The Bradford Reporter.

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ADVERTISEMENTS, exceeding fifteen lines are inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions. Special notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will charged FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each insertion. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages or Deaths exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

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JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Cards.

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*—Office corner of Main and Pine streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

DOCTOR EDWARD S. PERKINS, Offers his professional services to the citizens of Frenchtown and vicinity. Calls promptly attended to. May 28, 1867.—1y*

W. T. DAVIES, Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa. Office with Wm. Watkins, Esq. Particular attention paid to Orphans' Court business and settlement of decedents estates.

MERCUR & MORROW, *Attorneys at Law*, Towanda, Penn'a, The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public.
ULYSSES MERCUR P. D. MORROW.
March 9, 1865.

PATRICK & PECK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Offices:—In Patton Block, Towanda, in Patrick's block, Athens, Pa. They may be consulted at either place.
H. W. PATRICK, apl13 W. A. PECK.

H. B. McKEAN, *ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 20, 1866.

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. jun27, 66.

DR. H. WESTON, *DENTIST.*—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. 1jan66

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Office in the Court House. July 13, 1865.

DR. R. DAVIES, LERAYSVILLE, PA. has permanently located at the office formerly occupied by Dr. B. DeWitt, for the practice of his profession. May 9, 1867.

JOHN N. CALIFF, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Also, Government Agent for the collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty.
☞ No charge unless successful. Office over the Post Office and News Room. Dec. 1, 1864.

DOCTOR B. DeWITT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—May be found, during the day—unless otherwise engaged—on Main-st., a few doors below Codding & Russell's. Residence corner of William and Division-sts., lately occupied by E. A. Parsons.
Towanda, April 28, 1867.—1y*

JONES & DeMOREST, *Coopers*, Towanda, Pa. All kinds of Cooper Work on hand and made to order. Particular attention given to repairing. Work can be obtained at the shop in the Keystone Brewery, or at the store of W. A. Rockwell. Cash, or work, paid for stock. May 9, 1867.

O. D. STILES, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon*, would announce to the people of Rome, Borough and vicinity, that he has permanently located at the place formerly occupied by Dr. G. W. Stone, for the practice of his profession. Particular attention given to the treatment of women and children, as also to the practice of operative and minor surgery. Oct. 2, '66.

DR. PRATT has removed to State street, (first above B. S. Russell & Co's Bank). Persons from a distance desirous of consulting him, will be most likely to find him on Saturday of each week. Especial attention will be given to surgical cases, and the extraction of teeth. Gas or Ether administered when desired.
July 18, 1866. D. S. PRATT, M. D.

DOCTOR CHAS. F. PAINE.—Office in GORE'S Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. Calls promptly attended to at all hours.
Towanda, November 28, 1866.

EDW'D MEEKS—AUCTIONEER. All letters addressed to him at Sugar Run, Bradford Co. Pa., will receive prompt attention.

FRANCIS E. POST, *Painter, Towanda, Pa*, with 10 years experience, is confident he can give the best satisfaction in Painting, Graining, Staining, Glazing, Papering, &c.
☞ Particular attention paid to Jobbing in the country. April 9, 1866.

J. K. VAUGHAN—*Architect and Builder.*—All kinds of Architectural designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main street, over Russell & Co.'s Bank. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. April 1, 1867.—1y.

J. J. NEWELL,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
Orwell, Bradford Co., Pa., will promptly attend to all business in his line. Particular attention given to running and establishing old or disputed lines. Also to surveying of all unpatented lands as soon as warrants are obtained. my17

W. HERSEY WATKINS, *Notary Public* is prepared to take Depositions, Acknowledge the Execution of Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, and all other instruments. Affidavits and other papers may be sworn to before me.
Office opposite the Banking House of B. S. Russell & Co., a few doors north of the Ward House. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 14, 1867.

D. D. KNAPP,
Watch Maker and Dealer in Gents and Ladies Watches Chains and Finger Rings, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold Pens, Spectacles, Silver ware, Plated ware, Hollow ware, Thimbles, Sewing Machines, and other goods belonging to a Jewelry Store.
Perticular attention paid to Repairing, at his old place near the Post Office, Waverly, N. Y. Dec. 3, 1866.—tf.

JOHN MORAY,
ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER.
Will promptly attend to all business in his line. Special attention given to Landscape and Stereoscopic Photography. Views of Family Residences, Stores, Public Buildings, Animals, Machines, etc., taken in the best manner.
Particular attention given to the novel and beautiful stereoscopic representation of objects.
Orders received at Wood & Harding's Photographic Art Gallery, Towanda.
Towanda, April 23, 1867.—y1.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. F. MASON & CO.
They are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange, and make collections in New York, Philadelphia, and all portions of the United States, as also England, Germany, and France. To Loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business.
G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining Counties, and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make his house a desirable one, through which to make collections.
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. G. F. MASON, A. G. MASON.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF VOcal and instrumental music constantly on hand at the NEWS ROOM.

Real Estate and Insurance.

MONTANYE & WARD,
REAL ESTATE AGENCY,

Offer sale the following properties at reasonable prices and upon favorable terms:

A tract of land situate in Gloucester county, New Jersey. Containing 448 acres, 3½ miles from Malaga Station, Camden and Cape May Railway.

The "Blue Anchor" property in Winslow township, Camden county, N. Y. Containing 3500 acres. To be sold in lots.

Potter County Lands. Heavily timbered with Pine, Hemlock, Ash, Cherry and hard woods as follows:

Tracts No. 4763, containing 990 acres; No. 4755, 990 acres—between the first and east forks of the Sinnamahoning in Wharton and Sylvania townships.

Tracts No. 4767, 990 acres; No. 4768, 400 acres; No. 4698, 400 acres; Wharton township, line of Appot, head-waters of Kettle Creek.

Tracts No. 5917, 1100 acres; No. 5720, 1080 acres; No. 5823, 1100 acres; No. 5924, 1082 acres 75 perches: No. 5913, 1100 acres. No. 5930, 1100 acres; No. 5938, 1100 acres; No. 5929, 1100; in Wharton and Stewardson townships on head waters Kettle Creek, near main branch.

Tracts No. 4717, 196 acres; 4729, 990 acres; Appot and Stewardson townships, near Little Kettle Creek.

Tracts No. 4920, 837 acres; 4924, 600 acres, Wharton township, main branch, Sinnamahoning.

Two hundred and seventy-five acres prime, first class coal land Blakely township. Luzerne county Pa., half way between Scranton and Carbondale. Very near the Railway.

One thousand acres first class Anthracite coal land about 1½ miles north-east of Wilkes-Barre, in the midst of improvements.

About 1000 acres of land in Medford township, Burlington county, New Jersey, about four miles north from Jackson Junction of the Camden and Atlantic and Delaware and Raritan Bay Railways. Valuable mill seat. Two or three houses, stable, barns, &c., second growth of timber, never failing water. Power fall 15 or 16 feet overshot. Price $20 per acre. One-third may remain.

Delaware Farms and Pennsylvania lands.—Descriptions and directions given on application.

A valuable Country Seat near Philadelphia. Splendid grounds and trees. 69 acres of land.

WESTERN PROPERTY—For sale or exchange. 120 acres of good land one third timbered. San Piere, Stark county, Iowa.

Forty acres of good land with fruit trees, apples, peaches, pears, &c. 25 acres improved, one half mile from San Piere on Railway.—Price $800.

80 acres one mile from San Piere, one-third timbered. No improvements. On railway. Price $800.

A steam mill property in Burlington township, Bradford county. A very desirable lumbering operation.

Eight parcels of land, containing from 50 to 100 acres, each partially timbered, and improved suitable for farming or grazing.

House and Barn in good order and 136 acres of improved and timbered land, orchard, good water, &c. Union township, Tioga county, on Northern Central Railway. For sale on long time and easy terms.

26 Town Lots in Monroe Borough, Bradford county, Pa.

3,000 Acres Wild Timbered Land. Sullivan county, Pa.

122 Acres good Farming Land, Burlington township, Bradford county.

Other timbered and improved properties. Descriptions given on application.

Tenements and improved Real Estate, Towanda Borough, and other properties.

MONTANYE & WARD,

Execute Conveyances, furnish Briefs of Title, buy and sell Real Estate, collect rentals and liens, survey and examine all kinds of property.

They are prepared to negotiate sales of farms, homesteads, and properties especially desirable to capitalists; to procure advances of money upon bond and mortgage, and to prosecute inquiries for those desiring to make investments or secure a home. They will effect

INSURANCE

In the best known FIRE AND LIFE COMPANIES. They have exclusive Agency of Bradford and neighboring counties for leading companies in these several departments of insurance.

Those who desire to buy or sell farms;

All who wish to effect Insurance against Fire;

All who seek permanent investments for the future benefit of their families, in secure and first-class Life Companies;

Capitalists desiring to buy or sell valuable speculative properties;

All wishing surveys and examinations;

All wishing advances upon valuable real property;

All who wish to obtain lease or rental of Farms or Tenements,

Are respectfully solicited to entrust such business to our Agency.

Further particulars furnished at our office.

Office, corner of Main and Pine streets.

G. D. MONTANYE,
HENRY WARD.

☞ PROPERTIES ADVERTISED FREE OF CHARGE.

REFERENCES:

Hon. U. Mercur, Towanda, Pa.
Hon. William Elwell, Bloomsburg, Pa.
C. L. Ward, Esq., Towanda.
M. C. Mercur,
G. F. Mason & Co., Bankers, Towanda.
J. D. Montanye, Towanda.
Lathrop, Luddington & Co., New York.
Dickson Brothers, Philadelphia.
Hon. John N. Conyngham, Wilkes-Barre.
Charles Parrish, Wilkes-Barre.
Hon. F. B. Streeter, Montrose, Pa.
Towanda, April 2, 1867.

Selected Poetry.

CHILDREN GONE.

Sometimes, when the day grows dusky,
And the stars begin to come,
When the children from their playing,
Come singing and laughing home,
I think with a sudden sorrow,
As they press through the open door,
Of the faces of the children
That we never shall see any more

Children in snow white caskets,
Laid away to their rest,
Their still hands lying unfolded
Over the pulseless breast!
Children who came and tarried
As only it were for a night,
And passed, at the break of the morning,
On a journey far out of sight.

On a long and lonely journey.
Where we could not help or hold,
For we saw but the closing eyelids,
The fading of locks of gold,
And knew how now was but silence,
Where once had been prattle and song,
And only a child and a shadow,
Where was sunshine the whole day long.

Away from our care and caresses,
"God knows where they are," we say,
And we know that we tarry behind them
Only a little way;
For we, too, haste in our journey,
And we know it will not be long.
Till we come to the city eternal,
The rest and rapture of song.

Yet oft, when the sun is setting
In unspeakable splendor of light,
Or the day grows dim and dusky,
And the shadows stretch into the night,
When the children, tired with their playing,
Come in through the open door,
I think of the dear, dear children,
Who never will come any more,

Miscellaneous.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF VERMONT.

About ninety years ago the events of my story commenced. It was in Vermont, within the limits of the township of Rockingham or Springfield, it is impossible to say which, that the log cabin which was the home of the heroine stood, surrounded by a forrest. The real names of the actors in this tragedy of the woods have passed out of the legend, and therefore, substitute names which come to my mind.

"I have finished my spinning, Robert, and I shall carry the yarn home to-day. I think I will spend the day with Mrs. Green, and wish you wo'ld come and meet me and bring the baby home," said the young wife, taking the linen yarn in her apron and the baby on her arm.

"Very well," replied the husband, giving his crowing child a kiss, as he started off with his hoe over his shoulder to his wheat field. His lot had been burnt over and sown with wheat, but the huge stumps of the old trees, and the thick underground roots in the new land, prevented the use of the plow.

All day he worked busily in the fresh soil, with the strange wood sounds about him, eating his lunch at noon from a little basket, until the lengthened shadows of the forest around his clearing betokened sunset. Then he started off to meet his wife. A mile or two in the forest his neighbor Green had made a clearing. He went on, without meeting his wife and baby, until he got to his neighbor's door.

"Why," said Mrs. Green, in answer to his inquiries, "didn't you meet her? She hasn't been gone long—only a few minutes."

"Can she possibly have missed the marked trees?" asked Robert Harris, aghast.

"Do not be alarmed, neighbor Harris," said Mr. Green, "I will go back with you."

The two men went together through the forest, which every moment grew darker and drearier. They called Mrs. Harris' name aloud at intervals, but there came no reply. They kept saying to each other, "We may find her at home," but they were heavy at heart.

The log house was reached, but the mother and baby were not there. The cow lowed to be milked, and the pigs, who ran in the woods all day and came home at night, clamored for their usual feed, but the men took no notice of them. Back again through the woods, with a lantern, calling and hallooing. Then they went to the next clearing, and the next.

"A woman lost!" What telegram in the exciting days of battle ever fell more thrilling on human ears than those words, going from mouth to mouth among the homes of a new country?

With iron muscles and determined wills the warm-hearted settlers started out. "We will scour the woods; we will find her, never fear!" According to a custom they had at such times, they blew dinner horns, built fires, and shouted until they were hoarse. No tidings of the lost ones that night. All the next day they searched, and day after day as long as possible. Fires were kept smouldering among the trees, men who knew the woods kept resolutely to the search, but the budding April forest had its own secrets.

When Mrs. Harris started, with her baby in her arms, from Mrs. Green's, expecting momentarily to meet her husband, she went on carelessly, her attention being directed in part to the child, when, suddenly looking up, she discovered no white scar of the axe on any tree in sight. But she fancied she had only stepped out of the path, and might in a moment regain it. A vain fancy! She went on, but nothing familiar met her eye.

The night came on. The song birds went to rest, and the owls commenced their doleful hooting. She was alone with her infant in a great sea of forest, where never woodman's axe had echoed. She was lost. She sat down faint and tired, and, woman-like, began to cry. Hark! That was a human shout! She arose and, holding her course, ran breathlessly toward it. And now she thought she heard it again, farther off. Many hours of that night were spent in running, with hysterical sobs, her friends, so near that she could hear them, but so far away that no effort of frenzied strength could enable her to reach their protecting presence. Towards morning she slept, leaning against a tree, with the baby on her bosom.—But she started nervously in her dreams, and at the first bird song, awoke to full consciousness. With daybreak came a renewal of her courage. Her friends would find them.—She saw near her some last year's berries, and tough leaves of wintergreen, and a few acorns. A poor breakfast, but she eat whatever she could find, for the sake of her child more than her own. This day also she ran wildly through the tangle of dead brakes and briers, growing from the decay of centuries, over the gullies and jagged rocks, past rude branches that caught and rent her dress, till she came to the dying embers of a fire. Here she lingered long. Her friends had been here; perhaps Robert had kindled this fire with his own hands, and for her.—Hark, again! the search has commenced this morning. Echoing thro' the woods comes the prolonged shriek of the dinner horn. She calls with the desperation of one drowning; she rushes forward, but the ground is rough, and alas! how heavy the baby grows! She is giddy from the loss of sleep and the want of food—The baby moans, and will not be comforted. In this way she passed the day and another dreadful night. She finds another fire; she stays by it and keeps it burning through the night, for she is afraid of wolves.—Another morning and she is almost hopeless. O, will not heaven pity her? The little one grows weaker; he cannot hold up his head. Another terrible night; baby moans piteously; he falls into convulsions; the next he dies. All day she carries the little, lifeless body in her arms, and all night, beneath the unpitying stars, she holds it on her bosom.

The carried the little dead burden day after day, until the purple hue of decay was setting rapidly over it.—Then she looked about for a spot where she might dig the tiny grave, so deep that the wildcat and wolf would not scent it out. Weak as she was, this was no easy task, but in her wanderings she came upon a giant tree, uptorn at some former time by a hurricane. In the soft earth where the roots had lain, she scooped out the baby's resting place, and, making it soft with moss, covered the cold little form forever from her sight.—Hour after hour passed; how to commence the dreadful pilgrimage? Then she noted everything about the spot. Here was a rock, there stood an immense hemlock. Yes she would know the place. She could find it easily with Robert.

Then began the struggle through the wilderness. Day after day, week after week, she passed on. Her shoes were worn to fragments and fell from her feet. Her garments were torn to tatters. But the days grew warmer, and the fever that was burning in her veins made even the soft showers that fell upon her welcome. First she ate the buds of trees and the bark of the birch. Presently she began to find the young checkerberry leaves, and now and then she came upon a patridge's nest, and greedily sucked the eggs. After a time there were red raspberries and black thimble berries in the woods, and then she knew it was July. The trees had now put on afresh their beautiful garments. But for the delicious poetry one finds in the woods, sauntering out from the busy world for an hour, she cared nothing. She saw nothing but trees, trees, in interminable succession. It seemed years, yes, ages ago, that she swept the hearth with a birch broom, and sung the baby to sleep in Robert's cabin. Her mind grew bewildered, still she went on, on, on. When she came to a large stream she went up towards its source until she could wade across it. So she said; and she affirmed that she never crossed a stream wider than a brook. She paid no attention to sun and moon as a guide or indication of the compass, but she must have taken a northwesterly direction. There was Black river, Mill river, Water-queechy, and White Wait's Well, flowing into the Connecticut river from the Vermont side; but she constantly asserted that she saw none of them. Through July and August there were berries of various kinds, and by means of these she sustained what little life was left. And now the maple began to take on its gorgeous crimson, and the silver birches to wear their pale gold of September; the birds were leaving the forest; occasionally she had glimpses of a black bear, turned out of the path afraid of human form; but no human being did she meet, and long before human voices had ceased to call her name.

Was she alone on the earth, and was the earth one vast wilderness without outlet, without a clearing or a settlement? Had God taken all life but that of brutes, and forgotten her, or ordained her to wander forever? Tramping, with her feet bleeding and cracking at first, and afterwards calloused; naked, or nearly so; knowing nothing of time or place, she was fast becoming idiotic; when she was hungry she sought for food, but the great idea lingering in her mind was that of pressing on. Since the luxuriance of summer hath filled the forest with ferns and a new growth of brier and underbrush, there was more trouble in passing through. But she had become quite accustomed to the rough work and the frenzy at last became a steady, constant habit, almost the labor of life to her.

One day in October the inhabitants of the village of Charleston, N. H., was startled into the wildest excitement by seeing a nearly naked emaciated woman, with her hair streaming upon her shoulders, walk with bewildered gaze along their streets. She told them she was Robert Harris's wife, and that she was lost.

"Robert Harris's wife, who disappeared from the opposite side of the river in April!" exclaimed the villagers. "How had she crossed the Connecticut? Where had she been all this time?"

But she told them that she had never crossed the Connecticut, and that she had been lost in the woods all this time. There was no lack of hospitality; the wanderer was immediately clad and fed and cared for to the utmost. Volunteers went at once and brought her husband, for the story of his bereavement was well known on the Charleston side of the river.

We can only imagine the meeting, and the tears that were shed at the thought of the little, forsaken grave by the uprooted tree. But it is said that joy bells were rung in the village, and the poor woman a living skeleton, was nursed and petted—everybody vieing with her neighbor to lavish every good thing upon her—until her weakened mind recovered its tone again.

As she constantly asserted she had never crossed the river, it is supposed she wandered into Canada, and going round the Connecticut at its source, or crossing where it was a brooklet, passed down the New Hampshire side, until she reached a location just opposite that from which she started.

When she began to grow strong again her mind recurred constantly to the grave in the wilderness. She described to her husband its surroundings, and he went and searched for it, but without success. As soon as she was able, she went out with her husband and other friends to search, but the baby's grave was never found.

It was thought very strange that she, in all her wanderings, never met a roving indian, but so it was. The Indian tribes had perhaps nearly disappeared from New England since the French and Indian war; but however that may be, the first human being she saw, after the burial of her infant, was in Charleston.

This singular legend has descended to the writer from a descendant of hers, who was the third child born in the town of Rockingham, Vermont, and the story is an undoubted fact.

WITNESSES IN COURT.—Of all unfortunates in this world, none are more entitled to sympathy and commisseration than those whom circumstances oblige to appear upon the witness stand in Court. Here is a picture drawn by a contemporary, and a very accurate one it is, of the pleasure of being a witness. He says:

You are called to the stand to place your hand upon a copy of the Scriptures in sheep skin binding, with a cross on one side and none on the other, to accommodate either variety of the Christian faith. You are then arraigned before two legal gentlemen, one of whom smiles at you blandly because you are on his side, the other eyeing you savagely for the opposite reason. The gentleman who smiles proceeds to pump you of all you know, and having squeezed all he wants out of you, decently hands you over to the other, who proceeds to show you are entirely mistaken in your suppositions, that you have never seen anything you have sworn to; that you never saw the defendant in your life; in short, that you have committed direct perjury. He wants to know if you have ever been in State prison, and takes your denial with the air of a man who thinks you ought to have been there.

Asks you all the questions over again in different ways, and tells you with an awe inspiring severity, to be careful what you say. He wants to know if he understands you to say so and so, and wants to know whether you meant something else. Having bullied and scared you out of your wits, and convicted you in the eyes of the jury of prevarication, he lets you go. By and by everybody you have fallen out with is put on the stand, to swear that you are the biggest scoundrel that they ever knew, and not to be believed under oath. Then the opposing counsel, in summing up, paints your moral photograph to the jury, as a character fit to be handed down to time as the type of infamy; as a man who had conspired against innocence and virtue, and stood convicted of the attempt. The Judge, in his charge, tells the jury if they believe your testimony, &c., indicating that there is even a judicial doubt of your veracity, and you go home to your wife and family, neighbors and acquaintances, a suspected man, all because of your accidental presence on an unfortunate occasion. Who would be a witness?

"WILLIAM," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me what makes the sun rise in the East?" "Don't know, sir," replied William, "cept it be that the yeast makes everything rise."

NOT only may that knowledge which is not governed by justice be called cunning rather than wisdom, but that courage also which is ready to encounter every danger, when impelled by avarice and not the common good, may be called audacity rather than fortitude.—*Cicero*.

From the Toledo Blade.

NASBY.

A consultation at the corners, followed by a dream, in which General Grant and other individuals are mixed, with no regard whatever for time, place, or fitness.

POST OFFIS CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky.)

Last nite ther wuz a convocashen uv the saints connected with the Institoot (uv wich Deekin Pogram is the cheefest and loveliest among ten thousand), to take sweet counsel together onto several matters connected with the institooshen uv learnin, the success of wich is so dear to all uv us. The conversashen happenin to turn upon the conferin uv honorary degrees, Deekin Pogram sed that he hed a suggestion too make. He hed notist that all the leadin colleges uv the country hed a practis uv conferin titles, sich ez "M. D.," "A. B.," "L. L. D.," and sich, onto distinguished men, tho he wuz free to say that he didn't know wat in thunder they meant, or wat they wuz good for. But he hed hed notist in a noosepaper that no college hed yet conferred any sich onto Androo Johnson. Considerin it a burnin shame he wood sejest that ez a rebook to the hidebound instooshens uv the North, that this college do to wunst confer all uv em, and ez many more ez ther is, onto Mr. Johnson. Bascom remarkt that he didn't know whether the President wood feel complimentid. "Yoo know, Deekin," sed he, "that this ain't much uv a college!"

"Troo," sed the blessed old peece uv innosence, "too troo, but then, to balance that, Johnson ain't much uv a President, you know!"

And so the honrary degrees wuz conferred and notice thereof wuz sent him immejitly.

From this the question uv the next nominee uv the party for President came up. Bascom, who isn't a farseein man, asserted that it wood be necessary to nominate Grant. The Deekin remarkt that he tho't it wood be safe, but McPetter tho't different. He didn't bleeve in the first place that it become a Peace party, or at least a party wich, ef it dipped its hands in gore at all did it mostly in Northern gore, to take up a Northern General wich had dun his best towards sendin many thousands of Southners to their long homes, and besides the General wouldn't take it.

Bascom wanted to know wat the conference at Long Branch meant? Ef General Grant wuz in the control uv Weed, Raymond, and the Noo York *Herald*, wich wuz ekel to the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, he felt that he hed trooly found the broad Maccadamized road to Democrisy. He begun to hev hope's uv him. Various opinions wuz expressed by various persons, when, without comin to any conclusion, we separated. I retired that nite earlier than usual, and my mind dwellin on the chances uv my continuin in offis in case uv Grant's accession, I fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed a dream.

Methawt gathered in front uv the White House wuz a gallant array uv our friends. There wuz Franklin Peerce, and Bookannon, and Vallandigum, and the Woods, and Magoffin, and Monroe, and Brite, and Breckinridge, and the leaders uv the Dimocrisy, all a standin there lookin wishfully at the White House, and wonderin how and by wat means they cood git in. Johnson, blessins on his head, stood onto the portico wavin to em to come; but, alas! guardin the passage stood a mighty host uv Ablishnists, armed and clad in armor, and in such force ez to make the stormin uv it hopelis.

"How shel we get in?" sighed Belmont.

"Ah, indeed, how?" ansered Henry Clay Dean.

"That's the great moral question—how?" ekoed Ben Wood.

"My friends!" sed Thurlow Weed, "its easy enuff. When yoo can't soar like the eagle, crawl like the snake. Sorein is preferable, but crawlin will do at a pinch. Is ther not the Lion uv the Republic? Can't yoo get him out and mount him? The Ablishnists hev a regard for that same Lion, and will never discharge their arrors at yoo when yoor on his back, for fear uv killin him. Besides yoor ridin him will in some degree do away with the prejoodis they hev agin yoo."

"But how kin we mount him?" sed they.

"Trust us for that," said Wood, and him and Raymond trotted on to git him.

They got the Lion out, but ez soon ez he cast his eyes onto the crowd he uttered a roar wich struck terror into their soles, and lashed the ground with his tail, and cast up dust with his claws in a manner fearful to behold.

"He'll never stand it!" said Wood, "onless he's blindfolded," and Thurlow wrapped Raymond like a wet dish-rag over his eyes, and that done, him and Randall pared his nails and blunted his teeth, so that ef the bandage shood wriggle off and he shood see wher he wuz he coodent hurt anybody, and shaved his mane 'till he looked like a very innocent Lion indeed, so that his appearance woodent startle them not used to his fiercenis, and in that condishen they led him very quietly down to the crowd and give the word to mount.

Lord! wot a scramble ther wuz. They piled on from the tip uv his ears to the end uv his tail, and them wich coodent git on for lack uv room hung to the feet uv them wich hed got on, until it wuz nothing less than a pyramid uv Democrats.

Finally, when all wuz loaded, the word wuz given and the Lion moved off. They wuz delited. He hed strength enuff to carry em, and he wuz a carryin uv em straight on to the White House, and at a good pace, too. Ez they approached the portals, the Ablishn defenders uv the place opened unto em.

"Hold!" sed Weed; "wood you destroy the Lion uv the Republic?"

"Stay your hands!" shreeked Raymond, "the savior of the country is under us."

But they lafft them to skorn.

"Its Brite and Vallandigum, the Woods, et settry, we're firin at," shreekt they, singing, ez they fought, "The Battle Cry uv Freedom." "John Brown's body lies a moulderin in the grave!" and sich other sacriligious odes. "Its them we see, and them we'll kill!"

And they belted away till the whole mass wuz stretched dead and dyin on the plain.

They then came up and began to turn over the corpses, one by one, until at last they came to the body uv the Lion, wich, peerced thro and thro, wuz dead ez any uv em.

"My God!" said they, *"It's the Lion, after all!"*

"And we've slayed him!" sed another.

"Well!" remarked a third, "we coodent help it. He wuz so kivered up with his carrion that I coodent make out wat it wuz they wuz a ridin. Let us give him a decent burial for the good he hez done, and forget, ef we kin, the company he died in."

And at this critikle juncter I awoke.

I hev an idea that I kin see a sort uv a warnin in this dream. It occurs to me:

1st. That ef we do ride Grant, we'll hev to divest him uv his mane, teeth, and claws, wich is the identikle qualities wich makes him valuable to us.

2d. And with us on his back, we will probably succeed in killin him, without savin us. Grant mite deodorize a dozen or two uv us, but the whole party! Faugh! It would be a pint uv cologne to a square mile uv carrion.

3d. That ef we wuz wrapt all around him, the people woodent be able to see him anyhow, and wat good wood he du us!

Interpretin the dream thus, I shel oppose his nomination. Besides, I doubt whether all the Weeeds and Raymonds in the country kin so manipulate him ez to bring him quietly into our ranks. We mite possibly go over to him, and thus git the privilege uv votin for him, but wherefore? How about the offises, then? Ef the Ablishnists vote for him, and we vote for him, the obligation is ekal, and between us is ther any doubt wich he'd choose? I don't want to take sich chances. I'm opposed to the movement. I care not wat others may do, but ez for me, give me straightout Dimocricy or nothing. McClellan was a vencher wich satisfied me ez to the propriety uv undertakin to set a roarin lion a convoyin a flock uv peaceful lambs into green pasturs.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Wich is Postmaster.)

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.—Our investigations go to show that the roaring waves and the mightiest billows of the ocean repose, not upon hard or troubled beds, but upon cushions of still water; that everywhere at the bottom of the deep sea the solid ribs of the earth are protected, as with a garment, from the abrading action of its currents; that the cradle of its restless waves is lined by a stream of water at rest, or so nearly at rest that it can neither wear nor move the slightest bit of drift that once lodges there. The uniform appearance of these microscopic shells, and the almost total absence among them of any sediment from the sea or foreign matter, suggests most forcibly the idea of perfect repose at the bottom of the sea. Some of the specimens are as pure and as free from sea sand as the fresh fallen snow flakes is from the dust of the earth. Indeed, these soundings almost prove that the sea, like the snow-cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed shadows of these minute shells; and we may readily imagine that the wrecks which strew its bottom are, in the process of ages, hidden under this fleecy covering, presenting the rounded appearance which is seen over the body of the traveler who has perished in the snow storm. The ocean, especially within and near the tropics, swarms with life. The remains of myriads of moving things are conveyed by currents, and scattered and lodged in the course of time all over its bottom. This process, continued for ages, has covered the depths of the ocean as with a mantle, consisting of organisms as delicate as hoar-frost, and as light in the water as down in the air. The tooth of running water is very sharp. See how the Niagara has cut its way through layer after layer of solid rock. But what is Niagara, with all the fresh water courses of the world, by the side of the great currents of ocean? And what is the pressure of water upon river beds in comparison with the pressure of ocean water upon the bottom of the sea? It is not so great by contrast as the gutters in the streets are to the cataract. Then why have not the currents of the sea worn its bottom away? Simply because they have not been permitted to get down to it.—*All the Year Round.*

A "PHILADELPHIA lawyer" gives the following definition of law and equity: "At common law you are done for at once; at equity you are not so easily disposed of. One is prussic acid and the other is laudanum."

A YOUNG lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word "surrogate," and he explained it to her as "a gate through which parties go to get married." "Then I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of the word sorrow gate." "You are right," said he, "as woman is an abbreviation of woe to man."

WESTERN *versus* EASTERN YANKEES.—There is a sheriff in Illinois who was taken in and done for on one occasion. He made it a prominent part in his business to ferrit out and punish peddlers for travelling in the State without a license; but one morning he met his match in the person of a genuine Yankee peddler.

"What have you got to sell—anything?" asked the sheriff.

"Yes, what d'ye want? Got razors first; that's an article you need 'squire, by the looks of your beard. Got blacking, 'twill make them old boots of yours shine so you can shave in them almost. I've got balm of a thousand flowers, and balm of Columbia, too—good for the hair."

And so he rattled on. At length the official bought a bottle of the balm of Columbia, paying therefor one dollar, and in reply to the question as to whether he wanted anything else, that functionary replied that he did—he wanted to see the Yankee's license for peddling in the State of Illinois, that being his duty.

The peddler showed him the document fixed up good and strong, in black and white. The sheriff looked at it, and pronounced it all right. Then handing the bottle back to the peddler, he said:

"I don't think, now that I've bought this stuff, that I shall ever want it. I reckon I might as well sell it back to you again. What will you give for it?"

"O, the stuff is of no use to me; but as it's you, sheriff, I'll give you twenty-five cents for it."

The sheriff handed over the bottle at a large discount from his own purchase, and received his change.

"Now," said the peddler, "I've got one question to ask you. Have you a peddler's license anywhere about you?"

"No; I haven't any use for the article," replied the sheriff.

"You haven't, eh? Well, I guess we'll see about that pretty soon. If I understand the law, it's a clear case that you have been hawking and trading with me—offering the balm of Columbia on the highway. I'll inform on you, see if I don't now."

The Yankee was as good as his word. When he reached the next town he made his complaint, and the sheriff was fined $8 for selling without a license. The officer was afterward heard to say that any one might just as easily try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee.

RATIONAL WAY TO FIGHT DUELS.—Two friends, who had been schoolmates at Eaton, very early in life entered a celebrated Irish regiment.—One day, after dinner, at the mess, some badinage took place between them, which certainly was not so far removed from school familiarity, nor so sufficiently adapted to the precision of military punctilio, as by some of the company was considered necessary. Two officers well known for their love of duelling took up the subject, and at length gave them to understand that they must have a shot or two at one another, or leave the regiment in disgrace. The two officers were a major and a celebrated captain, both natives of the sister kingdom. The fate of the young friends was inevitable, and their very kind instructors in the necessity of the measure voluntarily offered their services as seconds in the affair. As they walked to the field of blood, without a grain of animosity against one another, but with no little displeasure against their friends upon the occasion, who would listen to no excuse, apology, or explanation.—Calamy, having a moment's opportunity of speaking to Trollope apart, whispered:

"I'll fire at your second, if you'll fire at mine."

"Agreed," replied Trollope.

When they came upon the ground, and all due preliminaries had taken place, off went their pistols together in a straight line at their seconds. The major and the captain were startled, and were found very ready to settle the affair without further proceedings.

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

THERE is a boy down East, who is accustomed to go on the railroad track and imitate the steam whistle so perfectly as to deceive the officers at the station. His last attempt proved eminently successful: the depot master came out and "switched" him off.

"WHEN was Rome built?" inquired a school inspector. "In the night, sir," was the ready reply, "In the night," said he, "how do you made that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome was not built in a day."

A young lady being requested by an old bachelor to take a seat upon his knee, in a crowded sleigh, made the following reply: "No, thank you, I'm afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

SOME men are like cats. You may stroke the tail in the right way for many years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

WE are told that a man in Wales actually wheeled his wife in a wheelbarrow to the holy well of St. Winifred, a distance of 200 miles, in order to have her cured of rheumatism by the sacred waters.

A modern philosepher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded without taking cold.

LORD Lyttleton proposed a most extraordinary amendment to the English Reform bill, which, if it passed, would disfranchise a large minority of the greatest men in the kingdom. No one is to vote "who cannot write a *legible* hand."

THOSE who speak the truth, however discovered, have a right to be heard; they who assist others in discovering it, have the yet higher claim to be applauded.

SIDNEY SMITH advised young writers in composing, as a general rule to run their pen through every other word. He says: "You have no ider what vigor it will give to your style."

A minister of the Established Church in England asked an itinerant preacher, "How does it happen that you have not more doctors of divinity in your connection?" The reply was, "Because our divinity is never sick."

A Breman journal contains the following advertisement:—"A young gentleman on the point of getting married is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from the step."

NEW HAVEN papers tell the story of a widow in that city who, having announced that her daughter had received a large fortune at the death of a friend, purchased largely and borrowed freely, till it was learned that her story was false, and that she had been playing a huge confidence game upon the community.

FALSEHOOD is on all accounts inexcusable, and can never proceed but from some bad principle, or a total contempt of virtue and honor.