The Tioza County Agitator: BY M. H. COBB.

Pablished every Wednesday morning and mailed to subribers at OAE DOLLAN ANDFIFTY CENTS. per yet, alreys IN ADVANCE. The superissent postage free to county subscribers, though they may reserve their mail at post-offices lo-outed in counties immediately adjoining, for conven-

n.ence. Tas ASITATOR is the Official paper of Tioga Co., anl circulates in every neighborhood therein. Substi circulates in ores ausginoringon interein. Sub-rariptions being on the advance-pay system, it circu-letes among a class most to the interest of advertisers-torsold. Lacms to advertisers as liberal as those offerel by any puper of equal circulation in Northern

fered of all perforts equal chroateneds in hormern Fennsylvania. A cross on the margin of a paper, denotes that the subscription is about to expire. A cross will be stopped when the subscription

time spires, miese the ugent orders their continu-SLCC. LCC. JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON.

A TFORNEYS & COUNSELLOBS AT LAW, Mill attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKein counties. [Wellsborg, Jan. 1, 1863.]

DICKINSON HOUSE,

CORNING, N. Y. M. A. FIELD,......Proprietor. ULSTS taken to and from the Depot free (Julsts taken to and from the Depot free [Jan. 1, \$263.]

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE ATENUE,

Wellsboro, Pa. J W. BIGONY,......Probrietor

THIS popular Hotel, having been vestitted and ro-furnished throughout, is now opt to the public as a first-class house. [Jan. 1, 1853.]

D. HART'S ROTEL:

WELLSBORD, TIOGA CO. PENNA. ITHE subscriber takes this method to inform his cld friends and customers that he has re-nated the conduct of the old "Cristal Fountain Estel," and will bereafter give it his entire attention. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a renewal of the DAVID HART. Wellsboro, Nov. 4, 1863.-1y.

IZAAR WALTON HOUSE!

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa: H C. VERMILYEA,......Proprietor. THIS is a new hotel located within easy ac-Lacts of the best fishing and huding groups in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the travoling public. [Jan. 1, 1963.]

A. FOLET,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c., REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES. POST OFFICE BUILDING,

NO. 5, UNION BLOCK. 7 Wellsbore, May 20, 1863.

BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER. SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE, 1 NO. 4, UNION BLOCK. Wellsboro, June 24, 1863.

WESTERN EXCHANGE HOTEL. ENOXVILLE, BOROUGH, PA.

THEE undersigned having leased the above Hotel for a term of years would respectfully inform us traveling public that he has put the Hotel in first c'sss order for the reception of guests and no pains will be spared in the accommodation of travelers and ti for es the situation will ellow, he will keep a first ciss flotel, in all things, except prices, which will te moderate. Please try us and judge for yourselves. Enerville, Oct. 19, 1864-tf. J. H. MAETIN.

DRUGS & MEDICINES NO. 2, UNION BLOCK, WELLSBORD PA.

P. R. WILLIAMS. BESS leave to announce to the citizens of Wells-boro and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand all kinds of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Chemicals, Varnish, Paints, Soaps, Perfumery, Class, Brashes, Putty, Fancy Goods, Pure Wines, Briddles, Girs, and all other kinks of Liquors of the bost quality. All kinds of

PATENT MEDICINES

Devoted to the Brtension of the Arca of Freedom and the Spread of Mealthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CRASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1864.

A Complete Pictorial History of the Times. The best, cheapest, and most successful Family Paper in the Union."

HARPER'S WEEKLY. SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XI.

Critical Notices of the Press. "The best Family Paper published in the United

States."-New London Advertiser. "The model Nekepaper of our country-complete n all the departments of an American Family Paper -Harper's Weekly has earned for itself a right to its title 'a Journal of Civilization,'"-N. Y. Eve. Post. "This Paper furnishes the best illustrations. Our

"This Paper furnishes the best illustrations. Our future historiane will enrich themselves out of Har-per's Weekly long after writers, and painters, and publishers are turned to dust."—N. Y. "Erangelist: "A necessity in every household."—Boston Tran-

"It is at once a leading political and historical an-nalist of the nation."—Phila. Press. " The best of its class in America."—Boston Traveler.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.-- 1865.

The publishers have perfected a system of mailing by which they can supply the Magazine and Weekly promptly to those who prefer to receive their periodi cals directly from the Office of Publication. Post Postmasters and others desirous of getting up. Clubs will be supplied with a handsome pictorial Show-bill on application. The postage on Harper's Weckly is 20 cents a year, which must be paid at the subscriber's post-office.

TERMS :- HARPER'S WEEKLY, one year, \$4 60. An extra copy of either the Weekly or Magazine will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Sub-scribers at \$4.00 each, in one remittance; or Six Copies for \$20 00.

Back Numbers can be supplied at any time. The Annual Volumes of Harper's Weekly, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, free of expense, for \$6 each. A complete Set, comprising Eight Volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of of \$4 50 per vol., frieght at expense of the purchaser. Ad-dress HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

'Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the World."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Critical Notices of the Press.

It is the foremost Magazine of the day. The fire-side never had a more delightful companion, nor the million a more enterprising friend, than Harper's Magazine,—Mcthodiet Protestant (Baltimore). The most popular Monthly in the world.—New York Observer.

We must refer in terms of eulogy to the high tone and varied excellence of HARPER'S MAGAZINE-a journal with a monthly circulation of about 170,000 copies—in whose pages are to be found some of the ^copics—in whose pages are to be found some of the ehoicest light and general reading of the day. We speak of this work as an evidence of the American Peeple; and the popularity it has acquired is merited. Each Number contains fully 144 pages of reading matter, appropriately illustrated with good wood-cats; and it combines in itself the racy monthly and the more philosophical quarterly, blonded with the best features of the daily journal. It has great power in the dissemination of a love of pure literature.—TRUS. NER'S Guide to American Literature, London. The volumes bound constitute of themselves a li-brary of miscelloneous reading such as can not be

brary of miscelloneous reading such as can not be feund in the same compass in any other publication that has come under our notice .- Boston Courier.

SUBSORIPTIONS--1865.

The Publishers have perfected a system of mailing by which they can supply the MAGAZINE and WEEK. Ly promptly to those who prefer to receive their periodicals directly from the Office of Publication. The postage on HARPER'S MAGATINE is 24 conts a year, which must be paid at the subseriber's post-office.

[From the New York Tribune.] SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Select Boetry.

BY T. B. READ.

Up from the South at break of day, Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay, The affrighted air with a shudder born, Like a herald of haste to the chieftain's door, The terrible gramble and ramble and roar, Telling the battle was on once more, And Sheridan'twenty miles away.

And wilder still those billows of war Thundered along the horizon's bar, And louder yet in Winchester rolled The roar of that red sen uncontrolled, Making the blocd of the listner cold As he thought of the stake in that flery fray, And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town. A good, broad highway leading down, And there through the flash of the morning light A steed, as black as the steeds of night, Was seen to pass as with eagle flight-As if he knew the terrible need He stretched away with his utmost speed; Hill rose and fell but his heart was gay, With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still 'sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering

South, South, The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth, Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster, Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster; The heart of the steed and the heart of the master Were beatr of the steer and the next of the master Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls, Impatient to be where the battle-field calls; Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play, With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurring feet, the read, Like an arrowy Alphe river flowed, And landscape sped away behind Like an ocean flying before the wind, And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire, Swept on with his wild oves full of fire. But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire-He is snuffing the smoke of the rearing fray, With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops; What was done—what to do—a glance told him

both, Then striking bis spurs with a terrible onth, He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of hugzas, And tho wave of retreat checked its course there

becauso The sight of the master compelled it to pause. With foam and with dust the black charger was

gray; By the flash of his eye, and his ref nostrils play, He seemed to the whole great army to say: "I have brought you Sheridan all the way From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrab, hurrah for Sheridan ! Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man ! And when their statues are placed on high Under the dome of the Union sky, The American soldiers' Temple of Fame, There with the glorious General's name Be it said in letters both bold and bright: " Hore is the steed that saved the day By carrying Sheridan into the fight, From Winchester-wenty miles away !" Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man !

Miscellany.

THE PERIL OF MARTHA WARREN.

A STORY OF THE AMONOOSUCE RIVER.

"Good bye, Martha. God help you! I shall

be back in three days, at the farthest." The hardy White Mountain pioneer, Mark Warren, kissed his voung wife, held his two

root she had brought from her old home. The spicy perfome carried her back in memory to those days away in the past, spent with kind friends and cheered by bright, young hopes. But though the thought of home and kindred made her sad, not for a moment did she regret the fate she had chosen.

Absorbed in thought, she had not observed the absence of Charlie, her little boy; now she saw with vague uncasiness that he had through the darkness. been playing, and was not to be seen. She called his name, but only echo and the roar of the swollen river replied.

She flew back to the house, the faint hope remaining that he might have returned thither for his pet kitten; but no, the kitten was mewing at the window, but no signs of Char-

With frantic haste she searched the clearing, but without success. Her next thought was the river | black as night, save where it fleckered with spots of snow-white foam-it flowed on but a few rods below her. She hurried down the brink, calling out, "Charlie! Charlie !"

The child's small voice at some little distance replied. She followed the sound, and to her horror saw her boy-his golden hair and rosy cheeks clearly defined against the purple twilight sky-standing on the very edge of the huge, drenched rock, some ten feet from the shore, but in the sweeping current of the river l

This rock, called by the settlers "The Pulpit," was a good situation for casting fishing lines, and Mark Warren had bridged the narrow chasm between it and the shore with a couple of hewn logs.

Allured by some clusters of flaming firweed growing on the side of the Pulpit, Charlie had crossed over, and now stood there, regardless of danger, laughingly holding out the flo-

ral treasures to his mother. Martha flew over the frail bridge, and the next instant held her child in her arms .--Joyful because she had found him uninjured, and mentally resolving that the logs should be removed to prevent further accident. She turned to retrace her steps, but the sight that met her eyes froze her with horror to the spot. Confronting her on the bridge, not six feet

distant was an enormous wolf, gaunt and bony with hunger, his eyes blazing like live coals through mirk and gloom, his hot, fetid breath scorching the very air she breathed.

A low growl of intense satisfaction stirred the air, answered by the growl of fifty more of his kind, belonging to the pack ; in another moment they would be upon her! Without an instant's thought of the conse-

quencee, Marthe obeyed her first impulse, and struck the log, with her foot, exerting all her mad strength in the blow. The frail fabrio tottered, the soft earth gave way, there was a breath of awful suspense, and then the bridge went down with a dull plunge into the waters beneath! The sharp claws of the wolf had already fixed on the scant vegetation of the rock, and he held there a moment, struggling with a ferocious strength to gain a foothold; the next he slid down into the chasm, uttering a

wild howl of disappointed rage. Martha sank on her knees and offered up a

odor of the sweet pinks on the one meagre | sullenly indifferent now; suffering had passed every noble feeling. Charlie had moaned for supper-too weak and spent to sit up, he was lying on the rock his head in her lap, his great eves fixed on her face

NO. 15.

She tore open a vein in her arm with her scissors, and made him drink the blood ! Anything, she said to herself, to calm the wild, wistful yearning of his eyes.

The boy raised-he sat up, and peered "Mamma," he said, "papa is coming! I

felt him touch me?" She wept at the mockery, and drew the child Trantically to her besom.

The night was fair-lit up by a new moon. Overcome by a deadly exhaustion, sgainst which she could make no resistance, Martha fell into an uneasy slumber, which, toward midnight, was broken by a startling cry. She

sprung to her feet and gazed around her. Nol her eyes did not deceive her-there on the shore stood the stalwart form of her husband, and he was calling her name with the energy of despair. She could only cry out, "Oh, Mark! Mark!" and fell senseless to the earth.

When she woke to consciousness, she was lying on her own bed in the cottage, supported by her husband's arms.

It was no dream. She and her darling boy were safe, and he had come back.

Many weeks passed before she grew stout again, but Mark tended her as a mother would an infant, and by the time the autumn frosts fell, she was the blithe Martha Warren of old. At the time of the freshet, the bridge over the Amoncosuck had indeed been swept away, but Mark, impelled by an uncontrollable fearalmost presentiment-had crossed the river at the risk of his life, on a log raft, and reached home only to find it vacant.

The descendants of Mark Warren and his wife still dwell among the fertile valleys of Amonoosuck, and the old men still tell their geandchildren the story of Martha Warren and ber child.

VOUDOUX MYSTERIES AND CRIMES.

and there was a flat stone ! The Deacon was Among the ancient superstitions imported with the black race from Africa, none has retained such a fixed impression upon the mind of the negro as Voudouxism. Here, in Cuba, ly of such treatment from one he had always in Jamaica, and in Hayti, it has always presented more or less of its old characteristics; though cannibalism and the sacrifice of human victims to the Fetisch god have, in a great measure, been superseded by less revolting rites and ceremonies. On hundreds of occasions, within the last quarter of a century, the police of the city have interrupted Voudoux orgies, and thousands of our inhabitants, both white and colored, have believed themselves to be the victims of Voudoux spoils. It is particularly in affairs of the heart that the New Orleans followers of Voudoux have woven their charms and incantations, and but for the degradation involved, their ceremonies might be looked upon as interestingly ridiculous. A nude dance duct of the Deacon, but prudently resolved to around a central altar, in presence of the Fesay nothing of the matter. For three weeks tisch queen; a caldron boiling and hubbling after, the deacon and his family were absent in the decoction of virtues from more varied from the church. Everybody wondered why, ingredients than those used by the weird sisfervent prayer of thanksgiving for her escape ; ters of Macbeth's blasted heath; the excitebut simultaneously with the heartfelt "amen' ment caused by the wildly intoxicating fumes there came a dread reollection. The bridge formed the only connecting link between the of the strange distillation ; the distribution to the faithful of charms and conjurations rife Pulnit and the main land, and that was severwith mighty magic-all these are features in the rude ceremonial, which imposes the ignodistant from the shore of the river, but she | rant and inspire awe in bosoms of believers in Fetish orthodoxy. Almost every ancient Creole out in the ocean. The water was deep, and it family had its Voudoux worshiper in its list of family servants, and sometimes my "young or fifty feet below her, over rocks so sharp and mistress" was half indoctrinated into the belief by her faithful nurse, and the spells were woven to bring lovers to her feet. Occasionally strange deaths were attributed to Voudouxism, and whispers of foul play were not wanting; but generally, the ceremonies were looked upon as a comparatively barmless vent for the gas of Congo superstition. Curious things of various kinds confidently believed to be of Fetisch manufacture, are frequently found in pillows or matresses, and how they get there no one can tell. These are held to mean mischief, and on weak minds they often produce imaginary ailments, till countercharms are invoked to exorcise the first unholy influences. Recently, in Hayti, eight Voudoux devotees were tried and executed for the murder or sacrifice, as they called it, of a young negress. By command of the President, and under an order of the council attached to the civil tribunal of Port-au-Prince, it was declared through a sickly sky, the pallid forecast of a that there was sufficient cause to proceed storm. Weak and faint from hunger, and sufferagainst Juana Pelle, Floreal Apollon, Guerrier Francois, Congo Pellie, Jullien Nicolas, Nereina Francois, Roseida Sumera, and Beyard Prosper, for murder committed on the person of a young girl named Clarina. The trial the aunt and uncle of the deceased had a hand teed that the god of his worship had ordered foaming milk-white down the gorge, filling the him to offer up a human sacrifice. He communicated the fact to his sister Juana, and they agreed together that their niece, Clarins, sho'd be the victim. After making all the arrangements the girl was led to the slaughter by Congo. She was first placed in a mysterious sort of box called the "Humfort," with her limbs closely bound to her body. There she was kept for four days, a peculiar description of sacrificial food being daily administered to her, and as soon as she was sufficiently prepared by suffering, Juana strangled her by violently compressing her throat while Floreal pressed in her sides and Guerrier held her by the feet. Thus, in fearful convulsions, the poor child nainful death of starvation. But something died. Floreal then took a knife, and, after sepheld her back-God's curse was on those wha, arating the head from the body, skinned the latter while it was yet warm. This done, they quarreled over the carcase, each contending for choice portions as the material for a hellish feast; and after the first part of the diabolical banquet was over, they cooked the girl's head Subsequently the skull was placed upon an altar, and Juana, taking a bell in her hand, cir-Another night and day-like the other, only cled round and round, followed by others, all more intensely agonizing. Martha Warren was ohanting a mysterious song. When this cere: to talk of not to use.

Rates of Advertising.

11-12 2-14 6 125 ---- 12

tions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, and and other BLANKS, constantly on hand.

NUMBER OF TAXABLE AND ADDRESS OF TAXABLE ADDRESS mony was finished, the skin and entrails were buried, and the bones, which had previously been burnt, were, with the blood, placed in earthen vessels and carefully preserved.

Part of these facts came out by the confession of some of the parties, and more were elicited from a girl named Losama, who had been kidnapped and kept in confinement as the next victim. This girl had been obliged to carry food to Clarina during the four days of preparation.

At the execution of the eight Voudoux murderers, the people cried out, "Long live the Emperor of Hayti! Long live civilization !"

The Mystericus-Quarter of Mutton. The following' incident, said to have occur-

red "Out West" proves that it is not always

safe to judge from appearances. In a district

adjoining a large forest, wolves were so plenty

that it was impossible to keep sheep, and only

now and then a "cosset" was raised as a pet.

A good Deacon had reared one with much troub-

le, and as it had become rather troublesome,

he killed it. Mutton was a great treat in

those parts, so he reserved one quarter for

himself, one for the minister, and divided the

remainder into small portions and distributed

it among his few neighbors. The minister's

portion was placed in an out-building for safe

keeping until the next day, but in the morning

it was nowhere to be found : some one had sto-

len it, and the pelt in which it was wrapped.

Greatly disappointed, the Deacon and his

wife resolved to make some amends for the

loss to the minister, and therefore selected

their nicest cheese, placed it into a covered bas-

ket, and sent it with a polite note by their two

boys. It was berrying time, and the boys

made frequent stops both going and coming.

When they returned, great was the surprise

of the deacon to find a note from the minister

cordially thanking him for the present of a

quarter of mutton, and asking him to accept the gift contained in the basket as an expres-sion of his regard. "Mutton? Mutton?" said

the Dencon, "he was probably thinking of the

sheep I killed yesterdy, when I wrote the note;

but let us examine the basket." He opened it

a good man, but this aroused his indignation,

and he could not refrain from speaking harsh-

considerered his friend. By the advice of

his wife, in the afternoon he called on the

minister for an explanation, taking with him a

small cut of mutton for a peace offering. The

minister and his wife had just gone out, and

as the deacon was talking with their little girl, he happened to look into an open pantry, and

there spied the very quarter of mutton stolen

from him the night previous-he knew it by

the marks he had made in dressing it .-

Without another word he seized it, and went

home in great wrath, convinced that the minie-

ter was a thief, and determined to have noth-

ing more to do with him. The minister on

his return was equally indignant at the con-

rALLIAI MEDICINES with as Jayne's Expectorant, Alterative and Pills; Apt's Sarsaparille, Pills and Cherry Pectoral; Aclam-told's Extrast Buchu, Sarsaparilla and Rose Yash; Mr. Winslow's Sothing Syrap; Wright's Acills; Cark's and Cheeseman's Pills; Hall's Balsand; Bin-tger's Lendon Dock Gin; Herrick's Pills and Plas-ters: Erown's Bronchial Troches, &c., &c. Mer 25, 1824-19. P. R. WILLIA; fS.

REVENUE STAMPS.

UHN M. PHELPS, Deputy Collector of Mans-beld, has just received a large lot of 1 yenue fans, of all denominations, from one cent u. to \$5 Liv person wishing Staps can get them at in office is Mansfell, or of M. BULLARD, Assistant A. issor; Wellsbore, Pa. J. M. PHPJ [S. Marsfeld, May 2, 1884.

P. NEWELL, DENTIST,

MANSFIELD, TIOGA COUNTY, P.L. Is prepared to operate in all the improvements in the verious departments of filling, extracting, inht.ng grtificial dentures, &c.

Mansfald, August 10, 1864-1y.

COWANESQUE HOUSE. I of the traveling public for a number of Sears, twistely been newly furnished throughout and titled with speed style as can be found in any country or -wy note: The Proprieter does not hesitate day--it that there will be no pains spared to add the Lafert of his guests, and make it a home for whem, at best of stabling for teams; and a good : \$tler drips in attendance, all of which can be und three stabling for teams; and a good : \$tler Mills in attendance, all of sales attendance,

Deerfiel 1. May 25, 1864.-1y.

WELLSBORO HOTE (Corner Main Strest and the Arenve.) .-

WELLSBORD, PA. B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor.

Ine of the most popular Houses in the c pty. the Hotel is the principal Stage-house in Well. oro.

For Tiga, at 9 a. m. : For Troy. at 8 a. m. For they Shore every Tuesday and Friday at 2 m.; ¹ r Undersport, every Tuesday and Friday at 2, ym.; ¹ r Undersport, every Tuesday and Friday at 3 , m. ² r Louders ABRIVE-From Tioga, at 12 1-2 of Jock i m: From Troy, at 6 o'clock p. m.: From 2 trey hore, Tuesday and Friday 11 a. m.: From Co? lers-

Jones Aussay and Friday II a. m.
Jones And Ariday II a. m.
N. E. Jimmy Cowden, the well-known he dler;
with found on Land.
Wellsboro, Oct. 5, 1864-19.

HUGH YOUNG, BOOKSELLER & STATION IR,

AND DEALER IN

And DEFALER IN Antical Clocks. American, English, and twiss Father Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware, Spess [cles, latter Frames, Photographic Albums, Stored aper-itatic and Father and Father and Toilet Artif 22 SCHOOL BOOKS of every kind use, the the comp, constantily on hand and sent by mail to the trast to order. NO. 5. UNION BLOCK, WELLSBORD, HA.

REVENUE STAMPS. A.F.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Revenue B imps cf all denominations, just received at the First statest Bank of Wellsboro, in the Store bu ding (C. & J. L. Robinson. Persons wanting Stam) are Wellsboro, May 25, 1884-tf.

(AUTION.-Whereas, my wife, CAROLIN' has left my ted and board without just can be or interaction; I hereby forbid all persons harber here interaction; I hereby forbid all persons harber here the contracting after this date. CHARLES I BOUT M.

Eloisburg, Nov. 23, 1864-St.

es for \$20 00. Back Numbers can be supplied at any time.

A Complete Set, now comprising Twenty-nine Vol-umes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, freight at expense of purchaser, for \$2 25 per volume Single volumes, by mail, postpaid, S3 U0. Cloth cases, for binding, 58 cents, by mail, postpaid. Address HARPER & BROTHERS.

Franklin Square, New York. November 16, 1864-3t.

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

501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of Photographic Materials, we are Headquarters for the following, viz ; Stereoscopes & Stereoscopic Views, Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes, American and Foreign Cities and Landscrees, Groups, Statuary, &c., &c., Also, Revolving rock-ribbed range, towering, bald, blue and around him, and held him to her breast and Storeoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our unnaproachable Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

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100 Major Generals,	550 Statesmen,	
200 BrigGenerals,	130 Divines,	
275 Colonels,	125 Authors,	
100 Lient Colonels,	40 Artiets,	,
250 Other Officers,	125 Stage,	
75 Navy Officers,	50 Prominent Won	aen,
150 Prominent	Foreign Portraits.	

3,000 COPIES OF WORKS OF ART. including reproductions of the most celebrated En-gravings, Puintings, Statues, &c. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp. An order for One Dozen PIC-TURES from our Catalogue will be filled on the re-ceipt of \$1 80, and sent by mail, FREY. Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Photographic Materials, 501 Broadway, New York. The prices and quality of cur goods cannot

fail to satisfy. [Nov. 16, 1864-1y.]

UDITOR'S NOTICE .- The undersigned hav-A UDITOR'S NOTICE. — Ine unuscante the ing been appointed an Auditor to distribute the funds in hends of Administrator of Jacob Babb, deccased, will attend to the duties of said appointment on FRIDAY, the 2th day of December, 1864, at the Commissioners' Office, in Wellsboro, at 2 o'clock P. M. Nov. 16, 1854. THOS. ALLEN, Auditor.

CAUTION .- Whereas, my wife SANORA, has left my bed and board without any just cause or Way how and borrd without any just cause or mance of her simple domestic duties. The the storm, stopped to rest a moment on the provocation; I hereby forbid all persons herboring or day was a long one, but it was toward eve- rock; Martha seized upon him and rent him there contracting after this date. It is many other places. The the storm, stopped to rest a moment on the in these solitudes than in any other places. to devour raw-she, who three days before Witness present, D. G. Stevens. mark.

Middlebury, Nov. 9, 1864.

TERMS :--HARPER'S MAGAZINE, one year, S4 00. - An extra copy of either the Magazine or Weekly will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Sub-to be converted into meal at the rude mill, for-seribers at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or Six Cop-ty miles away trudged off through the wilderthen shouldering the sack of corn which was ness.

Martha Warren stood at the door of the log | ed | True, she was not more than twenty feet cabin, gazing out after the retreating form of her husband. An angle of the dense shrubbery hid him from view, but still she did not return to the solitary kitchen; It looked so dark and lonesome there, she shrank from entering; or perhaps the grand sublimity of the view spread out before her, held her attention and thrilled her soul with that unexplained something that we all feel when standing thus face to face with the works of His fingers. The finest and most satisfactory view of the White Mountains is that which presents itself from what is now the town of Bethlehem, on the road to Littleton and Franconia. Mount mist of the river, Charles began to ery for Washington, the king among princes, is there home. She could bear anything better than seen in his proper place-the centre of the that. She took off her own garments to fold

unpaproachable. Far up in the wild clearing, close by the turbid waters of the Amonoosuck, was the cottage situated-a place wild and eyrie enough for the nest of an eagle, but dear to the heart of Martha Warren, as the home where she had spent the happy days of her young wifehood. When she had turned from many a patrician suitor, in the fair old town of Portsmouth, to join her fortunes with those of the young settler, it was with the full and perfect understanding of the trials that lay before her. She would walk in no paths of roses for years to clime-Martha paced back and forth the narcome; much of life must be spent in the row limits of the rock. Noon came-the faist eternal solitudes, where silence was broken on- sun declined-it was night again. A cold fog took place in due form, when it appeared that ly by the wild winds of the forest, the shriek sank down over the mountain, followed by a of the river over the sharp rocks, or the distant drizzling rain, which before morning changed in the butchery. Congo Pellie, the uncle, stahowl of the red-mouthed wolf afar in the wilderness.

The necessary absence of her husband she dreaded most. It was so very gloomy to close up her doors at night and sit down by her lonely fireside, with the consciousness that there was no human being nearer to ber than i sunshine. the settlement at Lord's Hill, ten miles away

through the pathless woods. There was little to fear from Indians, although a number of soattered tribes yet

roamed over these primeval hunting grounds. They were mostly disposed to be friendly, and Mrs. Warren's kind heart naturally prompted her to many acts of friendship towards them, and an Indian never forgets a benefit.

The purple mist cleared away from the scarred forehead of the dominant old mountain, the yellow sun psered over the rocky

wall, and Martha turned away to the performance of her simple domestic duties. The The sunlight faded out of the unglazed win-

dows, though it would illumine the distant sparrow. mountains fer some time yet, and Martha

might as well have been thousands of miles ran with almost inconceivable rapidity, forty jagged that it made her shiver to look over the brink. Her only hope was in her husband. Should he return at the expected time, they might still

be alive : but if by any accident he should be detained beyond that time! She closed her eyes, and besought God for protection and help. Cold and hungry, and drenched by the sang him the sweet cradle songs which had so often soothed him.

But the fierce howls of the wolves, and the sullen thunders of the river, filled her little heart with terror, and all the long dark night through, he clung to her neck, sleeplessly crying to go home to papa.

Day dawned at last, the pale sun swimming ing intensely from cold-for summer is no bearcr of tropical smiles in that inhospitable to a perfect deluge. The river rose fearfully, air with a thundering roar, like the peal of an

imprisoned earthquake. The day that followed was no better-only gray rain, and ashen white mist-not a ray of

A new fear rose in the heart of Martha Warren. The turbulence of the stream must have swept away the bridge over which her husband

would cross on his return, and he would be detained-for days, may be for weeks. She gave up all for lost. Strongly and fearfully was she tempted to fold her child in her arms and plunge into the cauldron beneath, and thus end all her fear and doubt. It would

he better; she thought, than to suffer that slow,

do self-murder. Towards night a lost robin, beaten about by in these solitudes than in any other places. to devour raw-she, who three days before with yams, of which each fiendishly partook. would have wept at the sight of a wounded

but he would make no explanations, neither would the minister. Finally a meeting of the church members was called, with the determination of having the strange actions of the deacon explained, and he resolved to let the whole story out. He told the circumstances. and expressed great grief at what he considered the shameful conduct of the minister .--The latter gentleman then made his statement. He said that the deacon's boys had brought him a quarter of mutton in a basket. and that in return he had placed there a neat Family Bible. Everybody now looked at his neighbor wondering what it could mean ; some thought them both crazy, others thought of witchcraft. All was still as the grave-for some minutes, when there arose a man formerly known as Wicked Will, who had lately reformed and joined the church. "Brethren," said he in a trembling voice, "I stole the quarter of mution. On my way home in the night, I was chased by wolves, and climbed a tree for safety, where I had to stay until they went away in the morning. Being afraid to take the meat home by deylight, I hid it in the woods, but to make sure of it, I stayed near the place, intending to carry it away early in the evening. While there, the Descon's boys came along, and from my hiding place I heard them speaking of what had happened. I also found that it was too warm for the meat to keep through the day, and so when they were busy gathering berries, I slipped the cheese out of the basket, and put in the meat-When they returned they stopped again, and hearing them speak of a present for the Descon, I examined the basket, and finding a nice package there, I thought it might be valuable, so I took it out, and put in the stone. But that is not all. On reaching home safely, I opened my package to examine the prize .---While carelessly turning over the leaves, my eye fell on the passage, "Thou shalt not steal." and from that moment I found no peace until I became a changed man." Thus the whole mystery was solved, and the Deacon and the Minister were not only reconciled, but they both heartily rejoiced together that their temporary loss of peace had resulted in so great a good as the reformation of Wicked Will.

DEPLORABLE .- About three weeks since, a child two years old, in Huron township, Canada, strayed from its home and got lost in the woods. Although upwards of two hundred neighpors turned out to search, it was not found untill a week-ago, when it was discovered suspended by its clothing to a snag, with its head downwards and one foot and a portion of its leg gone. It appears to have been climbing over the log, when it fell off and caught by its clothing. It was in a thicket not over a hundred yards from the house, and was passed a number of times by those in search.

-HIGH blood, like the finest wine, may be kept so long that it shall entirely lose its flavor. Hence the last man of an old family may be like the last bottle of a famous vintage-s thing,

A N Assortment of TABLE GLASSWARE will be found at ROY'S DRUG STORE. went out in the scanty garden to inhale the