Wellsboro Agitator.

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The Agitator.

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P. C. VAN GELDER. | A. F. BARNES.

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SPECIAL NOTICES 50 per cent above regular rates.

BUSINESS CARDS 5 lines or less, $5,00 per year.

Business Cards.

A. Redfield,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Collections promptly attended to. Office over Wm. Roberts Hardware Store.—Apr. 1, 1872-9m.

C. H. Seymour,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tioga Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Geo. W. Merrick,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in Bowen & Cone's block, across hall from Agitator Office, 2d floor, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Mitchell & Cameron,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Claim and Insurance Agents. Office in Roy's block, over Van Order's liquor store, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1872.

William A. Stone,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, over C. B. Kelley's, Dry Good Store, Wright & Bailey's Block on Main street. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1872.

Josiah Emery & C. D. Emery,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office opposite Court House, No. 1 Purdy's Block, Williamsport, Pa. All business promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

J. C. Strang,

ATTORNEY AT LAW & DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—Office with J. B. Niles, Esq., Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, '72.

J. B. Niles,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care in the counties of Tioga and Potter. Office on the Avenue.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

Jno. W. Adams,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Mansfield, Tioga county, Pa. Collections promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Jno. W. Guernsey,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.—Office 1st door south of Wickham & Farr's store, Tioga, Tioga county, Pa. Jan. 1, 1872.

Armstrong & Linn,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Williamsport, Pa.
WM. H. ARMSTRONG. SAMUEL LINN. Jan. 1, 1872.

Wm. B. Smith,

PENSION ATTORNEY, Bounty and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.—Knoxville, Pa. Jan. 1, 1872.

Van Gelder & Barnes,

JOB PRINTERS.—All kinds of Job Printing done on short notice, and in the best manner. Office in Bowen & Cone's Block, 2d floor.—Jan. 1, 1872.

W. D. Terbell & Co.,

WHOLESALE DRUGGIST, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, &c.—Corning, N. Y. Jan. 1, 1872.

D. Bacon, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 1st door east of Laugher Bacho—Main Street. Will attend promptly to all calls.—Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1872.

A. M. Ingham, M. D.,

HOMŒOPATHIST, Office at his residence on the Avenue.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

W. W. Webb, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office—Opening out of Hastings & Coles's Drug Store.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

Seeley, Coats & Co.,

BANKERS, Knoxville, Tioga Co., Pa.—Receive money on deposit, discount notes, and sell drafts on New York City. Collections promptly made.
HORACE SEELEY, Openhole. VER CRANDALL,
Jan. 1, 1872. DAVID COATS, Knoxville.

J. Parkhurst & Co.,

Bankers, Elkland, Tioga Co., Pa.
Jan. 1, 1872 JOEL PARKHURST, JOHN PARKHURST, C. L. PATTISON.

Sabinsville Hotel,

SABINSVILLE, PA., D. Churchill, Proprietor.—This House is in good condition to accommodate the traveling public in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Petrolium House,

WESTFIELD, PA., Geo. Close, Proprietor.—Good accommodation for both man and beast. Charges reasonable, and good attention given to guests. Jan. 1, 1872.

Farmers' Temperance Hotel.

BATEMAN MONROE, having purchased this house, will conduct in future as in the past, strictly on temperance principals. Every accommodation for man and beast. Charges reasonable.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

Union Hotel.

WM. B. VAN HORN, Proprietor, Wellsboro, Pa.—This house is pleasantly located, and has all the conveniences for man and beast. Charges moderate.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Wellsboro Hotel,

COR. MAIN ST. & THE AVENUE,

Wellsboro, Pa.

SOL. BUNNEL, Prop'r.

This is a popular Hotel lately kept by B. B. Holiday. The Proprietor will spare no pains to make it a first-class house. All the stages arrive and depart from this house. A good hostler in attendance. Livery attached.
Jan. 1, 1872.

Hotel for Sale.

THE American Hotel, Nelson, Pa., house and barn nearly new, half acre land. On the line of Cowanesque Valley R. R. Work just beginning commenced, 100 men at work near by. This property will be sold at a bargain. A good man can pay for the property while the road is being built. Terms easy. For particulars inquire on the premises, or address, C. B. WHITED,
Nov. 8, 1871-tf. Blossburg, Pa.

THE OLD "PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE"

LATELY known as the Townsend House and for a time occupied by D. D. Holiday, has been thoroughly refitted and repaired by

M. R. O'CONNOR,

who will be happy to accommodate the old friends of the house at very reasonable rates.
Jan. 1, 1872-1y, M. R. O'CONNOR.

Batchelder & Johnson,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

WELLSBORO MARBLE WORKS,

Main Street opposite Foundry,

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, TABLE TOPS, COUNTERS, &c.

All other Marble work executed neatly, and at reasonable rates. We also furnish to order, Marble and Slate Mantles, Grates, Fenders, &c.
Jan. 1, 1872, 6m J. R. BACHELDER. P. A. JOHNSTON.

Administrators' Notice.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of David L. Stevens, late of Nelson, Tioga co., Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against said estate and those owing the same, are hereby notified to call for settlement on

EDGAR STEVENS,
BYRON SHAW,
Nelson, March 6, 1872-6w. Adm'rs.

Valuable farm for Sale.

THE SUBSCRIBER, owing to ill-health, offers his farm for sale, situated in Charleston on the Mansfield road, about one mile from the old Fellows' hotel. Said farm can be divided into farms as the public road passes through the center, leaving two orchards on either side, containing about 90 acres, 30 acres improved, a frame house and two frame barns thereon. Said farm is in a good state of cultivation, and will be sold cheap. A portion of the purchase money can remain against the farm. For further information, inquire of the subscriber on the premises.
Jan. 17, 1872-tf. NOAH HAMMOND.

Cyrus D. Sill,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Liquors

WINES, &c., &c.

Agent for Fine Old Whiskies,

Jan. 1, 1872. CORNING, N. Y.

Change of Base.

BRAND-NEW

Stock of Goods

AT MIDDLEBURY CENTER, PA.

BOUGHT for cash, and to be sold for cash, at cash prices. Credit system played out.

"Pay as you go," is a trite old maxim, and, when lived up to, the true doctrine for both seller and buyer.

I intend to sell goods at small profits, for cash, and respectfully solicit a trial from old patrons, and from all others who wish to buy groceries and staple goods at close figures. A. W. POTTER.
January 8, 1872. tf

JUST RECEIVED

AT

J. A. PARSONS & CO'S

AT CORNING, N. Y.,

2,000 Yards Japanese Silks in Stripes, Plaids, Figured and Plain Colors. The best variety we have ever offered. Also a new stock of

Early Spring Dress Goods,

in desirable styles. Also

New Spring Prints,

Ginghams and Percales in great variety.

Domestics of all kinds at lowest market rates.

J. A. PARSONS & CO.
Feb. 28, 1872.-tf.

SELLING AT COST.

DERBY & FISHLER will sell their entire stock of

SALE WORK

AT

COST for CASH,

UNTIL APRIL 1, 1872.

Also a few

Hats and Caps.

Now is your time to buy your

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS

HATS AND CAPS, cheap for a few days.

Those indebted to Derby & Fishler will call and settle their accounts before April 1, 1872, without further notice, as we want the money to buy new goods with.

Feb. 28, 1872. DERBY & FISHLER.

New Year Goods!

AT

SPENCER'S ART GALLERY!

FRANK SPENCER has just returned from the city with a fine assortment of goods in his line, ever brought into Tioga county, among which are choice

Choice Frames of New Styles,

Carved Walnut Goods,

Chromos,

and a great variety of

Trimmings,

fine in style, and at the very lowest prices. He is prepared to make

First-Class Portraits,

in all the best styles of the day, from skillfully retouched negatives.

It is always a pleasure to show goods; so don't be backward or bashful, but call early and often.

FRANK SPENCER.
Mansfield, Pa., Jan. 10, 1872.-3m

J. Schiffelin Jr.

HAS now in stock, and will keep constantly on hand, at the lowest market quotations.
Wool Twine, 2 & 4 ply cotton & jutetwine. Marlin 2, 3 & 4 strand. Knowl's patent Step Ladder, from 3 to 8 ft.

JACK SCREWS, TACKLE BLOCKS, WIRE CLOTH AND WIRE GOODS GENERALLY. EMERY WHEELS FOR GUMMING SAWS.

A full assortment of Lake Huron and Berea

GRINDSTONES, CANAL WHEEL BARROWS IN ANY QUANTITY. MANILLA ROPE FROM ONE INCH DOWN.

No. 1 & 2, extra engine oil. A complete assortment of

Mechanics' Tools,

HOUSE BUILDERS AND HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE CONSTANTLY ON HAND. BOTTOM PRICES ON AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Come in and take a look, get the figures and see how it is yourself, and oblige J. SHEIFFELIN, Jr.
Jan. 1, 1872.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

BY LUDWIG UHLAND.

One of the most celebrated and pathetic pieces of German poetry is thus translated by William Allen Butler:

There rode through the country three gallants so fine,
They came to the Landlady, hard by the Rhine.

"Landlady, hast thou good ale and good wine?
And how is that beautiful daughter of thine?"

"My ale and my wine are fresh and clear,
But my dear little daughter lies dead on her bier."

And when they were come to the chamber within,
All cold in her coffin, the maiden was seen.

The first, from her face the death-veil he took,
And looked at her long with a sorrowful look;

"O, would thou wert living, wert living!" he said,
"Henceforth I had loved thee, thou beautiful maid."

But the second, he covers the face once more,
Then turns from the sight and weepeth sore;

"Ah! cold as thou lieest there on thy bier,
I have loved thee, fair maiden, for many a year."

But quickly the third, he raises the veil,
And kisses her mouth so pale, so pale;

"I always have loved thee, I love thee to-day,
And I swear I will love thee, for ever and aye!"

THE ANGEL OF THE VALLEY.

BY ANDREW SHERWOOD.

A river flowing through a quiet vale;
While in the background, through the wars of Time,
The pine-clad mountains rise, with here and there
An intervening vale with denser woods,
Wherein the sunset's arrows nightly lodge,
And from whose ferny depths the fountains gush,
And sweetly murmur over mossy rocks,
Or sing in daisy-fields with softened tones,
Until their peaceful waters blend at last
With those of fair Tioga.

Thou dwellest here, thou angel of the vale,
Far from the meadows in thy native clime,
The far-off country of the Beautiful.
Thine is a fairy form, a sunny mind,
An artless smile, a sweet simplicity;
A heart as full of heaven as heart can hold;
And in thy mild blue eyes there glows a light,
As glows in seraph's eyes.

Oh! angel of the valley, may you drink
No cup of sorrow to the bitter lees!
But may thy pathway lead through sylvan groves,
Where blooming orchards breath their sinless balm,
And singing rills make music soft and low
As those that murmur through the lands of dreams;
And may thy life be thrilled by unseen eyes,
Thy soul be fanned by every balmy gale
That blows from off the velvet fields of God.
And yet I would not pray that no dark cloud
Might ever rise to dim thy happiness;
But that you meet with shadows, just enough
That sunlight may be sweeter by and by.

Our Washington Correspondence.

The following letters from our special correspondent at Washington were crowded out last week. Though rather late, they will be found interesting:

WASHINGTON, March 20, 1872.

POSSUMITE DEMOCRACY.

The Democrats here are professing to rejoice over the grand result in New Hampshire. From the New York *World* down to losers of small bets on the White Mountain State election, all are consoling themselves on the advantages which the defeat will give them. All are trying to make themselves believe that no wing of the Democracy will henceforth advocate what they call "dead issues." The unexpected majority just achieved for Grant is expected to unite the South in favor of running a liberal Republican. They do not take into account that their rebel allies are still believers in the lost cause, and that they will never be induced to "possumize" or vote for a Republican of any stripe or character. These reliable friends of Democracy will not be reliable for anything that Democracy may pretend to be which is adverse to their dead issue. They are in dead earnest in their opposition to all the platforms of popularity that can be produced in Ohio, and they will have a party of their own for the Southern States which will expose the pretenses of the Assistant Democratic Convention proposed to be held in Cincinnati. Does any man or experience suppose that the vote of the South can be induced to come out for a Republican candidate? If so, upon what principle of ratiocination does he arrive at such a conclusion? While they run the risk of being hung for murder to prevent the operation of equal laws for the negro, by joining bands of Kuklux, and still adhere to their pro-slavery views, what possible chance is there for a union of this element with that of the Republican? And how can it be that any man in his senses can expect to get the Southern vote for a Republican candidate? But the party which is about to expire in agony needs consolation, and it would be cruelty to push upon them the conclusions of inevitable logic. There is no use any longer for such an obsolete party, and it is to be desired that it may give up the ghost in this enviable spirit of hopefulness.

A GERMAN-AMERICAN VIEW OF CARL SCHURZ.

A prominent German citizen visiting here from the West states that the course of Senator Schurz is deprecated by the most enlightened and progressive Germans in the West. They were delighted when he became a United States Senator under such favorable auspices. Being an influential member of the dominant party, it was supposed he would mature new systems of laws relating to the tariff, finance, education, protection to the emigrant, naturalization, &c., and press them upon the consideration of his party. It is now found that Carl Schurz's talents, though first class in power, are only of the second order. He seems to be devoid of political ideas, and confines himself to fault-finding and scolding. In this manner he has lost the confidence of the dominant party, and in view of the New Hampshire election his influence will be no greater hereafter than that of Garret Davis, or any similar purely negative man. This is to be regretted, because he might have done very much to unite the two nationalities more closely; but now, in so far as he is followed at all, it will lead to further separation.

Carl Schurz, shorn of his personal influence, becomes only a common scold, and the subjects which have caused him to expend so much research and eloquence are of no more account when compared with the great vital issues of a live nation, than the wrangle of a school-boy lyceum upon the never settled theme of anticipation vs. participation. A victorious army has few stragglers and no deserters, and therefore the Davis or Cincinnati movement will be a farce. It is now evident that Grant will be re-elected by a two-thirds majority in the electoral college. I give these sentiments precisely as they were expressed, as an indication of the drift of German opinion.

SUPPORT OF EDUCATION.

I am gratified to observe that yesterday the Senate by a decided vote amended the Legislative, Executive and Judicial appropriation bill so as to make a small increase in the amount appropriated for the bureau of education. The sum is still small, and will have to be increased if the national educational bill becomes a law in the form that it passed the House. It is the worst possible waste to attempt to economize in the necessities of educational facility, for which this bureau is indispensable, and which cannot be furnished to our growing nation without a constantly increased expense. As millions are the sinews of war, and war is often avoided by the education of the people, if a few thousands are found necessary as the sinews of education, solely as a preventive of war, the spending of these thousands is perhaps the very best economy, besides furnishing the surest impetus to a progressive civilization founded on instruction in the arts of peace.

THE PACIFIC STEAMSHIP SUBSIDY.

The House has been engaged in a long and interesting debate on the support of commerce and the subsidy to steamers.—Mr. Brooks, of New York, threw himself into the support of this administration measure with great force, while some of the Republican members opposed the appropriation of money for this purpose. It seems quite clear that we cannot compete in our carrier trade on the ocean and in our merchant marine with England, who resorts to subsidies, without doing the same thing in our own interest. Many times the amount thus expended would be returned to the country through the added receipts from customs, according to the statistics presented to the House.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Carl Schurz was flatly contradicted by a witness before the sale-of-arms committee yesterday. He stated that General Dyer had said in his report that one million breech-loaders should be kept in the arsenals to provide against emergencies. On referring to the report, it was found that Schurz was wrong. The remark alluded to what was thought by others ten years ago.

General Sickles has been granted an extended leave of absence from Spain. That is all that has been done thus far.

Secretary Boutwell has recovered from his late indisposition, and is at his desk in the Treasury Department.

William Newton was yesterday indicted in our Criminal Court for the murder of Samuel Lucas in February last. C. M.

WASHINGTON, March 27, 1872.

SENATORIAL INVESTIGATION.

A few weeks since Senator Chandler introduced a resolution directing that inquiry be made whether any Senator took counsel fees in violation of law. No name being mentioned Senator Trumbull could not very well "speak out in meeting," and therefore he waited for an opportunity. The wished-for opportunity came—he found the facts mentioned in the Hastings *Banner* and thereupon Trumbull asserted that this Washington letter was written "by a Michigan man who held office," and therefore asked Senator Chandler whether he was the instigator.

I have reason to know that the correspondent is not a Michigan man, and therefore the assertion that the letter was written by a Michigan man to give Trumbull a chance to attack Chandler was not true, and only a presumption for which the Illinois Senator could have had no other authority but the probability that no other than a Michigan man would write for a local Michigan paper.

The facts are that Congress passed a law in 1808 prohibiting members of Congress from being directly or indirectly interested in any contract with the Executive Departments. In 1826 the question was raised whether a member of Congress could be employed as Assistant District Attorney under this act. Attorney General Wirt, who enjoyed a national reputation as a great lawyer, decided that he could not. In those early days a fifty dollar fee was rare, and a ten thousand dollar fee was unheard of and beyond the range of ordinary possibility.—Thus the Attorney General naively says that while it cannot be supposed that a single retainer would influence a member, yet a series of retainers might, and that it was best to err on the safe side.

It is true the correspondent was not aware that the Senator was employed by the War Department, because assistant counsel are generally employed by the Attorney General. But the fact that General Grant while Secretary of War *ad interim* signed a request to Mr. Trumbull to act, does not excuse the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee from not knowing the law and the Attorney General's opinion.

At any rate Senator Trumbull consented to be retained; but so far as the public ever knew the Senator never appeared in the case. Senator Carpenter, then in private life, made the great speech which gave him a national reputation as a superior lawyer. We do not claim that Senator Trumbull pocketed this great fee without rendering any equivalent. He no doubt did consult with Carpenter, for we cannot conceive that the Senator would deliberately swindle the Government out of ten thousand dollars.—It is true he now *asserts* that Stanton fixed the amount, but the Senator produces not a particle of proof of the fact, and the great War Secretary is conveniently dead. The Senator was certainly mistaken in his swift and absolute assertion that "this letter was written by a Michigan man who holds an office," which alone gave him an opportunity to attack Chandler.

No matter, however, who fixed the fee, and passing by the illegality as an inadvertence on both sides, I submit whether a gentleman who values his private counsel as highly as to accept $10,000 in a single case—being two years' salary as a Senator—would give us a very economical administration, or is a fair specimen of civil service reformation.

RECOMMENDATIONS TO OFFICE.

Mr. Trumbull having taken to task several influential and active Senators for recommending appointments to office, Senator Conkling thought it best to inquire of the Departments in regard to the Senators in question. His resolution came up the other day, and was passed by the Senate. Senator Morton in reply to a suggestion that his record should be investigated, made a very sensible remark. He said he had no objection to being included; he had made no disguise regarding his recommendations, and he thought it no shame. Perhaps if he had made recommendations and then denied them, and imputed the recommendations made by others as a fault and almost a crime, it might be different. Senator Fenton said he conceived it to be his duty to his constituents to recommend them when deserving, and he regretted for their sake that he had no further influence to assist meritorious citizens to public positions.

The fact is as stated by Senator Thurman, that this effort to harrass Administration Congressmen because they are not so intense in their selfishness as to be above assisting good men, who are also good Republicans, in getting small offices, after they use these men in getting larger places for themselves, is a most absurd and ridiculous piece of buncombe. From whatever man or party it comes, it should be denounced as the quintessence of meanness and of petty pride. While the law and custom of appointments remain as they now are, it is the duty of Congressmen to attend to securing the best men of their States and districts for the inferior appointments.

MATTERS OF INTEREST.

President Grant received very few visitors yesterday, and about the only thing worthy of note there was the appearance of the President on the portico to acknowledge the passing compliment of the Hibernian societies as they filed by in procession, lustily cheering, with our national colors and the green flag of Erin tastefully blended.

The story that Horace Greeley intends publishing a book on "What I know about the New Hampshire election," is denied.—He has concluded that what he knows about it isn't worth publishing.

In the daily *Chronicle* of to-day there is a violent attack on the policy of Secretary Boutwell as shown by his recommendations in furtherance of the revival of American commerce. What this attack signifies, in coming from an administration paper, will shortly be discovered. It certainly does not explain itself.

The statement that Charles Sumner says he will not support Grant for re-nomination or re-election is not so very dreadful even if true. He is not likely to be a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention, and his single vote in Massachusetts will not make one less Grant elector.

The Democratic party is in a state of collapse, but it is quite willing to allow its boiler of combustible incongruities to be patched up for the time being by the brindle tails. They have little faith in the remedy, however; and as these other fellows have nothing to lose, but perhaps something to gain by the effort, they will probably go into it with *a will* at Cincinnati.

A lawyer of the name of Butts has been charged with *butting* against the law, and has been arrested and held to bail for attempting to pollute young school girls in Washington. C. M.

LAUGHABLE CRITICISM.—"Reading Don Quixote this morning," says Empson, "I was greatly pleased with an instance of the hero's politeness which had never struck me before. The Princess Micomicona having fallen into a most egregious blunder, he never so much as hints a suspicion of her not having acted precisely as she has stated, but only begs to know her reasons for taking a step so extraordinary. "But pray, madam," says he, "why did your ladyship land at Ossuna, seeing it is not a seaport town?" I was also much charmed with an instance of conjugal affection in the same work. Sancho being just returned home, after a long absence, the first thing which his wife, Teresa, asks about is the welfare of the ass. "I have brought him back," answers Sancho, "and in much better condition and health than I am in myself."—"The Lord be praised," said Teresa, "for this His great mercy to me!"

The Story of Lucy.

Last week, in a neighboring city, a sudden end came to a little domestic drama, for which we purpose to make room here. We believe its meaning bears more nearly on the lives of a large class of our readers than even the national debt or the choice of our next President.

About twenty years ago a girl-baby was born to a carpenter and his wife who had five boys already swarming and squabbling about the three-roomed house. The baby shared the fate of solitary girls among brothers. She was the something rare and unwonted which had never come into their common life before; she was the bit of porcelain among rough crockery; her father and the bigger boys dubbed her "little lady;" darned her out proudly on Sunday afternoons, when their own clothes were coarse and patched enough; but she never lacked a bit of embroidery or a feather in her cap. She, unlike myriads of other children, was born to no inexorable inheritance of poverty or dirt or crime. The carpenter was a hard-working, honest, domestic old man, whose highest ambition was to give each of his boys a steady trade, "that they might never need to take to shifty ways to earn a meal." For Lucy, of course, he hoped for something better. His wife was a thrifty Scotch-Irishwoman, who had lived in one house at service for fifteen years before her marriage, and could command a high salary at any time now as housekeeper. "Girls in the old country," she said, "were set to work from the time they could walk. They did not need to drudge so here; there were chances for them in a free country." She never passed a rich man's daughter, delicately dressed, that she did not think of these "chances;" chances that numbered not only easy living and refinement, but equipages, velvets, diamonds. Education placed all men on a level. Her mother's heart was sore and tender. Why should not her little girl enter into that high unknown world of luxury from which she had been shut out? God had made no life so full of blessings that it ought not to be possible to Lucy with her loving blue eyes and wonderful bright hair. It was quite true that God had made no life of happy womanhood which was not possible to the child. She had a practical, nimble intellect, was frank, earnest, affectionate; blushes and tears came quickly, signs of a delicate nature and tender conscience, befitting to a servant as a queen, both of them being God's children. One would have said the girl was born to be in time a pure maiden, a loving wife, a faithful mother.

She went to school years after her brothers were at work, but learned little more than to read and write. Whatever ability she had assuredly did not lie in the path of book knowledge. The boys bought her a cheap piano at auction, on which she strummed a few street airs. People who noticed the girl's readiness and winning manner, told her mother it was time she was making some provision for her, and offered to take her into their houses as servant. But menial work was a certainty which to Lucy's vague chances was an insult. Even drudgery at home was spared her, that she might run with her school companions, or read the cheap papers of the day. Gradually the fine delicacy faded out of her face; her voice grew loud; the quick step dragged lazily; it became a matter of course for her to watch her old father work for her while she sat idle. At last the turn came; the elder brothers married; the old man and his wife died; a deformed brother kept the house with Lucy, but it was necessary that she should earn her own living. There were half-a-dozen homes open to her, where she would have had light work, which would have fitted her for her duties when she married, high wages, and the protection and seclusion of a fine Christian family.—But this girl, whose Master was born in a stable, was indignant at being asked to take the place of a servant. She went into a mill. The ages were good. She had her dimpses of velvets and diamonds made the lady. She could at least flaunt in Terry and Milton gold. She had the imagination of other young girls—the zest for love, adventure. No knights or gentlemen came about the mill, or lovers to the house, but there was the chance compliment from young men on the streets; the encounter on the street cars going home at night.

The story is told. There came a day when the deformed brother, who had ever her watched since she was a baby with a sorer tenderness because no other woman could ever be near or dear to him, cursed her and drove her from the door. She went gladly. The street life suited her now; for the change in the girl did not begin in dress or face or voice; it worked out from within. Year by year her training had corrupted soul and brain. It mattered little when the symptoms of decay showed themselves to the world. For years she has tested the street life; last week it ended. In the bright sunlight a bloated, filthy woman crept out of the prison van into the stone archway of the city prison, and the iron gates with their heavy clang shut on her, not to open for two years. "Lucy ——, sentenced for grand larceny." Whether, when they open, her ruined body will be there to drag itself out into the sunlight again, matters little. It may live until old age. But Lucy, honest, unselfish, pure in thought, died long ago. If it had only been to sleep with her mother on yonder hill-side, we might have made the grass green above her, knowing that the child would come again. But she, still living, went down into a grave from which there is no place of resurrection, though we seek it carefully and with tears. Perhaps it is a story without a moral;—at least it has none, if mothers do not find it for themselves.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Early Spring Mosses.

March is a rough, blustering fellow, and the flowers take good care to keep out of his way, but for all that there is enough of beauty to tempt one into the woods on the sunshiny days that begin to be plenty toward the middle and last of the month.—There is the long green grass on the bottom of the clear little brooks, that looks just as if it had never heard of winter; the brown tags on the alders, and the little silvery tips that begin to peep from under the glossy scales of the pussy willows. Beside the woodpaths and around the roots of the trees the red-green of last year's wintergreen is plenty. The long, delicate vines of the partridge berry are studded with their coral fruit, the tufts of prince's pine are green and glossy, and the pretty leaves of the liverwort are as fresh as clover in June. If you brush away the dead leaves you will find that the "darlings of the forest," the trailing arbutus, are already budding under their shelter. But better than all these solitary treasures are the mosses, which the last of March or first of April finds in their glory. In any moist spot of woods you may find great beds of tender velvety green, each tiny spire tipped with a translucent globe like an emerald dewdrop. Lift it carefully from its place and carry it home. Crowd it closely in a soup plate, a preserve dish, an old pie plate, and keep it soaked with water.—It will be a daily beauty and wonder for weeks. As the thirsty mouths drink up the moisture, curious little wood plants will spring up in the crevices of the moss, wild violets will bud and blossom, and above and beyond all, the fresh, exquisite verdure of the moss itself is a constant delight to the eye. We have never seen a more beautiful parlor ornament than a dish of moss, with the interstices filled with roots of wild violets, white, yellow and blue, which kept up a constant bloom for weeks, and were renewed by the children's fingers as fast as they faded. After the season of violets was over, and the moss began to look yellow, the rank growth of the green leaves overshadowed the whole, and flourished luxuriantly into the heat of summer, with no more light than they had on the hearth in front of the closed grate.—*Lake Corporal.*

It is said that Bayard Taylor writes "The Diversions of the Echo Club" in the *Atlantic Monthly.*

Bryant's second and concluding volume of the translation of the "Odyssey" is promised in the course of a few weeks.

Counting Twenty-Five.

I found the cherished face of Maria Ann wreathed in smiles the other evening when I returned from my arduous daily toil. I am engaged as standing man at a saloon.—So many candidates are treating that the saloon keeper hires six of us to be treated.—We all drink with every candidate that comes in, and it makes business pretty brisk.

Said my chosen one: "Joshua, I'm afraid you do not always find me an angel in disposition."

Said I: "That's so,—hic—my dear; I don't seldom find you 'n angel in—in anything."

"And," she added, "you are not always the most pleasant man in the world."

I did not feel called on to reply.

"Now," said she, "read that."

She had cut an item from the columns of some paper wherein a demented writer told about some impossible woman who, being troubled with a bad temper, counted twenty-five every time she got provoked, and thus became a sweet, amiable and dearly loved ornament of the house of her delighted husband. I read the article as well as the condition of my head would allow, and remarked, "Bosh."

Maria Ann paid no attention to me, but unfolded her plan. She said that every time I got mad I should count twenty-five, and every time she got mad she would count twenty-five. I asked her who she thought would pay our rent while we sat and counted twenty-five, over and over, all day long. Then she said I was always raising objections to her plans for our mutual improvement, and I said I was not; and she said I was enough to try the patience of a saint; and I said she was too, and she came for me, and I told her to count twenty-five; but she forgot all about that, and just talked one in my left eye.

Then I was going to remonstrate with the poker, and she told me to count twenty-five, and I said I would not; but I did before she had pulled more than half my hair out.—Then she made me count twenty-five over and over, until I was out of breath and felt real pleasant and good-natured. So we went to supper. Now, the cat was curled up in my chair, but I did not see it until I sat down; and I did not see it then, but I was pretty sure it was there—in fact, I knew it was there as well as I wanted to, and more too. I felt inclined to rise up suddenly, but, as I gathered to spring, Maria Ann brandished the tea pot and murmured out, "Joshua, your temper is rising; count twenty-five, or I'll break your head;" and that cat was drawing a map of the Tenth ward with her claws around behind me, with the streets and boundaries marked in my blood. I rose to explain, and said, "My dear, I—" but she caromed on my head with a well-shot teacup, and sprinkled my face with a quart of hot tea, and I sat down and counted twenty-five;—but it killed the cat. The old fellow died hard, though. I could feel him settle as his nine lives went out one by one.

A few days' practice of this rule, under the loving instructions of Maria Ann, has enabled me to conquer my temper completely. Nobody can get me mad now, and I am in a state of perpetual calm, and want to see the man who wrote that story. I want to fit him for the hands of an undertaker, and make a demand for mourning goods among his friends. Then I can die happy—counting twenty-five.—*Utica Herald.*

George Eliot.

The remarkable Englishwoman who writes under the name of George Eliot is a much greater woman, or at least possesses a much greater mind, than her French cotemporary who writes under the name of George Sand. That her reputation as a novelist is not more European, is owing principally to the fact that she is dispassionate in the representation of passion. Her large brain calmly judges the instincts and emotions of her sensitive and sympathetic heart. She looks *at* passion with a divining eye, but she also looks *through* it. Reflection masters sensibility, and exalts duty at the expense of desire. We are never swept away, as in the novels of George Sand, by the practical fallacies on which is based the whole logic of passion. It would be unjust to say that George Sand is not thoughtful, but George Eliot is more than thoughtful, she is essentially a thinker. When we compare her, in this respect, with such novelists as Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, and Trollope, with Jane Austen, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Gaskell, and the author of "Jane Eyre," we are at once impressed with her superiority to them in width and wealth of mind. Recognized as one of the most eminent delineators of individual character, especially of its humblest and most rustic forms, she at the same time indicates a philosophic capacity which commands the respect of such prodigies of mere understanding as Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill. She is in fact the one person of thoroughly trained scholarship, of systematized views of the whole scope of human life, of exact knowledge of what are called "the sciences," who in the present century has written novels. Hence the peculiar reputation she enjoys among the cultivated classes of England and the United States. Her admirers almost form a clique. We vividly remember a conversation we had with an accomplished Englishman, who was "outside the circle" of Geo. Eliot's champions. He admitted her power and influence, but thought "the thing was overdone." Even in his criticisms, however, he implied that the admiration of her various talents and accomplishments was widely diffused throughout Great Britain, and that, for once at least, a woman had proved her intellectual capacity to compete with the best of living masculine minds.

The comprehensiveness of George Eliot's intellect, and the extent and certainty of her experience and scholarship, are, in her novels, implied rather than directly expressed, because she only gives the results of her investigations and suppresses all the processes. Indeed, no writer is less inclined to pedantry, less disposed to that vice of language which has been called the art of putting into words of four syllables ideas that are in only one. She shyly insinuates her subtle observations, or makes the thoughts start up so naturally from the story or the characters, that they are not obtrusively prominent, and can be overlooked by readers who are attracted only by the incidents or persons.

Her power of characterization, her humor, her pathos, her sentiment, the singular simplicity, grace, melody, and beauty of her style, can hardly fail of being appreciated by the average novel reader.—*Boston Globe.*

A WORD FOR NOVELS.—Novels familiarize men's minds with societies not confined to any age, country, or class. The poorest student treads palace rooms, the seamstress in her garret penetrates into the most exclusive boudoirs. The pauper without a vote takes part in the highest politics of past times. Suggestions of philosophy, of wisdom, clothed with personality, are gradually drunk in, and the reader rises bettered; not taught the most approved kind of drainage of workhouse or lunatic asylum, but so lifted above the meaner thoughts of daily life that on all subjects presented to him he is inspired to take a broad and generous view. Man does not live by bread alone. We are not all of us statesmen, staticians, or students, careful to read everything on both sides of the question and to test every assertion. The world is moved more by feeling than by interest or argumentative power. An able novelist may enlist on the side of justice that large force of public feeling which is called the opinion of the day, and without which the legislative machine could not be made to move. To lift men up, to make them superior to daily needs, to make them forget animal wants and habitual littleness, is in itself of the greatest and purest use.—*Appleton's Journal.*

INCREASE OF CHURCHES.—The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States reports an actual accession to its communion last year of 24,124, being a larger percentage upon its whole number of members (234,995) than any other Church. The Methodist Episcopal Church reports an increase of 68,387, and a total membership of 1,172,099. The reunited Presbyterian Church reported as received on examination last year, 37,770, and a total of 455,378 members.—The Congregationalists had 18,501 added by profession, and a total membership of 406,518. The Presbyterian Church (South) reported (1870) a total membership of 87,529, and additions on profession of 5,802. The regular Baptists report a total membership of 1,410,403, and 77,795 added by baptism.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A WORD FOR NOVELS.—Novels familiarize men's minds with societies not conf