

The Tioga County Agitator: BY M. H. COBBE. Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers on 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 Co., and circulates in every neighborhood. The 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 continuation.

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

JOHN S. MANN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Conduff, 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 for the sale of settling land and will attend to the payment of taxes on very low lands in said counties. Jan. 28, 1863.

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, Wellsville, 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.

IZAIAK 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. The rains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. 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, and by any first-rate practical workman in the State. Wellsville, July 15, 1862. A. R. HASCY.

WELLSBORO HOTEL, B. B. HOLLADAY, Proprietor. This popular Hotel, having again taken possession of the above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure the comfort of guests and the traveling public. Attentive waiters always ready. Terms reasonable. Wellsville, Jan. 21, 1862.

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

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

FLOUR AND FEED STORE, WRIGHT & BAILEY, HAVE had their mill thoroughly repaired and are receiving fresh ground flour, feed, &c., every day at their store in town. Cash paid for all kinds of grain. WRIGHT & BAILEY, Wellsville, 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 received the services of Mr. J. PENNY, 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.

Wool carded at five cents per pound and cloth dressed at ten to twenty cents per yard, per color and finish. J. L. JACKSON, Wellsville, May 6, 1863-4.

MARBLE SHOP, I AM now receiving a STOCK OF ITALIAN and RUTLAND MARBLE, (ought with cash) and am prepared to furnish all kinds of TOMB-STONES and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices.

HARVEY ADAMS is authorized agent and will sell Stone at the same prices as at the shop. WE HAVE BUT ONE PRICE. Tioga, May 20, 1863-4. A. D. COLE.

JOHN A. ROY, DEALER IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Chemicals, Varnish, Paints, Dyes, Soaps, Perfumery, Brushes, Glass, Putty, Toys, Fancy Goods, Pure Wines, Brandies, Gins, and other Liquors for medicinal use. Agent for the sale of all the best Patent Medicines of the day. Medicines warranted genuine and of the BEST QUALITY.

Physician's Prescriptions accurately compounded. The best Petroleum Oil which is superior to any other, or burning in Kerosene Lamps. Also, all other kinds of Oils, always kept in a first class Drug Store.

FANCY DYE COLORS in packages all ready compounded, for the use of private families. Also, ure Loaf Sugar for medicinal compounds. Wellsville, June 24, 1863-4.

Insurance Agency, THE Insurance Company of North America have appointed the undersigned an agent for Tioga County and vicinity.

As the high character and standing of this Company give the assurance of full protection to owners of property against the hazard of fire, I solicit with confidence a liberal share of the business of the county. This company was incorporated in 1794. Its capital is \$500,000, and its assets in 1861 per statement let Jan. of that year was \$1,254,710 81.

CHARLES PLATT, Secretary. ARTHUR G. COFFIN, President. Office of the Company 232 Walnut Street Philadelphia.

Wm. Buchler, Central Agent Harrisburg, Pa. JOHN W. GUERNSEY, Agent for Tioga County, Pa. July 15, 1863.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, [For the 5th District, Pa.] AND Manual Classical Seminary. RAYMOND W. TAYLOR, A. M., Principal. Mrs. H. E. TAYLOR, Assistant. Miss E. A. FANSWORTH, Assistant.

Assistant and Teacher in Model School. The Fall Term of this Institution will open Sept. 24. The Winter Term, Dec. 21. The Spring Term, March 16th, 1864. Each term to continue thirteen weeks.

A Normal School Course of study for graduation, embracing two years, is adopted. Students for the Normal Course, and for the Classical Department, are solicited. For particulars, address Rev. W. D. TAYLOR, Manual, Tioga County Penna. Send for a Circular. W. COCKE BAIN, President of the Board of Trustees. WM. HOLLADAY, Secretary. 1863. Manual, August 5, 1862.

# 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. X. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1864. NO. 22.

## Select Story.

**DODGE'S.**

In the afternoon of one of the coldest days of the winter of 1857, a very respectably dressed traveler arrived in the stage at Newport, and put up for the day and night at Page's Hotel. He was dressed in the common farmer costume, with nothing to distinguish him from mankind in general, except in the peculiar manner in which he bundled up his head, to protect it from the cold, and the monstrous size of his overshoes. He was evidently a man of means, and altogether a jolly, good-natured kind of a fellow, though, at times, an air of sadness shaded his countenance. He was traveling, ostensibly, as an agent for a manufacturing company in New York, but really—the so knowing ones thought—for some other purpose.

"What time does the stage leave here for Richford?" asked the stranger.

"Day after to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock," responded mine host.

"Not till day after to-morrow?"

"No. There is a mail only every other day."

"That is coming bad. It is necessary that I should be at Richford to-morrow night. Is there a stage to North Troy?"

"No. The Richford stage leaves here at ten A. M., day after to-morrow—drives to North Troy—and reaches Richford in time for an early supper."

"Can I secure a private conveyance?"

"Here's Mr. S——," said mine host, pointing to me, "perhaps you can make some arrangement with him to carry you as far as Dodge's."

"Dodge's?"

"Yes, ten miles beyond North Troy. That would be as far as he could drive and get back in one day. You can see what arrangement you can make with him. He keeps a team, and sometimes does jobs of the kind."

The stranger said no more for some time. He was evidently in a study. I was in a study, too, and mentally resolved, that if it were possible, I would carry the man for a consideration.

"Well, my friend," said he, at length, addressing me, "can you carry me as far as Richford to-morrow?"

"Perhaps not to Richford; I can carry you as far as Dodge's, if that will do."

"I will give you three dollars and a half to set me down at Richford to-morrow night."

Three dollars and a half, thought I; that will pay me well. The man is evidently bent on going to Richford—I have a curiosity to carry him. I might as well add, that I had a curiosity for all jobs of the kind, from the fact that, on such occasions, I always "took suthin."

"For four dollars," said I, "I will undertake the job."

"Four dollars, then," said he, slowly, "go I must."

"What time will you start?" said I.

"At six."

Early the next morning, I hitched up "Old Sorrel," and in company with the stranger drove rapidly toward North Troy. It was a bitter cold day, a day when nature needed a little assistance, if ever; and, when about four miles out, passing through Newport woods, I drew a flask of brandy from my pocket, and holding it up to the stranger, observed, "Here, friend, this is too cold a day to ride without something to drink—take some."

"No—thank you," said he, "I never use stimulants."

"Take hold, take hold," said I, "we can fill it again at Dodge's."

"No, I never drink, never!" said he emphatically, "I have suffered too much from it." I felt rebuked that he did not drink. I had been debating in my mind, for the last two miles, whether to sound him in a round about way, and find out whether he ever drank, or to put a bold front on the matter, and offer it to him at once. But I had never had the good luck to carry a teetotaler, and had therefore come to the very sage conclusion that teetotalers didn't travel. But for once, I had got a live total abstinence man, actually transporting him thirty miles on the line. I thought him stupid—very.

Dodge's is a rum-shop situated on the Missisquoi river road, between North Troy and Richford. It is a place of considerable notoriety—celebrated in the country around as a low-lived, dram-drinking establishment, from which flows a continual stream of moral and physical death to the surrounding neighborhood. It is a favorite resort for the abandoned and reckless.

I was not at this time a drunkard. I was unwilling to admit that I was a moderate drinker—True, now and then, as on the present occasion, I thought it no harm to take a drink of brandy in order the more effectually to keep out the cold. I detested drunkards. I was not at all alarmed about myself, and wondered how any one could be so foolish as to think me in danger, yet my wife had often begged me to abstain totally. No other human being seemed to think of my becoming too strongly attached to my cups. My wife I thought a very foolish little love of a woman, and myself a very strong-minded man, capable of drinking a bottle of brandy now and then, without becoming a drunkard. On the present occasion, I found no difficulty in disposing of the brandy, without the assistance of my staid companion. When we grived at Dodge's I had drunk the last drop, and drew rein for the purpose of replenishing my flask.

"Not here, not here, friend! for Heaven's sake, have respect enough for my feelings not to enter this miserable place. Drive on, I have something to tell you."

He grasped the reins as he spoke, and Old Sorrel shot by in an instant, and went trotting toward Richford. He had got something to tell me! What in the name of nature could it be? Was it possible that so stupid a companion had a romance in his life. Nothing of the kind, I was sure. Perhaps he meant to regale me with some hackneyed temperance lecture. I consulted myself with the thought that in the course of two hours I should be back to Dodge's again.

"Do you see that ruin yonder, like the remains of one of the primitive log houses?"

"Plainly," said I.

"Well, sir, ten years ago this winter, I found a dear sister there—found her, sir—found her! Rum did it! and I must tell you the tale. I was one of the family of eight children, brought up in the good old State of Connecticut. My brothers and sisters were all dear to me. Alice, younger than myself, the companion of my youthful hopes and struggles, was dearest of all to me. Amiable and gentle, she seemed pure as the beams of my imagination—a concentration of all that was good and lovely. Oh, how I loved our Alice! Too well, too well! She was my idol. I remember how I almost wished to chide her for giving part of her love to George Dane, the village lawyer. I wished to be all that was dear to her, as she was all that was dear to me.

George was manly and intellectual, and I had no reason to oppose her choice. Neither did I, only I regretted to lose from the home society one so dear. They were married, and a life of happiness seemed a sure reward for their purity and devotion. For two years—years, I have reason to believe, of unsullied joys to them—they lived in the same village with us. At the end of that time, George determined to go to northern Vermont. They moved to T——, and, for a long time, long and endearing letters of their condition and prospects in their new home were received and eagerly read in the home circle. But, after a time, they grew less frequent, less encouraging, and, at the end of a year and a half, ceased altogether. There was a cloud in our old home—a shadow on the hearthstone. Fearful forebodings were felt by that band of hearts. Again and again we wrote, but months rolled around, and no tidings came.—But one resource remained—I must seek my lost sister.

Permit me to observe here, my friend, that my scruples were not opposed to spirit drinking. I was not a drunkard, but carried a bottle with me at times—drank when I wanted it, and was always in for a jolly time. I was, in common parlance, a moderate drinker, as the most debauchees are, previous to becoming drunkards. If there were no moderate drinkers, there would be no drunkards.

In due course of time, I arrived at my destination in T——. I was surprised at the thriftless and general woe-begone appearance of the place. There was not a respectable looking house in the place, no appearance of enterprise and business, but a look of poverty and wretchedness, that made me shudder for the fate of my poor Alice. But Alice was gone. In answer to my inquiries, I ascertained that they had lived for a while in comparative comfort and respectability, but that latterly they had come to want, and left the village. Nothing more satisfactory could be elicited—no clue to their whereabouts. They had disappeared—no one knew where.

I spent a week in visiting the neighboring villages, and then returned home. The joy of our household had departed forever.

About a year afterward, an opportunity occurred for engaging in a business, as agent for a manufacturing company, which required travel in Vermont and Canada. In the course of this tour, one cold day in winter—so cold and stormy that traveling was impracticable—I found myself laid up at Dodge's, with a fair prospect of a week's stay; and to tell the truth, I rather liked the idea. I had, in my travels, become addicted to the ardent; and, as I was the lion of the place, the "rich stranger," who was so liberal with his treats, I found time pass swiftly, and—I blush to own it now, sir—pleasantly. The storm continued for three days without intermission—one of those cold, northwest blows and snow storms that leave the snow piled up in huge drifts or fanciful wreaths into shapes of wondrous beauty. In the evening of the third day, a little girl, thinly clad, and benumbed with cold, came softly into the bar-room, and smuggled in between the great stove and the wall. I was not as yet, thank heaven, hardened to look upon the suffering unmoved; and I instinctively felt an interest in the little stranger from the moment I saw her, and my interest was greatly enhanced when I noticed that she timidly shrank from observation, and seemed intently watching for some one. I divined at once that she was an angel of mercy, sent by some lonely, suffering mother, to persuade some drunkard reveler from this miserable den of death. Drawing my chair close to the stove, and speaking as kindly as possible, I asked her to come to me.

"Don't don't, please don't whip me, sir," said the little one, sobbing.

"No, my dear, I wish to help you. What are you here for, this cold night?"

"Please, sir, to find pa."

"Is your pa here, my little one? Tell me which is your pa."

"I can't see him, sir, but ma told me to come and tell him that she was dying."

"Your mother dying—where does your mother live? when did your pa go away from home?"

"Oh, a great while ago, sir, I don't know how long. But I am going back, we've got no fire, and nothing to eat, and ma is cold."

"Wait, little one," said I, and setting her down behind the stove, I pushed into a room adjoining, where a few minutes before I had seen Dodge enter, and where I found that person engaged in assisting a bleared and bloated individual to dress.

"Mr. Dodge," said I, "there is a little girl in the bar-room who has come to get her father."

"Tell her to go home," said the drunken wretch whom Dodge was assisting.

That voice.

No, I was not mistaken. Time and intemperance had not been wholly able to change it. I had heard it when I'd inspired happier feelings, but I could not be mistaken—it was the same voice still. The drunken wretch, who I afterward ascertained had been dead drunk for three days, was George Dane.

The true situation of affairs flashed upon my mind at once. I pictured to myself Alice, the wife of the wretched drunkard, suffering, perhaps starving at this moment, and I so near—I took the little girl in my arms, and walked out into the cold night air.

"Where do you live, my little one?" said I— "I am going home with you to see your mother."

"Oh, ma will be so glad, she's so cold and

hungry, will you please, sir, give me something to carry to ma to eat?"

I hastened back and filling my pockets with cakes and crackers, returned, and taking the child in my arms, pushed through the snow in the direction indicated by the child, to her home. And such a home! Oh, that a man should fall so low! All was dark, still, and cold. Not a breath to know that a human being inhabited the place, no feeling of warmth, nothing but cold, dark silence. But the child ran to one corner of the miserable but exciting.

"Oh, ma, ma, wake up. The man has brought you something to eat. Ma, won't you wake?" And she sobbed as if her little heart would break. She continued talking in this strain to her mother, making all kinds of endearing little speeches, and telling her that they would have some supper now, and "Ma, the good man has come to see us." She kept talking and sobbing; while I, by the aid of matches and a jack knife, succeeded in kindling a little fire, which grew and grew, till the room was lighted, and some degree of warmth imparted.

It was a terrible feeling to know that I was in that wretched abode with death and my sister. There was nothing that deserved the name of furniture in the room. Not a chair, not a stool, not a bench, even; except a cupboard in one corner, to indicate that it was a human habitation. Close by the fire, on a nest of straw, was the cold emaciated form of my sister Alice. What a meeting was this, after a five-year's absence! I took her by the hand; it was cold as death. I raised her up, and held her up to the fire, and rubbed my hands rapidly over her wrists and temples, to impart warmth. Is she dead? Oh, this must not be! Look at me, Alice. I am your brother, come to save you. I could not bear the thought that she was dead.

At length came the reward of my labors—She breathed, faintly, it was true; but life—no, she was not dead. Calmly I worked on, and slowly, yet surely, my sister was coming to life. She spoke, but her mind evidently wandered.

"Oh, George," said she, "I am so glad you have come, and you are so changed. I thought I should die, I was so cold and hungry. I sent little Alice after you, and you were so good to beat her. I had such a sweet dream. Oh, George, it is growing dark. I am dying."

"It is I, Alice, look at me."

She swooned away, exhausted gasping for breath. Just Heaven! what if she should die now. No, I must save her. I went to the door, and got a handful of snow, and, by the warmth imparted by my hands, succeeded in melting it, and applying a few drops to her lips, and bathing her temples, she again revived.

Her eyes were clear, calm, and natural now. There was the same sweet look as of old. But she was white—oh, so white and death like—She looked more like an angel from the spirit world, than the flesh and being that she really was. Extending her hand toward me, she murmured, in a voice sweet in its softness and sadness.

"Henry! is it Henry?"

"Yes, Alice, it is Henry, come to take you home to your father and mother."

"Oh, Henry, is it possible? What a horrid memory!" And she pressed her hands over her eyes as if to shut out some horrid image of the past. "But it is over now. I have seen the death angel—I am going soon. Oh, Lord Jesus, have mercy on my child, my dear little Alice. Is not George here?"

"No, he has not come yet. But don't think such thoughts, Alice. You are not going to die. Cheer up, you must go home with me."

"Home, yes, I am going home now. Hold me in your arms, brother dear, I am so weak. I wish that George was here to see me die—he was kind to me once, but he was led away—Rum did it. He did not mean to be so bad, but the best society drink here. He couldn't drink a little without drinking too much. Tell him I forgive him. Tell father and mother I have suffered but I am happy now. I longed to write and let you know all, but I hoped for better times. I hoped every reveal would be his last. But oh, the power of rum! It is fearful, Henry, the power of rum. George has fallen—he is a victim. The world will condemn him, but the world will never know how bravely he strove to break the charm. The world don't know how much he has suffered. They know his sins—his sufferings they do not wish to know. Poor George, there is no rum in heaven."

"She continued to speak, but fainter and fainter; till her voice died to a whisper.

"Henry, you drink. Don't deceive me—I do not love you the less, but I fear for you—Oh, how I have prayed that you might be spared this awful fate. It is an awful thing to be a drunkard. I shall die in your arms. And as you love me, Henry, as you wish to meet me in the spirit-land, promise me that you will drink no more. I cannot bear the thought that you, too, will be a drunkard. It is the last prayer of your dying sister, that you will never drink another drop of rum. Will you promise?"

"I do promise, Alice, never, as I hope for heaven, never will I drink again."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Henry; you are the same noble brother. I can die easy now. Take little Alice—give her to father—tell him to let her have her mother's place in his heart. Bury me in the church-yard with sister. Kiss brothers and sisters for me—tell them to meet me above. Tell George—"

"There was a slight quiver—a gasp—and the spirit had returned to God who gave it."

"She sleeps now in the cold church-yard, the link that connects my soul with heaven."

"I have kept my promise. Not a drop has passed my lips to this day, and, by the help of God, there never shall. This, sir, is the reason why I never drink. I have seen hundreds of sisters and wives made miserable by rum, but I never realized the awful sin of drunkenness, till it was brought home to me and mine. And now, stranger, join with me, and throw your bottle into the Missisquoi, and you will never regret it."

**The Dutchman and the Rebel Currency.**

During General Lee's invasion in Pennsylvania last summer, a detachment of the rebel army had possession for a few days of the thriving town of Hanover, in the county of York, lying some twenty or more miles west of Gettysburg. Apprised of their coming, the merchants and business men of the town mostly, placed their movable goods safely out of the reach of the pillagers. They secured but little booty. What they could lay their hands on, however, they did not fail to bag.

Among the heaviest looters was one of the landlords of the town, the proprietor of a well-conducted country tavern. At his house the hungry rebels made themselves "well at home."—Without leave or license, they devoured his stock of bacon, beef and poultry, consumed all his flour, which they forced the landlady to bake into bread and pies, used his forage, occupied his beds, and, of course, drank up his entire stock of liquors. Of this, before they left, not so many pints, for what they could not guzzle on the spot they contrived to take along.

As they were about taking their departure for Gettysburg a Georgia Colonel, exhibiting a degree of conscientiousness not shared by any of his associates, remarked to the landlord that it was a pity to consume so much of his property without any compensation, and that if no one else would extend justice to him, he would, at the same time throwing on the bar a bill of the denomination of twenty dollars.

"There," said the rebel chieftain, "my good fellow, take that as my share of our indebtedness."

"Vot kind of monish ish dat?" inquired the landlord, one of the class of Pennsylvania Germans so proverbial alike for sagacity and integrity.

"That sir, is a greyback; in other words, a note of the Confederate States of America."

"O stranger," said the hotel keeper, "if you hush not get no 'petter monish as dat, you'll 'petter keep it. I don't want none of it; it is good for nix; no petter as plank paper."

"Sir," rejoined the somewhat indignant epauletted Georgian, "I advise you to take it and be glad for the opportunity. You will soon find it the best money in the world. Keep it, sir, keep it."

"Nein, nein," retorted mynher of the swinging sign; "dat monish will never be wort anything here nor anywhere. I would not give one silver thaler for a bread-basket full. I won't be seen mit it in my hand; and if you don't take it along, I rolls it up, holds it at the candle an' lights mine pipe mit it."

He was about sitting the action to the word when the Georgian took the note up from the counter, and returned it to his wallet. The Hanover landlord deserves praise, not for his loyalty alone in the presence of an insolent foe, but for his wisdom in recognizing the financial sagacity, which is far ahead of Memminger himself.

**PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S "LAST" STORY.**—A few days since a New England gentleman called at the White House to propose a new plan for capturing Richmond. "I know, Mr. President," said he, "that the Union men in the rebel capital, with the prisoners and the contrabands there, are able to overpower the garrison—so all you have to do is to let Gen. Meade make a diversion against Lee's army, and then let Gen. Butler go up James river to cooperate with the Unionists." "I have great confidence in Gen. Butler," replied Mr. Lincoln, "but I am not sure about Richmond. Your plan reminds me of a story told of a lot of Methodist ministers, who were the trustees of a Western college. It so happened that this college was connected with a neighboring town by a bridge, and that this bridge was subjected to be carried away by freshets. At last they held a session, to receive the plans of a noted bridge-builder, a good mechanic, but rather a profane man.—'Can you build this bridge?' asked a reverend gentleman. 'Build it,' bluntly replied the mechanic, 'I could build a bridge to hell.' This horrified the trustees, and after the bridge-builder had retired, the minister who had recommended him thought proper to apologize. 'I feel confident,' said he, 'that our energetic friend could build a safe bridge to Hades, although I am not so sure of the abutment on the other side. And so with your plan—concluded the President—I have great confidence in Gen. Butler, but doubt the strength of the Unionists in Richmond.'

**GEN. GRANT IN A HORSE TRADE.**—A few Congressmen on a railroad train the other day entered into a conversation about the merits of different Generals in our army, in the course of which one of them told the following story about General Grant:

"I knew Ulysses Grant when he was a little boy. We used to go to school together, near Georgetown, Brown County Ohio. The boys used to plague him dreadfully about a horse trade he once made.—When he was about twelve years old, his father sent him a few miles into the country to buy a horse of a man named Ralston. The old man told Ulysses to offer fifty dollars at first; if he wouldn't take that, to offer fifty-five dollars, and go as high as sixty dollars if no less would make the purchase. The embryotic Major General started off with these instructions full impressed upon his mind. He called upon Mr. Ralston and told him he wished to buy the horse.

"How much did your father tell you to give for him? was a very natural inquiry from the owner of the stock.

"Why said Ulysses, 'he told me to offer you fifty dollars, and if that wouldn't do to give you fifty-five dollars, and if you wouldn't take less than sixty dollars to give you that."

Of course sixty dollars was the lowest figure, and on payment of that amount the animal became the property of the young Napoleon."

A few evenings since, a widow, who was known by the entire congregation to be greatly in want of a husband, was praying with great fervency. "Oh! thou knowest what is the desire of my heart!" she exclaimed. "A-m-a-n!" responded a brother, in a broad accent. "I was wicketed; but we are quite sure that several grave members smiled on the occasion."

**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 published rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 Square.....	\$2.00	\$4.50	\$8.00
2 do.....	5.00	6.50	9.00
3 do.....	7.00	8.50	10.00
4 Columns.....	9.00	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.

**SENATOR WILSON'S SPEECH.**

In the Senate, LOWRY of Erie offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the State Treasurer be directed to pay the interest falling due on the first day of February, 1864, in the lawful currency of the government collected of the people for taxes and now in his hands.

Upon which the Hon. S. F. Wilson spoke as follows:

Mr. WILSON. I do not rise to make an argument upon the question before the Senate, but merely to say that I am in favor of the resolution offered by the Senator from Erie. A similar resolution was offered by that Senator last year very soon after I had the honor of being admitted to a seat on this floor. I thought then, as I think now, that such a resolution should be sustained. And yet on the former occasion a majority of the Senate were of a different opinion. One reason for the opposition of the majority of the Senate to the resolution at that time was in my opinion owing to the fact that the subject had not been called to their attention at the proper time.

An instalment of the interest on the State debt was falling due on the first day of February, and yet that subject had been neglected until the 30th day of January, and of course the legislation had to be hurried through. I believed then, and believe now, that if this Senate had properly considered that subject, a different result would have been the case. But what was the result? Why, sir, owing to the fact that that resolution was not carried, the State has become indebted over what she would have otherwise owed at this time to the amount of one million and fifty-five thousand dollars, and that debt must be paid in the hard earnings of the people of this State. The Senate should, therefore, fully appreciate the responsibility of its vote upon the question before the body, and if by a repetition of their course of the last year, Senators will increase the debt to the amount of one million and fifty-five thousand dollars more, they will be held responsible. Now, it is a matter of serious consequence to representatives of the people occupying positions here, and all I desire is, that the responsibility which attaches to a question of so great importance may be fixed where it properly belongs.

Now why should not the Senate act upon this resolution to-day? The interests of the Commonwealth demand that it should be acted upon without delay. And why not act upon it? It is because the allegation made by the other side that the Senate is not organized.—Who says that we are not organized? Certainly, sir, the southern side of this House will have to answer for that position. We say that the Senate is organized, and we maintain our position by such arguments as no living man can contradict. And if this State is upon that to pay an additional million and fifty-five thousand dollars, it cannot be charged upon this side of the House. It seems to me that if there is an interregnum, the other side ought to be able to say when it occurred.

Mr. BEARDSLEE. On the fifth of January.

Mr. WILSON. What happened then that disrobed the Speaker of his authority? Certainly on the fourth of January he was the Speaker. What event happened to disrobe him of his authority?

Mr. LAMBERTON. The meeting of a new General Assembly.

Mr. WILSON. But suppose that instead of meeting at the time appointed by the Constitution, the General Assembly had been called together ten days previous to that time, who would then have been the Speaker?

Mr. BEILLY. I ask the Senator whether in voting for Mr. PENNY last year he thought that he was voting to elect a Speaker for the present session?

Mr. WILSON. I do not suppose that what I thought on the subject would change his position at all; but for the information of the Senator, (and I believe his question is put in all sincerity,) I will state that I voted at the close of the last session for a Speaker of the Senate who should act in his position until his successor was duly qualified. And so I stand yet, and am not prepared to change my mind on that subject.

Now, I ask, if we had been called together by the Governor ten days previous to the fifth of January, would the other side have pretended that Mr. PENNY was not the Speaker, that a new election was necessary? Well, sir, it is only because the Governor did not call us together before that day, that we did not meet before the 5th of January. The Constitution provides that in case the Governor does not call us together before that day, we will meet on that day. Now will Senators say that because the meeting of the General Assembly is fixed for that particular day that a Speaker of the Senate then loses his authority? I do not believe they would.

Mr. BEARDSLEE. I would like to ask the gentleman a question. If we had met before the 5th of January, it would have been by virtue of a call for an extra session. Now would that extra session have extended any further than the beginning of this new session?

Mr. WILSON. I do not understand, Mr. Speaker, that that would have made any sort of difference. The Senate would have been an organized body. If the gentleman on the other side has any authority by which to prove that a new organization should take place in case the Senate be called together three days sooner than the time fixed in the Constitution, I would like to see it.

Mr. STEIN. I call the attention of the Senator from Tioga to sections ten and eleven of Article one of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which I ask the Clerk to read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Sec. X. The General Assembly shall meet on the first Tuesday of January, in every year, unless sooner convened by the Governor.

Sec. XI. Each House shall choose its Speaker and other officers; and the Senate shall also choose a Speaker pro tempore, when the Speaker shall exercise the office of Governor.

Mr. STIEN. That is the authority.

Mr. WILSON. We have heard reformers made to that provision before by Senators