The Tioga County Agitator

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COBB & VAN GELDER.

[E. H. COBB.] [P. C. VAN GELDER.

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# Tioga County Agitator.

VOL. XIII. WELLSBORO, PA., APRIL 4, 1866. NO. 14.

JOBBING DEPARTMENT.

The Proprietors have stocked the establishment with a large assortment of modern styles

JOB AND CARD TYPE

AND FAST PRESSES,

and are prepared to execute neatly, and promptly,

POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER HEADS, STATEMENTS, TOWNSHIP ORDERS, &c., &c.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, and a full assortment o Constables' and Justices' Blanks, constantly on hand.

People living at a distance can depend on having their work done promptly, and sent back in return mail.

☞OFFICE—Roy's block, Second Floor.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**W. D. TERBELL & CO.,**

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints and Oils, &c., &c.
Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1866.—1y.

**W. A. NICHOLS.**

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by James Lowrey, Esq.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866—1y.

**S. F. SHAIBLIN,**

BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER. Shop over C. L. Wilcox's Store.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866.—1y.

**JULIUS SHERWOOD,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Court Street, opposite the Court House, Williamsport, Pa.
Jan. 6, 1866—1y*

H. W. WILLIAMS. WM. H. SMITH.

**WILLIAM H. SMITH,**

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Main Street Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866.

**JOHN I. MITCHELL,**

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office lately occupied by John W. Guernsey Esq., Tioga, Tioga County, Penn'a. Prompt attention to Collections.
Jan 1, 1866.—1y.

S. F. WILSON. J. B. NILES.

**WILSON & NILES,**

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW, (First door from Bigoney's, on the Avenue)—Will attend to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866.

**GEORGE WAGNER,**

TAILOR. Shop first door north of L. A. Sears's Shoe Shop. ☞Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and well.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866.—1y.

**JOHN B. SHAKSPEARE,**

DRAPER AND TAILOR. Shop over Bowen's Store, second floor. ☞Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and in best style.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866—1y

**PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,**

CORNER OF MAIN STREET & THE AVENUE J. W. BIGONY, Proprietor. This popular Hotel, has been re fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house. A good hostler always on hand.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866.—1y

ROBT. HAWLEY, H. H. CUMMIN.

**HAWLEY & CUMMIN,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Williamsport Pa.—Special attention given to collection of Pensions, Bounty and Back Pay, and all claims against the National and State Governments.
Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 15, 1865—3m.

**JOSEPH MANLEY,**

BLACKSMITH AND SHOER. I have rented the shop lately occupied by Mr. P. C. Hoig, and am prepared to shoe horses and oxen, and to do all kinds of work pertaining to the business in a superior manner.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866.—1y.

**IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,**

**Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.**

E. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR. This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. [Jan. 1, 1866.]

**J. HERVEY EWING,**

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, No. 11 Law Building,—St. Paul St., Baltimore.

REFERENCES.—Levin Gale, Attorney at Law, Edward Israel, Att'y at Law, Rev. J. McK. Riley, D. D., Rev. Henry Slicer, D D., Confield. Bro. & Co., F. Grove & Co., Ludwig & McSherry, John F. McJilton, Esq., Robert Lawson, Esq., S. Sutherland, Esq. [Mr. Ewing is authorized to transact any business appertaining to this paper in Baltimore.]
Jan. 1, 1866—1y.

VIOLIN STRINGS at WEBB'S DRUG STORE.

HALL'S CELEBRATED VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER, can be had at ROY'S Drug store

CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE

FLOUR AND FEED, BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, Meal, Pork and Salt, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Soap, Candles, Saleratus, Tobacco and Kerosene Oil. Also, Mackerel, White Fish, and Trout, by the package or pound.
CHAS. & H. VAN VALKENBURG.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1865.

WHEELBARROWS, CHEESE PRESS, SCREWS, one ton scale beam, for boxing cheese, also

**Powder, Shot and Lead**

and pistol cartridges.

GUNN & TUCKER

are also agents for Miles's Patent Money Drawer. Also, agents for Ribbon Stamps and Seal Presses. Remember—at Gunn & Tucker's Hardware Store, Wellsboro.
Jan. 1, 1866—1y

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.—Twenty-five acres of land near Wellsboro, an excellent soil, well fenced, a handsome buildingsite and fine view of the town and surrounding country, having running spring of water, &c. Enquire of

FOR SALE.

JOHN DICKINSON, Esq.
Delmar, Dec 13, 1865—3m.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.—

**FRANK SPENCER**

has the pleasure to inform the citizens of Tioga county that they have the best opportunity ever offered them, to procure Ambrotypes, Ferrotypes, Gems, Cartes de Visite, Vignettes, and all kinds of fancy and popular card, and colored pictures, at his Gallery on Elmira Street.
Mansfield, Nov. 15, '65—tf. F. M. SPENCER.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that books for receiving subscriptions to the Capital Stock of THE NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY, will be opened at 10 o'clock on Saturday, February 24, 1866, at the Hotel of J. W. Bigoney, in the borough of Wellsboro, Tioga co., Pennsylvania.

J. CHRISTIE,
GEO. M. TRACY,
J. W. BIGONEY,
R. FARR.

Jan. 17, 1866—6w.

KING'S PORTABLE LEMONADE is the only preparation of the kind made from the fruit. As an article of economy, purity, and deliciousness, it cannot be surpassed, and is recommended by physicians for invalids and family use. It will keep for years in any climate, while its condensed form renders it especially convenient for travelers. All who use lemons are requested to give it a trial. Entertainments at home, parties, and picnics should not be without it. For sale by all Druggists and first-class Grocers. Manufactured only by

LOUIS F. METZGER,
Jan. 1, 1866—1y. No. 549 Pearl St., N. Y.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

**LANG & WHITE,**

Of MANSFIELD, Pa., have just received and offer to the inhabitants of Tioga county, at the lowest cash prices, a large and well assorted stock of the following first class goods:

DRUGS, MEDICINES, & DYE STUFFS,

Paints, Oil, Putty and Glass, Howe & Stevens' Family Dyes, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Hair Oils and Pomades, School and Miscellaneous Books, Writing Paper, Envelopes, Blank Books, and Blank Deeds of all kinds, Diaries for 1866,

Photograph and Autograph Albums, Gold Pens and Pocket Cutlery, All kinds of Toys, Tobacco, Snuff & Cigars of best brands.

**Pianos, Melodeons, & Cabinet Organs**

VIOLINS, GUITARS, ACCORDEONS,

and all kinds of Musical Instruments and musical merchandize. All the most popular Sheet Music always on hand.

*BAND INSTRUMENTS.*

By special arrangements with the largest manufacturing house in New York, we can furnish all styles of

INSTRUMENTS,

required in

*BRASS AND SILVER BANDS.*

Parties wishing Instruments will save ten per cent. by communicating with us before purchasing elsewhere. All Instruments delivered

FREE OF CHARGE, AND

*WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT.*

Pianos and Melodeons to rent on reasonable terms. Agents for the celebrated Florence Sewing Machines. LANG & WHITE,
Mansfield, Dec. 6, 1865—6m.

NEW DRUG STORE.

**Dr. W. W. WEBB & BRO.**

Have opened a Drug and Chemical Store, on Main Street, 1st door below Hastings, where they intend to keep a full assortment of

*DRUGS AND MEDICINES.*

A good article of Medicinal Liquors and Wines. Prescriptions carefully prepared. Medical advice given free of charge.
Wellsboro, Nov. 8—1y.

NEW FIRM & NEW GOODS AT TIOGA

BORDEN BRO'S

Would respectfully announce to "all whom it may concern," that they keep constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS,

GLASS AND WALL PAPER,

DYE STUFFS, FAMILY DYES, LAMPS,

GLASS WARE, PLATED WARE,

such as CASTORS, SPOONS,

TEA & TABLE FORKS,

CAKE DISHES, &c.

**WRITING PAPER,**

ENVELOPES, SCHOOL BOOKS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

**Tea, Coffee, Spice, Pepper, Ginger, Saleratus, Starch,**

**TOILET AND WASHING SOAPS,**

and an endless variety of

YANKEE NOTIONS.

Tioga, Pa., Oct. 2, 1865—1ye5.

KNOXVILLE

*Boot, Shoe and Leather Store.*

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

THE UNDERSIGNED having formed a co-partnership under the name and title of

**I. LOGHRY & CO.,**

can be found at the old stand, corner of Main and Mill Streets, where they will keep constantly on hand a general assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER AND FINDINGS,

of the best quality, which they will sell so cheap for Cash, as to make it an object for dealers to buy here.

Our Stock consists in part of

MEN'S, & BOY'S. CALF, KIP, & STOGA BOOTS,

of our own manufacture. Also,

LADIES' GAITERS, BALMORAL, KID, & CALF, & MISSES SHOES.

French and Oak Stock constantly on hand for sale. Cash paid at all times for HIDES, PELTS, and FURS.

*TERMS—CASH ON DELIVERY.*

I. LOGHRY, Knoxville, Pa.
J. RICHARDSON, Elmira, N. Y.
Knoxville, Jan. 1, 1866—tf.

**Farm for Sale**

IN Elk township, Tioga County Pa., containing 124 acres, 40 acres improved. Said farm is watered by numerous springs. A small stream of water sufficient for churning, sawing wood, &c., runs through the farm near the buildings. It is well situated for a good dairy farm. A portion of it is good grain land. Two log houses, frame barn and other out buildings thereon. A thrifty young orchard of 70 or 80 apple, pear or plum trees. A good school house on the adjoining farm. The above farm might be divided into two small farms of 62 acres each. Price $12 per acre. Terms easy. A liberal deduction made for cash down. Inquire of

C. B. KELLEY, Wellsboro, or
WM. UPDIKE, on the premises.
Jan. 17, 1866.—tf.

**WHOLESALE DRUG STORE,**

CORNING, N. Y.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS,

THADDEUS DAVIDS' INKS, CONCENTRATED MEDICINES, CINCINNATI WINES AND BRANDY, WHITE-WASH LIME,

KEROSENE LAMPS, PATENT MEDICINES, PETROLEUM OIL, ROCHESTER PERFUMERY

AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS, WALL PAPER, WINDOW GLASS, AND DYE COLORS,

Sold at Wholesale Prices. Buyers are requested to call and get quotations before going further East.

W. D. TERBELL & CO.
Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1866—1y

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!—The Polls of this Election are now open.

**C. L. WILCOX,**

Of Wellsboro, offers for sale his entire

*STOCK OF GOODS AT COST.*

All those who feel anxious to make a

GOOD BARGAIN,

are invited to call soon, for

*DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.*

Call at the "REGULATOR," one Door above the Post Office. C. L. WILCOX.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1. 29, 1866.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SAVE YOUR GREENBACKS.

A great breakdown in the price of all kinds of

**Dry Goods.**

I have just returned from New York with a largeand well selected assortment of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

which were bought for CASH, during the late Panic at PANIC PRICES, which I am bound to SELL at

**PANIC PRICES.**

I am selling—

| | |
|---|---|
| Good Madder Prints, | 22 |
| Best " " | 25 |
| Extra Wide, English, | 30 |
| Best Muslin DeLaines, | 35 |
| Bleached Sheetings, | 28 to 30 |
| Unbleached " | 28 to 30 |
| Extra Heavy, | 35 |
| Best quality French Merino, | 10 shillings |
| Double width Plaid Poplins, | 62½ |
| Yard wide Bep, | 60 |
| Best (high colored) Wool DeLains, | 60 |
| Single width Plain Peplins, | 40 |
| Yard wide Paramatta, | 40 |

A Large Stock of

FLANNELS, BALMORAL SKIRTS, HOOP SKIRTS, CLOTHS, FURS, NOTIONS, WORSTEDS, &c.,

A good assortment

GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES, &c.

Also, a large Stock of

FEED, FLOUR, & PORK, always on hand.

In fact,

ALL THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE.

Customers in want of Goods will save money by calling at the New Store and examine Goods and Prices before buying elsewhere.
Tioga, Jan. 1, 1866. H. R. FISH.

**ANNOUNCEMENT!**

WE have reduced the price of Flour $1 per barrel, Feed and meal 50 cents per cwt, and shall sell, FOR CASH ONLY,

C. J. HILL FLOUR, WRIGHT & BAILEY'S BEST WHITE WHEAT FLOUR,

SPRING WHEAT FLOUR, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, GROUND FEED, CORN MEAL, BRAN, &c., &c.

CASH PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

WRIGHT & BAILEY.
Wellsboro, Jan. 24, 1866.

FLAX WHEELS,

WOOL-WHEELS, WHEEL-HEADS, SNAP-REELS, FLIERS, &C., &C.

THE UNDERSIGNED would respectfully announce to the

**MERCHANTS & DEALERS**

of Tioga and adjoining counties, that they are now engaged in the Manufacture of the above named articles, and are prepared to furnish them at

WHOLESALE PRICES,

Employing none but Experienced Workmen, and using only the best materials, we are confident we can furnish you with goods that will suit your customers.

Every article warranted to give entire satisfaction. All Goods packed in shipping order and sent by rail or otherwise.

Please address by mail, when list of prices, Card Samples, &c., will be forwarded.

C. M. CRANDALL & CO.
Montrose, Pa. Dec. 27, '65.3m.

N. B. Ours is the only establishment that manufactures the Celebrated

**Crandall Wheel-Head.**

Warranted to last TWENTY YEARS if well used.

## Select Poetry.

### TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the man who'll say,
That, When a good deed's to be done,
"Let's do the deed to-day."
We may all command the present,
If we not and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of a phst that come to late.

*Don't tell me of to morrow:*
There is much to do to day,
That can never be accomplished,
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty,
Who the future can foretell?
Then, why put off till to-morrow
What to-day can do as well?

*Don't tell me of to-morrow;*
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do,
We cannot do at last:
To-day it is the only time,
For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

## Miscellaneous.

### BORN A DRUNKARD.

I was ten years old when my father died, and I remember that before that, for a year, there were very sad times. I remember seeing my mother, as she sat hatcheling flax, cry, and cry, and cry. I was a shy child—shy at the sight of grief, and afraid to intrude upon it; but by-and-by I could bear it no longer, and I said—

"What does ail you, mother? Mother, what is the matter?"

"Your father—" she began, and broke down.

My father was a justice of the peace—a *great thing* I thought that; but now I remembered that my mother's tears had begun almost with his honors: I remembered, suddenly things I had heard about other justices, and I looked up with a vague questioning in my face.

A rush of tears blinded both our eyes. I could not see my mother for the watery flood; as she said, putting her two hands on my shoulders, and dropping her head beside them—

"Yes, child, your father is drinking himself to destruction; and I think it will kill me."

My father died a few months after, in consequence of an accident; and while he lay in his coffin, my brother Geoffrey was born.

My mother had said that she thought that grief about my father would kill her, and I believe it did. I believe it was that which made it go so hard with her; for she only lived six hours after her baby was born. I shall never forget the wild agony of her look, when she knew she was not going to live to take care of him.

She bade me come to her—I was only ten; but I remember every word she said, as though it were yesterday—looking at me lingeringly, pressing her lips passionately to my hands in the pain of her supplication.

"This boy will need you, Salina; he'll need all the prayers, and tears, and love, that the most devoted of sisters can give him. He's got a bitter, bitter lot before him, poor lad. God forgive those who are so answerable for the hard way he's got to walk in!... Remember, child, that if all others turn against him—if God even seems to have given him over—thou'rt to stand by him as thou hopest to meet me above—as thou choosest me to sleep in a quiet grave. Thou'rt over-young, child, to have such care put upon thee, but there's no one else; and God rewards, if not here, hereafter. Thou'll know what I mean, soon enough—when thou'rt older."

I have never been sorry that, child as I was, I promised her; but she died with that shadow in her eyes almost to the last—as long as she could see the baby's face; and then, I hope, God's joy took away even that. From that day, I took almost the entire charge of my brother Geoffrey, even in his tenderest years.—He was a good lad and a smart one, and tender hearted. I loved him, as my mother desired I should; but I never understood what she meant by his bitter lot in life, till he was nine years old, and I was almost twenty. He was so promising, so handsome, so beloved, that I did not see how his life could well be other than happy.

But when he was nine years old, I had some spirits in the house for a friend that was taken suddenly ill there. None had ever been in the house before since my father died. To me, the very scent of it was like a charnel house, and made me see, as in a vision, those two dead faces—my father's and my mother's;—I loathed it with a deep and terrible animosity, that I can give you no idea of. Ah, me! Woe, woe to the day I ever suffered it to cross our happy threshhold again.

It was a busy time, and I had one of the neighbor's girls to help me. Charlotte came to me one morning with a strange face.

Would I come? Something ailed Geoffrey.

Something ailed Geoffrey! I sprung. He was an industrious lad, and cut all the wood we burned that winter, though he was so young. I had heard him a moment before, I thought.

When I went out, my little boy lay upon a bench that was out there, as still as though he were dead, almost; and my eldest brother, Joseph, was bending over him, and gave such a look when I came to the door. I don't know how I came to think of such a thing, but I turned without a word, and went to the cupboard in which I had left the bottle of spirits.

It was empty!

I knew what my mother meant at last; at last I knew; and it always seemed to me that my heart stood still with fright many minutes.

Joseph had known my mother's fears, and recognized their realization. But far more keenly than any one else could, I knew now what was my boy's bitter lot in life. He had been baptized in my mother's agony and my father's sin before he was born. I bade them bring him in—my dear little lad—and lay him upon my bed; and then I shut them all out of the room, and prayed and wept, and watched by him till he knew me. My boy and I grew nearer than ever to each other afterward. I tried to do my duty by him, to shelter him from THAT, and the like of what I have just told never happened again till he was too old to stay by his sister's apron-string any longer. I kept him as long as I could; and when he went out into the world, I cried *such* tears, because I was a woman instead of a man, and so could not go out with him.

Joseph was kind and thoughtful in those days. Temptations were plenty; and when that terrible thirst came and mastered Geoffrey, he kept it from me as long as it was possible. He used to take his brother out into the fields and woods, and walk with him till the fog passed from his brain; and he was able to elude, with a fair seeming, even my keen eyes.

But they had to tell me at last, for I began to suspect; and Geoffrey cried at my knee, as he had done when he was a little lad. He had not the will, the stuff in him, of which martyrs were made. He was only a generous, frank, brilliant, affectionate fellow; the charm and center of every circle he entered—beloved and admired too much, perhaps, for his good; for such things enervate. It is the hard knocks that are good for us,—the tug up-hill that invigorates. He used to try, and promised to let the drink alone; but, in spite of all, the habit grew upon him.

Well, by-and-by my brother Geoffrey married; but he had fallen into drink so badly, that Nanny's father objected entirely; and, when the young people married in spite of him, he never forgave them; and they had nowhere else to go—so they came to me.

I was glad to have them come.

The boys had ceded all their right in the homestead to me, and I was glad to have Geoffrey come and head the farm for me.

Nanny was a dear child. I loved her almost as much as him; and he had promised her faithfully that he would stop his bad ways. He hadn't any but the drink—I don't mean that he had; but that was worse than I can make you know, if you don't know already. None but those who have felt its awful hand among their heart-strings, can know how possessed with a demon a man is who drinks.

Geoffrey meant to keep his promise; he did awhile—so long that I even hoped—but, thank God, I never quite lost hope. It didn't last, however; it didn't seem somehow that it could. I have seen Geoffrey, when that terrible thirst was on him, writhe like a strong man in the grasp of a devil; I have seen him weep tears that were wrung out of his heart like drops of blood.

He would go sometimes for months without tasting a drop; and then something, the merest trifle, the sight of an old cork, the broken neck of a jug, or a waft of fermented air from the corn bin, would start the rage of the old craving in him, and he was all gone again.

By-and-by he coaxed me to sell the farm, and move to another State. I was willing enough, for I thought, perhaps, new associations would be good for him.

We put part of the money at interest, and bought a house in the village with the rest; and Geoffrey, who had a fancy for the law, went to studying as though he meant to do something.

You see I never lost faith; I couldn't, when I thought of my mother. Besides, the lad was like the heart of me. I loved him, I believe, almost more than mothers love their children. My life was bound in him. I never thought of marrying but once, and I never regretted giving up the thought then.

Ah, well! that brightness was briefer than those before it. When there suddenly came a need for the money we had put at interest, it was gone. Geoffrey had drank it up. That is what drink makes a noble, generous, unselfish man do.

And there we were, and so it went on—worse, always worse—till God did *seem* to have forsaken my poor lad; but I never lost faith.

I took a school, then, to support us.—Poor little Nanny! They had three children by this time; and when Nanny wept over them, I used to hold her to me sometimes and kiss her, the poor child! and say, "Thank God, Nanny, they're all girls!"

I believe she did. Girls ain't so apt to fall to drink, you know. Oh, those days! Oh, the shifts we made! the sacrifices we resorted to! the small expedients to allure Geoffrey to stay with us, instead of going to the dreadful town, from which he almost always came—not himself! Oh, the long nights, when we waked and watched—we two—and walked the floor; and prayed, and listened, and got for our first sign of his coming the thick sound of his voice.—He always came talking to himself when he was not right; and oh! the awful voice in which a drunkard speaks!

He was always my brother Geoffrey, though; my dear, dear brother; crazy with the drink, but even then kind; and in his wildest frenzies, it would calm him quicker than anything else to put the youngest, tenderest little child, in his arms. He never hurt it.

Never mind, I can't make you see those days as I do. I can't make you understand how, every time he came home so, even when it had become so common, our hearts sank as though it had been the first. I can liken the long pain of those days to nothing; and I believe, solemnly, before my Heavenly Father, that, terrible as was our agony for him, we loved him so, beside his, our suffering was as a drop to the ocean.

Reader, I believed in prayer, I prayed often; but one day, somehow, a conviction seemed to come to me that I *groped* too much, that I did not give my prayer wings, and send it up even to the Mercy Seat. It seemed to me suddenly that I had been praying to an earthly spirit, instead of the great I Am—the Almighty, the Jehovah, awful upon His throne; and I knelt right there, and reaching up in that strange new strength, it seemed to me that I took hold of the very horns of the altar, and that the great and tender heart of the Divinest Saviour was reached at last.

I am telling you a real experience.—That was how it seemed to me.

But I trembled while I clung. An awful awe and oppression seemed to crush me earthward still, but still I would not let go.

Geoffrey had been away all day, and night did not bring him home. Nanny, poor child, stole away to the town to look for him, and I walked the floor, murmuring prayer. I would have given my life for him that night.

Perhaps I mingled too much of earthly idolatry with my appeals to Heaven.—My prayers were destined to an awful response; I saw Mercy descend that night, not garbed in angel's white, but bearing the two-edged sword of wrath and recompense.

As I paced the floor, I heard voices and the sound of many feet outside, and then an uncertain knock, and, the door opening, some men came in, bearing upon a litter the form of a man. It was Geoffrey.

I thought he was dead at first, but he was not. Something terrible had happened to him, but it was not death, and he was sober. He gave me a ghastly smile, and the sanest look out of his eye I had seen there in a long time, as I bent over him in wild affright. Nobody could answer when I asked what had happened. They all shrunk from my look except him. He put up his hands, and drew me to him.

"I went to help the thrashers at Kimball's," he said, "and I got caught in the machine. I can't ever go near a rum hole again, Salina, without you take me there."

I took the covering from his limbs at that—I saw two bandaged stumps. I saw the glorious creature which God had made transformed into the most horrible of cripples, and I did not scream or faint at the sight. I think my heart must have stopped beating, though, for existence seemed suspended by the awfulness of the blood.

Geoffrey held me yet.

"Ain't you glad, Salina?" he asked. "You ought to be. All the devils in hell can't get me, unless you give me up to them."

I shuddered, but I covered those poor limbs again, and kissed Geoffrey, and thought of my prayers. Was there no other way to answer them?

I was wrong to question God's mercy even in so terrible a dispensation as that. For out of that awful chastisement joy has come. We are a happy family now, though you may doubt it. Geoffrey has learned to make shoes; I help him, and Nanny keeps house. We have plenty to do, we make money, and Geoffrey never touched a drop since that day.—It was God's mercy that crippled him so; for so strong yet is that demon's appetite within him, that to-day, if he had his feet again, they would take him back to his cups and destruction. As it is, he is a man again—my little lad, my mother's gift to me—saved by God's grace.

### NASBY.—Mr. Nasby Enjoys a Vision of the Next World.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the Stait of Kentucky,)
February 5, 1866.

Last nite I retired too my virtouus couch at precisely half-past eleven, after eatin a rather light supper for that time uv nite. I alluz make it a pint to eat late in the evenin, for I'm gittin old, and my digestiv facultys ain' what they wuz when I wuz young. Alas! we who hev lived out the best part uv our days, wat wood we giv to be set back to the time when, with our facultys unimpared, we cood consoom a good square meal with fear uv consekences. But—

"Them happy days is fled,
And never will return."

I paid my respects to 2 mince pies, a pair uv pigs feet, some cold tongue, and a plate uv tripe, followed by half dozen donuts, and a cupple or more uv glasses uv hot whisky punch, and singler as it may seem it didn't set well. I dreamd all nite, and my dreams wuznt at all plesent. Methawt I had deceased and wuz in the next world. It was a singler site that met my vishun. The dividin line atween this wurld and the next wuz a swift stream uv water, and every derest spirit hed to cross it. The water was sumthin like that uv the Dead Sea. A man unencumberd with enny thing cud walk on it, but they sunk down in it if loded, accordin to what they had to carry. On the tuther side uv this'yer Jordan was Heavun—the dominions uv his majesty Satan wuz below, and to it a strong under current flowed, which took all them ez wuz to heavy loaded to keep their chins abuv water.

On the bank stood more than 2 millyuns uv little devils, who flung onto the shoulders of them tryin to cross, their falins and weaknisis and iniquitis.

Generul Breckenridge wuz the first that I saw enter the flud. He had on a life preserver labelled State Rights, but a peert little devil stuck a pin into it, and collapsed, the gas with which it wuz filled smellin horribly. Down he went, and ez he sunk they commenced peltin him with packages labelled 'treason, 'perjury,' and 'murder,' and John C. went under.

Old James Buckannon went next.—The old gentlemun didn't keep abuv water ez long ez a ablebodied man could hold a bar uv red hot iron in his hand. He made one splash, when a weight labelled 'treason' struck him, and down he went. The gentlemanly and urbane devil who had him in charge had a big pile more uv ammunition to discharge at him, but that one wuz sufficient.

Vallandigham come next. I wuz surprised to see no one make a motion at him, but he sunk all the same. "We never waste effort," said Satan to me; "he carries enough natural cussedness about him all uv the time to sink him, without pilin any devilment on to his shoulders which is ten days old."

Fernandy and Ben Wood come up rather bold and entered the flood ez tho' they were sure uv goin thro' all right. With a inimitable chuckle, Satan motioned away the inexperienced devils, and sed, "leave em to me," and at Ben he hurled a package of the New York *News*, which swashed him down instanter. Just ez Fernandy was beginnin to reach the other shore, he flung onto him an assortment uv weights labelled 'lotteries' and 'riots,' which took him down to the arm pits, and finished by tumbling onto him a mass on which wuz written 'Mayoralty,' and down he went, at which His Majesty drew a sigh uv relief.

Seein the style of the men who sunk, I remarked unto him:

"This war hez been a rather profitable thing for you."

"Nothin to speak uv," said he. "The leaders uv the Southerners were, some uv em, honest, and got through on that account, and the rank and file were ignorant wretches who ain't accountable no how. The leadin Copperheads uv the North were mine anyhow, from the beginnin. Any man who cood sympathize with the rebels in such a struggle, must, yoo will acknowledge, hev had a long career uv iniquity to fit em for sich a sin. "Why," sed he, "do yoo think I use all the shot I hev? Not any.—Them yoove seen piled on were used because, bein the last, they were on the top uv the pile.

Any quantity uv your party escape me. Them fellers who are yet votin for Jackson I'll never git, and the most uv them ez alluz votes unscratched tickets will dodge me. Their innocence protects em. It takes a moderitly smart man to be vishus enuff to come to me; he hez to hev sense enuff to distinguish between good and evil; cussedniss enuff to deliberately choose the latter, and brains enuff to do somethin startlin in that line. Dan Voorhees, uv Injeanny, hez all these qualities developed to a degree which excites my profound respect. Between him and Fernandy Wood its nip and tuck. Fernandy did wicked things with more neatness than Voorhees; but for a actual luv uv doin em, Voorhees beats the world. I sed," continued he, "that the war wasn't uv much yoose to me. I repeat it, it wuz a damage. Afore the war, I hed my own way pretty much in the Southern States. For every octoroon I cood count on at least two planters, and under the patriarkle system uv Afrikin slavery, (which by the way wuz one uv my most brilliant consepshuns,) octoroons multiplied with a rapidity pleasin to behold. But now, alas! the octoroon bizness is done, and my best holt is gone. I hev some little hope, however. The Dimocrisy are displayin a vigor I didn't think they possesst. If they kin only get strength enuff to elect the next President and re-establish slavery! The thought fills me with unutterable joy. The redoosin uv the nigger to bondage agin would give me a clean title to every last one who helped to do it; and in gittin em back into their normal condishun, (by the way that's another phrase uv mine,) ther'd be enuff slaughterin and murders to satisfy several sich Satans as I am.—I'd help em if I know'd how, but I can't improve on either their speekers or writers, and ez long ez men will do my work gratis I don't see the use uv interferin."

At this pint a couple of small imps undertook to push me into the stream, and in the struggle I awoke. My dreem was o'er, but the impreshun remained. "Ken it be," mused I, pensively, "that we are doin' the devil's work—and are we to be finally rewarded in the manner I saw in my vishun? Ef so, hedn't I better quit and repent?"

But I thought agin, that however it might be for younger men, it wood be uv no yoose for me. I had voted the strait ticket for thirty years, and the ten or twelve years I had to live wuz too short a time in which to repent successfully uv such iniquity. So I sank into sleep agin, this time dreemin that I had turned Fenian—hed elected myself Hed Center for the State uv Kentucky, and wuz jest investin $75,000 in a magnificent plantashun.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
Late Pastor uv the Church of the Nu Dispensashun.

### A HAPPY WOMAN.

"What are you singing for?" said I to Mary Maloney.

"Oh, I don't know, ma'am, without it is because me heart feels happy."

"Happy, are you, Mary? Why, let me see, you don't own a foot of land in the world."

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried with a loud laugh. "Oh, what a hand ye be after a joke. Why, sure, I've never a penny, let alone a fut of land."

"Your mother is dead!"

"God rest her soul, yis," replied Mary, with a touch of genuine pathos.—"The Heavens be her bed."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose?"

"Ye may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, and bate his wife, the poor crature."

"You have to pay your sister's board?"

"Sure, the bit crature! And she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willing to do whatever I axes her; I don't grudge the money that goes for that."

"And you havn't many fashionable dresses, either?"

"Fash'nable, is it? Oh yis, I put a bit of whalebone in me skirt, and me calico gown spreads as big as the leddies. But thin ye say true; I havn't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me fut, and wun bunnet, that barrin uv me old hood."

"You havn't any lover?"

"Oh, be off wid yez! Catch Mary Maloney with a lover these days, whin the hard times is come."

"What on earth have you to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover—why, where do you get all your happiness?"

"The Lord be praised, miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit uv sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing. And thin, if trouble comes, I try to keep my heart up. Sure, it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGuire should take it into his head to ax me; but, the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it."

### Well-Digging in China.

There is a story of a tipsy fellow who attentively examined a cane-bottomed chair, and wondered who took the trouble to twist all those rattans around those little holes. In China they dig a well somewhat as this fellow supposed they made cane-seats. They make a hole first, and then dig a place to put it in. "A pit twenty feet deep is dug, by which time water is nearly reached.—Boards about an inch thick are then placed at the bottom, in the form of a circle, in the center of the hole, its diameter being seven feet, which is to be the width of the well at its bottom.—Round this wooden circle a cylinder of brick is then constructed, to the height of ten feet, the bricks being carefully joined by mortar. The outside of this cylinder is then covered with matting and tightly roped around. Poles are then driven into the ground at short intervals all round the outside of the cylinder, and in close apposition with it. These are secured by additional lashing of rope applied round and over them.—The inside of the cylinder is then lined with matting, which is secured by ropes passed down vertically and brought out underneath the cylinder, where the two ends are fastened and the rope tightened. By these means, any dislodgment of the bricks is physically impossible, and the structure is rendered as compact as if it was made of metal.—The strengthening of the brickwork having been completed, they commence to dig inside of it, and, as the earth is removed from the interior, the cylinder gradually sinks by its own weight, the excavation being continued until the upper margin of the cylinder has reached the level of the original hole twenty feet deep. The well of thirty feet is thus formed, and rapidly finished in the most complete manner, by building up a continuation of the brick cylinder, until it reaches the level of the ground."

MANNERS are what vex or soothe, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

A hungry friend said, "that nothing is better than cold beef." "Beg your pardon," said I, "cold beef is better than nothing!"