

Terms of Publication

THE AGITATOR.

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

WELLBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1862. NO. 2.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged 1/2 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 subscription rate will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 Square,	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
2 do.	5.00	7.50	10.00
3 do.	7.00	10.50	14.00
4 do.	9.00	13.50	18.00
5 do.	11.00	16.50	22.00
6 do.	13.00	19.50	26.00
7 do.	15.00	22.50	30.00
8 do.	17.00	25.50	34.00
9 do.	19.00	28.50	38.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

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

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM in advance. It is intended to be published every week when the term for which it shall be published, by the publisher, the price of the paper shall be paid for in advance. The paper will be published for other reasons, as requested by the publisher, and can be brought to the printer's office for the purpose of being published.

The TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, and is published weekly, and is intended to be published every week when the term for which it shall be published, by the publisher, the price of the paper shall be paid for in advance. The paper will be published for other reasons, as requested by the publisher, and can be brought to the printer's office for the purpose of being published.

J. EMERY, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. He attends to the practice of law in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania.

PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL, corner of Main Street and the Avenue, W. Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR. This popular Hotel, having been recently renovated throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

ISAAC WALTON HOUSE, corner of Main Street and the Avenue, W. Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR. This is a new hotel located within a few steps of the best fishing and hunting grounds in the North. No pains will be spared for the best of pleasure and comfort, and the traveling public is invited to call on August 12, 1862.

G. C. CAMPBELL, Barber and Hair-Dresser, in the rear of the Post Office. In this line will be done as well and as cheap as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparation for wedding, and all kinds of hair-dressing, for ladies. Hair and whiskers dyed any color, and curled, Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL, published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y. One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is published in politics, and a circulation is reaching into every part of Steuben County. It is a source of extending their business, and the adjoining counties will find it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, WELLSBOROUGH, PA. J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR. Formerly of the United States Hotel, having leased this well known and popular house, and the patronage of the public. With a view to the patronage of the public, the proprietor has engaged the services of the best of the city saloons, and the traveling public is invited to call on August 12, 1862.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D. Would inform the public that he is a regular attendant at the Wellsboro Dispensary, and is a member of the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and is a member of the American Medical Association. He is a member of the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, and is a member of the American Medical Association. He is a member of the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, and is a member of the American Medical Association.

DENTISTRY. C. N. DARTT, would respectfully say to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he has removed to the corner of Main Street and the Avenue, and is now open to the public. He is a member of the American Dental Association, and is a member of the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania. He is a member of the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, and is a member of the American Medical Association.

CORNING WHOLESALE DRUG AND BOOK STORE, CORNING, N. Y. W. D. TERBELL, Proprietor. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of Drugs, Chemicals, and Stationery. Also, in all kinds of Books, and in all kinds of Stationery. Also, in all kinds of Books, and in all kinds of Stationery.

WANTED! ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS WHEAT, ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS CORN, ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS OATS, ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS RYE. We will pay CASH! WRIGHT & BAILEY, Wellsboro, Pa.

WRIGHT & BAILEY, Wellsboro, Pa. Dealers in all kinds of Flour, and in all kinds of Grain. Also, in all kinds of Flour, and in all kinds of Grain. Also, in all kinds of Flour, and in all kinds of Grain.

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JEROME SMITH has now on hand a large and extensive stock of DRY GOODS, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, GROCERIES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, HARDWARE, GLASSWARE, WOODENWARE, &c., which is undoubtedly the largest assortment ever brought into this county, and will be sold at prices that must give entire satisfaction. And I would invite purchasers, generally, to call and examine my assortment of Black and Figured Dress Silks, Worsteds Goods, Merinos, Ladies' Cloth, Opera Flannels, Long and Square Shawls, Black and Figured Delaines, and Cassimeres, &c., &c., and in fact the best assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS ever brought into this county. I have also a large stock of DOMESTIC GOODS, CLOTHS & CASSIMERES, SATINS, FULL CLOTH, TWEEDS, & KENTUCKY JEANS. Purchasers will find that the place to buy good goods at low prices, is at the store of JEROME SMITH, Wellsboro, April 23, 1862.

J. M. SMITH, HAS removed to the New Store on Market Street, Corning, First door east of Hungerford's Bank, and directly opposite the Dickinson House, where he is now receiving, and will constantly keep on hand a Full and COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, FAMILY GROCERIES, &c., which will be sold at the Lowest Prices for Ready Pay Only. He sells good Prints for 10cts. Merinos... 12cts. Denims... 13cts. Fine Sheetings... 14cts. Flies Bleached Mullin... 15cts. and other goods equally low. The citizens of TIOGA COUNTY, VISITING CORNING, are cordially invited to Give Him a Call. Corning, April 23, 1862.

Dickinson House, where he is now receiving, and will constantly keep on hand a Full and COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, FAMILY GROCERIES, &c., which will be sold at the Lowest Prices for Ready Pay Only. He sells good Prints for 10cts. Merinos... 12cts. Denims... 13cts. Fine Sheetings... 14cts. Flies Bleached Mullin... 15cts. and other goods equally low. The citizens of TIOGA COUNTY, VISITING CORNING, are cordially invited to Give Him a Call. Corning, April 23, 1862.

Insurance Agency. THE Insurance Company of North America have appointed the undersigned an agent for Tioga County and vicinity. As the high character and standing of this Company give the assurance of full protection to owners of property against the hazard of fire, I solicit with confidence a liberal share of the business of the county. This Company was incorporated in 1794. Its capital is \$4,000,000, and its assets in 1861 per statement 1st Jan. of that year was \$1,254,719.81. CHARLES PLATT, Secretary. ARTHUR G. COFFIN, President. Office of the Company 232 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Wm. Buchler, Central Agent, Harrisburg, Pa. JOHN W. GUERNSEY, Agent for Tioga County, Pa. April 9, 1862.

HOME FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY IN NEW YORK; CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. Home Fire Insurance Company NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT; CAPITAL, \$200,000. These Companies have complied with the State Law. Applications for Insurance received by CHARLES L. SIEMENS, Wellsboro Tioga County, Penna. Wellsboro, Jan. 15, 1862.

War! War for the Union! THE undersigned would respectfully inform his old friends, customers, and the public generally, that he has opened a CABINET AND CHAIR SHOP on Main Street, opposite H. W. DARTT'S Wagon Shop, where he intends to keep constantly on hand a general assortment of Cabinet Ware, made of the best materials, and by the best workmen. Also Coffins made to order, and as cheap as can be procured elsewhere, accompanied with a Hearse. Also Chairs of every variety from the BEST down to the CHEAPEST, to Suit Purchasers. Also Turning of all kinds done to order and to suit CUSTOMERS. The undersigned having had many years experience, both in France and in this country, feels confident that he cannot be excelled in either of the above branches of mechanism—and further would recommend the public to CALL AND EXAMINE his workmanship and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Wellsboro, March 19, 1862. JACOB STICKLIN.

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 9th day of August 1862, on the premises in Jackson, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, to wit: A tract of land situated in the township of Jackson, beginning at a post in line of James Roselle; thence north 1/2 east 159.7 per. to a post in south line of Beth Daggitt; thence south 89 1/2 east by said Daggitt 18 perches to a post; thence south 70 east by Daggitt 101.3 perches to a post; thence south 7 west 18.1 perches to a post; thence south 85 1/2 east 46.5 perches to a post; thence south 61 west by lands of James Sturdevant and ———— 178.2 perches to the place of beginning—containing 78.2 acres. ALLEN B. BRYAN, Executor. Jackson, July 2, 1862.

Applicator for License. NOTICE is hereby given that Betsey Irwin has filed her petition in the court of quarter sessions of Tioga County, for license to keep a public house in the township of Union, and notice is hereby given that her application will be heard on Wednesday the 27th day of September next, at 2 o'clock P. M.

THE GREAT NATIONAL HORSE FAIR WILL THIS YEAR BE HELD AT Keystone Park, Williamsport, Pa., Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, September 2 to 5 inclusive. Arrangements have been made to secure the finest assemblage of important breeds and native breeds of horses that has ever been collected in this country. The list of premiums will be large, ranging as high as \$200. Liberal arrangements have been made with the different railroads. Williamsport, situated in the magnificent Valley of the Susquehanna, and accessible by rail from all parts of the United States, is admirably well adapted for this Exhibition. Fuller particulars will shortly be given. BOARD OF MANAGERS: Dr. K. Jackson, P. Herd, Edward Lyon, J. N. Bagg, Henry Drinker, Gordon F. Mason, Col. S. G. Hathaway, J. H. Cowden, Wm. Colder. W. P. LOGAN, Chief Marshal. H. E. TAYLOR, Treasurer. GEORGE M. DEER, Secretary. A. E. KAPP, President. June 18, 1862.

THOMAS HARDEN is now receiving an EXTENSIVE STOCK OF Merchandise, which he offers on terms SUIT THE TIMES. All are respectfully invited to call and examine. Wellsboro, June 18, 1862. THOS. HARDEN.

THE BUFFALO MERCANTILE COLLEGE, CORNER OF Main and Seneca Streets. Is an important link in the great chain of National Mercantile Colleges, located in the following Cities: NEW YORK CITY, PHILADELPHIA, BROOKLYN, ALBANY, TROY, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, DETROIT, AND SAINT LOUIS.

A Scholarship issued from the Buffalo College, entitles the holder to attend either or all the Colleges for an unlimited time. The design of these Institutions, is to impart to young men and ladies, a thorough, practical business education. These Colleges are organized and conducted upon a basis which secures to each separate institution the best possible facilities for imparting a thorough commercial education, and render it as a whole, the most comprehensive and complete system in this country. Book-keeping in all its departments, Commercial Law, Commercial Arithmetic and Penmanship, are taught in the most thorough and practical manner. The Spencerian system of Penmanship, is taught by competent and experienced teachers. Scholarships, payable in advance, \$40. College opened day and evening—on vacations. Resident Principal at Buffalo, J. C. BYRANT. For further information, please call at the College Rooms, or send for Catalogue and Circular enclosing letter stamp. Address BRYANT & STRATTON, June 4, 1862.—Jy. Buffalo, N. Y.

The Knoxville Foundry, CONTINUES in full blast and is in the best running order, where you can get Stoves, Plows, Road Scrapers, Cutting Boxes, Sugar Kettles &c., &c. of the most approved patterns, and made in the best manner for a LESS PRICE than at any other establishment of the kind in the country. Machinery made and repaired in good style on short notice. All kinds of produce, old iron, copper, brass and pewter, taken in exchange for castings. A liberal discount made to CASH PURCHASERS. P. S. All persons indebted are requested to call and settle. WITHOUT DELAY, and save costs, that I may still be able to do a credit business in part. J. P. BILES, Proprietor. Knoxville, March 26, 1862.—6m.

WOOL CARDING AND CLOTH DRESSING, IN THE OLD FOUNDRY AT Wellsborough, Tioga County, Pa. THE subscriber having fitted up the place for the purpose of Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing, and also would inform the people that he will take wool to manufacture on shares by the yard, to suit customers, and would inform the people that he can card wool at any time, as our works run by steam power, and also that all wool will be carded for four cents per pound. Wool and produce will be taken for pay for the same. N. B. Prompt attention will be paid to all favoring us. We will give good satisfaction. CHARLES LEE, PHILETUS HAMPTON. Wellsboro, June 11, 1862.

Union Photographic Rooms. H. H. WOOD'S MAMMOTH SKYLIGHT ROOMS, OVER C. W. SEARS' NEW SIDE STORE, First door below C. L. WILCOX. H. H. WOOD, would say to the inhabitants of Wellsboro and surrounding country, that he is now prepared to furnish them with everything in the line of PHOTOGRAPHS: AMBROTYPES, OR MELANOTYPES, furnished at any room in the City. Just received, a set of JAMIN'S CELEBRATED LENSES, manufactured expressly for the Carte de visite. Also a large assortment of PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, price from \$1.25 to \$4.00. At this day, parties take their own photographs, without the PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM. Cases of all styles. Pictures from twenty-five cents to five dollars. Thankful for past favors, I would collect a contribution of the same, by doing first class work for all. Wellsboro, May 28, 1862. H. H. WOOD.

200 BARRELS OF SALT just received and for sale by T. HARDEN. June 18, 1862.

Vanl. Skane. THE highest price will be paid for light skins. It must be free from salt and grease. JOHNSTON & BOYCE, Tioga, June 4, 1862. St.

HYMN Around the tomb of those that fell Their country's rights to save, The songs of crowds admiring swell To eulogize the brave! The patriot's fainting voice: "The dead for us have died. Shall cradle it eternally, And venerate the dead." 'Tis thus that those whose bones are laid Within the funeral shroud, 'Tis thus in glorious garb arrayed, Their memories remain. Each day with them will rise more bright, Their names amid the clouds of night Can never be enrolled.

A MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE. Dr. Edward L. ———, who spent some years in Paris, during the reign of Louis Philippe, acquiring greater proficiency in the art of surgery, met with at least one strange, curious, and exciting adventure, which we now record in his own language: I am naturally as fond of adventure in reality (said the doctor), as most persons are of reading about it; and this admission, I trust, will be sufficient explanation of why I became connected with the mysterious affair I am about to relate. One evening, while returning late from a convivial party to my lodgings, where I had drunk a good many healths in a good deal of very good wine, as I was sauntering my way along one of the numerous named quays of the Seine, not far from the Hotel Dieu—the oldest hospital in Paris, and by the way, one of the best in the world—humming over a tune, and by the way of variety, thinking over some of the stories I had heard of persons being assassinated in this vicinity and thrown into the river which I could see rolling below me, a woman, cloaked and hooded, brushed past me at a quick pace. As I had not heard her till I saw her, and believing myself alone in that locality, I felt my blood quicken with a slight start, and I began to mutter as I searched for a knife, the only weapon I carried: "If you was only a man now, my fine lady, instead of a woman, as you are—God bless the sex collectively—I—" Here I stopped, because she did, wheeling round, facing me, and looking as if she were taking my dimensions. "Five feet, nine and a half in boots," said I, the wine making me rather saucy; "weight, one hundred and fifty-five, dinner included; age, say twenty-five, more or less, generally more and mighty good-looking for a man of my size." Here I put my back against a convenient post and began to whistle—the woman all the time eying me closely. Then she came toward me, and said in a low, sweet voice—at least I thought so then: "Will monsieur pardon me?" "Of course I will, mademoiselle, since you don't owe me anything, and are not likely to," said I, thinking myself uncommonly civil, which was all owing to the very good wine I had drunk. "Is monsieur a doctor?" "I have that honor, mademoiselle." "A surgeon, monsieur?" "Not quite equal to Monsieur Blandin, but still a surgeon, at your service, mademoiselle." "Monsieur is an Englishman?" she said, perceiving by my accent that I was a foreigner. "I am," returned I, elevating my head with an air of pride. "The Englishmen are brave." "Some of them, mademoiselle." "And they are also gallant." "They possibly have the fault, if fault it is, especially when a pretty woman is in the case." Here my fair unknown, as if without thinking, so clever was the art, pushed back her hood and showed me, by the dim light of a neighboring lamp, one of the sweetest, prettiest, most bewitching faces I had ever seen. "Monsieur is a doctor, a surgeon, an Englishman, and a brave and gallant gentleman; therefore monsieur will come with me and save a sufferer's life by his great skill." "Of course I will, said I, standing myself by the post, for the wine had somehow been increasing its power ever since leaving my friends. "Of course I will, mademoiselle—only too happy to serve such a beautiful creature—'pon the honor of a Frenchified English gentleman chirurgien! Pray lead the way mademoiselle." "Will monsieur be so kind as to take my arm?" Monsieur was so kind—monsieur would have done almost anything had he been asked just then. Twenty paces or so brought us to the steps of one of the ports leading down to the Seine. My fair unknown descended, and so did I, without asking wherefore. If she had jumped into the water just then, probably I might have jumped in after her. She didn't, though, and that probably accounts for my not being a dead doctor to-day. Well, as she and I reached the stair, a boat rowed by two men shot up to us, and before I exactly comprehended what was doing, or how it was done, I found myself seated on one of the thwarts, rapidly going somewhere, still rowed by the two men. "Whew!" thought I, "here is an adventure, whether I will or no. Dr. L., you goty wine-bibber, you have probably made an ass of yourself, and are now going to have your throat cut for the little money you are supposed to have, but you haven't got it too late to whine or repine now, and so not a word." And not a word did I say, rather liking than otherwise, all except the murdering part, which I hoped might be a mere fancy of my own, so really fond was I of adventures. We were not many minutes on the river, and during that time we shot along past houses, under bridges, and among the river craft with great swiftness, but not a word was spoken. Suddenly we ran into a low, dark arch, and soon after came to a stop in some place, where, so far as seeing was concerned, I couldn't have told myself from a barrel of ink. "Not a word, monsieur le docteur, your life depends upon it," said a low, stern whisper in my ear.

"I am dumb as a post," said I, "more so, if anything. If you hear me speak before you are ready, blow my brains out—that is, what few are left."

"Silence! You are a brave man, and will not be harmed, but will be well paid for your trouble."

"Thank you, all right; and being all right, as Davy Crockett used to express it, go ahead." This was not all the talk of wine. I was getting sobered down pretty fast, and almost wished myself safe in bed in my lodgings, but thought it best to carry out my previous sang froid.

"A capital surgeon, so far as coolness is concerned," I heard whispered from one to the other.

"Come, follow as I lead, and remember!" said that stern whisper again, and at that moment a strong hand took hold of mine.

I arose, stepped from the boat to some stairs, went up the steps and through a long narrow passage, all the time in a darkness that might have been cut with a knife, so to speak, and in silence that Death himself might have been satisfied with.

At last we entered an underground place, that seemed to be a large crypt, as I hastily surveyed by the light of a flambeau that a masked figure held in his hand. The other masked figures, all in black gowns, or dominoes, were standing beside them, and a glance at my guide showed him habited and masked in the same manner. The girl was not present.

"Monsieur le chirurgien," said a loud voice, "swear by your honor as a gentleman, you will never reveal aught of this night's adventure—of what you have seen or shall see—of what you have heard or shall hear—of what you know or shall know."

"I swear never to make the slightest revelation while I remain in France," I replied.

"Enough. Secret assassination will be the penalty if you break your oath. Now follow me."

I was conducted up stairs, two or three flights, into a small and elegantly furnished apartment, in one corner of which was a bed, and on the bed was a young man, with face as white as a sheet, and groaning at every breath. One of my mysterious companions turned down the coverlet, and showed me a leg completely shattered at the knee, evidently by pistol or musket ball.

"Well, monsieur?" said an anxious voice. "There is no help for it, the leg must come off," I replied, by this time completely sobered.

"Monsieur will take it off?" "I have not my surgical implements with me."

"Here are all monsieur can need." A complete and beautiful set of surgical instruments, without another word I took off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and went to work, the masks assisting me. The poor sufferer fainting under the painful operation. When all was finished, one of the men said to me in a low, anxious tone: "Will he survive?"

"With careful attention and nursing, I think he will."

"Thanks. Monsieur le docteur will write down all necessary instruction."

Pen, ink, and paper being furnished me, this I proceeded to do. When all this was completed, a heavy purse was placed in my hand, and the mask said: "Monsieur le docteur will not forget his oath?"

"Not very likely to with assassination in prospective," said I.

"Enough. Come."

I followed my conductor down into the crypt again, and then, in total darkness, was led through a succession of long narrow passages, alternating with stairs, the same as before, but not ending where I began—for a door was at last thrown open, and I suddenly found myself in a dark, narrow street. I heard a slight click behind me, and on looking around was greatly surprised to find myself alone, standing beside a church, and only a blank wall where I expected to find a door at least. The stones were all alike, as far as I could see, and nothing to indicate an opening of any kind. And yet I had either come through that wall, or else I was dreaming. Was I dreaming? I was not sure, though the purse that had been placed in my hand felt very heavy indeed.

"Well," thought I, "this will do for one night, at any rate; and now, like the Dutch burgomaster in the play, I'll go home and think."

I was some distance from the Seine; but I soon found the river, and in less than half an hour after my lodgings also, which I reached just as the day was breaking.

I went to bed and went to sleep, and slept till noon, and then got up and counted my money—fifty napoleons, in good, hard, heavy, yellow gold.

"Well," said I, "if my last night's adventure was a dream, I only hope and pray, I may keep on dreaming so every night."

But what was all this mystery? What could it mean? Pshaw! why trouble my brain about it, since probably I should never know? On taking my breakfast—or dinner if you choose—at the Cafe de Tortoni, I looked over the columns of *Le Moniteur* and *Universel*, and soon found myself deeply interested in the details of the astounding assassination of Madame ———, a well known favorite of the king of the French. Her apartments had been entered by a band of masked assassins, and the lady stabbed in her bed. Her dying screams had brought assistance, but not sufficient to secure the ruffians, all of whom had escaped, though one of them had been shot, but was carried off by his companions. One hundred thousand francs reward had been offered for the apprehension and conviction of the ruffians, or any of them.

"O ho!" said I to myself, "I think I know something!"

But neither the king of the French, nor any of his subjects was ever made the wiser by my knowledge of the case. I never heard that any of the assassins were ever arrested, but to this day I believe that I was made fifty napoleons the richer for shortening the leg of one of them.

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO LADIES AMONG THE REBELS. [From the Lowell (Mass.) Daily Courier.]

"Those who read the extracts from a private letter in our paper yesterday, will hardly require their attention to be called to the following, which is full of interest from the beginning to the end. It was written August 1st, and has been kindly placed at our disposal by the brother of the writer, whose daughters were the heroines of the sketch he has given of their long and persevering efforts to get away from the South to their own home in Pennsylvania."

My two daughters arrived from the South this week, after suffering many hardships and much anxiety, and are now safe at home. They started on the 20th of February, last, from Huntsville, Alabama, Mary taking up the body of her little girl, which had been embalmed and buried in a metallic coffin. They had letters from some of the most prominent men of Huntsville, to the Secretary of War, at Richmond, asking him to give them a pass.— They came on to Richmond, some six hundred and odd miles, had an interview with the Secretary, presenting their letters, and urging him to permit them to go through the lines. They frankly told him they were Northern ladies, that all their friends resided at the North, that their hearts and their sympathies were all with the North, but that while they had remained in the South, they had dealt honorably, and conducted themselves prudently, giving to no one an offence, and never intruding on anyone their own opinions; and for the proof of this they referred to the letters they brought from Southern gentlemen well known to the Secretary. After spending some two or three days of earnest entreaty, and endeavor to obtain a pass, they were politely and coldly told that they could not go on—"Ladies, we regret that it is so; but the public safety requires that we permit no such persons as you appear to be, to pass North with intelligence. You had better return back, and await the development of future events."

This final answer was to Mary almost death. She had been sick; she had buried her husband in New York, and now she had with her the remains of her only child, trying to reach with it her home, where she might have its grave near her. When the final answer was given her she nearly fainted. It was not so with Martha. Till then she had possessed less fortitude and courage than Mary. Now, the whole current of her feelings was changed to intense indignation and hate, and she felt that she could endure anything, and go through any hardships for her sister.

The next morning, with their melancholy freight, they started on their return South, and went as far as Emory, Washington County, say about three hundred miles from Richmond—the location of Emory and Henry College—and took up their residence in a family with whom Mary was well acquainted, and with whom she had before visited. There she buried her little Annie in the family burying ground of ———, and where she will rest till she can be brought North.

They immediately wrote to their friends in Huntsville, to ascertain the practicability of going up through Southern Tennessee to Nashville, and were told in answer that the whole route, either by Murfreesboro or Columbia, was so infested by guerrillas, that it would be extremely dangerous, and that they had better remain where they were, and "wait on Providence for a chance to go home." To ——— and his family, the girls owe a deep debt of gratitude for their kindness and attention. With them they remained about six weeks, when, seeing in the Southern papers an account of the operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and hearing it said that the Yankee vandals would probably take Stanton, they immediately started North again, going up the Rail Road to Lynchburg, thence to Charlottesville, and then by the Central Virginia to Stanton. When they got there they found that they could get nearer our lines, so after a few days, they went down the valley turnpikes, as far as Mount Sidney, which is ten miles from where the battle of Cross Keys was fought. Here they were stopped, and, taking board in the family of a widow lady, they resigned themselves to their fate, of going up prayers for the speedy capture of Mount Sidney, including themselves, by the "vandal Yankees." Here they remained some three months, waiting in vain for the advance of the Union army, and trying to invent some plan to escape through the lines. They waited personally on "Stonewall" Jackson, and entreated him to grant them permission to go through, but he absolutely refused. They also went themselves, with others, to the headquarters of Gen. Ed. Johnson, told him their situation, and begged of him a pass through the lines. He told them he regretted very much that he had no power to comply with their wishes, for he had received orders to let no persons of Union proclivities pass North. They then told him that, live or die, they should go through, even if they had to go at the sacrifice of their baggage, and at the risk of fighting their way, and being shot down in the attempt. Gen. Johnson told them he appreciated these feelings, admired their courage, and hoped they might succeed, but that he had no power to grant them a pass.

At the time of the battle of Cross Keys, and Port Republic, they were within hearing, and had for a time no doubt that the Federal army would succeed in capturing the whole of "Stonewall" Jackson's army