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**Selected Poetry.**

**TO TRIUMPH.**

By LEUTENANT RICHARD HEALE.  
 Not ever, in all human time,  
 Did any man or nation  
 Plant foot upon the peaks sublime  
 Of Mount Transfiguration;  
 But first in long preceding hours  
 Of dread and solemn being  
 Chastened battle 'gainst Satanic powers,  
 Alone with the All-seeing.  
 God's glory lights no mortal know  
 Which sorrow hath not wasted;  
 No wine hath he for lips of those  
 Whose lips have never tasted.  
 Nor, ever, till in bloodiest stress  
 The heart is well approved,  
 Does the All-brooding Tenderness  
 Cry, "This is my beloved!"  
 O land, through years of shrouded nights  
 In triple blackness glowing,  
 Toward the far prophetic lights  
 That beacon the world's hoping—  
 Behold! no title shalt thou miss  
 Of that transforming given  
 To all who, dragged through hell's abyss,  
 Hold fast their grip on heaven.  
 The Lord God's purpose throbs along  
 Our storied tunicless;  
 He keeps the sap of nations strong  
 By hidden recompenses.  
 The Lord God sows his righteous grain  
 In battle-blasted furrows,  
 And draws from present days of pain  
 Large peace for calm to-morrows.  
 From strokes of unseen cimeters  
 A million hearts are bleeding;  
 A cry runs tingling to the stars  
 Of babes and widows' pleading:  
 While at hell's altars sacrificed—  
 God's martyred son forever—  
 Lies the clear life that crystallized  
 Our kindest endeavor.  
 And yet beneath our brimming tears  
 Lies nobler cause for singing  
 Than ever in the shining years  
 When all our values were ringing  
 With happy sounds of mellow peace;  
 And all our cities thundered  
 With lusty echoes, and our seas  
 By freighted keels were smundered.  
 For lo! the branding fists that drive  
 Our lunks of gold self from us  
 Show all the watching heavens we have  
 Unmolested gain of monies.  
 And lo! the dreadful blasts that blew  
 In gusts of fire amid us  
 Have scorched and winnowed from the true  
 The falsehood which unbind us.  
 No bounding more, for mind or heart,  
 Among the lower levels;  
 No welcome more for moods that sort  
 With satyrs and with devils;  
 But over all our fainting shapes,  
 On all our plains of beauty,  
 Fair temples for fair human hopes,  
 And altar-thrones for duty.  
 Wherefore, O ransomed people shout!  
 O banners, wave in glory!  
 O tongues, blow the triumph out!  
 O drums, strike up the story!  
 Clang broken fetters, idle swords!  
 Clap hands, O States, together!  
 And let all praises be the Lord's,  
 Our Savior and our Father.

**Miscellaneous.**

**COOP. CARTER, THE MUTINEER.**  
 "Come, no more grumbling—sit down, and be silent. We've had too much of this already."  
 These words were uttered by a tall, raw-boned, black-headed man, of about thirty-five years, who with his comrades were amusing themselves at a game of "all fours," on Christmas eve in the year 1780. Besides the speaker and his associates at the table there were in the room eight or ten others, each presenting in his external appearance unmistakable marks of squalid want. Tattered garments, grizzled beards and wan features pervaded the assemblage. Some played, while others looked on, others again were stretched on benches or strolling about the room; and all, except those at the card table, were engaged in boisterous and irregular conversation. Hard words passed from one another among their grim visages, and the *tout ensemble* presented more nearly the appearance of a brawling, half-starved, disappointed banditti than that of a company of honest and respectable people. The party to whom the words were addressed were addressed, was at that moment striding to and fro across the floor of the room, and with violent gesticulation uttering an unmeasured string of grievances, mingled with occasional ambiguous precautions and threats. The admonition to "sit down and be silent," spoken in a tone that savored of authority, checked his impatient stride, and sent in a whole or in part, would not be deemed polite in the columns of this paper. Swallowing the unuttered half, then he paused, and turned towards the speaker, who had not raised his eyes from the game, and was at that moment scoring three points upon the pine table with a piece of charcoal.  
 "No more grumbling, hey, Corporal!" he uttered, with considerable emphasis on the offensive dissyllable—"no more grumbling, who the d—! put a guard over the mouth of a free man? I'll grumble as much as I like, and you may make the most of it. I've nothing to do but grumble. I can't eat for there's no wage. I can't sleep for when I try to do, my empty belly keeps grumbling and keeps me awake. I

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can't even keep myself warm, unless a coat made of promises will do it. They're all we get now a-days, Corporal—plenty of promises without any performances—and who the d—! can make rations or firewood out of them. I say I've a right to grumble, and I'll do it. It does me good."  
 "That's right, Blake," exclaimed another, "speak the truth and shame the devil. Ain't we all half starved? Besides, I like to know the man in the Pennsylvania line that's got a whole coat or two shirts to his back! It's time to grumble when you come to that."  
 "That's all very true, if there's any got by it," interposed a fourth speaker. "If you could only grumble the mess into full rations and warm quarters, I'd jine with all my heart."

Corporal Carter continued his game, yet while he seemed to disregard alike the conversation and the defiant attitude of the principal malcontent, Blake, he had listened to every word with a greedy ear. He was a man of keen perception, firm patriotism, and indomitable energy—qualifications which had enabled him for a long time to lose sight of his own privations and hold in check those inferior spirits who, although true to the cause of the colonies and their native land, were not insensible to the physical sufferings which the circumstances of an unequal war had inflicted upon them. He was, in fact, just such a man as Napoleon Bonaparte would have converted into a field Marshal, or at least a Brigadier. He was his inferior in rank, or perhaps his equal. In all the subordinate messes of the Pennsylvania line, his name was as well known as General Wayne himself, who commanded; and in all their petty altercations Corporal Carter was called in as the arbiter or court of appeal, and his decisions, when made, were as conclusive as the verdict of a court martial.

For a long time, in common with his comrades, he had endured all the privations attendant on the poverty of the colonies, and what appeared to be the indifference of Congress to their wants, and the apathy of the people. He saw, too, the growing discontent among the troops, amounting at times, to insubordination and almost to absolute revolt, and while his best energies were employed among the "rank and file" to maintain correct discipline, he had himself felt, and keenly too, that they were entitled to something better than starvation and nakedness for their services. Still no means within the reach of his humble station had suggested itself to his mind, by which their condition might be improved. He knew by general reports, and perhaps by direct observation, that the troops were obliged to share more or less, with privates, their mortifications and wants, and that consequently, an appeal to them would be not only futile, but ungenerous. So he had made up his mind to do his duty, hope for the best, and abide the issue.

He listened, therefore, to the slight ebullition of insubordination just quoted, with deep interest. Knowing that a similar spirit pervaded the whole brigade, he saw plainly that unless some measures were speedily adopted to keep the "rank and file" together, the service would be disgraced by general desertion, or, perhaps, an unbridled mutiny. The conversation in the mess continued, growing less and less pacific, and the Corporal finished his game at "all fours," losing his "Jack" in the last hand, by paying too much attention to other matters. He then arose from the table, and addressing Blake, as though he had not heard what was passing demanded the cause of his complaint.

Blake answered by holding up an apology for a boot, through the front of which, five discoloring holes, that dislained the covering of a stocking, were protruded. At this symbol of suffering, and manifest cause of complaint, the discontented soldier pointed, with a look of peculiar significance.  
 "I know it," said the Corporal, as he glanced at the dilapidated covering, "and now look at mine. It's Hobson's choice with us, and there's not much to brag of between the two or for that matter between us or old Mad Anthony himself, for if the truth was known, he's not much better off. I'm thinking—don't we all share and share alike?"

"Well, s'pose we do, that don't warm us, nor give rations; I'm tired of the service, and I mean to quit it somehow."  
 "What 't' you Gen. Washington! I suppose the next thing you will do will be to join the red coats; they give full rations and better pay, I'm told."  
 "Look here, Corporal Carter," exclaimed Blake, "if it wasn't your, by G—d I'd knock you down for that. Don't you talk to me about jinin' the red coats; I'm as true to liberty as you or any other man, and if I do quit the service it'll be because I can't keep body and soul together in it—don't say that again."

"Well," said the Corporal, soothingly, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but you musn't talk that way, it's Christmas Eve, you know, and we are promised double rations to-morrow; keep your spirits up, boys, and if you will leave it to me, I'll see if we can't wake up Congress, and get something done for us."

This proposition was received with a burst of approbation by all present, and an unanimous declaration that they would be governed by the Corporal in everything.  
 "My first order, then," said he, "is, that that not one word of what has passed in the mess to-night, shall be uttered by any man to another. Do you all promise obedience?"

"We do! we do!" was the universal response. "Good night!"

The 1st day of January, 1781, dawned on the village of Morristown, New Jersey, in a clear, brilliant winter morning. The ground was covered with a light coating of snow, and the air was just sufficiently sharp, cold, and bracing, to give elasticity to the mind and vigor to the frame. In consequence of the ill-condition of his troops, the morning parade of Gen. Wayne, or, as he was sometimes called, Mad Anthony, had been a matter more of form than of fact, for several days, and for the New Year a general holiday to the men had been announced in orders. The officers of the command had made arrangements to pay their respects to the General, before dinner, and to all external appearance, the day promised to be one of unusual hilarity and enjoyment.

In accordance with their arrangements, the commissioned officers had assembled at headquarters just before noon, and were in the midst of a morning festivity, when they were surprised by hearing the "roll" bea-

mon distinctly at various points, for the muster of the brigade. The General was no less astonished than the rest; all listened attentively, as the call continued, and the General was about to dispatch a messenger to learn the cause of the unaccountable summons, when a person in breathless haste rushed into the apartment and gave information that the whole Pennsylvania line, thirteen hundred strong, had mutinied—was under arms and in command of Corporal Carter.

"Corporal Carter!" exclaimed the General, "there's no truer man in the Continental Army! A mutiny under Corporal Carter! impossible! Gentlemen, let us see what is the meaning of this."  
 As he spoke, the General buckled on his sword and placed his pistols in his belt, leading the way, moved in haste to the parade ground. There indeed he saw the line under arms, and exasperated beyond reason, he hastened to the spot where Carter with a few chosen comrades, was posted as the leaders of the insurrection. Addressing the Corporal, he demanded, almost choked with rage—  
 "What is the meaning of this riot, you rebels?"

To which Carter replied, very coolly and respectfully—  
 "This is no riot, General. Our troops have borne this neglect till they can bear it no longer. They are suffering day by day with hunger and cold, they feel that their fidelity is abused, and have at last determined, without intending any disrespect towards you, and without any lack of devotion to the cause of their country, to march to the halls of Congress, at Philadelphia, and there make known their wants and demand justice."

Infuriated with this avowal of open revolt, the General drew his pistol and leveling at Carter, declared he would shoot him on the spot, unless he instantly suppressed the mutiny and ordered the men to their quarters.  
 In an instant a dozen bayonets were presented at the breast of the General, and one of the soldiers said to him, in the most feeling manner—  
 "General, we all love and respect you, but if you fire, you are a dead man! We are no rebels, except against King George, and would follow you against his troops as freely to-day as we ever have. All we demand is our pay and rations, and that we are determined to have."

The General withheld his fire, but with his officers attempted to quell the insurrection, when a slight skirmish ensued, in which one man was killed and several wounded.  
 Quiet having been restored, the brigade set out on its march for the seat of government, headed by the intrepid yet prudent Corporal, and followed by its discontented and mortified General.

The progress of this column of half-starved men was marked by no violence or disorder. With resolute souls they pursued their way to the accomplishment of a single object, and no trace of rapine tarnished their foot-steps or disgraced their name. They were American soldiers, in arms for the independence of their country, and no privation could swerve them from the course of honor; their grievances came to them from the neglect or indifference of the government, and to the Government alone they looked for redress.

Arrived at Princeton, Gen. Wayne induced them to suspend their march, assisted them in obtaining a supply of provisions, and strove to make satisfactory arrangements with them, but failed. The evil that they suffered was radical, and it must meet with a radical cure. They had determined to awaken the Congress of the young nation to a sense of its duty to the sentinels of liberty; and nothing short of that would satisfy them.

As a matter of course, Sir Henry Clinton, who then held possession of New York, soon learned through the Tories, all the particulars of the revolt; and on the following night, three men were brought before the Corporal, by the officer of the guard, with information that they had a special dispatch for the commanding officer of the Pennsylvania brigade. Carter received them and to his astonishment found them to be emissaries from Clinton, who mistaking the character and object of the mutiny, imagined that he had only to offer terms, and receive the whole corps into the British ranks. No man ever committed a greater error. The Corporal was so exasperated at this insult to the patriotism of his comrades and himself, that in the first impulse of his indignation he threatened to hang the messengers before breakfast on the following morning. He called together a body of his confederates, and pointing at the chop-fallen couriers of tyranny, said:  
 "See comrades, these fellows have come to us from Gen. Clinton. He wants to lunge us into the red coat army, and they have the impudence to tell us so. What shall we do with them?"

"Shoot them!" exclaimed half a dozen voices.  
 "Shoot them!" said Carter—"No, shooting is too good for them—they are spies. What say you, shall we hang them over to the General, and let him hang them according to law?"

"Agreed! agreed! Send them up!" was shouted on all sides.  
 Turning to the trembling culprits, Carter said:  
 "You four master, I see, want a lesson in good manners—and we will teach him peev- or again to insult the pride of American soldiers by offering to bribe them from their true allegiance. We will show him that, poor as we are, neither he nor his king has gold enough to buy us."

He then sent them under guard to Gen. Wayne, declaring them to be spies from the enemy; and they were subsequently tried as such, found guilty, and executed.  
**WHAT IS MONEY.**—Money is independence. Money is freedom. Money is leisure. Money is safety. Money is education. Money is the gratification of taste, benevolence, and public spirit. The man is a fool or an angel who does not try to make money. A clear conscience, good health, and plenty of clean air, are among the essentials of a full, joyous existence. Still, unfortunately, it too often happens that people who have an abundant supply of money are destitute of character. While it is desirable that men should have both, notwithstanding all the advantages of money, it is better to have character.

**THE ATLANTIC CABLE.**

**PREPARATIONS ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN—SCIENTIFIC TESTS.**

The London *Telegraph* of May 23, has the following interesting account of the preparations on board the Great Eastern for laying the ocean telegraph cable:

A visit was paid to the Great Eastern a few days since by a large party of the directors' friends; and it may be said that all who understood the preparations which they saw came away with a greatly strengthened confidence in the future of the new cable. Since 1858, when the first Atlantic line was laid, the advance that has been made by the scientific world towards comprehending electrical phenomena is very great. It has been said, by a man well qualified to speak on the subject, that electric science has passed, since that time, from its childhood to its maturity. So far as the phenomena connected with long electric circuits were concerned, we had in 1858 no knowledge whatever. The instruments in common use were unsuited to receiving signals through a great length of cable; the necessity of providing for the conductor an insulation so perfect as to approach an absolute condition was inadequately appreciated. The best preliminary test for a long cable had not been devised, and the old Atlantic telegraph was laid without having been subjected to any searching test on shore. Everybody had advice to give concerning the management of the wire, but no one recommended the precautions which subsequent experience has shown to be necessary. When the signals began to fail, the battery power was augmented, and electro-magnets, induction coils, which rapidly broke in the destruction of the conductor, were put in circuit. No one thought of "nursing" the cable—of humoring its feeble attempts at articulate utterance, and of finding what it said rather by listening acutely than by constantly calling on it, in the language of the Victoria gallery, to "speak up." The old cable, however, is dead and gone; part of it has been picked up and applied to ignoble uses, as a ratchet past his work may be put into the shafts of a harness; part of it has been abandoned, and lies where it may rest till the end of time in the "dark unadorned cavity of the deep sea. Let us turn to the practical present.

**SCENES ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.**  
 The Great Eastern looks just now more like an engineer's workshop than a sea-going ship. The vast expanses of her deck are covered with wooden sheds and piles of timber. There are smiths' forges below, and between the decks you might fancy yourself in a machinist's factory. The great engines of the ship, it is true, have lost the bright look of machinery which is in constant use, and the huge dull masses of iron seem asleep, or in a trance. If you descend the ladders which lead to the boilers and furnaces—an expedition which is more like going down a mine than any other to which it can be compared—you find yourself in the midst of darkness, solitude and cold; but in those regions of the ship, where the cables are being shipped and watched there is every sign of keen, vigilant intelligence. When you understand what is being done, you see something more than this—that scientific foresight of the highest order directs every step; and that the thick tarry, coarse and rough to appearance, which lies coiled away under water in the tanks of the ship, is manufactured, scanned, and tested with as much care as the nicest optical instrument in an astronomer's observatory, or most delicate apparatus of fragile glass ever applied to the careful experiments of chemistry.

**THE SCIENTIFIC TESTS.**  
 It seems impossible that there can be any fault in the Atlantic cable when the Great Eastern goes to sea. To say nothing of the tests applied to it at the manufactory, it is tested not alone after it has been taken on board, but during its delivery into the ship. As soon as a length is brought alongside, one end is connected with the coils already on board, and the other end with the instruments in the testing room. The circuit is thus made through the whole extent of the coil, the portion on board and the portion alongside. The process of hauling in then commences, and the insulation is continuously observed. The instruments in the testing room record the smallest deviation from absolutely perfect insulation. It will be understood that an insulation which shall be quite perfect, as an electrician understands the word, is not attainable. A piece of metal separated by means of the purest glass, and enclosed in the driest atmosphere that can be obtained, will still conduct electricity. Loss that electricity after a time. In speaking of insulation we must therefore be understood to mean an approximate condition; but the approximation in the case of the new Atlantic cable comes so near to perfection that this rough tarry rope is a scientific wonder.

The last dying pulsation of the old Atlantic cable was forced through it by means of a galvanic battery consisting of two hundred and forty cells. The submarine telegraph from London to Amsterdam is habitually worked with a battery of fifty cells, and such a battery is commonly used for all the telegraphic lines of Europe. Signals have been repeatedly sent through more than thirteen hundred miles of the cable now on board the Great Eastern by means of one cell. Galvanic currents so feeble that they could not have been felt by the hand, and might have been passed harmlessly through a circuit completed by the operator's tongue, can be used to convey messages along a length of cable that would very nearly stretch from London to St. Petersburg. Over needle instruments, such as those in ordinary use for land telegraph, a current from one cell would be powerless.

To record such faint pulsations of electricity, it is necessary to use Professor Thompson's mirror galvanometer. This beautiful instrument consists of a mirror about the size of a four penny piece, made of microscope glass, and so thin that it weighs only a grain. On the back of this mirror a minute magnet is fixed, and thus supplemented, it is suspended by a silk fibre in the heart of a coil of wire, so that any current passing through the coil deflects the magnet and the mirror along with it. A ray of light reflected by the mirror

falls on a scale, distant about eighteen or twenty inches, and reveals its faintest movements. Different combinations of these movements represent the different letters of the alphabet, and thus the apparently erratic wanderings of a ray of light are made to convey intelligence. An instrument of this kind is constantly used to test the cable, as it is hauled on board; and if any fault had existed it could not have passed without detection. Up to this time, when there are on board the ship and alongside 1,970 miles of cable, no fault has been discovered.

**THE IMMERSION.**  
 The machinery for paying out is not yet on board, but is being put together at the Greenwick works. The process of immersion will take about a fortnight. The beginning of the shore end will be laid by a small vessel, which will meet the Great Eastern about twenty miles from the Irish coast. The cable will then be passed on board, connected with that in the great tanks, and the big ship will begin her voyage. To the uninitiated, this process of cutting and joining the cable appears very mysterious, but the engineers who are used to the work face it without any hesitation.

The joints do not really endanger either the insulation or the strength of the cable, as wherever they are made the external and conducting wires are spliced along a considerable length—sometimes not less than thirty yards—and the gutta percha carefully put on in separate layers, firmly pressed together by means of warm irons. The completeness of the joint is tested by laying it in an insulated metallic vessel containing water, and ascertaining, by means of tests applied to this vessel, whether any electricity escapes from the joint as a current is passed along the cable.

**A MODEL COMPOSITION.**

To boys and girls who are perplexed to know what to write about and how to write it, when required by their teachers to bring "a composition," we commend the following model:  
**WINTER.**—Winter is the coldest season of the year, because it comes in winter. In some countries winter comes in summer, and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter would come in summer in this country. Then I would go skating barefoot and slide down hill in linen trousers. We could snowball without our fingers getting cold—and men who go sleigh-riding would not have to stop at every tavern and warm, as they do now. It shows more in winter than any other season of the year. This is because so many sleighs are made at that time.  
 Ice grows much better in winter than in summer, which was an inconvenience before the discovery of ice houses. Water that is left out of doors is apt to freeze at this season. Some people take in their wells and keep them by them by the fire, and they don't freeze.  
 Skating is great fun in winter. The boys get their skates on when the creek is frozen over, and race, and play tag, break through the ice and get wet all over (they get drowned sometimes), fall and break their heads, and enjoy themselves in many other ways. A boy once borrowed my skates and ran off with them, and I could not catch him. Mother said judgment would overtake him one day. Judgment will have to run pretty lively on its legs if it does for he runs bully.  
 There ain't much sleigh-riding except in winter—folks don't seem to care much for it in summer.  
 The grown up boys and girls like to go sleigh-riding. The boys generally drive with one hand and hold the girl's hands with the other. Brother Bob let me go along once when he took Celia Crane out sleigh-riding, and I thought he paid more attention to holding the muff than he did to holding the horses.  
 Snow-balling is another winter sport. I have snow-balled in the summer. But we used hard stones and hard apples. It isn't so amusing as it is in the winter somehow.  
 But enough. I have dashed off these little things about winter, while sister is getting ready for school. Good-bye.  
 NEDDY.

**NEVER GET ANGRY.**—It does no good. Some sins have seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves him to see he has been a fool; and he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others. Who thinks well of an ill-natured man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbor or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in the same state of mind as if they were living next to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything goes by contraries, will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the grounds more productive, and markets more favorable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay bills, and make creditors better natured? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only "in the bosom of fools," why should it be indulged in at all?

**RELIES.**—The rage for relies in this country is something astounding. A respectable dressed man was noticed the other day putting into his pocket a brick from the wall in front of Mr. Lincoln's house, and this is but one of the ten thousand follies. The entire stairway upon which Colonel Ellsworth was killed, in Alexandria, has been cut into chips and carried away. The tree at the foot of which Cockey shot Key, in Washington, has been barked and cut until it is dead. The oak tree under which General Grant talked with Pemberton, and arranged the terms of surrender of Vicksburg, has been annihilated, and recently a party dug into the ground ten feet for the roots of the historic oak. An elm tree which Abraham Lincoln planted stands in front of his old house in Springfield. Of course, it will be torn in pieces and destroyed.

**EVERY plain girl has one consolation.** If she is not a pretty young lady, will if she is, she is a pretty old one.

**LIFE IN JAPAN—CURIOUS CUSTOMS.**

A Japan correspondent of the New-York Tribune, furnishes the following interesting reference to certain features in the life of that country:

Nothing in Japan will impress a stranger more forcibly than the exceeding stillness of its rural life, nor is it in the country alone that the tendency to quiet is apparent. There is little boisterousness in the every day life of the Japanese. The farmer swearing at his refractory ox or horse, the master or mistress loudly chiding a negligent or unwilling servant to the edification of a neighborhood, are sights and sounds more germane to our civilized ways, than those when walking solitary afield in some by-path, I have come suddenly on a farmer leading homeward his laden beast. The animal sniffs the stranger, and in affront plunges away, breaking his leading-rope and spilling his load. Fatigued by the passage and weary to sooth his frightened beast, not pounding him, gathers his spilled load, apologizes for the trouble he has made, and goes on again, leaving one to reflect on the lesson of patience and forbearance taught by the rude peasant. On the great thoroughfare of the Tokaido, the daily throng passes by, sliding smoothly along in stocking feet, or in sandals of straw. A daimio's train with its hundreds of retainers, winds through the crooked thoroughfare noiseless as a serpent's trail, save when the herald in advance calls out to citizen and wayfarer, *Sia ni zo*, "Down to your knees!" The road bed, beaten by the tread of generations of travelers, reverberates no sound from straw-shod foot of man and beast. Only the nomad bearers move under their burden poles to the chorus of their inharmonious grunt, or a travelling vender of quack medicine, or itinerate showman or pastry cook, cries out the attractions of his trade, or some begging priest tinkles his bell, soliciting alms with a sonorous voice at the open doorway, or it is some group of playing children, or hoysen lass on her high wooden pattens, who awakes the stillness as she goes clattering by to the bath-house. But away from the Kaido, among the fields and farms, the stillness of a universal Sabbath reigns. I see the rude plow driven through the field, the matoon sink into the yielding earth, but never a clink of a stone gives back a sound. The burdened horses come filing through the winding pathways, noiseless in their straw shoes, their masters as quietly walking alongside. There are laborers in the field at their noiseless work of pulling weeds. The groves are less vocal with bird songs than in our newer land. The very streams are gliding down between grassy banks, and over stoneless beds, with muffled sounds, to fall into the quiet sea. Many a time I have taken a walk of miles among alternate woods and cultivated fields of this populous neighborhood, meeting rarely a soul or hearing any sounds of animate life save the pleasant calling to his mate, the whirr of the wood pigeons, the twitter of myriads of rice birds, or the piping of the frogs in the paddy fields, until I have wondered when, low and by whom, all the fields were so tidily kept and cultivated.

As the year is broken in upon us by the New Year holidays, so the summer of labor has its repose in similar national holidays, beginning with the 15th day of the 7th moon, or the latter part of our August. These holidays are observed with nearly or not quite the faithfulness of the New Year holidays. Labor is universally suspended; even the fisherman throws no net into the sea. Like the New Year time, this is also a general settling time of accounts. All, gentle and simple alike, are clad in their best attire, and the streets are full of pretty and showily dressed children, intent on their childish amusements. The 16th day of this moon, the second of the holidays, Bong, as it is called, is a day of universal cessation from labor. Even the prisoners in the jails have some relaxation from their usual severe confinement, their bands are unloosed, and a better meal, to them a feast, is provided at the government expense.

In Yedo, ceremonies visits are made to the Tycoon by the Daimios and chief officers of State. During these days, too, it is the duty of each family to visit the family temple and burial place. The cemeteries are consecrated and quiet, and the graves are renovated or replaced, the stone basins are replenished with water, fresh flowers and green branches are brought, offerings of food and drink are made, an incense burned, and many prayers repeated.

The more conspicuous monuments are adorned with paper, strips of plain white, or inscribed by the priests with sacred words and symbols. Lanterns are suspended over the graves for illumination at night. On the seacoast, where there is water, when night comes down, tiny boats are launched laden with food for the departed spirits which wander about their old habitations, and such as are large enough are illuminated with lanterns. If the air is still, whole fleets of these little boats may be seen floating on the quiet waters.  
 As in all lands, foremost in these pious observances are the women, attended by their children, and the sight of so many well-dressed groups, bent on a common errand, is as picturesque as it is pleasing. The stranger who should happen for the first time to fall upon Yedo during the Bong holidays would be astonished at the fine appearance of the streets, thronged with so many elegantly dressed females.  
 From Daimio palace and official residence, the lady of the house issues forth with her train of attendant maids, for this pious duty admits of no exemption of rank, and the high-born lady must humbly go on foot to her ancestors' graves, as old custom and etiquette prescribes, though she may return to her home in her horion. She is protected, while on this errand, from the vulgar gaze by the artifice of dressing several of her maids precisely like herself, to baffle the impertinent curiosity.  
 But one will not mistake the meaning of these rites for the dead, which of themselves are sufficiently touching and beautiful, for they spring, not as with us, out of dear affection for the departed, but out of that slavery of superstitious fear which here evermore holds and haunts the living.

**REAL ELOQUENCE.**—There are no people in the world with whom eloquence is so universal as with the Irish. When Leigh Ritchie was traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor, and raggedness. His heart smote him as he passed, and he turned back.  
 "If you are in want," said Ritchie, with a degree of peevishness, "Why do you not beg?"  
 "Sure, it is begging hard I am, your honor."  
 "You didn't say a word."  
 "Of course not, your honor; but see how the skin is spakin' through the holes in the trousers, and the bones cry out through me skin! Look at me sruken checks, and the famine that is starin me in the eyes! Man alive! Isn't it beggin' I am with a thousand tongues?"

**OVER in Jersey,** during the last Presidential canvass, a young lawyer, noted for the length of his neck, his tongue and his bill, was on the stump blowing his horn for Gen. McClellan. Getting on his eloquence, he spread himself, and said:  
 "I would that on the 8th day of next November I might have the wings of a bird, and I would fly to every city and every village, to every town and every hamlet, to every mansion and every hut, and proclaim to man, woman and child—Geo. B. McClellan is President of the United States!"  
 At this point, a youngster in the crowd sang out:  
 "Dry up, you fool. You'd be shot for a goose before you flew a mile."

**A WR** being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet, I don't know why I should be—he never did me any harm."

**ONE** of the big Trees in Calaveras Grove, California, known as the "Old Maid," fell down a short time since. "The old lady was about twelve hundred years of age," says a California paper; "and had attained the height of three hundred and twenty-five feet, and was thirty feet across the butt."  
**"GENTLY** the dews are o're me stealing" as the man said when he had five bills presented to him at one time.

**SOMETHING ABOUT THE HAIR.**

How many hairs on your head? The number varies with different persons; the average is stated on good authority to be 203 to every quarter of a square inch; from this each can calculate somewhere near the sum of his own. Flaxen hairs are the finest, brown and red next, and black the coarsest. A space containing 147 black hairs could be occupied by 162 brown, or 182 flaxen. Each hair springs from a root imbedded in the skin. The outside is composed of horny scales overlapping each other like shingles on a roof, though not with the same regularity, and these scales form a tube enclosing a marrowy pith. The hair of different races of men, varies in structure as well as in color; thus that of the negro may be felt, that is, formed into a solid compact mass like cloth. The property is owing to the prominence of the scales composing it. Straight hair is nearly round, curly hair is more flattened, the most so in the negro, whose hairs are nearly flat ribbons. The different colors depend on minute particles of coloring matter within the hair; age, sickness, severe mental exercise, or sudden fright may destroy the coloring matter, and cause the hair to turn gray. In animals having "whiskers," as the cat, tiger, rat, etc., the hairs are supplied with nerves, which render them very delicate "feelers," by which they are aided in stealing on their prey. In passing through narrow spaces, these give notice if the opening be not large enough to admit the animal's body. In some forms of disease the human hair becomes extremely sensitive at the roots, and liable to bleed. Frequent cutting causes it to grow coarser, but not more thickly and those who desire to retain soft silky beards should not shave at all. Oils, pomades, and such preparations clog the pores of the scalp and prevent the healthy growth of the hair; washing the scalp with water and thoroughly drying with a towel, will keep it in excellent condition. Human hair is an important article of trade, tons of it being sold every year. In large districts of Europe the beautiful hair of the peasant girls is received from two to twenty dollars each for the crop. Most of this is used by those who can not grow enough of their own, some of it making jewelry and other ornaments.

An individual who owned a small tavern near the field of Waterloo, the scene of the last great action of Napoleon, was questioned as to whether