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, OCTOBER 29, 1862. NO. 12.

Terms of Publication.

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invariably 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 farther remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent *free of postage* to any subscriber within the county limits, but whose most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, $5 per year.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.

DICKINSON HOUSE

CORNING, N.

MAJ. A. FIELD, ... Proprietor.

Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

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. nov21,60

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.

Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa.

J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.

This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and refurnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,

E. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of 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. C. CAMPBELL,

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.

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 removing dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL.

George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.

IS 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 desirous of extending their business into this and the adjoining counties will find it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

E. S. FARR, - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.

(*Formerly of the United States Hotel.*)

Having leased this well known and popular House, solicits 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.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.,

WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland Boro, 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 fail, the dreadful disease, called St. Vitus' Dance, (*Chorea Sancti Viti.*) and will attend to any other business in the line of Physic and Surgery.

Elkland Boro, August 8, 1860.

DENTISTRY.

C. N. DARTT

WOULD respectfully say to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he has opened his office over WRIGHT'S FLOUR AND FEED STORE, where he will continue to do all kinds of work in the line of DENTISTRY.

Wellsboro, April 30, 1862.

CORNING

WHOLESALE DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
PAINTS AND OILS,
WINDOW GLASS,
KEROSINE OIL,
ALCOHOL,
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

Sold at wholesale by

W. D. TERBELL,

Country Merchants supplied with these articles at

NEW YORK PRICES.

Corning, Feb. 26, 1862.

WANTED!

ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS WHEAT!
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS CORN!
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS OATS!
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS RYE!

For which we will pay CASH!

WRIGHT & BAILEY.

Flour by the pound, sack or barrel
Feed by the pound or ton,
Bran in any quantities,

for sale cheap at Wright & Bailey's new Flour and Feed Store.

Pork cheap at our Store.

All goods delivered *FREE OF CHARGE* within the Corporation. FRED M. WRIGHT.

WOOL CARDING AND

CLOTH DRESSING,

IN THE OLD FOUNDRY AT

Wellsborough, Tioga County, Pa.

THE subscriber having fitted up the place for the purpose of Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing, and also would inform the people that we will take wool to manufacture on shares or by the yard, to suit customers, and would inform the people that we can card wool at any time, as our works run by steam power, and also that all wool will be carded for four cents per pound. Wool and produce will be taken for pay for the same.

N. B. Prompt attention will be paid to all favoring us. We will give good satisfaction.

CHARLES LEE,
JOHN LEE.

Wellsboro, June 11, 1862.

SPRING FASHIONS.

S. P. QUICK, HATTER,

No. 135 Water Street, Elmira,

Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of

FASHION SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS.

Also all kinds of Soft Hats and Caps, Furs for Ladies, &c. Hats made to order. Call and leave your measure, and then you can have a Hat to fit you. Prices to suit the times. Quality warranted.

Elmira, March 19, 1862.

AMERICAN HOTEL.

(*formerly D. Hart's "Crystal Fountain" House.*)

CORNER OF MAIN AND QUEEN STREET,

WELLSBORO, PA.

MRS. BOLERMAN, - - - Proprietor.

Strict attention paid to the comfort of guests. Good stabling. Charges reasonable.

A good Cook and a hostler wanted.

Wellsboro, Sept. 3, 1862.—ly.*

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged $1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 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,	$3,00	$4,50	$6,00
2 do.	5,00	6,50	8,00
3 do.	7,00	8,50	10,00
¼ column,	8,00	9,50	12,[illegible]
½ do.	15,00	20,00	30,00
Column,	25,00	35,00	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', Constable's and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

We love the friends our hearts hold dear,
Our sisters and our brothers,
But most of all we ought to love
Our dear devoted mothers.
Although this world is dark and drear,
Its joy partakes of sadness,
Yet now and then there will appear
A beam of love and gladness.

A friend may love us long and well,
And cling through joy and sorrow;
But then some evil cursed spell
May chill his love to-morrow!
But firmer than the love of friends,
And stronger than all other,
The purest love we ever knew
Is that of our dear mother.

A sister's love is fond and true,
And full of tender feeling,
Appreciated by the few,
An often unrevealing;
But dearer than a sister's love,
And fonder than all others,
The dearest, sweetest love on earth
Is a devoted mother's.

A brother's love is firm and true,
A father loves us longer;
A wife's devotion greater still,
And her affection stronger;
But dearer than those loves combined,
And sweeter than all other,
There is no love as true and kind
As a devoted mother.

They tell that spirits hover round,
From evil to detain us;
That friends, whom once we knew on earth,
In Heaven may still befriend us;
But dearer here than angels' love,
And purer than all others,
The love on earth we need the most,
Is a devoted mother's.

Then let us prize our mothers more,
While they are left to love us,
And cherish in our hearts their words,
If now they watch above us;
And ne'er forget, or treat with slight,
That love above all others,
Which filled, forever burning bright,
The hearts of our dear mothers.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

A STORY OF BLIGHTED HOPES AND BROKEN HEARTS, AND A RESTORATION OF BOTH.

Long story, but must make it short. No room for love while politics rule. Got the particulars from an individual who had it all by heart.

Young man by the name of William—young lady by the name of Belinda. Lived in some neighborhood near neighboring town. Young man good looking, but not rich—plenty of kin, but no money. Young lady's beauty not likely to be the death of her; but grandma went under a year ago and left a pile of ten cent pieces large as a pound of wool. Young lady desperately in love with young man, and young man desperately in love with young lady. Young man wouldn't let concealment, "like none of your deemed worms," feed on his cheek; told his love "immejitly." Young lady acknowledge the corn—"thine, forever thine, dearest William!" and wilted into the young man's arms sweet as you please.

"He held her gentle hand in his,
And pressed her slender form.
And vowed to shield her from the blast,
And from the world's cold storm.

And then she raised her eyes to his,
And filled with drops of woe,
And in the tenderest accents cried,
Oh, quit—don't hug me so!"

Such is life and love. Young lady told young man to interrogate old folks. Young man did. Old folks said "not if they could help it." Young lady broken hearted—quit combing her hair—took off hoops—wore shoes slip shod, and wanted to "find relief in the silent tomb." Young man met young lady by moonlight alone, wanted young lady to throw bundle of clothes out of back window, climb down rope ladder "into these arms," and fly to squire and hapiness. "I may die—I know I shall die, William—but never will I wed thee, dearest one, without consent of ma or pa." Young man pleads like angels, trumpet tongued. Young lady stubborn and dutiful. Young man tries indignation—upbraids young lady—swears,

"He did not think to find so cold
A heart he deemed so true
A heart like his would yield her all,
If love like his should woo."

and talks of pistols and prussic acid. "Oh! William, leave me—quit my sight forever, but take me along with you!" Young man happy as a nigger at a corn shucking, and tells young lady to look out Saturday night and don't be scared if she sees ladder poked in window—"poked in window—"your William will be at t'other end." Young lady thinks she has gone too far, and says better wait till she's her own mistress, only five years. Young man says "five years be darned." Was coming Saturday night with ladder—if his heart's idol would not fly from parental tyranny and be happy with him and let him be happy with her, well and good; if not disappointment shouldn't feed on his vitals long—a pistol would fix things quick enough. Young lady all tears again. "Cruel, cruel man—carry me to the ends of the earth, I don't care where, just so you carry me."

Saturday night young lady shuts up "savagerous dog" in smoke house, and goes up stairs. Young man carries ladder two miles; puts ladder up to window and whispers; Belindy!" very loud. Belindy dosen't hear; but dog does, and cuts up among meat barrels terribly. Old lady wakes up. Old man gets up, takes down double barrel gun, opens the doors easy, slips around smoke house and gets out dog. Dog pitches around, and trees young man and lady up ladder. Old man smells large rat trap full of mice, and dodges behind tree. Young people reach the ground, young lady having drove dog off. "Oh! William, I am afraid." "Afraid dearest; and of what? Is not thine own here to protect———." Old man lets off one barrel of gun—young man disappears over fence, leaving coat tail in possession of dog, and young lady screams and faints in old man's arms.

Young lady sent off next day to Kentucky, and young man starts to Texas—in a horn.—Young lady been two weeks at small town in Kentucky—telegraphic despatch one night——pa quite sick, see if company can be had at hotel, and come at once. Young lady sends to hotel to know if anybody is going to———in Tennessee. Yes; genteel young man going right to that place. Early next morning stage takes up young lady, and goes round to hotel for young man. Young man gets in. "William!" "Belindy! hush, don't say a word!"—"How is pa?" "In first rate health." "That dispatch?" "Had it sent my self." "Wretch! where are you going to take me?" "To the parson's."

Happy couple at hotel here last week. Telegraph to old man all about it. Old man comes down next day with all necessary feeling and arrangements to take lady home a premature widow. But dosen't do it. Young son-in-law gentlemanly and polite—loved daughter so well couldn't help it. Young lady all tears again equal proportions. "Kill me if you will my father, but spare William." Old man's feelings go down several pegs. Thinks it no use to cut up over spilt milk—get your hat and bonnet and let's go home." Young couple as happy as infants with fingers stuck full of molasses and feathers, fly around after baggage; old man pays hotel bill and all leave town together.

"Didst thou but know the kindly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words."

From Hammond's Company.

IN CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., Oct. 15, 1862.

FRIEND AGITATOR: We have again moved and again I trouble you with a brief account of something which we saw and experienced. Last Saturday morning while we were at Frederick, and just as we had received our tents with which to make ourselves comfortable, we were ordered to march to this place as soon as we should be provided with rations. There was another rush to the Sutler's (who had but just reached us from Washington) and we were delayed till noon before the word was received to set out. We had seen enough of Frederick, though it is a most beautiful city and desirable location; for we had been destitute of many things there which are necessary to the soldier's comfort. Not that we wish to complain when we speak of the hardships incident to our life; but rather that we wish our friends to know how much we can bear for the sake of our country without complaint. We had lived on fare which we would not feed to a decent dog at home; for we were without money and it was the best we could get. So we were as usual, ready for a change, be it what it might. It was noon when we marched through the city. Our regiment made a good appearance, and received some demonstrations from the people as we passed through. There were some from each company who were left behind, and some who were unable to walk in the ranks, who struggled along as best they could. Colonel Bayne disliked seeing so many out the ranks and remarked that we should thus become "one vast mob," while he urged them to walk in the ranks. Riding up to uncle Bacon, a member of our company, he dismounted, gave his bridle to him, while he himself shouldered the musket, and marched into the ranks. Every voice echoed, and caps rose aloft, as three cheers were given with a will for our young and model Colonel. There is something in our nature which leads us unconsciously to worship a leader; and we learn to love one who is competent and willing to perform the duties of his part in good nature, with grace and dispatch. Who has not often thought of the enthusiasm exhibited in favor of him, who though of himself he may do less than any of his supporters, for the common object yet receives the praise which justly belongs to the noble actors who hazard all and gain all for the cause in which they may be engaged? Thus in politics we learn to worship those whom we think to be the representatives of a principle which we deem to be right. We admire our Colonel, because we hope to be successful under his leadership in helping to accomplish the triumph of those principles which we are here to maintain, in the first place, before we learn to appreciate his individual worth, and then to most willingly accord to him the merit he deserves as a type of manliness and modesty. We hope to follow him to honor and success; and thus to hasten the time when those of us who shall survive, may honorably return to warm hearts and friendly greetings at home.

After marching about four miles, we filed into a field on the right where we rested and took such refreshments as we had. We had taken the precaution to provide ourselves with some coffee, which I assure you is the greatest stay the soldier has on the march, and now we sought an opportunity to cook it. For this purpose we built a little fire along side of an adjacent wood, which was slow to burn after the recent rains, but we succeeded in making a good cup of coffee in the tins which we carried buckled on our haversacks, and with what else we had at our disposal, we made out what we call a good dinner. Not such a one as we have often seen of a Christmas day, for we know nothing of them, save in the recollection of things that have been; but a soldier's dinner, which he learns to relish though composed of the meanest fare. There were wild grapes growing in the wood below, and the boys were kind enough to give us some for a desert. It was half past one o'clock when the order, "fall in" came down the column, and then there was a rush of many feet for a moment, when we countermarched and were again on the road. The 142nd Pa., and 23d N. J., kept us company that day. Before night we reached Middletown, and wending our way along, halted just as the dusky shades of evening began to settle about and hang the surrounding hills and country in darkness. It had been a very favorable day to march—the roads neither muddy nor dusty, and the weather comfortably cool. We had seen some beautiful country, and in the distant surrounding mountains, some magnificent landscapes. The Blue Ridge stretched away to the north and west, and as we wound around through the little valleys, up and down the gradual slopes, we could but wish that such a country must ever repose midst the luxuries and enchantment of peace, with its valleys never echoing to the roar of hostile cannon, nor its happy homes ever disturbed by the merciless ravages of war.

Soon the camp fires began to blaze, and distant objects to hide beyond the little circle of light about us. Again we partook of the coarse but very acceptable fare we had at our command, and were indulging in remarks on the wild beauty of the scene around us, while a few joined voices in the Star-Spangled Banner, when we received orders for a detail for picket, and that we should lie on our arms in line of battle, and fires extinguished. All along the road we had heard reports of the late rebel raid into Pennsylvania, and we had reason to think that we might be surprised by the indomitable Stuart. It was a good lesson to us at least; though we did not expect trouble. Every voice was hushed, all was darkness, and we lay down upon mother earth in our great coats to pass the night in repose preparatory to another march on the following day.

There was not much time wasted in bed on the morn's dawn; for the keen morning air was too cutting, and the blazing faggots cast out a reviving heat which all sought to appropriate.

Again we were on the march. Now we began to see the effect of the late awful scenes of destruction which followed the retreat of the rebels on their way from Frederick. Decayed and decaying horses and mules, fences prostrated, buildings burned, fields of grain trampled down, marked the way. We passed South Mountain, and all along there we saw where the bullets and cannon shots had penetrated the walls, roof or other parts of dwellings and out buildings; while the trees, fences and all objects along the road were shattered as if by a shower of hail. Occasionally a row of new made graves marked the resting place of those unfortunate heroes who fell on that fated Sabbath! It was there that the Wisconsin 7th, after having discharged all their ammunition, received the fire of the rebels so gallantly at a charge. There was a Tioga Boy, brother of Orderly Prutsman of our Company, who is spoken of in great praise for his conduct there and at Antietam. He is a Sergeant, but has had charge of his company since the battle of Bull Run, where his Captain and First Lieutenant were wounded, as I understand. On our march we noticed an unusual array of pretty girls, fixed up in the best style, with smiling countenances, and bright eyes; and from this we were reminded that it was now Sunday.—Poor girls! They must wait many a long day before they again behold their soldier lovers, walking up the hill or along the river road, of a Sunday evening, to meet the more than friendly greetings awaiting them there; and many, indeed, must sigh and watch in vain for the absent, who fall on the field of battle in a stranger country, and rest in the silent, unknown grave of the soldier, giving his life as a shield to them, those who follow, their homes, and native land! Ah! wait and watch! And when the misty valley beyond the dying hour shall be passed, the last shadow of hope will have vanished, and they will turn with sorrow away, mourning the memory of those they love! The cottage in prospect, with its cheerful fire—side and domestic bliss, will vanish from the fancy; the widow will mourn the loss of her son, the orphan, the departed brother, and desolation dark, mournful, and dreary, will prevail where so lately nothing but hope and happiness in expectancy, were known. God forgive the wickedness of men, in thus rending human hearts by the cruelty of war! We passed through Boonsborough, where there are very many wounded in hospitals. Toward night we came up to the line where the great battle of Antietam was fought, crossing that creek where the center of our army fought, the galliant Hooker contending on the right, and the intrepid Burnside away off to the left. There were some lone graves scattered over the fields, and frequently we caught sight of the iron balls and unexploded shells which lay in triumph along the road side. John Keedey a gentleman to whom I was referred by Lieut. Bailey, said that there are many soldiers buried on his farm, and that he would take pains to put up such marble as any one might wish, charging nothing for his own trouble, if any who have friends on his farm, choose to address him at Keedysville, Md., upon that subject. The graves are generally marked by simple wooden slabs, upon which the names of those there buried are written or engraved.

We were quite tired when we arrived here, though we had marched but 12 or 14 miles that day. We came through Sharpsburg, and are now encamped between there and the river, but a short distance of a mile, perhaps, from each. We are about 10 miles north of Harper's Ferry, and something more than that north east of Martinsburg. Attached to the division in command of Gen. Rickets, we are in Hooker's corps, and consequently in good company. The Reserves and Bucktails are near by. In a few moments after we arrived, we were shaking hands with many old and valued friends, and former associates. Hurried words were said; and though tired in some degree, it was midnight ere I lay down to dream of boyhood and wander over the history of our unhappy country since those irresponsible days. The next day in company with a friend, I wandered about among the regiments in which we have friends, and hurried over the events which have transpired since they left us, and their houses in old Tioga, to come to the defence of our common country. They are veterans, worthy the names, soldier and patriot. They deserve a discharge from all danger and the praise of Americans for their bravery and great sacrifices. It was a pleasure for me to listen that night to the stories which two youthful friends, formerly my associates in different capacities, related of their experience upon the battle field. Then told me many things of interest, and I hope they may survive the perils through which they must pass, to relate them to others. To see these old regiments so dwindled down, makes one shudder for those who are left. I saw the Bucktails going out to drill. Their whole regiment numbers scarcely more than two of our Companies! I met Capt. Niles and Lieut. Kinsey. The former is in very bad health and I am now informed has started for home. Lieut. Kinsey is spoken of in very high terms as a brave soldier, a competent and kind officer, and a gentleman of moral and manly integrity. He was one of the first to come forth in the hour of his country's trying need, and deserves the greatest credit for the course he has taken. He is strictly temperate which seems to be an exception pretty generally to the officers of that honored and brave regiment.

Mr. Editor, I have sometimes been asked who writes for the AGITATOR over the signature of "Amator Justitiae." That name was assumed by me during the political strife preceding the election of 1860, when I deemed slavery the great question before the people, and thought the success of the Republican Party the best remedy for that evil. We are all foolish at some eras, and most of us at all stages of life; and I, like the boy who makes rhyme (who has not committed that sin?) for poetry, seemed to think there was *something* in a name, and believing there was nothing in my own, adopted the above phrase, "lover of justice." Now, though I am fond of questioning, I do not like to be quizzed; and to put my friends to whom I have spoken under this title at rest, I will hereafter append my own name, however homely it may be, and how different soever in signification from the self-sufficient phrase, Amator Justitiae.

When I hereafter make mistakes in orthography or otherwise, I cannot shelve them upon others; but I think there should be a reasonable allowance made while I am away from the book of Noah, for I cannot carry the material dictionary in my eye or ear; though I had one at home which I had in my eye from boyhood, which I learned by *heart*, and even now *treasure* above all others. I was married to my dictionary there, and for years we have been companions, so that we miss each other very much, as it is impossible to keep each other during my stay in the army.

To-day (16th) we were presented with the State colors by a delegate, Mr. Scott, sent here for that purposed by Gov. Curtin, whose duties rendered it impossible for him to be here in person. Appropriate remarks were made by him and responded to by Col. Bayne in a short and suitable speech. Our new guns, the Springfield, also came this evening. All day we have heard heavy cannonading in the direction of Harper's Ferry. There are a great many troops about here, which we hope may be brought into requisition if a general action comes off. There is very little seen or known by us outside of our camp, save what we got through the papers, which are not very plenty here.—We are close by the ford where the rebels crossed back into Virginia, and may be moved across the river at any time unless it rises.—We are now under orders to have two days' rations cooked and on hand at all times, so that we may be ready to march at a moment's warning. This is so throughout the whole corps. I cannot see what it means unless we are to cross, and act in conjunction with our army at Harper's Ferry against Martinsburg; or perhaps they are attempting to recross the Potomac. A balloon ascends from Gen. Porter's Head Quarters every day or two. Our pickets do not extend across the river.—The rebel pickets are frequently seen on the other side. We are having a smart rain which will make it bad for the poor wounded men who lie out upon the cold battle field to-night. The sanitary condition of our company is good, save those whom we left, that were unable to march. Very Respectfully yours,

JNO. I. MITCHELL.

From a Tioga Boy.

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, VA., Oct. 16, 1862.

FRIEND AGITATOR.—Having left your county nearly four years ago, and being a resident and native of Tioga County for many years, I concluded to write a few lines, hoping that many of my remembered friends, who are yet left to attend to home affairs, may find that I am one among the many brave boys of Tioga County, who are yet alive and in the service, although I am in an Ohio rogiment. At the time this rebellion broke out, I was in Ohio. I elisted in the three month service, and in the 15th regiment. We were in Virginia nearly four months without getting a pop at a reb, but doing considerable of guard duty, and some very hard marches. Not being satisfied with three months' hardships, and seeing that we did not whip them before breakfast as we intended, and many large prizes being offered for the scalp of Jeff. Davis, I concluded to try it again, so I enlisted in the 61st, Ohio Infantry, thinking I would surely get to see the bear dance this time without fail, which I have, as our regiment has been in three battles. We lost our Brigade General, Bohlen, at Rapadan River. We were in no side show there. We lost many men there. Some were drowned crossing the River. The last battle was at Bull Run, where we had to do some tall walking for a short time, with now and then a shell bursting at the rear, close enough to dust our coat tails, and make us think of "the gal we left behind us." We left many of our regiment there lying on the field. Our regiment is now reduced to not quite four hundred. We have many sick and wounded in the hospital.

I had the good luck to meet with the Pennsylvania Reserves, where I found many of my old friends and school mates, some of them I have since learned, have fallen, never to rise. I remained with the Reserves two days—made many enquiries about the people of Wellsboro—would like to have stayed longer, but at that time Siegel's corps was moving, and I had to move too. After wandering for five days, I found my way back to the regiment. We have been encamped near Fairfax Court House, nearly three weeks, where we have done considerable of picket duty, and had quite a rest.

Sutlers see rather hard times, as so many of their goods go free gratis; but at the same time it goes to benefit the soldier.

We have in our brigade, the seventy-third and seventy-fourth Pennsylvania regiments, which have done well thus far.

Before I enlisted, I occasionally got the AGITATOR, which posted me as to official matters in Tioga County, and business matters in Wellsboro. We now get the Baltimore *Clipper*, which posts us one day, and the next disputes the whole. We are expecting daily to hear that Stonewall Jackson is retreating towards the Gulf of Mexico.

We have just received orders to go on picket, so I will close for the present. H. B. N.

TO PRESERVE APPLES FROM ROTTING.—Put them into a dry cellar, of easy access to a large family of children.

For the Agitator.

Woman's Sphere.

"What dire calamities do mortals feel,
From holy rage and superstitious zeal."

How happens it that there is but one unpardonable vice and one sacred virtue for women? How happens it that she may be willful, capricious, perverse, jealous, ill tempered, ignorant, selfish, a detractress; all with popular applause, if she be or appears to be what the world calls chaste? How happens it that in her talents, honesty, temper, generous feeling, independence of spirit, benevolence, charity and disinterestedness, are too light to outweigh the single venial crime—if crime it must be called—of offending against the forms and etiquette of orthodox morality? How happens it that man's constancy and chastity, are but single individual items in our estimate of his character, and that in woman's, they are made to constitute the one thing needful, without which no virtue can entitle to respect, and with which, scarcely any vice can degrade to dishonor?—How happens it? It happens because men have chosen to attach more importance to their own selfish fancies, than the wellbeing and real virtue of a woman. It happens because an offence against man's vanity has been idly interpreted into a heavier crime than the worst offence against social wellfare. It happens because our customs and our prejudices took their rise in a period when men were lords and masters, and women closeted slaves.

When mankind begin to value reason, and cherish human liberty, these will not be the only questions that will obtrude themselves in connection with woman's situation and interests. They will begin to enquire whether it is rational or useful. The ready sensibilities and quick affections of women, be precociously and exclusively cultivated. Ought women's happiness to be endangered and wrecked, that she may form a better subject for a sentimental tale, or a better heroine for a romantic tragedy? Is the peace of her life to be placed within the reach of every selfish trifler who may chance to gain her affections, and who may be too ignorant or too heartless to value what he has gained? Is the first fancy of youth to ruin all the best prospects of maturer age? Is there nothing to win the attention, to engage the sympathies, to awaken the ambition, to occupy the thoughts but, one only passion? Is science devoid of attraction, and is the welfare and improvement of mankind without interest for her? Why must she sit in passive sorrow, idle, secluded, forever brooding over one delusive dream, forever the companion of her own desponding recollections? If all this must be we cannot but regret and lament it. But wherefore must it be. Custom can find very pretty specious replies to these questions; but the time is soon coming when custom will not be considered infallible, and when reasons must be more than pretty and specious in order to be recognized as rational, or sanctioned as just.

AFFECTING.—A story is told of the veteran Sumner at the battle of Antietam. His son, young Captain Sumner, a youth of twenty-one, was on his staff. The old man calmly stood, amidst a storm of shot and shells, and turned to send him through a doubly raging fire, upon a mission of duty. He might never see his boy again, but his country claimed his life and, as he looked upon his brow, he grasped his hand, encircling him in his arms, and fondly kissed him. "Good bye, Sammy," "Good bye, father," and the youth mounting, his horse, went gaily on the message. He returned unharmed; again his hand was grasped with a cordial "How d'ye do, Sammy?" answered by a grasp of equal affection. The scene was touching to those around.

FREAKS OF A SQUIRREL.—One of the squirrels on the Boston Common, having been in the habit of helping himself to a peanut now and then from a fruit stand near the West street gate, the woman who tends the stand covered up the peanuts with a cloth. When the squirrel next came on a foraging expedition, finding the peanuts covered, he seized on a peach and made off with it. The woman gave chase, and the squirrel dropped the peach; but finding that he had drawn the woman two or three rods from the stand, he started back on the double quick, and seizing a nut before the woman could get back, made off with it much to the amusement of the bystanders.

One day a simple farmer who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, was complaining, of the great expense of a funeral cavalcade in the country. "Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote.

"Yes, to be sure we do; how else?"

"Oh, we never do that in London."

"No!" said the other, much surprised, "how do you manage?"

"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off.

"Indeed!" said the other, with amazement; what becomes of him?"

"Why, that we cannot tell; all we know there's strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

A young lady fainted at dinner, the other day, because the servant brought a roast pig on the table that showed its bare legs.

"What made you faint?" anxiously enquired her friends as soon as she came to.

"The nakedness of that horrible quadruped," sobbed this bashful piece of modesty.

"Och, an' bedad," exclaimed the servant who had brought in the offensive pig, "it wasn't naked at all. I dressed it myself before I brought it in sure."

Savin was lately asked to contribute to foreign missions. "Not on any account," said he. "Why not?" asked the collector. "The object is laudable." "No it isn't," replied Savin; "not half so many people go to the devil now as ought to."

"Women," remarked a contemplative man, "are deep as the blue waters of yon bay." "Yes," replied the disappointed man, "and as full of craft."