

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INvariably IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XX.—NO. 16.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, Sept'ber 21, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

THE WAKENING.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

How many thousands are wakening now?
Some to the songs of the forest bough,
To the rustling leaves at the lattice pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some far out on the deep wild sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some—oh! well may their hearts rejoice,
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice;
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that field must be won.

And some in the gloomy convict's cell,
To the dull, deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls him forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the sounds from the city borne;
And some to the rolling of torrent floods,
Far midst old mountains and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,
Each unto his daily birth,
Though tearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Be the voices which first our upspring meet.

But one must be sound, and one the call,
Which from the dust shall waken us all!
One, though to sever'd and distant dooms—
How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs.

Miscellaneous.

(From the Press.)

The Honored Dead in Christ Church Burial Ground, Philadelphia.

For nearly a century and a half this has been a place of sepulture. It was purchased of James Steel, in August, 1719, (the price we have not seen stated) and at first surrounded by a fence, which a short time previous to the Revolution, was replaced by the present wall, at an expense of over seven hundred pounds. The gate is generally opened each morning for about an hour, say between seven and eight o'clock, sometimes at other hours. There is a difficulty in describing situations intelligibly, from the fact of there being so few paths; but the old grave-digger knows the whole yard "by heart," and is very kind in affording information.

The first place to which one's steps will be directed on entering the gate is to the grave of Franklin. This is near the street corner, and we have seen it stated his remains were placed there in order that a monument, if raised near, might be readily seen by passers-by. No monument has yet been erected, but the plain slab, headed with its simple inscription,

BENJAMIN } AND FRANKLIN,
DEBORAH } 1790.

marks his resting-place. During the year past a portion of the brick wall adjoining has been replaced by an iron railing, so that the grave may now be seen from the street.

The main incidents in the life of the "American Sage," as he was denominated in France, are familiar enough to all of us; let us dwell a few moments on the honors paid his memory when dead. His death which occurred on Saturday, the 17th of April, 1790, had long been anticipated. He was then eighty-four years old. For a year or so previously he had been so infirm that he had to be carried about the streets in a sedan chair. But, though not unexpected, the event created a profound sensation, both at home and abroad. His funeral took place the Wednesday following his death, and was witnessed, it is stated, by 20,000 persons. The procession consisted of

All the clergy in the city (about 30 in number).

The Corpse, the pall being borne by the President of the State, the Chief Justice, the President of the Bank, Samuel Powell, William Bingham, and David Ridgway.

The Mayor, and Corporation of the City.

Judges of the Supreme Court, &c.

The Bar.

Printers.

The Philanthropic Society.

The College of Physicians.

The Cincinnati.

The Faculty and Students of the University.

Other Societies and Citizens.

All the bells of the city were tolled, and minute guns fired, during the time of the funeral. (There is among the State papers at Harrisburg a bill for £22 9s. 8d. paid for the powder, &c., employed by the artillery on this occasion.) Congress and the Supreme Executive Council of the State went in mourning for thirty days. When news of Franklin's death reached Paris it was announced by Mirabeau to the National Assembly of France in an eloquent address, a translation of which is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. The original may be seen in the *Moniteur* for June 11th, 1790, (No. 969 F.) in the Philadelphia Library. The resolution offered by the speaker in closing, that the Assembly should go in mourning for three days, was seconded by Rochefoucault and Lafayette, and passed by acclamation. Subsequently, the commune of Paris ordered funeral honors to be paid to his memory. The place chosen for the ceremonies was the Halle au Blé. "The whole building," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "was hung with black." A pulpit ("for the orator of the day, the Abbé Fouchet") was erected with suitable ornaments, and in full view rose a sarcophagus in antique form, with the following inscription :

"Exponens omnes scelerum tyrannos.
With these words ("He snatched the light-

ning from Heaven and the sceptre from tyrants") D'Alembert had welcomed Franklin to the French Academy, on his first arrival in Paris. The Abbé's eulogy was thought to be a masterly one. Twenty-six copies of it were sent to the Congress of the United States. The *Moniteur* (before cited) of the 15th of June, 1790, says that many friends of liberty met at the Café Principle, rue des Fossés, and having erected there a mausoleum to Franklin, one of their number pronounced a tribute to his memory, which was received most appropriately, with tears and silence. The Gentleman's Magazine adds, that a society of printers, in Paris, assembled in the hall of the Cordeliers, around a bust of Franklin, elevated on a pedestal, and wearing a civic crown—a printing press, &c., being near—and while an apprentice was pronouncing the eulogy, the compositors and others were occupied in printing and distributing copies to the numerous bodies of citizens who were present.

While it is pleasant to see that the memory of this great man was duly honored at home, as it were spontaneous tributes of foreigners, who were not as men indebted to him, show what a reverence was felt for the talents of Benjamin Franklin, printer.

Coming back now towards the main walk, we find, perhaps fifty feet from the gate, a little west of south, the grave of Thos. Laurence, who died in April, 1754, aged 64 years. His name sounds familiar to us, for we have had occasion to speak of him several times before.

He was one of the committee appointed to build the State House. When Laurence's second term of office as mayor of the city expired, in 1750, he stated "that as some mayors, in lieu of an entertainment, had given a sum of money for some public use, he was inclined to follow the example, and proposed to give the sum of one hundred pounds for the use of the Academy in this city, which proposal was approved of by a great majority."

This was one of the first benefactions to the Academy, (now the University,) which started in that year. Laurence was mayor for the third time at the period of his death. South of this we see a marble cross, marking the resting place of Commander John Montgomery, United States navy, who died December 15, 1853, at the age of fifty-five. He entered the navy on the 18th of June, 1812, at the outbreak of the last war.

Adjoining is the grave of his father, Commodore Richard Dale, who was born in 1756, and died the 24th of October, 1826. He went to sea when twelve years of age, and in 1776 became lieutenant of a Virginia cruiser, and afterwards (in the same year,) was midshipman under Capt. John Barry, in the Lexington. In the fall of 1776 this vessel was captured, but the following night the Americans rose on their captors, and, overpowering the prize crew, escaped to Baltimore. The next year he was again taken prisoner, and making, after a long confinement, an attempt to escape, was soon recaptured, and, at the end of another year's imprisonment, he procured, in some way which he would never disclose, a suit of British uniform, and, making good his escape this time, joined Paul Jones, and was his first lieutenant in the conflict with the Serapis. In 1781 he was again taken prisoner while lieutenant to Capt. Nicholson, on the Trumbull. Before long he was exchanged. From the close of the war he was engaged in commerce, until re-appointed to the navy by Washington in 1794. After serving in the Mediterranean, he finally retired to private life in 1802. He was eminent in later days as a sincere Christian and a useful citizen, and aided in the establishment, in this city, of a Mariner's Church, (of which he was the proposer,) by both his means and his influence, attending its services for many years.

Not far off lies Henry Harrison, who died aged fifty-three, January 3, 1766. He became a Common Councilman in 1757, an alderman in 1761, and a year later was chosen Mayor. He was a vestryman of Christ Church, and we are indebted to him, it appears, "for a pia of the tower and spire" of that venerated church, "as agreed upon to be erected for a ring of bells." Christ Church steeple was described by Joseph Sanson, Esq., as "the handsomest structure of the kind that I ever saw, in any part of the world, uniting in the peculiar forms of that species of architecture the most elegant variety of form with the most chaste simplicity of construction." This is rather strong praise, but all admit the work to reflect great credit on the designer.

Nearly opposite No. 48 North Fifth street (you can see the number on the sign) is the grave of Gen. Jacob Morgan, who died Sept. 18, 1802. Gen. Morgan was born at Morgantown, Berks county, in 1742. His parents, Jacob and Rachel, were of exemplary character, consistent Christians and zealous members of the Episcopal Church. Jacob Morgan the elder, was a captain in the French and Indian war, and acted as commissary to the Pennsylvania forces. He was present at the memorable defeat of Gen. Braddock. In illustration of his indomitable spirit, it is related of him that while living at Morgantown, he was aroused at night by two men who had broken into his house to rob and murder him, but though suffering with the gout, he seized an old sword which he always kept at his bed-side, and plied it so effectually that the robbers were glad to make good their escape.

Jacob Morgan (afterwards General,) accompanied his father during the whole war, though only in his fifteenth year at its commencement, and continued in the army, acting as adjutant to his regiment until 1763. Time and the exposure of a camp produced such changes that it is hardly wonderful that on his sudden return home, clasping his sister in his arms, she did not recognize him at first, but screamed with terror and struggled to free herself from his embrace.

At the close of the war he settled in Philadelphia, but on the outbreak of the war of Independence enlisted as a volunteer. He was major in Col. Dickinson's regiment, and did good service at Monmouth, Brandywine, and Germantown, and shared in the privations of Valley Forge. While absent in his country's service the British burnt his residence to the ground.

"Exponens omnes scelerum tyrannos."

With these words ("He snatched the light-

VACCINATION.

[At the fate meeting of the Bradford County Medical Society, the committee on Vaccination made the following report, which was adopted, and ordered to be published with the proceedings:]

The committee to whom was referred the subject of kine-pock, and the procuring and preserving of genuine vaccine virus, beg leave to submit the following report :

Small-pox is a disease actively contagious, and from the loathsome and suffering of its severer forms, none is more dreaded. Previous to the present century it was one of the most fatal maladies that humanity was heir to. Before the discovery of vaccination, about one-sixth of all the deaths were from small-pox—one-fourth of all attacked by the disease, died. In an epidemic described by Drs. Mitchell and Bell, in 1823-4, one-half of the unprotected died.

In view of this appalling mortality, it is not surprising that mankind should embrace anything that would tend to avert such a fatal influence. Inoculation was practiced in a very early day, but was very objectionable, as it constantly kept up the variolous contagion, which otherwise might only occur at intervals. Prudence suggested a reform, and several governments enacted laws entirely prohibiting inoculation, under heavy penalty.

Dr. Jenner, of England, made the first observations on vaccination. He observed while engaged in the practice of inoculation, that certain individuals were not susceptible to the disease, and that they resisted the small-pox contagion; this he attributed to an affection they had caught from the cow while engaged in the act of milking. He therefore tried the experiment of taking some of the matter from a pock on theudder of the cow, and inserting it in the human subject, which resulted in a mild vaccine disease, which afforded complete security from small-pox; he next conceived the idea of conveying the disease from one individual to another, which he did with entire satisfaction. This was enough—filled with the spirit of philanthropy and enthusiasm, he published an essay in 1786, in which he set forth the result of his investigations. In 1809 his practice of vaccination reached the United States, and soon the whole medical world accepted the practice, with gratitude to the discoverer. The views he set forth will long be cherished by the profession, and his name be handed down by admiration by all future generations whose unborn millions shall experience its blessing.

The identity of kine-pock and small-pox is pretty well established, the mildness of the symptoms in the cow, being attributed to the modifying influence of the inferior animal.—The disease in the horse known as the "grease," is of the same nature, and is supposed, if inserted in the human subject, would produce kine-pock. Jenner supposed the disease in the cow to be conveyed from this matter by the hands of the milkers. The cow takes the kine-pock sometimes from exposure to small-pox contagion. The variolous matter is capable of producing the disease if inserted in the udder of the cow, and the resulting pock is proper vaccine virus; violent symptoms, however, result from the first few insertions, which gradually wear off.

Kine-pock occurs in the cow spontaneous, in certain districts; this affords the most reliable source of procuring the vaccine virus genuine, but even this is not exempt from violent symptoms at first—the activity diminishes in proportion to the number of insertions. The pock on the cow resembles that in the human subject; it has that peculiar silvery appearance and umbilicated form, which distinguish it from any other pustule. The modifications of the small pox by the system of the cow, has been attributed to the milk, hence it has been suggested to take equal parts of cold milk and variolous matter taken from the pock in the vesicular stage, and mix. An experiment has been tried at the Le Charite, Lyons, with the following result:—Twenty-one children, whose ages varied from eight to eleven, were submitted to the Lacto Variolic inoculation, eighteen of which presented pustules precisely similar in appearance, character and duration, to those of kine-pock, and limited to the seat of puncture, and were not more serious than vaccination practiced in the usual way. Vaccination would not take effect on them afterwards.

It is now conceded by most medical writers that vaccine virus deteriorates and becomes almost inert, by constant use, in course of time, and further that it partakes of the nature of the disease in the constitution where the virus is inserted, particularly strumous and cutaneous affections. These facts are worthy of attention, as by means of such matter we have false security, and many supposing themselves protected, rush into danger, and suffer from genuine small-pox, and very many suffer with the disease in some of its forms.

It is of vital importance that the profession should be supplied with pure and unadulterated vaccine virus. We must resort to the cow. This is a matter in which the government ought to feel interested, after the example of the old world, and a National Institution ought to be supported by the general government, for the purpose of furnishing vaccine physicians with the right quality of virus. Our State Legislature ought not to be silent on the subject; laws compelling vaccination and re-vaccination, although they might at first seem repugnant to the spirit of our institutions, yet they would not be as arbitrary as our quarantine laws instituted to prevent the introduction of infectious diseases from without, and no one doubts the expediency of such laws.

For the vaccination to be prophylactic, requires that the vesicle should be perfect, well developed, and not broken or subject to violence of any kind, lest the paste fill with pus instead of vaccine lymph. The attention of the physician is absolutely necessary, in order to know if the pock is genuine and protective, or any peculiarity in his manner of masticating, but with seeming satisfaction, as though he were enjoying a repast, deliberately chewed them finely, spitting forth from time to time large mouthfuls of glittering glass powder

sometimes slightly stained with blood, till the whole was done.

The fact of an arm becoming "sore," is not sufficient evidence, as the same might result from the use of a dull, dirty lancet, or any irritating matter is capable of producing a phlegmous pustule, which might deceive the uninformed. The vesicle should begin to form on the fifth day after the virus has been inserted, and begin to decline on the eleventh. It should have a silvery or pearly appearance, umbilicated or pitted on the top; a small scab forms in the pit and gradually spreads over the surface, during the decline of the disease; the crust should be about one-third of an inch in diameter and of a mahogany color when it drops off, which is about the end of the third, or during the fourth week. From the eighth day to the tenth, the constitution generally sympathizes with the local affection, and a slight fever is present, which soon disappears. The slightest deviation from the regular progress and appearance of the vaccine vesicle, should be sufficient cause for doubt in the mind of the physician as to the efficiency of the vaccination and the completeness of the protection afforded by it.

It was a favorite theory with Jenner, that "when the system has once been perfectly and completely under the vaccine influence, to a point of saturation, it remains forever after secure from variolous contagion."

Observation has shown that during epidemics of small-pox, many who had been previously vaccinated, suffered with the disease, more or less modified. This gave origin to the idea that the vaccine disease, though once secure and complete, "would run out." And some have tried to fix the exact time. Seven years has been suggested, on the theory that the system was renewed every seven years, but this hypothesis is groundless, as more recent observation has shown conclusively that the same change takes place every four days and five hours. Perhaps the age of puberty may have something to do with it.

The theory of Dr. Jenner seems to be well founded, as abundance of proof will show. The fault lies in the virus used, the manner in which it is used, and the accidents occurring during the progress of the vesicle. Vaccine virus may become so deteriorated in a few weeks, as to deceive the physician—even that which is fresh and pure from the cow, unless protected from the atmosphere, heat and moisture. Virus becomes less active in proportion to the number of constitutions it passes through. If this be true, may it not become inert? The virus partakes of the nature of the disease in the system through which it passes, hence the virus becomes unfit for use after passing through constitutions of scrofulous habit, or herpetic or other cutaneous diseases; it should only be taken from healthy subjects.

Certain individuals are insusceptible to the vaccine disease, from some peculiar idiosyncrasy—such probably would resist the variolous contagion. In view of these facts, it is proper to recommend revaccination after puberty. This will guarantee to the patient complete security from that most pestilential disease, so much dreaded by all the human family.

Respectfully submitted.

Geo. H. MORGAN, M. D., Ch.b.

Indian Wedding Amusements.

First of all came the nautch girls, arrayed in barbaric drapery and jewelled in profusion—bells on their ankles, and rings on their toes, and bright ribbons of silver braided in their hair, confined by golden boddikins. Transparent veils, dyed like the mist when the red sun goes down behind it, enveloped them from crown to toe, and pearl and sapphire-studded vests of amber satin dashed through and through. From their delicate ears, pierced in twenty places, were suspended, softly tinkling, as many rings; and a great heap of gold, supporting a central pearl, and two rubies, hung from the nose and encircled the lips, so that the jewels lay upon the chin.

When they began to dance it was easy to forget the old-time guitar, the abused tom-toms, and the heart-wring pipe, in their poetry of motion, the pantomime of tender balladry—the devotion, the anguish, the patience, the courage, the victory of love, related in curved lines of grace and beauty, in the brown roundedness and suppleness and harmonious blending of soft, elastic limbs, serpent-like in ivy spirals. It was not dancing, speaking Elsässerwise or Taglonice—they neither leaped nor skipped, neither balanced nor pirouetted; there were no tour de force, or pit-astonishing gymnastics; they glided, they floated, in the melody of action; and when one sweet young singer lifted up a fresh, but well-trained voice in the artless plaintiveness of *Tu es Tu es*, our hearts were filled with the Indian ditty, that Sir Walter Scott so loved.

This done, the jugglers came on—commonplace fellows enough, with a few and simple apparatus, and none of the awful and dazzling paraphernalia of our Cockney Herr Alexanders and Yankee Fakirs of Aves. Spinning humbly on the ground, they waited for the word. The Baboo smiling, called one to his feet, and made him show us a trial of his art. The man asked for bottles, empty glasses, whole or broken, as the Baboo pleased. A kitnudgar was sent to the refreshment rooms above, where champagne corks had been popping smartly by platoons, to fetch a new "dead man."

When one was handed to the fellow, he sounded it once or twice against another, and asked her if smoking would inconvenience her. She turned toward him, and with quiet dignity, replied, "I do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever yet smoked in my presence."