

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

A cross on the margin of a paper, denotes that the subscription is about to expire.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y.

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

J. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.

D. HART'S HOTEL, WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PENNA.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, Proprietor.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!

A. FOLEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.

POST OFFICE BUILDING, NO. 5, UNION BLOCK, Wellsboro, May 20, 1863.

B. R. BLACK, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE, WRIGHT & BAILEY.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

MARBLE SHOP, ALIAN and RUTLAND MARBLE.

TOMB-STONES and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices.

CLAIM AGENCY.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, [For the 5th District, Pa.]

Mansfield Classical Seminary.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office of Comptroller of the Currency.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1864.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PENNA.

WELLSBORO HOTEL.

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!

A. FOLEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.

POST OFFICE BUILDING, NO. 5, UNION BLOCK, Wellsboro, May 20, 1863.

B. R. BLACK, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE, WRIGHT & BAILEY.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

MARBLE SHOP, ALIAN and RUTLAND MARBLE.

TOMB-STONES and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices.

CLAIM AGENCY.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, [For the 5th District, Pa.]

Mansfield Classical Seminary.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1864. NO. 35.

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

TREES! TREES! FOR SALE.

Apple, Price 20 cts. Extra, 25 cts. SUMMER VARIETY.—Early Harvest, Red Astrachan, Early Strawberry, Juneting, Golden Sweet Bough, Early White, Jenkens Pippin, Golden Sweet.

Peaches, Price 15 cts. BROWN YELLOW, Melocoma, Crawford's Early, Early York, Red Rose, Imperator, Gage, Jefferson, Lawrence Favorite, Lumbard, Magnan Bonum, Prince Gage, Red Gage, Smith's Orleans, Washington, Huling Superb.

Cherries, Price 35 cts. Black Heart, Black Eagle, Black Tartarian, Downer's Late Red, Mayduke, Guigne, Elton, Late Black, Grey's Early White, Napoleon Bigeara, Amber, Yellow Spanish, Deamman's May, Holland Bigeara, Golden Drop of Herringbone, Prince Nursery.

GRAPE.—Isabelle, Diana, Hartford Prolific, Catawba, Rebecca, Delaware, Concord, White Sweet Water, Black Burgundy.

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE. Prince's Metallic Paint, Pfizer & Co's Chemicals, Fluid Extracts, Thoburns David's Ink, Roebuck Perfumery and Confection Medicines, Flavoring Extracts, Brandy, Paints and Oils, Petroleum Oil, Drugs and Medicines, School Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Wyoming Mills Wrapping Paper, Dye Colors, Furnished at Wholesale Prices by W. D. TERRELL, Corning, N. Y.

Zimmermann & Co's, NATIVE BRANDY & WINES, FOR MEDICAL & COMMUNION PURPOSES. CATAWBA BRANDY.

SWEET CATAWBA WINE. THIS WINE has all the properties of Dry Sherry Wine.

NOTICE. In the Court of Common Pleas of Tioga County, State of Pennsylvania, of September 1861, No. 252.

Edwin Innes et al. Ejectment for a tract of land in Deerfield township, county of Tioga, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the south-east corner of lot No. 8 in the allotment of the Bingham lands in Deerfield township aforesaid, conveyed to Caleb B. Smith; thence along lines of said lot north three-fourths of a degree east eighty perches, east ten perches and north twenty four perches to the north-east corner of said lot No. 8; thence south seventy-nine degrees east fifty perches and four-tenths of a perch to the north west corner of lot No. 10; thence along the west line of said lot south one degree west ninety-four perches and four-tenths of a perch to the north-east corner of lot No. 7; thence along the north line of said lot west fifty-nine perches and two-tenths of a perch to the place of beginning—being lot No. 9 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in Deerfield township aforesaid, and part of warrant numbered 2029 in the name of Thomas M. Whiting.

PUTTY & WINDOW GLASS at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

Select Poetry.

Comrades known in marches many, Comrades tried in dangers many, Comrades bound by memories many, Brothers ever let us be!

By communion of the banner— Battle-scarred but victor banner— By the baptism of the banner, Brothers of one church are we!

ROMANCE OF THE WAR. Some few years ago, a young man giving his name as John E. Force, and hailing from New York, arrived at and announced his intention of making Wilkesbarre his home.

WIFE OF FORCE. This was luring Force by a hope in Hymen's joys which he little deemed was so soon to be destroyed.

Be kind to Your Wife. Be kind to your wife. Think how in the first blush of maiden beauty she turned aside from the haunts of pleasure, and the caresses of fond parents and brothers and sisters.

Art opens her new stores and displays her wonderful creations on glowing canvases, and in the speaking bust. Your wife is a lover of literature presents new leaves, fresh from the fascinating pen of genius—the wife and mother has but little time to read.

No—there she lingers, at home, a God-commissioned watcher over helpless childhood—singing the babe to sleep, bending to catch the lispings voices of those dear ones who have a thousand imaginary wants, encouraging the quiet and soothing the fretful.

Remember your early love, your early promises; thinking how faithfully she has kept hers. Love her as you ought, and she is still beautiful; beautiful in her pure, motherly affections, her self-sacrificing devotion to you.

We do not die wholly at one death; we have moldered away long before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment, disappear; we are torn from ourselves while living; year after year sees us no longer the same; and death consigns the last fragments of what we were to the grave.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1864.

A Narrow Escape.

Some years ago, Mr. S., who held an appointment in India, and married while there a half-caste Malay lady of great beauty, embarked with his wife at Singapore, on board a large country ship of eleven or twelve hundred tons burden.

They had been but a few days at sea, when Mr. S. was awakened one night by a disturbance on deck, and rushing up, found a regular battle going on between the convicts (who had risen) and their inefficient guard.

A few minutes of suspense followed, when a party of convicts came below, and without molesting Mrs. S., ordered her husband on the deck. Compelled to obey, he found the deck deluged with blood, and the victorious convicts compelling the survivors of the British crew and the Sepoys to "walk the plank."

It was midnight, the sea was full of sharks, Mr. S. could not swim a stroke, the ship was in complete possession of the convicts, a thousand miles from land. Could any position seem more hopeless? Yet Mr. S. lived to relate the story at a London dinner party to a friend of the writer's.

In falling, he caught a rope twined overboard. By this he hung, invisible, hearing successive victims fall, and distinguishing between the dead and living bodies, by the absence, in the former case, of the last frantic struggle for existence.

The ship was now put about; and, under the charge of a native pilot, who had been spared for the purpose, shaped her course for China. Mr. S. was confined to his cabin, and though naturally a prey to considerable anxiety, was relieved from any immediate fear of death, inasmuch as one or other of his captors came every day to enquire what he would have for dinner!

In due time land was sighted, a bold headland, round which the pilot declared they must steer, although there presently appeared a fine broad channel, dividing the headland from the mainland.

A Cow Killed by a Cat.—A Cow owned by Mr. Marshall Morrish, of Port Dalhousie, was quietly taking her noon siesta on the street near the residence, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," when some boys who were playing near by conceived the idea of having some fun by jarring a cat to the animal's under eye.

As soon as the cat was fastened the boys left, and the cat endeavored to follow their example, when the tension on her tail caused her to scratch the cow, which immediately jumped up and commenced running and bellowing at a fearful rate, the cat all the time scratching and biting the udder and legs, and this continuing until the cow fell down from exhaustion and cut in a most fearful manner, when the cat was liberated. The cow died next day.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—A soldier lay in a lady's house, badly wounded. A major general rode up to the door. He got off, went in and sat down by the dying man's side. Taking out a little book, he read from it, "Let not your heart be troubled," &c. He then knelt down and offered up a prayer to God for that dying soldier.

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:

1 Square, 3 months, \$3.00, 6 months, \$5.00, 12 months, \$8.00. 2 do. 5.00, 7.50, 10.00. 3 do. 7.00, 10.00, 12.50. 4 Columns, 8.00, 11.00, 14.00. 1 do. 15.00, 20.00, 25.00. 1 do. 25.00, 35.00, 50.00.

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.

[From the Cincinnati Daily Times.] A Sad Story—What Came of a Boy's Running Away from Home.

About a year ago, the anxious, bewildered face of a poor woman in search of her lost boy, was familiar on the railroad in the northern part of Ohio. Her name was Catharine Buck, and she lived in the vicinity of Columbus.

The following was the story of her affliction, which she told to such sympathizing strangers as were prompted to address her. She was a widow with an only child, a wayward boy of about twelve years of age. In that boy centered all her hopes and fears. One day she corrected him for some offence, and that day he disappeared from home.

She made inquiries for him in the neighborhood, as soon as his absence was discovered, but heard nothing of him. Conjecturing that he had joined some military company and gone to the war, she made a visit to the various camps that she could hear of; but although she found many boys of her son's age, not one of them gave her heart that nameless thrill which a mother feels at the discovery of her missing offspring. Restless and anxious, she would return home, (home no more without her boy! poor heart,) to again start out upon the weary and fruitless search.

Her wiled and haggard countenance, on which a settled grief had traced heavy lines, became familiar upon the railroads, as she was allowed to come and go as she pleased, no conductor troubling her for ticket or fare. Her story was known, and her affliction gave her immunities that nothing else could have obtained. At the depot, on the arrival and departure of trains, she would be seen anxiously scanning the moving throng; and there was but one image on her mind—that of her wayward and idolized boy. Her form would be seen gliding through the "soldiers' train," that was bearing away volunteers to the war; and the coarsest soldier checked his mirth, and withheld his rude jest, when he saw that pale and sorrowful face, and caught the anxious, unsettled glance of her eye, as she eagerly scanned the countenances before her.

We once saw the poor woman at a depot on the Cleveland and Columbus road. She had been engaged in her fruitless search for over three months. A compassionate bystander was attempting to soothe her, by telling her that her son was doubtless taken care of somewhere. She said she would be happy if she only knew that he was not suffering from hunger; and she could not sleep, for the picture of her boy without shelter was constantly in her mind.—Her anxiety and grief had made fearful inroads upon a countenance that must have been prepossessing once, (she was only in middle life,) and there was a strange glitter in her eye that betokened approaching insanity.

In the following brief paragraph, in a recent number of the Cleveland Herald, we find the sequel to the sad story of Catharine Buck:— "KILLED BY THE CARS.—An insane woman was lately killed by the cars, on the Atlantic and Great Western railroad, near West Greenville, Pa. She was sitting on the track, and made no effort to escape, until it was too late. The cow-catcher struck her, throwing her down an embankment, and killing her instantly.— Her name was Catharine Buck."