Wellsboro Agitator.

VOL. XX.—NO. 45. WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1873. WHOLE NO. 1,033.

The Agitator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

BARNES & ROY,

A. L. BARNES, — — — — A. M. ROY.

TERMS—$2.00 per annum in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Time.	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	10 in.	20 in.
1 Week	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$5 00	$8 00	$12 00
2 Weeks	1 50	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	11 00	16 00
3 Weeks	2 00	3 50	5 00	6 00	7 00	13 00	18 00
1 Month	2 50	4 50	6 00	7 00	8 00	15 00	20 00
2 Months	4 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	20 00	28 00
3 Months	5 00	8 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	25 00	35 00
6 Months	7 00	10 00	15 00	18 00	22 00	35 00	60 00
1 Year	12 00	18 00	25 00	28 00	32 00	50 00	100 00

Advertisements are calculated by the inch in length of column, and display less space is rated as a full inch.

Foreign advertisements must be paid for before insertion, except on yearly contracts, when half-yearly payments in advance will be required.

Editorial Notices, 20 cts per line each insertion.

Notices in the Local column, 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents per line each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than 25.

Business Notices in the Editorial column, on the second page, 15 cents per line each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than 25.

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. F. A. JOHNSON.

Batchelder & Johnson,

Manufacturers of Monuments, Tombstones, Table Tops, Counters, &c. Call and see. Shop, Walnut, opposite Foundry, Wellsboro, Pa.—July 8, 1872.

A. Redfield,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Collections promptly attended to.—Lawrenceville, 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 Bowen's Brick Block, Main Street; second floor, three flights above 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.

J. C. Strang,

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

C. N. Dartt,

DENTIST.—Sets made with the NEW IMPROVEMENT. Will give better satisfaction than any thing else in use. Office in Wright & Bailey's Block. Wellsboro, Oct. 25, 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. Collections 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.

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 & Cone's Block, 2d floor.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Sabinsville House.

SABINSVILLE, Tioga Co., Pa.—Benn Bros. 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.

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 Cass and Dudley streets, Bridgeville, 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,

DEALER in Cabinet Ware of all kinds which will be sold lower 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.

Mrs. Mary E. Lamb.

MILLINERY.—Wishes to inform her friends and the public generally that she has a large stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods suitable for the season, which will be sold at reasonable prices. Miss L. E. Hamlin has charge of the making and trimming department, and will give her attention exclusively to it. Next door to the Converse & Williams Block.—July 8, 1873.-tf.

Yale & Van Horn.

We are manufacturing several brands of choice Cigars which we will sell at prices that cannot but please our customers. We use none but the best Connecticut, Havana and Yara Tobaccos. We make our own Cigars, and for that reason can warrant them. We have a general assortment of good Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos, Snuffs, Pipes from cheap to the finest Meerschaum, Tobacco Pouches, &c., Wholesale and retail.—Dec. 24, 1872

John R. Anderson, Agt.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN HARDWARE, Stoves, Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse Furnishing Goods, Carpenters' Tools, Agricultural Implements, Cutlery, Guns and Ammunition, Whips, Pumps—wood and iron—the best kind of Chain Pumps—Lead Pipe, Brass Goods, and Brass Cocks, Plated Ware, Guns and Ammunition, Whips, Pumps—wood and iron—the best kind of Chain Pumps—Lead Pipe, Brass Goods, and Brass Cocks, Plated Ware, Fishing Tackle, Base Balls, Bats, and Balls, Ammunition of all kinds. All work warranted.—Jan. 1, 1873.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Pa.

J. Q. Merrick, Proprietor.

Formerly kept by H. C. Vermilyea.

A First Class Hotel

now in perfect condition for the accommodation of the public.

Gaines, Pa., Oct. 14, 1872.

JUST RECEIVED.

A VERY LARGE STOCK OF BEAVER, BROADCLOTH, CASSIMERE, VESTINGS, AND FINDINGS, which I will sell very cheap. Call and look for yourselves. The best assortment of Goods ever in Wellsboro, of various styles. Please call and look into your interest.

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

GEORGE WAGNER, Craft's Street, Wellsboro, Pa.

Jan. 1 1872-1 y.

Mrs. Geo. Campbell

HAVING returned to Wellsboro, and having finished her trade in the manufacture of

ARTIFICIAL HAIR WORK,

would respectfully say to her old friends that she would be glad to see all who would favor her with their calls. She can be found at the house of J. M. Johnson, the Barber. Feb. 27, 1872-1y.

Timber Land for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale two hundred and thirty-eight acres of timber land about eight miles southwest of Wellsboro. There is a large quantity of hemlock and considerable chestnut upon it. A portion of it will make fine farming lands. It will be sold on time. Inquire of

WM. A. STONE,

August 27, 1873-tf. Wellsboro, Pa.

General Insurance Agency,

KNOXVILLE, TIOGA CO., PA.

Life, Fire, and Accidental.

ASSETS OVER $53,000,000.

Agents of Companies.

Alemannia, of Cleveland, Ohio,	$36,033.41
New York Life and Fire Ins. Co.	91,000,000
Royal Ins. Co., of Liverpool	10,615,501
Lancashire, of Manchester, Capital	10,000,000
Ins. Co., of North America, Pa.	$3,050,585 60
Franklin Fire Ins. Co. of Phila. Pa.	2,087,452 95
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.	909,889 18
Phenix Mut. Life Ins. Co. of Hartford Ct.	5,081,970 56
Penn'a Cattle Ins. Co. of Pottsville	600,000 00
Total	$56,421,451 94

Insurances 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 Agent.

Jan. 1. 1873-tf.

General Insurance Agency,

NELSON, TIOGA CO., PA.

F. M. & 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	2,609,626.27
HANOVER, of New York	983,981.00
GERMAN AMERICAN, New York	1,372,000.00
WYOMING, of Wilkesbarre, Pa.	212,699.42
WILLIAMSPORT, of Williamsport	118,056.00

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, Writin Fluid, Chess and Backgammon Boards, Picture Frames, Cords and Tassels, Mirrors, Albums, Paper Collars and Cuffs, Croquette, Base Balls, parlor games, at wholesale and retail.

NOTIONS.

Wallets, port monies, combs, pins and needles, scissors, sheats, knives, violin strings, bird cages. A great variety of pipes, dolls, 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.

March 5, '73-tf. HASTINGS & COLES.

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 reduced prices. She has a splendid assortment of Ladies Furs, Gloves, Worsted, Yarn, real and imitation hair goods, and a full line of ready made white goods. Dresses to suit all.

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, 1872—tf.

LIVERY STABLE.

KETCHAM & COLES proprietors. First-class rigs furnished at reasonable rates. Pearl street, opposite Wheeler's wagon shop.

A PUBLIC HACK

will be on the street at all reasonable hours. Passengers to and from the depot to any part of the town will be charged twenty-five cents. For families or small parties for pleasure, one dollar per hour.

Wellsboro, July 16, 1873. KETCHAM & COLES.

NEW DRUG FIRM!

NEW GOODS!

TAYLOR & SPALDING,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

PAINTS, OILS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

KEROSENE, LAMPS,

DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY,

FANCY ARTICLES, &c.

Having made special arrangements with the Blossburg Oil Company, we can furnish Glass at lowest rates to parties wishing to buy, in large quantities, or can deliver from the factory.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts Accurately Compounded.

☞Mr. Spalding has had several years experience in the drug business, and is thoroughly posted in all the best cures.

TAYLOR & SPALDING.

Wellsboro, Pa., June 24, 1873-tf.

CANCER!

PATIENTS if you are afflicted with CANCER, come to my home kindly to the Cancer Infirmary of Dr. J. M. Coon, Auburn, N. Y., where you will be promptly treated and cured, if you come in time. When reaching the R. R. Depot at this place, ask for the American Hotel Omnibus; it will take you direct to the Infirmary. If you wish for references, send for Circular without delay. Charges alwa yreasonable.

June 24, 1873—1y.

HUGH YOUNG'S

Insurance, Real Estate and Steamship AGENCY.

No 1. Bowen's Block.

☞Drafts sold payable in any city or town in Europe.

☞Cabin, Second Cabin, or Steerage Passage tickets to or from any town in Europe from or to Wellsboro, by the Anchor Line, or the White Star Line of Ocean Steamers.

☞Real Estate bought and sold on Commission.

☞I desire to call particular attention to the insurance facilities afforded by the old and well known

Wellsboro Insurance Agency.

—ESTABLISHED IN 1860.—

FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT.

Capital Represented $40,000,000.

ÆTNA, of Hartford, Conn.
HOME, of New York.
FRANKLIN, of Philadelphia.
INS. CO. OF NORTH AMERICA, of Phil'a.
PENNSYLVANIA, of Philadelphia.
WILLIAMSPORT FIRE.
ALEMANNIA, of Cleveland, Ohio.
PHENIX, of Brooklyn, N Y.
LYCOMING INS. CO., Muncy, Pa.
TRAVELERS LIFE & ACCIDENT, Hartford.

Policies written in any of the above leading companies at standard rates. Losses promptly paid at my office, No. 1 Bowen's Block. HUGH YOUNG.

Nov. 19. 1872.

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.

JOHN FISCHLER

HAS the largest and best selected stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

ever brought into Wellsboro, consisting of

Ladies' Kid and Cloth Balmorals and Gaiters,

Ladies, Misses, Children and Baby's Shoes.

Gents' Cloth Boots and Shoes, Prince Albert Calf Boots, Boys' Calf & Kip Boots, Youths' Boots.

In fact, all kinds of Mens' and Women's wear kept in a first-class Shoe Store. The best sewed Woman's Shoes ever offered in this market. I defy the world in

CUSTOM WORK.

If you don't believe it, try me. I buy only the best stock, and have as good Cordwainers as money can hire.

REPAIRING done neatly, and with dispatch.

Leather and Findings

of all kinds constantly on hand.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES, DEACONSKINS, PELTS AND FURS.

Having just filled up my shelves with a choice stock, personally selected for this market, I respectfully solicit a fair share of trade. "Small profits and quick returns." I believe to be a good business maxim; and I hold the best goods to be the cheapest. I keep no shoddy. My assortment is sufficient to meet all sizes and tastes. I invite our patrons and the public generally to call and examine my stock. No trouble to show goods. Always to be found, one door north of C. B. Kelley's store, Main street, Wellsboro, Pa. JOHN FISCHLER.

Feb. 4, 1873-tf

POMEROY BRO'S & SMITH,

BANKERS,

BLOSSBURG, Tioga County, Penn'a.

BUSINESS PAPER NEGOTIATED.

POMEROY BRO'S BANKERS, Troy, Pa. W. H. SMITH, Blossburg, Pa.

Feb. 4, 1873-tf.

A Sure Defense.

I.

Wear no armor, timid heart;
Fear no keen misfortune's dart,
Want, nor scorn, nor secret blow
Dealt thee by thy mortal foe.

II.

Let the Fates their weapons wield,
For a wondrous woven shield
Shall be given thee erelong,
Web of gold were not so strong;
Not so soft were silken shred;
Not so fine the spider's thread
Barring the enchanted door
In that tale of ancient lore.
Guarding, silently and well,
All within the mystic cell.
Such a shield, where'er thou art,
Shall be thine, O wounded heart!
From the ills that compass thee
Thou behind it shalt be free;
Envy, slander, malice, all
Shall withdraw them from thy—Pall.

III.

Build no house with patient care,
Fair to view, and strong as fair;
Walled with noble deed's renown;
Shining over field and town,
Seen from land and sea afar,
Proud in peace, secure in war.
For the moments never sleep,
Building thee a castle-keep,—
Proof alike 'gainst heat and cold,
Earthly sorrows manifold,
Sickness, failure of thine ends,
And the falling off of friends.
Treason, want, dishonor, wrong,
None of these shall harm thee long.
Every day a beam is made;
Hour by hour a stone is laid.
Back the cruelest shall fall
From the warder at the wall;
Foeman shall not dare to tread
On the ramparts o'er thy head;
Dark triumphant folds shall wave
From the fastness of thy—Grave.

—*E. C. Stedman.*

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A Temperance Tale.

BY WAYNE BUTLER.

One cold day in December, 18—, while traveling through the State of Michigan, night overtook us just as we reached the town of M———, a small village in the interior of the State. As the weather was extremely cold and our coach a slow one, we were in a condition pretty well calculated to enjoy the comforts of a village tavern, if it was not quite as stylish as some of which that same town of M——— can now boast. The coach was crowded full, and had it not been for the intense cold we should undoubtedly have become pretty well acquainted with each other's histories; but as it was, each one kept his own counsel, as if loth to convey even his thoughts for fear that in so doing he might detract from his personal resources for warmth and comfort, and hence the silence was broken only by an occasional short and pointed remark which elicited scarcely more than a word in reply; but when the bright lights shone from the cheerful houses as we entered M———, every one seemed to throw off his reservedness in an instant, and a round of jokes brought us to a point of good feeling by the time our driver cracked his whip and hauled up in front of the only hotel in the place.

We were not long in changing our base of operations to a more cheerful location surrounding the huge old stove which sent forth its glowing heat for the benefit of whoever might chance to drop in. After warming thoroughly, the landlord, a genial fellow, announced supper, and we marched off to test its qualities.

Just as all hands had got fairly at work administering to the wants of the "inner man" the landlord passed along with a full pitcher of hot whisky, and asked each one of the company if he would like a glass of punch. A murmur of satisfaction passed around the table, and all held up their glasses for a "turn" from the smoking mug except one old man whose gray hairs and sad countenance had attracted the attention of all the passengers. He was apparently about sixty years of age, and his long white hair hung in clusters almost to his shoulders; his countenance was very mild, and he looked like a jovial, good-natured soul but for a lingering sadness which clung to every feature of his kind face.

As we expressed our surprise at his refusal to partake of the exhilarating liquid—especially at such a time, after having endured the tortures of twenty miles of staging over a rough road, and in such inclement weather—the old gentleman slowly raised his eyes, and with a look of sadness, said he would relate a chapter of his life history after the supper was done, and then leave it to a vote of his companions whether he had chosen wisely to "taste not, touch not, handle not" the vile liquid which we had so eagerly sought for.

No more was said on the subject at that time, but as the old man ceased speaking he bowed his head, and a single tear traced its way down his wrinkled cheek, and a slight tremor passed over his aged frame, showing plainly a reason too evident to be disputed or rebutted by the commonplace argument generally used to induce a person to drink after a refusal. The remainder of the meal was finished in silence, and now and then some one would cast a sympathizing look toward the old man, for he had become the object of our pity and curiosity.

After finishing our supper, we again repaired to the barroom and indulged in a smoke, the old gentleman drawing from his pocket a pipe which he proceeded to fill from a pouch which he took from his coat pocket, remarking as he did so that he always preferred a pipe to a cigar, and quietly lighted it. He smoked away for several minutes in silence. Every one waited anxiously for the promised story, but as the old gentleman seemed to be lost in a reverie no one ventured to remind him of his promise. Finally, raising his head and leaning back in his chair, the light flashed across his face and showed that he had been weeping, for tears were still dropping from his eyes. No one who saw that look or observed those tears could doubt that what he was about to relate was from the heart's true memories, and all felt that if the look he gave was an index of the narrative it must certainly be one of misery. Knocking the ashes from his pipe and wiping his face, he turned partly around so as to face his audience who were eagerly listening to catch the first words that should drop from his lips, and he began:

"I promised to tell you," said he, speaking slowly and a little timidly, "a chapter of my life, and show you why I never taste a drop of any thing intoxicating; and if I can be instrumental in causing one of you to cease the damning habit, I shall feel well paid for living over again the misery and guilt which enchain my soul and congeal my blood every time I relate the circumstances surrounding the great crime which alcohol prompted me to commit in a weak and unguarded hour."

Here his guilt seemed to overwhelm him, and covering his face with his hands, he wept long and bitterly. We sat mute with astonishment, and I for one wondered if so kind and genial a soul could be so transformed, even by alcohol, as to commit so heinous a crime; but respect and pity kept every one silent, and we sat and wept with the old man, although we did not know his sorrow. After a few moments he again resumed his conversation, and in a low, sad tone related the following tale:

"Some forty years ago I was living in the eastern part of Massachusetts with my parents, having a fine farm on the banks of a beautiful little stream, and everything surrounding them calculated to make them comfortable and contented. They were counted among the most favored of the land. I was an only son, and of course petted and given all the advantages necessary to develop the talent which nature had bestowed on me. My father was a kind and indulgent man, whose pride for his son was second only to the affection he bore for my mother. He sent me to the best schools in the State, and my education was counted excellent. I had just returned from college at the age of twenty, filled with high hopes, and many were the castles of fame built and remodeled over to suit my buoyant and aspiring nature.

"I was betrothed to the beautiful daughter of a neighboring farmer, whom I was to wed as soon as I had completed my law studies, which I was about to commence with a respected friend of my father who resided in a neighboring city. After some two years of diligent study I was admitted to the bar, having passed my examination with honor, and many were the compliments and kind wishes volunteered me by kind and loving friends. This was in the winter, and early next spring I was married.

"I set out with my beautiful young wife for New York State, where I was to practice in my profession in a thriving young town in the western part of the State. We arrived safely, and I began a career at once brilliant and successful. My practice soon became extensive, and I was called the most promising young lawyer in that part of the State.

"In the mean time a family of three children had grown up among us, and were the pride of our hearts. Everything seemed to pass off smoothly and without a jar, when, becoming elated with my success, I began to drink largely over my good fortune. I had always drank a little, for it was fashionable at that time, and every one was expected to tamper with the vice. My indulgences began to attract the attention of my wife, and a sadness spread over her which troubled me somewhat, but instead of serving as a warning it drove me more frequently to the barroom, where I was used to meeting a circle of jolly young friends and passing a few hours of fun and conviviality. I drank deeper and deeper each succeeding night, until it became a common thing for me to get home so intoxicated as to be scarcely able to control myself. Once or twice my wife had attempted a gentle remonstrance against my course, but as I impatiently and rudely cast her from me, she ceased to say more to me on the subject, but went away by herself and wept for many long and agonizing hours. My practice was becoming less extensive, my influence lessened, and I began to neglect my business. This all came on me so gradually that I scarcely perceived it, and at last I sunk to the level of the common gutter drunkard. Oh! if I could only have realized my situation, how much misery and crime I might have avoided; but I was blinded to my fate, and I rushed on perfectly reckless of the consequences.

"It was one cold winter night—one for all the world like this one to-night; and I shall never forget it, for its memories cling around me every moment of my life, and are truly my life-sorrows. My wife had a young child at her breast; my two little girls had gone some two miles to stay with a neighbor, for my little boy was very ill, and my wife had the sole care of him, as I was not fit for the fulfillment of such an office; so seizing my hat I started for the village tavern. My wife again remonstrated with me, and begged me to stay at home that night, for Charley was very ill, and might not live until morning. I did not heed her entreaties any more than to say I would not stay late. I went out cursing to myself the words she had spoken, and left her weeping and alone with the helpless children, and as I hurried on toward the tavern I tried to convince myself that I had done right in not giving up to her entreaties. I was a man, and must not be swerved by woman's weakness. Thus I argued, trying to satisfy a guilty conscience, for I had become a fool, and considered it more manly to be mastered by a craving appetite for drink than by the reason and kind words of my loving wife.

"I entered the tavern; the barroom was filled with my reveling companions, who met me with a shout of joy. We drank deep and often, and I soon became intoxicated. A heated discussion followed which led to blows, and in the mêlée I got struck. This so irritated me that long after the row was quieted I was surly and brutish, and in this condition I started for home, reaching my home—how I hardly knew. I knocked for admittance, and not being answered immediately I procured a club, and with horrid oaths, commenced to pound the door.—My wife came and unfastened it, and letting me in begged of me to be quiet, for little Charley was very low—and she feared, dying. I ordered her to be silent, and commenced to pound the floor of the room with my club. She again remonstrated, when—not minding even the helpless child in her arms—I struck her a blow with the club which sent her reeling to the floor. This seemed to madden me more; and seeing her attempt to rise again, I sprang to the table, and seizing a large butcher knife which lay there, I struck at her, and seeing the not blood spirt from her bosom, and hearing the frantic cries of the child, I staggered to a corner of the room, and reeling to the floor, fell into a heavy and drunken slumber.—How long I slept I know not, but when I awoke the bright sun was shining full into my face. My brain was troubled, and I seemed to be trying to recall a horrid dream, which, as I became more and more awakened, seemed to transform itself into a horrid reality. Springing to my feet, I saw something drop to the floor, apparently from the folds of my clothes, and stooping to pick it up, it looked like a little child's finger. I looked at it again, and found—oh! my God!—that it was the finger of my little babe, which I had severed in my brutal butchery of my wife!

"Then the whole truth of my crime rushed upon me. I was horror stricken and chained to the spot. After recovering my senses somewhat, I turned my eyes toward the center of the room, and oh!—what a sight met my gaze! There in the center of the floor lay my wife weltering in her own blood—dead!—while at her breast the little babe was sleeping, having cried itself to sleep in its agony. I gave one look at its little hand, and I saw that one finger was gone, while the blood was slowly dripping from the wound. The floor was all covered with blood, and near by lay the club and knife, which had done the fatal deed. I turned in my agony to the bed where lay my sick boy, and he, too, was—dead!

"This was too much. I sank upon the floor and fainted. I remember nothing more for a long time—for I was a raving maniac. My guilt had upset my brain, and I was crazed.

"How the crime was discovered I know not; neither did I know anything of the long trial which followed, and at the close of which I was borne to a lunatic asylum. There for ten long years—they tell me—I raved about the horrid crime, the memory of which was uppermost in my mind. Finally I was pronounced convalescent, and was released. When I returned to my home everything was changed; my children were all gone, and the little village had become a large town. Some were there who remembered me, but none could give me any tidings of the whereabouts of my children. I wandered about endeavoring to find them, and came near being crazed again; but after a long time I gained some information of the whereabouts of my daughters. I sought them out; they received me kindly—yes, gladly—but could give me no information of my baby boy. He was taken by some kind friend who had removed to the Far West, and notwithstanding their many efforts to search him out they had never found him. I gave up farther search for him, and as my daughters had both married well, I accepted their urgent request and made my home with them, and resumed the practice of law. My success returned to me, and I have now acquired both fame and fortune.

"Many years have passed since that awful night, but its memories ever cling around me; and if I could only call back to life those loved ones whom I murdered and find my long lost boy, my lot would indeed be a happy one; but the grave will not give back its dead, and I must journey on to the end of life sustaining my own great sorrow."

Here the old man paused, while the tears streamed down his wrinkled cheeks. Just at this moment a stir was made in a distant part of the room, and a fine looking man, apparently about thirty-five, who had listened unobserved to the old man's story, came forward and inquired the old gentleman's name. "James Gordon," he replied without looking up.

"And my name," said the young man, "is William Gordon," and holding out his hand displayed the place where the knife had severed the little finger. The old gentleman sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "My son! My son!"

It was a happy meeting, and many were the tears shed and congratulations given.—Long histories of their separate lives followed, and at a late hour we retired. The next morning the happy father accompanied his son to his home, bearing with him the prayers and kind wishes of all the passengers and our worthy landlord.

It seems unnecessary to add the verdict of the company upon the subject of alcohol—for every one vowed to never taste or to handle the accursed drug again.

A short time since business again called me to M———. Great changes had taken place; the slow old stage coach had given way to the swift-winged locomotive, and M——— had become a great city. Putting up at a first class hotel, whom should I find but our old landlord doing the dignity of "mine host." He was keeping a temperance house this time, and he told me it was on account of the impressions made on his mind by hearing the old man's story which I have related. It was seed sown on good ground, and he has never had cause to regret his decision. I learned of him the closing chapter of our aged friend. He made his home with his son so mysteriously restored to him, and lived many days to enjoy his blessed gift, and when he died his children surrounded him, and made his last hours happy by their prayers and blessings.

The Ruins of Troy.

Our readers, says *Galignani's Messenger*, may still remember M. Schliemann and his excavations in the soil of the ancient Troad. That gentleman is at the point of publishing a relation of his discoveries, together with 200 photographic plates representing the principal objects of his collection. An eminent savant, M. Emile Bernouf, Director of the French School, addresses to the *Temps* an interesting notice of the antiquities bro't to light. After some introductory remarks, he says:

"By his first discoveries M. Schliemann was led to seek for the site of Troy in the very spot where antiquity had placed it; that is to say, at a locality called Hissarlik, not far from the sea, and this is what he found: A modern stratum, containing some Roman relics and some very important inscriptions, extends over the hill to a depth of two yards. Besides the Greek antiquities anterior to the Roman epoch, the first layer furnished some objects in iron, with arms and nails of bronze, but not a single article of pure copper. Among the specimens of purely Greek origin and historical date was found a slab of white marble belonging to the temple of the Italian Minerva, the lower part of which building has been uncovered.

"Below the Hellenic stratum, which was the remains of a colony which must have lasted more than a thousand years, and only disappeared under Constantine II., lies the Trojan and pre-historic bed with a depth of as much as sixteen yards. In this accumulation of rubbish is found neither bronze nor iron; all the metal objects are in pure copper, silver, gold, or electron, (a very fine mixture of the two latter.) At the depth of nine yards a thin layer of lead ore and copper extends nearly over the whole mound, which was itself fortified.

"M. Schliemann has cleared away the principal entrance, which is paved and flanked by solid buildings. The wall at the side is not less than thirteen yards in thickness. Near the spot, in a commanding situation, are the remains of a large princely edifice, by the side of which was found the treasure of which I will presently speak.—The ruins of the town allow at least three strata to be distinguished; the upper one, about two yards thick, leading to a supposition that the houses were of wood, and that they had been burnt. The second bed contains many walls formed of stones cemented with mud, similar to those which we ourself found at Santorin under the pumice-stone of the volcano. The third layer contains houses constructed with unbaked bricks, according to the ancient custom of Central Asia. All this part shows the traces of an immense conflagration; the vases and metals have been calcined or soldered by the fusion; the surface of the bricks has been glazed by the flames of a vast furnace.

"This last bed is from seven to ten yards in thickness. Below the depth just mentioned there existed a still more ancient city, where walls have been found composed of enormous stones weighing from one to two tons each. It was the first founded in that place, for it rests on the virgin soil, which is a calcareous rock. A whole volume would be required to describe the objects brought from the Troad by M. Schliemann, as the number is more than 15,000. Many of them are vases in terra cotta, some turned in a lathe, and others modeled with the hand. None of them are painted, but most of them represent a woman with prominent breasts and the face of an owl, like the Minerva of Homer, wearing a sort of helmet. The worship of the "Glaecopis Athene" was manifestly the principal one of the place, for a great number of Palladiums in terra cotta, stone, or bone have been found, representing that divinity sometimes in a very striking manner. The instruments of pure copper, with the moulds and crucibles used for their manufacture, tools and weapons of flint, the remains of lyres for seven or four strings, several thousand double cones that were pierced with a hole, and known under the name of fusaioles, for female ornaments, mortars, mill, &c., all form an *ensemble* such as no museum in Europe can boast of, and will furnish inexhaustible subjects of study. It is an entire feudal civilization now revealed to us.

"What we can affirm is that the race which has left these memorials was unacquainted with iron, and was anterior to bronze. It was, therefore, also prior to the *Iliad*, in which bronze, tin, and iron are frequently mentioned. The inhabitants of the place were shut up in a citadel. Twenty wells dug outside by M. Schliemann have demonstrated that there were no dwellings beyond the walls. The population lived under the rule of a feudal lord, whose stronghold has now been brought to light. Therein have been discovered, besides a host of minor objects, several vases of pure gold, silver, or electron, two magnificent necklaces composed of a multitude of ornaments and small chains of a primitive but still advanced manufacture; several thousand gold beads, well cut; eight bracelets and thirty-six ear rings of the same metal. There is no doubt that these valuables belonged to the proprietors of the chateau, and that the master was at the same time the sovereign of the country. But what was the name of the King? Was it Priam? I must be excused from replying to that question, for we ought first to know whether the Iliad is not analogous to the Ramayana and Schah name, in which the sun, moon, winds, and clouds are represented as ancient heroes, and their cosmogonic contests as human events. M. Schliemann has in any case rendered an important service to science, and done himself the greatest honor in employing so nobly a fortune acquired by the rude adventures which you have related."

Modern Hermits.

There have been times in the history of the world when there has seemed no alternative to true and simple men but to abandon society and seek outside the limits of civilization some new life in which they could be true to themselves and their God. Without going back to the hermits of the middle ages, the Puritans who first came to this country saw no other means of leading what they considered a good life than by cutting all the ties which bound them to civilized humanity, and domiciling themselves in a wilderness. There have been other times when individual men have found it necessary to break with an artificial world which was growing too oppressive for them. But as the world goes on these eremitic retreats become every year less and less reasonable, because they become more and more impossible. Anybody who retires from the world becomes at once a center of interest. Magazine editors apply to him for articles; newspapers send reporters to have interviews with him; he attracts a crowd of disciples, and in a very short time his retiring eccentricity has made him notorious or famous, as the case may be. This at any rate is the danger of such a life, and it makes people naturally skeptical as to the reality of the career. If the recluse can prove himself a great man, well and good; if not, he must be content to be laughed at. Originality, as Mr. Fitzjames Stephen has very truly observed, does not consist in writing and thinking differently from other people, but in thinking and writing better than other people.—*Galaxy.*

Anecdote of Lord Pam.

The late Lord Palmerston, like most men who have become famous in literature or politics, was a capital *raconteur*, and enjoyed keenly the telling of a good anecdote. Lord Shaftesbury, one of the most philanthropic men of England, married Lady Palmerston's eldest daughter by Lord Cowper, her first husband. Lord Palmerston was never weary of telling stories about his son-in-law, whose religious zeal he did not much believe in or care for, and Lord Shaftesbury always took them in good part. Many years ago Lord P. called across the table to Lord John Russell, who sat reading a newspaper at the "Garrick":

"Russell, have you read Tony's" (the nickname by which he always designated the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose name is Anthony Ashley Cowper) "speech last night before the parsons and paupers at Exeter Hall?"

"I have not, my lord," replied Lord John, whose priggishness never permits him to treat or address any person familiarly.

"Well, read it. It's devilish good, and the examination of the children at the close, I am told, was better still."

"How so?"

"Tony was asking the children a variety of questions of a Scriptural nature, to which he had received very satisfactory answers. Just as he was concluding he addressed a girl somewhat older than the rest, and among other things inqu