TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning, by E. O. GOODRICH, at $2 per annum, in advance.

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 be 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.

	1 Year.	6 mo.	3 mo.
One Column, ...	$100	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square, ...	15	10	7½

Estray, Caution, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, three weeks, or less, ...$1 50
Administrator's & Executor's Notices..2 00
Auditor's Notices........................2 50
Business Cards, five lines, (per year)..5 00

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25. They will be entitled to ¼ column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of quarterly changes.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

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 ine 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.

MISS E. H. BATES, M. D. (Graduate of Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, Class 1854.] Office and residence No. 11 Park street Owego. Particular attention given to Diseases of Women. Patients visited at their homes if requested.
May 28, 1868

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, 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.

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

JOHN W. MIX, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Bradford Co. Pa.
General insurance and Real Estate Agent.—Bounties and Pensions collected. N. B.—All business in the Orphan' Court attended to promptly and with care. Office Mercur's new block north side Public Square. Oct. 24, '67.

JOHN N. CALIFF, *ATTORNEY AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention given to Orphans' Court business, Conveyancing and Collections.
☞ Office at the Register's and Recorder's office—south of Court House. Dec. 1, 1864.

H. P. KIMBALL, Licensed Auctioneer, Pottersville, Bradford Co., Pa. tenders his services to the public. Satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay required. All orders by mail, addressed as above, will receive prompt attention. Oct. 2, 1867.–6m

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DR. C. P. GODFREY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has permanently located at Wyalusing, where he will be found at all times. apl.16'68.6m.*

DR. T. B. JOHNSON, TOWANDA, PA. Having permanently located, offers his professional services to the public. Calls promptly attended to in or out of town. Office with J. DeWitt on Main street. Residence at Mrs. Humphrey's on Second Street.
April 16, 1668,

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 with G. D. Montanye, corner Main and Pine Streets. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 14, 1867.

PARSONS & CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Troy, Bradford Co. Practice in all the Courts of the county. Collections made and promptly remitted.
E. B. PARSONS, d12 W. H. CARNOCHAN.

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.

DR. H. WESTON, *DENTIST.*—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. 1jan68

DRS. T. F. & WM. A. MADILL, *PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS*, Office and residence in Wysox, Pa. Dr. T. F. Madill can be consulted at Gore's Drug Store in Towanda, every Saturday. *Dr.* Wm. A. Madill will give especial attention to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, having made a speciality of the above diseases for the past eight years.
T. F. MADILL, M. D. WM. A. MADILL.
June 11, 1868.

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs.
July 16, 1868.

DRS. MASON & ELY, *Physicians & Surgeons.*—Office on Pine street, Towanda, at the residence of Dr. Mason.
Particular attention given to diseases of Women, and diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat.
E. H. MASON, M. D. HENRY OLIVER ELY, M. D.
April 9 1868.

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 unpattented lands as soon as warrants are obtained. my17

F. B. FORD—*Licensed Auctioneer*,

TOWANDA, PA.,

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate. Feb. 13, 1568.

W. B. KELLY, *Dentist.* Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. All the various styles of work scientifically done and warranted. Particular attention is called to the Alluminum Base for Artificial Teeth, which is equally as good as Gold and far superior to either Rubber or Silver. Please call and examine specimens.
Chloroform or Ether administered under direction of a Physician when desired.
Aug. 6, 1867.—tf.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Offers the following Farms, Coal and Timber Lands for sale:

Fine Timber lot, 3 miles from Towanda, containing 63 acres. Price $1,325.

Farm in Asylum, containing 135 acres. Good buildings. Under a fine state of cultivation. Mostly improved. Price $6,000.

Farm in West Burlington—on the Creek.—New house and barn. Under a fine state of cultivation. 95 acres. Price $5,450.

Farms in Franklin. All under good cultivation. Good buildings. For sale cheap.

Several very desirable Houses and Lots in Towanda.

A large tract of Coal Lands in Tioga county.
Towanda, July 18, 1867.

The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

$2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXIX.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., AUGUST 27, 1868.

NUMBER 14.

Cards.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

On Main Street, near the Court House.

C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.

Oct. 8, 1866.

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 all who may patronize me. No pains will be spared to make all pleasant and agreeable.

May 3, '66.—tf. J. S. PATTERSON, Prop.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,

JOHN C. WILSON.

Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the Travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.

☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block [now building].

PUBLIC DRAY.

The subscriber having purchased the *DRAY* formerly owned by O. W. Delano, respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line and will attend promptly to all orders. Household goods carefully handled. Charges reasonable.

G. B. ALVORD.

Towanda, June 1, 1868.

MYERS' MILL!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Myer, Foster & Co., will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or any thing else in their line in any part of the village.

Customers will find an Order Book at the store of Fox, Stevens, Mercur & Co. All orders left in said book will be promptly attended to.

Any inquiries in regard to Grinding, or other business of the Mill, entered in said Book, will be answered.

MYER, FOSTER & CO.

Towanda, June 24, 1868.—tf.

SOLOMON COOPER—Has removed from the Ward House and has opened a

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON

Two doors south of the National Hotel, and adjoining Patton's Block, on Main Street, in the basement. This shop is open constantly from 6 a. m., to 9 p. m., to accommodate all that will favor him with a call. Two experienced workmen in this saloon, always ready to wait on customers in a satisfactory manner.—Gents and Ladies Hair Cutting in the latest fashionable style. Razors honed and set ready for use and warranted to suit. Ornamental Hair Work, Switches, Waterfalls, and Curls, made to order. Wigs made and repaired.

Towanda, Aug. 18, 1868.—tf.

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.

G. F. MASON,
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

BRADFORD COUNTY

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale.

Parties having property for sale will find it to their advantage by leaving a description of the same, with terms of sale at this agency, as parties are constantly enquiring for farms &c.

H. B. McKEAN,
Real Estate Agent.

Office Montanye's Block, Towanda, Pa.
Jan. 29, 1867.

HARDING & SMALLEY,

Having entered into a co-partnership for the transaction of the PHOTOGRAPHIC business, at the rooms formerly occupied by Wood and Harding, would respectfully call the attention of the public to several styles of Pictures which we make specialties, as: Solar Photographs, Plain, Penciled and Colored, Opaltypes, Porcelain Pictures, &c., which we claim for clernness and brilliancy of tone and Artistic finish, *can not be excelled*. We invite all to examine them as well as the more common kinds of Portraits which we make, knowing full well that they will bear the closest inspection. This Gallery claims the highest reputation for good work of any in this section of country, and we are determined by a strict attention to business and the superior quality of our work, to not only retain but increase its very *enviable repdtation*.

We keep constantly on hand the best variety of Frames and at lower prices than at any other establishment in town. Also Passepartouts Card frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Vies, and everything else of importance pertaining to the business. Give us an early call.

N. B.—Solar Printing for the trade on the most reasonable terms.

D. HARDING,
Aug. 29, '67. F. SMALLEY.

A CARD.—Dr. VANBUSKIRK has obtained a License, as required, of the Goodyear Vulcinate Company, to Vulcanize Rubber as a base for Artificial Teeth, and has now a good selection of those beautiful carved Block Teeth, and a superior article of Black English Rubber, which will enable him to supply all those in want of sets of teeth, with those unsurpassed for beauty and natural appearance. Filling, Cleaning, Correcting Irregularities, Extracting, and all operations belonging to the Surgical Department skillfully performed. Choloform administered for the extraction of Teeth when desired, an article being used for the purpose in which he has perfect confidence, having administered it with the most pleasing results during a practice of fourteen years.

Being very grateful to the public for their liberal patronage heretofore received, he would say that by strict attention to the wants of his patients, he would continue to merit their confidence and approbation. Office in Beidleman's Block, opposite the Means House, Towanda, Pa. Dec. 20, 1867.—3m.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY.

J. S. SMITH, M. D., would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Bradford County that he is permanently located in Towanda, Pa., He would say that from his long and successful practice of TWENTY-FIVE YEARS duration he is familiar with all the different styles of work done in any and all Dental Establishments in city or country, and is better prepared than any other Dental operator in the vicinity to do work the best adapted to the many and different cases that present themselves oftentimes to the Dentist, as he understands the art of making his own artificial teeth, and has facilities for doing the same. To those requiring under sets of teeth he would call attention to his new kind of work which consists of porcelain for both plate and teeth, and forming a continuous gum. It is more durable, more natural in appearance, and much better adapted to the gum than any other kind of work. Those in need of the same are invited to call and examine specimens. Teeth filled to last for years and oftentimes for life.—Chloroform, Ether, and "Nitrous Oxide" administered with perfect safety, as over four hundred patients within the last four years can testify.

Office in Patton's Block. Jan. 23, 1868.

CARRIAGES!! CARRIAGES!!

AT THE

BURLINGTON CARRIAGE EMPORIUM!

The subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has now on hand, and is prepared to build to order,

OPEN AND TOP BUGGYS,

Democrat and Lumber Wagons, at reduced prices. I have enlarged my shop, by adding a superior Paint and Varnish room. The different departments are under the charge of

FIRST CLASS MECHANICS.

I would inform the public that I have secured the services of Mr. JAS. W. TUNISON, formerly of Waverly, who has charge of the Painting Department, we are now prepared to do all kinds of Painting, having just received the largest and best selected stock of paints and varnishes ever brought into the county. Orders solicited and all work warranted. Repairing done on the most reasonable terms.

MORTIMER VOSBURGH.

April 25, 1868.—6m*.

CHOICE TOBACCO AND CIGARS
at *Bramhall & Cowell's Cheap Store.*

Selected Poetry.

THE MEADOW PATH.

It leads, in many a tangled curve,
  Through reedy fen and yielding mosses,
To where, through rushes rank and green,
  On stepping stones the brook it crosses;
It circles in and circles out,
  By ferny fell and wooded passes,
And hides away, in sudden sport,
  Beneath the bush and tangled grasses.

It skirts the upland's shallow pool
  With many a graceful scoop and hollow,
And runs away, on bare brown feet,
  The faster, as you faster follow!
It sweeps along the fallow ridge,
  In countless eddying curves and narrows,
And, swooping in and swooping out,
  It frights the wee brown breasted sparrows.

It flits away with dainty grace,
  Through spongy marsh and sandy shallows,
And dons the cardinals gay hood,
  To brighten up its barren fallows;
It braids the king-cup's golden bells,
  Like stars, amid its floating tresses,
And, circling in and circling out,
  It dies at last among its cresses.

Miscellaneous.

THE MYSTERIES OF SILVER MINING.

A gentleman in Hyko City, Nevada, writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial* as follows:

The reduction of silver ore is a heavy mannfacturing business, requires extensive and complicated machinery and appliances, and rather more than the usual proportion of skilled labor. Step with me, if you care to see an illustration, into the new and complete mill of the Hoko Company, at this place, and watch the ore turn, in due process, to bars of bullion.

Outside is a small hill of ore transported by wagon (at a cost of from four to six dollars a ton) from the mines, ten miles distant. The ore is simply a hard quartz, infiltrated with various metals. Unless the ore is very rich, you can seldom discover, even by aid of a glass, any of the minute particles of silver. Some ore looks like gray limestone. The Pahranagat ore is almost prismatic, being spotted yellow by decomposed lead, blue by copper, brownish red by iron, and dark lead color or black by silver. The ore is carried in oxbide buckets to the crushing-room, where it is weighed and registered. Then it is poured out in the stamp-room, where a man with a long-handled shovel feeds it under the stamps.

The ten stamps are simply upright iron hammers, weighing 650 pounds each. Their province is to crush the ore into a dust as fine as flour. The dust cannot escape from the stamps until it flies through sieves in a powder so minute as to be almost impalpable to the touch. A ton of ore can be sufficiently crushed in two and one-third hours.

The next step is to "roast" your fine powder, (or "pulp," as it is called,) in order to burn up all the base metal in it except silver, gold, and copper. The "roasters" are ordinary ovens, like those used for baking bread, except that the flames are admitted to the chamber where the pulverized ore is deposited. Workmen, called "roasters" also, (paid six dollars a day) stir the dust with long-handled shovels, keeping up a cherry-red heat. Each of the five furnaces has a capacity for half a ton of dust, and the time consumed in roasting the pulp is six hours. It is very hard work, and to some extent rendered unwholesome by the vapor of antimony and other noxious fumes. Your dust, when thoroughly roasted, contains nothing but gold, silver, and copper, in powdered quartz. The other metals have been destroyed—their destruction having been effected by fire and large quantities of salt thrown in to chlorodize them.

The roasted dust is raked out on the opposite side of the furnace and conveyed into the amalgamating pans, or large tubs filled with hot water, where it is further ground by a sort of iron fan-wheel, and where five pounds of quicksilver are thrown in for every pound of silver you estimate your ore to contain. Quicksilver will take up one-fifth in its own weight of precious metals.—The union made, the amalgam of the two metals sink to the bottom of the tub, and the quartz-powder runs off in a muddy rill from an orifice above.

Next the amalgam is taken from the bottom of the tubs and strained through canvas bags, in order to rid it of any superfluous quicksilver. The amalgam, after this straining, is five parts quicksilver and one part silver. It looks and feels like a silvery sort of wet, white sand. The amalgam is now ready for the "amalgamator," the most important artizan about the mill, and the one who generally has charge of both mill and workmen. He places the amalgam in a furnace of his own, and builds a fire hot enough to send the quicksilver off in a vapor, leaving a residuum of silver. The flying vapor is condensed in water and returned to its original form of quicksilver, ready to be used again, having lost but one per cent of its bulk. The silver left in the retort looks like rusty chips of ragged metal, and is anything but precious in appearance.

The process of casting the silver bar (usual weight about eighty-five pounds) is simple enough. The silver chips are placed in a black-lead mold, melted, and come out a bar of silver, or rather a bar about 800 parts silver and 200 parts copper. Such is the bullion of commerce, and such a bar is worth from $1,000 to $1,300 in coin. The copper is taken out at the mints in such a manner as to save it.

Well, here is our wagon up in Silver Canon, a beautiful mountain ravine, covered with shaggy evergreen trees, decked with a profusion of late flowers, and inclosed on three sides by lofty hills, two of which are shot with immense silver lodes.—About twenty frame houses straggle up and down the canon. The miners call the little village "a camp," and here they live when at work. There is a store, a drinking saloon, and a boarding-house. The other structures are huts for living and lodging in. The miner pays fourteen dollars a week for meat and drink, but has Pacific coast notions about sleeping facilities. Board is expensive. His bed he makes free of cost, in some hut, with his double California made blanket (the best and cheapest in America) for couch and covering.—The miner insists on having the best to eat and drink that can be procured, but is ready to sleep anywhere. He receives six dollars a day, which is thirty-six dollars a week (miners keep Sunday, but mills don't) and which is very nearly $2,000 a year. Board dear, but all other necessary expenditures small. He ought to lay up money.

But he is an extravagant fellow—interrupts the monotony of his lonely vocation with costly sprees and periodic dissipations. He works hard for a month that he may scatter money with a free hand for three days and plunge into the excitement of drunken fellowship. There are many exceptions, but such is the Nevada miner *par example*. Gambling is a favorite "recreation" of the majority. They tell me here that an average of three stool-pigeons and pimps live off each miner. He hews the solid rock, and they, informally and under the mask of good-fellowship, reap his wages. The miner, it is said, has a passion for buying things, and can be tempted to purchase any article he has no use for, no matter what, cradle truss or apple-bearer, He never cheats his boarding-house keeper, nor fails to befriend a deserving comrade. Yet lavish as he is with his money, he is a determined stickler for the very highest wages and the uttermost farthing of his earnings. Though not organized in a "trades' union," the miners are just as active, unanimous, and bitter in their strikes as if each were sworn to band together and resist the demands of capital.—They are very intelligent for the most part, thoroughly independent in their deportment, and in studying their traits and character, it is easy to comprehend why California capitalists have not yet dared to employ Chinamen in the mines. The battle between dear and swaggering labor and cheap and submissive labor has yet to be fought on the Pacific coast. What the result of the contest will be is easily enough prefigured; but the American miner, with his six dollars a day, that, associated with his reckless and prodigal behavior, does him more harm than good, will wage the savagest war he can against the serried columns of immigration that already press him heavily from two sides. If he could but be persuaded to save his surplus earnings, he could be a capitalist himself, by the time the six-dollar laborer is deposed; and, in that case, no one would be a stouter champion than himself for "two dollars a day and find your own rice."

The air in Silver Canon is delicious. Its temperature is several degrees cooler than the valley where Hyko City is built, and the mosquito abideth not here. "Why didn't they build the town here?" you ask, "and the mill, too, for then the wood and ore need not be transported ten miles." The answer is monosyllabic—"Water." Silver Canon has neither spring, well, pool, not even an occasional dew. A mill demands abundance of water, and so does Hyko or any other city. All the water that Silver Canon consumes is brought up by wagon and pack-mule, and sells at ten cents a gallon. If, in the course of opening the mines, an adequate supply of water is reached, I fancy that the City of Hyko, mills and all, will come tumbling up to Silver Canon for reconstruction and rehabitation. Then, instead of a hot little valley town, Hyko will be one of the pleasantest, cleanest, coolest and most mosquiteless mountain cities in the world, deserving to be a watering-place as well as mining metropolis.

Nearly thirty choice men are now employed in the shafts and tunnels of the Hyko mines. They get to work by climbing a mountain eight hundred feet high. Just think of opening a day's labor in Cincinnati with a preliminary ascent of three of your highest steeples. These miners perspire, but they gain in girth of lungs what they lose in fat. I will not undertake to describe the net-work of holes they are making in the mountains around Silver Canon, in search of the precious metal that unquestionably abounds there. But if you watch them boring, blasting, and chiseling their way into solid ore and rock, inch by inch, and stroke by stroke, your duly informed stockholder would say to himself, "this is a vast operation and may yield vast results, but not to morrow. The mine that is worth a million to-day, by the simple decrease in the cost of operating it, will be worth two millions five years hence. There's a handsome profit on my money. We cannot now profitably work ore worth less than fifty dollars, besides which, our process wastes all the metals except the precious ones and a little copper that can't be conveniently destroyed. In Germany large profits are made by working seven-dollar mineral, and saving every grain of all the metals in their ore. Silver mining on this continent in its infancy, and we are all trying to make a man of our American mining baby before it has a complete set of teeth."

A Future State.—"Miss Nippers, do you believe in a future state?" asked Rev. Mr. Seekwell, at a sewing circle the other night, as the two sat in the corner—Miss N. having just finished an embroidered flannel waistcoat to be sent to the Bareside Indians, in the far-off Lower Down Islands.

"Dear me! Mr. Seekwell, how can you suppose I believe in anything else? I wouldn't live a single woman all my life for the whole world!" was the innocent reply.

Mr. Seekwell was observed to squeeze her right hand very decidedly, and immediately suggested a benediction to the society. Miss Nippers didn't have to go home alone that night—not much.

The oldest lunatic on record—Time out of mind.

NOTES OF AN ELEPHANT'S KEEPER.

If I had known as much about the noture of the brutes when I took charge of the elephant Tippo Sultan as I do now, no money would have tempted me to go near the animal.—It was many years ago, with the old Columbia Menagerie. I had been travelling but a few weeks, and was perfectly inexperienced in the business, having been hired as a canvasman.

We were to show in Exeter, New Hampshire, on that day. The baggage wagons had come through from the previous stand, and the cages were shortly expected, when Mr. Milus, one of the proprietors, drove furiously upon the ground where we were engaged in putting up the canvas, as the tent is called, and informed the men that the elephant was loose on the road, and had nearly killed his keeper. All hands at once piled into a couple of four-horse waggons, and taking whatever articles in the way of ropes, etc., that were likely to be useful, we started to capture the beast—stopping, by the way, at a hotel for a supply of pitchforks. A short distance out of town we met the elephant's keeper, Ned Harkness, with his arm in a sling, on his way into the village.

Harkness had been Tippo's keeper for five years, and every one supposed he had the animal under complete controle. It seems that Harkness had been given a new horse to ride in place of the one he had been using, and Tippo had appeared to conceive an antipathy to the animal from the first. He had acted very sulky and irritable all the way through, and at last, on being speared pretty sharply, had turned upon the keeper with all the fury imaginable. The horse shied, throwing Harkness into the ditch, dislocating his shoulder, and then ran away, pursued by the elephant, which almost immediately overtook and killed him. Tippo then started in pursuit of Harkness, who had in the meantime taken to a dense wood, where he was enable to elude him; but, failing to discover the man, returned to the carcass of the slain horse, and tore the lifeless body into fragments, after which he turned up a lane, and commenced browsing on some trees.

Just at that time Mr. Milus came along in his buggy, and seeing what had occurred, went back and stopped the cages. Then he came on to Exeter for assistance. As he passed the lane old Tippo sallied out after him; but Milus had fast trotters harnessed in his buggy, and managed to keep well ahead, cautioning everybody he met or overtook to clear the road, and give the elephant a wide berth, After following Mr. Milus two or three miles the elephant became blown, and turned into a field in which there was a small grove, and lay down to rest, while Mr. Milus came down to Exeter.

Mr. Milus wished Harkness to return with us, and undertake the subjugation of the animal, but he peremptorily refused to have anything more to do with him. He said that he had been Tippo's master for five years, and so long as he was his master it was all right. But the elephant had got the best of him on this occasion, and would hever forget it; and though he might submit himself temporarily to him, he would be liable to to turn upon him again at any moment. In short, if he took him in charge again, the animal would be almost certain to kill him, sooner or later, and he would run no such risk. He said a new keeper, however, would have no such disadvantages to contend against, and once subdued, the elephant might go on for years without giving any further trouble.

Finding that Harkness was determined in his purpose, we went on without him, and soon came in sight of the huge brute, who stood in the field, a short distance from the road, ploughing up the earth with his tusks, throwing clouds of dirt in the air, and occasionally trumpeting in a most ferocious manner. His small eyes appeared blood red, and shone like coals of fire; his enormous ears were flapping wickedly, and he swayed his body to and fro with an impatient, surging motion, as if he was undecided whether to make a charge upon us or not. A colossal, angry monster, he presented a fearful sight to look upon, and was in reality, as dangerous as his appearance was terrible.

Now a council of war was held in relation to the best means of bringing old Tippo under subjection. The first thing to be done was to select a new keeper; and I felt exceedingly elated when Mr. Milus offered the new position. Knowing nothing at all in regard to the disposition of elephants, inexperienced and foolhardy, I had no idea of the danger attending the situation, and it was probably for this very reason that Mr. Milus pitched upon me to fill it. Indeed, I was about to advance on the enemy single-handed, when I was checked, and informed that it would be time enough for me to assume authority over the animal when he should be subdued.

I afterward learned that an elephant that has been rebellious, when he acknowledges himself conquered, will quietly accept whoever takes him in charge at the time as his keeper, but will allow no one else to assume authority over him. Therefore, it was necessary to have a person ready to assume control over him the moment that the animal was brought to reason.

The first thing done was to turn our horses heads towards the village, so as to be in readiness for a retreat, should one become necessary. Then we separated into several parties, which approached the elephant from different points, so as to attract his attention. Tippo started several times with hostile demonstrations towards one other of these parties, who at once retreated; but, after following them a short distance, gave up the pursuit, and returned to the spot where we first discovered him. After a while he ceased to notice them, unless they came very near him. Then we took a long guy-rope, and, stationing several men at either end, they began to walk around him from opposite directions, hoping to entangle his feet with the rope. But

Tippo was too wary for us, and, as soon as the rope touched his feet, very quietly stepped over it, completely baffling our intentions.

Finally Mr. Milus proposed a plan which worked successfully. There was some large trees standing near the elephant, and we succeeded in driving him still closer to them. Then we rolled the flag halyards, that we used on one of the centre-poles of the tent, into a ball, and making one end fast to the guy rope, rolled it under the elephant between his fore and hind legs, so that a party on the other side could draw the rope under the animal without touching him. This done, the rope was raised suddenly and carried back, catching the animal just above the knees of the hind legs (an elephant has knees on all four legs,) and he at once commenced backing until be brought up against one of the trees, when the men, with great rapidity, commenced running in a circle, and soon had his hind legs lashed fast to the tree. As soon as the men came round with the rope, Tippo stepped over it with his fore legs, which aided the successful execution of the manœuvre.

After the animal was made fast to the tree, it was an easy matter to get ropes around his fore legs, and we soon had his tusks lashed down to them, so that he could scarcely move his head at all, and then he was at our mercy. Now the battle commenced in earnest; the men assailed him from every side with pitchforks, sticks, and whatever other weapons they were able to lay their hands on.

The huge beast groaned and struggled frightfully; but he was too securely hampered to do any mischief, and we punished him unmercifully. for over an hour—it seemed like an age—we worked at the old fellow, who heaved and strained in his efforts to get loose, until it seemed as if he would certainly burst his fastenings asunder, while the blood flowed in a dozen streams from the wounds inflicted upon him, and still he showed no signs of submission.

At last, after a unusually vigorous onslaught, Tippo suddenly ceased his efforts to break loose, cast his eye piteously around the circle of his tormentors, and commenced bellowing and whistling through his trunk in a manner which expressed his desire to make an unconditional surrender as plainly as words could have done. By Mr. Milus's directions we instantly discontinued the attack, and I at once loosened his fastenings and set him free. After a few hurried instructions from Mr. Milus, I started the elephant toward the town, having been furnished with the hook and spear used for directing the animal's movements, and he obeyed me as readily as if he had been under my care for years. Arrived on the ground, I chained him by the foot to a large stake driven in the earth for the purpose. I gave him a bountiful feed, and, by way of compensation for the punishment he had undergone, a bottle of rum to solace his griefs, all of which attentions he accepted in the most amicable and dignified manner imaginable.

As soon as Tippo was comfortably cared for, Mr. Milus took me on one side and gave me full instructions in regard to the proper treatment of the animal, with directions to his feed and general care. He informed me that my only safety consisted in keeping the creature afraid of me and that I must meet the slightest symptom of disobedience with prompt and severe punishment. He told me that the stories about the affection of an elephant for his keeper was all stuff—that he could be ruled by fear alone. He taught me a variety of outlandish words, probably of East Indian origin, that were used as words of command, and which all elephants appeared to understand; and on practising their effect, I found that they appeared to be quite intelligible to my charge.

After Tippo was sufficiently rested, I practised him in lying down and getting up, and a few simple tricks that he had been taught, Mr. Milus standing by and prompting me from time to time as his suggestions were required. The next day I took him before the audience, and he went through his performances to the great satisfaction of the managers, who complimented me highly upon the progress that I had made. The next day we traveled as usual, and Mr. Milus drove along just ahead of me, in case that I should require any further instructions; but the precaution was needless, as Tippo and myself had come to a perfect understanding, and I found no difficulty in making him comprehend and obey all my wishes. After this the managers were satisfied that I could control the animal, and left him entirely in my charge, and we traveled a long time without anything happening that would be worth the telling.

Cutting Timber in August.

A correspondent of the *Rural American* says: "If oak, hickory or chestnut be felled in August, in the second running of the sap, and barked, quite a large tree will season perfectly, and even the twigs will remain sound for years; whereas that cut in winter, and remaining until the next fall, (as thick as your wrist,) will be completely sap-rotten, and will be almost unfit for any purpose. The body of the oak split into rails will not last more than ten or twelve years. Chestnut will last longer, in comparison to that cut in August. Hickory cut in August is not subject to be worm eaten, and will last a long time for fencing.—When I began farming in 1802, it was the practice to cut timber for post fencing in the winter. White oak posts and black oak rails, cut at that time, would not last more than 10 or 12 years. In 1808, I began cutting fence timber in August. Many of the oak rails cut that year are yet sound, as well as most of the chestnut. If the bark is not taken off this month, it will of itself peel off the second or third year, and leave the tree perfectly sound. The tops of the trees are also more valuable for fuel, than when cut in winter or spring. I advise young farmers to try the experiment, and if post fences do not last twice as long, I forfeit all my experience as worthless."

EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCE.

A missionary at the Sandwich Islands sends to friends here some interesting reminiscences of the terrible ordeal through which they have recently passed. Five days of terror, during which the earth was almost continually shaken, culminated on Thursday, April 2, in a terrific earthquake, which destroyed nearly every house upon the southern portion of Hawaii, and swallowed up a large number of the inhabitants. This eye witness of these horrors writes:

With our children and our servants we hurried to the hill a short distance west of our house. From the hill-top we could overlook the country. A few rods east of our farm was the chaos of the earth and water which had overwhelmed the country during the earthquake shock. A short distance west of us a small stream of smoking lava was gushing from the side of the mountain, and outside of the harbor at Punalun a black column of recent lava was slowly pushing itself into the boiling ocean. We expected, evey instant, to be swallowed up by the earth, for there were frequent earthquakes, and the ground was opening with numerous fissures. Every rock and crag that could fall had faleen, and there was a continual roar as if molted lava was surging and rushing under our feet. Soon, our native pastor, Kanhane, and his wife came bareheaded, pale and trembling, with their children in their arms; followed by others who had escaped, gathering from all directions around us, on the top of that hill.—Lifting our hearts to our Heavenly Father, asking Him to prepare us all for His will, expecting that every minute would be our last, all fear was removed from our hearts, and we felt willing to die. There must have been more than fifty natives with us, and all joined in prayer, with an occasional hymn in the native language. During the night many others came who had lost husbands or wives, or parents or children. But not a single person who had been to our prayer meeting that day was lost—every one escaped, and some of them in a manner almost miraculous. The school teacher had gone to a village at the foot of the bluff, to give notice for a prayer meeting the next day, and the eruption came down on both sides, leaving only the house where he was and the few people who were in it. As one tale of woe after another was related, we heard none of the customary native wailing, and but little weeping, save for our sins We all felt that this was the Lord in his righteous judgment, and we must "be still and know that he is God." During the night one of our deacons reached us and prayed with us. His children and friends had gone that morning, to fish in the sea, instead of coming to the prayer meeting. After the earthquake he hastened with his wife to search the shore for their children. The villages were swept away by the great wave which followed the earthquake. The only living thing upon the coast was a horse that had only been half killed by the deluge. They found the body of their son among the rocks on the beach, but no other trace of the party. There was nothing visible in this scene of desolation but great chasms in the rock out of which flowed red water and green. The poor father came all the way on foot a distance of six miles to find us, and then returned to the shore; begging us not to sleep but to pray without ceasing.

Mixing with Men.—There are persons, unfortunately, deficient in kindness and good nature; who mar pleasant conversation, and render themselves very disagreeable and others uncomfortable. We can hardly expect them to assume these virtues, that is rather difficult; but it is well that such persons should know the general estimation in which these qualities are held, and how much the opposite qualities are disliked, as some check upon their manifestations of the latter. In others, not the deficient in the amiable and agreeable qualities, their action is suppressed or checked by pride or vanity two greot disturbers of social harmony.

Next to good humor and kindness, perhaps modesty—humility—is one of the most valuable qualities for conversation. Humility is one of the rarest of virtues. If at any time there ever was much of it, it seems to be nearly banished in the present age of liberty, equality, and universal enlightenment. Were this virtue more cultivated how many foolish and mischievious pretences would be prevented!—airs of superiority to others, keeping those asunder who might otherwise enjoy each others society; assumptions of importance or learning, and a thousand other shams, that only excite ridicule.—Above all, a proper humility would check that over confidence in our opinions that impede our enlightenment, and makes us hug our errors and prejudices, and would restrain that style of rude, dogmatic assertion, contempt for the opinions of others, and cavalier behavior towards them that excite angry feelngs and ill will, and embitter social intercourse.

Basin in the Atlantic Ocean.—The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the Old World from the New, and extending probably from pole to pole. This ocean furrow was probably scored into the solid crust of the planet by the Almighty hand, that there he waters which he called seas might be gathered so as to let dry land appear, and fit the earth for the habitation of man.

From the deepest place yet reached by the plummet, in the Northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is ten miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn off, so as to expose to view the great gash, which separates continents and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene most rugged, grand, and imposing.

The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, a thousand fearful wrecks, great anchors, heaps of pearls and inestimable stones, which in the poet's eye, lie scattered in the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death.

The deepest part of the North Atlantic is somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks.—The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin, about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is at the bottom of the sea between Cape Race in Newfoundland and Cape Clear in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the telegraphic pleateau.—*American Churchman.*

CATECHISM FOR THINKERS.

What is the cause of the high taxes?

The war.

Who made the war?

The Democratic party.

Why did they make the war?

Because they were expelled from political power.

Why were they expelled from power.

Because they were owned, body and soul, by an aristocratic, ambitious, sectional class interest, which sought in the defiance of the Constitution, the will of the people, and natural right, to perpetuate its power by obtaining control of the territories and the States to be formed out of them.

What chiefly encouraged this aristocratic class interest to make war upon the Union?

The oft-repeated, sterotyped, public declarations of Democrats of all sections, never rebuked or disavowed by that party, that the Union should be dissolved if the demands of the slaveholders were resisted by the people.

Who were in power when this aristocratic interest undertook to dissolve the Union?

The Democratic party.

What did they do to prevent it?

Nothing.

What did they do to assist the traitors?

They gave them the forts, arsenals, cannon, arms, ammunition and public money in the South, and sent them all they could from the North.

What did Gen. Scott beg of them to do to prevent the war?

To do as Gen. Jackson did, garrison all the Southern forts.

What reply did they make?

That the slaveholders would not like it.

How long was the Democratic party in power after secession commenced?

Three months.

What were the traitors doing all that time?

Surrounding Fort Sumpter with batteries of British guns.

What did the Democratic Administration order Major Anderson to do?

To let them alone.

What did the Republican Administration do when Sumter grew short of provisions?

Sent them more provisions.

What did the Democratic party at Charleston do then with those British guns?

They rained shot and shell upon the old flag on the walls of Sumter until Anderson was compelled to lower the flag and evacuate the fort.

What was the consequence?

Four years of civil war; the death of half a million of men; a national debt of three thousand million of dollars; the high tax and high prices.

If the Democratic Administration did nothing to prevent the dissolution of the Union, what did the Republican Administration do?

They prevented it.

Who said the war was a failure?

The Democratic party.

Was it a failure?

Yes; on their side.

What do the ask the people to do; now that they have failed in the war they made?

Restore them to power.

Will the people do it?

We guess not.

Burning of the Dead in Japan.—A Japan correspondent of the Saturday Evening *Post* furnishes the following facts concerning this custom:

The burning of the dead is largely practiced among the Japanese, and of the thirty-five different forms of worship practiced here, but two demand burial in preference to incremation. My acquaintance with their mode of burying the dead is limited to funerals, which casually came before my notice. On one occasion I was returning from a walk, and my path lay beside one of the little cemeteries near Kobi, in which a small party was gathered. It was the hour of sunset, a fitting time for an event of tender sorrow. The mourners were dressed entirely in white, which contrasted with the gaudy robes of a small party of priests.—The corpse, in its enclosure, lay upon a bier, and offerings of green rice and of flowers were made as though to the manes of the dead. Then came the beating of bells and the clanging of cymbals.

The receptacle which contained the corpse was shaped like a half barrel, and in this the dead was placed in a sitting posture, and all vacant places were filled with combustibles. The friends now all gathered round it and commenced a low, plaintive chant, so monotonous that it seemed merely the repetition of a name, which I suppose to have been that of one of the deities. They then separated, and only a few remained to attend to the final service. The receptacle or coffin was placed over a stone trough and covered with a heap of fuel. All gathered in a close circle, and the nearest of kin (in this instance a wife) applied the torch, and as the flames ascended the monotonous chant and the sound of cymbals were renewed in mournful concert. Excessive grief was decently restrained, except in the case of a little boy of about ten years, who wept piteously, and was taken aside to be comforted. The group, broke, and one after the other departed, leaving the wife above referred to alone, the image of sorrow, and apparently unable to tear herself from the ashes of her husband.

You can't fool a wise man with praise that isn't true.

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

The Chicagoans encourage races between milk wagons, and call them squatic sports.

The world's opinion—A mean man is a person with a small income who lives within it.

Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

If bark is used for tanning, what is the commercial value of the bark of a tan terrier?

A man in advance of his time—One who has been knocked into the middle of next week.

SPREADING A RUMOR.

Says Gossip One to Gossip Two,
"While shopping in the town,
Old Mr. Pry to me remarked—
Smith bought his goods of Brown."

Says Gossip Two to Gossip Three,
Who cast her eyelids down,
"I've heard it said, to-day my friend,
Smith got his goods from Brown."

Says Gossip Three to Gossip Four,
With something of a frown,
"I've heard strange news—what do you think?
Smith took his goods from Brown."

Says Gossip Four to Gossip Five,
Who blazed it round the town,
"I've heard, to-day, such shocking news—
Smith stole his goods from Brown."

Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

We suffer more from anger, and grief than from the very things for which we anger and grieve.

Wicked men stumble over straws in the way to heaven, but climb over hills in the way to destruction.

The following was one of the toasts at a celebration of the Fourth of July in Burlington: "The day we celebrate—*Hot as blazes.*"

A great many of the opinions advanced by learned men now-a-days may be properly defined as dissolving views.

There is no closing our eyes to the fact that short dresses enable us to see considerable of fashionable society.

If you would make yourself agreeable wherever you go, listen to the grievances of others, but never relate your own.

Good news for beer-drinkers—Advices from the summer resorts report an abundance of "hops."

In a game of cards a good *deal* depends on good playing, and good playing depends on a good *deal*.

Iowa offers a bounty for gopher scalps, and enterprising Iowa boys have started gopheries, and are breeding the pests. The authorities will "go for" them.

Sorrow for the Dead.—We cannot but weep for the dead, even when every feeling, when our reason warns us that the transition to them from life to immortality is full of happiness, that they have welcomed the voice of the angel of death as the harbinger of peace, the herald of joy. We weep over the grave even when we know it is the bed of rest for which the weary sufferer longed, as the tired traveler for home. When compelled to look, as it were, from the chambers of rejoicing upon the dismal abode of the dead, our hearts are chilled, as it stands in relation to ourselves, the happy, the rich, the loved; we forget to contemplate it in relation to the wretched, the poor, the desolate, who are gone to occupy it. Even in our sorrow for the dead our tears are stained by the selfishness that makes half our mortality; the shadow of death falls upon ourselves, and after the first bitter pang, the conviction that something we loved is gone beyonde the voice of our affection, we begin to sorow, partly for that we too must die! If the recollection of a duty, of a kindness, can give us a foretaste of the charity that may be felt in heaven, it is when the object on whom it has been conferred has passed the precincts of the tomb. To be conscious that we have cheered the heart that has ceased to beat, is one of the first best consolations that softens our grief for "the dead we have buried out of our sight."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Cool.—As General Scott's army was marching triumphantly into the City of Mexico, a procession of monks emerged from the gate of a convent situated on the eminence at the right, and advanced with slow and measured tread until they met the army at right angles. The guide or leader of the procession was a venerable priest, whose hair was whitened with the frosts of many winters. He held in both hands a contribution box, upon which there was a lighted candle; and when within a few feet of the procession halted. As the army proceeded, many a true believer dropped some small coin or other into the good priest's box. Ultimately there came along a tall, gaunt, limber-sided, gander-legged Yankee, who, on seeing the poor priest, thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, as if in search for a dime, or something of the kind. The priest observed this movement, advanced as usual, while Jonathan, holding forth a greasy roll of paper, commenced very deliberately to unfold it. The holy man anticipated a liberal donation, and put on an air of the most exquisite satisfaction. Jonathan continued to unroll piece after piece of twisted smoking tobacco. He next thrust his hand into another pocket, and drew forth a clay pipe, which, with the utmost deliberation, he proceeded to fill by pinching off small particles of tobacco. When this was done, having replaced his tobacco in his breeches pocket, he stooped forward and lighted his pipe by the expectant priest's candle, and making an awful inclination of the head, (intended, perhaps, for a bow) he said, "Much obleeged to you, squire," and tramped on.

Sensible to the Last.—It has long been observed by medical writers, that death is preceded by insanity—a fact which had occasioned the remark that when folke got madder, they were about to die. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in a Philadelphia court, wherein a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two thirds of her husband's estate—his relatives grounding their claim on the alleged insanity of the defunct. It may be as well to premise that the presiding judge was not only convivial, but also very gallant.

"What were your husband's last words?" inquired the attorney.

The pretty widow blushed, and looking down, replied: "I'd rather not tell."

"But, indeed, you must, ma'am.—Your claim may be decided by it."

Still blushing, the widow declined to tell. At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information.

He said, "Kiss me, Polly, and open that other bottle of champagne."

We know not whether it was admiration for the deceased husband of the living wife that inspired the judge at this instant, but he at once cried, with all the enthusiasm of conviction: "Sensible to the last!"