THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. X. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1864. NO. 47.

The Tioga County Agitator:
BY H. H. COBB.

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

The publisher will pay postage free to county subscribers, though they may receive their mail at post offices located in counties immediately adjoining Tioga county.

The Agitator is the Official paper of Tioga Co., and circulates in every neighborhood in the county. 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.

SAM. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. [Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1863]

DICKINSON HOUSE,
CORNING, N. Y.
MRS. A. FIELD, ... Proprietor.
GUESTS taken to and from the House free of charge. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

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

D. HART'S HOTEL,
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PENNA.
THE subscriber takes this method to inform his old friends and customers that he has resumed the conduct of the old "Crystal Fountain," and will hereafter give it his entire attention. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a renewal of the same.
Wellsboro, Nov. 4, 1863.—1y. DAVID HART.

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
N. C. VERMILYEA, ... 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.]

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!
Repaired at BULLARD'S & CO'S STORE, by the proprietor, in the best manner, and at as low prices as the same work can be done for, by any first-rate practical workman in the State.
Wellsboro, July 15, 1863. A. R. HASCY.

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

E. M. BLACK,
BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER,
SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE,
NO. 4, UNION BLOCK.
Wellsboro, June 24, 1863.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
I WOULD inform Dealers in Agricultural Implements, that I have Horse Rakes of the most approved styles and superior quality. Also Hand Rakes of a better quality than any manufactured in this section, which I will furnish in any quantity desired, to dealers in the counties of Tioga, Bradford, &c., Pennsylvania. D. R. LUD.
Mansfield, Nov. 18, 1863—9mos.*

CLAIM AGENCY.
THE undersigned will promptly prosecute all claims against the Government for services rendered in the Military or Naval Service of the United States. Charges reasonable—will advance the legal fee if desired. No charge if not successful in the application. D. McNAUGHTON.
Refer to—Hon. Victor Cole, I. W. Below, Examining Surgeon at Knoxville, Pa., B. F. Strange, Corn. P. F. Strang, Hector, Pa., S. Zi. Beebe, Elmira, Pa.
Wellsboro, Jan. 11, 1864.—6mos*.

BOREMAN AND GRAY'S
CELEBRATED
PATENT IMPROVED
INSULATED IRON RIM AND FRAME
PIANO FORTES!
These pianos have the pure musical tone of the Wrest, together with the strength of the Iron and are superior to all others. The Over Strung Scale, giving in connection with the Patent Iron Rim, full, round, powerful, and sweet tone. These pianos will remain in tune a greater length of time than any other pianos known, and no one will be sold in this section of country or they will all be sold.
These instruments are made to stand in any climate, weight about 300 lbs., and is a perfect, durable, and cheap instrument.
A. D. BALDWIN, Tioga.
J. & T. BAILEY, Mansfield.
WM. H. BAILEY, Wellsboro, Pa.
Wellsboro, May 13, 1864—1f

DISSOLUTION.
THE Copartnership heretofore existing between Charles B. Phipps & George W. Near, under the firm of Phipps & Near, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The Books, Notes, &c., are in the hands of George W. Near for collection.
GEO. W. NEAR.
Brooklyn, Mar. 1, '64. CHAS. B. PHIPPS.

REVENUE STAMPS.
JOHN M. PHELPS, Deputy Collector of Revenue, has just received a large lot of Revenue Stamps, of all denominations, from one cent up to $5. Any person wishing Stamps can get them at my office in Wellsboro, in the office of M. BULLARD, Assistant Assessor.
Wellsboro, Pa. J. M. PHELPS.
Mansfield, May 2, 1864.

WHOLESALE
DRUG STORE.

Prince's Metallic Paint,	Pfizer & Co's Chemicals,
Thaddeus David's Inks,	Fluid Extracts,
Concentrated Medicines,	Rochester Perfumery and
Cincinnati Wines and	Flavoring Extracts,
Brandy,	Paints and Oils,
Whitewash Lime,	Petroleum Oil,
Kerosene Lamps,	Drugs and Medicines,
Patent Medicines,	School Books,
Stationery,	Wall Paper,
Wyoming Mills Wrapping Paper,	Window Glass,
	Dye Colors,

Furnished at Wholesale Prices by
W. D. TERRELL,
Corning, N. Y.

Zimmermann & Co's.
NATIVE BRANDY & WINES,
FOR
MEDICAL & COMMUNION PURPOSES.

CATAWBA BRANDY.
THIS BRANDY has been analyzed by the Medical Director of the Naval Laboratory, at Brooklyn, and substituted for French Brandy, for use in the United States Navy. It is also used and recommended by Dr. Satterlee, Medical Purveyor in New York of U. S. Army, in the Hospital of his Department.

DRY CATAWBA WINE.
THIS WINE has all the properties of Dry Sherry Wine.

SWEET CATAWBA WINE.
THIS WINE for its mildness is adapted for Invalids and for communion purposes.

MESSRS. ZIMMERMANN & CO., of Cincinnati and New York had formerly partnership with N. Longworth of Cincinnati the wealthy Native Wine producer, and therefore enables them to furnish the best of American production, at moderate prices.
Sold by W. D. TERRELL, at Wholesale and Retail, and by Druggists generally.
Corning, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1864—tf.

Farmer's Catechism.

Question. What is the best kind of Wooden beam Plow?

Answer. The WIARD PLOW.

Ques. Wherein does it excel all others?

Ans. In ease of draft, in being less liable to clog, and in fact it excels in every particular.

Ques. Where is this Plow to be found?

Ans. At the KNOXVILLE FOUNDRY, where they are made, and at various agencies around the country.

Ques. Are there any other plows made at that Foundry?

Ans. Yes! Biles makes various kinds of wooden and iron beam Plows, both for flat land and side hill; and he keeps ahead of all other establishments by getting the BEST PATTERNS invented, without regard to the COST.

Ques. Are Plows all that Biles makes?

Ans. By no means. He also makes HORSE HOES; a superb article for Corn, Potatoes, &c. ROAD SCRAPERS that beat the world. Cast Cultivator Teeth of a very superior pattern. Shovel Plow Castings for new land, and indeed almost every thing that is ever made at a Foundry, from a Boot Jack to a Steam Engine.

Ques. Would you then advise me to buy there?

Ans. Most certainly, would I, for besides making the best KIND of every thing, Biles makes them the best that are the most DURABLE, and it is a common expression where his Plows have been introduced, that they last as long as from two to four got at any other shop; he has always been at the business from a small boy and ought to know how it is done, and if you try his wares once, you will be ready with me to tell all wanting anything in that line to go, send or in some other way procure them of J. P. BILES, at the Knoxville Foundry.
Knoxville, March 30, 1863—tf.

New Millinery Goods.
MRS. A. J. SOFIELD desires to call the attention of the Ladies of Wellsboro and vicinity, to her New Stock of Spring Millinery Goods, consisting of the latest styles of Bonnets, Hats, Head Dresses, Caps, &c., and a variety of French Flowers, Shell and Straw Ornaments, the latest novelties in the way of Trimmings. Infant's Hats and Caps, Old Ladies' Dress Caps, Grenadein Veils of the newest shades. Mrs. S. feels particularly grateful for the patronage of her friends, and would say that she has engaged one of the best Milliners for the season, and is prepared to repair Straws in the best manner. She is receiving Goods constantly from New York, and will keep a good assortment. Her rooms will be found hereafter oppo Roy's Drug Store, in the building late occupied by Miss Smith.
Wellsboro, April 13, 1864—tf.

REMOVAL.
MISS PAULINE SMITH has removed to the house (late the residence of Chas. Williams,) opposite the United States Hotel. I wish to inform my customers that I have just received my

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

and can be found at the above place, ready to do work in the best manner for all who may favor me with a call. PAULINE SMITH.
Wellsboro, April 13, 1864—tf

I have started a Millinery Shop at Mansfield, to which I invite the attention of people in that section of the country. It will be under the management of Miss Ellen Green.

COWANESQUE HOUSE.
THIS House which has been open for convenience of the traveling public for a number of years, has lately been newly furnished throughout and fitted up in as good style as can be found in any country or city Hotel. The Proprietor does not hesitate in saying that there will be no pains spared to add to the comfort of his guests, and make it a home for them. The best of stabling for teams; and a good hostler always in attendance, all of which can be found one mile east of Knoxville, Pa.
M. V. PURPLE, Proprietor.
Deerfield, May 25, 1864—1y.

Robbed from the Safe of the Tioga Co. Bank.
ON Wednesday night, May 25, 1864, the following described bonds and notes:
1 U. S. 5-20 coupon bond, 4th series, letter F, No 14,719, for $500.
2 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter C, Nos. 36,180, 81 62, each $500;
17 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter F, Nos. 73,870 to 73,885, each $100.
14 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter M, Nos. 19,824 to 19,837, each $50.
3 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 3d series, letter A, Nos 5,804 5 6, each $1000.
4 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 3d series, letter A, Nos 3,050 51-52-53, each $500.
Tioga County Bank notes, old issue, 5's, 10's and 20's—$5,000. Signed by former officers of the bank, all punched through centre of vignette, and had been redeemed for three years. No other notes of this bank had ever been punched. The public are hereby cautioned against purchasing or taking any of the said bonds and notes. A. S. TURNER.
Tioga, May 25, 1864. Cashier.

Executor's Notice.
LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the subscriber on the estate of Philander Baker, late of Sullivan township, dec'd, notice is hereby given to those indebted to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement to HENRY B. CARD,
June 22, 1864—6t* Executor.

Select Poetry.

HEAVEN.

BY MISS NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

Beyond these chilly winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal—

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers,

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim, earthly vision;
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half-ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And hail revival the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

—*Springfield Republican.*

Miscellany.

KITTY'S WAGER.

"It's against my principles," said Parker Pelham, buttoning his pockets, and inclining his chair at an angle of forty-five degrees against the piazza railing. "Taxes, taxes—nothing but taxes! Government must suppose a man is made of money; and then, right on top of that, every woman of your acquaintance expects you to pay funds into your private war-treasury. It's all nonsense—and I, for one, won't be victimized! Besides, I don't consider it fair for us men to be bled at every pore, while the women keep their own purses intact. If you female kind are so vitally interested in the hospitals, and all that sort of thing, why don't you lend a helping hand yourself?"

Mr. Pelham screwed up his lips, tapped his fingers on the railing, and nodded his head, as one who should say, "I rather guess you'll find that argument unanswerable."

Kitty Brace standing among the roses that shut out the June sunshine, turned round so suddenly that the tinted petals showered down softly around her like a pink snowstorm. Parker instinctively moved his chair back, as he caught the dangerous sparkle of her hazel eyes, and saw the crimson penon of defiance fluttering across her cheek.

"Please to explain yourself, Mr. Pelham," said Kitty, clasping a spray of roses very tightly in her two little hands, lest they should descend wrathfully on Parker's ears, in spite of her determination to be very proper and dignified. "Have we not spent time and money both in this cause? Have we not denied ourselves every unnecessary luxury? Nay, have we not even parted with our jewels and trinkets, to send aid to those who suffer in our country's behalf?"

"That's all very fine," said Parker, turning up his nose in lofty disregard of feminine logic. "Smooth sailing, smooth sailing! You may talk as much as you like, Miss Kitty; but you will never persuade me you're in earnest until I see you make some sacrifice worth boasting of." "I don't want to boast," said Kitty, indignantly; "but oh! if I was only a man—if I could only earn money!"

"You'd do unheard-of-things, I've no doubt," said Mr. Pelham, sarcastically. "But you can earn money, if you choose to try."

"How pray?"

"Well, for instance, those crimsoned sprinkled strawberry-beds on the hillside—a man would turn them into money quick enough, while a woman don't choose to take the trouble—it's easier to beg!"

"Yes said Kitty, taking no notice of the covert sneer, "but nobody wants strawberries here—there is no market for them."

"There is the city I suppose. Ah! yes, that's right, Miss Kitty—curl yor lips and toss your head? Come now—here's an exemplification of my assertion, that you shrink from the slightest effort in this cause. You expect us to do everything while you are willing to do nothing. Now I am not afraid to wager fifty dollars you wouldn't sell five dollars' worth of strawberries to keep your soldier heroes from want?"

Kitty was silent a moment. Then she drew out her little morocco pocket-book with solemn emphasis.

"I'll call witnesses, sir, and the wager shall be registered."

Parker Pelham eyed the little beauty as if he scarcely understood her.

"Mind, you are to sell them yourself, Miss Kitty! no more manœuvering."

"Set your heart at rest, Mr. Pelham. All the conditions of your bargain shall be complied with."

"But, Miss Kitty, have you reflected? Such a very unladylike thing—"

"I see nothing unladylike in endeavoring to serve my country's defenders," said Kitty, quietly, a lamblike smile sparkling in her eyes as she noted Parker's perturbed brow. "Fifty dollars—it is a very neat little sum. And now I must go to see about some baskets for my berries, as there's no time to be lost!"

"Fifty dollaors?" feebly muttered Parker Pelham, as the light dress fluttered down the garden walk. "What a confounded fool I was! Why couldn't I have said five instead? But, of course, I'm perfectly safe—she'll never do such a thing—never!"

"Strawberries! Who'll buy my strawberries?"

Mrs. Leclerc was reading in her cool, quiet parlors as the silvery voice echoed through the streets. Instinctively she rose and pushed aside the curtains.

A slender figure in a brown calico dress, her face shaded by a blue-ribboned Shaker bonnet, was leaning over the area railings, on which she dexterously balanced a basket of ripe strawberries, glowing scarlet through their covering of fresh vine-leaves.

Mrs. Leclerc shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked again.

"Why, Kitty Brace! can it be possible that that is you?"

"I, myself, and no other," laughed Kitty. "I'm selling strawberries on a wager. Will you buy some?"

"Buy some? of course. Give me a dozen baskets; and then come in, you little witch, and tell me all about it."

"Not just now—haven't time," answered Kitty, demurely. "But you shall hear of it by and by!"

Mrs. Leclerc thought Kitty had never looked so pretty, in tulle and pearls, as she did under the quaint shadow of that Shaker bonnet—her eyes dancing with suppressive mischief, and the brown curls tucked behind her ears; and the old maid behind the window blinds of the opposite house thought it very queer to see Mrs. Leclerc lean from her casement to kiss the strawberry girl.

At one house, the door was slammed in Kitty's face with more emphasis than politeness. Strawberry vending had its unpleasant aspect as well as most other occupations in this world; but our little heroine was undismayed. It takes a good deal to daunt a courageous woman.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Parker Pelham's clerk came softly in the back office, where his master was busily engaged in writing.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but do you wish to buy any strawberries?"

"Strawberries! No," said Mr. Pelham abstractedly.

"I told the young person so, sir, but—but dear me, here she is now!"

There was a defiant little tap on the door, and Miss Kitty Brace was walked in, her hazel eyes sparkling like two stars under the Shaker bonnet.

"You don't wish to purchase, Mr. Pelham? That's fortunate, for I have sold every berry. Please to count my change. I believe it amounts to ten cents over and above the specified five dollars!"

You dont mean to say Miss Kitty, that—

"I do mean to say that I have won the wager, sir."

How pretty she looked in that moment of bright animation. Ordinarily, Parker Pelham would have hesitated long ere parting with a single nickel of his hoarded money, but beauty is a wonderful subduer. All the treasured hopes of months leaped up in that one moment of fascination.

"I own myself vanquished, Miss Kitty," he said, handing over a neatly folded fifty dollar bill. "Take it—and"

He paused a moment in awkward uncertainty.

"Thank you, sir," said Kitty demurely, "but I should scarcely know what to do with the article. My promised husband is fighting under the stars and stripes, and one heart is all I can take care of at one time. Good evening, sir."

Alas, for the humiliated and discomfited Parker Pelham! Was it not hard enough to lose fifty dollars, but he must lose a sweetheart, too. But all the Rothschilds never felt so rich as Kitty Brace did when she enclosed that fifty dollar bill to purchase comforts for the soldiers!

The Constitution and the Guerriere.

The Guerriere was lying to. The Constitution was bearing down the enemy under her topsails—every man was at his respective station and all on board were eager for the contest—when the Guerriere commenced at long shot. Commodore Hull gave a peremptory order to his officers not to apply a single match until he gave the word. In a few minutes a forty-two pounder from the Guerriere took effect, and killed and wounded some of our brave tars.—Lieutenant Morris immediately left his station on the gun deck to report the same to the commodore, and request permission to return fire, as the men were very anxious to engage the enemy.

"Mr. Morris," was the commodore's reply, "are you ready for action on the gun deck?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, keep so, but don't let a gun be fired till I give the word."

In a few minutes, Mr. Morris again appeared, and stated that he could with difficulty restrain the men from giving the enemy a broad side, so anxious were they to commence the engagement.

"Mr. Morris," reiterated the Commodore, still gazing intently on the British frigate, "are you ready for action on the gun deck?"

"Yes, sir; and it is impossible for me any longer to restrain the men from firing on the foe. Their passions are wrought up to the highest possible pitch of excitement. Some of our bravest seamen are already killed and wounded."

"Keep cool, Mr. Morris, keep cool. See all prepared, and do not suffer a gun to be fired till I give the word."

The gallant Lieutenant went below. In a few minutes the vessels neared each other to within pistol-shot distance, and Mr. Morris was sent for on the quarter-deck.

"Are you ready for action, Mr. Morris?" again demanded the Commodore.

"We are all ready, sir; and the men are uttering horrid imprecations, because they are not suffered to return the fire of the enemy."

"Fire, then, in God's name!" shouted the Commodore in a voice of thunder. It is added that he wore at the time a pair of nankeen tights; and he accompanied this soul cheering order with so tremendous a stamp on the deck with his right foot, that the unfortunate pantaloons were split open from the knee to the waistband.

The conduct of Dacres, before and after the action, was such as might have been expected from a brave and generous enemy. Mr. Reed, a young man belonging to Brewster, Massachusetts, at present a respectable shipmaster out of Boston, had been pressed on board the Guerriere a few weeks previous to the engagement. Several other American seamen were also on board. When the Constitution was bearing down in such gallant style, and it became evident that a severe action with the American frigate was inevitable, young Reed left his station and proceeded to the quarter deck, and respectfully but firmly represented to Captian Dacres that he was an American citizen who had been unjustly detained on board a British frigate; that he had hitherto faithfully performed the duties assigned him; and that it could not reasonably be expected he would fight against his countrymen; he therefore begged leave to decline the honor of participating in the engagement.

The English Captain frankly told him that he appreciated his patriotic feelings—that he did not wish Americans on board to use arms against their countrymen; and he subsequently ordered them all into the cockpit to render assistance, if necessary, to the surgeon. Reed left the spar deck after the Guerriere had completed preparation. Several shots were known to have taken effect, but the Constitution had not yet fired a gun—much to the amusement of the British tars, who predicted the surrender of the enemy without resistance, with the exception of a veteran man-of-war's man, who was in the battle of the Nile, and gruffly observed with a significant shake of the head—"that Yankee knows what he's about."

A few moments passed away, and the Constitution poured into her a tremendous broadside. Every gun was double shotted and well pointed, and the effect on the enemy can hardly be conceived.

Mistimed jests and jeers at the imperturbable but harmless Yankees immediately gave place to the groans of the wounded and dying, and sixteen poor mutilated fellows were tumbled into the cockpit from the effects of the first broadside.

Dacres fought as long as there was a spar standing or a gun could be brought to bear on the enemy, but when his masts were completely swept away, his officers and men mostly killed or wounded, encumbering the decks; while the scuppers were streaming with gore; when the Guerriere, which a few hours ago was justly considered one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture which belonged to the British navy, lay on the water, an unsightly, unmanageable mass; when he had no longer the stump of a mast left from which to display the proud ensign of his country, the gallant Briton began to think he had got into an ugly scrape from which he could not possibly extricate himself. He could no longer oppose a feeble resistance to his more formidable foe.

Captain Hull sent an officer to take possession of the Guerriere. When he arrived alongside, he demanded of the commander of the English frigate if he had struck.

Dacres was extremely reluctant to this concession in plain terms, but with a shrewdness that would have done honor to a Yankee, endeavored to evade the question.

"I do not know that it would be prudent to continue the engagement any longer," said he.

"Do I understand you to say that you have struck?" inquired the American lieutenant.

"Not precisely," returned Dacres, "but I do not know that it would be worth while to fight any longer."

"If you think it advisable, I will return aboard," replied the Yankee, "and resume the engagement."

"Why, I am pretty much hors du combat already," said Dacres; "I have hardly men enough to work a gun, and my ship is in a sinking condition."

"I wish to know, sir," peremptorily demanded the American officer, "whether I am to consider you a prisoner of war or an open enemy? I have no time for further parley."

"I believe there is now no alternative. If I could fight longer, I would with pleasure—but—I—must—surrender myself a prisoner of war."

PROVERBS.—While the tall maid is stooping, the little one hath swept the house.

Wit without discretion, is a sword in the hands of a fool.

With all your learning, be sure to know yourself.

What you can do alone expect not from another.

Women, wind and fortune are ever changing.

When you meet with a fool, pretend business to get rid of him.

We are usually the best men, when we are the worst in health.

When a man comes into trouble, money is usually one of his best friends.

You cannot drive a windmill with a pair of bellows.

You may know the master by his man.

A Doctor and a clown know more than a doctor alone.

A great deal of pride obscures or blemishes a thousand good qualities.

Youth and white paper take any impression.

You must cut your coat according to your cloth.

You must learn to creep before you walk.

You cannot eat your cake, and have your cake.

You may gape long enough ere a bird fall in your mouth.

You must ask your neighbor, if you shall live in peace.

You cannot catch old birds with chaff.

BUTTER MAKING.—A dairyman writes to the Genessee *Farmer* his experience, as follows:—"When cows are fed on dry feed, the milk is thicker or richer than when feeding on juicy grass. Then add warm water, when setting the milk, in quantities sufficient to make it as the milk from ordinary cows in May or June. The milk from some cows in the spring and summer months is very thick and rich; then add cold water, if the water be hot. I have practiced the above, and it has increased the quantity from one to three pounds per cow each week.

FARMERS' sons had better learn to hold the plow and feed the pigs, than to measure tape and count buttons.

Rates of Advertising.
Advertisements will be charged $1 per square of 16 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 16 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,	$4,00	$5,75	$7,00
2 do.	6,00	8,25	10,00
3 do.	8,75	10,75	12,50
¼ Column,	10,00	12,00	15,75
½ do.	18,75	25,00	31,50
1 do.	30,00	42,00	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.

Letters from the Army.

From the 45th Pennsylvania Regiment.

CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., July 4th, 1864.

FRIEND COBB—Contrary to the general expectation of the army, and perhaps of the public, nothing exciting or of interest has transpired at the front to-day. On the contrary, there is if anything, less firing than usual between the pickets.

The weather is dry, sultry and exceedingly hot. The constant discharge of small arms and frequent cannonading, which has been in progress since the beginning of the siege of Petersburg, together with the great heat and uncommon drouth which has prevailed during the past two weeks, have given to the atmosphere a sulphurous smell, and parched the air to a degree really oppressive, as well as reduced our supply of water in and around camp until it has become an inconvenient scarcity. Roads are fearfully dusty. Symptoms of rain have been frequent, but with the exception of a few inconsiderable showers, we have thus far been doomed to disappointment. The health of the army is surprisingly good under existing circumstances. The daily arrival of convalescents more than equals the number of those disabled by disease. Our rations have been increased in quality and quantity until we are faring better than ever before. Besides our usual government allowance we get daily issues from the Sanitary Commission, such as pickles, cabbage, onions, radishes, dried apples, tea, condensed milk, lemons, &c., while the sick get still greater delicacies. None can relish those luxuries as well as the soldier, who for months has been dieted exclusively on fresh beef, hard tack, and coffee as an army invariably and necessarily is during a vigorous campaign such as the army of the Potomac has passed during the last two months. The knowledge of this should, and I am confident will encourage the friends at home in their efforts to attest their devotion to the cause of the soldier, by contributing to those beneficent institutions—the Sanitary and Christian Commission.

Many a war-worn veteran as he sits down on his knapsack to feast and indulge his stinted stomach on those luxuries thinks of home, and that perhaps the dish he is eating was prepared by his own mother, wife, sister, or sweet-heart, which I assure you makes it taste none the worse. We also get ½ gill of whiskey to a man as a daily item of rations, which while it is not sufficient to intoxicate, proves a valuable stimulant and does us more good than harm, particularly while on duty in the pits.

By going on the skirmish line any desirable quantity of good ice can be got, but the ice house is commanded by the rebel sharpshooters, and whenever a blue jacket appears a shower of bullets, or perhaps a shell is sure to follow. Several have been killed in attempting to reach it, but ice is a great luxury in such times as these, and scarcely a day passes but that we feast on the cooling beverage, or drink ice cool lemonade as good as our city saloons afford.

The siege progresses uninterruptedly. The pickets on other parts of our line have generally ceased firing and are living in comparative peace and quiet with their southern neighbors. Along the front of our corps the rattle of musketry is incessant night and day.

Occasionally the rebels run out a battery and attempt to shell our lines, but are invariably silenced in a few moments by the unerring aim of our gunners. During the night shelling with mortars is freely indulged in on both sides. Some of the rebels' shells in the dead of night burst in fearful proximity to our pits but have as yet inflicted no considerable damage. When awake, these monster visitors can be easily dodged, as they are visible for miles before they strike or burst. The greater part of our casualties is caused by the fire of the rebel sharpshooters, who with unerring aim, make it almost invariably fatal for us to elevate our craniums above the parapets. Three of our company have been wounded to-day, namely:

Corporal Jasper R. White, in the head,
Private Morris Smith, in shoulder,
Private Peter Bellinger, in head.

Neither of them are dangerously hurt. They have been sent to the hospital. The advance line of our division is not more than 100 yards from the rebel works, which are very formidable and being daily strengthened as the glimmer of picks and shovels in the hot sun in front of us plainly show. While this is going on, Grant's army is not idle; our engineers and strong details from different regiments are constantly digging, daily increasing the magnitude and strength of our fortifications. Since the destruction of the Weldon railroad by our forces the whistle of the cars, which a few days since could be distinctly heard has ceased to taunt us and defy our approach.

You may not be surprised to hear of a fearful collision of the armies at any time, but let the future speak for itself. When Grant moves it will be with a purpose and when he is fully prepared, and judging from the past we have no grounds for fears in the future. The boys are feeling well, the majority of them are on picket to-day, celebrating the "fourth" and picking off the "Johnnies" at the same time.

Capt. Richards returned from the hospital where he had been temporarily detained by an attack of fever and ague, on the 2d instant in good health. Hoping we have not been forgotten at the celebrations and pic-nics held in the familiar groves of old Tioga, to-day, I remain,

Very respectfully yours, VETERAN.

TO CURE THE BLOAT IN CATTLE.—Take a stick about the size of a large rolling pin, or about two inches in diameter, and after fastening a string at each end put it in the animal's mouth, and tie it with strings around its head, so that the stick will act like a bit, and keep the mouth open. In a very short time, the bloat arising from eating too much wet clover, will abate gradually; and where the choking arises from a potatoe or piece of turnip, it will work itself either up or down, when the mouth is thus kept open.

THE President has determined to appoint Capt. Winslow of the Kearsarge, to a Commodoreship.