the district is entitled to, and forwarded to the proper district treasurer. The Annual Report need not be made out till the schools close for the year. They should however, be made and forwarded to me by the last of May without fail. Hiram C. Jones, Co. Sup't.

Joe Holt declares that compromisers and peace men "may be burn on American soil, but no American heart beats in their bosom."

The rebel prisoners captured by Gen. Polk, numbering over a thousand have arrived at St. Louis, and have been assigned a place for safe keeping.

The banks of New York, Boston, Albany and Philadelphia have suspended specie payments. The demand upon their vaults has been so large the last few weeks, that prudence rendered this course necessary. The banks are said to be in excellent condition.

The stone fleet recently sent out by our government has succeeded in "stealing up" the Charleston harbor by sinking the old hulks in the channels leading to the city. This, in connection with the late destructive fire at Charleston will almost blot that traitorous city out of existence.

When Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the rebel Plenipotentiaries, were captured by the gallant Capt. Wilkes, the whole nation was as jubilant as if the General Thier Floy had been shot, or taken and hung as he deserves to be. When the news of their capture reached England, that country at once became the theater of an intense excitement. Preparations for war were at once initiated, and the British Cabinet demanded the return of the precious pair of rascals above named, and a suitable apology for the supposed insult to the flag. In discussing the international law on the subject, Mr. Soverd's conclusions were these: "That according to British precedent these traitors were legally seized and contraband of war; that America has been contending for half a century for more enlarged rights to neutrals; that if England, against her own precedent, now demands these men, it is because she has accepted the American principles of neutrality." These were his main points, and upon these considerations the rebel emissaries were surrendered. The London Times, Examiner, and other leading papers, are trying hard for some purpose to drive us into a war with England. After we put down rebellion at home we will be better prepared to discuss international law than now. Meantime it is as well to bear insult and braggadocio from England as long as we can. We are for peace everywhere, but it must be honorable peace. Just now we are engaged at home in purchasing peace with the sword. When that is accomplished, we can take care of our neighbors abroad. And we predict that when that is accomplished, John Bull will not spit international hairs quite so closely as he does now.

LATEST WAR NEWS. The most important news from Southern journals, relates to the movements of our troops in South Carolina. On the 1st of January our forces, 3,500 strong, made a reconnaissance from Port Royal Ferry, on the mainland, and after feeling the enemy's position, and trying his force withdrawn, with the loss of one man, taken prisoner. The rebels boast that they drove our force off, at the point of the bayonet, compelling them to flee in great precipitation. Yet the loss, by their own showing, was all on their side, as they admitted that they had fifteen killed and twenty in the affair; while they have only one stray prisoner to compensate them for it. Next day our troops landed in great force, at the same point, when the rebels say, "Gen. Gregg's brigade fell back a short distance to an eligible position"—a very mild way of stating that they were whipped. News has been received at Richmond that our troops, on the 2d, had landed on the main and ad-driven back Gen. Gregg's South Carolina Brigade with heavy loss. A dispatch to the Charleston Mercury also states that a large force of Unionists had landed on North Edisto River, and seized Railroad Station No. 4, on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad.

On the 1st inst. Fort Pickens opened fire on a Confederate steamer, when the Confederate batteries replied, the firing continued on both sides throughout the day, without any casualties on the part of the confederates—so they say. A dispatch from Mobile states that General Butler had landed with 5,000 to 7,000 men from Ship Island, in the Mississippi Sound, on the main land, and had taken possession of Biloxi, a small coast town, captured two cannon, and that he was about to push on and occupy Jackson and all the towns and villages in the vicinity.

From Louisville, we learn that the bridge over Green River would be completed yesterday. Union reconnoissances were made almost daily south of the river. The Rebels in Eastern Kentucky had retired before Col. Garfield, who was advancing on Prestonburg. Gen. Schoepff had made several attempts to draw Zollicoffer from his Somerset intrenchments; but the wily Rebel would not be drawn out, so there was no immediate prospect of a general engagement. Another account from Nashville, Dec. 31, states that the Confederates had fallen back toward Bowling Green, and were still retreating, destroying the railroads by the way. The tunnel near Cave City was blown up on the 27th ult., and the roads leading to Munfordsville, where the Union forces were stationed, were being obstructed with trees and other impediments. The Union prisoners released by the Rebels in exchange for those sent South a week or two since report that a Richmond paper had given a fearful picture of the condition of the

Rebel army on the Potomac, the troops being utterly demoralized, regimental drill having ceased, and card-playing being their principal occupation. Great numbers were advertising for substitutes, one offering as high as \$1,500. Enlistments could not go on, and the Government was urged to do something to remedy the evil. Incendiarism is still rampant in Virginia. A great fire occurred at Richmond on the 2d, burning the Theater and other buildings.

THE BATTLE OF DRAINSVILLE. From Holland's Company.

BUCK-TAIL CITY, Va., Dec. 22, 1861. FRIEND AGITATOR.—Amid the excitement of the camp, and amid the clash of arms, and the groans of the dying still ringing in my ears, I seat myself by a good warm fire, to give the readers of the AGITATOR the history of a day that will be recorded among the most glorious of the campaign of 1861. Last Friday morning we started from our camp about 5 o'clock with one day's rations, for a forage and reconnoitering trip, in and around Drainsville, which is 12 miles from our camp. The morning was a lovely one, but the weather was much colder in the afternoon. Our company consisted of Gen. Ord's Brigade, four pieces of Campbell's battery under the command of Capt. Easton, the First Pa. Regiment, and our Regiment. Of course, our regiment took the lead, and when we had advanced as far as Difficult Creek, Capt. Niles deployed as skirmishers on the left side of the road, Capt. McDonald on the right, while Capt. Holland went in front as advance guard, with the rest following in the rear. We advanced in this way until within about two miles of Drainsville, when Capt. Holland was sent out on the left for artillery guard, with the rest of the regiment in front. We advanced in this manner until within sight of Drainsville, when a large party of rebel cavalry was discovered leaving the town on double quick. The artillery and cavalry then drew up for fight, on a high point, while Capt. Holland was again sent in front to guard the road and a piece of woods on the right. This was just noon—we staid there about one half hour, straining our eyes watching small parties of rebels about two miles beyond town. This was a continued plan, for them to run and draw us on after them, while their main body of about 5,000 fell back to attack us in the rear, but they had the wrong boys to fool with, for just as they were making their way in behind us, a few Buck-tails under the command of Capt. Niles stood in the way, and the sharp crack of their rifles brought a whole train to a "right about face" at this moment the artillery went at lightning speed, with their heavy cars rattling over the paved street, followed by the cavalry and infantry, to obtain possession of a high hill, about 500 yards to the rear. They did it in good time, but not before three or four shells from the rebel artillery came whistling over our heads. The ball had then fairly opened, and it was a different one from any we had ever before seen. During this time Captain Niles' company was nearly surrounded by a regiment of infantry and cavalry, and were fighting their way out like tigers. As Company E fell back to join the rest of the regiment under the command of Colonel Kane, the rebels thinking that the Buck-tails were an easy prey, rushed forward with deafening cheers to show us the shortest cut to Bull Run; but they were barking up the wrong gun tree, for no sooner had the Tioga boys found that they were backed by six other Buck-tail companies, than they made a stand that struck terror through the rebel ranks. About this time our guns opened upon their volley of grape shot and shell, which sent death and destruction over the field. Our men then made a charge upon them, equal to any old and well drilled soldier. It was called the gallant Buck-tail charge,—they were now within 100 yards of each other, and for over one long hour they fought like Napoleon's old Imperial Guard, bound not to give an inch, but take a yard. It was then mid there that the gallant Captain Niles was struck with a ball in the right side, and fell bleeding to the ground. A few moments before he was shot, he took a gun from the hands of one of his wounded men and rushed in front and fought like a hero; and when he was shot, he ordered Lieut. Mack not to mind him, but look to the men; he was, however, immediately taken to the Hospital, and well cared for.

During all this time, our company and company G, under Capt. McDonald, were back for reserve, and to guard the road to Drainsville, expecting every few moments to see a regiment of cavalry dashing in upon us; but I can find no language to express the feelings of our two companies, as we saw our dead and wounded comrades brought in, and were not permitted to fly to their rescue. I saw tears stand in eyes that knew not what it was to weep, as they begged of their officers to let them join their friends in the fight. Lieut. Harrower, once sent to Gen. Ord, asking permission to re-enforce the Buck-tails, but received the stern reply: "No sir, the Buck-tails are all right, I want you where you are." That was an hour which I shall never forget; it was one continual roar of artillery and musketry, without any intermission; and when our guns had silenced their battery, and their ranks broke, and men, terror-stricken, began to flee before the Bucktails they had long wanted to face, our men rushed forward with one deafening cheer which echoed and re-echoed among the hills and groves, above the roar of artillery and the clash of arms, and as they fell back through the deep thickets, they were closely followed by our men, and I do think they have chased them through Massachusetts, if Gen. Ord had not called them off. Better commanding was never done—the rebels fired very bad, mostly over. They (the rebels) were no cowards, but they fought as well as men could, under such a flag as they carry; but they were completely whipped in a fair fight, in which they had the advantage on the start, and in the ground.

I do not think there is a coward in our regiment, every officer acted the part of a man. Capt. Holland and McDonald were perfectly cool and acting in the fight, and there was no post more dangerous and responsible than the one they held. It is not necessary for me to mention the bravery of Lieut. Mack, for the manner in which he fought after his heroic Captain was taken from the field, speaks for itself. The number of men engaged in the fight was not far from 3000 on our side, and 4000 on the side of the rebels. The 6th, 9th, 10th, and 9th were engaged in the fight, a part of the 9th regiment fought well, also Capt. Carl's company in the 6th. Capt. Carl is a true soldier, and his men did nobly.

List of killed and wounded in our regiment. I will only give the names of those living in our county. Company E. Killed—George Cook,

wounded; Capt. A. E. Niles, in the right side, badly, but not mortally—Sergeant George Ludlow, in the right breast—Barzilo Dero, in the head—Edwin Osburn, in the forehead with a buck shot—Parish Moore, with a buck shot in the ear—Samuel Campbell, a slight hit on the nose—just got a shell—Benj. E. Potter, slightly on the right shoulder with a piece of a shell. The total number killed in our regiment, 3; No. wounded, 27. The total number killed on our side, 10; No. wounded, not far from 70; No. of rebels killed as near as we can ascertain, 200. I see that the papers put it less, but one of our Captains counted 170; others found more in other spots. This can't be far from right. It is impossible to give the exact number wounded, but I will put it at a much less ratio than ours, according to the number killed, and it cannot be less than 300; making their loss killed and wounded, 500. Took 8 prisoners that were not wounded, besides a large number of wounded.

I passed over the battle field after the fight had ceased, and what a sight met my gaze! The ground was strewn with the dead and the dying; but I will not attempt to describe it, for you will only sicken at the scene. I saw trees that our cannon balls had cut down, over one foot in diameter—8 dead horses lay in one pile—broken wagons and mangled pieces of humanity lay heaped together; but I will turn from this horrid subject, for I have already more than you will want.

One regiment that we had to encounter, was the same Louisiana Tigers that we met just two miles ago at Hunter's Mills. One of the prisoners that we took, says that they left Centerville that morning about 3 o'clock, with a determination if they met us, to kill or take us, or die on the field. They also say that Johnson followed them out about three miles, and then told them that he had often heard them boast how they would like to meet the Northern Buck-tails once more, and he hoped that they would now have a trial, but in the name of all they held dear on earth, to show them no mercy. They did meet us, and if one can judge by the number they left on the field, the guns, knapsacks, haversacks and blankets which were scattered for miles, that they will not want another meal of Buck-tail. I think the Kentucky rifles were the best marksmen they had; they had a good gun.

Just as darkness began to veil the battle-field, we fired one grand salute, and started back to our camp, where we arrived about 10 o'clock, tired and hungry. We traveled that day twenty-five miles, besides all the fighting and other work, which made a pretty good day's job. Our men brought in about 150 guns, and 70 wagon loads of forage.

No man can doubt but what this is one of the most complete victories that we have had in this part of Virginia. I think another will follow long before your readers get this.

Col. Kane was wounded slightly in the face; no one can doubt his bravery.

I sent home a rebel overcoat by George Potter, stained with rebel blood, the darkest kind, right from South Carolina. I thought, perhaps, it would be a curiosity in "Old Tioga," and might serve to sharpen the fighting temper of the "stay-at-home rangers." Col. CROCKET.

P. S.—There are other things I would mention if I had time. The man who was killed in Company E, (George Cook), was buried this afternoon, with all the honors of war due to his rank. Our whole regiment followed in the train. This is the first Tioga boy that has been killed in battle, and as I saw him lowered down into the soil of the "Old Dominion," to sleep forever in an enemy's land, away from kindred and friends, where no kind mother or affectionate sister could drop a farewell tear, I thought of the language of the poet when he said, "If there be on this earth sphere, A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear, 'Tis the last libation that liberty draws, From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause." Col. CROCKET.

From Holland's Company. CAMP BUCK-TAIL, Dec. 28, 1861. This has been a beautiful Sabbath day, and our old parade ground has presented another splendid scene. The Pa. Reserve Corps passed in review this afternoon, before Gov. Curtin, Cameron, Grow, Bayard Taylor, and our own Generals. Everything passed off in good order. And after we had all passed in review, Ord's brigade, or all those that took part in the Drainsville fight, was formed in line of battle, to listen to a short but eloquent speech from the Governor. He spoke in glowing terms of our first and last great fight—our coolness and our courage. He told us how the great heart of the old Keystone State, beat with anxiety when the wires brought the news that the Reserve Corps was engaged in deadly strife with the enemies of our Country and Liberty—and how their longing hearts were relieved when, at midnight, the glad tidings came that victory had crowned our banner. He said he would have the word "Drainsville" inscribed upon our banners. He reminded us of what we were six months ago, "Then," said he, "you were but raw recruits, but now you pass before me with a martial tread, equal to any regular soldiers." When the Governor finished his remarks, cheer after cheer went up from the enthusiastic crowd, which made the heavens jingle, and then all returned to their homes, with a stronger determination than ever, to die an honorable death upon the battle-field, or see this grand old Union once more restored to its former standing among the nations of the earth.

Our camp, during the past week, has been full of life and excitement, though the weather has been quite cold, yet, groups of soldiers would gather around their camp fires, and relate the incidents of the fight, the dangers they passed through, the first feelings when the balls began to buzz by their ears, and the prospects of another battle. I see that many of the papers give the rebel loss much less than I did in my last letter, but from their own reports, and all the facts which I can gather, I must still say that their loss, kill and wounded, can not be one man less than 500. The Richmond papers acknowledge a loss of over 400 killed, wounded and missing, besides many that were slightly wounded. They also acknowledge the loss of 1 Colonel, 1 Lieut.-Colonel, 1 Major, 8 Captains, and 1 Lieutenant. Wounded—one Col. 1 Major, 11 Captains and Lieutenants, and 25 horses. And I know from the trails of blood which led from that dead covered field back into the deep woods that this can not be too great. The same paper also says, that they only fell back about a mile, and then again formed in line of battle, to await our approach, but that we know to be a lie, for our men followed them farther than that, and our whole company saw them more than two miles off, and still going at the top of their speed. They also say that they had only about 500 engaged in the fight, and we had 13,000, which is another lie, for we had only about 2,500 which took part in the fight, but I presume they

thought that they had met the whole Northern army. They wounded prisoners now in our hospital, say that they have no desire to go back, for they are as well off as they were before. It is reported that the rebels came back two or three days after the fight, and buried 164 of their own men and one Buck-tail, this may be so, for Lewis McGraw, of Co. E, is missing, and it is not known whether he is dead or taken prisoner. Our wounded men are all doing well. Col. Kane is in Washington. His wound on the right cheek was not bad. Capt. Niles bears his pains like an old Roman. His health is improving. It is reported that there is a large body of rebels in Drainsville, if so, you may look for another fight soon, for there will be no backing down on our side. If there is another fight in that place, it will be one equal to any that has yet been fought, for in five hours we can get to that little sunken hole 50,000 men, and soldiers that know no defeat.

Our regiment is still without a Colonel. No one can tell how much we miss Colonel Biddle. We never knew his worth, as a Col. until we were deprived of him. Our regiment is now in the care of Capt. Taylor, who is now doing a fair business with us. He is a brother of Bayard Taylor, and will, in time, become a noble officer.

It is now nearly midnight, and as our company has to go out on picket early in the morning, I will close by wishing you a Happy New Year, hoping that when another New Year rolls around, this rebellion will be wiped out forever, and all will be peace, and old John Bull will cease to growl, and the hundreds of thousands who are now far away from their jobs, exposed to danger and death, will be surrounded by the dear ones they have left behind, in their own pleasant homes. Col. CROCKET.

Ayer's American Almanac has now arrived and is now ready for delivery, gratis, by Robinson to all who call for it. Our readers may be surprised to know that this little pamphlet which has become so much a favorite in our section has quite the largest circulation of any one book in the world, except the Bible. It is printed in many languages and scattered through many nations as well as supplied to almost the entire population of our own vast domain. Every family should keep it, for it contains information which all are liable to require, when sickness overtakes them and which may prove invaluable from being at hand in season. If you take our advice, you will call and get an Ayer's Almanac, and when got, keep it.

MARRIED. On Jan. 1st, 1862, at the Parsonage of the M. E. Church, by the Pastor, Mr. JOHN KOHLER to Miss EMILY MERRELL, all of Liberty.

In Covington, Nov. 27th, 1861, by Rev. N. L. Reynolds, Mr. D. S. IRELAND, Jr., to Miss CORDELIA HUSTED, both of Covington.

DIED. At Mitchell Creek, Tioga, Pa., November 19th, 1861, LOVINA INSCHIO, wife of John Inscho, Esq., aged 66 years.

The deceased was the only surviving daughter of Richard Mitchell, one of the early settlers of this valley, who nearly sixty years ago came into this County and undertook the hardihood of pioneer life. She had but one sister, who died while quite young. She had four brothers, three of whom are yet living. Her father and mother were long since gone to the "spirit world." She was a woman of strong mind, excellent judgment, and very reasonable attainments for the times in which she lived. With a retentive and tenacious memory, she was well supplied with interesting incidents in the early history of this County, to many of which I have often listened with much satisfaction, while she was relating them with great accuracy and minuteness of detail. The experience of a long and industrious life gave her much correct knowledge, and that wisdom for which we should all have a high respect. But I can not say what I would in the space proper to be used. She is gone, and rests with her kindred.

She was a lifelong, faithful member of the Baptist Church, and a undeviatingly receiving the rewards of Christian fortitude and sacrifices.

And I am glad that she has lived thus long, Glad that she has gone to her reward, Nor deem that kindly Nature did her wrong, So soon to touch the vital cord." Col. CROCKET.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Wellsboro, Dec. 31, 1861. Bookbus, Philander; Crippen, Jorasha M.; Doby, R. C. 2; Harris, Miss Angeline 2; Howland, Cornelius; Harrower, John; Hills, Thomas; Ingalls, D.; Mosher, Mrs. Comfort; Morrill, James; Masten, James; Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say they are advertised. LEWIS DAGGETT, P. M.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court to me directed, I will sell at public vendue on Saturday the 1st day of February 1862, at the Court House in Wellsboro at 2 o'clock P. M. A lot of land in Charleston township, bounded as follows. On the south by land of Henry Shefford, on the west by land belonging to the estate of John Dumaux, deceased, on the north by land in the possession of James H. Smith, and on the east by land of O. L. Gibson, and on the west by lands formerly of John Fellows—containing one hundred and thirty eight perches, and being all wood land. RUDOLPH CHRISTENAT, Adm'r. January 8, 1862.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court to me directed, I will sell at public vendue on Saturday the 1st day of February 1862, at the Court House in Wellsboro, at 2 o'clock P. M. A certain lot of land in Delmar township, bounded on the north by lands of James Lowry, on the east by the public highway, real estate formerly of Israel Barwick, deceased, and lands of O. L. Gibson, on the south by O. L. Gibson, and on the west by lands formerly of John Fellows—containing one hundred and nine acres, more or less, with about fifty acres improved, a frame house, two frame barns, and an apple orchard thereon. SILAS JOHNSON, Adm'r. HIRAM KIMBALL, P. M. January 8, 1862.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Wellsboro, Dec. 31, 1861. Allen Mrs. Ellen; Bailey Mrs. Polly 3; Bush Miss H. M.; Barlow Miss Louie; Baker Mrs. Mary; Bartholomew Chas.; Crowl C. H.; Cook Geo. (heirs of); Dismick Mrs. E. E.; Davis Jane; Gatz Joseph; Godfrey S. J.; Hammond John; Hagadore Miss A.; Hocker Christina; Impson Johns; Jacobs Mrs. M. J.; Kennedy Mrs. E. J.; Morgan Mrs. M. J.; McChoy Hiram; Montague Thos.; May M. H.; Moore Mrs. Martin; Parsons Sexton; Purvis J. H.; Parsons E. C.; Phelps Miss A.; Parker Rowland; Rumsey Jerry; Rogers Loren 2; Sigler Elisha; Whin G. S.; Wray J. D.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say they are advertised. HUGH YOUNG, P. M.

Notice to Bridge Builders. The Commissioners will let on the 17th day of January 1862, at their office the building of a bridge across the mouth of Marsh Creek to the lowest responsible bidder. The walls to be raised one foot higher on the old abutments with large stones. A draft with specifications can be seen at their office. A. B. REED, JOSEPH REED, Com'rs. C. F. MILLER, Sec'y. Wellsboro, Jan. 8, 1862.

WELLSBORO BOOK STORE.

The subscriber, having purchased of Wm. J. Smith his interest in the Book and Stationery Business, would respectfully inform the public of his desire to keep

A GENERAL NEWS ROOM AND BOOK STORE, where he will furnish,

AT THE OLD STAND, in the Post Office Building, (or by mail) all THE NEW YORK DAILIES

at the publishers prices. He will also keep as usual all the Literary Weeklies, and

The Monthly Magazines, including Harper's, the Atlantic, Godey's, Putnam's, Knickerbocker, Continental &c., &c.

Also, will be kept constantly on hand, a new repository of

CLASSICAL, HISTORICAL, POETICAL, SCHOOL AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, Blank Books, Paper Hangings

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Orders for Binding Books. The work executed with any taste, and on the lowest possible terms. Particular attention will also be given to SPECIAL ORDERS for any thing comprehended in the trade.

One Thousand Volumes of the Latest Editions of SCHOOL BOOKS.

Parents, Teachers and Scholars, are invited to call and examine this large assortment of School Books, in which may be found everything in use in the schools of the County.

READERS.—Sanders' entire series, Parke's Latin, Sargeant's, Town's and Willson's Readers.

SPELLING BOOKS.—Sanders', Webster's &c.

ARITHMETICS.—Greenleaf's, Davies', Stoddard's, Colburn's &c.

GRAMMARS.—Brown's, Kenyon's, Smith's &c.

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