

Terms of Publication. THE TOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday morning and is sold to subscribers at the rate of one dollar per annum in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the figures on the printed label on the margin of each paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the proprietor.

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. VIII. WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 6, 1861. NO. 13.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL.
DAVID HART, Proprietor.
The undersigned begs leave to announce to his old friends and to the public generally that he has taken possession of the old stand and fitted it up in good style, and intends to keep it as a Temperance Hotel. No place will be spared to accommodate the traveling public. Good stabling and a good brester always on hand. Prices to suit the times. DAVID HART.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1853.)

C. N. DARTT, DEVICIST.
OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and warranted. (April 22, 1858.)

DICKINSON HOUSE
CORNING, N.Y. Proprietor.
Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. C. WHITTAKER,
Hydrographic Physician and Surgeon.
ELKLAND, TOGA CO., PENNA.
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. (June 14.)

J. EMERY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his time exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. (Nov. 21, 1860.)

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.
Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa.
J. W. BIGNON, PROPRIETOR.
This popular Hotel, having been refitted and refurnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,
U. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
THIS is a new hotel located with easy access to the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. (April 12, 1860.)

G. C. CAMPBELL,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for shaving, dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for coloring hair and whiskers dyed and colored. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL.
George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.
Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation reaching into every part of Steuben County. Those desiring to extend their business into that and the adjoining counties will find an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
WELLSBOROUGH, PA. PROPRIETOR.
(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)
Having leased this well known and popular House, and the patronage of the public. With attentive and obliging waiters, together with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and agreeable. Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

PICTURE FRAMING.
TOILET GLASSES, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates Engravings, Needle Work, &c., framed in the most tasteful manner, in plain and ornamental gilt, blue wood, Black Walnut, Oak, Mahogany, &c. Persons having any article for framing, or receive them sent day framed in any style they desire, and hung for them. Specimens at SMITH'S BOOK STORE.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.
WELLSBORO, PA.
I would inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland, Tioga Co., Pa., and is prepared by thirty years' experience to treat all diseases of the eyes and their appendages on scientific principles, and that he can cure (without pain) the most painful disease, called St. Vitus' Dance, (Chorea Sacra) and will attend to any business in the line of Physic and Surgery. (Wellsboro, August 8, 1860.)

NEW FLOUR AND FEED STORE
IN WELLSBORO.
The subscriber would respectfully inform the people of Wellsboro and vicinity that he has opened a FLOUR & FEED STORE, on Main St., where he will keep constantly on hand as good an assortment of FLOUR and FEED as can be found in the market, which he will sell cheap for cash. Also, a large assortment of Choice Wines and Liquors, of a superior quality, and warranted free from adulteration, which he will sell to Landladies and others at wholesale, cheaper than any other establishment in Northern Pennsylvania. J. EATON. Wellsboro, Dec. 19, 1860.

CHARLESTON FEURING MILLS.
WRIGHT & BABY.
Having secured the best mills in the County, are now prepared to do Custom Work, Merchants Work, and to do in fact everything that can be done in Country Mills, so as to give perfect satisfaction.

FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED,
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
New store in Wellsboro, or at the mill. Cash or exchange for grain at the market price. All goods delivered free of charge within the corporation. WRIGHT & BABY. Wellsboro, Feb. 13, 1861.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY SHOP.
MAIN ST., WELLSBORO.
MISS PAULINE SMITH has just purchased her FALL AND WINTER GOODS, consisting of Straws of all kinds, Pattern Hats, Bonnet Hats, Flowers, Veils, &c. of all kinds, and in fact all the latest styles.

ALL KINDS OF TRIMMINGS.
She solicits a call from the ladies of Wellsboro and vicinity, feeling confident that HER GOODS WILL BEAR INSPECTION, and compare favorably with those of any establishment in the county in fact.

BLEACHING AND FINISHING done in a superior manner. Room at the residence of C. Williams, opposite the Hotel, up-stairs. Oct. 8, 1861.

NEW WHEAT FLOUR, tip top and cheap, at WRIGHT'S.

[From the Boston Transcript.]
TO JOHN C. FREMONT.
Thy error, Fremont, simply was to act a plain man's part, without the statesman's tact. And, taking counsel but of common sense. To strike at cause, as well as consequence. So take thou courage! God has spoken through thee, Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be Free! The land shakes with them, and the slave's delirium Turns from the rice-field stealer to the land. Who would recall them now must first arrest The winds that blow down from the free Northwest, Ruffling the Gulf; or, like a scroll, roll back The Mississippi to his upper springs, Such words fulfil their prophecy and lack But the full time to harden into things. J. G. WHITTAKER.

SEA SKETCH.

During the summer of 1814, the British had not only laid claim to all that portion of the District of Maine lying east of the Penobscot, but Admiral Griffith and Sir John Sherbrooke, the latter being then the Governor of Nova Scotia, had been sent with a heavy force to take possession of Castine, which place commanded the entrance to the Penobscot river. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters there, and while the British sailed up to Castine, he lay with his vessel at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one, and well armed and manned; and that she carried the true "yankee gift" upon her decks, the enemy had received too many proofs. On the morning of the 28th of August a messenger came down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence, his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves where he would be obliged to wait nearly two hours for the tide to set him off. But he hastened to have everything prepared to get off as soon as possible, for he had no desire to meet the frigate.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bow-line, when a wagon drawn by one horse came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough-looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle-aged lady from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"
"Right off—as soon as possible, madam!"
"O, then, I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wiscasset, where we belong, and where his parents will take care of it."
"But, my good woman, I shan't go to Wiscasset."

"If you only land me at the mouth of the Sheepscot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat to take me up."
"Where is the boy?" asked Tucker.
"In the wagon," replied the lady, at the same time raising the corner of her shawl, to wipe away the gathering tears. "I have a small sum of money with me, sir, and you shall be paid for your trouble."

"This, madam, if I accommodate you, there won't be any pay about it."
The kind-hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse; and when he told her he would do so she had requested, she thanked him with tears in her eyes.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon, and beneath it appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen as they bore the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair didn't exactly suit them. It may have been but prejudice on their part, but yet seamen should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter.

"Hush, my good men," said the Commodore, "as he heard their murmured remonstrances. 'Suppose some of you were to die away from home—would you not wish that your last remains might be carried to your parents' home, hurry now.'"
The man said no more, and ere long was placed in the hold, and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf, and standing off of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that she should be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude and satisfaction, and remarked that before she retired she should like to look and see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was granted, and one of the men lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor who had the wheel, "she takes on dreadfully."
"Yes—poor thing," responded Tucker, as he heard the woman's sobs and groans.
"Dye notice what an eye she's got?" continued Carter.
"No," said the Commodore, "only that it was swollen with tears."
"My eyes! But they shone though, when she stood here looking at the compass."
Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness, and without further remark he went down to the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold, she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few moments, and then went aft. There was something in her countenance that troubled Carter. He had been one of those who objected to the coffin's being brought on board, and hence he was not predisposed to look very fa-

vorably upon its owner. The woman's eye ran over the schooner's deck with strange quickness, and Carter eyed her sharply. Soon she went to the tail-rail and looked into the stern boat, and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll jibe the boom," uttered the passenger.
Carter started, and found that the main-sail was abivering. He gave the helm a couple of spokes a pop, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman, whose features were lighted by the binnacle lamp.

"Thank 'ee, madam," said Dan. "Ha! hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider right on your hair. No—not there. Here—T'll—"
The last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the "ugh!" above-mentioned.

Shortly afterwards the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on the deck.
"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is that 'oman turned in yet?"
"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass. "Look out, look out, Carter! why, man alive, you're two points to the southward of your course!"

"Blow me, so I am," said the man, bringing the helm smartly a-port. "But say, Commodore, didn't ye notice nothin' 'culiar' 'bout that 'oman?"
"Why, Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."
"So I am, Commodore; an' so I am 'bout that black coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you an' I to go an' overhaul it?"
"Pshaw! you areas scared as a child in a grave-yard."

"No, not a bit of it. Just hark a bit—That 'oman ain't no 'oman at all."
The Commodore pronounced the vulgar name of the Satanic majesty in a most emphatic manner.
"It's the truth, Commodore. I can swear to it. I pertended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand agin her face. By Sam Hyde, if it wasn't as rough an' heard-as-a-holy-stone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom jibe if I didn't look out. I knowed there wasn't no 'oman there, an' so I tried her. Call somebody to the wheel, an' let's go an' look at that coffin!"

The Commodore was vociferously struck by what he had heard; but with that calm presence of mind which made him what he was, he sat coolly to thinking. In a few moments he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then he went down into the cabin to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in and seemed to be snoring. Tucker returned to the deck and took Carter one side.

"No noise, now, Carter, but follow me as though nothing had happened."
"Sartin," responded Dan.
The two approached the main hatch, and Carter stooped to raise it, when his hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the after break of the hatch.
"It's a ball of twine," said Dan.
"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned, a number of men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine, and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind that there was mischief boxed up before him, and he sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw-driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, however, and kept a bright look-out for the string.

At length the screws were all out, and the lid was very carefully lifted from its place.
"Great God in Heaven!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.
"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a young thunder-clap from the lips of Dan.
"God bless you, Dan!" said Tucker.
"I knowed it!" uttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment and looked into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in the place thereof, there was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitchwood! Upon a light frame-work in the center were arranged four pistols, all cocked and primed, and the string which entered the coffin from without, communicated with the trigger of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to get up, and when it was brought to a full stop, he breathed more freely.
"I declare," uttered as he leaped out of the coffin, "I'm a man. Don't nothing rashly. The cabin first. You may follow."
Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin, walked up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress, he dragged it away out upon the floor. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away—the gunpowder was torn off, and a man came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered, and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night and get hold of the ball of twine, which he had left in a convenient place. He then intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along; then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and as the boat fell into the water he would have pulled smartly upon the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued, with a wicked look "what would have followed—a wicked look 'what would have followed—I shouldn't have been noticed in the fus—'I'd have got out of the way with the boat, and you'd all have been in the next world in short order. All can say is, I'm sorry I didn't do it."
It was with much difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have, a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the American Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck and lashed to the main rigging, where he was told he should remain till the vessel got into port.
"What a horrid death the villain designed for us," uttered Carter.
"Yes, he did," said Tucker with a shudder.
"He belongs to the same gang that's been 'robbin' and burnin' the poor people's houses of the Eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," returned the Commodore, with a wretched twitch of the muscles about his mouth.
"A bitter curse from the prisoner here broke upon the air, and with a clenched fist the Commodore went below.
In the morning when the Commodore came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.
"Carter, where's that villain I lashed here last night?"
"I'm sure I don't know where he is, Commodore. Perhaps he's jumped overboard!"
"The old Commodore looked sternly into Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment—then he turned away and murmured to himself:

"Well, well—I can't blame them. If the murderous villain's gone to his death, he's only met a fate which he richly deserved. Better far that he be, than that my noble crew were now all in the ocean's grave."
For the Agitator.

A MOTHER'S WORDS.
MR. EDITOR.—A short time since a "squad" of soldiers left East, Charleston for Camp Curbin, where they were to blend their efforts and their destinies with the "Charleston Rangers," under the direction of Capt. N. Whitney. Nearly one hour after they left, a woman of noble form and mien, accompanied by her son, arrived, and for a moment, seemed sad as they learned that his companions had gone without him; but a gentleman being present, on horseback, offering to go and seek to overtake them, if he could be furnished with buggy and harness; we soon found them for him, and in as short a time as it takes me to write it, he was ready for a start. In haste, the young man stepped to his mother, reached her hand and bade her good bye. I did not look into his or the mother's face. I thought 'twould be impolitic to do so, and I heard them as I did, he will dare, and do, and die, if need be, for her protection and defence. As I regard them model words for mothers to use in such an emergency; and as they may inspire other brave mothers' hearts to be braver still, she who uttered them will forgive me if I make them public. "Go and do your duty to your country; and do not forget God, nor your mother."

I have no mother, she died ere I could pronounce that precious name distinctly; but I think if I had a mother that could speak such words to me, it would be a pleasure, any halloved delight, to go almost anywhere at her bidding. I thought, this mother loves her son as other mothers love theirs. Her mother's nature has been stirred as profoundly when she looked upon that boy, as bare other mothers. He drew his life from her, and can she forget him, part of herself as he is? Never, never! Yet she says, "Go do your duty to your country."—As if she had said, "I love you—love you as part of myself—as part of my life, even, but I love your country more than I love you—more than I love myself; therefore, leave me now, and do your duty to your country."
Oh! I can but breathe a prayer that the ever-helping spirit may frequently bring these noble words to that young soldier's recollection, and that they may ever be to him a talisman of strength. What a contrast between these words uttered by that mother, and those uttered by many a mother who has had sons who wished to go, or who would have gone and tried to do their duty to their country? Some of these are fresh in my memory now, and the remembrance of them by their sons who have gone in disregard of them, must be dispiriting to them, instead of inciting them to endure the privations to which they must necessarily be subjected. Should this be read by a mother, who by her words has prevented a son going and doing his duty to his country, let her remember that all who have gone into this holy war, have had "women for their mothers," and that many of them left the homes of their childhood, and as loving mothers, as she can prove herself to be; and now, though late, say to that son "Go and do your duty to your country!"

Should this be read by those mothers whose sons have gone without their sanction, or a word of encouragement from them, let them hasten to say to them by letter, "Stay and do your duty to your country, and forget not God nor your mother." Then, when they have hardships to endure, or "fies to face," they may be strengthened by the thought, "I am here with my mother's sanction—here with her best wishes—and here by reason of her high sense of her obligation that was upon me, to defend my country." Thus they will strive to prove themselves worthy of being the sons of such mothers.

THE BUFFALO.—There is a feature in the migratory character of the Buffalo, not generally known, except to hunters, and that is, that the vast body of the herd is never found in the same district of country for two seasons in succession. The Buffaloes of North America form an immense army, marching in one continuous circuit, but perhaps three-fourths of the entire number of which are found within a range of from two to three miles. Thus, where Buffaloes are abundant one year, they are fewer the next, until the great body, having completed its circuit, again makes its appearance. The circuit is completed in about four years. Its western limit is the base of the Rocky Mountains, and its eastern is bounded by a marginal outline of civilization extending from the British settlements on the north to Northern Texas on the extreme south. The range of latitude traversed extends from the Cross Timber of Texas to the tributaries of Lake Winnipeg on the north.

Muggins says—"It's no use in marrying now, as there's no telling how long you may remain single."

[From Vanity Fair.]
COLONEL EDWARD D. BAKER.
OCT. 21ST, 1861.

Notes we borrow when a soldier dies. Do we lament the man who fell to-day? We look to see our soldiers in the fray, The light of battle blazing in their eyes! His place was elsewhere; not aloof from strife, But dealing surer vengeance on the foe. The laurels that he won in Mexico, Gave him the right to lead a peaceful life. 'Twas his to grapple in the halls of State With rampant Treason; while his fiery words Roused thousands of brave men, who snatched their swords.

To cut their way to Freedom—not too late! He should have served us there, (who could so well) Not in the fatal fold on which he fell!
R. H. STODDARD.

FROM THE TOGA BOYS.

From an Occasional Correspondent.
CAMP PIERPONT, VA. Oct. 25, 1861.

FRIEND AGITATOR.—It being a long day, and I not doing much, so I thought I would write to you, again. Gen. McCull's division has crossed over the Potomac; and are encamped in Fairfax County, about nine miles from the Court House, where I expect there are a few Rebels, and I hope we may soon rout them. We are here within a few miles of the enemy, but still we do not have adventure enough to keep our spirits lively. We went out towards Leesburg last Saturday, and on Sunday, five companies of the "Buck-tail Regiment" went on a scout as far as the Loudon and Hampshire Rail Road, where they fell in with some rebels, and five of their number was missing, the next morning at roll call; and on their return to Camp in the evening, they fell in with our pickets, when pretty sharp firing ensued, but fortunately no one was hurt. That night we slept on the ground, which was a pretty cold bed; the next morning about ten o'clock, we heard heavy cannonading towards the river; that day we returned to our Camp, where we will remain. The firing we heard, was Col. Baker, with 1800 men, and the Rebels with about 13,000, under the command of Gen. Evans. Our men were repulsed with considerable loss, and Baker was killed. It seems hard to see our brave men fall, when our country so much needs them; but it seems to me that when we think of an easy victory, we are certain of defeat; but we hope there will not be many such, if statements are true there are nearly 400,000 troops in Virginia, and when they meet, there will be some warm work here—I think it will be soon. There is always something so solemn, that precedes a dreadful storm, that I think soon the storm that has been gathering for the last few months, will burst forth in all its fury, which will cause the earth to shake, and many a stout heart to beat more quickly than death. Already some of the bravest men, that ever trod American soil, have fallen in defence of their country, and yet there is more sacrifice to be made, but it gives me pleasure to see so many that are willing to give everything, even life; if needed, to restore our glorious Union.

There is something in the presence of war which not even the rugged forest can withstand. When we came here, we could not see but a little ways around; but now the woods have disappeared. Night and day we could hear the fatal axe doing its work of destruction, until the green forest has been completely cut down. Sometimes at the hour of midnight, the drums will beat all to arms, we get up, pack our knapsacks, get on our cartridge boxes and haversacks, all ready to start, but often it proves to be a false alarm; then we have to go to bunk again, or sit up and shiver with the cold. In the days of my boyhood, I thought it would be a nice thing to be a soldier, but I did not know the duties attached to such a life. We often lie down on the wet ground with nothing but the starry Heavens for our covering. I will try and describe our food—sometimes we get crackers that are so hard that it would make a porcupine howl to bite them. I would say that it is no place for a man, unless he has got good teeth—if he values his life worth anything—but we get enough of them; and we make out to worry them down in some shape; but I think with hard crackers and a plenty of powder and ball, we shall be able to make the rebels dance to the tune of "St. Patrick's day in the morning." I have often heard it said that the darkest hour is always just before day. If it be true, I think that day will soon dawn on us here, at least I hope so, for the night has seemed long and dreary.

We have got so stout that we drill with our knapsacks on, and I think that if we keep on improving, we shall be able to drill with our tents on our backs very soon. I think if I ever get back, I shall be able to add another volume to the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The boys appear to be in good spirits tonight, for they are dancing as hard as they can spit it down, at this moment in front of my tent; I like to see them feel so well. Often I have been standing alone on guard, I have thought of the many pleasures I have enjoyed in "Old Tioga County," and it seems as though it would give me much more pleasure to visit it once more; although there are high and lofty mountains and pleasant valleys which lie between me and that, yet often my thoughts leave this place of strife, and wander back to my native village which I may never see again, but I hope the storm will soon pass over, and then we can return to our homes with cheerful hearts, but until then, people of Tioga County, good by.
GEN. PUTMAN.

From another Correspondent.
CAMP PIERPONT, Oct. 23, 1861.
FRIEND AGITATOR.—We do not address ourselves as a Correspondent to your paper, but merely to inform you how we are enjoying camp life at present, and how we think we shall in the future, now that winter is near, and the rainy season that we have in this part, instead of our old winters of the north, which we (the Mud Sills of that glorious fabric) have to undergo.

We are now, as it would seem, on forbidden ground; expecting every day to receive orders to leave this holy precinct to the chivalry of our southern foes, and return to our own free soil, or else receive the punishment which they intended to inflict upon us by pitching us headlong over the Potomac, which is intended for the boundary between the two great nations; one to be ruled by King Cotton, the other by the "Mud Sills" of the North, as it is termed by the Chivalry. But we (the Bo-boys of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, 5th Regiment,) are ever willing and ready to meet them, and furthermore desire to have them try their Herculean power in throwing us over the other side of the river. You are doubtless aware of our crossing the Potomac, and establishing a strong foothold on the "sacred soil" of Virginia.

On the 8th of this month, after returning from a seven days' picket up at the "Great Falls," we received orders to have two days' rations cooked, packed in our haversacks, and be ready to march at a moment's notice. Later in the afternoon, we received orders to have everything packed and be ready to march into Virginia by the way of the "Chain Bridge," as our old camp was wanted for new regiments to camp in, as Washington was getting too full to be comfortable. We took up our line of march about 7 o'clock the same evening. After marching about three hours, in quick time, we bivouacked in an open field with the blue sky for our covering, as our tents and baggage did not follow us that night, for the reason of not having sufficient ways for the purpose of moving our baggage. The boys were middling tired, as we never halted once on the march; so after stacking arms, and unslung knapsacks, it was not many minutes before the whole Brigade was sleeping soundly. There was a large picket on the outside of us, so that we felt quite secure from an attack by the enemy. The next morning we took our position in the Brigade (which is the right flank) and pitched our tents in a most beautiful oak grove, where we have been for the last two weeks expecting an attack from our rebel neighbors. But on the 19th, our fears were somewhat removed, as the "Pennsylvania Reserve," under Gen. McCull, received orders to move up the Leesburg Pike, on a reconnoitering expedition. We took up our line of march early in the morning; our Regiment being the advanced guard of the Brigade, Kane's 8th Regiment acting as scouts. We passed up the Pike as far as Drainsville, without meeting with the rebel pickets, we then marched on to a point a mile and a half beyond, where our scouts encountered the rebel pickets, who fled at our approach. We were formed in line of battle, and awaited the arrival of Gen. McClellan.

The position was one which favored the rebel; so Gen. McCull ordered us to fall back as far as Drainsville, where we bivouacked for the night; we stayed there over Sunday. The boys enjoyed themselves on dainty meals of fresh pork's roast turkey, chickens, and plenty of fresh vegetables.

Kane's Rifles, done most of the scouting; they encountered some of the rebel scouts, when they fired upon them killing one, the rest taking to their heels; one of whom was cut off in his retreat, taken prisoner and brought into Camp, being quite a curiosity to the boys who had not as yet seen a "Seppoy." On Monday morning we received orders to fall into line and return to camp, which is about twelve miles from Drainsville. We done the marching in four hours, and came into camp in good order and feeling good. But we had no sooner got into Camp, than orders came for two days' rations to be cooked and in our haversacks, and be ready to march; we are still under this order, and hope that it will take us to some place where we will have a chance to meet some of their "Southern Chivalry." HAPPY FAMILY.

ANECDOTE TOLD BY DANIEL WEBSTER.—Hon. Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which has never been in print, and which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cool weather. One Sunday morning in the autumn, Father Searl brought his down from the garret; but the wasps had taken possession of them during the summer, and were having a nice time in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the scriptures to the congregation, he felt a dagger from one of them engaged small waisted fellows, and jumped about the pulpit, slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped around and danced the more they stung. The people thought him crazy and were in commotion what to do, but he explained the matter by saying:

"Brethren don't be alarmed. The word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches."

PARODY ON THE REBELS.—Hundreds of those extremely sensitive Kentuckians who so eloquently proclaimed that they could never take up arms against the Southern States, inasmuch as those States were Kentucky's elders have now taken up arms for the conquest of Kentucky herself. Isn't that enough to make the devil laugh?

The United States Government has seized in New York a million of dollars worth of brudry belonging in the South. What startling intelligence this will be in that unhappy region! How many thousands of rebel noses will turn pale in consequence.

The Richmond Inquirer says that the Confederates on the Potomac are determined to have a fight. Well they had better remember that there is only an ell's difference between a fight and a fight.

The Memphis Avalanche says "the Devil has broken loose in Missouri." We guess 'tis only General Price.

What's the matter, Frank?" said his mother to our little three year old, who was trouble with a pain the other day; "got the back-ache?"
"No, me no got the back-ache; me got front-ache."

A German in an obituary on the death of his wife said: "If mine wife had lived until next Friday, she would have been dead about two weeks. Nothing is impossible with Al-mighty."

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