

BY M. H. COBB.

Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, in advance.

The paper is sent free to county subscribers, though they may receive their mail at post-offices located in out-of-town places adjoining, for convenience.

The Agitator is the Official paper of Tioga Co., and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscriptions being on the advance pay system, it circulates among those who are the most interested in its success.

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.

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

JOHN S. HAIN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. [Wellboro, Jan. 1, 1863.]

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

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, Wellboro, Pa. J. W. BIGNON, Proprietor. THIS popular house, repaired, refitted 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. H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor. THIS is a new hotel, located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY! Repaired at BULLARD'S & CO'S STORE, by the subscriber, 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. [Wellboro, July 15, 1862.] A. B. HASCY.

WELLSBORO HOTEL. B. E. HOLLIDAY, Proprietor. THE Proprietor having again taken possession of this above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure the comfort of guests and the traveling public. [Wellboro, Jan. 21, 1863.]

A. FALEY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c., REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES. POST OFFICE BUILDING, NO. 5, UNION BLOCK. Wellboro, May 20, 1862.

E. R. HACK, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER, SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE, NO. 4, UNION BLOCK. Wellboro, June 24, 1862.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE. WRIGHT & BAILEY. HAVE had their mill thoroughly repaired and are receiving a growing supply of flour, feed, meal, &c., every day at their store in town. [Wellboro, April 29, 1863.]

Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing. THE subscriber informs his old customers and the public generally that he is prepared to card wool and dress cloth at the old stand, the coming season, having secured the services of Mr. J. PEET, a competent and experienced workman, and also intending to give his personal attention to the business, he will warrant all work done at his shop. [Wellboro, May 6, 1863.] J. L. JACKSON.

MARBLE SHOP. I AM now receiving a STOCK of ITALIAN and RUTLAND MARBLE, (bought with cash) and am prepared to manufacture all kinds of TOMBS-STONES and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices. [Tioga, May 20, 1862.] A. D. COLE.

JOHN A. ROY, DEALER IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Chemicals, Varieties, Paints, Dyes, Soaps, Perfumery, Brushes, Glass, Putty, Toys, Fancy Goods, Pure Wine, Brandy, Gins, and other Liquors for medicinal use. [Wellboro, June 24, 1863.]

BEST QUALITY. Physician's Prescriptions accurately compounded. The best Petroleum Oil which is superior to any other for burning in Kerosine Lamps. [Wellboro, June 24, 1863.]

Q. W. WELLINGTON & CO'S BANK, CORNING, N. Y. (Located in the Dickinson House.) American Gold and Silver Coins bought and sold. [Wellboro, June 24, 1863.]

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, [For the 5th District, Pa.] Mansfield Classical Seminary. Rev. W. D. TAYLOR, A. M., Principal. [Wellboro, June 24, 1863.]

W. H. HOLLAND, Secretary. A Normal School of course of study for graduation, embracing two years, is adapted to the Classical Department, are solicited. [Wellboro, June 24, 1863.]

STROP that cough by using Clive's Vegetable Embrocation. See advertisement in another column. Sold by Druggists. [Feb. 18, 1863.]

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 CHASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. X.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1863.

NO. 11.

Select Poetry.

OVER THE HILL.

Twilight sat on the brow of night, And shadows grouped in the vale below; No star looked out from the distant height, And the part of the stream was enshrouded in snow; And fiercely the night winds roamed abroad, While mist was gathering fast—and still A wanderer threaded the weary road, Which led to the summit and over the hill.

"Does your path lie long o'er this lonely wild? For the way is dark, and forlorn the night!" He bared his brow and serenely smiled, And pointed aloft to the ridge bright: "Fooler I've traversed the dreary waste, In search of the promised healing rill; The waters of life will be sweet to the taste, And I know I shall drink them over the hill."

"What do you know of the long-sought shore, Or the greeting that awaits in that stranger land? For myrds went and returned no more, And we hear of them now as a silent band. A halo of light crowned the traveller's brow, As he spoke of the summons he went to fulfil; For the King of the East had sent a message, and now Even waited to welcome him over the hill.

He spoke of the day when an angel came, And opened the gateway across the wild, And his voice is lost in the booming tide, As she hastened away with their only child, And he heard the echo along the moor, Till at length it died in a nameless thrill; And leaving his woes at his desolate door, Her footprints he sought away over the hill.

The summit is wrapped in a snowy cloud, And a river rolls on the other side; Dense vapors the pilgrim's form enshroud, And his voice is lost in the booming tide. But still I stand in the twilight dim, When the night grows dark, and the air is chill, I think of the message that came to him, And I know I shall follow him over the hill.

Select Story.

NOT DRAFTED.

Sunday afternoon, in a certain rustic town, the shaded streets were deserted, and the shutters of private residences most jealously closed, for the day was still intensely hot. All the week there had been a tempest in this small town, touching upon certain matters of public and private interest connected with "the draft," and very helpful to excited minds must have been the perfect quiet which, for the last twelve hours, had brooded over the outward life of the inhabitants.

George Ayres, sauntering down State street, turned into the gate leading to Squire Peyton's residence, and went slowly up the gravelled walk, switching the roses and honeysuckles with his cane, and grumbling about the hot weather. Lizzie Peyton, who had been sitting on the steps leading out of the library, came to meet him.

"What have you been doing with yourself all this hot day, George?" "Trying to keep cool, Lizzie—that's a fact; and I've been to church just a little while this afternoon to return thanks on account of not being drafted."

Lizzie blushed indignantly. "O, George, George! you don't mean that surely?" "Why not? Patriotism is a very fine thing in its way; but active service in such hot weather as this is a little too severe. Probably a winter campaign would not be so hard. I don't think I should mind it then." Now Lizzie was engaged to George Ayres, and had been so for two years, and had fancied that she was devoted to him; but she had been away from home for the last six months, and until lately knew nothing of his sentiments on war matters. Coming home, full of loyal enthusiasm for our cause, she had found him ripened into an altogether different man from what her immature fancy had pictured him. He smiled at her outburst of generous indignation against the rebellion, and criticised the conduct of public affairs but never lifted hand or voice to aid in the struggle. An indignant aversion to this cold selfishness had been growing up within her for the last few days; but, as she listened to his long remarks, and thought of recent battles—lost rows of graves, hospitals full of wounded, and streets full of maimed and shattered soldiers, and all the generous sacrifices of a nation made in the name of truth and freedom, the hot impulsive thoughts that throbbled within her congealed into a cold indignation.

She turned her full clear blue eyes upon him with a steady look, and said with the least spice of frigid scorn. "I really cannot imagine what the weather has to do with a man's doing his duty, under any circumstances, and in any emergency, in a manly manner."

"But when the sacrifice of blood and treasure is all in vain, what is the use of wasting more when nothing is to be gained? We have been blundering along in such a way that to-day we are as far from a restoration of the Union as we were at the beginning of the war."

A grand look came over Lizzie's face, as she regarded this creature of little faith, with no more spiritual vision than a mole and no more enthusiasm than an oyster; and she had thought to mate with this narrow soul, who could not see an inch beyond the present, and to whom the innate justice of a cause gave no confidence! "Were it twenty years, instead of two, that we have to look back upon; and if, as you falsely represent, the struggle had been for an unsuccessful one, my confidence in our ultimate success would be as strong as it is now."

The proud look of her eyes cowed him. He said: "The blunders made in the generalship of our armies is cooling my enthusiasm."

The firm response was: "No matter how many mistakes are committed in the name of liberty, no crime or mistake committed in its name justifies us in loving it less or in sacrificing less for it. Suppose any one had done me a wrong, would you be justified by that in withholding your help, or in being less my friend? There's your doctrine applied to a given case."

"Lizzie, you are a perfect monomaniac on the subject of the war," he exclaimed indignantly, feeling however that he had the worst of the argument. "Every ruffian and coward can wear shoulder-straps now."

"Pray, sir, don't get personal in your remarks. A commission in active service is the best letter of recommendation that any gentleman can bring me."

"Yes, I know what ails you, Miss Peyton," broke out the puffed-up young masculine. "I've noticed it ever since your return. You've been getting up some sort of an affair with some vagabond scamp in shoulder-straps while you've been gone, and now you want to break with me."

"You have saved me the trouble of doing it, sir," said the indomitable Peyton, getting up with a grand air, and looking like an iceberg sculptured into some beautiful human shape. She deliberately drew a ring from her finger, laid it before him, and swept into the library, closing the door after her before he could recover breath for a second attack.

But, oh! how she sat down in the dust and bewailed over the broken fragment of her idol—herself a fond, regretful iconoclast! For henceforth the veil was down, and she loathed from her very heart the petty malice and selfishness whose existence she had never suspected before.

He had been kind and tender, but she had thought him only brotherly. She had been obliged to leave for home very suddenly, during an absence of his from town, and so she had only left him a friendly parting and proxy. Now she thought of Legrand Curtis, and in her heart contrasted him with George Ayres. "He would never act so, I know," she murmured.

And she began to feel a strange pain at the thought that she should never see him again, perhaps.

It was now quite dark, and she had been lying face downward on a divan in the gloomiest corner of the library for more than half an hour, when she heard voices in the adjoining parlor, and some one asking for Miss Peyton.

It could never be! And yet, surely that was Legrand Curtis's voice. But how came he here? And with her thoughts in a whirl of confused perplexity she sprang up, forgetting her flushed face and disordered hair, and hurried at once through the folding-doors to satisfy herself.

"Miss Peyton!" And Miss Peyton stood half bewildered under the bright glare of the gas which the servant lighted just at that moment, with her hand held in both of those of Legrand Curtis, and seeing in his face what there was no need for words to tell—that she, and she alone, was the cause of his being there.

"I have come all this distance to tell you something," he said, "and it may as well be spoken now."

So they went out into the moonlit garden. He had not thought of the possibility of her being engaged; and if Lizzie had not been so preoccupied with the one thought of George Ayres, she would have seen, long ago, to what his attentions tended. He had decided to speak to her before her departure for home; and when he returned, and found her gone so unexpectedly—himself expecting to take the field at the head of a company in a week—he was more than ever strengthened in his inclination to follow her and settle the affair at once. So he told her about his approaching campaign.

"Perhaps you will not like that, Lizzie," he said, ruefully.

"O Legrand! Can you think so meanly of me as that?" she said reproachfully. "I'm only sorry that I cannot go with you; but I'm ten times prouder of you as it is."

"And so you want me to go away and get killed! Cruel little thing!" But she looked both her hands upon his arm, and laid her face against his shoulder, like a petted kitten, and said, sweetly and gravely: "Not that, Legrand, you know. But God makes no mistakes. None of us can die until our appointed time comes; and you will be just as safe on the battle-field as you are here, with my hands clasping you. But I don't know how I shall bear it dear."

Then she told him the story of her engagement, and when she had concluded turned to him with red cheeks and flashing eyes, saying: "Wasn't I right, Legrand?"

For an answer he kissed her. A penitent note from George Ayres next morning. Here is the answer to it: "Miss Peyton compliments Mr. Ayres on his escape from the draft; but prefers a man who did not wait to be drafted."

AN ENEMY'S GIFT.—When the Crusaders under King Richard, of England, defeated the Saracens, the Sultan seeing his troops fly, asked what was the number of the Christians who were making all this slaughter? He was told that it was only King Richard and his men, and that they were all foot. "Then," said the Sultan, "God forbid that such a noble fellow as King Richard should march on foot," and sent him a noble charger. The messenger took it, and said, "Sir, the Sultan sends you this charger, in order that you may not be on foot." The king was cunning as his enemy, and ordered one of his squires to mount the horse, in order to try him. The Squire did so; but the animal was fey, and he could not hold him; he set off at full speed to the Sultan's pavilion. The Sultan expected he had got King Richard, and was not a little mortified to discover his mistake.

"Cabbage," said the Edinburgh Review, "contains more muscle-sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable." This probably accounts for the fact of their being so many athletic fellows among the tailors.

WALTER GRANTLEY'S REVENGE.

The wholesale dry-goods store of Savage & Co., was one of the most extensive in the city and of course boasted of a large number of clerks. Among them were two young men of nearly the same age, whom we have selected to figure as the two principal characters in our story. Their names were Walter Grantley and George Hill, and both were on equal footing in the establishment.

Walter Grantley was a whole-souled young man, and was as earnestly devoted to his avocations as any other man in the city. Knowingly he would not injure any person under any consideration, but pursued an upright course to all, especially to his employers, by whom he was highly esteemed.

George Hill was also devoted to his business, and held the confidence of his patrons. He possessed an unbounded stock of ambition, which, unfortunately, would not stop at all times within the strict bonds of honesty. He often said that nothing of an ordinary nature should stop him in the course he had marked out for himself in his line of business and advancement. But at the time we date our story he fancied an obstacle was in his path; and that obstacle was Walter Grantley.

One of the head clerks had given notice that he was about to leave the establishment to enter another firm as a partner. This would occasion a desirable vacancy, and either he or Walter would be advanced to that post. He was convinced that no others in the store possessed the requisite knowledge and ability; so there was but one who stood between him and this much coveted position.

At this position of affairs, he would not have hesitated to have managed to lay blame of some sort upon his rival, had he not thought that he at least stood an equal chance with; but he did not, as a few days later he discovered.

About a week before the head clerk was to leave, George overheard the members of the firm discussing his and Walter's merits, and, after a somewhat lengthy discussion, heard them arrive at the conclusion to bestow the situation upon his rival. He listened until the conversation was concluded, and then slunk away to form some plan for the downfall of his companion.

Some three days after he had overheard the decision of his employers, he requested an interview with them. It was granted during the day, and George made known his business.

"What I have to say, sir, pains me very much, yet I feel it my duty to make you aware of a piece of information that has recently been connected with this house, else I should not trouble myself about it."

"Whom does it concern?" inquired Mr. Savage.

"Your clerk, Walter Grantley."

"Indeed, what of him! We have always considered him one of our most trusty clerks; honest, steady, and wholly devoted to his business. What have you learned of him?"

"That he frequents a noted gambling saloon on A—street."

"Frequenting a gambling house! I can hardly believe that. I could almost have sworn that he never saw an inside of such a place in his life."

"And yet I have information of a positive character that such is the case."

"Perhaps your information was not trustworthy."

"I could willingly have believed that, but to-day all doubts were dissipated, when he asked me to accompany him there to-night."

"What answer did you make him?"

"That I never frequented such places."

"Do you think he will go there to-night?"

"I think he will. Such was his intention."

"Then it is decided," said Mr. Savage, resignedly. "I will visit the place to-night, and make sure with my own eyes that he is addicted to this terrible vice. We had thoughts of advancing him to the head clerkship, but it will never do, if what you state be true."

"It is true, sir, as you will know to-night, if you enter the saloon."

"Thank you for the information, but speak to no one of it at present."

So the interview ended. Let us go back in our story some three hours. Walter and George obtained their dinners at a restaurant close by, and were in the habit of taking it at the same table.

That day, while at dinner, George observed: "By the way, Walter; do you know Dick Henley?"

"Of course, I do. He and I are warm friends."

"I am quite intimate with him. But did you know that he was addicted to gambling?"

"Impossible."

"It is too true!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I heard it from a friend, but would hardly believe it; so last night, I went to the saloon in A—street, and caught him in the very act, and did my best to get him away with me, and after a time succeeded. A trio of fellows were there who were determined to fleece him, and were angry with me for coaxing him away. I tried to extort a promise from him that he would not go there again to-night but he said he had promised to, but this one time should be the last. I wish Walter that you would go there to-night; and try to prevent his playing. I would go, but I have other business that will not admit of delay."

"I never was inside a gambling saloon in my life; and I do not much fancy going there."

"I do not blame you for that; but there would be no harm in going there, I pity Dick, that's all."

"So do I, and if my going will serve to prevent his losing money and reputation, I will go. But keep still on this George; for I should not want it to get around that I was seen in such a place."

"You may rely on my discretion, Walter."

This ended the conversation on the subject, but George knew that the dictates of his rival's generous heart would prompt him to go as he had wished it should.

Walter went out but found no friend there. In the course of the evening, Mr. Savage looked in, and, seeing Walter moving among

the players, no longer doubted, and the result was that George Hill was promoted to the head clerkship, and no one, save a comrade of his, was aware of his little plot to accomplish his ends.

Walter though disappointed and annoyed at the coolness of his employers, which he imagined was without a cause, retained his place for a few months and then was taken into partnership with an uncle. As the years went on, prosperity attended his efforts in the city to which he had removed.

About a year after his leaving Savage & Co., an acquaintance, who possessed the secret of George Hill, told him of the part his former friend had played; but Walter disdained to retaliate, and he was now doing much better than he would have done had he gained the place he coveted in the house of Savage & Co.

***** Ten years had rolled around since the first incident of our sketch transpired. One bitter cold day in December, Walter Grantley sat before the open grate in his counting room. He had prospered well, and was now an opulent merchant. To-day he was thinking of the past, and wondering what had become of his quondam friend, George Hill—for, some years before, he had been informed that he had left his place.

The door opened, and a person entered the apartment and bowed to its occupant. He was dressed in a rusty suit of black, and his face was wan and thin, as if he had felt the blighting curse of poverty. He seemed to hesitate to speak, and at last the merchant said: "Well, sir, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Can you give me work?"

"What can you do?"

"Anything about the store. Book-keeping would be preferred; but anything that will keep my family and myself from starvation."

There was something in his voice that sounded very natural to the merchant and he asked: "What is your name?"

"George Hill," was the reply.

"And I am Walter Grantley."

George Hill started as if he had received a blow.

"Walter Grantley! Then I can have no hope here," and he turned to go.

"Stop George. I know all about that little plot of yours, and have long since forgiven you. I am in want of a clerk; and you shall have the place. What do you say; will you accept it?"

"I do not deserve this of you, Walter," said the humbled man, in a tremulous voice.

"Never mind that; but why did you leave your old place?"

"A confidant of mine, to whom I had disclosed the secret of my plot, informed them of it, and they discharged me."

"Well, never mind; it is all settled and forgiven by me."

A better clerk than his repentant enemy Walter Grantley never had, and this was his revenge.

Be Your Own Right-Hand Man.

People who have been bolstered up and levered all their lives, are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to cling to, or lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capsize turtles, or unhorsed men in armor, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance.

Such sullen fellows no more resemble self-made men, who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping-stones, and deriving determination from their defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or spluttering ruffians the stars of heaven. Efforts resisted to achievements train a man to self-reliance; and when he has proven to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him. We say, therefore, that it is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from energetic action, by "boosting" them over obstacles which they ought to surmount alone. No one ever swam well who placed his confidence in a cork jacket, and if, when breasting the sea of life, we cannot buoy ourselves up and try to force ourselves ahead by dint of our own energies, we are not salvage, and it is of little consequence whether we "sink or swim, survive or perish."

One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this: "Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles by rigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount to their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them it was strove, it could never have been attained."

AFFECTING INSTANCE OF REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—At a London police court, lately, a man was charged with stealing lead from an empty house. He admitted to the constable who apprehended him that he had taken the lead, and acted mournfully. "It certainly is a very paltry act, for in my time I have broken into and robbed jewellers' shops. See what it is to be reduced."

A Person complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel. "Ah," replied the doctor, "and what did you call him?" "Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel, too."

"Well," resumed Franklin, "I presume you are both gentlemen of veracity, and as the account seems balanced between you, each should regard it as a receipt in full."

It is difficult, if not impossible, for men to love and be wise; even the heathen gods, when they were in love, made fools of themselves.

A NEW-LEANT CHIEF maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten its former owner.

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.	8.00	9.50	12.50
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.

Southern Gentleman. I dined yesterday at ———, and Tresslewell was one of the company. Now if Providence makes a man ignoble, and grants him not only nothing of the spirit, but forbids him also the appearance of a gentleman, it does seem an excess of unkindness not to make him in the least aware of it. That Tresslewell is an insignificant, vulgar-looking man in his misfortune. That he dresses like a bar-keeper or a flash stage-driver is probably his misfortune also. That he is certainly what Miss I——b calls "a won'erful or'ary-looking man" is the one point about him which is known to everybody. No; there is another well-known fact. He is rich. He is not well educated; he is vulgar; but he is also rich. Now certainly it is pleasanter to be rich than poor. What other consideration could have persuaded Mrs. Tresslewell to marry him? She, too, was at table. Her head was something "won'erful"—upon the outside at least.

She began to talk to me about the "gentlemen" from the South whom she so regretted to miss from society. I told her that I had seen a great many people from that part of the country, but that I had not yet seen the gentlemen. I have met plenty of persons who dressed well, and spoke in a low voice, and knew French, and complimented women very prettily, and talked horses, and dogs and boats with other men, but I had not seen the gentlemen.

"Why, how funny!" said she, "we used to meet so many every Summer at Newport."

"I know them," answered I.

"And yet you say you never met any gentlemen from the South?"

"I do."

"I mean that all those men knew that women were inhumanly whipped in order that they might dance and flirt in Newport and elsewhere; and they did not protest, but insisted that it was necessary and right. Now, Mrs. Tresslewell, I do not think that women whippers, either personally or by proxy, can possibly be gentlemen."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Tresslewell, "what an awful abolitionist you are!"

"I suppose I am, dear Madam, and I suppose it's some dreadful thing; but, seriously, I had rather be an Abolitionist than a gentleman who whips women."

At this point Tresslewell spoke from the other side of the table:

"Are you talking of gentlemen? Well, let me tell you a story. When I was in London I went to the opera, forgetting that you had to wear a dress coat, etc., but dressed as I am when I go to the opera here. They stopped me at the door and sent me back, saying that, to get in there, a man must be dressed like a gentleman. So I went home and changed my clothes. But when I returned the impudent fellow at the door was just going to turn me away again; but I shook my coat-kilts at him as he was in the midst of saying again that to get in a man must be dressed like a gentleman—and he let me pass. But isn't it