

Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE.

The paper is sent postage free to county subscribers, though they may receive their mail at post-offices located in counties immediately adjoining, for convenience.

The Agitator is the official paper of Tioga County, and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscriptions being on the advance-pay system, it circulates among a class most to the interest of advertisers to reach. Terms to advertisers as liberal as those offered by any paper of equal circulation in Northern Pennsylvania.

A cross on the margin of a paper, denotes that the subscription is about to expire. Papers will be stopped when the subscription time expires, unless the agent orders their continuance.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Counties of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. (Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1863.)

J. EMBURY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Pa., will devote his time exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the counties of Northern Pennsylvania. (Jan. 1)

JOHN S. MANN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Connersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. He has the agency of large tracts of good settling land and will attend to the payment of taxes on any lands in said counties. (Jan. 25, 1863.)

J. CAMPBELL, JR., ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Knoxville, Tioga County, Pa. Prompt attention given to the procuring of Pensions, Back Pay of Soldiers, &c. (Jan. 7, 1863-6m.)

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor. GUESTS taken to and from the Depot free of charge. (Jan. 1, 1863.)

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, Wellsboro, Pa. Proprietor.

J. W. BIGONY, Proprietor. THIS popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house. (Jan. 1, 1863.)

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa. Proprietor.

H. C. VERMINEY, Proprietor. THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the travelling public. (Jan. 1, 1863.)

EAGLE HOUSE, Formerly of the Springton Hotel, Proprietor. THIS Hotel, kept for a long time by David Hart, is being repaired and furnished anew. The proprietor has leased it for a term of years, where he may be found ready to welcome his old customers and the travelling public generally. His table will be provided with the best of the market affords. At his bar may be found the choicest brands of liquors and cigars. (Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863-1f.)

B. B. HOLLIDAY, Proprietor. THIS popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house. (Jan. 1, 1863.)

A. FOLEY, Watcher, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c., REPAIRED TO OLD PRICES. POST OFFICE BUILDING, NO. 5, UNION BLOCK. Wellsboro, May 20, 1863.

MARBLE SHOP, I AM now receiving a STOCK of ITALIAN and RULAND MARBLE, (bought with cash) and am prepared to manufacture all kinds of TOMBS, STONES and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices. HARRY ADAMS, authorized agent and will sell Stone at the same prices as at the shop. WE HAVE BUT ONE PRICE. A. D. COLE. Tioga, May 20, 1863-1f.

PRICE & FIRMAN, MECHANICAL & SURGICAL DENTISTS, WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Wellsboro and surrounding country, that they are now stopping at J.W. Biggins's Hotel, known as the Pennsylvania House, for a few weeks, and would be pleased to wait on all who may need the services of their profession. All operations pertaining to the profession performed in the most careful and scientific manner. We would call particular attention to our hard Rubber or Coralline work, which is unprecedent. PRICE & FIRMAN. Wellsboro, March 1, 1863.

WELLSBORO ACADEMY, Wellsboro, Tioga County, Penna. MARINUS N. ALLEN, A. M., - Principal assisted by a corps of competent teachers. The Spring Term will commence on the 30th of March, 1863. Tuition for term, from \$2.50 to \$6.00. A. F. FRASER, Cashier, will also be formed. By order of Trustees, J. F. DONALDSON, Pres't. Wellsboro, March 11, 1863.

Q. W. WELLINGTON & CO'S BANK, CORNING, N. Y., (LOCATED IN THE DICKINSON HOUSE.) American Gold and Silver Coin bought and sold. New York Exchange do. Uncurrent Money do. United States Demand Notes "old issue" bought. Collections made in all parts of the Union at Current rates of Exchange. Particular pains will be taken to accommodate our patrons from the Tioga Valley. Our Office will be open at 7 A. M., and close at 7 P. M., giving parties passing over the Tioga Rail Road ample time to transact their business before the departure of the train in the morning, and after its arrival in the evening. Q. W. WELLINGTON, President. Corning, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1862.

HOMESTEAD, A NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP HAS just been opened in Tioga, Penna., where may be found a good assortment of Cooking, Parlor and Box Stoves, of the most approved patterns, and from the best manufacturers. The HOMESTEAD is admitted to be the best Elevated Oven Stove in the market. The "GOLDEN AGE" & "GOOD HOPE," are square, flat top tight stoves, with large ovens, and many advantages over any other stove before made. Parlor Stoves. The Signet and Caspian are both very neat and elegant Parlor Stoves. Also Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron ware, kept constantly on hand and made to order of the best material and workmanship, all of which will be sold at the lowest figure for cash or ready pay. Job work of all kinds attended to on call. Tioga, Jan. 14, 1863. GUERNSEY & SMEAD.

CABINET WARE ROOM, The subscriber most respectfully announces that he has on hand at the old stand, and for sale a Cheap Lot of Furniture, comprising in part Dressing and Common Chests, Secretaries and Book Cases, Center, Card and Pier Tables, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Marble-topped and Common Stands, Oilburns and Chairs, Oil and Woodwork Moldings for Picture Frames. COFFINS made to order on short notice. A horse will be furnished if desired. N. B. Turning and Sawing done to order. August 11, 1855. B. T. VANHORN.

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, MAY 27, 1863. NO. 41.

Select Poetry.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY M. J. MADDEN, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The field is won, the battle's o'er,
The cannon's boom has died away,
The conqueror's innocent rout
Has ceased with the expiring day.
The furious charge, the wild hurrah!
Responsive to the hoarse command,
The charger's loud, impatient neigh,
The deadly conflict hand to hand—
All, all is hushed, save now and then,
The cries of wounded, mangled men.

See here upon the steep hill-side,
Where murderers cannot faroely play,
A thousand heroes bravely die,
While charging onward undismayed.
How grim they look, how ghastly too,
Enveloped in their gory shroud,
With wounds agape, they seem to me
More horrible than if endowed
With living tongues to stay this strife,
That leads to reckless loss of life.

Now cast your eyes o'er yonder plain,
Where flows a stream of crimson hue,
And see the wounded strive, in vain,
To stifle the thirst that yearns for food,
And hear them, as they strive, to crawl
Unto this stream, their great desire.
For water, water, vainly call,
And, all unheeded, there expire,
Thus thousands die without a name,
While one man wins immortal fame.

The scene has changed, and years have flown,
But men, who bravely fought that day,
Yet bear the scars by which they're known,
Mute tokens of the dread array,
The empty sleeve, the limping gait,
The scar upon the manly brow,
All point unto that field of fate,
Where men escaped, they know not how,
Their blood has dyed the tented plain—
But such is war, and this is fame.

Then honored be the loyal brave,
Who forth to battle freely went,
And perished life and limb to save
Their country from dismemberment.
A grateful nation should reward
The men who left shades of peace,
And changed the sickle for the sword.
To meet foul treason face to face,
Dear native land they've bled for thee,
To make thee one, united—FRANK.

Communication.

ANIMAL vs. HUMAN ACTION.

A voracious Wolf greedily swallowed a bone which unfortunately stuck in his throat; and being apprehensive that his stomach might suffer by the distention, he applied to several animals, earnestly imploring them to give him "aid and comfort" in the removal of his violent pain.

None seemed to solicit the job; but finally a Crane, passing that way, humanely resolved to hazard the dangerous experiment, being promised any reward she might mention. So thrusting her slender neck down his throat, she successfully removed the bone and claimed a modest recompense. "Great Heaven," said the Wolf, "see the unreasonableness of some creatures! Have I not suffered you safely to draw your neck from my jaws, and now do you have the conscience to demand a further reward?"

Moral—"Tis the utmost extent of some men's gratitude, barely to refrain from oppressing their benefactors—to return an injury for a kindness."

Just so. Here is a modern counterpart. There was a Southern planter called Planters (so called, because they stood in great need of cultivation) who were grievously troubled with a "bone of contention," which they regarded as a "peculiar institution"; and it was very peculiar, inasmuch as they were sometimes nearly choked by it, and in turn, attempted to choke it, or rather, its subjects. It perplexed them sorely; filling their nights with horror and wild fear, as this nocturnal period was the time they expected to be gobbled up or strangled by this large bone. It led them into many projects from which there was no way to get out, but to back out. In semblance and effect, it was the sharpest, crookedest, meanest "horn of a dilemma"; and it got them into feuds and fusties innumerable. It got them into political squabbles; it got them into territorial squabbles; it got them into geographical difficulties and it got them into a bad way, by getting them into disgrace. It brought them foreign trouble—but it brought gold. It brought them corruption; and it brought them treason; and it brought them Rebellion; and war, and famine, and blockade, and poverty, and suffering, and burnt cities, and desolate lands, disease and death! And as the bone choked them, they cried unto foreign nations with the gold to help them. But the foreign nations wouldn't—that is, they would rather not; they saw the formidable "bone" and stood aloof, fearing contagion. But the planters wisely tried yet again. And they set their Pryors and Masons at work. And they tried over this great institutional black bone and Mason-ed it over with many rich layers of soft, white fabric, belonging to their ex-king. And their foreign Ambassador, a very Sily-deal, said: "Let you see trouble and hunger, take our coveted sursties and give us in return, money, men and ships of war, which shall be christened Sea-Pirates." But the wise men of the cunning nations listened, yet said nothing; but they thought: "We would like the cotton, but (there is the blockade, you know) you can't bring it to us, and we need all our money, men and ships if we take it on our own hook." And then, they distinctly remember, that many years ago, certain Philistines were very badly wounded by a solitary bone in Sam's-Son's hands. No; we can't do it—that is, we think we won't."

So the poor Planters languished, in unadulterated misery, until some plain neighbors of theirs—northern people called Yankees (so-called, because they work for yanking out every bad thing by the roots) seeing the suffering among these queer people, and also the cause, magnanimously resolved to extract the festering bone from their troubled flesh; only wishing, as a reward, the consciousness of doing a just deed, and hoping for an indication from these people of a disposition to behave themselves as well as they could. Therefore, one among the North folk, who presided over matters of mercy, right and justice, proclaimed with a loud voice: "Let the plague cease;

Select Miscellany.

HUNTING IN AFRICA.

HUNTING SEA-COWS.

Hearing from the Kafirs that there were sea-cows in the Umillas, I waited till the sun was getting low, and went in pursuit. How my heart beat at hearing the well-known blow just round a bend of the river, and, cautiously peering round, saw three making up the stream! They were very shy and showed poor heads. I took a round, and got above them unperceived, and made an excellent shot at a very large bull; he only showed his eyes above the water at fifty yards, and I put a bullet in the very centre. The next day I found my sea-cow on his back, in the middle of a large hole, about forty yards from land, with half a dozen alligators around him. I bribed the Zulus and bullied the Kafirs to go in and fasten cords on him to tow him ashore, but in vain; so, after firing a couple of shots, and throwing stones to frighten the alligators, I swam in, made the cord fast to him, and made for the shore again as soon as possible. The ropes had been so carelessly fastened together that they came undone as soon as they were used, and I was obliged to swim in again. It was not a very pleasant position to be rolling about on a sea-cow with alligators all around one, and I did not at all relish it. Through bad management I had to go in four times. At last, however, after several failures, we got him to land.

The next day I brought up the head, which the alligators, adjutants, and vultures had picked tolerably clean, and buried it near a kraal, in charge of an old Kafir, called the tongue and a tub full of meat, stretched some jamboks and whip-lashes round the wagon, and in the afternoon started in pursuit of more, but without success.

DUEL WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS. We mustered a strong party of fifteen, including the captain of the kraal, and three fellows to carry beer. We took our blankets with us, and walked a long way without seeing anything. At last an old bull buffalo jumped up close to me, and I gave him a bullet behind the shoulder, which brought him on his knees; but he soon recovered and went off. I sent a second ball after him, to no purpose. Farther on, I saw a large sea bull lying close inland behind some reeds, and proceeded to crawl in on him; and just as I showed myself half way to my waist in water, to my surprise, instead of endeavoring to make his escape, he charged right at me, at great speed. He halted for a second about twenty yards on, and I gave him a pill under the ear, which made him spin round and round like a top. I fired two or three shots at him, but he would not let me hit with a third, (meant for his head,) and began to fear we were to lose him altogether, as he seemed recovering, and was gradually getting farther and farther away into deep water, and giving very poor chances of a shot. The sun was shining so directly on him that I could not see to shoot a bit; the footing was slippery, and I was half way up to my middle in mud and water, when I got a last chance, and put the ball exactly between the ear and the eye, and killed him. The sun was fast setting; the Kafirs got him nearly ashore, and we lighted three huge fires with a cap and powder on the heel plate of my gun, giving it a smart blow with a stone, and fed on him, but he was horribly tough. The night was awful foggy, and the dew heavy; and, when morning came, I had every symptom of fever. Notwithstanding, I was obliged to walk twenty-five miles home, with scarcely any shade on the road. Many a vow I made during the day, never to return to the country.

SHOOTING A RHINOCEROS. We were plowing our way through long, heavy, wet grass and scrubby thorn trees, when an old rhinoceros cow got up slowly from behind a thorn tree, and, after giving me a good stare, advanced slowly toward me. I lost no time in getting the gun out of the cover, and gave her a ball in the chest. She turned round in double-quick time, panting like a porpoise. I followed, but a Kafir cow prevented me from getting very near, so she got away. On climbing the top of the hill I saw two more, and sent my Kafir below them, thinking they were sure to make down hill. I could not get near them; but just as they were about to make off, I shot one in the shoulder, but rather too low, and away they went. The dogs turned one and brought him back not fifteen yards from me at a full trot, his head up and his tail curled over his back, stepping out in splendid style. He looked very much inclined to charge me; but a bullet behind his shoulders, which dropped him on his knees, made him alter his course. I felt convinced that I had killed him, and followed him in so natural a position that I never thought he could be dead, and shot him behind the shoulder; but he had laid down for the last time some hours before. It was the one I had shot first. After cutting out his horns, some jamboks and his tongue, and hanging them up in a tree, we went out for water, and had not gone far when I saw another, about twenty yards off, looking at me, uneasy, and apparently trying to screen himself from being seen. I waited some time till she turned, and then shot her behind the shoulder, when she immediately came at me; but a ball in the centre of her forehead stopped her progress, and she fell dead not ten yards from me: a lucky shot, as I hardly knew where to fire, and I had not an instant to lose. I must have been impaled on her very long horn if I had not been fortunate enough to kill her. She had a very young calf, which the dogs were fighting with, and she squealed most lustily. I got them off and squealed very much to take him to the wagon, and sent off my Kafir, with half a dozen fellows to carry him. He was like a well-bred Chinese pig, prick-eared, very fine skinned and fat, and shone as though he had just been polished with black-lead; but while John and myself had gone to make something to carry him in, slung between two poles, the hyena had killed him, preferring him to the mother.—From Baldwin's Late Work.

A COCKNEY says that the water makes a great transformation in cloth. Take, say, a piece of linen, and soak it thoroughly, and it will be well wet (velvet).

Blessed is she who has a mother's care, a father's house, and a brother's affection.

When the history of this war shall be written (and that cannot be now) let the historian, what else soever he may forget, forget not to chronicle the sublime valor of the hearthstones, all over our struggling land.—Fanny Fern.

When a man has made up his mind to do or not to do a thing, he should have the pluck to say so plainly and decisively. It is a mistaken kindness, if meant as a kindness, to meet a request which you have determined not to grant with "I'll see about it," or "I cannot give you a positive answer; call in a few days and I'll let you know." It may be said, perhaps, that the object of these ambiguous expressions is to "let the applicant down easy"; but their tendency is to give him needless trouble and anxiety, and possibly to prevent his seeking what he requires in a more propitious quarter until the golden opportunity has passed. Moreover, it is questionable whether the motives for such equivocations are as philanthropic as some people suppose. Generally speaking, the individual who thus avoids a direct refusal, does so to avoid pain. Men without a certain degree of character have an indescribable aversion to say no. They can think no, sometimes when it would be more creditable to their courtesy to say yes, but they dislike to utter the bold word that represents their thoughts. They prefer to mislead and deceive. It is true that these bland and considerate people are spoken of as "very gentlemanly." But is it gentlemanly to keep a man in suspense for days, and perhaps weeks, merely because you do not choose to keep him out of it by a straightforward declaration? He is only a gentleman who treats his fellow-man in a straightforward, manly way. Never seem by ambiguous words to sanction hopes you do not intend to gratify. If you mean no, out with it.

THE STRIPED BUG.—One of the remedies for the striped bug in melon and cucumber patches is recommended in the Philadelphia Farmer and Gardener. It consists in arranging the hatching of spring chickens so as to bring out the brood about the time that the striped bugs appear, and then set one or more coops, according to the size of the melon patch, a brood of small chickens freely running in and out of the coop, but-keeping the dam carefully confined. These little chicks be found the most industrious and vigilant scavengers that he ever met with. Not a bug escapes them, whether on the vines or on the earth, and they pick them off so easy and daintily without doing the least injury to the melons, or even disturbing a single leaf. By the time that the brood of chickens get old enough to scratch, a younger brood can be substituted, and the older ones removed.

CURE FOR IN-GROWING NAILS.—It is stated by a correspondent, that cauterization by hot tallow is an immediate cure for in-growing nails. He says: "Put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, and heated it over a lamp until it became very hot, and dropped two or three drops between nail and granulations. The effect is almost magical. Pain and tenderness are at once relieved, and in a few days the granulations all go, leaving the diseased parts dry, and destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail, exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience. I have tried the plan repeatedly since, with the most satisfactory results. The operation causes little if any pain, if the tallow is properly heated."

THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—The American Agriculturist challenges any housekeeper in the country to give any mode of preparing a more delicious light pudding: One pint of nice bread crumbs to one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, after beat in a teaspoonful of sugar in which is stirred the juice of lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly or any sweetmeats you prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream. It is second only to ice cream, and for some seasons better.

"WHERE'S MY WIFE?" inquired a gentleman in Newburyport, on returning home early one evening and missing his better half. "She has gone to bed with the toothache," was the reply of some member of his family. "Well," said the indignant N.H., "if she had rather go to bed with the toothache than to go to bed with me let her go," and he forthwith settled himself to the pursuit of the latest war news.

Letters from the Army. CAMP NEAR HUNTSVILLE, KY., May 13, 1863. FRIEND AGITATOR: In my last, which was dated at Paris, April 9th, I predicted, that we were to move the following day. My prediction proved true. Accordingly early on the 10th, we had packed up, and formed in line ready to go wherever we might have been ordered. By 10 A. M., we were again on board the cars. We started at about 11 A. M. After a pleasant ride of about two hours, we arrived at Nicholasville, where the railroad terminates. There we got off the cars and after a couple of hours delay, resumed our journey on foot. After marching about three miles we encamped for the night in an open field. By six o'clock next morning, we were again on our way and having marched about 11 miles that forenoon we arrived at Camp Dick Robinson, weary and covered with dust at 12 M.

Camp Dick Robinson is memorable as being the first Union camp formed in Kentucky. It is very near the center of the State, and is about fourteen miles from Nicholasville and ten miles from Danville. About 1 1/2 miles from the camp is a small, insignificant place called Bryantville. Our stay at this memorable camp, though short, was very pleasant. We were among civilization and among friends. Our camp was rendered still more attractive by the appearance of two lady visitors, directly from old Tioga, the place from which we look for tidings from those which we love. Our visitors were the happy consorts of our two Lieutenants, namely, Mrs. Samuel Haynes and Mrs. Ephraim Jeffers. They brought good news from home—a few cakes of maple sugar and several other good things. They are still with us having followed from camp "Dick." Shortly after our arrival at camp Dick Robinson General (formerly Col.) Welsh joined us, having with him the commission and full uniform of Brigadier General. He immediately assumed command of the 1st Division which was stationed at that camp. Though removed from his immediate command, Welsh is still under his orders and look to him with as much confidence in his position as Division General as when he merely commanded his regiment. In his stead we have Col. (late Lieut. Col.) John I. Curtin in whom the regiment reposed the utmost confidence as a man capable of filling his post with honor both to himself and the devoted men he commands. As a token of regard and esteem for him the officers and men of this regiment presented him with a beautiful charger on the 22d of April. The horse was presented on dress parade. So complete was the surprise attempted on him that the gallant Colonel was for once unable to give expression to his feelings, but the boys seeing his embarrassment gave three hearty cheers for Col. John I. Curtin when he rode off amid the enthusiastic applause of the whole regiment. Lieut. Col. (late Capt.) Hills promises to make an efficient officer. The office of Major is still vacant.

While at camp Dick Robinson we had excellent opportunities of becoming acquainted with the surrounding country and the habits of its inhabitants. We arrived there in season to witness the art of corn planting as performed by the Kentuckians. On passing a planter's house one pleasant April afternoon, I took the liberty to enter one of the out-houses where an intelligent old darkey was shelling the seed corn. Upon inquiring how much corn they were most done he answered with remarkable promptness. "We plant about forty acres, got about twenty more to plant yet done in a day or two I reckon." He then directed me to where his brother slaves were planting in the twenty acre lot. Prompted by curiosity, I concluded to learn how the work was performed. I had not traveled far before I came to the corn field in the center of which the men were at work. Having approached the workmen I saw what I called a novel way of planting corn. The ground having been plowed and marked both ways with a shovel plow, the corn is dropped where the marks cross each other. A large flat stone is then drawn over the corn, the object of which is to cover it, in which it is admirably successful, that after marking it one way, (one moderately intelligent darkey to do the marking, and a couple of boys and two horses to plant and cover the corn; can plant ten acres in one day. This is much more economical than the common way of planting with the hoe, yet it does not seem to be the best method as the hoe is still much used here for planting purposes. Corn and winter Wheat appear to be staple productions of Central Kentucky.—Rye, hemp and the grape vine are also extensively cultivated—of the hemp is manufactured the famous Kentucky Jean, with which the working class are almost invariably clad. Stock of all kinds, such as horses, mules, sheep, hogs, &c., form no inconsiderable part of the Kentucky planter's dependence. The cattle of this State are of the largest I have ever seen. Such of the horses as are left to judge by, are of good breed, though the best of them fell into the hands of the Rebel army last fall. Sheep are not only productive but economical. They require no feeding, as they pick their own living through the winter as well as in summer. Hogs form one of the main products of the State. Hogs in Kentucky are as numerous as sheep in our Northern States—forty or fifty are frequently seen in one pasture. The crops are coming on finely, and give abundant promise of a plentiful harvest. Rye has nearly attained its full growth. Winter wheat is not far behind. Corn is about ready for the hoe. Grass is splendid. Orchards are laden with the newly-formed fruit, and indeed, all vegetation, as well as the animal creation is smiling under the benign influence of Spring.

The principal agricultural labor is performed by the negroes, who form no inconsiderable portion of the population of Kentucky. I have heard no complaints from them, and they are apparently well treated by their masters. They are remarkably polite, especially to the Yankee soldiers, invariably taking off their hats whenever a column of Union troops are passing. The majority of them appear to have industrious habits, and go to their daily task with a remarkable degree of cheerfulness. Still there

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.
1 Square	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
2 do.	5.00	6.50	8.00
3 do.	7.00	8.50	10.00
4 do.	9.00	10.50	12.00
1 do.	15.00	20.00	25.00
1 do.	25.00	35.00	45.00

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.