The Bradford Reporter.

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

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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
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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 line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Cards.

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,
A. G. MASON.

Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866.

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.

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 53 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.

MYERSBURG MILLS!

The subscribers having purchased of Mr. Barns his interest in the MYERSBURG MILLS will carry on the business of Milling, and guarantee all work done by them to be of the very best quality.

Wheat, Rye and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand, for sale at the lowest cash price.

Also now on hand a large quantity of best Ground Cayuga Plaster for sale.

MYER & FROST.

Myersburg, Sept 24, 1868.

LERAYSVILLE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY—Satisfaction guaranteed.—Life size, Large Photograph Cabinet Pictures, Ambrotypes and Card Photographs, in the latest style and at reduced prices. Copying and enlarging done to order. We charge nothing extra for Groups, Babies pictures or Copperheads with long faces.

Call and see our specimens. Our stock of Albums, Frames, etc.

HARNDEN & CO.

LeRaysville, Oct. 22, 1868.

LAKE'S WOOD MILL

Saws twenty-five cords of stove wood, shingle bolts or stave timber, per day. Is driven by one or two horses, are easily moved from place to place, and can in an hours time be set up anywhere. This machine is complete in itself, requiring the assistance of no other power. The horses draw by a sweep, making it much more safe than a tread power. It saws twice as fast, and is sold for one half the price. A number of these mills are now in use in Pike Herrick and Orwell Townships, and are giving universal satisfaction. Those wishing machines will apply to H. W. ROLLES, LeRaysville, or S. N. BRONSON, Orwell.

Sept. 22, 1868.—3m*

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 clearness 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 reputation*.

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,
F. SMALLEY.

Aug. 29, '67.

A CARD.—Dr. VANBUSKIRK has obtained a License, as required, of the Goodyear Vulcanite 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. Chloroform 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 Beldleman's Block, opposite the Means House, Towanda, Pa. Dec. 30, 1867.—3m.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN DENTISTRY.

J. S. Barrs, 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.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

On Main Street, near the Court House.

C. T. SMITH, Proprietor.

Oct. 8, 1866.

Selected Poetry.

CORONATION.

BY HELEN HUNT.

At the king's gate the subtle noon
Wove filmy yellow nets of sun,
Caught in the drowsy snare too soon
The guards slept one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings
Me chance, at least, to see if men
Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
Propping his face with listless hand;
Watching the lounglas sifting down
Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?"
The beggar turned, and, pitying,
Replied, like one in dream, "Of thee
Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head
Shook off the crown, and threw it by;
"O man, thou must have known," he said,
"A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
Went king and beggar hand in hand.
Whispered the king, "Shall I know when
Before his throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced.
"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
The guards waked one by one.

"Ha here! Ho there! Has no man seen
The king?" The cry ran to and fro.
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
The king came not. They called him dead;
And made his eldest son, one day,
Slave in his father's stead.

—*Atlantic Monthly for February.*

Miscellaneous.

Synopsis of Mr. Butler's Speech on His Bill Concerning the National Currency, Delivered in the House of Representatives on Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1869.

The currency of a highly commercial, expanding, industrious and productive and free people, by which their values are measured and exchanged, should be uniform, sound, cheap, stable and elastic.

Uniformity is that quality which gives the same value in every part thereof to the money of a country. This quality our present currency possesses in a sufficient degree of perfection.

Soundness may be defined as certainty that the currency is so secured that it can never fail of exchangability for equal intrinsic values.

No American permits himself to doubt but that our legal tenders and national bank notes, secured by the pledge of public faith, guaranteed by all the resources and power of the country, are to be made good to the extent of value printed on their face. Our present currency, therefore, possesses the quality of soundness for all purposes of internal business and trade.

As to cheapness, all financial writers agree that a paper currency is the cheapest of all possible mediums of circulation, whether as regards the cost of its supply or of its wear and tear, or because of being non-producing capital while circulating from hand to hand. If gold and silver were used in its stead, or locked up as a basis for its redemption, they would be so much idle and dead capital doing duty as currency only, and the nation so using it would suffer the loss of interest on so much wasted capital. It is apparent that paper being but the sign or token of value yields no loss of interest on itself as capital while used as currency.

While, therefore, in these particulars, our present currency is cheap enough, yet there is another sense in which it is very dear. That is, the enormous rate of interest demanded for it.

Stability of currency may be defined as a quality of currency when used as a standard and measure of value which renders it unchangeable at all times as compared with itself. A measure of value should no more change than should the measures of length, quantity or weight. It should be at all times one and the same. When all the property of a people is once adjusted to such a measure of value it is of comparatively little moment what that measure may be.

The term elasticity, as applied to currency, I will define as the power of contracting or expanding its volume, according to some known rule, to meet the necessities of its use in business, arising from its activity, its sluggishness, or from the needs of increased population.

At first thought this quality might seem opposed to the definition of stability which we have just given, but careful consideration will show that it is not so, as elasticity, as an attribute of currency, should pertain to it, not as a measure of value, but as a representative of active capital.

Stability is the fixedness of the volume of the currency as compared with property measured by it. Elasticity increases or lessens the volume determined by the necessities for its use. Elasticity is by no means synonymous with fluctuation, the latter being the increase or diminution of value of the currency at one time as compared with another; the former is the change of volume only as compared with itself.

A currency to meet this requirement of elasticity should have such capability of volume as to adapt itself to the highest needs of the internal business and commerce of the country, and at the same time such contractability as to adapt itself to the state of greatest depression without in either case affecting its soundness, or stability, or value. This quality of the currency is the element of its highest usefulness and safety as a circulating medium. In nothing is our present currency more deficient. It has a limit fixed by law, beyond which it cannot go, however great the exigencies of the business of the country may be; it contains within itself no power of contraction when not needed. Its volume must, then, remain still the same, seeking investment and profit in speculation and adventure forced by the selfishness of bankers and capitalists. This impossibility of expansion enables cliques of bankers to lock up a sufficient amount to produce panics.

When called into use as a representative of capital our money is enormously dear. Three hundred and fifty-six millions of it, not now taking into account the fractional currency issued by the government, was at once fundable into gold-bearing bonds at six per cent., untaxable by State and municipal authorities, and, as is lately claimed, but without warrant of law, untaxable by the government itself; so that whoever uses it in his business must pay an equivalent of ten or eleven per cent. for its use. The remainder—say three hundred millions—is issued to the banks by the government, which pays some eighteen millions to them for the privilege of furnishing and indorsing it, cannot be obtained by the consumer from the banks short of nine to ten per cent. interest, reckoning exchange and commissions that he who uses it must pay Out of the great cities, and away from the seaboard, the average rate of interest is at least twelve per cent.

Money, in many sections of the southern States, cannot be obtained at all at any price, and when obtainable commands twenty-four per cent. In view of this it will be seen the rate of interest becomes a matter of national importance as affecting our commercial relations with the other countries of the world. Cotton can be produced in Africa and India by the use of capital costing not more than four, or at most five per cent. per annum, thus making a direct discrimination against our producers of twenty per cent.

The high rate of interest, which raises the value of all our productions, and the fixed limit to our currency, which is taken advantage of to produce financial panics and distress, imperatively demands the most prompt and efficient remedy. It can neither be denied nor delayed with safety or justice to our people as individuals, or to the country as a nation.

The various plans proposed for the amendment of the financial system are ridiculed as utterly impracticable.

The certificates of value proposed to be issued will appreciate nearer to par than the present currency, because they are to be made receivable for duties, imposts and debts of all kinds due the government.

There is an objection to them as compared with the present greenback, and that is, the government would have to procure gold to meet its interest and pay the difference between the gold and the certificate. But let us here reflect a moment that the gold now paid for customs duty is obtained by the merchant borrowing upon the government's note at thirty-five per cent. premium, and it is very clear that the difference between the proposed certificate of value or greenback and gold would in the future be much less.

It may be further objected that making these certificates receivable for duties insomuch as they may be below the par of gold would to that extent reduce the per centage of the tariff. This, if an evil, would soon cure itself. Any considerable increase of importation by calling for more currency to pay the duties would enhance the price of that currency, and therefore bring it quite up to gold. Besides, as the act is to go into operation at a future day, if it were supposed there would be any appreciable difference between the value of the certificate and gold, then importations would be held up until that time, when the sudden influx would materially enhance the value of the currency to pay duties.

My next proposition is to take from the national banks all power to issue notes to circulate as money, leaving them as they are now, banks of deposit, loans and discounts, but not of issue—of course to be relieved from all taxes on circulation. It is evident that the $350,000,000 of "certificates of value," above proposed, circulating as money would not be a sufficient amount of currency for the business purposes of the country.

Therefore I propose to throw open the present privilege which the banks have of obtaining money from the government to every man or association of men who can furnish precisely the same security, that the banks now do for the money so received from the government.

This would secure elasticity of the currency, or adaptability of the amount in circulation to the wants of the country, since the 0.365 per cent. charged by government on the certificates issued could only be afforded when money was in sufficient demand to pay a considerable higher rate than this.

The history of our finances and of the finances of England show that a specie basis has not prevented great fluctuations and numerous crises, and an inconvertible currency, or the suspension of specie payments, has been the remedy usually resorted to for such revulsions.

Gold is not necessarily the standard of values; in fact is not except in this country and in England. In other countries silver is the standard, and gold is after all only an article of merchandise. Gold and silver currency is the device of despots and tyrants.

Instead of this money, the instrument of tyrants, which has wrought all these evils, I propose a paper currency, admittedly the cheapest and most convenient, its value based not only upon the gold in the country, but upon every other source and element of the national prosperity, emancipated from the control of all other nations, whether civilized or barbarous. It is the currency for a free people, strong enough to maintain every other of their institutions against the world, whose governments they have antagonized; strong enough to sustain the measure of their business transactions with each other independent of kings, the least, or bankers, now the most potent sovereigns in the world. It is one of the blessings of the war that we are entitled for the first time to stand alone in our industries and internal commerce as we have in our institutions.

WHAT THE WORLD IS COMING TO.

BY JAMES D. WHELPLEY.

Let us suppose that the solar system moves into the influence of an enormously extended dark nebula. This extended dust-cloud is cold beyond conception,—a fathomless abyss of cold. It would strike a chill into the system. The earth would be covered with blankets of snow, generating glaciers; and these would remain until the exhaustive influence had gone by, as a protection against it. This idea, although conjectural, is not in discord with any known conditions. We know of no reason why dark matter may not be accumulated in certain parts of space. *That such vortices have existed is certain, since planetary and solar systems have been formed by them*, and it is not certain that others may not be in progress. Causes of variation of another kind must be invoked to account for the existence of a tropical climate in arctic regions, at an epoch preceding the ice period; unless we try to account for them by the passage of the solar system through or near nebulous masses of a mild temperature. Suppositions like these appear crude and hasty; though in time they may become rational, when strengthened by sound analogies.

A complete interchange of matter has been many times made between the interior and surface of the globe. Earthly substance, taken from arctic regions by oceanic currents, has continually raised a belt of land on either side of the equator. This deposit, being always in excess of what is needed to preserve the formal equilibrium of the plastic globe, will constantly depress the equatorial belt, and thrust out the arctic regions as they are abraded. By this process, in certain regions of deep sea is produced a revolution of matter downward and outward from the equator toward each of the poles. But the movement, working from age to age over successive meridians, must be subject to large inequalities.

* * * *

There must have been a time without liquidity and without the present atmospheric pressure. There was a time when vegetation on the vast scale of the tropics, as we now observe it, was not so active in its work. The appearance of an excess of vegetation marks the close of the larger systems of stratification; but the rules of deduction indicated lead us to conclude, that, during the more recent ages,—be it the last million of years,—organic life has been more active than at any previous epoch. All the natural movements have become more active; because the mass and force of the earth, together with its temperature, have been augmented; *and it will not be denied by physiologists that these causes will have refined and intensified the products of vitality.* The fulcrum of transition from the grosser to the more concentrated forms of life exists in fact, and may be found in the method of formation of the earth itself.

The earth is progressing by excessively slow changes toward the solar and nebulous condition. Its history is a repetition of the solar, and a time must arrive when the surface, becoming incandescent, will be obscured only by casual dark pits in a brilliant atmosphere, a *souvenir* of the present darkness of the crust; yet during a certain period, within fixed limits of gravitating force and heat of mass, the human race may continue to exist; progressing, we may suppose, in force and fineness of organization. The race will perish, perhaps, in the order of nature, by failure or insufficient number of offspring, a principal cause of the extinction of superior races. The earth must become lone and voiceless long before the incandescence of the crust. Science may follow it into the condition of an attendant star, and then of an expanding nebula.

In the cosmos all movements are cyclical, and recurrent, without change save interchange among forms of motion. A universe which is, in its total, the same to day as yesterday and always, would appear idle and dull if it were not the footstool of some force, upon which the creative will maintains a certain equipoise, necessary to the continued production of spiritual forms.—*Atlantic Monthly for February.*

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—Life is like a fountain that is fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the decaying tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; health is made to operate its own destruction. The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay, the soul that animates it by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the path. Notwithstanding this truth is so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it at heart. We see our friends and neighbors die, but how seldom does it occur to our thought, that our knell may give the next warning to the world!

THE *Bangor Whig* tells a remarkable story of a man down at Tremont's Harbor, who, being out in his dory, fell overboard, and, not being able to swim, conceived the idea of striking bottom and footing it ashore. Accordingly, shutting his teeth firmly together, he struck out for the shore, until, thinking he must be near land, he opened his eyes and found himself in the middle of a corn field.

"WORKING for dear life" is defined to be making clothes for a new baby.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

A STRIKING SKETCH.

AT THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

Often as Vesuvius has been described, there is one set of impressions which are, perhaps, the most generally interesting of all, but which, from the nature of the case, cannot so frequently be recorded. I refer to the impressions of one who has stood upon the lip of the crater and looked down while an eruption is actually in progress. It is not always that a view of such a scene can be obtained. It was at a time when crash was following crash in a manner that was quite sufficiently terrible, and when all the suffocating steams and vapors were being driven to one side of the mountain by a strong wind, that we were able to go up from the windward side, stand upon the lip of the crater, look down into the roaring abyss, and see what the eruption of a volcano looks like on the spot.

That is, in truth, the only way of getting an idea of what a repository of horrors a volcano is. Without such a visit Vesuvius is often a little disappointing. It is nothing but a fine mountain, just like any other, says Mendelssohn. You may be a little disappointed as you see Vesuvius from below. But you have only to mount the summit when an eruption of any magnitude is in progress to find yourself in the presence of appalling phenomena, both of sight and sound. Choose the last few hours of daylight for your ascent, and then, as the darkness closes round, and the world below becomes hidden from your view, you stand at the crater in presence of a scene for which no language can be very extravagant. For experienced mountaineers the effort required for the ascent is nothing remarkable; but for ordinary people it is laborious enough.

You arrive at the edge of the crater, and there you behold a scene full of awe and majesty. The suddenness with which you come upon it is quite startling. Going up you neither see nor hear anything. One moment you are clambering up the side of the cone amid profound silence; the next moment, as your head rises above the crater lip, you encounter a roar and a blaze which make you shrink back a little. This surprise is occasioned, I suppose, by the formation of the crater. It is a huge bowl which comes up to quite a lip, about half a mile in diameter and some hundred yards in depth. Towards the bottom of this bowl, on the opposite side to where we stood, was a great hole, from which all the projectiles of the eruption were shot; the surface of the bowl being composed of lumps of lava, stones and cinders, all of them smeared with sulphur, precisely like those upon which we were standing. As you mount the cone there is between you and the gulf an enormous wall, which dulls everything alike—for eye and ear. Even while on the steeps of the cone itself you might be unaware that the mountain was disturbed. But a single step seems almost enough to transfer you from the most deathlike stillness to the grandest exhibition of force it is possible to conceive. Instead of the monotonous dull black of congealed lava on the lower levels, you have the deep brisk red of stones that have been under the action of fire, the brightest vermillion, and every imaginable shade of orange and yellow that sulphur deposits are capable of taking. The ground is hot too; so hot, indeed, that you cannot keep your foot on the same spot for many seconds together. Between the chinks of the stones you can see that a few inches below the surface it is actually red-hot. You thrust in the end of your stick for a moment and you pull it out charred. Over all the farther half of the crater there hangs a dense cloud of smoke and vapor; all around you there is an atmosphere of sulphur, which sets you coughing; from numberless small holes about your feet there issue with a hiss sulphurous jets of steam which nearly choke you as you pass over them; and then as you look down into the actual abyss you are face to face with the most appalling phenomena, both of sight and sound, which, perhaps the whole of Europe has to offer.

Among the crowd of strange sensations that are experienced at such a time the phenomena of sound are perhaps the most wonderful of all.—What meets the ear is, if anything, more terrible than what meets the eye. Even to sight the eruption is not just what the imagination paints it beforehand. It does not consist, as the picture necessarily lead one to suppose, of a continuous shower at all. Still less does in consist of a continuous shower of black ashes shot out from a fire blazing on the top of the mountain; it is rather a series of explosions. But the roar and glare of the great abyss is continuous. You look into the pit, and though you see no actual flame, yet its sides are in a state of constant incandescence; from the mouth of it there roars up incessantly a dense cloud of steam, and in the depths of it below you hear the noise of preparation for the outburst that is next to come. Then you hear a sharper crackle, and then, without further warning, follows a loud explosion, which shoots into the air a torrent of white-hot missiles of every shape and size. So enormous are the forces at work that not only small pieces of stone and sulphur, such as you might carry away as mementos of your visit, but huge blocks of mineral, each enough to load a railway halfcart wagon, and all in a state of perfectly white heat, are tossed up as though they were so many cricket balls.—The explosion lasts, perhaps, no longer than a minute; and then there is a cessation of some seconds with the noise only of internal preparation once more, after which the explosion is repeated. There was nothing to the almost stupefying din that was going on before us—moments when the daylight was over, and the world below could no longer be distinguished—when we had nothing but the clear starlight overhead, and were truly alone with the mountain; when the varied coloring of the ground had disappeared in the darkness, and nothing could be seen but the gleam of the burning earth through the chinks at our feet; while the white, hot glaring ribbon of melten lava glided languidly down the mountain at our side, and before us was the flashing of the inner fire upon the cloud of vapor overhanging the abyss. Take all these together, and the scene is indeed rather different from what you picture to yourself as you calmly read in your newspaper that Vesuvius is once again in a state of eruption.

I spoke just now of the stream of lava which glides down the mountain. In the first place, two peculiarities were observable in it. One was the marvelous slowness of its motion.—In the early part of its descent the decline over which it had to pass was precipitous, yet so slowly did this mass of liquid fire move within its bed, that its current was only just perceptible. It seems to be only just in motion. Perhaps in some degree connected with the same cohesion which this languor indicated, was the other peculiarity of the lava stream—the tenacity of its surface. In appearance, as we stood above it, it was in a perfectly liquid state; it looked as though you might ruffle its surface with your stick. Great, accordingly, was our surprise at finding that even with the very greatest force available on the spot we could not make the slightest impression upon it. The largest masses of mineral that we could lift, we dashed down from above upon the burning stream; but they simply bounded across its face, like a ball upon a floor, without producing the faintest apparent indention. Moreover, it is commonly supposed that lava is always projected from the crater, and the language commonly used in description encourages the idea. "A stream of lava was seen to issue from the crater" is the sort of phraseology with which one is most familiar in accounts of eruptions that took place in bygone days. I am not sure that this is ever strictly accurate, but with the crater in anything like its present form, it hardly seems probable. It would take a vast quantity of molten lava to fill that great bowl of half a mile diameter, which I suppose it would have to do before any of it would run over down the sides of the mountain. I saw no indications that this ever took place.

While you are on the mountain, the streams of lava which have issued forth and cooled at the several previous eruptions are quite distinguishable from each other by their differences of structure and color.—We saw many such; but I saw no indication of any one of them having come over the lip of the crater. In every single instance the course of the lava stream seemed to have been lower down the mountain. Certainly this was the case with the very fine one which burst out just before our visit. As we stood upon the lip of the crater it was below us throughout the whole length. The lava was issuing from a great fissure which it had made for itself some distance down in the side of the cone. The guides hurried us away from the neighborhood of its source, because, they said, it was quite possible another orifice might be opened at any moment, and then it would be all over with the present spectators—The experience of these men clearly led them to regard this as the normal mode of the emission of lava. In the case actually before us it was being poured forth evenly and continuously in a molten state from the fissure; it descended for a short distance in a broad stream to a point where a bifurcation took place, and then the burning mineral went down to the base of the mountain in two streams of perhaps twenty feet each in width, looking in the darkness like two broad ribbons of fire stretchin down into the plain

PRAYER.—Among all means of grace—sermons, sacraments, Sabbaths, providences, God's word either read or preached—the greatest in some respects, is prayer. Not men or devils can shut its gates. When every other avenue to God is closed, these stand open day and night continually. The storm of persecution may drive us from the house of God; the voice of preachers may be silenced in prisons; the Bible plucked from our hands, may be burned to ashes in heathen flames; all this had happened and may happen again. There are avenues which men may close; not this the door of prayer. The martyr found it open in his danger; Daniel in the den of lions; Paul and Silas in the prison, where their feet were in the stocks, but their spirits were free. And when his brow is clammy cold, and his ear has lost its hearing, and his tongue its power of speech—the moving lips and uplifted hands tell the by stander at a Christian's death-bed that the gates of prayer are open. Prayer and a good man never part except at the door of heaven, there being but a breath, a groan, a sigh between earth's prayers and eternal praise.

A BLESSED DAY.—What a blessed day is Sunday to a man who necessarily catches but brief glimpses of home during the toiling week, who is off in the morning while little eyes are closed in slumber, nor back at night till they are again sealed in sleep. What would he know of the very children for whom he toils, were it not for the blessed breathing respite of Sunday. What honest working man's child will forget this, when, clean and neat, it is his privilege to climb papa's knee, and hang about his neck, and tell him all the news that goes to make up his narrow little world. "Narrow," did we say? We recall the word; for it widens out into a boundless ocean of eternity. Sunday for the workingman's children! So we would have it—a day hallowed by sweet, pure, home influences, when the little band, quite complete, shall rest from labor, and Love shall write it down the blessed day of all the seven.

"Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

TIME never sets heavily upon us but when it is badly employed.

HOW THERMOMETERS ARE MADE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"What is this?" said Lawrence, picking up a piece of glass from the floor. "It looks like a broken thermometer tube."

"It was blown for one," said the gaffer.

"Blown?—so small?" exclaimed Lawrence. "I can't find any hole in it."

"It has a hole—or *bore*, as we call it—of the usual size; but it is flat. That is to make a very little mercury look to be a good deal. Do you see a narrow white stripe running the length of the tube?"

Lawrence saw it, and said he had often observed the stripe in the backs of thermometers, but had never learned what it was for.

"It is a background to see the mercury against. Would you like to see such a tube made? Come here.—Watch this man."

With delight and curiosity Lawrence watched. The man was gathering a lump of metal from one of the pots. He blew into it gently, and shaped it on a marver, flattening it until it resembled in form and size that part of a sword-hilt, that is grasped by the hand.

"In flattening it," said the gaffer, "he flattened the bubble of air he had blown into it." Lawrence looked, and could see the bubble, about as broad as his finger, extending through the glass. "That is to be the bore of the thermometer,—though of itself it is now larger than two or three thermometer tubes. Now they are going to put on the stripe."

A boy brought a lump of melted, opaque, white glass on a ponty. It was touched to the now hardened sword-hilt, and drawn from end to end along the flat side, leaving a stripe about as broad as a lady's finger. The sword-hilt, with the stripe carefully pressed down and hardened upon it, was now plunged into a pot of melted glass, and thickly coated; the soft exterior was rounded on a marver, until the entire body of glass, enclosing the stripe and the flattened bore, was in size and shape a little longer and considerably larger than a banana.

This was now slowly heated to a melting state. Then came forward a boy with a ponty, bearing on its end a piece of glass resembling an inverted conical inkstand. This he set upright on the ground, the bottom of the inkstand uppermost. The blower, with the melting lump, now advanced, and held it over the ponty, until the soft mass dropped down and touched the bottom of the inkstand, to which it adhered. The man and the boy held the lump a moment between them; then, at a word of command, the boy shouldered his ponty, like a very large staff with a very small bundle on the end of it, and set out to travel. As he ran in one direction, into a work room, the man backed off in the other, the glowing lump stretching between them like some miraculous kind of spruce gum. In a minute they were seventy or eighty feet apart, with a gleaming cord of glass, smaller than a pipe-stem, sagging between them. This was presently lowered, laid out at its full length upon the ground, and broken from what was left of the lump at the ends.

Even the Doctor, who had hitherto said little, now expressed his astonishment and admiration, exclaiming, "It is marvellous! it is truly marvelous!"

"Of course," said the gaffer, "the bore stretches with the tube, and keeps it flattened shape. So does the stripe."

"But what keeps the tube of uniform size? Why don't it break?" said Lawrence.

"The reason is this. As the glass runs out thin, it cools, and stops stretching, while it continues to draw out the soft glass from the thicker parts at the ends. If we wish to make a small tube, we stretch it quick, without giving it much time to cool. To make a large tube, we stretch slower. Here is a piece of barometer tubing, stretched in the same way; so is this lot of homœopathic vials." The "vials" were a small stack of hollow glass canes, about five feet in length, standing in a corner of the work-room, into which the visitors had followed the boy. "Though, of course," added the gaffer, "to make them, we don't flatten the bore, but only blow it larger."

"Then how are vials made out of these tubes?"

"They are cut into pieces of the right length, then the bottoms are melted and closed in by means of a common blow-pipe, such as chemists use."

Lawrence was about to ask a similar question with regard to the thermometers, when a man came along, and, stooping, commenced cutting the long tube into uniform lengths of about five feet, and packing them together into a narrow, long box.

"These," said the gaffer, "he sends to his shop in Boston,—for he is a thermometer-maker; there they are cut up into tubes of the right length; an end of each one is melted and blown out into a bulb,—the tube itself serving as a very small blowing-pipe. To avoid getting moisture into the bulb, instead of breath from the mouth, air from a small india-rubber bag is used. As the bag is squeezed at one end, the bulb swells at the other."

"Then how is the mercury put in? So small a bore!" said Lawrence, trying to find it with a pin point.

"The glass is heated, and that expands the air in it, and expels the greater part of it. As the air that is left cools and contracts, it is made to suck in the mercury. To expel the rest of the air, the mercury is boiled in the tube. When there is enough mercury in the tube to fill it, at as high a degree of temperature as it is expected ever to go, the end is softened, bent over, and closed up. As the mercury cools and contracts, it leaves a vacum at the upper part of the tube."—*Our Young Folks.*

A GENT out West was invited to take a game of poker, but he refused, saying: "No, thanks; I played poker all one summer and had to wear nankeen pants all next winter: I have no taste for that amusement since."

AN INCIDENT.—A clergyman writes to the *National Temperance Advocate* as follows: "A few days ago I attended the funeral of a young man, a member of my congregation. He had met with a slight accident while traveling on one of our railroads, and the medical man that was called in, being somewhat under the influence of liquor, dressed the wound improperly. The result was inflammation and death. It had been better that that doctor had been really drunk. The testimony of the other medical men was, had the wound been properly dressed, the young man would certainly have recovered. And an aged mother, a widow and an infant family, are left to mourn through life in consequence of that physician's *moderate drinking*—for no one had ever seen him *drunk*. Were the truth known we believe this is by no means a solitary case. Yet, 'there is no harm in moderate drinking,' men say!"

A CITIZEN of Washington, who we will call Mr. P., once rang at the door of the British Minister, and telling the servant that he had important business with the Minister, was shown into an ante room, where he was soon joined by that official, when the following dialogue took place: "May I ask, sir, what business it is that you have with me?" "Certainly, sir: it is this: In passing your house I learned that you have a whist party here to-night, and, as I am remarkably fond of game, I thought I would just step in and see what are trumps." The sublime impudence of the thing so amused the Minister that he invited the intruder into the room where the guests were assembled, and introduced him as "the most impudent man in America."

A NEWLY married man took his bride on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and when there induced her to attempt with him the ascent of the high peaks. The lady, who at home had never ascended a hill higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to see the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked by her side, expostulating with her fears. He spoke in honeymoon whispers; but the rarefaction of the air was such that every word was audible. "You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy now?" "Yes, Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically, "but I never meant above the snow line."

SATAN'S AGENT.—It seems as though Satan was aware that his deputy, King Alcohol, was about to be deposed from his throne on this continent, and that he was making his final and terrible struggle to maintain the ascendancy of his kingdom. If can find a religious paper whose columns are for sale, he charters a department of it and advocates the use of domestic wine as a beverage. If he can find a physician who cares more for his fee than he does for his patient, he visits him in his study, and, squatting like the toad in Eden, whispers in his ear the advice, to use alcohol in preference to any substitute for medical purposes. If he can find a politician who, like the bat, is half-mouse and half-bird, flitting in the twilight of public opinion, he pounces upon him and inspires him with the sentiment, that temperance is poison to politics. Trusting in Providence as though all depended upon God, we intend to labor as though all depended upon our exertions. "Truth is mighty, and must prevail."

FUN, FACTS, AND FACETIÆ.

"MY son, know thyself," solemnly said a father to one of his offspring.—"Thank you, sir," replied the son; but my list of acquintances is already sufficiently large."

"EMPLOYMENT so certainly produces cheerfulness," says Bishop Hall, "that I have known a man to come home in light spirits from a funeral because he had the management of it."

WHAT is the difference between the entrance to a barn and an over-talkative person? One is a barn door and the other a darn bore.

A HIGHLY educated constable some where exposes for sale a roan horse, "or so much thereof as may be necessary," to satisfy the judgment.

THE envious man is like that rich man in Quintilian who pois