The Tioga County Agitator

Is published every Wednesday Moorning at $2 per year, invariably in advance.

COBB & VAN GELDER.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

TEN LINES OF MINION, OR LESS, MAKE ONE SQUARE

No. of Sq'rs.	1 In.	3 Ins.	4 Ins.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year
1 Square......	$1,00	$2,00	$2,50	$5,00	$7,00	$12,00
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Special Notices 15 cents per line; Editorial or Local 20 cents per line.

MASONIC.

OSSEA LODGE, No. 317, A, Y. M., meets at their Hall over Dr. Roy's drug store, on Tuesday evening, on or before the Full Moon, at 7 o'clock P. M.

TYOGA CHAPTER, No. 194, R. A. M., meets at the Hall, on Thursday evening, on or before the Full Moon, at 7 o'clock P. M.

TYOGA COUNCIL, No. 31, R. & S. MASTERS, meets at the Hall, on the third Friday of each calendar month, at 7 o'clock P. M.

TYAGAGHTON COMMANDERY, No. 28, of KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, and the appendant orders, meets at the Hall, on the first Friday of each calendar month, at 7 o'clock P. M.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WILLIAM H. SMITH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Main Street Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868.

WM. GARRETSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Notary Public and Insurance Agent, Blossburg, Pa., over Caldwell's Store.

GEO. W. MERRICK,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office with W. H. Smith, Esq., Main Street, opposite Union Block, Wellsboro, Pa.
July 15, 1868.

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, 1868.-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, 1868.

JOHN I. MITCHELL

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa.

Claim Agent, Notary Public, and Insurance Agent. He will attend promptly to collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty. As Notary Public he takes acknowledgements of deeds, administers orths, and will act as Commissioner to take testimony. ☞ Office over Roy's Drug Store, adjoining Agitator Office.—Oct. 30. 1307

John W. Guernsey,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Having returned to this county with a view of making it his permanent residence, solicits a share of public patronage. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office 2d door south of E. S. Farr's hotel. Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa.
Sept. 26, '66.-tf.

JOHN B. SHAKSPEARE,

DRAPER AND TAILOR. Shop over John R. Bowen's Store. ☞ Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and in best style.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1868-1y

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, 1868.-1y.

JOHN ETNER,

TAILOR AND CUTTER, has opened a shop on Crafton street, rear of Sears & Derby's shoe shop, where he is prepared to manufacture garments to order in the most substantial manner, and with dispatch. Particular attention paid to Cutting and Fitting. March 26, 1868-1y

Dr. C. K. Thompson.

[WELLSBOROUGH PA.]

Will attend to Professional calls in the village of Wellsboro and elsewhere.
Office and Residence on State St. 2d door on the right going East. [June. 24, 1868.

D. BACON, M. D., late of the 2d Pa. Cavalry, after nearly four years of army service, with a large experience in field and hospital practice, has opened an office for the practice of medicine and surgery, in all its branches. Persons from a distance can find good boarding at the Pennsylvania Hotel when desired.—Will visit any part of the State in consultation, or to perform surgical operations. No. 4, Union Block, upstairs. Wellsboro, Pa., May 2, 1866.—1y.

Wm. B. Smith,

KNOXVILLE, Pa. Pension, Bounty, and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will *receive prompt attention.* Terms moderate. [jan 8, 1868-1y]

Thos. B. Bryden.

SURVEYOR & DRAFTSMAN.—Orders left at his room, Townsend Hotel, Wellsboro, will meet with prompt attention.
Jan. 13, 1867.-tf.

R. E. OLNEY,

DEALER in CLOCKS & JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c., Mansfield, Pa. Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired. Engraving done in plain English and German. 11sept67-1y.

Hairdressing & Shaving.

Saloon over Willcox & Barker's Store, Wellsboro, Pa. Particular attention paid to Ladies' Hair-cutting, Shampooing, Dyeing, etc. Braids, Pads, coils, and swiches on hand and made to order.

H. W. DORSEY. J. JOHNSON.

J. G. PUTNAM,

MILL WRIGHT—Agent for all the best TURBINE WATER WHEELS. Also for Stewart's Oscillating Movement for Gang and Mulay Saws.
Tioga, Pa., Aug. 7, 1868, 1y.

C. L. WILCOX,

Dealer in DRY GOODS of all kinds, Hardware and Yankee Notions. Our assortment is large and prices low. Store in Union Block. Call in gentleman.—may 20 1868-1y.

PETROLEUM HOUSE,

WESTFIELD, PA., GEORGE CLOSE, Proprietor. A new Hotel conducted on the principle of live and let live, for the accommodation of the public.—Nov. 14, 1866.-1y.

FARR'S HOTEL,

TIOGA, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.,

Good stabling attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance.

E. S. FARR, ... Proprietor.

HILL'S HOTEL,

WESTFIELD Borough, Tioga Co. Pa., E. G. Hill, Proprietor. A new and commodious building with all the modern improvements. Within easy drives of the best hunting and fishing grounds in Northern Penn'a. Conveyances furnished. Terms moderate.
Feb. [illegible] 1868-1y.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

HORACE C. VERMILYEA, Pror's. 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, 1868.]

Bounty and Pension Agency.

HAVING received definite instructions in regard to the extra bounty allowed by the act approved July 28, 1866 and having on hand a large supply of all necessary blanks I am prepared to prosecute all pension and bounty claims which may be placed in my hands. Persons living at a distance can communicate with me by letter, and their communications will be promptly answered. WM. H. SMITH.
Wellsboro, October 24, 1866.

HARKNESS & RILEY,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS

Over Wilson & Van Valkenburg's Store, in the room lately occupied by Benj. Seeley,

BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds made to order and in the best manner.
REPAIRING of all kinds done promptly and good. Give us a call.

JOHN HARKNESS,
WM. RILEY.

Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1868-1y.

The Tioga County Agitator.

"The Agitation of Thought is the Beginning of Wisdom."

WELLSBORO, PA., MAY 5, 1869.

VOL. XVI.

CITY BOOK BINDERY

AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY,
8 Baldwin Street,
(SIGN OF THE BIG BOOK, 2D FLOOR,)
ELMIRA, N. Y.

OUR MOTTO:
GOOD AS THE BEST, CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

BLANK BOOKS

Of every description, in all styles of Binding, and as low, for quality of Stock, as any Bindery in the State. Volumes of every description Bound in the best manner and in any style ordered.

ALL KINDS OF GILT WORK

Executed in the best manner. Old Books rebound and made good as new.

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COMPLETE YOUR SETS!

I am prepared to furnish back numbers of all Reviews or Magazines published in the United States or Great Britain, at a low price,

BLANK BOOK & OTHER PAPER,

Of all sizes and qualities, on hand, ruled or plain.

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Of any quality or size, on hand and cut up ready for printing. Also, BILL PAPER, and CARD BOARD of all colors and quality, in boards or cut to any size.

STATIONERY,

Cap, Letter, Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, &c.

I am sole agent for

Prof. SHEPARD'S NON-CORROSIVE STEEL PENS, OF VARIOUS SIZES, FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Which I will warrant equal to Gold Pens. The best in use and no mistake.

The above stock I will sell at the Lowest Rates at all times, at a small advance on New York prices, and in quantities to suit purchasers. All work and stock warranted as represented.

I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. Orders by mail promptly attended to.—
Address, LOUIS KIES,
Advertiser Building,
Sept. 28, 1867—ly. Elmira, N. Y.

UNION HOTEL.

MINER WATKINS, PROPRIETOR.

HAVING fitted up a new hotel building on the site of the old Union Hotel, lately destroyed by fire, I am now ready to receive and entertain guests. The Union Hotel was intended for a Temperance House, and the Proprietor believes it can be sustained without grog. An attentive hostler in attendance.

Wellsboro, June 26, 1867.

E. R. KIMBALL,

GROCERY AND RESTAURANT,

One door above the Meat Market,

WELLSBORO, PENN'A,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the trading public that he has a desirable stock of Groceries, comprising, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, and all that constitutes a first-class stock. Oysters in every style at all seasonable hours.

Wellsboro, Jan. 2, 1867—tf.

Boots & Shoes.

Great Excitement! Johnson impeached, and Embree's Booots and Shoes triumphant! The subscriber would say to the people of Westfield and vicinity that he is manufacturing a Patent Boot which he believes to posses the following advantage over all others; 1st, there is no crimping; 2d, no wrinkling, save as they break to the feet; 3d, no ripping. In short; they are just the thing for everybody. Samples on hand and orders solicited. Sole right of Westfield township and Boro' secured. He has also just received a splendid set of balmoral patterns, latest styles. Come one, come all! We are bound to sell cheap for cash or ready pay. Shop one door south of Sanders & Colegrove.

Westfield Boro', Feb. 13 1868. J. R. EMBREE.

WALKER & LATHROP.

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS,

STOVES, TIN-WARE,

BELTING, SAWS, CUTLERY,

WATER LIME,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Carriage and Harness Trimmings,

HARNESSES, SADDLES, &c.

Corning, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1867—ly.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE

BARRELS, FIRKINS, CHURNS, BUTTER TUBS, &c.,

Kept constantly on hand, and furnished to order, by

W. T. MATHERS,

at his new store, 2d door above Roy's Building, Wellsboro. (June 10, 1868.)

Scales! Scales! Scales!

THE Buffalo Platform Scales, all ordinary sizes, for heavy, and counter use, may be found at the Hardware Store of Wm. Roberts, Wellsboro. These Scales are the Fairbanks patent and have no superior anywhere. They are made in the best style and have taken the premium at all the great exhibitions.

I have the sole agency for these Scales in this region. WILLIAM ROBERTS.

Wellsboro, Feb. 12, 1868.

PACIFIC HOTEL

170, 172, 174, & 176 *GREENWICH ST.*,
New York.

THE UNDERSIGNED takes pleasure in announcing to his numerous friends and patrons that from this date, the charge of the Pacific will be $2,50 per day.

Being sole Proprietor of this House, and therefore free from the too common exaction of an inordinate rent, he is fully able to meet the downward tendency of prices without any falling off of service.

It will now, as heretofore, be his aim to maintain undiminished the favorable reputation of the Pacific, which it has enjoyed for many years, as one of the best of travelers hotels.

The table will be bountifully supplied with every delicacy of the season.

The attendance will be found efficient and obliging.

The location will be found convenient for those whose business calls them in the lower part of the city, being one door north of Cortland Street, and one block west of Broadway, and of ready access to all Rail Road and Steamboat Lines.

Dec. 2, 1868—6m JOHN PATTEN.

New Tobacco Store!

THE subscriber has fitted up the rooms adjoining D. P. Roberts Tin and Stove Store for the manufacture and sale of

CIGARS, (all grades), Fancy and Common SMOKING TOBACCO, Michigan Fine Cut CHEWING, and all kinds of PLUG TOBACCO, PIPES, and the choicest Brand of CIGARS.

☞ Call and see for yourselves.

JOHN W. PURSEL.

Wellsboro, Nov. 11, 1868—tf.

TO FARMERS!

ELK RUN PLASTER.—We hereby certify that we have used the Plaster manufactured by Champney & Bernauer, at their works on Elk Run, in Gaines township, and we believe it to be equal if not superior to the Cayuga Plaster.

David Smith
M H Cobb
G W Barker
S B Davis
J H Watrous
R M Smith
J D Strait.
Jared Davis
L L Smith.
S M Conable
H E Simmons
Asa Smith
Albert King
W H Watrous
O A Smith
P C Van Gelder
J F Zimmerman
A P Cone
J Bernauer
E Strait
John O Miller.
L L Marsh
H M Foote
J J Smith
C L King

N. B.—Plaster always on hand at the Mill.—
Price $5 per ton. Nov. 4, 1868.

Poets' Corner.

BETROTHED ANEW.

BY E. C. STEDMAN.

The sunlight fills the trembling air,
And balmy days their guerdons bring:
The earth again is young and fair
And amorous with musky spring.

The golden nurslings of the May
In splendor strew the spangled green,
And hues of tender beauty play
Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow;
What lustres on the meadows lie!
And hark, the songsters come and go
And thrill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled
Or borne afar our blissful youth?
Such joys are all about us spread,
We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds, that break from grass and grove,
Sing every carol that they sung
When first our veins were rich with love,
And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn! Immortal life!
O earth's betrothal, sweet and true,
With whose delights our souls are rife
And aye their vernal vows renew!

Then, darling, walk with me this morn:
Let your brown tresses drink its sheen;
These violets, within them worn,
Of floral lays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain
When autumn winds forbade decay;
The days of love are borne again,
That fabled time is far away!

And never seemed the land so fair
As now, nor birds such notes to sing,
Since first within your shining hair
I wove the blossoms of the Spring.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A NIGHT IN A STORM.

It was a private parlor of a hotel in the Provinces. Two men sat at a well-spread breakfast table. The younger had just pushed back from the table with an impatient movement.

'No,' he said abruptly, 'I cannot eat, I cannot drink. If I believed in presentiments I should say I felt a warning of something disagreeable if not horrible.'

'Well, then, my dear nephew,' said the elder, 'as you do not believe in such things, why not make yourself comfortable and enjoy your breakfast? You are not to start until to morrow anyway, you know.'

The young man arose from his seat and walked to the window, throwing it open and looking out into the frosty, brilliant sunshine. The air was intensely cold, and reddened his cheeks instantly. He drew in his head, saying—

'I shall start this morning. There's going to be a storm, and I must go.—Will you accompany me to the station? The train starts in an hour.'

The uncle shivered and drew his dressing gown closer.

'No,' he said, 'I'll not leave the house unless I'm obliged to. I did not leave England to get frozen by a Canadian winter. I did not know you were so sentimentally foolish. Alice will not thank you for coming a day sooner. Women don't like a bridegroom around when the wedding preparations are going on, no matter how much in love they are. Take my advice, and stay here until the time appointed for you to start.'

Robert Russel, the young man addressed, listened with grave civility to his companions words.

What was such advice in comparison with the urging of his whole nature?—He had left England three weeks before, to claim the woman of his choice; who had been a year in Montreal, whither she had emigrated with her parents, carrying with her the love and promise of one whom she beloved with utter devotion.

Russell's uncle and adopted father had accompanied him, and now sat smiling at the impatience, the whims of youth.

"There is a storm rising in the air, in spite of the sunlight,' Russel said, still standing by the window, 'I should not enjoy being blockaded in by snow on my journey.'

'Probably not; but you might as well expect it in this climate."'

'Well, I shall take Alice back to England as soon as possible,' Russell said, with his hand on the door. Good bye, uncle, then, good bye.'

Russel was soon speeding from the town, his eyes looking eagerly forward over the vast stretches of snow as if he would outstrip even the steam which bore him.

He was not half through his journey by rail, when from the west, where it had lingered through the sunny morning, rose the filmy white veil that is the herald of snow. Weather-wise people looked out of the car windows and shook their heads, saying—

'This will be a hard one. It's just a year since the terrible storm that blockaded in this train.'

Russel, looking, felt his face grow pallid in spite of his hopes, his youthful energy.

He did not fear the storm while on the cars; he knew they would get to their destination before the storm would be sufficiently advanced to retard them much. But he remembered the twenty miles he must go in a cutter after the last station, for Alice waited him at the residence of a relative, beyond Montreal. Her aunt had persuaded her to have the wedding there, where wealth could give its glow to the ceremony, and what girl could resist such an invitation.

'If she were only in Montreal!' murmured Russell, and the first few flakes began to drift slowly downward.

Soon the air was filled with fine sharp particles. It grew colder instead of warmer, or apparently so, for the wind rose and whirled the snow fiercely.

It had snowed two hours when Russell alighted at the station in Montreal. It was already dark, save that the gloom had mitigated by a full moon.

He was half benumbed by cold and sitting so long, but he could not wait.—Reason told him that he was a day early, and might easily stay in the city until to-morrow; but some feverish, morbid haste urged him on—it was impossible for him to rest quiet a moment. He stood a few moments by the bright fire in the waiting room. Then he decided to go to the house occupied by Alice's parents.

Arrived at the house, he learned with dismay that Alice had left two or three hours previous. Oppressed with fearful foreboding he hurried on, taking the road which his servant supposed her driver had selected. As he emerged into the open country; the runners of the cutter sank deep into the snow.—The horses struggled desperately thro' the drifts, while the blinding storm and benumbing cold almost overpowered him. To arouse himself from the lethargy which he felt was the precursor of death, he stepped out of the sleigh and plodded on beside it. For hours it seemed to him, he travelled, alternately walking and riding, the animals he drove being almost exhausted.

Suddenly, with a snort of surprise or alarm, his horses stopped and threw up their heads, their eyes starting in their sockets, at something indistinct in the gloom ahead.

There is something infecting in the alarm of an animal, and Russell felt his cheeks pale as he moved slowly forward, leaving the horses standing there.

A shudder like the first chill of an impending doom, shook the young man as he came upon a cutter overturned in the snow. He was close to it before he could make out what it was. There were no horses attached—that he saw in a glance—but the tugs were cut short off, were fastened there. The snow had blown away from one side of the sleigh, while the other side was deeply imbedded. He leaped upon the runner, and hurriedly pulled the buffalo robes away; a fear came upon him such as he had never known before. At last, it seemed to him so long, though it was hardly a moment—in that snowy moonshine he saw the pallid face of a woman lying motionless among her furs.

With a suppressed cry he lifted that beautiful form to his shoulder, and sat down on the cutter, bending his lips to the cold ones that could not respond to his caress. And yet she was not dead, —a faint breath just sighed across his cheek.

Was it thus he had thought to greet his promised wife? He could not think —he knew nothing but that he had found Alice—and his whole being rose to the resolve that he would save her—that neither snow nor ice nor cold should take her from him. She was his and he claimed her.

But he could not linger there; he must be moving on, though ever so slowly. He bore his burden to his own cutter, taking with him the furs that could not save her after that fearful sleep had begun. His horses walked on again—they needed no guiding—they could find their own way better than man could direct.

Anything but intense love would have despaired in that tempest of snow, with that pitiless wind freezing across the earth, raising no glow on the blue white face against his own.

He roughly chafed with snow her hands and face; but he soon saw that severer measures must be tried; that the lethargy was too deep. She dimly felt the fierce friction, for she moaned and seemed to shrink from it—a wordless request to be left alone.

Russell had forgotten the cold for himself, the snow swept by him unheeded. Again he lifted her in his arms and stepped out into the snow, letting her stand beside him, then trying to make her fight her way on, knowing that if she could once be roused she was saved.

At first she fell down helplessly, sank inanimately with no wish to stir. But in a moment his ceaseless efforts had some effect, and he could compel her to use her muscles slightly, though her head dropped in an unknowing stupor.

Russell felt that he had never suffered before. He thought the pains and sorrows of all his life were crowded into that one night. By slow degrees, almost hopelessly slow, consciousness and horrible suffering returned.

His face' face was pale and sick, as he knew the agonies she endured. But pain was the signal of life, and not now would he despair.

At last she looked at him with recognizing eyes, and when everything else had failed, love reached the fountain of crimson, and sent a wave of its red to her face.

Weak, suffering, she reclined upon his arm, unable to move or to speak.—Could he keep the life he had saved, through a much longer journey?

When he left the city there were a few houses scattered by the roadside for two or three miles. The dim glimmer of their lights he had seen; but since then he had noticed nothing—it was a waste through which he was riding, with no lamp of hope held out to him. And the delicate girl but half resuscitated, he thought—oh, how many miles before safety?

A half hour passed, and through Russell's brave soul had already darted the first doubt. Human endurance could not last forever, and it was more than he could do to preserve the feeble life he had recalled. In another half hour, ice and cold might conquer him. He would die with her; he could not live when that dear face was beneath the sod.

A quarter of a mile further on, and he saw, through the storm a dark object by the roadside. It was a building of some kind, and could shelter them. He turned his horses' heads that way and plunged through the snow to the door. There was no door. It was a dismantled log hut, with its door gone, and its one little window broken out.—But it was better than the fury without, and in another five minutes Alice was sheltered from the wind. With painful and patient fumbling he succeeded in fastening the buffalo robe in front of the doorway, thus forming an insufficient barrier. Then he drew from his pocket his cigar case and his matches, and lighting one of the latter, looked eagerly round the room in the flickering light. That glance told him that there was an immense fire place at one side of the hut, and a divine light streamed into his soul at the sight.

As his horses had dragged the cutter to the house, the runner had grated over the top rail of a fence, and the unseen post had nearly upset the cutter.

The white fingered, fair faced Englishman worked with a power that was more like fury, and when at last a ruddy blaze flew up the broad chimney, tears of joy actually started from his eyes.

Exhausted, happy, he knelt at the feet of Alice, and hid his face in her hands. With that reviving warmth came a little of strength to her weary soul. She leaned forward, a smile upon her lips and in her eyes, and murmured—

'It was heaven *itself who sent* you here, Robert.'

Two hours later, a gray dawn was struggling through the clouds; a broad strip of blue encircled the west; the wind moaned in lower tones. The old hut was golden with the wood fire—it threw its radiance over the two horses that had been led in, and stood wild and grateful in a corner, their eyes starting at the fire.

Renovated, though weak, with a happiness beyond words, warm in heart, Alice Malcomb greeted her wedding day. She had told her story to Robert —the story of her desertion in the snow. As the storm had come on more furiously, her driver, whom she believed trustworthy, announced his intention of returning. She had discovered that he was in a semi-intoxicated state, but she refused to return, and he would not go a step further, and had cut the traces, and mounting one of the horses left her to her fate.

She did not know when she spoke that a mile back, within a few miles of the city, he lay frozen to death, the eddying snow drifting over his body.—He had found a fate which his mistress had escaped.

Backward, through a vista of happy years, looked Russell and his wife to that night of horror in Canada, when peril revealed to them the full depth of their devotion—the infinitude of their love.

A BRAIN-WAVE.

A NEW THEORY—PREMONITIONS DISPOSED OF.

To the Editor of the London Spectator: Sir—The reluctance of your correspondents to authenticate with real names the stories they have sent you in illustrations of "J. T. K's" brain-wave theory, induces me to submit the following narrative. I have heard my father tell the story so often that there can be no reason why I should not tell it again in print. Whether the condition you lay down that the real shall also be a well-known name, is satisfied in this case, is for you to judge. But to philanthropists in general, and prison reformers in particular, John Clay, of Preston, is, I think, a familiar name:

On a Sunday afternoon, about thirty years ago (the precise date I cannot recall), my mother and my eldest sister, then about eight years old, were sitting together in the dining-room at home. No one else was in the except a younger child, his nurse, and another servant; all the rest of the family were absent at a neighboring church, and my father was at the jail. He was due at home in about half an hour, it then being nearly four o'clock. The afternoon was very wet, but very still, the rain falling in torrents, but with an even, steady downpour. While sitting thus my mother heard footsteps approach and presently some one opened and passed through the yard door. (This yard door face on to the road; it was then a country road, and the nearest house was full five hundred yards distant; and any one going to the front door would have to pass this yard door, the dining-room windows, another window, and then turn round the corner of the house through a gate in the garden.) She was a good deal startled, more especially because this door, according to domestic regulations, ought to have been locked. She roused herself to listen with all her might, and heard distinctly—all the more distinctly as the house was so quiet—the person who had opened the yard door enter the house by the back door, traverse a passage, in the basement story, open the door at the foot of the back stairs, mount the back stairs, and enter the front hall. But by this time she was completely reassured, for she had recognized my father's footsteps. He put his umbrella into the stand with a rattling noise, took off his top-coat and shook it, and then came through the inner hall into the dining-room. The hall door and dining-room door were both ajar, so she easily heard this. He went up to the fire, and resting his elbow on the mantel-piece and one foot on the fender, stood there for a few moments drying himself. At length she said: "You must be very wet; had you not better go and change your clothes at once?" "Yes," he replied, "I think I had better do so;" and so he turned, left the room, and went up stairs to his dressing-room. As he did not come down again, for more than an hour, my mother followed him to see what was the cause of his delay. To her astonishment, she found his room empty, and no sign of his having been there. She searched the rooms of the same landing, but could not find him, and at length came down stairs again, puzzled and frightened; but trying to calm herself with the supposition that although she had noticed his departure, he must have left the house again, for some purpose or other. But while she sat there, still flurried and uneasy, she heard again the same footsteps approaching, the same opening of the yard door, the same entrance by the back door, the same traversing of the passage downstairs, and mounting by the back stairs into the hall, the same putting down of the umbrella and shaking of the coat, and then my father came into the room, walked up to the fire, and placed his elbow on the mantelpiece and foot on the fender, just as he had done before. "Why, where have you been?" exclaimed my mother, as soon as she could speak, after the first gasp of amazement. "Been?" said he, turning round and noticing for the first time her excitement and distress, "I have been at the jail as usual." "Oh! you know that's not what I mean; where have you been since you came in by the back door, just as you have done just now, rather more than half and hour since?" "I don't understand you at all; I have come straight from the jail, and never been in the house since I left this morning." "Oh! it's too bad, playing jokes like this to frighten me, when you know I'm not well." (My mother was in delicate health at the time.) And then, in answer to his amazed questions, she poured out the story I have told you.

I believe the incident happened exactly as I have narrated. I have heard my father tell the story repeatedly, and he was singularly truthful and accurate. My mother's account, too, tallied, precisely with his. My sister cannot now, I think, distinguish between what she recollects and what she had so often heard related. But my father at the time questioned her as to what she had heard, and her account was that "I saw mamma get up suddenly and go into papa's dressing-room, and then she went into all the rooms up stairs as if she was looking for something, and then she came down and looked as if something was the matter; but she wouldn't answer me when I asked what it was."

When my mother told her story, my father instantly recollected that as he left the jail the thought occurred to him, when he saw how heavy the rain was, that if he found the yard door unlocked he would go in that way—a thing which he very seldom did—to avoid going round the corner to the front door; and the thought having once occurred, he mentally rehearsed the circumstances of his entrance—doing in the spirit precisely what he afterwards did in the body. The distance from the jail to our home at "East Cliff" was rather more than two miles, and as this corresponds with my mother's "rather more than half an hour," the conclusion is obvious that while the image of the yard door, back stairs, &c., was present in his brain, his image was simultaneously present in my mother's brain. The incident, therefore, is as pretty and complete an instance of a "brain-wave" as "J. T. K." can wish. I am, sir, &c.,

W. L. CLAY.

Rainhill Vicarage, February 9.

[NOTE.—We have also received the following curious narrative, for the authenticity of which, so far, at least, as the form goes in which she received it from Sir Thomas Williams, the Dowager Lady Lyttleton, who is still living, herself vouches.—[Ed. Spectator.

"Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, a straight-forward and excellent man, founder of the Royal Naval Female School for the education of naval officers' daughters, was in command of a ship crossing the Atlantic ocean. His course brought him in sight of the Island of Ascension, at that time uninhabited, and never visited by any ship except for the purpose of collecting turtles, which abound on the coast. The island was barely described on the horizon, and was not to be noticed at all; but as Sir Thomas looked at it he was seized by an unaccountable desire to steer towards it. He felt how strange such a wish would appear to his crew, and tried to disregard it—but in vain. His desire became more and more urgent and distressing, and foreseeing that it

would soon be more difficult to gratify it, he told his lieutenant to prepare to 'put about ship,' and steer for Ascension. The officer to whom he spoke ventured respectfully to present that changing their course would greatly delay them—that just at that moment the men were going to their dinner—that, at least, some delay might be allowed. But these arguments seemed to increase Captain William's anxiety, and he gave the word of command, which is never resisted. He saw in the countenances of his officers an expression of wonder and even blame, and strong as is ever shown on an order from the captain; but he was obeyed, and the ship was steered toward the uninteresting little island. All eyes and spy-glasses were now fixed upon it, and soon something was perceived on the shore. "It is white—it is a flag—it must be a signal!" and when they neared she shore it was ascertained that sixteen men, wrecked on that coast many days before, and suffering the extremity of hunger, had set up a signal, though almost without hope of relief. The shipwrecked men were taken on board, and the voyage completed. Sir Thomas related this anecdote in the simplest and most tranquil manner, in A. D., 1813 (years after the date of its occurrence), to the writer of this account. S. L.

Hagley Hall, May 6, 1856.

REMARKABLE CAVE.

Some time ago there was discovered a mammoth cave near Salisbury Conn., hung with glittering stalactites, and rivaling in beauty the most gorgeous of earth's own handicraft. The copper implements, the ghostly bones, the bronze ornaments, the petrified wood, were duly chronicled and described at the time of the discovery. The country about this cave is strikingly picturesque. Twin lakes, connected by but a narrow creek, spread in summer their shining cool faces to the blue sky, and mirror the overhanging forests, which send out huge branches covered with verdure, and stand giant-like sentinels over this land of beauty. In an Eastern exchange is an account of the bringing to light of a twin cave, to rival the twin lakes, which will be of still more absorbing novelty.

Long before the first-mentioned cave had been discovered, the family of Mr. Miles, a wealthy resident, whose farm contained the wonderful cave, were much puzzled to account for the tracks which frequently appeared, both in the frosty grass of the meadows and near, the house, on the freshly-scraped walks. These prints were evidently those of a *dainty female foot*, and where they came from was a mystery which gave rise to the most perplexing questions and suppositions.

While in summer these marks were frequently observed near the house, in the winter, when the ice had mantled the lake with its stern, chill counterpane, and the snow in turn had frosted the ice with a diamond sheet, these same footprints were not only noticed on the frosty covering, but at night a *form*, gliding with inexpressible grace, bearing a lighted taper in its hand, was observed to float, with a spirit motion, to the opposite shore of the lake, and eluding all attempt at closer observation, preserve the identical distance between herself and pursurers.

When the family had retired for the night, a voice often was heard in plaintive accents to pour forth in touching strains a lament, moving its hearers to tears. The daughter of Mr. Miles, an accomplished linguist, averred that the words of the song were certainly French, and scouted the idea of attaching supernatural origin to the singer.

The curiosity at last become so intense that Mr. Miles, urged by the solicitations of his daughter, employed a detective to ferret out the intruder and discover the object in view, as well as the habitation, the location of which was totally unknown, and, indeed, not even suspected.

For a time the manifestations ceased, but again with approaching spring were renewed, and still more curious sounds were heard, and stranger phenomena witnessed.

The class of which Miss Miles was a member, deciding on a tour to Europe, the young lady for a time left home, and made a protracted stay in the Old World. During her absence the strange manifestations almost totally ceased, and the matter had been nearly forgotten, when, on the evening of her return music of the most surpassing sweetness, issuing from invisible lips, filled the air about the house, and again excited the curiosity so long delayed.

The energy and go-aheadativeness of Miss Miles, however, would not so easily be suppressed, and organizing the hired help of the estate, a thorough exploration of the vicinity followed.

A certain area was assigned to each person, and urged by the indefatigable zeal of the young lady, the neighborhood was thoroughly reconnoitered.—No signs of the nightly visitant were discovered, but toward the close of the second day a cave of ample dimensions, with numerous rooms and hung with glittering stalactites was found. Relics of centuries ago covered its floor, and antiquaries attracted to the place soon exhausted and rifled it of all not immediately removed.

The zeal and energy of Miss Miles again aroused, and the forces of the farm were once more put into requisition; and under her guidance, sallied forth on a second tour of exploration. The lady herself headed the forlorn hope, and had her own area to examine. The laborers wearied, and one by one returned to the house as the night drew to a close. Dismissing her attendants, Miss Miles returned slowly to her home.

Ascending a slight acclivity, a gleam of light from the ground itself attracted her attention. She paused, and stooping, discovered that the light proceeded from a slight rift in the rock, but partially covered with soil. The spot was some twenty rods north of the other cave. Wholly engrossed, she soon found by means of a disused well an entrance to this habitation, and before the long sought maid possessed the slightest intimation of her coming, confronted her. A slight exclamation of surprise, but no attempt at flight followed the meeting.

The French heroine manifested no disinclination to exhibit the various apartments, and in turn Miss Miles visited and viewedthe fixtures.

Luxurious robes of fur lined with crimson silk, covered couches constructed of crooked branches, twigs and roots; stools and chairs of the same materials, with seats and backs of long grass interwoven into fantastic shapes, afforded ease to the tired visitor. The adamantine floor was covered with mats of herbs, the scent of which prevaded the rooms with a delicious odor. The heorine remarked (in French) that she had used much of her wardrobe in quilting these robes of fur which were scattered about so profusely. The remainder of her clothes were also exhibited and surpassed description.

In the summer of 1858 she came from France with a party of the nobility who where to visit America on pleasure. Her parents were of high rank in France, and she was betrothed to a young Marquis by paternal dictation, but in opposition to her own will. Her lover accompanied her on this trip, and during the passage she became intensely disgusted with him—that by accident discovering this cave while the party were camping on the shore of Newangee, one night she secretly transferred all her property to its interior, and ever since had lived by occasional excursions to neighboring towns for food, by fishing and trapping, in which she became proficient. The diamonds pawned enabled her to live luxuriously, but in constant fear of detection, although her romantic spirit caused her to sing near the mansion of Mr. Miles, in order to excite and astonish the inmates.

The poor lady refused all solicitations to remain a guest at the home of Miss Miles, and after passing so many of the best years of her life in almost a convent, recently sailed for home in the magnificient steamship "Pereire."—The cave still retains the trophies of the chase, and hundreds, within the last few days, have visited and wondered at the remarkable cave and still more remarkable history of the French dame.

A Sensation in Actual Life.

A startling instance of the freaks in which "outrageous fortune" sometimes revels has recently taken place in the family of a quondam magnate of Wall St., now retired and living in quiet elegance in the lower vicinity of Central Park. The gentleman, whose name "mought be" Jones, but isn't, returned some years since, with his family, from Europe, bringing a young French girl, Susette, as nurse to the young babe. After a few months she left the service of the family on some trivial pretext, and another nurse being substituted, Susette was quite forgotten. Mrs. Jones had moved in fashionable circles, while rearing a family of three sons and four daughters, the youngest of whom was the nursling of Susette. As years rolled on, the youngest grew to be a blooming girl of twelve years, attending a boarding school on the Hudson. The oldest daughter and two of the sons have married happily, and nothing in the serene prosperity of the household threatened to ruffle the the even tenor of their riffle. Among other kindly promptings of their generous natures, *the family has taken a deep interest in* a humble widow woman supporting a family of five children. She had for many years been intrusted with the family washing, which was usually retruned by one of the girls of the faithful laundress, and many little niceties were sent home by this girl, whose gentle demeanor had so won upon Mrs. Jones that she arranged for her partial education, and already regarded her as a sort of protege, for all of which the poor widow was profusely grateful, and declared she would yet "make a lady of her." A few weeks since the family received a letter bearing the postmark of an obscure town in the south of France. It contained voluminous enclosures, bearing official seals, all in French. A family council was convened to decipher the contents, and many a jest bandied in the merry circle about the center-table, as each contributed their knowledge of written French in a loose chirograpy, to get at the meaning of so formidable a missive. The youngest daughter, quite fresh in her studies, seemed to make more progress, and the mysterious documents, first passing from hand to had, were finally allowed to rest before her, the rest of the group laughingly criticising her broken accents as she read slowly on. She hesitated—was met by another volley of badinage, which was strangely checked as the young girl strained her eyes more closely to the paper, pressed her jeweled hand upon her temples—turned ashy pale—uttered one scream, and fell back into her father's arms in a swoon!

It was a fearful night with that stricken household as they hovered over that senseless form. A physician hastily called in, seeking for a cause of the strange attack, was shown the scattered missives left upon the parlor floor. Being a fluent scholar he could read them readily, and there, in the dead hours of night, the morning winds without, and decaying fire in the grate, forming a weird scene, the blow fell upon the already affrighted household! No wonder the poor girl had been stricken down in reading her own doom—that she was no child of theirs, but of a poor washerwoman! The substance of the death bed statements of Susette, which the letter contained, duly authenticated, was, that in taking her infant charge for an airing, she called as usual at the poor house of the family laundress, whose babe was of the same age with that of Mrs. Jones. That the woman begged me to stay and mind the children while she took home some work. While alone in the house with the two infants, one of them pulled a hot iron upon it, burning it badly; she applied such remedies as she could seize upon, but in her fright fancied the injury must be fatal. It was the infant in her charge! This she had no thought of at the first moment, as there was a remarkable resemblance between them. Overcome with fear, the Devil told her (to use her own language) "that the other babe would do Mrs. Jones just as well." The clothing was quickly changed. The poor woman was encumbered with a sick and suffering infant until its recovery, which fact probably aided the deception. Mrs. Jones was quite ill at the time, and a wet nurse was engaged for that very day; so Susette successfully screened her diabolical act, but still fearing a *denouement*, sought the first vacation to get away to her own land. Unable, after a lapse of years, to die in peace, she made a full confession.

The family seek to keep the affair very quiet. A lady to whom the physician was quite devoted mentioned the facts ere secrecy had been enjoined. The foster child of the poor widow will be reinstated in her full rights, and be "made a lady," sure enough; the widow's entire family are amply provided for, and the poignant sorrow of the girl reared in luxury will be assuaged in a great degree by retaining her position of a daughter. Truth, indeed, is oftentimes stranger than fiction!

The Art of Church Killing.

By special request we reprint the following from an exchange:

It would seem that some parishes have mastered the art of keeping small and unprosperous. We have taken some pains to ascertain exactly how the thing is done, and, for the benefit of all concerned, beg leave to report as follows: Disparage your minister whenever it is possible to do so, but be careful always to say you are his friend. If you have no facts to depreciate him with, insinuate that all is not right.—A suspicion is often more damaging than an accusation, and an ominous shake of the head and significant look are more fatal to a reputation than any words. Never praise the preaching in your church; that might lead people to wish to hear for themselves. If you cannot say anything against the preaching, say nothing. Attend your own church irregularly, and always go late. If you can go to other churches half the time, do so, and always express yourself as perfectly delighted with the services, music, and everything else. Be sure never to enter your own church until after the services are commenced.

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It would show interest if you did so, and might lead others to follow your example. When in church appear as listless as possible. Sleep if you can; if you cannot, gaze about the building, note the empty seats so you can speak of them. When you go away appear to be dissatisfied with everything.—Above all, never ask a stranger to church with you, and never take any-one into your pew. You cannot kill a church with hospitality. Make all the trouble you can about the music. About all music in church is good for, is discords; and the man or woman who cannot make a sea of trouble out of the singing to say nothing of the organ, doesn't amount to much. See to it that your church is always dirty, out of repair, and unattractive as possible. If the society is not already divided into parties and factions, be sure to create a schism. If there is one, see to it that it is not healed, no matter what the trouble is. So long as it alienates those who should be friends and creates disaffection, there is no danger of the society's growing. Never pay your subscription until you are obliged to, and then with a growl. It adds to the effectiveness of the latter to insinuate that it is the last money you will pay until there is a change. Be careful never to visit any members of your congregation unless they are already disaffected, or you can make them so. It is hard to break down a society whose members are truly social. Be sure never to attend any meetings of your church during the week; such things are fanatical and vulgar, and nothing hinders a church from dying so much as social gatherings during the week, and that fanaticism miscalled "interest in religion."

HOW MONKEYS ARE TAKEN IN DARFOUR.—Monkeys are pretty common, yet as all the family are remarkably cunning, has it ever occurred to the reader how they are taken? Pitfalls will take a lion, and the famished monarch of the forest will, after a few days starvation, dart into a cage containing food and thus be secured. But how are the monkeys caught? The ape family resemble man. Their vices are human. *They love liquor, and fall. In Darfour* and Sennar the natives make fermented beer, of which the monkeys are excessively fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forests frequented by the monkeys and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as a monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy, that soon attract his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time the beasts show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The few who come too late to get fuddled escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust them, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these immediately begin to weep and cover them with maudlin kisses. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support and endeavor to get off also. Another will grasp at him, and thus in turn till the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally got to the village they are securely caged, and gradually sober down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.—Somebody—a woman of course—inquires why, when Eve was manufactured from the spare-rib, a servant wasn't made at the same time to wait on her? Somebody else—a woman, we imagine—replies in the following strain: 'Because Adam never came whining to Eve, and with a ragged stocking to be darned; collar string to be sewed on, or a glove to mend, right away, quick now!' Because he never read the newspapers, until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then stretching himself, yawned out, 'Ain't supper most ready, my dear?'—Not he. He made the fire, and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows, fed the chickens and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve had'nt any fresh pomegranates, and the mango season was over. He never staid out till eleven o'clock to a ward meeting. Hurrahing for an out-and-out candidate, and then scolded because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never played billiards, rolled ten-pins and drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home.—In short he didn't think that she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares. That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl; and with it, was the reason that her fair descendants did.

A BLAMED LONG TABLE.—The following, mark you, is Jim Pasley's narrative—don't you observe—of a night's adventure. One morning we met him in the street, looking rather melancholy, when he said:

"Yesterday I felt a little bad, and mark you, I went and took a small drink; and that not improving my feeling, I took another and another, don't you observe, and finally I got a little tight. In the evening I went into the country with a friend, mark you, and thinking I would cool off, I took several more drinks when I got there, don't you observe; yet, strange to say, the more I drank the tighter I got, until I went to bed. During the night I awoke, don't you observe, and I couldn't imagine where the mischief I was, mark you. The room was as dark as Egypt. I heard the clock strike two in some part of the house, mark you. I became very anxious to learn my whereabouts, don't you observe, and for that purpose arose from my bed, mark you, and after stumbling over about a dozen chairs, *don't* you observe, I came to a table.

Now, mark you, I reflected that the generality of the apartments are a perfect or an oblong square, don't you observe; and moreover, that the generality of tables are square; and I deduced from this, mark, you, that by feeling along the table until I came to a corner I could get off at right angles and reach the corner of the room, and by that be guided by the wall to a roof or window, don't you observe. Following out this idea, mark you, I began carefully to feel along the edge of the aforesaid table, and finally gaining confidence, I went a little faster; the idea struck me that it was a blamed long table, that I could not get to a corner, don't you observe; yet I persevered—and finally day broke, and when sufficient light penetrated the apartment I saw, mark you, that I had been following a blamed *round* table all night, looking for a *corner*—don't you observe.

TOO TRUE.—The man who is awfully urbane to his wife before strangers is generally "her bane" behind their backs.