

been seen since the preceding evening. After he had made inquiries among the servants he came back to tell me that he would send over a constable to follow up the matter. As he was leaving the room I said carelessly: "Have you still got the portrait-gate you several years ago?" "No," he replied, "I kept it about two years; but it had then faded almost entirely away, and then I threw it into the fire."

of a large portion of the army, with its batteries, cavalry horse, forage, munitions, siege guns, commissary stores, ammunitions, &c., and transportation of the same by water and land marches to the gates of Richmond. Four of us opposed the scheme. I protested against it. Our plan was to go direct to the enemy by the shortest route. The majority carried, and then proposed, in the usual manner with politicians, to make it unanimous. [Laughter.] I refused to sanction such a course. We went to the President in a body. He said he was glad to see us, for, as he remarked, "Napoleon could not stand still with such an army. I don't care, gentlemen, what plan you have, but just pitch in."

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. COBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WELLSBOROUGH, PENN'A.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7, 1864.

THE LESSON OF WAR.

Take the history of any life worth living; sit down and consider its events, its apparent accidents, its mistakes, even; and having done this, not as a critic merely, but as an earnest seeker after truth, there are few thinking persons who will not find that that life was shaped by law which operates as widely as the intelligent universe extends.

So, take the history of any nation worthy of the name; consider its events, its apparent accidents and blunders, and no thinking man will fail to learn that that nation's existence was lived out according to certain rules, somewhat absolute in their nature, but logical in their slightest operation.

This nation is enduring the throes of growth. We call the phenomena war, convulsions, disorder, and by other terms addressed to popular understanding. But none of these phenomena, so fearful in their immediate consequences, are wanton exhibitions.

We have ever spoken of this war as natural and necessary. To characterize it otherwise is to ignore the plainest facts of history, and to accuse Providence of a blunder. At the same time, the precipitators of the struggle merit no praise. The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed because of the utter wickedness of their people. Their destruction was natural and necessary; but the wickedness of the people receives no applause therefrom.

We cannot have peace until we earn it. The sword is now being used as a pruning-hook, to shear away the superfluous branches of national pride and crime. Every such growth must be destroyed before the conditions of peace can exist. We have been vicious to a remarkable degree. We must change for the better. We must arouse and obey the impulses to right action. We must no more undertake to subvert the laws of nature. In trying to subvert them we have put our institutions in danger of overthrow. It is the effort to save them which we call war. It has cost many lives and untold treasure. But those institutions are worth all, and more, than we have expended; and all, and more, than we shall expend in saving them.

For this government is the hope of the world. It is not the hope of aristocrats; it is not the hope of traitors; nor is it the hope of the apologists of treason. Show us an ingraind villain, and we will show you a hater of civil liberty. He talks of liberty. He means unbridled license. He talks of freedom; and he means freedom to drive his rascally trade un-molested.

This war is the old quarrel renewed. It is right against wrong. The aristocracy of the world has gnashed its teeth in hate of our efforts to put down treason from the first. Look abroad. Observe for yourselves. Is it not a fact that European aristocracy has all along taken part with Jefferson Davis? While not positively recognizing the Confederacy as an independent nation, has it not invariably construed the law more liberally toward Jeff Davis than toward the northern people?

We all know that. We all know that England and France are hoping for the success of the South. They permit traitors to use their ports as ports of rendezvous for their privateers. They suffer the agents of Jefferson Davis to drive their nefarious trade of treason in their great cities and in their colonial ports. To-day we have fewer privileges granted us as a nation than are granted to the rebels.

Look at the chiefs of the party which has expended its energies to overthrow the government in the late campaign; and still mediates its overthrow. They are the fiercest aristocrats on the footstool. They have not, they never had, a single sympathy in common with the people. They are not among the world's working men. They are seeking power, not for the good of the people, but for the aggrandizement of themselves. They hold themselves above the people, hoping to make the people the slaves of their evil designs.

So, we who believe in civil liberty and equality, have no option but to give these pretenders war to the knife, and knife to the very hilt. To compromise with them is to compromise with hell. They point to the burden of public debt; but there is no burden so unendurable as that of political serfhood. That is the fate they have endeavored to force upon a great and free people.

als. Both are the acts of cowards. The assassin who creeps upon the track of the unsuspecting midnight traveler and strikes him down dead, is no more to be dreaded or denounced than these infernal incendiaries.

We ask the masses of the party which supported McClellan in the late canvass, to pause and look at these things before they go one step further. These acts are by the instigation of the chiefs of rebellion, North and South. The failure to defeat Mr. Lincoln has made the creatures of Jeff. Davis, Horatio Seymour, Fernando Wood, Vallandigham, and others, now reveal the true animus of that party. Bent on ruin, they seek to retrieve their misfortunes by giving the cities and shipping of the North to the torch. Who are these acts by? Not by the men who supported Mr. Lincoln. Not by Republicans, War Democrats, or abolitionists. They are the acts of men who were loud in their advocacy of Horatio Seymour and Geo. B. McClellan. Is it not dangerous to become identified with such a party?

The importance of the defeat of Horatio Seymour cannot be well overrated. There are two kinds of bad men nowadays, as in other days: that is—there are "bold, bad men," like Vallandigham and Voorhees, and F. Wood; and there are "cowardly, bad men," like Horatio Seymour, Geo. W. Woodward, Frank Hughes, Wm. B. Reed, James Buchanan, F. Pierce, and others.

Horatio Seymour was the chief official dependence of Jeff Davis in the North. The people have dismissed him from public service. He was the type of a class of men who are as smooth as oil, yet as venomous as the adder. They are full of sniveling, swagger with assumed polish, and have a reputation which gets better the farther it travels from home. At home these fellows, who "smile, and smile again," yet are ingrained villains, are valued at their exact worth. All honor to the freemen of New York, who have hurled this cowardly traitor from the place he has disgraced.

WAR NEWS.

Gen. Sherman has reached Millen, seventy-eight miles north of Savannah—so much seems to be admitted by the Richmond papers. To reach that point no must have passed successfully the Ocmulgee, the Oconee, and the Ogeechee Rivers, the three points at which respectively it was supposed the Rebels had a chance to arrest or to delay the march of his columns. Once at Millen, the march to Savannah down the Central Railroad, and the highways adjoining is comparatively easy; and we are entitled to presume that the desperate effort, heralded in the Rebel papers, to interrupt the advance of Sherman, has been abandoned.

Gen. Schofield's official dispatch announces that the enemy attacked him on Wednesday at Franklin, and after a contest which lasted from four in the afternoon till after dark, "was repulsed with heavy loss—probably of five or six thousand men." Our loss is estimated at not more than a fourth of that number. One thousand prisoners and a Brigadier General have been captured.

The details of this victory are meagre, but of the victory there is no doubt. The battle, however, was not fought between the entire armies of Thomas and Beauregard. Neither of those generals seems to have been on the field. Gen. Schofield telegraphs that the enemy attacked with two or three regiments. It appears, that notwithstanding the defeat he had inflicted on Hood, Schofield fell back during the night toward Nashville, and took up a position three miles south of that city.

We infer from the various accounts that Hood—or Beauregard, whichever may be in command in the field—attacked in force on Wednesday, with the view of destroying Schofield and of forcing a passage across the Harpeth River at Franklin, and thence securing an open road to Nashville. The attempt was entirely frustrated, and Hood was compelled to cross the stream further to the west and north. To meet his movements in this direction, General Thomas finally withdrew his victorious army toward Nashville, and took up a position three miles to the south of the city. He was followed closely by that portion of Hood's forces which had not been engaged on Wednesday, and there was the usual skirmishing on Thursday between the pickets of the two armies. Heavy cannonading is reported to have been heard in Nashville, and a great battle was momentarily expected.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER TO A WIDOW.—Mrs. Bixby, the recipient of the following letter from President Lincoln, is a poor widow living in the Eleventh ward of Boston. Her sixth son, who was severely wounded in a recent battle, is now lying in the Readville Hospital:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, NOV. 21, 1864. Dear Madam: I have been shown on the file of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming; but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours, to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours, very sincerely and respectfully, A. LINCOLN.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass. More than fifteen years ago a negro woman escaped from slavery in Maryland and located in Hartford, Connecticut. A few days ago a contraband arrived in Hartford, from New Orleans, and, while wandering about the streets, met the woman and recognized her as his wife. She did not recognize him, and it was only after he had repeated circumstances which had happened when they lived in Maryland, that she was convinced that he was her husband. They were again married, and are now keeping up a domestic establishment of their own.

Letter from a Correspondent. G. M. DEP. KAUTZ'S CAV. DIV'N. NEAR JONES' LANDING, VA. Nov. 20th 1864.

EDITOR AGITATOR: Although many days of comparative quiet, have passed with no visible change in military affairs on the James, where two giant armies are closely watching, each the motion of the other, and separated in many places, by a distance so short that conversation is easy between opposing rifle-pits; there has been but slight loss of life, since the general reconnaissance of the last of October. It is true that the enemy have shown much anxiety to discover the real strength of the Army of the James, but their operations have been confined to feeble assaults on our picket lines. Lee displays much caution in feeling for our strength; he would gladly learn if troops were being massed on the north bank of the James to operate against Richmond. The rapidity with which the Dutch Gap Canal is approaching completion, gives the enemy much uneasiness, and the formidable character of the Fleet now in the river, strengthens their fears. The enemy have kept up a steady fire on our workmen engaged on the canal, and when it is finished, it will form one of the most interesting improvements on this continent, and will remain a profitable monument of the indomitable energy of the Northern people.

There seems to be a belief in some parts of the country that offensive movements on the part of the armies immediately under the eye of the Lt. Gen. have been suspended until the time comes to open a spring campaign; but those who hope for such results of our labors since last May, are destined to be grievously disappointed if preparations now nearly completed, mean anything; and when has Gen. Grant abandoned a campaign or siege until the prize was fairly won?

The weather has been dry and favorable until the 18th inst. when a rain storm set in, and lasted four days, which makes the roads difficult to travel, and impracticable for field movements with heavy trains and field artillery. The clouds were swept away by a frosty wind from the north, and each night since, the mud has been frozen to a stiff crust, which the bright sun during the day reduces to a disagreeable mortar. A week of such weather as we are now having, will put the roads in military order again. It is not time yet for the wet season to set in, and we will probably have much good weather yet before the 20th day of January next.

The Thanksgiving dinner so kindly sent to the army by the true and patriotic friends of the soldiers, and the Union, came one day too late, but was none the less joyfully received, and to those friends, as well as to the Giver of so many blessings—victories, and well-filled store-houses, during the season of "seed-time and harvest" just passed, we gratefully accord our thanks.

Kind friends: May God bless and prosper you. We thank you for the many noble deeds you have done, and are doing to relieve the wants, and comfort and cheer the soldier, and the record of the past, shall be a promise of what we will do to protect you and the laws and liberties of our country.

As there are no military items of importance to report, it may not be entirely uninteresting to our friends to know how the soldiers spend their leisure time, of which little is spent in replying to letters from their friends, unless they are generally more lucky than your unfortunate correspondent has been of late in receiving the "White winged messengers" from their forgetting, but not forgotten friends.

Soldiers indulge in all sorts of available sports and games, from "Chess" and "Athletic feats" to the most simple of juvenile plays; and it is quite common to see "red-tape" enter into all the sports of the men, forgetting, for a time, the grave responsibilities of Uncle Sam's commissioned talent.

Of course, when any juvenile sports are engaged in, the amusement consists in the truth and exactness with which the players imitate extreme and verdant boyhood. This may look queer—yes, decidedly funny, to those who have never witnessed it in the army; but I have seen men whose locks are sprinkled with grey, imitate the ways of children at play so faithfully, that it could not fail to excite the mirth and enjoyment of the most grave; so that after the closing duties of the day, both participant and amused, roll a lighter heart in their blankets, to tune the visions of their slumbers and render more pleasant the hours of reveille. The amusement of the higher order of games consists in exercise and proficiency. But sport fills only a part of the leisure hours of a soldier's life, for much time is spent in telling stories, singing songs, reading the news and romances, and discussing the topics of the day.

Let those who are impressed with the heresies of the "World" and other villainous sheets, that we are tired of the war, and disheartened and sighing for "peace at any price," just come down and see the way the soldiers enjoy themselves, and the vim with which the stern duties of our calling are performed and I promise, they will go away with a better and brighter opinion of our qualifications to dare and to do, than they brought here.

The result of the election gives general satisfaction in the army; and those who seemed to depreciate the abilities of the Administration, compared with the supposed qualifications of Ex-Gen. McClellan are coming to the conclusion that with Lincoln at the helm, the good old Ship of State has not been drifted from its latitude by the fierce storms that for a time seemed to threaten to overwhelm it; and now that we are not going to change pilot, we may look with joyful faith, to see the good old ship outside the gale, and anchor safely in a peaceful harbor, to rest secure from the raging storm that has swept so many from her decks. The people have spoken in the power of their faith and said—"Peace be still!" and already the winds and waves begin to obey. We hope the people will forget for a while the strife of party, and show themselves a unit on the great principles of one government, and free institutions.

The army now calls to the people to show themselves worthy of the sires who made us a free and independent people, and aid us with their united support, and with the favor of the God of war, justice, truth, and religion, we shall be strong of heart, and with willing hands, secure to ourselves and posterity a free, peaceful, and united Country.

A MEETING was held at Alton last week to form an organization for the erection in that city, of a monument to Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, who fell a victim to pro-slavery in that city more than twenty years since. It is at that such a monument should be erected in that place.

A BURIAL ALIVE.—Buried alive! What fearful import is conveyed in these two words! What visions of horror do they conjure up, constituting in anticipation, at least, one of the most exquisite tortures imaginable! An unnatural death is at all times, linked in thought with the feelings of indefinable awe, but the idea of dying under such horrible circumstances, conscious of the inevitable fate which a few moments will bring—struggling to be freed from the dread chamber of death, but unable to avert the certain doom—is maddening. One can almost imagine the choking suffocation, the frenzied and ineffectual efforts to break through the dull earth and burst into the free air of heaven, and the imagining causes the blood to curdle and chill in horror. The very possibility of such a fate haunts many people like spectre, and invests death with a frightfulness it would not otherwise possess.

One of the most curious cases of this genus which has ever been recorded, has just occurred at Hyde Park, near this city—a case which has almost baffled the skill of physicians of known ability and high repute. During Wednesday night last, Alex. McLeod, a young man of 17 or 18 years of age, residing with, and the sole support of an aged grandmother, was attacked with severe fits of vomiting and purging. He did not, however, appear to be dangerously ill, and told his relative, who was aroused from her bed, to return to her room, or she would make herself sick. The old lady did so, and, finding that her grandson soon became quiet, went to sleep, and thought no more of the occurrence until morning, when, on entering his room, she was horrified at finding him dead. Those who assisted to prepare the corpse for the burial noticed that the flesh was remarkably pliable and undeathlike, the eyes remained naturally closed, the features had not the rigidity of death, nor had the face lost its natural freshness. These circumstances aroused the attention of the friends, and Dr. Bogue, of this city, was summoned to give his opinion regarding the death of the youth. After an investigation, he affirmed that life had certainly departed, and that the patient had died of cholera morbus. On the strength of this decision, an inquest was held upon the remains, and a verdict of "died by natural causes" returned. The body was then placed in a coffin, and the funeral ordered for the next day. On Friday, however, blood commenced to flow rather freely from the nose, and the burial was deferred until Sunday afternoon. In the interim, the corpse was closely watched, but still the features retained their life-like pliability. On Sunday morning, a funeral sermon was preached in the church, by Rev. S. S. Smith, of Cleaver ville, who, in the afternoon, was invited to officiate at the burial services, but when the time for the funeral arrived, the friends still declined to take the responsibility of burying the body, and it was left uninterred. Yesterday evening a number of physicians left the city for the purpose of thoroughly investigating the body, and in our next issue we will be able to give the result of their deliberations. The body is described as presenting the appearance of resting in a natural sleep—the eyes are not sunk, nor have the features set. There is no death-like smell proceeding from the body, and the blood appears to be still retained in the veins. If death has really ensued, this is one of the most extraordinary cases which has ever been noticed, and will well repay medical investigation. McLeod was a young man of full Irish habit. He had been a member of the 13th Illinois (hundred day) Infantry, and for some months previous to being mustered out of the service had been in delicate health. Still no serious consequences were anticipated, and the day previous to his death, if death it be, he was in usual health and spirits.—Boston Post.

DEMOCRACY IN DESPAIR.—Some of our beten apostles of Democracy not only despair of the Republic, but of all republics. The Boston Courier and the Detroit Free Press urge the Canada not to become a republic, but to stick to monarchy, and commend the fate of Mexico under Maximilian. Says the Detroit Free Press: "The natural tendency of republics has ever been to demoralization and decay. There is Democracy for you."

WORLD' HAVE HIM.—The Louisville Democrat of Wednesday, says that the Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky, R. T. Jacob, who was recently ordered through the Confederate lines by the military authorities of that State, is now at Gallipolis, Ohio. The rebel authorities refused to receive the exile, saying that "they do not intend to let President Lincoln make a Botany Bay of the South."

S. F. SHAINLIN, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER, SOROX ONE DOOR NORTH OF CONYERS' STORE. Ladies' Hair-Cutting done in the best manner. Wellsboro, Dec. 7, 1864.

WELLSBORO ACADEMY.—The second Term of the present school year will begin Monday, Dec. 12, 1864. Pupils are prepared for College, or for business pursuits.

RUTION (for a term of 12 weeks). Primary Course.....\$3 00. Common English Branches.....4 00. Higher English Branches.....5 00. Languages.....6 00. Pupils desiring to attend but half the term, will be charged accordingly. No deduction is made for absences, unless in cases of protracted sickness. J. B. GRIER, Wellsboro, Dec. 7, 1864-St. Principal.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Wellsboro, December 5, 1864: Adony, Ebenezer; Austin, Miss Mary; Boalich, A. J.; Bundy, Charles; Butler, John Jr.; Bowen, Sathie; Carson, Susan; Carson, Susannah; Crymner, Matilda; Gram, Simon E.; Cole, H. O.; Dockstader, F. H.; Decker, Harriet; Darling, Mrs. F. B. 2; Davis, Wm. H.; Dennison, G. D.; Evans, Evan; Ellison, George; Fall, A. F.; Frost, Ams; Gibbs, Elizabeth; Gibbs, Mrs. E. M.; Jones, H. C.; Jones, H. L.; Kriebuland, C.; Knapp, A.; Merrick, Wheeler O.; Reese, Elizabeth; Raymond, Evelyn; Rose, J. M.; Robins, Charles; Stratton, Mary; Streeter, L. B.; Steele, Nathan; Schofield, Marietta; Saxon, J. C. 2; Simmons, Mary E.; Smith, Wm. H.; Shaffer, Amanda; Smith, Wm.; Terrell, Chas. K.; Winter, J.; Westbrook, Wm. Mrs.

To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "advised letters" give the date of this list, and pay one cent for advertising. If not called for within one month they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office. HUGH YOUNG, P. M.

WANTED.—500 bushels Oats, 600 bushels Corn, in ear, 50 bushels Flax Seed, for which the highest market price in Cash will be paid. D. P. ROBERTS & CO. Wellsboro, Nov. 23, 1864-st.

"TO BOWEN'S" SEEING a big crowd on Main Street, hurrying toward a common center, somebody asked "Where Are You Going?" The answer was "To Bowen's, No. 1, Union Block!" To look at that splendid stock of NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS! just arriving from New York. VERY SENSIBLE PEOPLE, thought I to myself, you know who buys at a bargain, and sells so as to give the purchaser a bargain too. Therefore, if you want anything in the line of DRY GOODS, LADIES' GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, &c., GO TO BOWEN'S, and if you want HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, WOODEN-WARE, and GROCERIES, at prices you can afford to pay GO TO BOWEN'S. If you have Cash, or Butter, or Cheese, or Grain to exchange for this SPLENDID STOCK OF GOODS, bring them along, and you will get Satisfactory Bargains; and if you once see, you will be sure to come again—yes, thrice, or half-a-dozen times. Don't forget the place! NO. 1, UNION BLOCK, Wellsboro, Nov. 1, 1864. JOHN R. BOWEN.

The peculiar taintor infection which we call SCROFULA lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an enfeebled vitiated state of the blood, in which it first becomes symptomatic, and then produces its action, and leaves the system to fall into dyspepsia and decay. The scrofulous condition is usually caused by mercurial contamination, or by a low living, disordered digestion, from which healthy food, pure air, fish and fishy lakes, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children under the third and fourth generation; indeed, it seems to be the rod of him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The disease originates in various names, according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become cancerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangement of the digestive apparatus, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These, all having the same origin, require the same remedy—viz., purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous tempers leave you. With feeble, foul, or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: King's Evil, or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blisters and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Syphilis and Syphilitic Infections, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weakness, and, indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC, which is furnished to the druggists for free, and these directions, wherein may be learned the directions for its use, and some of the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies have failed to afford relief. These cases are purposely taken from all sections of the country, in order that every reader may have access to some one who can speak in full of its benefits from personal experience. Scrofula depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victims far more subject to disease and its fatal results than are healthy constitutions. Hence it tends to shorten, and does greatly shorten, the average duration of human life. The vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in preparing a remedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alternative properties. By its aid you may protect yourself from the suffering and danger of these disorders. Purge out the foul corruptions that rot and fester in the blood, purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. By its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus supplies the deficiencies which lurk within the system or burst out on any part of it. We know the public have been deceived by many compounds of Sarsaparilla, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proven by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the afflicting diseases it is intended to reach. Although under the same name, it is a very different medicine from any other which has been before the people, and is far more effectual than any other which has ever been available to them.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, The World's Great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and for the relief of Consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease. This has been so long used and so universally known, that we need no more than assure the public that its quality is kept up to the best extent has ever been, and that it may be relied on to do all it has ever done. Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists every where, and by Sold by J. A. Roy and P. R. Williams, Wellsboro Dr. H. H. Borden, Tioiga; S. S. Peckard, Conowingo; C. V. Elliott, Mansfield; S. X. Biggs, New York; by Dealers everywhere. [Nov. 23, 1864-17]

BARAINS FOR CASH.—Examine and try the Stock of Goods now offered for sale by AMBROSE CLOSE, before making your purchases. His stock comprises LADIES' DRESS GOODS; Shawls, Balloons, Hoop Skirts, Cassimere, generally. Also, Groceries, Crochery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes. I am also prepared to cut and make all kinds of men and boys' CLOTHING TO ORDER. Westfield, Nov. 16, '64-3P AMBROSE CLOSE.