

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. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 10, 1862. NO. 5.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

3 months	6 months	12 months
Square, - - - - - \$2.00	5.00	\$8.00
do. - - - - - 5.00	10.00	18.00
do. - - - - - 7.00	15.00	28.00
do. - - - - - 8.00	20.00	35.00
do. - - - - - 15.00	30.00	50.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday morning, and mailed to subscribers at the rate of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, in advance. It is intended to notify every farmer when the term for which he has subscribed expires, by the figures on the printed paper, and the date of each paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. No man can be brought in debt to the editor.

The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, and is large and steadily increasing circulation. It is sent to every neighborhood in the County, and is a postage to any subscriber within the County, but whose most convenient post office may be designated. Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, 10 cents per year.

LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties, (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1862).

DICKINSON HOUSE,

CORNER N. Y. ST. AND W. ST. WELLSBORO, PA.

J. EMERY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,

part of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.

ISAAC WALTON HOUSE,

part of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.

G. C. CAMPBELL,

BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER, in the rear of the Post Office. Every day his lines will be done as well and promptly as is done in the city saloons. Preparation of dandruff, and beautifying the hair, by the use of Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1862.

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. It is a Republican in politics, and has a large circulation into every part of Steuben County, and is desirous of extending their business if they can get the adjoining counties will find it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,

WELLSBOROUGH, PA. (Formerly of the United States Hotel.)

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.,

WELLSBORO, PA. Would inform the public that he is permanently located in the Block and Cottage, Tioga Co., Pa., and has thirty years' experience in treating all the diseases of the eye, and his attendances on the sick are free of charge, and that he can cure without the use of any medicine, called St. Vitus' Dance, (Chorea) and will attend to any other but see a list of Physic and Surgery. Grand Boro, August 5, 1860.

DENTISTRY.

C. N. DART, WELLSBORO, PA. Would respectfully say to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he has just received from WRIGHT'S PATENT AND REED'S PATENT the best and most complete machinery for the line of DENTISTRY. Wellsboro, April 20, 1862.

CORNING,

WHOLESALE DRUG AND BOOK STORE. WINDOW GLASS, KEROSENE OIL, ALCOHOL, BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

W. D. TERRELL,

NEW YORK PRICES. Would inform the public that he has just received from WRIGHT'S PATENT AND REED'S PATENT the best and most complete machinery for the line of DENTISTRY. Wellsboro, April 20, 1862.

WANTED!

THOUSAND BUSHELS WHEAT, FIVE THOUSAND BUSHELS CORN, ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS OAT, ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS RYE. Which we will pay CASH!

WRIGHT & BAILEY,

Feed by the pound, sack or barrel. Bran in any quantities, cheap at Wright & Bailey's new Flour.

FREED K. WRIGHT,

WELLSBORO, PA. Goods delivered FREE OF CHARGE.

WESTFIELD SELECT SCHOOL,

U. P. STEBBINS, Teacher. Full Term will commence August 26, 1862, and continue 12 weeks.

U. P. STEBBINS,

WELLSBORO, PA. Tuition. English Department. English and one higher. English and two or more higher. Deductions in tuition only in case of cost in books. No effort will be spared to make this school a success in this country. Public examinations held monthly. Vocal Music taught by Roman & Co., for the accommodation of students. U. P. STEBBINS, Teacher.

LITTLE MINNIE'S WISH.

I wish this war was ended, And father was at home, Then mother would not cry so much— Oh! why don't father come?

I'm sure my mother loves me, But why, I cannot tell, She makes no more clothes for me, But sews on clothes to sell.

I asked her once about it, But mother could not speak— She only pressed me to her breast, While tears fell on my cheek.

I'm sure there's something very bad Has happened for I know My mother did not do this way About twelve months ago.

I am too young to reason much, But think it very strange, That just because dear father's gone That everything should change.

For since he went away, the man That used to bring us bread, Has ceased to come along this way— I'm thinking he is dead.

I see the milk-man still goes by, But why, I cannot tell, He will not stop at our house, Nor even ring his bell!

The butcher, too, that used to be So kind, polite and clean, Will not bring me one bit of meat, I think he is right mean!

I told my ma to change them all, And try some other men; She sighed, and then came down her cheek Big tears, like drops of rain.

Ma used to have nice furniture— But why I cannot say, She let a man that had a car, Haul nearly all away.

I wish this war was ended, And father was at home; Then ma, I'm sure would smile again— Oh! When will father come?

An Incident of the Revolution.

While General Howe, with his British army, held possession of Philadelphia, and General Washington, with the few half-starved troops under his immediate command, was encamped at a place called White Marsh, a few miles distant from the city, an incident occurred, which, though seemingly trifling in itself, may have had an important bearing upon the destiny of the whole country.

Lieut. Colonel Craig, commanding a detachment of light horse, was ordered to approach the enemy's lines, and hover near them, in the capacity of videts, to pick up any intelligence that might be of value to the army. While engaged in this important duty, one cold, raw day in December, an orderly called his attention to a woman who was coming up the road.

The officer watched her as she ascended the hill, and when he perceived, by her stopping and looking frightened, that she had discovered his command, he rode forward, and called out, in a reassuring tone: "Advance, madam—you have nothing to fear from true soldiers!"

The lady, who was well wrapped up in plain, warm garments, with a hood that quite concealed her features at a short distance, now came forward, without hesitation, to meet the colonel, as if satisfied from his language and appearance she had nothing to fear. When near enough for him to distinguish the features that were turned full upon him, he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise:

"Mrs. Darrah, as I live! Why, what on earth can have brought you, all alone and unprotected, into this dangerous locality?"

"These knows, friend," she replied in the Quaker style, "I have a son in the American army—who is, like thyself, an officer under George Washington—and a mother's heart yearns toward her offspring, even though he has departed from the ways of his fathers."

"God bless you, Lydia Darrah, for a noble woman!" said the colonel, with excited warmth, "perhaps you have saved our country—who knows? for had this plan succeeded, which we will now defeat, and General Washington been taken prisoner, I much fear our cause would have been hopeless."

"I will make haste to finish my story, for these must ride fast to George Washington. After hearing what I have said, I stole back to my room, trembling at the importance of what I had heard. And when the men, soon after, knocked on my door for me to get up and let them out, I pretended to be asleep, and they had to knock three times. Then I came out rubbing my eyes, and saw them off. But I slept none that night, for thinking what I ought to do; and I did not dare to tell my husband, for fear the secret might get out. I wanted to get the information to George Washington, and save a great many lives, but for some time I could not see my way clear to do it. At last it occurred to me that I might go to Frankfort for some flour, if the man Howe would give me a pass out of town. I went over to him, and he gave it. Then I told William and my family that I would go alone to Frankfort for the flour, which greatly surprised them and caused much remonstrance. But I did go alone, and these eyes, friend, how much I have since strayed beyond the mill!"

In due time Lydia Darrah returned home with her flour, secretly trembling at all she had done and the fear of discovery. The night following she laid awake, and heard the heavy, solemn tramp, tramp, of the British troops as they marched past her window, and on out of the city, to surprise, defeat, and capture the army for whose success she had not only often prayed, but had so lately periled more than life.

When, a few days after, these same troops returned, Lydia Darrah dared not ask the question she was so anxious to have answered, lest her emotions might betray her. Soon after, the adjutant general called upon her and said: "Madam, will you do me the favor to enter my room, that I may ask you a few important questions?"

Lydia Darrah, believing her secret discovered either by chance or betrayed, turned dreadingly pale, and almost fainted with terror, but fortunately the officer took no emotions; and soon recovering herself, she determined to boldly brave out the worst. She therefore went to his apartment with a firm step, nor showed any signs of trembling when she saw him look the door.

"Now, madam," he said, with stern and stately dignity, as he handed her in, "I beg you will answer me truly, as if your life were at stake! Who was the last person up, of your own family, on the last night I was closeted in this room with a brother officer?"

"Myself," was the firm and quiet reply of Lydia Darrah.

"Are you certain, madam?"

"Quite—for these requested me to send all the family to bed by eight o'clock, and I did so, myself going last."

"You would be willing to this madam?"

"We Friends never swear," returned the other with dignity: "but these has my word for the fact."

"Well," returned the officer, with an air of chagrin, "I do not understand it. You, I know, were asleep, for I myself knocked three times at your door before I could rouse you. We that night laid a plan to attack and capture General Washington and his army; but by some means, unknown to me, he got news of our design, and has frustrated our purpose. When we arrived before his camp we found all his cannon mounted, and his whole command prepared to give us battle; and disappointed and chagrined, we have all marched back like a parcel of fools! That is all madam!" concluded the officer, rising, unlocking the door, and bowing out the mistress of the dwelling.

Lydia Darrah retired, with feelings of relief better imagined than described.

Who shall say how much the subsequent dwellers in this Land of Freedom have owed and still owe to the cunning and heroism of this noble woman?—N. F. Ledger.

A capital story is told us of an old farmer in the northern part of this county, who had been "serving up" to take up a mortgage of \$2,000 held against him by a man nearer the sea shore. The farmer had saved up all the money in gold, fearing to trust the banks in these war times. Week before last, he lugged down his gold and paid it over, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Why, you don't mean to give this \$2,000 in gold, do you?" said the lender.

"Yes, certainly," said the farmer. "I was afraid of the pesky banks, so I've been saving up the money, in yellow boys, for you this long time."

ORREN M. STEBBINS.

I am now undertaking one of the most painful tasks of my life, in trying to say a word concerning the life and character of him whose name stands at the head of this article. Many noble young men have offered themselves as a willing sacrifice upon the altar of their country—have left their homes and all the tender associations of childhood to uphold the dignity and power of the Republic. Many have upheld the flag of their Country with their life's blood, and among that number is ORREN M. STEBBINS. The subject of this sketch was born on the 16th day of June, 1833, in Madison County, New York, and was killed in the battles before Richmond, on Monday, June 30th, 1862, and was consequently 29 years old. He lost his father when an infant. His mother afterwards married Ezra Potter, Esq., of Middlebury, with whom he always resided during his minority, working most of the time upon the farm, but always fondly cherishing the idea of acquiring an education. This was the dream of his boyhood, and in the fall of 1856 he left home for the purpose of attending Alfred Academy. Previous to this he had twice been elected Constable of Middlebury, and discharged the duties of his office with promptness and fidelity. He was a member of the Sons of Temperance and of I. O. of Good Templars, and continued to be as long as those organizations had an existence in this County. He was an earnest and efficient worker in the temperance cause, and did very much to build up this good work in this county. He was at his post, and shrank from no duty as a member.

From the fall of 1856 to the breaking out of the present Rebellion, he was engaged in teaching and attending school. He had acquired a fine education, and had a most promising future before him. As a teacher he stood among the first in Northern Pennsylvania. He had taught the select school at Westfield with the best of success. As a disciplinarian he had few equals, and was dearly beloved by both patrons and pupils.

He had ever been an earnest and devoted friend of universal freedom. His voice and pen were ever ready to war against tyranny, outrage and wrong. Constitutionally, he was opposed to oppression, and many a time have I listened as his clear, ringing voice, echoed through the walls of "Old Union," in defence of those God-given principles which we received from our fathers. He was no half way friend, and anything he undertook he entered upon with his whole soul.

At the breaking out of this Rebellion, he closed his school as soon as possible, determined upon contributing his efforts in maintaining our Republic, and without begging for a paying position—without waiting for an office, he went alone to Harrisburg—upon his own expense, and enlisted as a private in "Co. A" of the "Bucktails." He was soon after elected orderly sergeant, and what has transpired to him since then is known full well to every reader of the AGITATOR, he being the author of the letters published over the signature of "Col. Crockett," and they speak for themselves. As a correspondent he was indefatigable. Every week his familiar letter regularly appeared, and none others were sought after with more avidity than his. As a ready writer he had few equals in our country. He had never studied the rules of art, but his letters told of a heart gushing with principle and duty. They had a freshness and vigor which at once commanded attention, and how they were made so novel and interesting during the monotony of camp life, is the mystery. His articles could be relied upon. No one questioned his statements, and every reader of the AGITATOR, I doubt not, misses the weekly instalment of "Col. Crockett."

That he entered the army from the purest conviction of duty, no one questions. He thought not of position or pay. His only saw the flag of his country ruthlessly fired upon by traitors, and defiantly trailed by them, torn and tattered in the dust. He only saw his country, bleeding at every pore, calling forth her sons to the rescue. He only saw our republican institutions in danger of being destroyed by a ruthless despotism, and he threw aside his books, left home and all the endearments of youth—friends and relatives, and all things dear to us on earth, and started alone for the seat of war and entered the ranks as a private. During his whole life he had written and spoken for freedom, and when the hour came he was found willing to fight for it.

In February last, I had the pleasure of revisiting him at Camp Pierpont, Va., and never shall I forget our meeting and parting. Stebbins was the last man I left at camp. By the side of his little cabin we bid each other the parting farewell, and while his hands grasped mine, said he: "Tell my friends I would gladly see them, my father, my dearly beloved mother, and my brothers, sisters and friends. I would rejoice to greet them all, but say to them that I never shall return home until this unholy rebellion is crushed out. Tell them that I entered for the war, and shall never ask a leave of absence until that dear old flag," pointing to theirs which had DRUMMELLS inscribed upon it, "floats once more honored and respected over a united and loyal people. Tell them I think of them often. I see them in my dreams and think of them in my waking hours, but duty is here. Tell them I can well contrast a mother's care, and a sister's love, with the wantonness of camp life; that I fully realize the difference between the comforts of home and the luxuries of life, and my little mud hut and government fare; but tell them, said he, his eyes moistening with tears, "that I complain not—that I am but doing what my country demands of me; and that I shall do so until death shall contribute all the strength God has given me to the maintenance of our government."

Through thick and thin he followed the army, never once asking for a leave of absence. It was his company that received the first onset of the Rebels near Mechanicsville, June 26th, and well they sustained themselves. For four long days, Stebbins was in the thickest of the fight. He seemed a charmed life. The iron hail fell thick and fast around them as the little remnant of that devoted band beat back the armed

hordes of Secession. From Friday till Monday they had fought by day and retreated by night, until their Regiment numbered scarcely more than a hundred men—until their officers were mostly gone, and the James River in sight. Night and day he cheered his fellow soldiers—while thousands were falling thick and fast around him, he despaired not—when the madened rebels rushed upon them with insane fury, the little fragment of his Regiment was as firm as the adamantine hills. Never during that long continued contest did they retreat an inch, except when ordered. And when the battle seemed almost over—when our arms appeared victorious at every point—after he had helped bear the burden of the fight so long, the fatal shot came whizzing through the air, and poor Stebbins was no more! The leaden ball had done its work, and his spirit had taken its flight to a more peaceful shore.

Thus nobly fell one of the noblest young men of our country—but his is—

"One of those few immortal names, That are not born to die."

It is sad to think that never more upon this earth will he behold him; that his kind greetings will never more be extended to us, but such is war. It strikes alike at the good and the bad; the noble and the ignoble; the hero and the coward. Stebbins is no more! but he died not in vain. He poured willingly his heart's blood upon the drooping tree of Liberty, that our nation might live! And what a sacrifice!

And while no sculptured monument marks his last resting place; while his remains, perchance, lie bleaching upon a hostile soil, far from friends, home and kindred, his manly deeds, pure principles and earnest devotion to his country, are embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen, and his name will ever be honored and respected while we continue to revere that starry flag which is emblematical of American Independence.

"Ah, never shall the land forget, How gashed with life blood of the brave; Gashed warm with hope and courage yet, Upon the soil they fought to save." Middlebury, Aug. 20, 1862. FRANK.

From Hammond's Company.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31, 1862.

DEAR AGITATOR.—It has been two weeks since I wrote you concerning Capt. Hammond's company. Since then some things have occurred which may be of interest to your readers, who are acquainted with us. Our regiment was formed last Wednesday, and organized the next day. Four companies from Alleghany, one or two from Cambria, our own, and some men from Luzerne, constitute it, so far as I remember. Alleghany has the Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Quartermaster, Adjutant, and Surgeon. I think, and I don't know how much more—Colonel Bayne has seen little if any service, but is reputed a gentleman, and a man of considerable reputation. I like him very much, and believe he will make an efficient officer—Lieut. Col. Wright is a military man, and no doubt will be of much service in bringing up the reputation of the regiment. The Adjutant is without experience I believe, which I fear will be against us; though he is intelligent, and may soon make a proficient officer. Yet I think a military man is needed in that place, and supposed that one would be appointed; for it requires more executive ability than any other position in the regiment. A good practical business man would soon learn what his duty is, and how to do it; but while all are green, both officers and men generally in the regiment, we need a man here to see everything done in order, and in a manner to be a pattern for all. I suppose that Mr. Charles Ryan, from our own county, is Major. I think he has no military knowledge.

We have been so busy since the organization of the regiment, that I have not learned much of interest to you about it.

Thursday morning, the 28th inst., we went to town for our arms and accoutrements, to get which through the delay incident to any move to be made by a thousand men, (for our regiment is nearly full), took till the meridian was past, and the men were tired on reaching Camp Curtin, through the inevitable and everlasting dust, which has beset us ever since leaving home, till to-day on our march hither, which was in a smart rain, and considerable mud, through a short stretch of three or four miles. On arriving in camp that day, rations for two days were ordered, soon prepared, and the company ready and eager to march, and leave behind the din of the dusty and busy camp at Harrisburg. Our company was posted on the right, and has the honor or misfortune of wearing the letter A; so that our friends may for the present direct to us at Washington, 136 Regt., Pa. Vol., Co. A. It lies with us to determine whether we are deserving of the position or not; and we appeal to the good sense and pride of our boys to yield a cheerful obedience to even rigid discipline in order that we may well deserve the honorable post we hold. If it be more dangerous, let us meet the danger by the power of discipline, and the safeguard of skill. We were aboard the special train and ready for the move at 6 p. m., same day. Mr. William P. Cowan, a member of our company from Lawrenceville, was quite sick when we started, and when we had switched across the river, he was so much worse that he was unable to accompany us. He is among the very best men of our company, and we were very sorry to leave him behind; but it was inevitable; and we had but three minutes to make arrangements to see him well cared for. A friend was left with him, who arrived here yesterday, and reports him likely to recover soon. I think we need not be uneasy about him; for he will have good care, and doubtless will be with us in a few days. The train was moving smartly before we made these hurried arrangements; Lieut. Bailey and myself being compelled to jump on the train between two cars without any entrance in the ends, and thus forced to ride either between or upon the cars till we should arrive at the next stopping place. There were no railings on the ends of the cars, and we chose to take the more slightly position. It was night. My friend and I sat upon the car where all the surrounding country was before us; and we could but admire the beauty

of the scenery, as we whirled along and wound about the turns of the river, which lay sleeping before us, winding through that beautiful valley of the Susquehanna, famed in history and story. Islands covered with a thick brushwood in some cases, in others, with groves of sycamores and other river timber, dotted the broad expanse of those waters, a part of which had washed the very banks of our own homes along the Tioga and its tributaries; and we, a little band from our patriotic country, were mingled with many others from our great State, composing our regiment, seeking one common destiny, and at length to be lost among the many, many thousands, loyal Americans, who are striving to save and perpetuate the liberties of the people, and the institutions of our great country. But I will not consume your space with what we may have seen, or thought; for we live in war times, and value most that which relates to the history we are making.

We arrived in Baltimore about 2 at night—"Through Baltimore!" How expressive that phrase, when the Capital of the nation trembled between armed secession on the south and secret co-operation with rebellion on the north! Now how different! It was the dead night; but patriotism did not sleep in the bosoms of the loyal men of Baltimore; for as we marched in solid tread down the same street where the Massachusetts, 6th was assailed with all kinds of missiles, and by the fire of hidden rebels on the memorable 19th of April, 1861, the bright stars of our proud banner shone upon its folds waving from many a window at that silent hour, made thus doubly impressive. Cheer after cheer went up at the sight of the old flag, as we moved on in solid column two miles through the streets at that solemn hour. Arrived at the depot, the boys were glad to unburden their shoulders from the heavy knapsacks and guns. At 4, we were ordered up street to buildings of the Soldiers' Relief Association, where we partook of coffee, and other refreshments. The Government pays the price of rations; and the association provides for all soldiers stopping there. The assistance is voluntary, and the city furnishes means to support the object. In the second story is a canvas transparency, on which is represented a soldier, and a benevolent looking gentleman, with the words, "Welcome to Baltimore!"

We left for Washington about 8 o'clock in the morning and arrived shortly after noon, the men receiving government rations in a depot kept for that purpose. I strayed up town, took my first look at the Capitol, bought some necessities, and returned in company with Lieut. Bailey, who is well acquainted with the points of interest in and about the city. The Regiment was ordered to Fort Lincoln, a position to the north of the city within the District, with twelve rifled guns. We arrived in time only to pitch tents in a briar patch, otherwise a good place; and were pretty well settled by bed time. For four nights through the constant din of preparation for departure, guard duty &c., I had slept but very little, and our friends may well suppose that we were somewhat tired. We had marched about seven miles Thursday before starting, ridden all night, marched two miles in Baltimore, some four miles here, pitched tents, cared for baggage, and now were not disinclined to lie down for sleep, even on our briar beds. Soon came the order "three men for guard duty, with forty rounds of cartridges!" Who should go? This the Orderly (who by the way makes all his points well) had no difficulty in settling. But before the ammunition was brought, we were ordered to give our men 40 rounds ammunition; and be in the rifle pits at 3 o'clock in the morning! Reports prevailed that Jackson intended crossing the river, and making a raid in this vicinity. The men were in most cases eager, notwithstanding the fatigue which oppressed them. By the time the ammunition was distributed, it was midnight. We lay down to sleep for the remaining hours, and were prompt at the time. No enemy came however, yet no doubt the surprise was beneficial to us. Some of us probably expected there was no danger; yet we were there to obey orders. Last night was the same; and this morning we were ordered here to guard a bridge across the east branch of the Potomac, on the road leading from Fort Mahan to the city. We started at nine, in a smart rain, without tents, with only what we could pick up in the cook's tent for rations, so we still have to bivouac to night; and stand our chances. I see no reason why our tents should not have been sent along with us.

We had a dress parade this afternoon at 5: The Captain acted as Colonel; 1st Lieut. Adjutant; 2d Lieut. Captain &c., &c., and the whole was quite an episode. Sergeant Garrison reported 57 men, 6 in guard house for stealing melons, 3 wounded in the rifle-pit last night, and sundry other funny things, if I may may make such a choice of words.

Yesterday from morning till dark, a desperate battle was raging near Centerville; and the greatest excitement prevailed in the city. The boys here all generally well. Yours truly, AMATOR JUSTITIAE.

KEEN.

The Rev. Mr. French, who has recently been engaged in a Missionary work among the contrabands at Fortress Monroe, relates the following among other instances of the natural shrewdness of this "peculiar" people:

On passing an old woman, returning from camp, with a large bag of clothes on her head, and her arms heavily laden with wood, we said: "Hard times for poor colored folks, when kind masters have run away from them."

Her face lighted up as she replied:—"Oh! no, indeed, these be good times, bless the Lord; we been praying for such times many years."

"You cannot support yourselves can you?"

"Oh! yes; if we could support ourselves, and masters too, guess we could support ourselves, if we had a chance."

An Irish carriage driver made a very happy and characteristic reply the other day. A gentleman had replied to Pat's "Want a carriage?" by saying, "No, I am able to walk."

When Pat rejoined, "May your honor long be able, but seldom willing."