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The Bradford Reporter.

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BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

From the advance sheets of the Ninth volume of the History of the United States, published by H. B. Burdett & Co., Boston.

After the battle of the nineteenth of September the condition of Burgoyne rapidly grew more perplexing. The Americans broke down the bridges which he had built in his rear, and so swarmed in the night that he could gain no just idea of their position. His foraging parties and advanced posts were harassed; horses were thin and weak; the hospital was crowded with at least eight hundred sick and wounded men. One third part of the army was retrenched. While the situation was so deplorable, Gates was actually reinforced. On the twenty-second of October, Burgoyne called Phillips, DeLafayette and Fraser to council, and proposed to them by a roundabout march to turn the left of the Americans. To do this, it was necessary for the British to leave their tents and positions for three days at the mercy of the Americans. Reidesel advised retreat to Fort Edward; but Burgoyne still continued to wait for a corps of European army from below. On the seventh of October, he made a great reconnaissance, and the Americans could not be attacked without the risk of a retreat. At eleven o'clock on the morning of that day, seven hundred men of Fraser's command, three hundred of Breyman's, and a detachment of Reidesel's were ordered out for the service. The late hour was chosen, that in case of disaster night might intervene for relief. They were led by Burgoyne, and took with him Phillips, Reidesel and Fraser. The fate of the army hung on the point, and not many more than fifteen hundred men could be spared without exposing the camp; but never was a body of men so commanded, nor composed of more thoroughly trained soldiers. They started a field about half a mile from the Americans, where they formed a line, and set down in double ranks, offering battle. Their artillery, consisting of eight brass pieces and two howitzers, was well posted; their front was open; the grenadiers under Ackland, stationed in the forest, protected the left; Fraser, with the light infantry and an English regiment, formed the right, which was supported by a wooded hill; the Brunswickers held the centre. While Fraser sent foragers into a wheat field, Canadians, provincials, and Indians were to get upon the American rear.

From his camp, which contained ten or eleven thousand well-armed soldiers eager for battle, Gates resolved to send out a force sufficient to overwhelm his adversaries. By the advice of Morgan a simultaneous attack was ordered to be made on both flanks. Just before three o'clock the main body of the American right, composed of the British brigade, followed by the New York militia under Van Buren, unmolested by the well-directed and well-served grape-shot from two twelve-pounders and four six-pounds, advanced to engage Ackland's grenadiers; while the men of Morgan were seen making a circuit, to reach the flank and rear of the British right, upon which the American light infantry under Derborn descended impetuously from superior ground.

Selected Poetry.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away;
No fearful shrieking from the midnight air—
No sound of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief—
No fearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within the realm of ceaseless prayer and song,
No billows break away and meet in foam,
No from the mists of the spirit through!

The storm's black wing
Never spread abroad celestial skies;
No walling blend not with the voice of spring,
No some too tender flow 'ret fates and dies!

No night distill
No chilling dew upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there. The light which fills
That faint of glory, from its maker came!

No parted friends
No mournful recollections have to weep!
No dead of death enduring love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No lonely flower
No withered bud or faded garden know!
No weeping heart or ferns descending shower
No scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No little word
No murmur of the sacred host with fear and dread!
No song of peace Creation's morning heard,
No song where angel minstrels tread!

Let us depart,
To home like this awaits the weary soul!
No look upon stricken one! Thy wounded heart
No bleed, no more to sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide,
No white-robed and innocent to lead the way,
No lay far to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
No and the ocean of eternal day?

During the night, neither Gates nor Lincoln appeared on the field. In his report of the action, Gates named Arnold with Morgan and Dearborn; and Congress paid a tribute to Arnold's courage by giving him the name of a walk, the trumpet. The action was the battle of the husbandmen; and on this decisive day, men of the valley of Virginia, of New York and of New England, fought together with one spirit for a common cause. At ten o'clock in the night, Burgoyne gave orders to retreat; but as he took with him his wounded, artillery, and baggage, at day-break he had only transferred his camp to the heights above the hospital. Light dawned, to show to his army the hopelessness of their position. The British, who had been in the night, their cattle leaving their hospitals crowded with sick, wounded, and dying; and their general, whose courage in battle could not be excelled, wanted strength of judgement.

All persons sorrowed over Fraser, so much love had he inspired. He questioned the surgeon eagerly as to his wound, and when he found that he must go from wife and children, that fame and promotion and life were gliding from before his eyes, he cried out in his agony: "Dashed ambition! At sunset of the eighth, as his body lay on the ground, he said to his wife, 'I have lived for you, and now I die for you. I have lived for you, and now I die for you. I have lived for you, and now I die for you.'"

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ELEPHANT LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Commenting with the highest appreciation of nature's handiwork, the elephant, we have generally found two curious points overlooked or ignored by writers. One is the rapid and noiseless movements of this animal in the thickest cover; the other, his capabilities of passing over ground for him apparently unfeasible. The elastic noiseless footfall of the elephant has been frequently referred to by writers on Indian subjects, and has been rightly asserted to be the most agreeable feature in journeying on elephant back. This peculiarity may be easily explained by an examination of the structure of the animal's foot; but the silent, stealthy way in which he will "slipping away," when his acute sense of smell or hearing warn him of danger, has been generally overlooked, and appears to be somewhat difficult of explanation. It is any one unskilled in the mysteries of "bush-rang," attempt to move even for a few paces in an ordinary fox-cove without noise, and he will form some idea of the difficulties presented to the passage of so huge an animal as the elephant through the dense tangled undergrowth of a South African "bush." Yet that animal, despite his enormous bulk, will "draw off," when within a few feet of his enemy, without the slightest noise, and with the greatest rapidity, even in the thickest cover, is undeniable. We may, however, remark that this faculty, or by whatever other term it may be described, is not peculiar to the elephant alone, for it has been observed to a marked extent in the moose or caribou of North America. Again, his powers of passing over difficult ground are not generally appreciated. When the experiments were first made in India, in training elephants to draw the guns, it was observed with surprise that the animal's powers of ascending steep and rugged ground were far greater than had been anticipated. The gun, a light six-pounder, with which the trial was first made, was drawn up a slope so steep as to require the animal to crawl upon its four knees, without hesitation. On the other hand, hampered by the gun and harness, the elephant (a small female) showed unusual dread of soft and swampy ground. In Africa, marshes do not seem to possess the same terror for these animals in their wild state; for if they offer tempting pools, however uncertain the footing may be, the elephants find a track across them. In the river-courses, too, deepened as they are by the torrents of the rainy season many yards below the surface of the surrounding country, and having banks nearly perpendicular, small shady pools close sheltered from the sun's rays often form a hot spot when the rest of the stream has disappeared, and to these, should no other way be open, may be found tracks of the animals, leaving no doubt that they had reached the coveted water by slipping down on their posterior. In what position the hinder legs are placed during this operation we cannot tell, but the "spoor" leaves no doubt of its having been repeatedly adopted in places apparently inaccessible. The elephants generally remain in the thickest part of the forest during day, making for the water, to which they often go long distances, shortly before midnight, and returning to cover some hours before dawn. We may here remark that, although these animals, owing no doubt to their acute sense of hearing and of scent, have never been surprised in a recumbent position; there is ample proof that the bulls, at any rate, usually rest lying on their sides. The late Mr. Gordon Cumming was, we believe, the first to note this fact, which we can ourselves confirm. He remarked that the sides of the enormous ant-heaps, so common in this region, were apparently preferred, and that the ground was often distinctly marked with the impression of the under-tusk as well as of the animal's body. The influence of the peculiar tract of animals, and the influence which they, in their turn, like all other living creatures, exercise on their habitat, should not be escaped in our notice. On the borders of the Cape Colony and Natal, we find the few elephants that remain large in size, but with comparatively small tusks of inferior ivory. As we approach the equator, although food is more plentiful, we find the animals smaller in size, having far larger tusks, the latter, too, being of an ivory far superior in hardness and closeness of grain. Indeed, although naturalists have not recognized more than one species of the African elephant, the varieties of ivory exported from the north, west, south-east coast, and the Cape, have each marked differences of quality by which they are easily recognizable. The animals in turn, however, likewise affect the economy of the country they inhabit. The damage done even by a single elephant in a very short time to a patch of cultivated ground is truly frightful, and, having been once seen, would lead one to imagine that when these animals are headed together in vast troops such as the one seen by Dr. Livingston on the banks of the Zambesi, consisting of over eight hundred, covering an extent of two miles of country, their course would be marked by utter desolation. The havoc thus caused is not, however, perceptible, a fact which observant travellers has attributed, no doubt rightly, to the care shown by the elephants in the selection of their food—a point, as he justly remarks, often overlooked in estimating the quantity of food required by the larger animals. Agave, all sweet potatoes, rhubarb and hippos, are included, as M. Krapf observed, the true pioneers, "the real pathmakers of the tropical forest, which, without their tracks, would be often utterly impenetrable to man." Further, these paths, leading, as they most frequently do, to water, are often the only open channels for the surface-flow of the heavy rainfalls, and thus materially contribute to the continuance of the water supply of the district, to the very existence of which they owe their formation. While the elephant does not thus destroy vegetation which would ruin the shelter which appears indispensable to him on the other hand he directly assists the production of new growth by his habit of searching for his most succulent bulbs to be found below the surface of the soil in every open space.—Mr. H. Chichester in the *Intellectual Observer* for August.

MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

The Rev. J. P. Hunt, the temperance lecturer, tells the following story:—
A small temperance society had been started in a community very much under the control of a rich distiller, commonly called "Bill Meyers." This man had several sons who had become drunkards on the facilities afforded by their education at home. The whole family was arrayed against the movement, and threatened to break up any meeting called to promote the object. Learning this, Mr. Hunt went to a neighboring district for temperance volunteers for that particular occasion. He then gave out word for a meeting, and at the same time found his friends and enemies about equal in numbers. This fact prevented any outbreak, but could not prevent noise.

Mr. Hunt mounted his platform, and by a few sharp anecdotes, we must premise, soon silenced all the noise except the sturdy "Billy Meyers,"—the old Dutchman crying out, "Mishter Hunt, money makes the mare go." To every shout which seemed ready to demolish him, the old fellow presented the one shield, "Mishter Hunt, money makes the mare go."

At last Mr. Hunt stopped and addressed the imperturbable German: "Look here, Billy Meyers, you say that money makes the mare go, don't you?"

"Yes, dat ish just what I say, Mishter Hunt."

"Well, Billy Meyers, you own and work a distillery, don't you?" inquired Mr. Hunt.

"Dat ish none of your business, Mishter Hunt. But, den, ish not ashamed of it. I has got a still, and work it too."

"And you say, 'Money makes the mare go'; do you mean that I have come here to get the money of these people?"

"Yes, Mishter Hunt, dat ish just what I mean."

"Very well; you work a distillery to make money, and I lecture on temperance to make money, and as you say, 'Money makes the mare go,' Bill Meyers, bring out your mare, and I'll bring out mine, and we'll show them together."

By this time the whole assembly was in a titter of delight; and even Meyers's followers could not repress their merriment at the evident embarrassment of their oracle. In the meantime, we must premise that Mr. Hunt knew a large number of the drunkards present, and among them the son of Meyers himself.

"Bill Meyers, who is that holding himself up by that tree?" inquired Mr. Hunt, pointing to a young man so drunk that he could not stand alone.

The old man started, as if stung by an adder, but was obliged to reply:—"Dat ish my son; but what of dat, Mishter Hunt?"

"Good deal of that, Bill Meyers; for I guess that son has been riding your mare and got through too."

Here there was a perfect roar from all parts of the assembly, and as soon as order was restored, Mr. Hunt proceeded as he pointed to another son:

"Bill Meyers, who is that staggering about as if his legs were as weak as potatoes against that tree?"

"Well, I suppose dat ish my son, too," replied the old man, with a crest-fallen look.

"He has been riding your mare, too, and got a tumble."

At this point the old man put up both hands in a most imploring manner and exclaimed:—

"Now, Mishter Hunt, if you won't say any more, I will be still."

This announcement was received with a roar of laughter, and from that moment Mr. Hunt had all the ground to himself.

WONDERFUL DREAM, AND A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DESTRUCTION.

The Dayton *Journal* is responsible for the following: "Mr. Robertson, Mail Agent on the A. & G. W. road, between this city and Cleveland, related to us, yesterday, the strange item about a farmer who prevented a terrible disaster on the road near Mansfield, O., at the time of the recent great freight. We had before seen a paragraph relating to the singular affair. Mr. R. conversed with the farmer, and here is the story in short:—
The farmer (a Pennsylvanian) went to bed during the heavy and protracted storm Monday night, and dreaming that the fill across a chasm, some hundred feet deep had given away under a passenger train, and let it down into the abyss, he sprang up from his bed as if to render assistance to the passengers, ran to the door, and was hastening from the house, when his wife awakened him. He related his dream, and went to bed again but slept little more during the night. The dream made such a deep impression on his mind that he hastened to the chasm next morning early to see what condition it was in; but the road was apparently all right, although the water was pouring and surging through the large culvert beneath as though it would wash the earth away. Tuesday night the farmer could not rest for thinking about his dream of the preceding night, and getting up he procured his lantern and hurried off to the chasm. When he arrived there he found to his terror that the huge fill had been washed out, leaving nothing but the unsupported ties and track over the chasm. Hearing the train thundering towards destruction, the farmer clambered across the dreadful break and running down the road some distance, he signalled the approaching train to stop. And so short was the time that by the time the engineer was able to hold up the engine was but a few feet from the chasm.

The train was large, and was filled with persons who had been to the great Union meeting at Mansfield. What a narrow escape they all made from a horrible death. For the train would have plunged down the frightful precipice, car upon car, crushing all to death in the ruins. The passengers at once evinced their gratitude to their preserver, the Pennsylvanian, by making him up a handsome sum of money."

Speaking of "filters" reminds us of a story of a certain famous Massachusetts judge. Once upon a time, as he rode up to the door of a country inn, he saw the landlady's daughter jump over the fence.

"Do that again Sally, and I'll marry you," he said.

The girl again leaped the fence. The judge was as good as his word, and a year from that day married the light-heeled Sally.—He was doubtless a good judge of qualities.

GEOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS.

Prof. Agassiz, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was at one time covered with ice a mile in thickness. The proof is that the source of the Allegheny range of mountains is glacier worn on the very top, except a few points which are above the level of the icy mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over six thousand feet high, and the rough, unpolished surface of its summits, just below the level at which glacier marks come to an end, tells us that it lifted its head alone above the desolate waste of ice and snow. In that region, then, the thickness of the sheet cannot have been much less than six thousand feet, and this is in keeping with the same kind of evidence in other parts of the country; for, wherever the mountains are below six thousand feet, the ice seems to have passed directly over them, while the few peaks rising above that height are left untouched.

The glacier, he argues, was God's great plow, and when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the hand of the husbandman. The hard surface of the rocks was ground to powder, the elements of the soil were mingled in fair proportions, granite was carried into the lime regions, lime was mingled with the more acid and unproductive regions, and a soil was prepared fit for the agricultural uses of man. There are evidences all over the polar regions to show that at one period the heat of the tropics extended all over the globe. The ice period is supposed to be long subsequent to this, and next to the last before the advent of this earth.

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

Between Kenosha and Milwaukee, an agent of the Traveler's Insurance Company, of Hartford, entered the car, and having issued tickets to several passengers, approached an elderly lady, who, it afterwards appeared, was deaf.

"Madam, would you like to insure against accidents?" inquired the agent, at the same time exhibiting his tickets.

"I got my ticket down at Kenosha."

"Not a railroad ticket, madam; I want to know if you would like to insure your life against accident?"

"I'm going to Oshkosh, to visit my darling darter, who's married up there and has just got a baby."

The agent raised his voice a little.

"Would you like to insure your life against accident?"

"She's been married two years and a half, and that's the first child. It's a gal."

"Agent, still louder:

"I'm an insurance agent, madam. Don't you want to insure your life against accidents?"

"She got along first rate, and is doing as well as could be expected."

"Agent, at the top of his voice:

"I am an insurance agent, madam; can't I insure you against accident?"

"O, I didn't understand you," said the old lady. "No, her name is Johnson; my name is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosha."

ITALIAN MARRIAGE BROKERS.

In Genoa there are regular marriage brokers, who have their pocket-books filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes and other circumstances. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connections in the same off-hand, mercantile manner which they would bring to bear upon a merchandise transaction; and when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent upon the portion, with such extras or bonuses as may be voluntarily bestowed by the party. Marriage in Genoa is thus oftentimes simply a matter of business and calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when everything else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may annul the contract, on condition of defraying the brokerage, and any other expenses incurred.

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIE.

A RECRUIT, who was going through the sword exercises, after having learned the cuts, asked how he was to parry the cuts of the enemy. The sergeant answered, "Never mind the parrying; you'll get it, and let the other party."

The New Haven Historical Society has Benedict Arnold's account book, and the sign of the store in which he did his business, before the revolution. The inscription on it reads, "B. Arnold, druggist, bookseller, &c., from London: 85d, lot 19th."

A MAN exclaimed in a tavern, "I'll bet a sovereign I have got the hardest man in the company." "Done," said one of the company; "what's your name?" "Stone," cried the first; "hand me the money," said the other, "my name is Harder."

JONES, while lately engaged in splitting wood, struck a false blow, causing the stick to slip, and struck him on the head, and knocked out a front tooth. "Ah," said Bill, meeting him soon after. "You have had a dental operation performed, I see." "Yes," replied the sufferer, "and I was quite comfortable."

One evening the late Bishop of London was to have dined where Sydney Smith was a guest. Just before dinner a note arrived, saying that he was unable to keep his engagement, a dog having rushed out of the crowd and bitten him in the leg. When this note was read aloud to the company, Sydney Smith's comment was, "I should like to hear the dog's account of the story."

"Of what use are forms?" exclaimed a petulant legislator to Dr. Franklin. "You can not say that they are more empty things." "Well, my friend, and so are barrels; but nevertheless, they have their uses," quietly replied the doctor.

An attorney named Else, rather diffident in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said Else, "I have been called as a pettifogger and scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?" "Sir," replied Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were *dear* friend."

A worthy man was told that he was about to be laid in a grave of his; he was tired of putting his shoes and stockings on and off. And this is about what life gets reduced to at about seventy.

SUIT. "Brown's a regular wag, isn't he?" He's fond of cracking his jokes. "Yes, he cracks his jokes—that's the reason they're so bad."

A GENTLEMAN was complaining that if cost him ten dollars every time he went to church, as he only attended five times a year and his pew tax was fifty dollars per annum. "Why don't you not attend," asked a religious brother, "and reduce the average?" That was a poser.

An anti-humoral punster says that the recollections of married people resemble the sounds of the waves on the seashore—being the murmurs of the tide.

A HENRY friend said at Brummel's table, after the bean had fallen in fortune, that nothing was better than cold beef. "I beg your pardon, returned Brummel, "cold beef is better than nothing."

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not set at all."

My first is what lies at the door; my second is a kind of corn; my third is what nobody can do without, and my whole is one of the United States. Mat-r-mony.

A Vermont teacher asked his primary class, "What makes the sea salt. A bright littleurchin replied: "Because it is full of codfish, sir."

MOVEABLE FEASTS.—"Baked Taters all bot!"

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

Rev. John Abbott, the sailor preacher relates the following story of one of his converts to temperance:

Mr. Johnson, at the close of a cold water lecture, intimated that he must sign the pledge in his own way, which he did in these words:

"I, William Johnson, pledge myself to drink no more intoxicating drinks for one year."

Some thought he wouldn't stick three days, others allowed him a week, and a few others gave him two weeks; but the landlord knew him best and said he was good stuff, but at the end of a year Bill would be a good soaker.

Before the year was quite gone, Mr. Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbott—

"Bill, ain't you going to resume the pledge?"

"Well, I don't know, Jack, but what I will; I have done well so far. Will you let me sign it again my own way?"

"Oh, yes, any way that you will not drink rum."

He writes:

"I, William Johnson, sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if living at the end of that time, I intend to make out a lease for life."

A day or two after, Johnson went to see his old landlord, who eyed him as a hawk does a chicken.

"O landlord!" whined Bill, accompanied sundry contortions of the body, as if enduring the most excruciating torment, "I have such a lump on my side."

"That's because you ain't stopped drinking; you won't live two years longer at that rate."

"If I commence drinking will the lump go away?"

"Yes, if you'll don't, you'll have just such another lump on the other side."

"Do you think so, landlord?"

"I know it; you'll have them on your arms, back, breast, and head; you will be covered all over with lumps."

"Well, may be I will," said Bill.

"Come, Bill," said the landlord, "let's drink together," at the same time pouring the red stuff from the decanter into the glass, grog, grog, grog.

"No," said Johnson, "I can't, for I've signed the pledge again."

"You ain't though! you are a fool!"

"Yes, that old sailor coaxed so hard I could not get off."

"I wish the old parcel was in Guinea. Well, how long do you go this time?"

"For nine hundred and ninety-nine years."

"You won't live a year."

"Well, if I drink, are you sure the lump on my side will go away?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I won't drink; here's the lump," continued Bill, holding up something with a hundred dollars in it; "and you say I'll have more such lumps, and that's what I want."

IT is a singular fact, that the number of persons who are afflicted with the disease of the lungs, is increasing in proportion to the increase of population. The disease is now more common than ever before, and it is believed that the cause is the want of pure air. The air which we breathe is now so impure, that it is necessary for us to take care of ourselves. We should avoid all places where the air is thick and heavy, and we should take exercise in the open air. We should also avoid all places where the air is cold and raw, and we should take care to keep ourselves warm. We should also avoid all places where the air is damp and muggy, and we should take care to keep ourselves dry. We should also avoid all places where the air is full of dust and dirt, and we should take care to keep ourselves clean. We should also avoid all places where the air is full of smoke and soot, and we should take care to keep ourselves healthy.

THE following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Mayor of the City of New York, for the year 1867. The names are: John A. Dix, George W. Tilden, and John W. Foster. The election was held on the 1st of November, and the result was a very close one. The Mayor-elect, John A. Dix, was elected by a majority of only a few votes.

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