

The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 26, 1867. NUMBER 31. \$2 per Annum, in Advance.

Cards.
I. O. OF O. P. - BRADFORD LODGE
No. 111, on Main Street, Towanda, Pa., will hold a regular meeting on Monday, Dec. 23, 1867, at 7 o'clock P. M. in the hall of the lodge. All members are requested to be present. J. S. PATTERSON, Secy.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.
On Main Street, near the Court House.
Oct. 8, 1866. C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
TOWANDA, PA.
Having purchased this well known Hotel on Bridge Street, I have refurnished and refitted it with every convenience for the accommodation of the public. My prices will be as low as possible and all pleasant and agreeable. May 3, 1867. J. S. PATTERSON, Prop.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.
JOHN C. WILSON
Having leased this house, in new ready to accommodate the Traveling Public, and give the best of service. My prices will be as low as possible and all pleasant and agreeable. May 3, 1867. J. S. PATTERSON, Prop.

NEWS ROOM AND BOOK STORE
The undersigned having purchased the BOOK STORE and NEWS ROOM, on Main Street, Towanda, Pa., respectfully invites the old patrons of the establishment and the public generally, to call and examine his stock.

MRS. ALLEN & MISS COORWIN,
DRESS MAKERS,
Respectfully tender their services to the Ladies of Towanda, Pa., in making and repairing all styles of dress. Particular attention paid to cutting and fitting.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING
LEWIS BERBERN
Respectfully informs the citizens of Towanda Borough, that he has opened a

TAILOR SHOP,
In Phinney's Building opposite the Means House and solicited a share of public patronage. He is prepared to cut and make garments in the most fashionable style, and the most durable. He will give satisfaction in all respects. He is also a competent and experienced cutter and maker of all styles of hats. Particular attention given to repairing coats, jackets and jewelry. Towanda, Dec. 26, 1867.

WATCHMAKERS, JEWELLERS,
HUGENIN BROTHERS,
Recently from Europe, with a large assortment of Clocks and Watches, from the best manufactory in Switzerland. Particular attention given to repairing and cleaning all styles of watches. Also repairing and cleaning all styles of jewelry. Towanda, Dec. 26, 1867.

WHOLESALE MUSIC DEPOT
L. B. POWELL
Scranton, Pa., Dealer in Chickering's Pianos, Decker's Pianos, Mason & Hamilton's Cabinet Organs, Treat, Lindsay & Co's Melodions, and all the latest and most improved Musical Instruments. Also Dealers and Teachers of Piano Playing. Address: 116 Pennsylvania Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Dec. 26, 1867.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE
opened a branch in Towanda, under the name of G. F. MASON & CO. They are prepared to draw Bills of Exchange on all parts of the world, and to do a general banking business. G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of G. F. Mason & Co. of Philadelphia, and is well known to the business men of Bradford and adjoining Counties. He is now in Towanda, Pa., and is prepared to do all the business of a branch office. He is also a competent and experienced cutter and maker of all styles of hats. Particular attention given to repairing coats, jackets and jewelry. Towanda, Dec. 26, 1867.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING
MRS. SEAMAN
Desires to inform the Ladies of Towanda and vicinity that she is now prepared to exhibit her NEW STYLES AND NEW GOODS.

HARDING & SMALLER,
Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the PHOTOGRAPHIC BUSINESS, at the rooms formerly occupied by Wood and Harding, on Main Street, Towanda, Pa., we are prepared to make all styles of Pictures, and to do all the business of a branch office. We are also a competent and experienced cutter and maker of all styles of hats. Particular attention given to repairing coats, jackets and jewelry. Towanda, Dec. 26, 1867.

W. HERSEY WATKINS, Notary
Public is prepared to take Depositions, and to do all the business of a branch office. He is also a competent and experienced cutter and maker of all styles of hats. Particular attention given to repairing coats, jackets and jewelry. Towanda, Dec. 26, 1867.

D. K. NAPP,
Watch Maker and Dealer in Gents and Ladies Watches, Gold Pens, Spectacles, Silver Ware, and all other articles. He is also a competent and experienced cutter and maker of all styles of hats. Particular attention given to repairing coats, jackets and jewelry. Towanda, Dec. 26, 1867.

JOHN MORAY,
ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER.
Will promptly attend to all business of a branch office. He is also a competent and experienced cutter and maker of all styles of hats. Particular attention given to repairing coats, jackets and jewelry. Towanda, Dec. 26, 1867.

DENTAL CARD
DRS. SMITH & TAYLOR.
Would take this opportunity of thanking the friends who so kindly assisted them at the late Fair, and would say that it has not been in their power to do so. They are now in Towanda, Pa., and are prepared to do all the business of a branch office. He is also a competent and experienced cutter and maker of all styles of hats. Particular attention given to repairing coats, jackets and jewelry. Towanda, Dec. 26, 1867.

Selected Poetry.
SANTA CLAUS AND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.
When I was a child, and with a soft, silent tread,
That Santa Claus came, with a red, silent tread,
Then he came down the chimney, on the cold Christmas night,
And filled little stockings, streaked with red and white;
Then he stuffed them, and stuffed them, with candles and toys,
Because that he loved pleasant girls and good boys;
I did not forget when the Christmas eve came,
To hang up my stocking, expecting the same.
In the corner I tucked it, to please the good saint,
That he might soon find it, and make me no complaint;
And went to bed happy on that blessed night,
My little heart full of prospective delight.
The dreams that I dreamed with gladness were brimming,
I laughed in my sleep, and waked up twice, singing,
On the morning of Christmas, I sprang out of bed,
Very early, to see if 'twas done, as 'twas said;
And surely enough, my red stocking was stretched
With the good things, and nice things, that Santa Claus fettered;
And I thought, and I wondered, how he could bring all,
Through that dark, narrow chimney, and not get a fall;
And how it was possible for him to hop
From the fireplace below, to the high chimney top;
And do it so quickly, and noiselessly too,
That nobody waked, and nobody knew.
Of his coming, or going, or his filling the stocking,
(When I went to rest, my mother was rooking,
She afterwards said that she sat up till ten,
And did not yet see him; so he had not come then.)
The mystery never was fully revealed,
Though I think there was something dear about the matter concealed;
For when I once asked her to tell me, she smiled,
Looked lovingly on me, and said, "My dear child,
God gives all good things, however obtained,
O trust him, and love him, and heaven will be gained."
Quite recently, Santa Claus paid me a visit,
As soon as saw him, I cried out: "What is his merry eye twinkling? What is it?" said he,
"Why! I have just heard of the Christmas tree!"
Has not the word reached you yet? It has been known
For a fortnight at least, all over the town,
And the dear little ones of the whole congregation
Are all on the tip-top of anticipation."
(I saw the old fellow was greatly excited,
So he let his own go, as if quite benighted,)
Said he: "In our day, the customs are changing;
And 'sandy do some of them need re-arranging;
For instance, that custom of going down the chimney
On the dark Christmas night, when the stars shine so dimly.
This age is an age of many movements
Labour-saving machines, scientific improvements;
In making orelathes, machines do the sowing,
Machines do the reaping, machines do the mowing;
The thrashing-machine takes the place of the flail;
The railroad now generally carries the mail;
We travel with steam, with a swift locomotion,
And talk with old England, across the wide ocean.
I nodded assent, and good Santa proceeded:
I tell you, in my line, improvement is needed;
This going down the chimney dark and night,
—It is shocking;
And then, to put candles within a child's stocking,
The sock, that was made to clothe one of his feet,
And not for receiving his nice Christmas treats,
Was staid and dim-like; and now I much wonder
That I ever committed so egregious a blunder.
I lately attended a fairy's convention,
Where the subject of Christmas received much attention:
And it was resolved, that the fairies and I,
On the next Christmas day a new plan should try:
It will be a success, I know it will be:
When I plant that beautiful Christmas tree:
And the dear, dear children, are gathered to gether,
Notwithstanding the cold and cloudy weather;
And our gifts are seen on the branches green;
And the golden sheen of the lights between;
To feast youthful eyes, with a joyful surprise,
On the birthday of Jesus, who came from the skies."
Old Santa Claus paused. You are welcome here,
To partake to-night of our Christmas cheer.

Miscellaneous.
The Land of the Windmills.
WHAT THE DUTCH ARE DOING.
AMSTERDAM, Holland, Nov. 20, 1867.
To the Editor of the Bradford Journal.
I am sure that every boy and girl who reads the Bradford Reporter, will be glad to hear of the progress of the windmill in the Netherlands. It is a great pleasure in visiting Holland, and seeing the people who so old and antiquated. There are such scenes as can-

not be found anywhere else in the world. The windmills are the boys in New England carry knives in their pockets; and I dare say that there is not a lad among all of them who will not read this letter who has not whittled out a windmill, or at least a whirling; but there are more windmills here than they ever dreamed of—windmills in the towns and along the shore of the sea—all in motion wherever there is wind enough to turn them. Yesterday I counted nearly one hundred at a time. It was a gusty, breezy day, and the storm clouds were flying in from the German Ocean, and there was a tremendous commotion among the windmills. Each one seemed to be trying to whirl faster than the other.

You wonder perhaps, what the people of this country want of so many windmills; but let me tell you that it had not been for these mills in the past there would be very few people in Holland now. The windmills in one sense have made the country what it is. Looking upon your map of Holland you will see that the river Rhine, which has its source away south in the centre of Europe among the mountains of Switzerland, here reaches the sea. When it gets within about one hundred miles of the sea it splits itself into a dozen or more channels, all of which, after winding and turning through a great marsh, pour their waters into the Ocean. Holland, therefore, was once a great marsh or bog. The water was very low in the country; there was a great deal of marsh or hills, but one dead level of marsh.

Hundreds of years ago the people who lived near the mouth of the Rhine saw that the marsh land was very fertile, for the silt in the river brought down every year from the mountains made the land very rich; and they saw that the people who got rid of the water on the marshes they might lay out cabbage gardens and little farms. They commenced by building dams here and there, one on the branch of the Rhine called the Botter—and the place in time was known as Rotterdam; another on the Amstel, which was the origin of the name of this city—Amsterdam. All of the dams in Holland came, not from the water, but from the habit of using windmills, and because they built dams, and the streams. But the water soaked thro' the embankments and every rain made gardens wet; they dug ditches, into which the water settled, and then conceived the idea of building windmills for pumping the water into the river.

They are the one of the forces of nature—the wind—to work against, and other force—the rain—and a gust of wind will turn several thousand of mills just as easily as it does one; they have conquered the rain—have forced the great river Rhine to quit the marshes, and have begun to pump the ocean dry!

They were constant warfare with the ocean; at a cost of nearly three million dollars every year; but with the wind for an ally, they are enabled to drain the marshes, and have transformed pastures, orchards and gardens, and built villages and towns below the level of the sea. The country is cut up by canals—some deep enough to float the largest of ships; others small and narrow. You see hundreds of boats—great canal boats—coming from the city of Amsterdam to the ocean and vice versa. A boy riding a horse bowing a Trekschuit, a packet boat, a canal omnibus or stage which plies between Amsterdam and the adjoining villages. A man stands at the helm and the girl wife is in the cabin dealing out cheese and beer to the passengers, laughing and smoking. The boats skims lightly over the water and is far down in the bend of the canal, almost before you have had time to see what the people are up to on board.

Here comes a lazy lumbering craft almost as broad as it is long, with a man yoking at the tow-line. It is loaded with hay, and is being taken out into the country to spread it on the land. Here is a family craft—a boat which is at the same time a house—the owner, with his wife and children, living on board. The father is tugging at the tow-line. The air is still to-day, and he is obliged to pull the boat along the stream. If it were breezy you would see him hoist the sails, and go scudding away. His wife has a go scudding in her hands and is pushing with all her might to help her husband, and their two children, a boy and girl, are steering the craft. There is live on board—eat and sleep there in a close cabin. Here they are to-day; they are now in the bay of Haarlem, and next they will be here at Amsterdam again with a Leyden perhaps.

The canals to a great extent are the streets of Holland. In the sun of every morning they are thronged with boats of every description. A month or more, men, women and children are skimming up and down these streets on skates, having many merry times through the winter.

The Journal is a welcome visitor to many New England farm houses, and the farmers' boys and girls, I am glad to hear, like to go with me into a Dutch village. Stable and house and dairy and under the same roof. The house which we visit stands on the bank of the canal—the water in the canal almost on a level with the ridge pole. One of the dairy maids has been out to the canal to wash her pans and dishes, and now she is taking them back to the house, carrying them in a little cart. Look at her! She is a stout, round, turned up at the heels, like a skater, clump, clump, clump they go as she strolls. She leaves them outside the door and puts on a pair of slippers as she enters. She has a bonnet so curious that I shall not attempt to describe it, but of just such a pattern as those worn by her grandmothers. Some of the cattle are in the house blanket, to keep them warm.

A girl with red cheeks and bright eyes opens the door of the stable, and takes us along the stalls to see the cows—twenty-six cows standing by their cribs or lying down chewing their cud, fastened with rope halters, and furnished of all sights, with a long tail drawn up to the ceiling by a stick pulled up, so that in their their straight legs they are in the air! There are great tubs filled with milk and curd, and when there is a fire-pan in the stable where they scald the milk, and a little room and set pots of butter and rows of cheeses—not such great ones as the Vermont and New Hampshire ones, but small, round, but most the sides of a six-foot pounder like the earth, fattened a trifle at the poles. If you were to go with me into some of the warehouses of Amsterdam you would see cart-loads of these cheeses, enough to freight scores of ships. They are kept for months and years' event, and never lose their goodness. It is said, I have seen a Dutch Admiral, in a sea-fight after having fired away all his cannon balls, kept up the battle with cheeses—just such cheeses as these which the bright-eyed dairy-maid takes pleasure in showing.

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And, inside my punchin his stomach with the knife, he shuffled out by the room, holdin his nose.
I awoke in a feverish sweat, shakin in wildly. "So vivid was the scene I had dreamed, and so real it seemed, that I could not sleep, and all that long night I walked the floor in agony.
Was the dream prophetic? Is there any danger of the nigger becomin extinct by disease? I know amalgamation is whitein him in the Southern States, but up North, where Dimok-rasy is scarce, we kin preserve 'em in all their original blackness. They're grant that this trifelin disorder was simply the result of a disordered stomach, and not warm air wash to 'em!"
PERCIVAL V. NABBY, P. M.
(Which is Postmaster.)

HOW WE FEED.
A regard to the kind of food we eat is hardly more essential to health than the manner of eating it. There is no country in the world where there is such abundance of good raw material for the supply of the dietetic necessities of man, or where there are so many people with the means of obtaining it, as in the United States. It may be added that it is hardly a nation that derives so little enjoyment from its resources. Those who are so plentiful with us, and who properly used, calculated to bestow so much pleasure and physical good, give a great deal less of either than the meagre supplies of productive countries. Our abundance of food, so far from being a benefit, is made by perverse use an injury. We have so much to eat, that we are careless of its quality in its preparation for wholesome nutrition. We thus confine ourselves mostly to the grosser articles of diet, or such as are ordinarily called plain food, and which require but little art to adapt them to the taste.
We are entirely too carnivorous in this country. We feed too exclusively on steaks of beef, chops of mutton, cutlets of veal, and joints of meat. All our dishes, being what the Occident call pieces of resistance, the national stomach is kept in a constant state of active assault. This overstrains its energy, and produces that malady so common with us which the doctors call atonic dyspepsia; that is, the indigestion which arises from weakness in consequence of overwork.
The physiologists tell us that the human system requires for its proper nutrition a variety of food. There must be due proportions of oily, albuminous and saccharine matter to render the diet of man wholesome. Neither bread, meat, nor sugar, however necessary as a part of the whole, is sufficient alone to sustain the health and vigor of man. There must be a proper quantity of each in every daily meal, and joints of meat. All our dishes, being what the Occident call pieces of resistance, the national stomach is kept in a constant state of active assault. This overstrains its energy, and produces that malady so common with us which the doctors call atonic dyspepsia; that is, the indigestion which arises from weakness in consequence of overwork.
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