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EAGLE HOTEL,  
337 NORTH THIRD STREET,  
R. D. CUMMINGS, PROPRIETOR.  
ESTABLISHED 1798.  
JORDAN & BROTHER,  
Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in  
SALTETTES AND BRIMSTONE  
No. 20 North Third St.  
C. L. HORN, W. S. KING, J. B. REYNOLDS,  
H. H. KING & SEYBERT,  
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,  
No. 41 Market Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Orders filled promptly at lowest prices.  
January 3, 1870.  
H. W. RANK'S  
WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND  
CIGAR WAREHOUSE,  
No. 118 North Third Street,  
Philadelphia.  
L. H. WALTER,  
Late Walter & Kaab,  
Importer and Dealer in  
CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENSWARE,  
No. 29 N. Third Street,  
Philadelphia.  
J. M. KEPHEART,  
WITH  
BARNES, BROS. & HERRON,  
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS & FURS,  
No. 103 Market Street,  
(Above Fifth),  
PHILADELPHIA.  
JOHN STROUP & CO.,  
Successors to Stroup & Brother,  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FURS,  
No. 21 North Wharves and 25 North Third St  
Philadelphia.  
RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR.,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
No. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
SNYDER, HARRIS & BASSETT,  
Manufacturers and Jobbers of  
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,  
Nos. 225 Market, and 222 Commerce Street,  
Philadelphia.  
WILLIAM FISHER,  
WITH  
THOMAS CARSON & C.,  
DEALERS IN HOSIERY,  
LINENS & NOTIONS  
No. 15 NORTH FIFTH STREET  
PHILADELPHIA.  
WAINWRIGHT & CO.,  
WHOLESALE GROCERS,  
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Dealers in  
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEES, SUGARS, MOLASSES,  
RICE, SPICES, AND CANNED GOODS, &c., &c.  
Orders will be received promptly attention.  
July 10, 1870.

Choice Poetry.  
The Pugnacious Pup.  
A man he owned a terrier dog—  
A bold, bold, noisy dog—  
And that there pup got there man  
In many a pug sense;  
For the man he was his master,  
And that there pup got there man  
So to kick that dog-gone animal  
Was sure to raise a fight.  
A woman she owned a Thomas cat  
That fit at fifteen pounds;  
And that there cat got there man  
In many a pug sense;  
When that there cat was young,  
The man and his dog came along one day  
Where the cat was prowling around;  
And the pup he growled ferociously,  
And advanced with a hasty bound.  
He tried to chew the neck of the cat,  
But the cat he wouldn't be chewed;  
So he bit on the back of that dog's ear  
And bit and clawed and clawed;  
Oh! he laid it flat! and the pup he growled;  
As the slaves went into his lair,  
Then he thrust his head between his back,  
And he thrust and kicked, and did.  
The man he tipped, and cussed, and swore—  
As he gathered a big brick-bat—  
That he wouldn't be hurt essentially,  
If he didn't kick that cat!  
And he wouldn't allow that he'd be hurt if he did!  
Which she fired, and peppered his diaphragm,  
With a brick number one.  
They took him home on a window blind,  
And the doctor cured him up;  
But he never known to fight again,  
Or to own another pup.  
Folks say they turn up their nose at this verse rhyme,  
I don't care a cent for it;  
All I want to know is, that fighting dog—  
May tackle the wrong Tom-cat!

Flend Intemperance—had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse. I grow, day by day, more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others. I suffered myself to use intemperate language to my wife. At length, I even offered her personal violence. My pets, of course, were made to feel the change in my disposition. I not only neglected, but ill-used them. For Pluto, however, I still retained sufficient regard to restrain me from maltreating him, as I made no scruple of maltreating the rabbits, the monkey, or even the dog, when by accident, or through affliction, they were in my way. But my disease grew upon me—what disease is like Alcoholism was suddenly drawn to some black spot upon the head of one of the immense household of gin, or of rum, which constituted the chief furniture of the apartment. I had been looking steadily at the top of the hog-head for some minutes, and what now caused me surprise was the fact that I had not sooner perceived the object thereupon. I approached it and touched it with my hand. It was a black cat—a very large one—fully as large as Pluto, and closely resembling him in every respect but one. Pluto's body was a white hair on any portion of his body; but this cat had a large, although indistinct patch of white, covering nearly the whole region of the breast.  
Upon my touching him, he immediately arose, purred loudly, rubbed against my hand, and appeared delighted with my notice. This, then, was the very creature of which I was in search. I had at once offered to purchase it of the landlady; but this person made no claim to it, and I knew nothing of it—had never seen it before.  
I went to my chamber, and when I prepared to go home, the animal evinced a disposition to accompany me. I permitted it to do so; occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the house it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favorite with my wife.  
For my own part, I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the reverse of what I had anticipated;—but I know not how or why it was—its evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed me. By a slow degree, these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the bitterness of hatred. I avoided the creature; a certain sense of shame, and the remembrance of my former deed of cruelty, preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not, for some weeks, strike, or otherwise violently use it; but gradually—very gradually—I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its odious presence, as from the breath of a pestilence.  
What added, no doubt, to my hatred of the beast, was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home, that, like Pluto, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however, I did not at first know, my wife, who I have already said, possessed, in a higher degree, than humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait, and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.  
With my aversion to this cat, however, its partiality for myself seemed to increase. It followed my footsteps with a pertinacity which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair, or spring upon my knees, covering me with its loathsome claws. I avoided it, and it would get between my feet and thus nearly throw me down, or, fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber, in this manner to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly—let me confess it at once—by absolute dread of the beast.  
This dread was not exactly a dread of physical evil, and yet I should not have been able to walk in the street, or to enter a public place, without an almost unspoken oath—yes, even in this felon's cell, I am almost ashamed to own—that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me, had been heightened by one of the merest chimeras it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention, more than once, to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken and which constituted the sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although it had been originally very indistinct, had by slow degrees—degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my reason struggled to reject as fanciful—had, at length, assumed a rigorous distinctness of outline. It was the representation of an object that I shudder to name—and for this above all, I loathed, and dreaded, and would have rid myself of the monster *And I dared!* It was now, I say, the image of a hideous—of a ghastly thing—the Galloway's oh, mournful and terrible engine of Horror and Crime—of Agony and of Death!  
And now was I indeed wretched beyond the wretchedness of mere Humanity. And a brute beast—whose flesh I had contemptuously destroyed—a brute beast to work out for me—a man, fashioned in the image of the High God—so much of insufferable woe! Alas! neither by day nor by night I knew I the blessing of Rest any more! During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and, in the latter, I started, hourly, from dreams of unutterable horror, to find the hot breath of the thing upon my face, and its vast weight—an incantate Night-Mare that I had no power to shake off—incumbent entirely upon my heart!  
Beneath the pressure of torments such as these, the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my sole intimates—the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of all things; and of all mankind; while, from the sudden, frequent, and unprovoked outbreak of my fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife,

alas! was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.  
One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and, nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe and forgetting, in my wrath, the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demonic, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.  
This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself faithfully, and with entire deliberation, to the task of concealing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbors. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments, and destroying them by fire. At another, I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it in the well in the yard—about packing it in a box, as if in merchandise, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these—as the monks of the middle ages are recorded to have walked up their victims.  
For a purpose such as this the cellar was well adapted. It walls were loosely constructed, and had lately been plastered throughout with a rough plaster, which the dampness of the atmosphere had prevented from hardening. Moreover, in one of the walls was a projection, caused by a false chimney, or fire place, that had been filled up, and made to resemble the rest of the cellar. I made no doubt that I could readily displace the bricks at this point, insert the corpse, and wall the whole up as before, so that no eye could detect any thing suspicious.  
And in this calculation I was not deceived. By means of a crow-bar I easily dislodged the bricks, and having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position, while, with my hands, I replaced the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand, and hair with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old, and with this I very carefully went over the new brick-work. When I had finished, I felt satisfied that all was right. The wall did not present the slightest appearance of having been disturbed. The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself—  
"Here at least, then, my labor has not been in vain."  
My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much woe to me; for I had, at length, firmly resolved to put it to death. And I been able to meet with it, at the moment, there could have been no doubt of its fate; but it appeared that the crafty animal had been alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forbore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe, or to imagine, the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detestable creature occasioned in my heart. It did not make its appearance during the night—and thus for one night at least, since its introduction into the house, I soundly and tranquilly slept; ay, slept even with the burden of murder upon my soul!  
The second and the third day passed, and still my tormenter came not. Once again I breathed as a freeman. The monster, in terror, had fled the premises forever! I should think it no more! My happiness was supreme! The guilt of my dark deed disturbed me no more. Some few inquiries had been made, but these had been readily answered. Even a search had been instituted—but of course nothing was to be discovered. I looked upon my future felicity as secured.  
Upon the fourth day of the assassination, a party of the police came, very unexpectedly, into the house, and proceeded again to make rigorous searches, however, in the security of my place of concealment, I felt no embarrassment whatever. The officers made me accompany them in their search. They left no nook or corner unexplored. At length, for the third or fourth time, they descended into the cellar. I quivered not in a muscle. My heart beat calmly as that of one who slumbered in innocence. I walked the cellar from end to end. I folded my arms upon my bosom, and roamed easily to and fro. The police were thoroughly satisfied and prepared to depart. The glee at my heart was too strong to be restrained. I hurried to say if but one word, by way of triumph, and to render doubly sure their assurance of my guiltlessness.  
"Gentlemen," I said at last, as the party ascended the steps, "I delight to have allayed your suspicions. I wish you all health, and a little more courtesy. By the bye, gentlemen, this is a very well constructed house." (In the rabid desire to say something easily, I scarcely knew what I uttered at all.)  
"I may say an exceedingly well constructed house." These words—were you going, gentlemen?—these words are solidly put together; and here, though the mere phrensy of bravado, I rapped heavily, with a cane which I held in my hand, upon that very portion of the brick-work behind which stood the corpse of the wife of my bosom.  
But may God shield and deliver me from the fangs of the Arch-Fiend! No sooner had the reverberation of my blows sunk into silence, than I was answered by a voice from within the tomb—by a cry, at first muffled and broken, like the sobbing of a child, and then quickly swelling into a long, loud,

and continuous scream, utterly anomalous and inhuman—a howl—a wailing shriek, half of horror and half of triumph, such as might have arisen only out of hell, conjointly from the throats of the damned in their agony and of the demons that exult in their damnation.  
Of my own thoughts it is folly to speak. Swoning, I staggered to the opposite wall. For one instant I started upon the stairs remained motionless, through extremity of terror and of awe. In the next, a dozen stout arms were toiling at the wall. It fell bodily. The corpse, already greatly decayed and dotted with gore, stood erect before the eyes of the spectators. Upon its head, with red extended mouth and solitary eye of fire, sat the hideous beast whose craft had seduced me into murder, and whose infernal voice had consigned me to the hangman. I had slain the monster up within the tomb!

A Strange Mania.  
A MAN WITH A PROPENSITY FOR SEEKING HIS FELLOW-BEINGS ASLEEP, THE Louisville Courier Journal relates this singular story.  
A man who gave his name as Charles Watkins, and who turns out to be Charles Livingstone, once a respectable merchant in this city, was arrested while trying to enter the house of Mr. Schaeffer on Portland avenue, before daylight yesterday morning. This man has a strange mania for which a name is yet to be invented. He will break into a house at night just for the luxury of standing by the bedside of a person and looking at him or her, as the case may be, as they lie fast asleep. He has been known to do this on several occasions, and after standing there for hours, leave without disturbing anything, and close the doors carefully after him.  
About six months ago he got himself into serious trouble in this way, being arrested as a burglar and held to answer. He entered the room of a young lady after she had retired and gone to sleep. Taking his position beside the bed, he stood gazing at the beautiful sleeper till perhaps conscious of the presence near her, she awoke and was frightened terribly. By the faint light of the moon as it shone through the lattice she saw this stranger standing still and motionless at her bedside. She screamed and fainted, and the inmates of the house, came rushing in at the time to catch the intruder.  
The affair caused a good deal of excitement and a little gossip at the time but subsequently facts have been proved that the man was harmless, and went there just to satisfy his singular longing of his. He has been caught in several places since then, but at no time has he ever done anything or frightened anybody. He was presented to the court as a suspected felon, a charge hardly justified by the facts in the case, and held in \$500 to be of good behavior for twelve months. His case is a strange one indeed.  
A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—Somebody once said, "Our Government had cost one dollar and a quarter an acre, and good whiskey two dollars a bottle. How many men die landless, who, during their lives, have swallowed whole townships—trees and all! There is food for reflection in this little paragraph. Every day of our lives, and almost every hour of each day, we meet individuals not merely landless, but houseless, homeless, and penniless, who in the course of their lives have swallowed ardent spirits enough to pay for land and house, and have pennies and dollars for their pockets besides. But it is not the drinker of ardent spirits alone who thus deprives himself of the comforts of a home—the tobacco-chewer, the cigar-smoker, the young man who spends precious hours of each day and evening in worse than listless idleness. How rarely such persons reflect upon the folly of their course. The young man who smokes and chews tobacco a day, and who has many of them double quantity at double the price—puts away enough in the course of ten years to give him a handsome start in business, or to provide for himself and family a comfortable home. How frequently we hear such persons complain of their inability to take a newspaper or a literary magazine, or purchase an interesting book. They tell you they are too poor for that, and yet the next moment will spend for a glass of ale or brandy, or for a cigar, a sum sufficient to pay for two daily papers for a week. And this folly is repeated perhaps half a dozen times in the course of every twenty-four hours. Young men give this subject a moment's reflection. Sit down and calmly think it over, and, if when you have fairly done so, you conclude that it is better to drink and smoke, go on! The day will come when you will discover your error, and that discovery will be made when it will be perhaps too late—Evening Herald.

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M. L. KINNEY, Surgeon Dentist—Teeth  
and all dental work. Main St., above  
Episcopal Church. V1-13  
R. KEELER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d  
Floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange"  
Block. V1-13  
W. BARLEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d  
Floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange"  
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MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.  
PETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods,  
Main Street, above the Court House. V1-13  
L. E. WEBB, Fancy Goods, Notions,  
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Floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange"  
Block. V1-13  
HOTELS AND SALOONS.  
AMERICAN HOUSE, by John Leseock, Main  
Street, west of Iron Street. V1-13  
L. E. WEBB, Fancy Goods, Notions,  
and Stationery, Exchange Block, Main  
Street, above the Court House. V1-13  
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Philadelphia Directory.  
EAGLE HOTEL,  
337 NORTH THIRD STREET,  
R. D. CUMMINGS, PROPRIETOR.  
ESTABLISHED 1798.  
JORDAN & BROTHER,  
Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in  
SALTETTES AND BRIMSTONE  
No. 20 North Third St.  
C. L. HORN, W. S. KING, J. B. REYNOLDS,  
H. H. KING & SEYBERT,  
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,  
No. 41 Market Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Orders filled promptly at lowest prices.  
January 3, 1870.  
H. W. RANK'S  
WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND  
CIGAR WAREHOUSE,  
No. 118 North Third Street,  
Philadelphia.  
L. H. WALTER,  
Late Walter & Kaab,  
Importer and Dealer in  
CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENSWARE,  
No. 29 N. Third Street,  
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J. M. KEPHEART,  
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BARNES, BROS. & HERRON,  
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No. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,  
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SNYDER, HARRIS & BASSETT,  
Manufacturers and Jobbers of  
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,  
Nos. 225 Market, and 222 Commerce Street,  
Philadelphia.  
WILLIAM FISHER,  
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THOMAS CARSON & C.,  
DEALERS IN HOSIERY,  
LINENS & NOTIONS  
No. 15 NORTH FIFTH STREET  
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WAINWRIGHT & CO.,  
WHOLESALE GROCERS,  
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,  
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Dealers in  
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEES, SUGARS, MOLASSES,  
RICE, SPICES, AND CANNED GOODS, &c., &c.  
Orders will be received promptly attention.  
July 10, 1870.

Choice Poetry.  
The Pugnacious Pup.  
A man he owned a terrier dog—  
A bold, bold, noisy dog—  
And that there pup got there man  
In many a pug sense;  
For the man he was his master,  
And that there pup got there man  
So to kick that dog-gone animal  
Was sure to raise a fight.  
A woman she owned a Thomas cat  
That fit at fifteen pounds;  
And that there cat got there man  
In many a pug sense;  
When that there cat was young,  
The man and his dog came along one day  
Where the cat was prowling around;  
And the pup he growled ferociously,  
And advanced with a hasty bound.  
He tried to chew the neck of the cat,  
But the cat he wouldn't be chewed;  
So he bit on the back of that dog's ear  
And bit and clawed and clawed;  
Oh! he laid it flat! and the pup he growled;  
As the slaves went into his lair,  
Then he thrust his head between his back,  
And he thrust and kicked, and did.  
The man he tipped, and cussed, and swore—  
As he gathered a big brick-bat—  
That he wouldn't be hurt essentially,  
If he didn't kick that cat!  
And he wouldn't allow that he'd be hurt if he did!  
Which she fired, and peppered his diaphragm,  
With a brick number one.  
They took him home on a window blind,  
And the doctor cured him up;  
But he never known to fight again,  
Or to own another pup.  
Folks say they turn up their nose at this verse rhyme,  
I don't care a cent for it;  
All I want to know is, that fighting dog—  
May tackle the wrong Tom-cat!

Flend Intemperance—had (I blush to confess it) experienced a radical alteration for the worse. I grow, day by day, more moody, more irritable, more regardless of the feelings of others. I suffered myself to use intemperate language to my wife. At length, I even offered her personal violence. My pets, of course, were made to feel the change in my disposition. I not only neglected, but ill-used them. For Pluto, however, I still retained sufficient regard to restrain me from maltreating him, as I made no scruple of maltreating the rabbits, the monkey, or even the dog, when by accident, or through affliction, they were in my way. But my disease grew upon me—what disease is like Alcoholism was suddenly drawn to some black spot upon the head of one of the immense household of gin, or of rum, which constituted the chief furniture of the apartment. I had been looking steadily at the top of the hog-head for some minutes, and what now caused me surprise was the fact that I had not sooner perceived the object thereupon. I approached it and touched it with my hand. It was a black cat—a very large one—fully as large as Pluto, and closely resembling him in every respect but one. Pluto's body was a white hair on any portion of his body; but this cat had a large, although indistinct patch of white, covering nearly the whole region of the breast.  
Upon my touching him, he immediately arose, purred loudly, rubbed against my hand, and appeared delighted with my notice. This, then, was the very creature of which I was in search. I had at once offered to purchase it of the landlady; but this person made no claim to it, and I knew nothing of it—had never seen it before.  
I went to my chamber, and when I prepared to go home, the animal evinced a disposition to accompany me. I permitted it to do so; occasionally stooping and patting it as I proceeded. When it reached the house it domesticated itself at once, and became immediately a great favorite with my wife.  
For my own part, I soon found a dislike to it arising within me. This was just the reverse of what I had anticipated;—but I know not how or why it was—its evident fondness for myself rather disgusted and annoyed me. By a slow degree, these feelings of disgust and annoyance rose into the bitterness of hatred. I avoided the creature; a certain sense of shame, and the remembrance of my former deed of cruelty, preventing me from physically abusing it. I did not, for some weeks, strike, or otherwise violently use it; but gradually—very gradually—I came to look upon it with unutterable loathing, and to flee silently from its odious presence, as from the breath of a pestilence.  
What added, no doubt, to my hatred of the beast, was the discovery, on the morning after I brought it home, that, like Pluto, it also had been deprived of one of its eyes. This circumstance, however, I did not at first know, my wife, who I have already said, possessed, in a higher degree, than humanity of feeling which had once been my distinguishing trait, and the source of many of my simplest and purest pleasures.  
With my aversion to this cat, however, its partiality for myself seemed to increase. It followed my footsteps with a pertinacity which it would be difficult to make the reader comprehend. Whenever I sat, it would crouch beneath my chair, or spring upon my knees, covering me with its loathsome claws. I avoided it, and it would get between my feet and thus nearly throw me down, or, fastening its long and sharp claws in my dress, clamber, in this manner to my breast. At such times, although I longed to destroy it with a blow, I was yet withheld from so doing, partly by a memory of my former crime, but chiefly—let me confess it at once—by absolute dread of the beast.  
This dread was not exactly a dread of physical evil, and yet I should not have been able to walk in the street, or to enter a public place, without an almost unspoken oath—yes, even in this felon's cell, I am almost ashamed to own—that the terror and horror with which the animal inspired me, had been heightened by one of the merest chimeras it would be possible to conceive. My wife had called my attention, more than once, to the character of the mark of white hair, of which I have spoken and which constituted the sole visible difference between the strange beast and the one I had destroyed. The reader will remember that this mark, although it had been originally very indistinct, had by slow degrees—degrees nearly imperceptible, and which for a long time my reason struggled to reject as fanciful—had, at length, assumed a rigorous distinctness of outline. It was the representation of an object that I shudder to name—and for this above all, I loathed, and dreaded, and would have rid myself of the monster *And I dared!* It was now, I say, the image of a hideous—of a ghastly thing—the Galloway's oh, mournful and terrible engine of Horror and Crime—of Agony and of Death!  
And now was I indeed wretched beyond the wretchedness of mere Humanity. And a brute beast—whose flesh I had contemptuously destroyed—a brute beast to work out for me—a man, fashioned in the image of the High God—so much of insufferable woe! Alas! neither by day nor by night I knew I the blessing of Rest any more! During the former the creature left me no moment alone; and, in the latter, I started, hourly, from dreams of unutterable horror, to find the hot breath of the thing upon my face, and its vast weight—an incantate Night-Mare that I had no power to shake off—incumbent entirely upon my heart!  
Beneath the pressure of torments such as these, the feeble remnant of the good within me succumbed. Evil thoughts became my sole intimates—the darkest and most evil of thoughts. The moodiness of my usual temper increased to hatred of all things; and of all mankind; while, from the sudden, frequent, and unprovoked outbreak of my fury to which I now blindly abandoned myself, my uncomplaining wife,

alas! was the most usual and the most patient of sufferers.  
One day she accompanied me, upon some household errand, into the cellar of the old building which our poverty compelled us to inhabit. The cat followed me down the steep stairs, and, nearly throwing me headlong, exasperated me to madness. Uplifting an axe and forgetting, in my wrath, the childish dread which had hitherto stayed my hand, I aimed a blow at the animal which, of course, would have proved instantly fatal had it descended as I wished. But this blow was arrested by the hand of my wife. Goaded, by the interference, into a rage more than demonic, I withdrew my arm from her grasp and buried the axe in her brain. She fell dead upon the spot, without a groan.  
This hideous murder accomplished, I set myself faithfully, and with entire deliberation, to the task of concealing the body. I knew that I could not remove it from the house, either by day or by night, without the risk of being observed by the neighbors. Many projects entered my mind. At one period I thought of cutting the corpse into minute fragments, and destroying them by fire. At another, I resolved to dig a grave for it in the floor of the cellar. Again, I deliberated about casting it in the well in the yard—about packing it in a box, as if in merchandise, with the usual arrangements, and so getting a porter to take it from the house. Finally I hit upon what I considered a far better expedient than either of these—as the monks of the middle ages are recorded to have walked up their victims.  
For a purpose such as this the cellar was well adapted. It walls were loosely constructed, and had lately been plastered throughout with a rough plaster, which the dampness of the atmosphere had prevented from hardening. Moreover, in one of the walls was a projection, caused by a false chimney, or fire place, that had been filled up, and made to resemble the rest of the cellar. I made no doubt that I could readily displace the bricks at this point, insert the corpse, and wall the whole up as before, so that no eye could detect any thing suspicious.  
And in this calculation I was not deceived. By means of a crow-bar I easily dislodged the bricks, and having carefully deposited the body against the inner wall, I propped it in that position, while, with my hands, I replaced the whole structure as it originally stood. Having procured mortar, sand, and hair with every possible precaution, I prepared a plaster which could not be distinguished from the old, and with this I very carefully went over the new brick-work. When I had finished, I felt satisfied that all was right. The wall did not present the slightest appearance of having been disturbed. The rubbish on the floor was picked up with the minutest care. I looked around triumphantly, and said to myself—  
"Here at least, then, my labor has not been in vain."  
My next step was to look for the beast which had been the cause of so much woe to me; for I had, at length, firmly resolved to put it to death. And I been able to meet with it, at the moment, there could have been no doubt of its fate; but it appeared that the crafty animal had been alarmed at the violence of my previous anger, and forbore to present itself in my present mood. It is impossible to describe, or to imagine, the deep, the blissful sense of relief which the absence of the detestable creature occasioned in my heart. It did not make its appearance during the night—and thus for one night at least, since its introduction into the house, I soundly and tranquilly slept; ay, slept even with the burden of murder upon my soul!  
The second and the third day passed, and still my tormenter came not. Once again I