THE HERMIT OF WEWACUS.

EIGHTY-TWO YEARS OLD, AND STILL HAMMERING AT HIS ROCKS.

Romance of a Connecticut Hill—Two Dreamers—Gold Hunting—An Ill-Starred Mining Company—Ex-Pastor and Rogue—A Visit to the Hermitage—Queer Local Traditions.

NORWICH, Jan. 27.—About half way up the east side of a craggy hillside, in the little town ship of Bozrah, in eastern Connecticut there is a queer-looking circular hole that extends far down into the earth. Two or three rods farther down the hillside is a similar excavation, following the dip of the gnarled and twisted rock, enters the earth at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the horizon. Still further below is a roughly-built, small stone house, whose one window, dusk-begrimed and shattered and dilapidated door look to the south upon a broken path that winds into the depth of the woods. Beyond this path is a tangled thicket of maples, alders and underbrush that gives place, on its southern side, a little farther on, to grassy pastures and patches of wood land. A lonely, desolate scene it is, far from human habitation and gift by neighborly, dark-visaged, hard-handed, sturdy sons.

Many years ago this lonely hillside echoed the ringing strokes of hammer and drill; career, speculative men toiled up the slope, sank their little fortune through their fingers and returned; philosophical looking strangers with long nose and green glasses, peered into the holes in a knowing manner. Gradually, and the wise men, with an unconscious satisfaction, as they took their heads out of the holes and got upon their feet, "$50 for $200 for their tun."

One sunny day, at the time when the California gold excitement spread over the country, a little group of men, gathered on the slope, took each other's hand and whispered mysteriously, "It shall be known as the Wewacus Hill Gold, Silver, and Nickel Mining Company, and anybody wot wants for take stock in the concern shall be accommodated," Wewacus is the old Indian name of the hill.

After the formation of the company the hammer strokes rang fast and faster than ever upon Wewacus Hill; glowing accounts of the new Canaan of gold mine circulated in the newspapers, and the stock was a glittering temptation to every speculator in the country. Then the hammers fell suddenly and quietly dropped out, and nearly memento that are left of it are a few weed-choked, half-razed mounds, in the two holes on the hill, the little house in the valley, and the crazy old hermit who inhabits it.

Roberts, the hermit, is a Welsh miner briefly told. In his young days George Roberts was working in a marble yard in a village a few miles from Norwich. He was an excellent workman, and he easily earned good wages with the close economy of the miner. They said that he spent nothing for tobacco, liquor, or amusements. That last item, perhaps, he did not, for he was a lonely man, fond of his books, and he was left to his books, and he was left to his books. They say that he was a wonderful miner, and he was left to his books. They say that he was a wonderful miner, and he was left to his books. They say that he was a wonderful miner