

THE AGITATOR.

HUGH YOUNG, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. WELLSBOROUGH, PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 20, 1861.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The whole country is electrified by the intelligence that Mason and Slidell, the rebel ambassadors to Europe have been captured, and are now in the hands of the United States Marshal on their way to Fort Warren in Boston harbor.

Lieutenant Fairfax and thirty-five armed men went from the San Jacinto with five officers, who boarded the steamer and picked out the commissioners—Capt. Wilkes, at the same time, putting the San Jacinto in a convenient position.

Messrs Slidell and Mason made feeble resistance, but were induced to leave with Lieutenant Fairfax. The captain of the steamer raved and swore, called the United States Officers "piratical Yankees" and other abusive names.

This news will send a thrill of delight throughout the country, and these nervous persons, here and elsewhere, who are afraid Capt. Wilkes may possibly have exceeded his authority in the case—but the act will be approved by the whole country—yet from all the facts, it seems the British commander was aware, when he took Slidell and Mason on board, who they were and what they were going to Europe for.

They were received on board the English vessel, it is said, from the rebel steamer Nashville, while he latter, in turn transferred to its decks a quantity of arms brought over by the other (supposed to be the Trent), from England, for the use of Confederates.

If this statement is true the English Government will not attempt to find fault with what Capt. Wilkes has done. He did his duty to his country, under the circumstances, and Messrs. Slidell and Mason will have a chance of rustication for some time at Fort Warren, and eventually of stretching their limbs some morning before the war closes.

We have some more good news of the same kind to chronicle. The United States steamer Champion from Aspinwall arrived at New York on Friday, bringing a passengers from California, Gen. Sumner, and companies of the 3d Artillery, and three of the 6th Infantry U. S. A., with their officers.

While on the way Gen. Sumner arrested ex-Senator Gwin and J. Calhoun Benham of California, and Capt. Bright, formerly of the Revenue service, who were on the steamship Arizona, on suspicion of being secessionists about to go to Europe in the Rebel behalf.

The influence of their friends at Panama, Minister Herran and the Governor of New Jersey objected to their passage through the country on the ground that no extradition provision had been incorporated in the treaty with the United States.

At one time serious consequences were threatened, it is said, troops having been ordered out to oppose the passage of Gen. Sumner's prisoners; but the General resolved upon crossing the Isthmus *noies volens*, and the Governor contented himself by protesting against his act as a violation of the rights of New Granada. The prisoners were released on giving their parole not to leave the country without permission from the Government, and are now at the New-York Hotel.

THE VICTORY AT BEAUFORT.

The New York Tribune of Thursday contains an account of the exploits of the Great Naval Expedition which fills twenty-three columns of that paper. We compile from that account a brief summary in which we can only give the most important facts.

After undergoing dire perils by the assault of the winds and waves, our fleet met at Port Royal on Monday morning, Nov. 4, and very soon received the compliment of a noisy attack from the "Musketo" fleet under Commodore Tattall. Forty-five minutes sufficed, however, to disgust the Rebel commander with naval warfare, and his contemptible squadron scattered in a hasty retreat.

On Tuesday another attempt was made by this valiant fleet of Rebels to annihilate the Great Expedition, and for two hours there was sharp firing. Then three or four of our gunboats, being fired of this folly opened broadside in earnest upon Tattall, whose navy scratched away for the last time, and disappeared in any holes which opened to them. On Wednesday there was no fighting.

The decisive battle and consequent victory took place on Nov. 7. At the mouth of Port Royal are two forts, Beauregard and Walker, and as many of our vessels as it was deemed advisable to employ, began at 10 o'clock their bombardment. Fort Walker on Hilton Head mounted 23 guns; Fort Beauregard, on Bay Point, mounted 15 guns. Our vessels, making a majestic circuit, poured in the fire, broadside after broadside, upon the two forts. The scene is described as most thrillingly magnificent; the tempest of shell was unquelled; every gun was aimed with precision, and served with rapidity.

The shore batteries returned our fire bravely, but without effect; they had calculated on an easy victory, and fell a prey to panic when they discovered that the "Yankees" refused to be annihilated.

The battle began at twenty six minutes past nine in the morning, and at half past two in the afternoon the National flag was planted on the soil of South Carolina, greeted by the shouts of thousands of patriots, and saluted by strains of jubilant music from the various bands of the fleet.

Soon a regiment, the 7th of Connecticut, was put on shore to take possession of Fort Walker, over which the Stars and Stripes were then flying. They rushed to their work with the alacrity which has marked every movement forward of our troops; but there was little work for them to do; the Rebels, panic-stricken, had fled in most admired disorder, leaving behind them food, clothing, valuables, everything. The road over which they ran half a dozen miles across the island was strewn with muskets, knapsacks and heaps of other implements of warfare. It is said that they took boat at Senbrook for Savannah, but their movements cannot be with precision at this moment reported.

The next morning the National flag was flying from fort Beauregard also, and our troops were on their way to Beaufort itself. Beaufort was deserted by all white men except one. He was too drunk to move. He had celebrated the annihilation of the "Yankees" too early, and with too free a bowl. The negroes had everything their own way. Their masters have informed the world that the blacks desire nothing this side the grave except Slavery and the dear privilege of fighting in defence of their shackles. The theory reduced to practice has failed. The negroes pillaged their masters and ran with out stretched hands to the "invaders."

And so the flag once more waves on the shores where it was first insulted. This splendid success has been purchased with the loss of eight killed, six severely wounded, seventeen slightly wounded; total, 31. We have an estimate of the rebel loss, which makes it 120 killed 100 wounded.

Beaufort District has 32,000 slaves. Its annual crop of rice, cotton, and corn is valued at \$5,500,000. From this statement it is clear that its possession by us must be a terrible blow to the rebels, and an incalculable advantage to the National cause. We hold a splendid harbor, strong fortifications, or fortifications which may easily be made strong, and we have a position in Beaufort which can be successfully attacked by no force which does not strike from the sea. Our fleet will prevent any attack from that quarter, even if the rebels had any vessels. There is no aspect of this victory which is not bright; it is moreover, the sure precursor of even more brilliant successes in the future. till there shall be no longer any place for either battle or victory.

Our direct news from the fleet is up to 2 P. M. of Wednesday. All the troops had been landed, and the transports were putting ashore ordnance and stores. There was a rumor that the Union troops on Pope Island had been fired upon. Our troops were to take formal possession of Beaufort on Thursday.

An idea of the immense strength now wielded by the Government may be gathered from the fact that the volunteer force now in the field numbers fully four hundred and eighty thousand men—having but twenty thousand more to be recruited to reach the number authorized by Congress.

All was quiet, at latest advices, along the Upper Potomac. There were no large bodies of Rebel troops nearer than Leesburg. Picket shooting had been given up, and the beligerent sentiments were fraternizing. A slight skirmish is reported as having occurred near the Point of Rocks, but it was of little consequence.

price. We do not recognise any obligation incurred by accepting a subscriber's name and money, other than to furnish him with a good country newspaper. There is but little profit on each yearly subscription, and it is of small consequence to us personally whether a man "takes the *Corning Journal*" or not. If he deems it dear, let him stop it and go elsewhere. We give him the worth of his money, and the account is thus balanced. We desire no man to become a subscriber simply to "patronize" us. We carry no such "burden" of gratitude, as this would require.

The publisher of a country newspaper is not an object of public charity, to be sustained or crippled at the whim of his "patrons." If among our subscribers are any deluded individuals who imagine that the margin of profit, upon their respective newspapers, is a gift to "sustain" the *Journal*, we trust that they will bestow their charities where they may be appreciated. We ask no such favors, but while furnishing a weekly newspaper to our subscribers, we claim to render them a full equivalent for their money.—*Corning Journal*.

FROM THE BUCKTAILS.

A number of boys discharged on account of ill health—Lieut. Mack, and others, and on duty—Bumors of a war—Content between soldiers North and South—Sabbath in Camp—A whiskey incident—What the boys think of Fremont—The fleet, &c., &c.

CAMP PIERPONT, Va., Nov. 10, 1861. FRIEND AGITATOR.—Tis a warm and pleasant Sunday afternoon—the usual Sunday morning inspection has been gone through with, and I have wandered away from the camp, to enjoy an hour in the stillness of the forest, and to commune with your anxious readers. These grand old forests which but a few short weeks ago, sheltered us when weary, from the hot rays of the sun, are now fast being robbed of their golden uniforms—everything looks ripe with age.

The past week has been rather stormy, which makes our camp somewhat unpleasant, but all pains are taken by our officers and men, to keep warm and dry.

Our morning reports show less sickness in the camp now, than there has been in some time.

There will be a number of our Tioga boys discharged this week, on account of their health. I will give you their names next week. Lieut. Mack, leaves the hospital to-day, and joins his company; he has been confined there some three weeks—he looked rather slim for a soldier, but is improving fast.

Our regiment will be paid on Monday, and Tuesday. It is rumored that we will then leave this part of the country—whereas, we know not—perhaps, a trip down the Gulf Stream; nothing would please us more.

There is quite a contrast between being a soldier in the North, and in the South. We have a plenty of good, warm blankets, clothes and tents, and are fighting for a country, able and willing to get more, when these are gone. Our monthly pay, is in eagles and half eagles, bright from the mint; but it is not so with those in the Southern army, for according to all accounts, they are in many places in a suffering condition, without blankets, without suitable clothing, and in many cases, without tents to shield them from the storms. Their monthly pay is old shillings that are not worth a match to burn them up; but even this is far better than the cause in which they are engaged. We are fighting for that which is dearer than life itself—liberty. They are contending for slavery, and to tear down the best form of government that ever was constructed by the wisdom of man. But hark! The voice of prayer now falls upon my ear. While I have been writing this, a few praying men have come within a few yards of me, and have knelt down upon the wet ground, and are calling upon God who controls the armies of the earth, to prosper their dear ones at home, and save this glorious Union from the mad ambition of those who seek to destroy it.

Last Thursday afternoon, the 7th Maine Regiment, passed our camp, to a point a short distance beyond. Quite a number of them had rather too much of the ob-joyful in their upper stories, but all passed off quietly until about 10 o'clock in the evening, when the sharp crack of a rifle startled the camp; another, and another followed. Lieut. Harrower, who was officer of the guard, instantly sent Capt. Boardman to arrest whoever it might be. They soon found the intruder standing by a fire which he had made by the roadside. About this time, an object went flying through the heavens, discharging over our camp, which sounded like the rattling of two cats fighting. He (the man by the fire) was as tight as a brick, and had fired two shots at a man driving an ambulance with a coffin in it, and then shut his razor over our camp, and was trying to load again with his fingers, when he was taken and confined in the guard house for the night. He said he was a picket, and had got special orders from Gen. McClellan to shoot every man that passed.

The main topics of the camp for the past week have been Fremont and the fleet. All regret that Fremont has left the army. He has more friends in this division than any other General, except McClellan.

We have watched with great interest, for the last few days, to hear some tidings from our fleet. One hour we hear that the storm has sunk it to the bottom of the deep—the next, that Charleston is taken, and Sumner out—the next, that they are still fighting at Port Royal, and the next, that it is still moving onward, and is destined for some point along the gulf. Nothing would please this army so much, as to know that Charleston, that den of vipers, was in a shambles, and the Stars and Stripes once more waving over Sumter. South Carolina is the mother of traitors and traitors, and has caused this nation trouble enough; and nothing would suit me more than to see her soil once more barren as it was when nothing but the smoke of the red man's wigwag curled among the forest oaks, and the owls hooted among their branches.

COL. CROCKET.

From another Correspondent. FRIEND AGITATOR.—Having by this time had a taste of military life, and as it is raining just now and so muddy that I cannot find anything else to do, I will attempt to write a short letter to let you and the people of West Liberty know we are progressing on the road to military glory. I left Liberty about the eighth of September, with a patriotic fit on me, and landed in Camp Ruff, Norrisburg Philadelphia, all safe and sound, where I stayed two days and then went to the Arsenal and "took the rail" which made me one of Uncle Sam's boys, in the shape of a mounted Rifle Ranger. (but we have not got the rifles yet) and after staying in Camp Ruff long enough to get "broke in" on hard crackers and salt bacon, we started, niggers and all, for the "land of Dixie." We were drawn up in line, and "about face," nearly twenty times, when at last came the order to "present-butcher-knives," (being the only "present-butcher," then "forward march.") As we marched down to the depot, the people gathered round us to bid farewell to the departing soldiers, especially the colored population. At last we reached the depot, and got on board the cars, and were soon moving forward towards the city of Baltimore, where we landed about 7 o'clock the next morning. We marched through the city to the Washington depot in good order, except that about one-third of the men left the ranks to get their canteens filled and there we were treated with a "hunk" of bread and a piece of ham, with coffee, which we swallowed in "double quick," and then boarded the train that was to carry us to the Capital of this great Nation, and was soon moving as a "small train" over the rails: the train being a cattle-train, afforded us a grand view of the country, which I will say nothing about in this letter. We reached Washington about sundown, and marched into the soldier's retreat, after being again drawn up in line ten times, and about face twenty times more, 'till we began to swear sufficient to sink the Southern Confederacy. We got another "hunk" of bread and a piece of horse beef, with more coffee, which we stowed away in *craws*, and then lay down on the floor in the spit to sleep 'till morning. The boys all put up their knives, and made up their minds to have a good night's rest; they rested well enough, until midnight, when a locomotive gave a shrill whistle which aroused the "brave butcher-knife Rangers" from their dreams, and caused them to fly about in all directions, supposing it to be the "secessionists." Some ran out and knocked down the sentries that were stationed at the doors—some climbed the posts in the center of the building, and some have not stopped running yet. One old Irishman ran out against the bank, falling head long, but luckily he was not much hurt; he scrambled up in quick time, uttering "tis all humbug! jabbers, there is no secession here." We soon found out what it was, and the boys came back to lay down again, sweating never to run again as long as they had a knife in the regiment, and did not wake up till the sun was shining as bright as a gold dollar in my pocket, (but I didn't happen to have any.) After eating breakfast, which was on the same plain four o'clock supper, we started for camp. We marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, and halted in front of the White House; Old Abe came out, took off his stovepipe, made a polite bow, scraped his left foot, and made us a patriotic speech, winding up by saying "that he placed great confidence in us, and thought that we would make good soldiers, and that we looked as if we could run as fast as Jeff. Davis could." We felt highly complimented, presented butcher-knives, and gave three cheers for the Union, and then marched to camp. We were not long in pitching tents, and were soon settled down and quite at home again.

We had some narrow escapes while in camp. One of the guards fired two shots at his shadow on one moon-light night, and another shot a stray horse for refusing to stop and give the counter-sign. We stayed there under marching orders for about two weeks, when at last we saddled up and marched to this place, which we reached all safe and sound—have got our tents pitched, our hard crackers and pork, as usual, and I think when the rebels find that Charman's butcher-knives are on this side of the river, they will throw down their arms and disperse. We will use our knives to the best of our ability if attacked by the "secession," and the citizens of that vicinity and West Liberty, can look for the war being brought to a speedy close.

I have nothing more that would be interesting to the readers of the AGITATOR, except that we sleep close to a den of wolves who came from big Pine Creek. There are three of them, and they rejoice in the names of George, Andy and Mike; they are good looking animals and will make very good war-dogs, with a little training.

The boys are all well, and panting for a fight. BROS.

From another Correspondent. CAMP CAMERON, Nov. 8, 1861. FRIEND AGITATOR.—Wishing to have our company represented through your paper, and thinking that no responsible person will take the trouble, I seat myself on a pile of straw in a cloth tent, only 7 feet square, where six of us "live," or rather, "stay," to let the people of Tioga know how well their County is represented in this company—also to let them know our situation.

A small squad of us came down here on the 14th of October, under the supervision of Eld. Drake, who was recruiting for Capt. Lynch and Lieut. Dart's Command, and after drilling under the instructions of the above named Lieut. about two weeks, and seeing our Captain but two or three times, and when we did, "well you know people will drink sometimes"—so the boys petitioned to the Governor, saying, "that they could not consent to serve under Capt. Lynch, and wished to have B. S. Dart, appointed in his place, as they appreciated him, as a gentleman and a scholar; also, S. E. Hillier, Ist., and C. L. Greeno, 2d Lieutenant, who are well spoken of by every body here." The Gov. acceded to our requests, and they are duly installed in their respective offices.

Our camp is pleasantly situated on a sloping piece of ground near the Harrisburg and Philadelphia R. R., two miles from Harrisburg—is surrounded by large, handsome farms, carried on by Dutch people, and sleek farmers, they are too. They house their cattle in large, handsome buildings, made for that purpose; but they themselves, live in small—I say barns—no, for they are not large enough (generally speaking), to stable a span of horses, let alone stabling half a dozen young ones; for they look as if they were stall-fed, and never carried. But I am straying from my subject.

Our Camp is as regularly laid out in squares—main and cross streets, as the city of Philadelphia. Each company occupies a street by themselves, which they have to keep clean and tidy, by sweeping every morning before breakfast, when the weather will permit. Our company occupied the third street fronting to the Rail Road, and consists of eighty-nine men, all robust, hearty fellows. The Inspector of the camp, says we are a good looking set of fellows, nearly all of a height, and that when we come into action, he will expect a great deal from us. He also says that we keep our streets the cleanest of any company on the ground.—I hope our good looks have not deceived him, and that we shall always be found doing our duty, knowing, as we do, that God will protect and reward us in so doing.

Our company was organized and mustered in, last Saturday, and everything did not go as we were Saturday expected, (and, in fact, it never does.) Instead of electing the non-commiss-

ioned officers, as they generally do, our Captain appointed them, which is probably the better way, as it stops all strife for petty offices. Our Regiment is about full, and will be closed the first of next week, when we will get our arms and horses, as they are now ready and waiting for us. We are pretty well drilled in the marches on foot, and can soon teach our horses to "count time."

Our boys are all well here, but no doubt the conflict between love and duty in some cases, must be terrible, and many a love-lorn swain keeps step to the tune of "the girl I left behind me," with a sad and heaving heart.

War and love has many cares— War sheds blood, and love sheds tears. I will give you the names of our officers, and the place they occupy:

- Captain—B. S. Dart. First Lieutenant—J. E. Hillier. Second—C. L. Greeno. First Sergeant—C. H. Vandusen. 2d.—J. P. Wilcox. 3d.—C. C. Herman. 4th.—H. D. Calkins. 5th.—S. Q. Foster. First Corporal—M. S. Robinson. 2d.—M. R. Ross. 3d.—A. Weeker. 4th.—J. D. Becker. 5th.—L. Eighty. 6th.—A. J. B. Dart. 7th.—J. Ruggles.

Names of the privates in the Company from Tioga County—28 in all:

- Chas. H. Vandusen, W. V. Lovell, J. P. Wilcox, H. B. Morrison, H. D. Calkins, F. S. Morgan, D. M. Rees, M. H. McCollum, A. J. B. Dart, C. M. Ramsey, J. D. Ruggles, Wm. Waters, G. W. Ayers, Moris Woodard, A. C. Cleveland, P. D. Ramsey, Robt. Calhoun, C. D. Warner, Chas. Clark, Augustus Waters, Philander Hall, L. M. Sperry, T. S. Gillet, Noah Wheeler, J. S. Howe, C. H. Hartell, James Howe.

For the Agitator. Petroleum, Indigo, Coperas, Gold, or Something else Discovered in Farmington. THE EXCITEMENT INTENSE.

FRIEND AGITATOR.—As you ask for local news in various parts of the County, I thought that a few lines from Farmington about the gas spring which has been lately discovered in this part of the county, may not be uninteresting to the readers of your paper. All is excitement—the most intense that ever prevailed in this section of our County.

The present war has been quite exciting for the past eight months—and again there is another great noise about the four-thousand foldians, which were encamped in this County; but that soon died away. Oil springs have become quite common in different parts of Pennsylvania, and most of us have seen sulphur springs, and mineral springs of various kinds; but to see a living fountain of pure gas, issuing from the depths of the earth, is a rare thing, like the one which I am about to describe.

But a short distance from this place, at the base of a high hill, is a living fountain of pure gas, which has created a great excitement in this town, and I may say, County. People, old and young, women and children, are all flocking to the place, by night and by day, to get a peep at the wonderful discovery. Some three weeks ago, a company was formed, in shares of ten dollars each—the cash has been advanced, and operations have commenced.—The company has opened the ground to this date, to the depth of about twenty-four feet, and have curved the pit as fast as they have dug, to keep it from caving in. The first four feet was of blue clay, and then they came to gravelly quick-sand. As the workmen lower the pit, the gas becomes stronger; it is a great wonder to the natives, what is in this place. Some say lead—some silver—some think there is coal in this hill. One of the Company says that he has dug out Coperas and Indigo. Another says he has taken a chunk of gold. I am informed that near three bushels of the dirt has been sent to New York for chemical analysis. Several cart loads have been drawn to Tioga, for it is in that village where the principal stock-holders reside, though one or two live in New York city. Not only the dirt has been drawn to Tioga, but there have been Indian rubber bags, sent up from that place to be filled. There is no humbug in this, for the writer actually saw a man last Sunday with an Indian rubber bag under his arm, winding his way towards the gas spring; in all probability he wanted to get his winter's stock while it was cheap. A machine has been manufactured in New York, and sent to this place by one of the stock-holders, for trying this wonderful discovery. It is made of tin, with a gas tube and a spout like a tea-kettle. This tube is where we burn the gas. The spout is for filling their Indian rubber bags. About the burning, is no humbug, for the writer has been there and applied the match to the tube, and a finer blaze, or light, you never saw. One of the proprietors has ordered a quantity of bags, so I am informed, for the benefit of his neighbors, to light their houses, &c.

Gas Hollow, Nov. 18, 1861.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS. Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order, and your system deranged, and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some are creeping upon you, and should be arrested by the use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in healthy vigor, and you will feel the effects of the pills. These pills actively purify the system from all obstructions which make disease. A cold settles upon the system, and obstructs its natural functions. These, if not relieved, pass upon the bowels, and the surrounding organs, produce gas, and swell the system, and common complaint, is also true in many of the deep-seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect extends them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body, they are rapidly, and many of them cured by the use of these pills, which you know the virtues of these Pills, when suffering from the diseases they cure.

Statements from leading physicians in some of the principal cities, and from other well known public persons.

From a Forwarding Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 1, '61. Dr. AYER: Your Pills are the purgative of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her bowels, and that had proved incurable for years. Her mother has been long grievously afflicted with blotches and piles on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her.

- As a Family Physician. From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, New Orleans. Your Pills are the purgative of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her bowels, and that had proved incurable for years. Her mother has been long grievously afflicted with blotches and piles on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her. ASA MORGENTHAU.

DEAR BRO. AYER: I cannot answer you what my daily medicine is, but your Pills better than any that we ever treat with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on an effective cathartic in my daily course with my patients, and believing I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I can value them highly.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 1, 1861. Dr. J. C. AYER, Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst headache any body can have by a dose of two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which they cleanse, and I feel great respect, ED. W. FRENCH, Clerk of Steamer Canal.

Bilious Disorders—Liver Complaints. From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City. Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice cured many cases of biliousness, bilious complaints than any other remedy in existence. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., 7th Feb. 1858. Sir: I have used your Pills in my general hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say that they are a valuable and reliable remedy. Their regulating action on the liver is rapid and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of biliousness so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them.

ALFRED B. BALL, M. D. Physician of the Marine Hospital, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Relax Worms. From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago. Your Pills have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alternative effect upon the liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses, in cases of biliousness. Their sugar-coating makes them very palatable and convenient for the use of women and children.

Dyspepsia—Impurity of the Blood. From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Adcent Church Boston. Dr. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood, they are the very best remedy I have ever known. I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

WARREN, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855. DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and purify the fountains of the blood. JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.

Constipation, Costiveness, Suppression, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Paralysis, Fits, &c. From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada. Too much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of Constiveness. If others of our fraternity had found them so efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although not enough in itself, is the progenitor of others that are worse. I believe costiveness to originate in the liver, but your Pills affect that organ and cure the disease.

From Mrs. E. Stuart, Physician and Midwife, Barn. I find one or two large doses of your Pills, taken at the proper time, are a most powerful promoter of the natural secretion when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to cleanse the stomach and expel worms. They are so much the best physic I have that I recommend no other to my patients.

From Rev. Dr. Hucks, of the Methodist Episc. Church, Pulaski House, Savannah, Ga., Jan. 6, 1858. HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the praise your skill has brought me if I did not repeatedly call to you. A cold settled in my lungs and brought on excruciating neuralgic pains, which ended in chronic rheumatism. Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Macnamis, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

Senate Chamber, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. '55. Dr. AYER: I have been entirely cured by your Pills of Rheumatic Gout—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SLIDELL.

Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skillful hands is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever. Price 25 cents per box, or 5 boxes for \$1. Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co. Lowell, Mass.

Sold by C. & J. L. Robinson, Wellsboro; H. H. Borden, Tioga; W. G. Miller and C. Parkhurst, Lawrenceville; A. & J. Dearnan, Knoxville; S. X. Burt, Kings; J. & J. G. Parkhurst, Elkland; W. Mitchell, Mitchellville; J. Redington, Burt; Bennett & Randall, Middleburg Centre; G. W. Newbitt, Mansfield; S. S. Packard, Corvict; G. N. Sheffer, Liberty; S. S. Mack, Blossburg; F. & Witter, Mansburg, and by Dealers everywhere. Nov. 6, 1861—6m.

TIOGA CO. COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas, the Hon. Robert G. White, President Judge for the 4th Judicial District of Pennsylvania, and E. T. Bentley and J. C. Whittaker, Esq., Associate Judges in Tioga County, have issued their decree, bearing date the 14th day of Sept., 1861, and to be directed to the holding of the Court of Common Pleas, General Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer, at Wellsboro, for the County of Tioga, on the first Monday of December, (being the 24 day), 1861, and to continue two weeks thereafter.

Notice is therefore hereby given, to the Justices of the Peace, and Constables in and for the county of Tioga, to appear in their own proper persons, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and remembrances, to do those things which of their offices and in their behalf appertain to be done, as witnesses and others, as may be required, in and for the Commonwealth against any person or persons, who are required to be then and there attending, and not to depart at their peril. Jurors are required to be present in their attendance at the appointed times, respectively to notice.

Given under my hand and seal at the Sheriff's Office in Wellsboro, the 15th day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty one. S. L. POWER, Sheriff.

MANSFIELD CLASSICAL SEMINARY. MANSFIELD, TIOGA CO., PA. The Winter Term of this Institution will commence December 10th, 1861, and continue three weeks.

E. WILDMAN, A. M., PRINCIPAL. Mrs. H. P. R. WILDMAN, Preceptress. Miss E. A. CHASE, Music Teacher. Mr. ISAAC STICKNEY, Penmanship.

EXPENSES. Tuition, Room Rent, Fuel and Board per Term, in Common English, \$28 50. Tuition from \$2 50 to \$8 00.

The success of the school during these times when the country's need demands the services of every able-bodied young man, has been beyond the expectations of the most sanguine of its friends. The department of Penmanship is very popular. Prof. Stickney is a member of his profession. We are most happy to say that he has been prevailed upon to remain with us. Besides the daily instructions that he gives, Professor Stickney gives extra instructions to those desiring it for a reasonable compensation.

Students pay from the time they enter to the close of the term. Board in the Hall at \$1.50 per week. Rooms for self-boarding can be rented in the village. All kinds of produce taken in payment for tuition and board at market prices. Nov. 20, 1861. E. WILDMAN.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Tioga, Nov. 18, 1861. Akerly Robert, Hakes Enay J. S. Angh James, Howland Doct A. Bissett Henry, Hamilton Dr C K Baldwin T R, Palmer Chas O Churchill James, Palmer Ows D Dickerson G W, Sullivan Park Fenelon Ora, Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say they are advertised. LEWIS DAGGETT, P. M.