Wellsboro Agitator.

VOL. XX.—NO. 26. WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA., TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1,014.

The Agitator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

BARNES & ROY,

A. F. BARNES, — — A. M. ROY.

☞ TERMS:—$2,00 per annum in advance. ☜

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Time.	1 in	2 in.	3 in.	¼Col.	½Col.	1 Col.
1 Week	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$6 00	$9 00	$14 00
2 Weeks	1 50	3 00	4 00	6 00	7 00	11 00	16 00
3 Weeks	2 00	3 00	5 00	6 00	8 00	13 00	18 00
1 Month	2 50	4 00	6 00	7 00	9 00	15 00	20 00
2 Months	4 00	6 00	9 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	28 00
3 Months	5 00	8 00	12 00	13 00	15 00	25 00	35 00
6 Months	8 00	12 00	18 00	20 00	22 00	35 00	60 00
1 Year.	12 00	18 00	25 00	28 00	35 00	60 00	100 00

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Business Notices in the Editorial columns, on the second page, 15cents per line each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than $1.

Local Notices in Local column, 10 cents per line if more than five lines; and 50 cents for a notice of five lines or less.

ANNOUNCEMENTS of MARRIAGES and DEATHS inserted free; but all obituary notices will be charged 10 cents per line.

SPECIAL NOTICES 50 per cent above regular rates.

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

Business Cards.

J. B. BATCHELDER. P. A. JOHNSON.

Batchelder & Johnson,

Manufacturers of Monuments, Tombstones, Table Tops, Counters, &c. Call and see. Shop, Main st., opposite Foundry, Wellsboro, Pa.—July 3, 1872.

A. Redfield,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Collections promptly attended to.—Blossburg, Tioga county, Penn'a., 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.—Wellsboro, Pa. Office in Bosard's Brick Block, Main street; second floor, across hall from AGITATOR Office.

Mitchell & Cameron,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Claim and Insurance Agents. Office in Converse & Williams brick block, over Converse & Osgood's 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,

ATTORNEY 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

C. N. Dartt,

DENTIST.—Teeth made with the NEW IMPROVEMENT. Which give better satisfaction than any thing else in use. Office in Wright & Bailey's Block. Wellsboro, Oct. 15, 1872.

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.

C. L. Peck,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. All claims promptly collected Office with W. B. Smith, Knoxville, Tioga Co., Pa.

C. B. Kelly.

Dealer in Crockery, China and Glass ware, Table Cutlery and Plated Ware. Also Table and House Furnishing Goods.—Wellsboro, Pa., Sept. 17, 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.

Barnes & Roy,

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

Sabinsville House.

SABINSVILLE, Tioga Co., Pa.—Benn Bro's. Proprietors This house has been thoroughly renovated and is now in good condition to accomodate the traveling public in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1873.

D. Bacon, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—May be found at his office 1st door East of Miss Todd's—Main street. Will attend promptly to all calls.—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.
MORGAN SEELEY, Osceola. VINE CRANDALL,
Jan. 1, 1872. DAVID COATS, Knoxville

Petroleum House,

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

W. W. Burley,

MANUFACTURER OF all styles of light and heavy Carriages. Carriages kept constantly on hand. All work warranted. Corner Coss and Buffalo Streets, Hornellsville, N. Y. Orders left with C. B. Kelley, Wellsboro, or E. R Burley, Chatham, will receive prompt attention —June 3, 1873-6 mos.

M. L. Sticklin, Ag't,

DEALER in Cabinet Ware of all kinds which will be sold for less than the lowest. He invites all to take a look at his goods before purchasing elsewhere.—Remember the place—opposite Dartt's Wagon Shop, West Main Street, Wellsboro. Feb. 25, 1873-1y.

M. Yale.

I am manufacturing several brands of choice Cigars which I will sell at prices that cannot but please my customers. I use none but the best Connecticut, Havana and Vara Tobaccos. I make my own Cigars, and for that reason can warrant them. I have a general assortment of good Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos, Snuffs, Pipes from clay to the finest Meerschaum, Tobacco Pouches, &c., wholesale and retail.—Dec. 21, 1872

John R. Anderson, Agt.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN HARDWARE, Stoves, Iron, Steel, Nails, House Trimmings, Mechanics' Tools, Agricultural Implements, Carriage Goods, Axles, Springs, Rims, &c., Pocket and Table Cutlery, Plated Ware, Guns and Ammunition, Whips, Pumps—wood and iron—the best to be used. Manufacturing and dealer in Tin, Copper, and Sheet-iron Ware, Roofing in Tin and Iron. All work warranted.—April 1, 1873.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,

COR. MAIN ST. & THE AVENUE,
WELLSBORO, PA.

B. B. HOLLIDAY, Proprietor.

This hotel is well located, and is in good condition to accomodate the traveling public. The proprietor will spare no pains to make it a first-class house. All the stages arrive and depart from this house. Free bus to and from all trains. Sober and industrious hostlers always in attendance.
March 18, 1873.-tf.

JUST RECEIVED,

A VERY LARGE STOCK OF BEAVER, BROAD-CLOTH, CASSIMERE, VESTINGS, AND TRIMMINGS, which I will sell very cheap FOR CASH. In fact, the best assortment of goods ever brought to Wellsboro, of various styles. Please call and look them over.

Making Suits, Overcoats, and Repairing done with dispatch and as cheap as the cheapest.

GEORGE WAGNER,
Jan. 1 1872-1 y. Crafton Street, Wellsboro, Pa.

$5 TO $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co. Portland, Maine. Sept. 24, 1872-1y.

N. M. GLASSMIRE & CO.,

WOULD respectfully inform the people of Wellsboro and vicinity that they have opened a store next door to C. W. Sears' Boot and Shoe store, where they intend to keep on hand a first-class stock of

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GOODS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

Wood and Willow Ware,

TIN AND HARDWARE,

CROCKERY, DRUGS, &C.

Which they will sell Cheap for Cash.

We call your attention to our line of Groceries, as we intend to give this our utmost care:

SUGAR, Coffee A	12½c.
" Ex. C.	12
" Medium,	11
Best M. Prints	12½
Muslins,	from 10 to 15
Best Japan Tea,	1.10
" Gun Powder Tea	1.25
" Young Hyson " from 50to1.00	
Black Tea	1.00

WE WILL HERE SAY

that we intend to let *NO PERSON OR PERSONS UNDERSELL* us on the above and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Give us a Call.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.
April 22, 1873-3mos. N. M. GLASSMIRE & CO.

General Insurance Agency,

ENOXVILLE, TIOGA CO., PA.

Life, Fire, and Accidental.

ASSETS OVER $55,000,000.

ASSETS OF COMPANIES.

Alemania, of Cleveland, Ohio	436,033.44
New York Life and Fire Ins. Co	1,000,000
Royal Ins. Co., of Liverpool	10,515,501
Lancashire, of Manchester, Capital	10,000,000
Ins. Co., of North America, Pa	$3,050,535 50
Franklin Fire Ins. Co. of Phila. Pa	2,087,462 36
Republic Ins. Co. of N. Y., Capital	$750,000
Niagara Fire Ins. Co. of N. Y	1,000,000
Farmers Mut. Fire Ins. Co. York Pa	209,889 15
Phœnix Mut. Life Ins. Co. of Hartford Ct.	5,381,970 50
Penn's Cattle Ins. Co. of Pottsville	600,000 00
Total	$55,431,461 94

Insurance promptly effected by mail or otherwise, on all kinds of property. All losses promptly adjusted and paid at my office.

All communications promptly attended to—Office on Mill Street 2d door from Main st., Knoxville Pa.

WM. B. SMITH
Jan. 1, 1873-tf. Agent.

General Insurance Agency,

NELSON, TIOGA CO., PA.

J. H. & J. D. CAMPBELL

ARE issuing policies in the following Companies against fire and lightning in Tioga and Potter counties:—

QUEEN	Assets, $10,000,000.00
CONTINENTAL of New York	2,509,626.27
HANOVER, of New York	983,331.00
GERMAN AMERICAN, New York	1,272,000.00
WYOMING, of Wilkesbarre, Pa	219,638.42
WILLIAMSPORT, of Wm'sport	113,666.00

All business promptly attended to by mail or otherwise. Losses adjusted and paid at our office.
Nelson, Dec. 10, 1872-1y.

LOOK! LOOK!

AT

HASTINGS & COLES'

FOR

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty,

Brushes, Trusses, Supporters, and Surgical Instruments,

HORSE & CATTLE POWDERS,

Artist's Goods in Great Variety.

Liquors, Scotch Ales, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, &c., &c.,

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

Groceries, Sugars, Teas,

CANNED AND DRIED FRUIT,

Shot, Lead, Powder and Caps, Lamps, Chimneys, Whips, Lashes, &c.

BLANK & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

All School Books in use, Envelopes, Stationery, Bill and Cap Paper, Initial paper, Memorandums, large and small Dictionaries, Legal paper, School Cards and Primers, Ink, Writing Fluid, Chess and Backgammon Boards, Picture Frames, Cords and Tassels, Mirrors, Albums, Paper Collars and Cuffs, Croquetts, Base Balls, parlor games, at wholesale and retail.

NOTIONS.

Wallets, port monies, combs, pins and needles, scissors, shears, knives, violin strings, bird cages. A great variety of pipes, dells, inkstands, measure tapes, rules,

Fishing Tackle, best trout flies, lines, hooks, baskets and rods.

Special attention paid to this line in the season.

TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.

AGENTS FOR AMERICAN STEAM SAFES.

VILLAGE LOTS for sale in the central part of the Boro.

March25, '73-tf. HASTINGS & COLES.

For Sale or Rent.

HOUSE AND LOT corner of Pearl street and Avenue. Also for sale, seven village lots near the Academy. Apply to ELLIOTT & BOSARD,
Oct. 20, 1872-tf. Wellsboro, Pa.

MRS. C. P. SMITH,

HAS just return from New York with the largest assortment of

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS

ever brought into Wellsboro, and will give her customers a refined style. She has a splendid assortment of ladies suits, Parasols, Gloves, Fans, real and imitation hair goods, and a full line of ready made white goods. Prices to suit all.

GO AND SEE

CHINA HALL

WELLSBORO, PA.

LIVERY STABLE.

KETCHAM & COLES RESPECTfully inform the public that they have established a

Livery for Hire,

At their Stable on Pearl St., opposite Wheeler's wagon shop. Single or double rigs furnished to order. They aim to keep good horses and wagons, and intend to please. Prices reasonable. KETCHAM & COLES,
Aug. 21, 1872.

Surveyor's Notice.

EDWARD BRYDEN offers his service to the public as a Surveyor. He will be ready to attend promptly to all calls. He may be found at the law office of H. Sherwood & Son, in Wellsboro, or at his residence on East Avenue.
Wellsboro, Pa., May 13, 1873—tf.

TABLE LINENS, Towels, Napkins, at Kelly's China Hall.

L. F. TRUMAN. W. P. BIGONY. J. W. VAN VALKENBURG

TRUMAN & CO.,

New Firm, New Goods,

NEW STORE,

BOTTOM PRICES.

A large stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

All styles, colors and patterns,

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC,

Consisting of

Ladies' Dress Goods,

ALAPACAS, POPLINS, CAMBRICS, FRENCH JACONETS, ORGANDIES, PEQUAS, VERSAILLES,

BLACK & COLORED SILKS,

—ALSO—

Beautiful Summer Shawls,

YANKEE NOTIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

—AND—

Ready-Made Clothing,

and plenty of cloth to make more.

Fresh Groceries,

Best White A Sugar, 12½ cents.

A large and choice stock of

TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT

at very low prices. We keep the best 50 cent Tea in

WELLSBORO.

A large stock of Crockery.

Call and see us.

Opera House Block.

May 6, 1873. TRUMAN & CO.

We have Shed the Shanty!

T. L. BALDWIN & CO

TIOGA, PA.

And now have but time to say to our friends and customers that we have good

BARGAINS

FOR THEM

Our Elegant New Store

is filled full of

DESIRABLE GOODS

at the lowest prices to be found.

Call and you will know how it is yourselves.

T. L. BALDWIN & CO.

Oct 15, 1872.

Blessings of Labor.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us,
Pause not to weep the wild waves that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's grand musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud comes the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch sound for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world storms that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath love's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, tho' shame, sin and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not, content in thy darkness, a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

The Haunted Man.

In the spring of 1842 I chanced to be in Messina, a seaport of Sicily, and while there I was invited to visit the extensive vintage of D——i & M——zo. Their location was in a pleasant valley some three miles back from the city, and beneath a portion of their grounds was extended a large wine vault embracing an area of two acres. After accompanying M——zo, the junior partner, through the long vine arbors and orange groves we descended to the vault, and after passing nearly half the length of one of the pipe tiers we came to a desk where a man was writing.

"There is one of your own countrymen," said M——zo, "and he will accompany you through the vaults."

My conductor called to the man, who quickly dropping his pen stepped down from the stool and came forward. He was employed as clerk in the exporting department, for the purpose of filling up bills, invoices, etc., for the American and English merchants.

"You will find him a strange sort of a man," whispered M——zo, "but he is notwithstanding a good fellow."

H——, for so my companion had called him, was a tall, well-made man, apparently on the better side of forty, and had a pleasing, intelligent look. His hair, which was quite luxurious, was almost white, and about his countenance there were evident marks of suffering. His eyes when he first gazed on me—which was with a furtive, trembling glance—had an inexpressible look of wildness in them, and a cold, fearful shudder seemed to run through his frame. Gradually he grew more composed, and as he showed me around among the pipe-flanked avenues, casting his huge lantern here and there to show me the many and various wines, he began to talk with considerable freedom, though he yet betrayed a strangeness of manner, a sort of flaring of voice and gesture, that could not fail of exciting my curiosity. A casual observer, who might have judged only from his appearance, would have thought him slightly insane, and even I felt a conviction that his mind was not exactly *comme il faut*.

"Do you reside in New York?" he asked, as we stopped for a moment at the extremity of the vault.

I told him that I did not belong there, though I had spent part of the winter and the spring of 1841 and '42 in that city.

"I have a wife in that State somewhere, and perhaps a child, but I have not heard from them for a long time."

I noticed that he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his linen jacket as he spoke, and he turned away as though to hide an emotion that might be thought unmanly.

"Does she not write to you?" I asked.

"She knows not where I am."

"Do you not write?"

"Me!" he uttered with a sudden start, a cold tremor shaking his frame the while.—"Ah, sir, I dare not trust my superscription nor my autograph in—"

He hesitated, looked at me wildly for an instant, and then starting on he began to enlarge on the different ages, qualities and vintages of the wine. Twice I tried to bring him back to the subject he had so abruptly left, but it was of no avail. At length we came around to the steps that led up to the surface of terra firma. The sun had already set, and the stars were beginning to sparkle in the blue arch above us. H—— remarked that he had no idea it was so late, and added, with the happiest smile that I had yet seen him express, that he supposed it was because he had such pleasant company, at the same time assuring me that I was the only American with whom he had held social converse for over a year. As he was about to close the vault for the night, I proposed he should accompany me to my cafe, take supper with me, and then walk with me about the city.

It was some time before he would consent to this arrangement, and while he was considering upon it I could see that there was an internal struggle of no small moment.—He appeared to me not unlike a man who is debating whether he shall attack a den of rattlesnakes. After awhile, however, he consented to go, though there was a marked reluctance in his manner. He extinguished the light in his lantern, gazed up and down the long avenues to see that no spark of fire had accidentally been dropped, and then he followed me to the stone steps, and having secured the doors, he signified that he was at my service. The direct way to my cafe, which was on the broad quay, lay through the heart of the city, but my companion insisted upon taking a more circuitous route, and he took me through the darkest and narrowest streets and passages he could find.

In an instant the idea flashed upon me that my companion was a convict, or at least a criminal who had been guilty of some heinous crime in his native country, and was consequently afraid of detection. The more I thought of it the more I became convinced that such was the fact, and I could now account for his strange conduct in this fear and in the gnawings of a guilt-burdened conscience. Yet he was a well-come companion for all that, and I felt sure that repentance had been full and ample.

H—— gazed furtively about as we entered the cafe, and at his request I ordered supper in a private room. He laughed and chatted freely, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him. After we had finished our meal we started on our proposed walk. It was nearly eleven o'clock when we thought of returning, and as we were passing the small church of St. Joseph I noticed that the doors were open, and that in the center of the church there was a sable bier, around which were burning a number of small wax tapers. I proposed that we should enter and look for a moment at the corpse. He made no objections. In one of the confessionals near the door sat an old monk, and very naturally I asked of him who it was that rested upon the bier, not knowing that most of the interments from this church were in behalf of charity. The monk informed me that it was the body of a man who came on shore from the American ship that came in the day before. He had been very sick and weak when he left the ship, but he was determined to land, and persuasion of the crew could not alter him in his determination. He reached the quay, but he lived not to cross it. The kind monks of St. Joseph had taken charge of the body.

We slowly, reverently approached the somber scene. Upon the breast of the deceased were the various articles that had been found in his possession, consisting of an apparently well-filled purse, a watch, a pocket comb, and a heavy double-barreled pistol, the latter of which the monk informed us had been loaded with extraordinary charges of powder, balls, and buckshot. I gazed upon the face of the dead man, and even in its sunken, marble-like rigidity there was a startling expression of intense resolution, as though some fell purpose, which death had not subdued, still dwelt in the hushed bosom. As I still gazed I heard a quick, stifled cry at my side, and on turning I was half-frightened by the expression of my companion's countenance. His eyeballs seemed actually starting from their sockets; his mouth was half-open and fixed; his hands, which were extended toward the corpse, trembled like vibrating harp strings, and his very hair seemed fretful. He moved nearer to the head of the deceased, looked another moment into that pallid face, and sinking down upon his knees, clasped his hands toward heaven, and cried,

"Great God, I thank Thee! I thank Thee! Thanks! thanks!" And then he arose and looked once more upon the features of the corpse. Then his eyes wandered to the heavy pistol that lay upon the sable pall, and while a cold shudder passed over him he took me by the arm.

"Come, come," said he, "come with me to your cafe, and I will tell you a strange story."

Without heeding the mute astonishment of the monk, I followed H——. My companion's nerves had become somewhat composed, and I could see there was intense satisfaction depicted in every lineament of his countenance.

"Mr. C——," he commenced, "I can tell you my story in a very few words. Nearly twenty years ago I fell in love with a young girl in the city of New York. On my part the acquaintance soon ripened into a love of the warmest and most ardent kind, and it was as pure as it was ardent, and she professed the same feeling toward me. I was then well-to-do in the world, being a clerk in a heavy mercantile house, and ere long it was arranged we should be married. About a week previous to the time set for this ceremony I accidentally heard my affianced bride use some most obscene and profane language in company with one of her female acquaintances. You can judge of my feelings under these circumstances much better than I can describe them. I turned away sick at heart, and on the very next day received indubitable proofs of the utter infidelity of the object of my affections, and I at once broke off the engagement.—Upon being questioned by some of my companions as to the cause of my course, I unguardedly, and perhaps foolishly, revealed to them the whole secret. The story, as having come from me, got wings, and soon spread among the lady's friends and acquaintances.

A few days afterward a young man about my own age called into the store and came up to the desk where I was writing. His hands were nervously clasped together, and his face was livid with rage. He told me that I had forever blasted the reputation of his sister—that I had faithlessly deserted her and left her broken-hearted. I attempted to reason with him, but I might as well have reasoned with a lightning bolt. He demanded instant satisfaction, and proposed that I should accompany him over on the Long Island side and fight him. My natural timidity would have prevented me from complying with such a request, and I had also higher scruples, and of course I refused. Then he called me a base coward, and swore that he would have my life. I complained of him before a Justice; he was apprehended, publicly tried, fined, and placed under bonds to keep the peace.

After that I met him in Broadway. He stopped me and whispered in my ear. He swore by the most fearful oath a man could take that he would have my life, and that he would hunt me through the world till he had accomplished his purpose. I knew that he meant just what he had said, and fear began to take possession of my bosom.—Many times I discovered that he was dogging me about, but I always managed to elude his watchful gaze as I walked along the streets. I dared not bring him to trial again, for I might fail to make out a case, and it could only tend to incense my enemy still more.

At length I feared to walk the streets, for one night as I was passing a dark alley near the head of Cherry street I heard the report of a pistol close to me, and a bullet passed through my hat. I knew who fired that pistol—but I had no evidence. I felt that my life was not safe in that city, and secretly I moved to a small town in the western part of the State of Massachusetts, where I engaged with a dry-goods dealer.

Here I took to myself a wife; but I had not been married over a month when I saw my enemy pass the door of the store and look in. He saw me, and pointed his finger at me. The cold sweat stood in huge drops upon my brow, and my fears came back more powerfully than ever. At night I contrived to get my employer to go home with me, and on the way I heard low, stealthy steps behind me. I knew that I was dogged! "You are mine!" I heard a voice pronounce as I turned into my yard, and as I turned I saw a dusky figure moving off beneath the shade of the road-side trees. The next day I sent word to my employer that I was sick, and I kept the house all day. I explained all to my wife, and she agreed to go with me wherever I wished. Several times during that day I saw my sworn murderer pass the house and gaze intently upon the windows, but he did not see me.

I got a boy to go to the stable and procure a horse and wagon, and after dark to take it around to a back road nearly a mile from the house. My wife and myself tied up such articles as we could carry, and taking all my money with me, we stole out through the back garden, and gained the cross-road in safety. The wagon was there, and having entered it, the boy drove us off at good speed. Just at daylight we reached a tavern where a stage coach was almost ready to start, and the boy returned, having first promised to keep inviolate the secret of my flight. The stage was bound to Lennox, which place we reached before dark. From thence I went to Hudson, crossed the North river, and made my way to the western part of New York, where I bought me a small cottage.

In less than a year my enemy found me again, and I saw him standing in front of my house. He looked wild and haggard, but I could see that there was an iron determination upon his features. One night I heard a grating against one of my windows, and in the next moment my dog, a powerful Newfoundland, had sprung from his kennel. I dared not go down, for I knew too well the cause of the disturbance. The noise soon ceased, however, and on the next morning I found my dog lying beneath the window—dead! The villain had been afraid, probably, that the noise might have disturbed the neighbors, and had for the present desisted from his murderous intent. I made arrangements with my wife to keep the house, and taking a small sum of money with me, I fled from my home.

I went to New Orleans, and there my enemy at length followed me! For three years I skulked from place to place, the very embodiment of terror and weakening fear, but go where I would, the man was sure to haunt me. Our two lives seemed to have but one end and aim; his was to take mine, and mine to escape his fell revenge. I became almost a walking skeleton. The falling of a leaf would startle me.

At length I got a chance to go to England. I was in London, standing one day at the door of an alehouse, when—O, God!—I saw my life-hunter pass. He was as pale and sunken as myself—restless and nervous—but his black eyes gleamed like balls of fire. He did not see me. I hurried down to the Thames, took a lighter as far as Gravesend, and there I was fortunate enough to find a barque bound directly for the Mediterranean. I got passage in her, and was at length landed in this city, where I have been ever since. I have regained somewhat my former health and spirits, though that same dread fear has not failed to haunt me.

My enemy must have found me out even here; but, thank God, he has passed from the power to harm me more. A hand mightier than his has stricken him down.—That was his cold, powerless corpse that we saw to-night in the church. If my wife still lives I shall see her again.

H—— did meet his wife again, for I saw them both at the White Mountains when I was last there. It was some time before I could recognize in the portly gentleman who accosted me the poor, haunted man I had met in Messina, but when I realized the truth I grasped him warmly by the hand, received an introduction to his wife, and soon we three were straying along the banks of the beautiful Ammonoosuc.

An Almost Forgotten Incident.

HOW ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND GEN. SHIELDS WERE GOING TO FIGHT A DUEL, BUT DIDN'T.

Strangely enough, the murder of Mansfield T. Walworth by his son recalls the story of Abraham Lincoln's duel. The mother of Frank Walworth is the daughter of John J. Hardin, who saved Mr. Lincoln from the remorse that would have overshadowed his life if he had killed Gen. Shields. Col. Hardin was a prominent Whig politician, and was esteemed "the bravest man in Illinois." He was killed at the battle of Buena Vista, and in his death fairly earned the distinction which his admiring friends had given him while living. Mr. Lincoln was his intimate friend, and both men were gifted with a large sense of humor, which they turned to good account.

The hostile meeting between Mr. Lincoln and Gen. Shields was brought about in this way: A witty young lady wrote a communication for one of the Springfield papers, in which there were several passages which the General was pleased to consider as personally offensive. He was a testy Irishman, who had a great deal of offensive dignity, and could never appreciate a joke at his own expense. He forthwith went to the newspaper office and demanded the name of the correspondent, and this being refused, he gave the editor three days in which to make up his mind either to refer him to the writer or take a whipping himself.

The poor man was greatly distressed. He didn't like to be guilty of the ungallant act of betraying his lady correspondent, and he did not care to have a fight with General Shields, who was a much stronger man. In this dilemma he came to Mr. Lincoln and told him of his trouble. The lawyer took the matter into consideration, but he could think of no stratagem for the relief of his friend. At last he said to him: "When Shields comes around with his club tell him that Abe Lincoln wrote that letter." The editor acted upon the suggestion, and when the irate politician appeared, ready to carry his threat into execution, he was politely requested to call upon Abraham Lincoln for satisfaction.

This put a new face on the matter. Gen. Shields knew better than to come fooling about Mr. Lincoln with his cane. He was at that time a great, long-armed, muscular fellow, good-natured, but resolute, and when the occasion demanded he could deal such blows with his fists as made his antagonists think that rail-splitting was his pastime. If he had been attacked by Gen. Shields, and had supposed that it would add anything to the humor of the fight, he would have bent his assailant over his knee and administered punishment after the manner of conscientious mothers.

But after all his threatening and bluster Gen. Shields could not back out without subjecting himself to the ridicule of his townsmen, so he concluded to challenge Mr. Lincoln. The challenge was accepted, but to the great dismay of the challenger Abraham named long swords as the weapons. He had no skill in the use of the sword, but with his tremendous reach of arm and great muscular strength he would have cut off Gen. Shields's head before he got himself into position for one of his scientific thrusts.

The time and place of meeting were agreed upon. Mr. Lincoln went early to the ground with his second, and there being some bushes in the plat selected for the fight, he set to work to clear them away with a hatchet. While he was engaged at this other gentlemen came on the field, and they were so struck with the ludicrous scene that they could not refrain from laughter. Just then Col. Hardin appeared, and appreciating the humorous situation, he appealed to both parties not to make fools of themselves with such enemies for more than one reason, and afterward that his participation in this affair was the meanest act of his life.

Col. Hardin, although a peacemaker on this occasion, was a man of great courage and most chivalrous bearing. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was put in command of the First Illinois Volunteers, and died on the battle field of Buena Vista, as already stated.—*Baltimore American.*

Random Biographies.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

An ancient Roman of celebrity. He advertised to the effect that he had rather be first at Rome than second in a small village. He was a man of great muscular strength. At one time he threw an entire army across the Rubicon. A General called Pompey met him in what was called the "tented field," but Pompey couldn't hold a Roman candle to Julius. We are assured upon the authority of Patrick Henry that "Cæsar had his Brutus." The unbiased reader of history, however, will conclude that, on the contrary, Brutus rather *had* Cæsar. After addressing a few oral remarks to Brutus in the Latin language, Cæsar expired. His subsequent career ceases to be interesting.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

An American naval commander who sailed the seas during the Revolution, with indistinct notions about gold lace, or what he should fly at the main. He was fond of fighting. He would frequently break off in the middle of a dinner to go on deck and whip a British frigate. Perhaps he didn't care much about his meals; if so, he must have been a good *boarder*.

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Daughter of old Mr. Borgia, a wealthy Italian gentleman. Lucrezia was one of the first ladies of her time. Beautiful beyond description, of brilliant and fascinating manners, she created an unmistakable sensation. Society doted upon her. Afterward it anti-doted.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A philosopher and statesman. When a boy he associated himself with the development of the tallow-chandlery interest, and invented the Boston dip. He was lightning on some things, also a printer. He won distinction as the original *Poor Richard*, though he could not have been by any means so poor a Richard as M'Kean Buchanan used to be. Although born in Boston and living in Philadelphia, he yet managed to surmount both obstacles, and to achieve considerable note in his day. They show you the note in Independence Hall.

MARK TWAIN.

A humorous writer of the nineteenth century. As yet I have not had the honor of his acquaintance, but when I do meet him I shall say something jocose. I know I shall. I have it; my plan will be to inveigle him into going over a ferry to "see a man."—As we pass up the slip on the other side I shall draw out my flask, impromptu-like, with the invitation, "Mark, my dear fellow, won't you take something?" He will decline, of course, or else he isn't the humorist I take him for. I shall then consider it my duty to urge him. Fixing my eye steadily upon him, so that he can understand I am terribly in earnest, I shall proceed to apostrophize that genial victim as follows:

"Take, I give it willingly,
For, invisibly to thee,
Spirits, Twain, have crossed with me."

Then, I presumé, we shall go and "see a man."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

The man who discovered America, two points off the port bow. One day, in his garden, he observed an apple falling from its tree, whereupon a conviction flashed through his mind that the earth was round. By breaking the bottom of an egg and making it stand on end at the dinner table, he demonstrated that he could sail due west and in course of time arrive at another hemisphere. He started a line of emigrant packets from Palos, Spain, and landed at Philadelphia, where he walked up Market street with a loaf of bread under each arm. The simple-hearted natives took him to see their new Park.

On his second voyage Columbus was barbarously murdered at the Sandwich Islands, or rather he would have been but for the intervention of Pocahontas, a lovely maiden romantically fond of distressed travelers. After this little incident he went West, where his intrepidity and masterly financial talent displayed itself in the success with which he acquired land and tobacco without paying for them. As the savages had no railroad of which they could make him president they ostracised him—sent him to the island of St. Helena. But the spirit of discovery refused to be quenched, and the next year we find him landing at Plymouth Rock in a blinding snow storm. It was here that he shot an apple from his son's head.

To this universal genius are we indebted also for the exploration of the sources of the Nile and an unintelligible but correspondingly valuable scientific report of a visit to the valley of the Yellowstone. He took no side in our late unhappy war; but during the Revolution he penetrated with a handful of the *Garde Mobile* into the mountain fastnesses of Minnesota, where he won that splendid series of victories which terminated in the glorious storming of Chapultepec. Ferdinand and Isabella rewarded him with chains, and Boston has named in his honor one of her proudest avenues.

One day he rushed naked from the bath exclaiming, "Eureka!" and the presumption is that he was right. He afterward explained himself by saying that he cared not who made the laws of a people so long as he furnished their ballots. Columbus was cruelly put to death by order of Richard III., and as he walked to the scaffold he exclaimed, "The world moves."

Smiling at this little by-play, he adjusted the crimson mantle about him and laid his head upon the block, and then drank off the hemlock with philosophic composure.

The great man's life teaches the beautiful moral lesson that an excess of virtue is apt to be followed by a redundancy of happiness.

The Irish Prison System.

Miss Carpenter's recent address in this city on the "Crofton Reform" in the Irish prison system should be received with attention by the numerous