The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum, in Advance.

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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 EDWARDS, 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. 1jan68

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*

O. D. STILES, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon*, would announce to the people of Romo 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.
Particular 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 25, 1867.—yl.

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 this house a desirable one, through which to make collections.
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. G. F. MASON, A. G. MASON.

THE ASTOR FIRE INSURANCE of New York. Agency for Bradford Co. CAPITAL $400,000.
Dividend for 1866, 10 per cent.
MONTANYE & WARD.
Towanda, July 25, 1867.

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 446 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. 4769, 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, 337 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.

112 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.

NOVEMBER.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

[One of the most beautiful and touching poems ever written upon the month of November, is the following gem by James G. Clark, the poet, singer, and author of "Fremont's Battle-Hymn," &c.—*N. Y. Reformer*.

The red sun gathers up his beams,
To bid the withered earth farewell,
And voices from the swelling streams
Are ringing with the evening bell;
The cold lake sobs with restless grief,
Where late, the water lilies grew
While autumn fowl, and autumn leaf,
Are sailing down the rivers blue.

Forsaken are the Woodland shrines,
The robin and the wren have fled,
And winds are wailing through the pines,
A dirge for summer's glorious dead;
E'en man forsakes his daily strife,
And muses on the bright things flown,
As if in Nature's changing life,
He saw the picture of his own.

I often think, at this sad hour,
As evening weeps her earliest tear,
And sunset gilds the naked bower,
And waves are breaking cold and clear,
Of that glad time, whose memory dwells
Like starlight o'er life's cloudy weather,
When side by side we roved the dells
Of proud New England's coast together.

Twas on old Plymouth's rock-famed shore,
One calm November night with thee,
I watched the long light trembling o'er
The billows of the eastern sea;
The weary day had sunk to rest
Beyond the lines of leafless wood,
And guardian clouds from south to west,
Arrayed in hues of crimson stood.

We climbed the hill of noble graves,
Where the stern Patriarchs of the land,
Seem listening to the same grand waves
That freed them from th' oppressor's hand;
We talked of spirits pure and kind,
With gentle forms and loving eyes,
Of happy homes we left behind,
In vales beneath the western skies.

A few brief days—and when the earth
Grew white around the traveler's feet,
And bright fires blazed on every hearth,
We parted, never more to meet
Until I go, where thou art gone.
From this dark world of death and blight,
And walk with thee above the sun
That sank upon thy grave to-night.

I hear the muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slope of Time;
They bear a train of smiles and tears,
Of burning hopes and dreams sublime;
But future years may never fling
A treasure from their passing hours,
Like those that come on sleepless wing,
From memory's golden plain of flowers.

The morning breeze of long-ago
Sweeps o'er my brain with soft control,
Fanning the embers to a glow,
Amidst the ashes round my soul;
And by the dim and flickering light,
I see thy beauteous form appear,
Like one returned from wanderings bright,
To bless my lonely moments here.

Miscellaneous.

SIX LOVE LETTERS.

"Are there any more of the seletters?"

When the father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say "No," and dared not say "Yes," but as an intermediate course burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

"Bring them to me Lucilla," said her father, as if she had answered, as indeed, she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair, and patted him on the shoulder.

"Please don't be hard with her, my dear," she said, coaxingly. "He's a nice young man, and it is our fault after all, as much as hers, and you won't break her young heart, I'm sure."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am," said Mr. Richmond.

"I—no—that is, I only"—gasped the little woman; and, hearing Lucilla coming, she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at all her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

For all this disturbance arose from a music teacher who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla for twelve months, and who had taken the liberty of falling in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of the richest man in Yorkshire.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music teacher who should have known his place," Mr. Richmond declared, and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had falled into his hands as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, six white little envelopes, tied together with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow, by his despairing daughter.

"Lock these up till I return home this evening," he said to his wife; "I will read them then. Meanwhile Lucilla is not to see this music teacher on any pretence."

And then Miss Lucilla went down upon her knees.

"Oh, dear papa," she cried, "dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him again. I couldn't bear it. Indeed I could not. He's poor, I know, but he is a gentleman, and I—like him so much, papa."

"No more of this absurdity, my dear," said Mr. Richmond. "He has been artful enough to make you think him perfection I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Miss Richmond."

With this remark Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat and departed.

Then Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

"It's so naughty of you," said Mrs. Richmond. "But oh, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me. I ran away with your papa you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so pleasing. I wish I could soften your papa."

"When he has seen the letters there'll be no hope. I'm very much afraid," sobbed Miss Lucilla. "Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance."

"He used to be very romantic himself in those old times," said Mrs. Richmond. "Such letters as he wrote me, I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla.

"And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know,) I'm sure he ought to sympathise a little," said Mrs. Richmond.

But she dared not promise that he would.

She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down; then she went up into her own room to put the letters into the desk; and as she placed them in one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle tied exactly as those were, and drew them out.

These letters were to Lucilla also. One who had received them twenty years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lovers' letters were all so much alike.

Half a dozen—just the same number, and much more romantic than those the music master had written to her daughter Lucilla. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband by a look or word; she had never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject, until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, angrier and more determined than ever. The meal was passed in silence; then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm-chair, and demanded "The letters," in a voice of thunder.

Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket, and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond again repeated, still more sternly:

"Those absurd letters, if you please, my dear ma'am."

And then the little woman faltered.

"I—that is—I believe—yes, dear I believe I have them," and gave him a white pile of envelopes circled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure that if papa should prove cruel she should die.

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla," said the indignant parent. "I am shocked that a child of mine could practice such duplicity. Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe. June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let me see—ah! 'From the first moment he adored you,' eh? Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance, and respect and attachment. 'With your smiles for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is!' Fiddlesticks, Lucilla! A man who had common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement before he proposed to any girl. 'Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature he ever saw!' Exaggeration, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. 'Must hear from you or die!' Dear, dear—how absurd!"

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter, and took up another.

"The same stuff," he commented, "I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of a man would never go into such rhapsodies, I am sure. Ah! now, in number three he calls you 'an angel!' He is romantic, upon my word. And what is all this?"

"Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentleman, and love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla."

"Great heavens, what impertinence to your parents!"

"I don't remember Fred's saying anything of that kind," said poor little Lucilla. "He never knew you would object."

Mr. Raymond shook his head, frowned and read on in silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried. "I'll go to him this instant—I'll horsewhip him!—I'll—I'll murder him! As for you, by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Elope, elope with a music teacher; I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab!—I—"

But here, Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

"Oh papa, are you crazy?" "Frederick never proposed such a thing.—Let me see the letter. Oh, papa, this is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do look, papa! It is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your love letters to mamma, written long ago. Her name is Lucilla, you know!"

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm chair in silence, very red in the face.

"How did this occur?" he said sternly; and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed:

"I did it on purpose!" and paused, as though she expected a sudden judgment. But, hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and creep up to her husband timidly.

"You know, Charles," she said, it's so long since, and I thought you might not exactly remember—how you fell in love with me at first sight, how papa and mamma objected, and how at last we ran away together; and it seemed to me that if we could bring it all back plainly to you as it was then, we might let dear Lucilla marry the marry the man she likes, who is good, if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself; women have more time to remember, you know. And we've been happy have we not?"

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might safely be left in her mother's keeping, and slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little ruse next morning. It was favorable to the young music teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone half so far as an elopement; and in due course of time, the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father and to the great joy of Lucilla's mamma, who justly believed that her little ruse had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

THE ENNOBLEMENT OF LABOR.

Two hundred years ago nobody thought of conceding anything like dignity to physical labor, and the toilers of the world had but few acknowledged rights. In England, as late as 1813, the wages, the hours of labor, and even the meal times of journeymen mechanics were regulated by law, and employers who paid their workmen more than the legal stipend were liable to be fined. But the laboring millions have made a mighty stride since then. Here and in Great Britain skilled industry every branch of useful art frequently takes issue with capital on the question of wages and as often as not wins the day.—The working classes of the United States understand and apply the fable of the "Bundle of sticks." The political system under which they live teaches them the value of Union, and their protective organizations are formidable bodies to whose "moral suasion" Associated Capital "finds it expedient to listen respectfully." When any one of these organizations "strike" for a higher rate of remuneration, Capital either yields gracefully in the beginning or makes a compromise, or fights it out to the bitter end. In the latter case, the combined long purses always get the best of the combined short ones, and the malcontents eventually fall back upon the old rates. There ought not, however, to be any quarrels between capital and labor. Their interests are identical, and in this country not only one, but indivisible. On the other side of the Atlantic capital begets capital, but here labor begets it too. Mechanics may become millionaires, and porters merchants princes; and such are the advantages offered to labor in this market that the intelligent, prudent and energetic toiler is bound to rise, and as he rises to be honored. In Europe the different classes of society simply repeat themselves. When a member of a subordinate class makes his way into the charmed circle of aristocracy, it is regarded as an innovation. Families with "coat armor" look with sublime contempt on beings who have conquered fortune in their shirt sleeves. In the lands *infested* with "privileged orders" the fabric of society is always pretty much the same. Each portion of the structure is renewed from generation to generation with one kind of material. With us it is otherwise. Our social fabric is a piece of mosaic, and the process of tesselation is continually going on. Side by side with a bit of porcelain we place a chunk of seviceable delf and the other day we variegated the edifice, rather extensively, with ebony. Ancestors count for nothing with us. We judge of men by what they do, and rate them accordingly. If any man is 'noble' in this country, it is the *self-elevated worker*.

TOO MUCH MUSIC.—In Philadelphia one pleasant Sunday evening, an old lady whose failing eyes demanded an unusually large prayer book, started for church a little early. Stopping on the way to call on a friend she laid her prayer book on the centre table. When the bells began to chime she snatched what she supposed to be her prayer book and started for church. Her seat was at the chancel end of the gallery. The Minister said; "The Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." In the effort to open her supposed prayer book, she started the spring of the music book which she had taken instead. It began to play—in her consternation she put it on the seat—it sounded louder than ever. Finally she carried out while it played the "Washing Day," an Irish Jig.

WHY is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man? Because both fail to get rich.

WHY is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

WHAT roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

WHAT do we often drop, yet never stoop to pick up? A hint.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

Mr. Morgan was a rich man and a good man also. His neighbors liked him. The people of the town respected him, chose him to offices, sent him to the Legislature, and never undertook any important work without asking his advice. If a schoolhouse was to be built, the plan had to be talked over with him. When the new town hall was planned, the whole matter was put into his hands. Widow Partridge asked him what she should plant in her field. Farmer Parker always got his advice in buying cattle, and Mrs. Reid consulted him about bringing up her boys. Remarkably successful man was Mr. Morgan.

John Wood was a clever boy of fifteen. He had got through what little schooling his father could afford to give him, and was going to the city to try for himself. He hoped to get a place in a store, and by and by become a successful merchant. In talking over his great hopes one day with his mother, he said.

"I wonder how it was that Mr. Morgan got as rich and important as he is. Don't I wish he would tell me how he did it."

"Well, John," said Mrs. Wood, "there is nothing like asking him. Mr. Morgan will give a lad like you a good word, I know, if you will only go to him."

John braced himself up and started for Mr. Morgan's counting room. He found the merchant there and alone. "Good morning, Master John," said he in a pleasant voice, "Can I do anything for you?"

John stammered a little at first, but he was a brave fellow and bound to succeed.

"Well, Mr. Morgan, I am going to the city to try for myself. I want to be a merchant, and get rich, and help father and mother one of these days; and they will give me my time. Mother said I might come in and ask you if you would tell me how you became so successful."

Mr. Morgan was pleased with John's honest way and frank question. After telling him that he was glad he had so much energy, and that if he kept out of bad company and attended closely to his work, whatever it was, he could not fail, Mr. Morgan said:

"As for my success, John, I will tell you how it was. One day when I was a lad a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, was very fearful my father would not let me go, and scarcely dare to ask him, until the time came and a dozen boys and girls gathered at our door. Then I told my father what was going on, and at once he gave me his permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself with joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm and was just going out of the gate when my father called me back. My head dropped and my heart failed, for I was afraid he would tell me I could not go. I went back trembling.—My father took hold of my hand gently and firmly, and said in a very gentle voice, 'Joseph, what are going for, to pick berries or to play?' 'To pick berries,' I replied. 'Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this. When you find a pretty good bush do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time and not getting many berries. If you do as they do you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries stick to your bush. If you want to succeed in life, stick to your bush. Now go.'

"I went with the party and we had a grand good time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a fair bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the new found treasure heap. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had but very few berries. My father's words kept strangely ringing in my ears, and I stuck to my bush. When I had cleaned off one, I found another and finished that; then I took another. When night came I had a large basket full of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home proud and happy.

"But at home I found my father ill. He looked at my basket full of big, black berries, and said: 'Well done, Joseph. Was it not as I told you? Always stick to your bush.'

"These were his last words to me. He died a few days after and I had to make my way in the world the best I could. But my father's words sunk deep into my mind and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party. I stuck to my bush. When I had a fair place and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little bit better. When other young men said, 'Come with us and we will make a fortune in a fortnight,' I shook my head and stuck to my bush. Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stayed with the old house until the members died, and then I had everything I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, improved my judgment and gave me character. I owe all I have and am to this motto 'Stick to your bush.'"

John heard Mr. Morgan's story with the deepest interest. He thought he understood the whole secret of success and resolved that he would stick to his bush as soon as he could find a bush to stick to. He thanked Mr. Morgan for his kindness, and told him he would certainly adopt the motto for his own. As he was going out of the door Mr. Morgan called him back, and told him that he had dealings with a firm in the city, who might possibly want a good lad. He would write and ascertain.

The next week, John Wood had found a bush in the city, and when I last saw him he was sticking to it well, determined to fill his basket and a worthy place in the world. He is satisfied that the way to success is by sticking to the bush.

A SABBATH AMONG THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

A European traveler correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* thus describes "a Sabbath among the monks of St. Bernard."

Our readers have so frequently heard of the monks of St. Bernard, and their deeds of mercy, that we do not know that we can make our letter more entertaining than by devoting a portion of it to a description of a Sabbath spent among them.—The Hospice of St. Bernard was founded as early as the tenth century by Bernard de Menthon. The Brotherhood consists of from ten to fifteen Augustine monks, with some attendants, who receive and accommodate strangers without charge, but who especially render assistance to travelers during the heavy snows. We learned that notwithstanding the Hospice had received numerous grants of land and property, it had received some difficulties. At one time it was possessed of eighty benefices, but now it holds but a limited portion of its original property. It now requires about ten thousand dollars for its annual support, and this sum is secured by subsides from the French and Italian Governments.—There are, too, frequent contributions of parties who receive hospitalities from the institution, but we were informed that the amount thus derived was not at all commensurate with the number entertained.

The monastery, which consists of two buildings and a morgue, is situated at the very summit of the pass of Great St. Bernard, and a much frequent passage leading from Switzerland into Italy. The larger of the two buildings is a massive structure of rough cast, and is devoted to the entertainment of travelers. It contains also the chapel of the monastery. The other building is also used for the reception of poor travelers, and also as a place of refuge in case of fire, although, from the nature of the large building, it would seem that fire is an impossibility.

Upon our arrival on Saturday night after a walk of thirty miles, we entered the large hall, and ringing the bell, were received and cordially welcomed by one of the fathers. He conducted us to the dining room and kindly invited us to partake of a most excellent supper, including good wine, the latter of which we partook of only "for the stomach's sake," as we have had occasion to remark before. After we had finished, and after spending an hour in pleasant coversation, we were shown our apartments, which consisted of accomodations for six persons, the number of the party.—After a "good night" from the father, we retired to rest the weariness occasioned by a march in one day which required three days on the part of the great Napoleon to accomplish. At six o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the merry chime of the bells of the monastery, which awakened pleasant echoes at that Sabbath hour, when so far from home in the mountains. We breakfasted at eight, o'clock and at ten attended mass in the pretty chapel. The music, both vocal and instrumental, seemed very impressive, and the attendance of strangers and peasants comfortably filled the room. At twelve o'clock there was a most capital dinner served, including several courses, at which all the fathers, as well as strangers, sat down. The food was substantial and well prepared. There seemed to be none of that reserve or cold formality that oftimes characterizes such occasions as these, but all seemed to manifest the *suaviter in modo*, and participated in the general conversation to an eminent degree. There was a feeling on the part of every one that he was not an intruder, but a welcome guest. Rev. Father Metroz, to whom we are under special obligations, assured us that they had entertained as many as a thousand persons at one time.

In consequence of the cold, the large rooms are warmed during the entire year, and during our stay there, although upon an August day, we found not only a fire but even our overcoats quite comfortable.

It is said that the monks, notwithstanding they may possess strong *physiques* at the time they enter the Hospice, yet, after comparatively a short time, they retire with ruined constitutions to other climates. It is, indeed, the highest winter habitation on the Alps.

There is a library attached to the Hospice containing a large collection of excellent works, as well as a large number of Roman coins and many relics, and among them fragments of the brass tablets offered to Jupiter Penninus, after his escape from danger. We also noticed the portraits of many distinguished persons, among them the Napoleons, Washington and Lamartine. In the chapel is the monument erected to the memory of the gallant Desaix, who fell on the field at Marengo. The *bas relief* represents Desaix as dying, supported by a soldier. When Desaix was bleeding and in the agonies of death, Napoleon, who loved him tenderly, because while he was his youngest he was one of his ablest officers, said to him: "You shall rest on the highest point of the Alps, and the mountains shall be your [illegible]. A marble tablet in the chapel of St. Bernard commemorates him. Those who love gallantry everywhere, remember him.

How the deep mouthed dogs, the brave dogs, that saved the lives of so many, kept us awake by their barking in the long hours of the night, and how the crosses, erected on conspicuous places, to guide the weary, snow-bound traveler, interested us, can only be mentioned, and not written about. We left the Hospice with a feeling of gratitude to the good monks of St. Bernard, and went down to Italy with a prayer that inasmuch as they make glad the hearts of so many, that in the last their hearts may, too, be made glad.

QUININE.—It is a good thing, says an English paper, that India seems likely to be able to supply the whole world with quinine, for not only was the American supply uncertain, it was actually threatened with extinction, owing to the reckless way in which the Indians killed the trees in the process of stripping; planting, of course, no new ones. Mr. M'Ivor, who has been ably seconding Mr. Clement R. Markham's efforts at chinchona planting, finds that by removing only one long strip of bark and immediately covering the wound with moss, the bark is renewed, provided the cambium be not injured. The new bark, moreover, is thicker and richer in alkaloids than the original one. Indeed, Mr. Broughton, the newly-appointed "quinologist" at Ootacamund, tells us that the average yield of cultivated plants is nearly two per cent. higher than that of the wild American samples—7 per cent., instead of from 4.16 to 5.86 per cent. The only drawback is that the kind which grows most freely in India is the red bark, the quinine from which is usually mixed with a considerable portion of chinchonidine and other allied alkaloids, along with resin and coloring matter not easily separable. Still, however, since we shall use probably more and more quinine, every year, it is better to have the mixture than none at all.—Mr. Broughton suggests that these "amorphous alkaloid, substances" may have virtues of their own; but possibly, with more perfect processes, they may be found separable.—Anyhow it is better to take what India can give us for dispensary use, than to prepare (as they do in some dispensaries) their *mistura quinia* out of concentrated infusion of quassia and calumba, with a dash of aromatic sulphuric acid.

GEN. GRANT'S PEDIGREE.—In the churchyard in Windsor, Connecticut, says the New Haven *Journal and Courier*, are a number of ancient tombstones erected to the memory of the Grant family. A genealogical investigator has traced General Grant's family back to its first appearance in this country. Matthew Grant and Susanna Rockwell sailed from Plymouth, England, March 30, 1630, in the Mary & John, and arrived at Nantucket, May 30. Mr. Grant settled at Dorchester, Mass., but in 1635–6 removed to Connecticut, settled with others at New Dorchester, afterward named Windsor, where for many years he was principal Surveyor of Land, Town Clerk and Deacon. Here he married in 1660, Susanna Rockwell, then a widow with five children. He died in 1681, aged eighty. Ruth Rockwell, the second daughter of Susanna Grant, married Christopher Huntington, their great grand-daughter, Martha Huntington, married Noah Grant, a great grandson of Matthew. From this marriage came a second Noah Grant, a Captain in the old French war.—The third son of this Captain Noah Grant, who also bore the name of Noah, resided in Coventry, Connecticut, and had a son named for Hon. Jesse Root, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, from 1796 to 1807, and this Jesse Root Grant is the father of Ulysses S. Grant.

STEAK VS. CHEESE.—Lean people are ever sighing to become fat, and fat people to become lean. The examinations of scientific doctors show that a pound of steak an inch thick contains sixty five parts water, eighteen parts that create flesh, and fourteen that furnish heat; or that only one-third of the substance contains substance. Cheese on the contrary forms thirty per cent of flesh, and when taken with beer speedily produces rotundity and plumpness. Let the lean rejoice. Oat meal is preferable to wheat flour, for while there are but ten pounds of flesh forming matter in 100 parts of the latter, in the former the quantity is double. With these suggestions the fat and lean ought to fashion their bodies to suit themselves.

IF a man's wife is well bred, he never wants any but her.

TRUE goodness is like the glow-worm; it shines most when no eyes except those of heaven are upon it.

SOME one says that going to law is mighty cold business; for all you ever get is but just-ice, and sometimes you don't get that.

AT a recent railroad celebration, the following sentiment was given: "Our mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

"I do wonder how they make lucifer matches," said Mrs. Caudle.

"The process is very simple," said Mr. Caudle, "I once made one."

"How did you manage it?" she asked.

"By leading you to the altar," he replied.

"MY lord," said a forman of a Welsh jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

TRUST not the oath of the profane; be sure they are spendthrifts of honor.—They who fear not God will hardly keep inviolate a convenant with man, and no occasional sacredness can attach to a habitual jest. The motto of their faith is, "Lightly spoken, lightly broken."

A man attempted to spell crockery, and thus proceeded: kraughkerrighe. He expired in a spasm before he could make ay, with which he intended to end the word.

SUCH is the blessing of a benevolent heart that, let the world frown as it will, it cannot possibly bereave it of all happiness, since it can rejoice in the prosperity of others.

THE chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

"THE only liberty cap," says a clever and witty author, "is a night-cap; in it men visit, one-third of their lives, the land of sleep—the only land where they are always free and equal."