THE REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning, by S. W. ALVORD and E. J. CLAUSON, 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.

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One Column,	$100	$60	$40
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Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25. They will be entitled to a column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of quarterly changes.

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

Cards.

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Jun27, 66.

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by the late J. C. Adams. March 1, 1869.

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

W. A. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office over the Bakery South of the Ward House and opposite the Court House. Nov. 3, 1868.

DR. H. WESTON, *DENTIST.*—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. 1Jan68.

C. H. WARNER, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon*, LeRaysville, Pa. After nearly seven years' experience and extensive practice, would respectfully tender his professional services to the people of LeRaysville and vicinity. Office same as formerly occupied by Drs. Dewitt & Davis. March 3. 3m*

DOCTOR H. A. BARTLETT, BURLINGTON BOROUGH, PA. July 2?, 1868.

F. B. FORD—*Licensed Auctioneer*, TOWANDA, PA., Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate. Feb. 13, 1868.

R. FOWLER & CO—*Real Estate Dealers*, No. 70, Washington St., opposite Opera House, Chicago, Ill. Real Estate purchased and sold. Investments made and money loaned. L. REST. April 21, 1869. R. FOWLER.

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

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, 1868.

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

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.

W. H. CARNOCHAN—*Attorney at Law*, (District Attorney for Bradford County,) Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. Feb. 15, 1869—tf

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 Orphans' Court attended to promptly and with care. Office Mercur's new brick opposite 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—so th of Court House. Dec. 1, 1864.

T. B. JOHNSON, *Physician and Surgeon*, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. B. Kelley, over Wickham & Black. Residence at Mrs. Humphrey's on Second Street. April 16, 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 18, 1868.

PRICE LIST.—CASCADE MILLS.

Best quality Winter Wheat Flour per hundred	$5 00 @ $5 50
Best quality Rye Flour per hundred	3 50
Corn Meal and Rye and Corn Feed	2 00
Buckwheat Flour, per hundred	3 50

A fair margin allowed to dealers.
Custom grinding usually done at once, as the capacity of the mill is sufficient for a large amount of work. H. P. INGHAM. Camptown, March 24, 1869.

AMERICAN HOTEL, EAST SMITHFIELD, PA. The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. C. Bentley, and thoroughly repaired and re-fitted it, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. Every endeavor will be made to satisfy those who may favor him with a call. A. G. REYNOLDS. Feb. 1, 16 9.—6m*

AMERICAN HOTEL, Cor. Bridge and Water Streets, TOWANDA, Pa. M. B. CALKINS Proprietor, assisted by L. T. Royse, formerly of "Royse House," Burlington, Penn'a. Feb. 24, 1869 tf

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).

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL, PETER LANDMESSER, Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffis, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good accommodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call. Dec. 23, 1868.—tf.

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

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR. Camptown, Bradford Co., Pa. Thankful to his many employers for past patronage would respectfully inform the citizens of Bradford County that he is prepared to do any work in his line of business that may be intrusted to him. Those having disputed lines would do well to have their property accurately surveyed before allowing themselves to feel aggrieved by their neighbors. All work warranted correct so far as the nature of the case will permit. All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. Feb. 24, '69 -1y O. W. STEVENS.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, A graduate of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city, Class 1843—4—give exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Bower's. January 14, 1869.

ALL KINDS SPICES, COFFEE, roasted, ready ground, or ground to order put up in 2, 3, 4, or 5 pound boxes. McCABE & MIX.

The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & CLAUSON, Publishers. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MAY 13, 1869. NUMBER 51.

Cards.

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

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 Aluminum 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.

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.

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.

ATTENTION THIS WAY! N. KINNEY & CO., WAVERLY, N.Y., Have on hand for the Spring trade, the largest assortment of BUGGIES AND PLATFORM WAGONS to be foundd in this part of the country, which they will sell at the most reasonable prices, and warrant all work. All that doubt need but call and examine. A word to the wise is sufficient. N. KINNEY & CO April 1, 1869.—6m

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.

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, Pencilled 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 any other establishment in town. Also Passepartouts Card Frames, Card Easels, Holmes' Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views, 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.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND! GUION & CO.'S LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN OR LIVERPOOL. Williams & Guion's old "Black Star Line" of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week. Swallow-tail Line of Packets from or to London, sailing twice a month. Remittances to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand. For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, 29 Broadway, New-York, or G. F. MASON & O., Bank ers, Towanda, Pa Oct. 1, 1866.

G. S. PECK, *MILLWRIGHT & MACHINIST*, TOWANDA, PA. Mills built and Repaired, Engines and Boilers set in the best manner. I would call the attention of mill owners to my NEW VORTEX WATER WHEEL As combining all the elements of a first-class motter, simplicity of construction, accessibility, great strength of parts, developing the greatest amount of power for water used, easily repaired, running under backwater with no detriment to power except diminition of head, requiring no alteration in Mill frames or addition to flume, will run under low head, and in de of any desired capacity. These wheels will be furnished at less than one-half the cost of any other first-class wheel in market, and warranted to perform all that is claimed for them—These wheels will be made for delivery with or without cases, on short notice of the best iron in market. For full particulars address or enquire of the undersigned. G. S. PECK, Towanda, Pa. P. S.—The wheels can be seen in operation at Messrs. Horton & Wells' Mill, Towanda twp. The wheels are wholly composed of Iron as now made. Jan. 14, 1869.—tf

WAVERLY INSTITUTE. One of the best Literary Institutions of the country, accessible from all points, is situated at WAVERLY, TIOGA COUNTY, N. Y. The departments are complete, the "Classical" embraces all those studies required for admission to our best Colleges. Also a thorough drill in the modern Languages. The English course comprehends both the common branches, taught in Elementary Schools, and many of the higher branches, usually pursued in the Colleges, in the Commercial course the instruction is as thorough and complete as in our most successful Commercial Colleges. Instruction upon the Piano and Organ by the old method, also by Robins' new American method, by which pupils can acquire a knowledge of Music in one-third the time which it has to be required. The rates of tuition are very moderate. Board obtained at reasonable prices—a limited number of pupils can be accomodated in the families of the instructors. Rooms can be secured in which students can board themselves and lessen the expenses one-half. The Summer Term consisting of 14 weeks will open on Tuesday, March 31st, 1869. For particulars address, A. J. LANG, A. M., Principal. A. YATES, President of Board of Trustees. Feb. 25, 1869.

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED For sale at W. A. ROCKWELL'S. March 30. 1869.

A SUPERIOR LOT OF BUTTER FIRKINS and TUBS, on hand and for sale at LOVE & KELLEY'S.

Selected Poetry.

"O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE."

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones;
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons;
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide—
How true, how good thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thine lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's down-trodden and oppress,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies,
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

Miscellaneous.

THE PIOUS ROBBER.

During my twenty-five years of actual service as detective, I have found many who have stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in.

One morning I stepped into Chief Matsell's office, having just returned from the West, when I was accosted by the Chief:

"Hallo, Harry! glad to see you; there is work ahead."

"What's up now? another murder?" I exclaimed.

"No, its a robbery; or, as I should say, a series of robberies."

"Where away?"

"Bond street."

"What, not on Bond street!" I cried, astonished, for during my absence I had heard of frequent robberies being committed on that particular street.

"Yes Harry this is the tenth robbery there inside of two weeks," replied Matsell.

"Can it be fathomed?"

"I know not; in fact we had no one to work it up."

"Where's Bolt and Knight?"

"On that murder case in Newark."

"And Charley Ross?"

"He has just finished the Chattertown forgery case, and is expected here to-morrow. So, Howard, you will have to work up this one."

"I'll try it, but I cannot go to work till morning, for I must rest."

"All right," returned the Chief, and I left the headquarters.

The many robberies that had taken place on Bond street were very mysterious, and no trace could be had of the depredator, for they seemed to have been committed by one person. Detectives from Philadelphia worked at the case a while, but went home no wiser than they came.

I had worked up many difficult cases, and was considered a first-rate detective—that is by our chief—and nearly all the mysterious and intricate work was placed in my hands.

As I entered the headquarters the succeeding morning I was hailed by Matsell:

"Another robbery last night Harry."

"Not on Bond street, I hope"

"Yes it is there again."

"The devil," I cried, perfectly astonished.

"It is either his satanic majesty or his imps," said the chief, a smile upon his face.

"Who was visited last night?"

"Mrs. Durant, the Irish widow.—She was here this morning, and said that she had been robbed of valuables amounting to over five thousand dollars."

"Whew!" I exclaimed. "That was a big haul."

"Now, Howard, you had better go and examine the scene of the robbery, and do as you think best."

I left the office and ere long stood upon the marble steps of Mrs. Durant's stone front. A servant bade me enter, and I was conducted to the parlor, where I found the widow bathed in tears. She quickly looked up and drew her hands across her eyes.

"I am Harry Howard," I said, by way of introduction.

"Mr. Howard, the detective?"

"The same, madam."

"You come to investigate the matter, do you not?"

"I do. I would like to see the room where you kept your valuables."

"Follow me," said the widow; and she led me up stairs to a small room where her jewels had been kept.

Things were in a topsy turvy condition. Drawers lay on the floor with their contents scattered about the room. The iron safe had been broken open and the money and jewels extracted. I noticed that there was a stain of blood upon one of the drawers, and concluded that the burglar had injured himself in some way, while committing his depredations.

The next moment I picked up a part of an envelope which was saturated with blood. I examined it closely, and found that it had been addressed to "Rev. Noah Newton, New York."

I hastily thrust it into my pocket, and turning to the widow, said:

"Mrs. Dutant, do you know the Rev. Noah Newton, of this city?"

"Oh, yes, he is our pastor; but you do not suspect him?"

"Oh, no, I was requested to inquire about him by a friend."

"Then you have found no clue," said the widow as I rose to go.

"I have not madam. This is the most complicated case I have ever engaged on. But I have one more question to ask."

"Proceed sir."

"Can you describe any article that has been stolen?"

"Oh, yes—there was my betrothal ring. It was given me by Mr. Durant many years ago, but he is dead now."

"Please describe it," I said impatiently.

"It was a heavy gold ring, the letters 'T. D.' engraved on it."

"That will do," said I, and the next minute I was walking rapidly towards my lodgings. For a long while I thought of the case upon which I was engaged. I could not believe that Mr. Newton was the burglar, then the question arose how came that bloody envelope in the widow's room?

But I must see the minister and know more about him. I sauntered down Broadway and stepped into a store to purchase some articles which I stood in need of. While making the purchase, a man stepped in and asked for some things which had been left for Mr. Newton

"Are you Mr. Newton?" asked the clerk.

"I am, sir."

"Bob, run up stairs and get Mr. Newton's things," cried the clerk to an errand boy.

Bob hurried off up stairs, while I continued in studying Newton's face, I had expected to see a person of sinister countenance, but was wofully mistaken.

He was a man about twenty-eight years of age, with a cleanly shaved face, and was neatly dressed. His eyes were large and expressive, and the noble looking forehead told that he was intelligent. I thought he needed watching, and I determined to do it. When he left the store I watched him, but he went directly to his boarding-house.

The next night I watched Newton's house and saw him come forth and walk away. I followed, and he led me through street after street, until we entered R—— street. Was he going to a gambling hell?

Yes, it was true. I followed suit, and saw my man seat himself at a faro table. He bet heavily, but lost, and at last laid his last dollar on the table. This time he won, and continued to do so until he was a thousand dollars ahead. He then left the room and went to his boarding-house.

Night after night I followed to and from the gambling house, but learned nothing more.

But success was to come. One night I was looking at some gold pens in a jewelry store, when a woman entered and stood near me. Her person glittered with diamonds. As she turned her face towards me I saw Anna Rodman, one of the many women of New York who

"Barter their souls for the means of life."

As she laid her hand upon the counter I saw a plain gold ring glistening on one of her fingers. I leaned forward, looked at the ring, and saw the letters "T. D." engraved upon it. I knew it instantly It was the betrothal ring of which Mrs Duran had been robbed.

How came Anna in possession of that ring? I must ascertain; so I hastily purchased the pen, and took my station outside of the store to await her exit. She came out at last and walked rapidly away. I followed her through several streets, until when in the vicinity of the Battery, she was joined by a man, who, as the light of a lamp fell upon his face, I recognized Noah Newton, the minister. The two entered a house near by. Presently Newton came out and walked away without being followed.

After waiting an hour longer I saw Anna come from the building. I stepped forward and laid my hand upon her shoulder.

"Who are you?"

"Harry Howard."

"A detective? Yes I've heard of you."

"Anna; I am engaged in legitimate business, and I want you to assist in catching a villain."

"I will do it if I can, sir."

"Then please inform me who gave you that ring?" I said pointing to the stolen ring which was still on her finger.

"Noah Newton, a young man who lives on S—— street."

"Was it the person whom you met awhile ago?"

"It was, sir."

"Then, Anna, that ring belongs to Mrs. Durant, and that man whom you met to-night is a preacher, and the celebrated Bond street robber."

"Why you don't say so! He said he was a jeweler, and gave me many pretty things!"

"Will you keep this conversation as you would a secret, Anna?"

"Yes sir; and I hope you will catch him," she answered and walked away.

It was ten o'clock now, but I determined to visit the widow. She received me kindly, but her face wore a look of disappointment when I told her I had no clue of the robber. After we had talked awhile she said:

"Our pastor preaches his farewell sermon to-morrow."

"His farewell sermon!" I cried utterly astonished.

"Yes, he leaves for California immediately after the services are concluded. His brother has written for him to come. His congregation will be sorry to part with him, and I especially, for he comforted me when I was in sorrow, and pointed me to the Lamb of God!"

"The hypocrite!" I mentally exclaimed.

I left the widow in a hurry and went to headquarters, got Charlie Ross and proceeded to Newton's house to arrest him. But the bird had flown. He had gone, his housekeeper said, to spend the night with a friend in the lower part of the city.

We were chagrined at our defeat and resolved to arrest him before he reached the church. We went to the church at an early hour, but our game was already there, and the choir was singing. We entered and occupied a back seat; we were obliged to do so, for the church was filled with people who had come to hear the farewell discourse.

The preacher arose took his text, which I think read as follows: "Be ye holy; for I am holy." The discourse was a splendid one, in which his talents shone with all their brightness. He concluded by exhorting his hearers to take him as an example, and follow him as he followed Christ!

When the services were concluded he descended from the pulpit to receive the farewells of his congregation. The ladies gathered round him to receive the parting kiss. At last he started towards the door.

"Now's your time, Harry," whispered Charlie Ross, as Newton neared me.

I stepped up to the pious robber, and grasping his arm, cried out:

"Mr Newton, in the name of the commonwealth of New York, I arrest you."

"What for?" he stammered out.

"For the Bond street robberies."

He turned pale as death, and many of the women fainted. His hand moved towards his coat pocket, but it did not reach it.

"Quick, Charley the bracelets!" I cried.

The next instant Charley Ross sprang forward and clasped the handcuffs on, and Mr. Newton was marched off amid the shrieks and groans of the congregation. When his trial came off he made a full confession, and he went to Sing Sing for a term of fifteen years.

All the fruits of his robberies were recovered save the money, and Anna Rodman willingly gave up the widow's ring.

After a few weeks later I was presented with a fine gold watch by the people of Bond street, whose church is in charge of a minister who is not a wolf in sheep's clothing.

CHARMING WOMEN.

There are certain women who are invariably spoken of as charming.—We never hear any other epithet applied to them. They are not said to be pretty, nor amiable, nor clever, though they may be all three, but simply charming; which we may take as a kind of verbal amalgam, the concentration and concretion of all praise, the main feature about these charming women is their intense femininity. There is no blurring of the outline here; no confusion of qualities admirable enough in themselves, but slightly out of place considering the sex; no Amazonian virtues which leave one in doubt as to whether we have not before us a youth in petticoats rather than a soft and tender woman. A charming woman is a woman all over, one who places her glory in being a woman, and has no desire to be anything else. She is a woman rather than a human being, and a lady rather than a woman. One of her characteristics is the softness and exquisite grace of her manner, which so sweetly represents the tender nature within. She has not an angle any where. If she were to be expressed geometrically, Hogarth's Line of Beauty is the sole figure that could be us d for her. She is flowing, graceful, bending in mind as in body; she is neither self-asserting nor aggressive, neither rigid nor narrow; she is a creature who glides gracefully through life, and adjusts herself to her company and her circumstances in a manner little less than marvelous; working her own way without tumult or sharpness, creeping round unsuperable obstacles, and quietly wearing down more friable opposition with that gentle persistency which does so much more than turmoil and disturbance. Even if enthusiastic—which she is for art, either as music, as painting, or as poetry—she is enthusiastic in such a sweet and graceful way that no one can be offended by a fire which shines, and does not burn. There is no touch of scorn about her, and no assumption of superior knowledge.—She speaks to you, poor ignorant Philistine, with the most flattering conviction that you follow her in all her flights; and when she comes out, quite naturally, with her pretty little bits of recondite lore or professional technicalities, you cannot be so boorish as to ask for an explanation of these everyday matters, which she makes so sure you must understand. Never self-asserting, never contradictory, only sweetly and tenderly putting you right when you blunder, the charming woman nevertheless makes you feel her superiority. True she lays herself, as it were, at your feet, and gives you a thousand delicate flatteries—indeed, among her specialities is that of being able to set you on good terms with yourself, and her art of subtle flattery; but despite her own self-abasement and your exaltation, you cannot but feel that she is your superior, and that, although she is too charming to acknowledge what would wound your pride, yet she feels it, too, and tries to hide it; all which has the effect of making you admire her still more for the grace and tact she has displayed.

WHY.—The day before Washington's birthday, February las, ta lady teacher, in giving notice of the coming holiday to her pupils, said something about the good Washington and then asked this question?

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?"

"Because he never told a lie," shouted a lively little boy.

This was rather hard on the teacher, but the boy did not see it.

"Don't you know me?" said an Illinois soldier to his former commander.

"No, my friend, I don't."

"Why sir, you once saved my life."

"Ah, how was that?"

"Why, sir. I served under you at Fort Donelson and when you run away at the beginning of the fight, I ran after you, else I might have been killed, God bless you, my preserver, and my benefactor!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

The functions of repair and waste are, in the main, chemically performed, assisted it is true by vital organisms. The pabulum of the blood is assimilated to each organ as it is needed, and this assimilation is strictly a chemical process, the vital forces acting as chemist by supplying the operating agencies. The capillaries, such as we have heretofore defined as infinitesimal blood vessels, bear the renovating material to the organ needing it, and the organ appropriates it by a chemical affinity to its repair. By this same chemical affinity, the wasted part of the organ is received into the circulation of the minute veins, which deposit it into the lungs from which it is ejected at their next expiration. In this round of vital forces and chemical affinities, the food we receive becomes a part of our living systems, and having performed its office as a renovator and supporter, perishes at last as an organized product and is once more an atom of the inorganic world. In its next transformation it may assist in the structure of a temple dedicated to the worship of Buddha, or may sparkle in the diamond which graces the crown of royalty, or becoming subject to the play of vegetable affinities, tint the delicate flower, or entering into the body of the lordly oak be converted into coal, which a million years hence, will warm the parlor of your posterity, or lying as an inorganic atom in the soil, and rising by successive transformations through vegetable life to animal life and through animal life to human life; it becomes once more, the tabernacle of a human soul.

The substance which is expired in respiration is CARBON or rather one of its compounds—CARBONIC ACID. Another name for it is charcoal, anthracite coal, bituminous coal. In a ton of coal from our mines there is little else but carbon. Carbon, of itself, is inoxious, but in combination with another body soon to be mentioned, it is a deadly poison. Carbon exists in the air, in the rocks, in the bowels of the earth, in many minerals, in the food of man, beast and vegtable—especially does it exist in woody fibre and in all animal bodies. It is the principal constituent of all bodies that burn, its quality or property of maintaining combustion, indicating its chief importance in the kingdom of nature.

Oxygen, or vital air, is an agent, perhaps, of still more importance in the inquiry we have instituted. It exists almost everywhere—in the air we breathe, in the food we eat, in the water we drink, and wherever it is, it is an agent of destruction and change, as well as of vitality and renovation. It rends the rock, it crumbles the tower, it cleaves the wall,—the magnificent structures of an ancient civilization have perished in its embrace, and it preys upon the living and the dead. Since the dawn of literature the poets have called it "the tooth of time."

Oxygen enters into a thousand chemical combinations with almost every body in nature, changing them into something they were not before. Combining with carbon, it originates the phenomenon of combustion, and the human body is literally burned up. It enters by the lungs, it mixes with the blood, it is carried to all parts of the body, and burns the wasted structures of carbon as the fire burns coal, or wood. The burning of carbon in the grate, is precisely the same process that the burning of carbon in the body is,—the same heat is evolved, and the same products result to wit: a noxious gas and the ashes of the body burned. The combustion of the carbon of coal takes place in the grate, while that of the body goes on in the infinitely small terminations of the bloodvessels, and the heat evolved from the combustion, in the latter case, joined to that from another source, keeps the body at a uniform temperature of 98 degrees.

The other source of heat, referred to above, is that which arises from the *motion* of the blood in the circulation. All motion is heat, and all heat is motion. The two are identically the same quality, or thing, existing in different conditions. Heat drives the engine, but the motion would fuse the axles if he friction were not obviated by plentiful lucubration. The hammer suddenly arrested on the anvil, heats both, the cannon ball gathers heat in the exact ratio of arrest of velocity, and the school boy rubs his rule upon his writing desk, until it smokes. All these are familiar examples of the mutual conversion of motion and heat into each other, and they explain how a partial arrest of the circulation, converts its motion into the heat of the body.

Thus we have seen that we live and die. But the life and the death thus far, have been simply change. Our spiritual being has been subjected to no alteration. Our consciousness and memory have withstood decay, and have preserved us amid the ravages of elemental metamorphosis. Our lower grades of organic life, are not intelligent life,—not of that life which thinks and reasons, which loves and hates, which joys and sorrows, which merges its insignificant individuality in the social compact, and which looks above it and beyond it, for the perfect and pure. But there is a life, even a human life, which infolds itself in another and higher organization, and the motive agent of this higher life is NERVE FORCE.

X.

NORTH TOWANDA, May 5, '69.

MR. EDITOR:

Your well known devotion to the cause of social progress in all its important features, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, both in your former capacity as editor, and in other spheres of labor induces us to believe that you will extend all possible encouragement to every wise and judicious effort in this direction, now that you are again the responsible head of the REPORTER. As you very well know there is at present an already deep and rapidly increasing interest felt, upon all subjects relative to a more enlightened and orderly society. Literary and educational societies are becoming more numerous and exerting a more salutary and extended influence than ever before. The people are coming more and more to think that useless and vicious habits are no longer necessary evils, to be endured since they can not be cured. The masses are deeply impressed with the belief, and the conviction is hourly becoming deeper, that *sobriety* is not only a necessity to the well being of society, but something that must and shall be secured. Hardly a village in the country but has its Temperance Lodge and its Lyceum. These are indications of glorious results. We need feel no shame in being laborers in such a cause. We wished more particularly to call the attention of the readers of the REPORTER at this time to but one of the topics above referred to, should you feel disposed to give place in your columns to this communication. It has already been announced to the public that the Bradford County Teachers' Association, whose doings and sayings have almost invariably appeared in your columns, and whose influence for good to the cause of education can never be over-estimated, is now engaged in a work of very great importance to the literature of our country, viz, the compilation of its history. It is intended that the work shall be critical and exhaustive, not only narrative of events and descriptive of memorable epochs in the history of the county, but reaching on more properly into the domains of science, it is intended to comprise essays on the local Zoology, Physical Geography, Geology, Ichthyology, Ornithology and all other *ologies* of public value and interest. That this work should be accomplished as soon as practicable is absolutely necessary to its truthfulness and reliability. Now much of the material can be collected from actual participators in the scenes to be described. This will secure it from that great fault of nearly all early histories,—their fabulous character. Nothing need be said as to the propriety of this undertaking. Our early settlers were as great, aye, greater heroes, than the Grecian Achilles or the Trojan Hector. No bravery of the man "educated to be a man of war from his youth," and supplied with every means of accomplishing great military results, can compare with the courage of those men who single-handed and alone first swung the pioneer's axe in a Bradford county forest. The heroism of Leonidas or of our own Anderson, the indomitable perseverance and courage of Scotland's Bruce, or Prussia's Frederick, do not more nearly approach the morally sublime than the untiring energy and unconquerable determination of our fathers to hew out for themselves and their children a home among these once timbered hills. No story of ancient honor or excellence is fitter to be a part of our knowledge, or can be of purer and more salutary influence upon our education than the history of their trials, their labors, and their triumphs. They are as worthy "to be cited among the honored dead of past ages" as Theseus the founder of Athens, or Romulus, who built the first Roman wall. No duty should or can be more pleasant to us, their children, reaping as we are all the benefits of their toil, to render to these aged and care-worn heroes the tribute of a grateful remembrance. While they one by one, silently join their early companions in that higher and happier home, with all the confidence and peace of one who "Draws the drapery of his couch around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams," let us study their history, imitate their virtues, and "keep their memory green."

Yours Respectfully,
PROGRESSUS.

A CHILD'S FAITH.—A little girl being sick, complained of feeling pain. Her mamma said to her, "I will give you some medicine, my love, which will make you quite well to-morrow." Her brother, who was standing by, replied, "Oh, no, mamma, medicine alone will not make her well. When I was ill I took a great deal, but it did me no good until I prayed to God to make me well, and then I was better the very next morning, when I thanked God for making me better; and now I am quite well, and so will Ann be if she prays to God."

I trust I am not unmindful of the kind hand from which we all receive so many undeserved mercies; but I felt corrected by my child, and prayed I might never again take or give medicine without prayer.

Should the same feeling be awakened in any of your numerous readers by this simple relation, I am most amply repaid. I might, perhaps, have clothed it with more elegant language, but I rather preferred the child's own artless form of words.

HIGHER LIFE.—A few days ago, in the country, I stood beneath a tall cedar, a student of nature and an admirer of its glory. I observed that the lower branches showed the only signs of decay, and that they seemed to be appointed to removal, in order that the sap of the tree might pass uninterruptedly upward to develop the higher boughs and to hold up the top in full evergreen. The trunk of the cedar is made the more grand and substantial by the disappearance of the lower branches year by year, and the avenues to communicate life and beauty upward are thus the more direct and effectual. And so does the Christian grow. The habits of his childhood, embryo notions and opinions, as he rises into manhood, are lost; and like the cedar, as he grows his lower affections and attachments, love of the world, of fame, of position, one by one die and disappear, and his higher nature is all the more comely and complete. Any man may thus die unto sin and live unto God, loose his attachment from the things of time and sense, and fix them upon those things which are eternal and divine.—*Clark's "Gospel in the Trees."*

WHAT IS FAITH?—In the summer of 185— I learned the answer to this question. I was sixteen years of age. Those sixteen years had been spent without prayer, for I was the child of prayerless parents.

Many serious thoughts I had entertained—longings for a different life; but no one ever spoke to me a sympathizing word until that summer.—Then, in a revival of religion, there was a breaking down of all reserve, and many Christians spoke to me kindly and earnestly.

The Holy Spirit led me, I trust, and soon I felt that I loved Christ; but I thought it had been too short a process, and distressed myself with the belief that I had not yet attained the necessary *faith*. So, for many days, many times a day, I prayed for faith, and still it seemed as distant as ever.

One day I went into a dark closet, which I had set apart as my place of communion with God, kneeled, and was about to commence my oft repeated prayer, when the question came into my mind, "What is faith?" I answered, "Belief, trust." Well, have I not *belief*, and that of the heart as well as the intellect? I am heartily sorry for my sins; I implicitly believe that Christ died to save me, a sinner, and the love of my heart goes out towards him and all who love him; have I not *faith*? The answer was clear, and plain, and joyful; and instead of my usual mourning, I poured out my heart in thankfulness to God for having, by His Holy Spirit, opened my mind and heart to the understanding of faith in its simplicity and beauty.

"A RESPECTFUL NEGATIVE."—The photograph that flatters.

WANTED—A BOY WITH TEN POINTS. 1. Honest. 2. Pure. 3. Intelligent. 4. Active. 5. Industrious. 6. Obedient. 7. Steady. 8. Obliging. 9. Polite. 10. Neat. One thousand first rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in any kind of occupation.