The Bradford Reporter.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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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 a 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.

HENRY PEET, *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. jun27, 66.

EDWARD OVERTON Jr., *Attorney at Law*, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by the late J. O. 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. Pewitt & Davis. March 3. 3m*

DOCTOR H. A. BARTLETT, BURLINGTON BOROUGH, PA. July 7th, 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 I aned. L. FENT.
April 21, 1869. R. FOWLER.

MISS E. H. BATES, M. D. (Graduate of Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, Class 1854.) Office and residence No. 11 Park street Owego. Particular attention given to Diseases of Women. Patients visited at their homes if requested. May 29, 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, 1866.

J. K. VAUGHAN—*Architect and Builder.*—All kinds of Architectural designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main street, over Elwell & 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* Block in 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—3d floor 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. F. INGHAM.
Camptown, March 24, 1869.

AMERICAN HOTEL, EAST SMITHFIELD, PA.
The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. C. Beatley, and thoroughly repaired and refitted 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.—Gives exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Peck's. January 14, 1869.

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

Cards.

H. B. McKEAN, *ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW*, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 30, 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. HERSEY WATKINS, *COUNSELLOR AT LAW.* Also a NOTARY PUBLIC, resident in the borough of Towanda, Pa., for acknowledging the Execution of Deeds, Mortgages, Letters of Attorney, Wills Contracts, Affidavits, Pensioners Papers and other Legal Instruments. April 20, 1869.

W. B. KELLY, *Dentist.* Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention is called to ALLUMINUM as a base for Artificial Teeth. Having used these materials for the past four years, I can confidently recommend it as being far superior to Rubber. Please call and examine specimens. ☞ Chloroform administered when desired. May 20, 1868.

MYERS' MILL!
SPECIAL NOTICE.
Myer, Foster & Co., will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham Flour, or any thing else in their line in any part of the village.
Customers will find an Order Book at the store of Fox, Stevens, Mercur & Co. All orders left in said book will be promptly attended to.
Any inquiries in regard to Grinding, or other business of the Mill, entered in said Book, will be answered. MYER, FOSTER & CO.
Towanda, June 24, 1868.—tf.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE opened a Banking House in Towanda, under the name of G. P. 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. P. 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. P. 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 found 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, Penciled and Colored, Opalotypes, 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 & 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., Bankers,
Oct. 1, 1866. Towanda, Pa.

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 motor, 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 from a distribution of head, requiring no alteration in *Mill frames* or addition to flume, will run under low head, and made 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.—These 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 usurpes 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.

Original Poetry.

SPRING.

Spring has come in all its beauty,
Gentle breezes play around;
Sunshine sparkles, grass is springing,
Where once all was frozen ground.

All nature seems to be rejoicing
In these long and pleasant days:
Birds are singing 'mongst the bushes,
Sending forth sweet notes of praise.

I, too, would greet thee, Spring, with gladness,
But my heart is said this day!
For in memory comes before me
Forms of loved ones now away.

And last night, when sleep had bound me
With its sweet but mystic spell,
Then I saw those loved ones round me,
With a joy no one can tell.

I could see my dear loved father
By the fireside as before;
And brother dear did haste to meet me,
As in happy days of yore.

But the morning sun awoke me,
And I found 'twas all a dream;
And many suns will rise and set
Before they come, I ween.

For my father, he is sleeping
In the churchyard here to-day;
And brother lies on the battle-field,
Many, many miles away.

Still, I'll hail thee, Spring, with gladness,
For thou art a type, so fair,
Of that home above in glory—
And no sorrow enters there.

But all will be joy and sunshine,
And no wintry *storms* to fear;
But a long celestial spring day,
Where no fading flowers appear.

AGGIE SINCLAIR.

Miscellaneous.

A FIGHT WITH A WILD LION.

The entertainment was called upon the bills a Great Moral Exhibition; and as, with the circus, it combined a menagerie to which the Asian jungles and African deserts had contributed, clergymen and others were cordially invited to witness the trained lion and the lamb lying down together, and particularly to inspect the pictures upon the flags of the various stages, which were nothing less than scenes from the Holy Scriptures, constituting, on the whole, an illustrative Bible Show.

Of the performance, of which I am particularly speaking, the last item had been described in the advertisement as the "Terrible Exploits of Bartouro in the Den of Wild Beasts;" the capitals had been thrilling. Accordingly, after a sufficient quantity of little boys had been thrown by the horse, an enormous carriage, that filled nearly half the space, was slowly wheeled upon the scene, the sides *were let down*, and the Den of Wild Beasts was disclosed.

It was in three compartments, with strong partitions made of lattice-work of iron bars between them. In the first one, some leopards and a Bengal tiger of great beauty were roaming restlessly round, up and down, in and out, round and about, in a way to make one's heart ache. In the central compartment a lion was striding up and down, lashing his tail about; while his lioness, lying in one corner with her two whelps fawning around her, looked with complacent curiosity at the crowd who returned her gaze. But when the lids were let down from the last compartment, all thought of the occupants of the other two was for a moment forgotten, as the immense and single lion within that one sprang upon his hind legs, pawing *at the side of the cage* as if he would break through and bound out upon us, and uttering simultaneously a roar that resounded and reverberated from *side* to side and made every heart stand still.

We were almost decorously placed on the tiers of seats, but at the sound and the sight the whole audience shook a little closer together; and for my part, never liking such scenes as this promised to be, I had risen to go.

"Never mind," said my companion to me, as I excitedly *signified my wish* to hasten off; "it's a trifling thing enough—the creatures are gorged with food and dandled from their birth; the exhibitor is in no danger."

"You are mistaken, sir," said one of the group of bystanders. "In the first two cages they are certainly tame enough; but the last beast is the true Nemea, raging for his liberty, as ready to rend a man to atoms as ever his wildest ancestor was."

"Then why is he in that cage, sir?" I asked, shivering beneath the blaze of those eyeballs like coals.

"He was only added to the collection a few hours since," said another gentleman at my side. "Some sailors brought him home on their own account; the ship happened to arrive in harbor this morning, just as the menagerie was setting up its tent; the sailors lost no time in making their bargain, and the animal was transferred immediately; but an injury happening to his own cage, he was temporarily shut into this one, till better accommodations could be arranged, I believe."

"Oh, without doubt."

"And then the exhibitor does not venture into that compartment?"

"Not unless he is insane, I fancy!"

"Ah, what a roar! It is thunder's self."

"Possibly he has not been fed today."

"I think we had better go," I said. "It really makes me ill."

"No, indeed," was the response I met with. "If there is going to be anything unusual, let us have the benefit of it!"

"But it seems to me the exhibitor is not ready; I do believe *he is afraid himself.*"

"He has no occasion," said the second bystander again. "In spite of our friend's opinion of the beast, unless the exhibitor should open the door of the third cage there is absolutely not a shadow of danger."

"And if he should?"

"Why then I imagine he would get his deserts!"

"The lion would, at any rate," rejoined my companion.

"Oh, how nervous you make me," I exclaimed. "I wonder why the dauntless Bartouro does not come!"

"Possibly he is asleep," said the second bystander once more; he has a little habit, they say, which occasions drowsiness—I suppose so burdensome an occupation as his may have, in the beginning, required stimulants, and he has abused the necessity. And if they are not sobering him with bucketsful of cold water dashed over him, they are probably helping him to hurry on his tights and spangles."

As he spoke, a man carrying a little switch bounded into the ring, made his bow to the audience, threw open the cage of the leopards, leaped lightly up, and in an instant had shut himself within. He was a man of splendid physical development; and so quick had been his *three movements*, that one had not time to see his flushed face and its swollen veins before it seemed that the exertion of seizing a leopard and tossing him into the air had occasioned it.

"What a handsome fellow!" cried my companion. "What shoulders! what a forearm! His neck is a white column; it is the torso of a hero. Was he put together in that splendid way, I wonder, for nothing else than to play with kittens?"

He was a picture as he fronted us; the two leopards stood with a paw on either shoulder, the spots seeming to waver in their supple sides like the sparks and glows in half blackened fire brands, while the tiger bounded to and fro over the switch he held for him, as if his sleek curves were made of nothing but caoutchouc. It was plain that the creatures loved the man; they reached out their long rough tongues and licked him—he had fed them and tended them, and was to them their only visible Providence.

As I thought thus, Bartouro flung aside the first partition of iron bars, with a thrust, and was in the central cage, stepping quickly to the lioness and switching her till she rose upon her feet, catching the little cubs in his arms, and throwing them about like juggler's balls, calling the lion to his side and lying down between them all, as if for peaceful repose in the bosom of his family. Meanwhile the tiger came and stretched himself at his feet, and one of the leopards amused himself with boxing an impertinent little cub, while another leopard retired to the farthest corner of the cage, and appeared to keep watch like a sentinel over the domestic scene. It was, after all, a charming sight; and the place rang with plaudits.

Suddenly, the dauntless Bartouro sprang to his feet, bowed again to the audience, stepped and threw open the last partition. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth with horror; the whole amphitheatre hung upon one breath. The three apartments were now a single cage alone—but the animals in the first portion hurriedly huddled themselves together in the remotest part, cowering and whining and trembling abjectly.

But with a magnificent fearlessness, Bartouro trod swiftly towards the lion, who still stood erect, holding by his tremendous paws to the side of the cage, his huge black mane rising and bristling around him as if instinct with savage life itself, while he turned his head at the clang of the bars, and glared with red-hot eyes upon Bartouro!

"Come back! For God's sake, come back!" cried the ring master, darting across the arena towards the cage. "It is the lion, wild from the woods. You are a dead man!"

The whole audience rose. Oh, the cruel handsome faces of those dead and gone Roman women! these were not their ghosts. But Bartouro did not vouchsafe him a glance—only he trod swiftly forward, and struck the great beast a tingling blow in the face.

It was the death-blow of courage. The lion, amazed for one heart-beat, with the next did not pause to crouch ere springing, but had thrown himself in one mass upon Bartouro, who tottered and fell, but rose again, and lifted his arms, that were like springs of steel, to thrust the beast away. Then as if lightning fell, the arms dropped powerless, the man sank slowly down, his eyes wide open and staring on the lion, his face whiter than ashes, the blood pouring along his side in a scarlet torrent

Women were fainting now in the audience, children were shrieking, men were springing forward; the people of the menagerie were running to get some weapon, an axe, a pistol, anything; there was not one who dared to enter the cage and snatch his prey from the dreadful thing which would devour it before out very eyes for all we knew, and which dragged it a few steps, and then settled himself upon it with a growl *like* the rumble of an earthquake—while Bartouro gazed up at him, the color now of a corpse long dead, and utterly paralyzed and insensible alike to pain or terror in the lethargy of the beast's benumbing stroke.

All at once, in that breathless instant, a ball of fire shot through the air from one end of the cage to the other. It was the leopard, who had sat sentinel. In a moment his mate had followed. One had no time to denote their superb beauty nor to wonder at their furious spring, before the tiger had hurled himself after them, and all three had fallen with a yell on the lion, who tore his claws away, and half forgot Bartouro, to turn on them.

Whether it was love of their master, or whether some forest scent, still lingering about the wild brutes, had roused the never before awakened rage of their blood, no one can say; they were giving their lives for Bartouro—so much was certain.

And Bartouro lay there and looked at them, and now that he was free, forgot to stir, or could not. The people were shouting to him to save himself; their voices seemed to reach him like mere echoes, a dozen miles away; he neither moved nor rose. His own lion came and bent over him caressingly, his long mane sweeping across Bartouro; but at his touch, as if some glimmer of sense returned in a sudden flush, Bartouro must have felt that the animal should not lap away, however innocently at first, the blood that was streaming down his own sides; and he pushed him off and sprang to his feet. With that he was a man again—a sober man, too, in one sense; but in another sense, more mad with rage than he had ever been before with liquor—for he, Bartouro, the lion-tamer, had been struck to the earth, in the face of all men, by his own creatures.

"Come out—come out!" we cried, in one voice. "Oh, you are mad, Bartouro!"

He did not deign us a look; but his voice rose over the snarl, and roar, and cry, of the struggling beasts, and over the uproar awakened in neighboring cages, like a blast of wind, "And leave my leopards to die!"

In a moment he had darted forward, the helpless arm dangling from his shoulder, but his right hand grasping his whip; and as the lion, turning at the side-glance which he caught of his first assailant, regardless of leopards or tigers, shook them off with a mighty shudder, and collected himself for a second leap upon him, Bartouro ran up with his whip, and suddenly, with the precision of a marksman, he had flecked its thong first in one eye of the lion, and then the other; slipped aside as the lion rose on its spring with a yell of pain and agony and *fell sprawling* and rolling over, striking against the iron sides of the cage, gathering itself together again, and crouching as still as the sphynx.

Another ray of light never entered those thong-flecked eye—the lion was stone blind from that day.

The whole scene had not occupied three minutes. At its close, Bartouro caught his torn leopards and tossed them into the other end of the enclosure, single armed, drew his tiger, already badly maimed, away by the jaws, clanged down the iron door between them, stepped out, shut the cage behind him, bowed to the audience—just as the ring-master and his assistants rushed in with swords and guns—and ran off as if he had no more than trod upon a fly.

But as it was necessary that something should appear to testify to the terror of the occasion, I fainted away myself; and never since that time have I stepped inside the pavilion of any Great Moral Exhibition.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.—It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or avocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of fact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. By female friendship I mean pure friendship—those in which there is no admixture of the passions of love except in the *married state*. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and a good heart whom he loves, and who loves him. If he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendship where the disparity of years or circumstances puts the idea of love out of the question—Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We have many female friendships with those much older and those much younger than ourselves. Molier's old housekeeper was a great help to this genius; and Montaigu's philosophy takes a gentler and a loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds Marie de Gournay, an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," says the Hora e of essayists, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude of retirement, as one of the best parts of my being."—Female friendship, indeed, is to a man the bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence. To this mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give knowledge of the world.—*Sir E. B. Lytton.*

GLASS.—When we consider the many uses to which glass is applied, its cheapness, its purity, its beauty, we find that it possesses the valuable qualities of nearly all the metals; incorruptible as gold, clear as silver, useful as iron, what would our houses be without it? It keeps the cold out, it lets the light in. We drink out of it and we see ourselves in it. Besides fulfilling a thousand common and domestic uses, it is made into gems that rival the brilliancy of the diamond, and into lenses which give new realms to human vision. It restores eyesight to the age, and remedies the defective eyesight of the young. It magnifies objects invisible to the naked eye, so that they can be distinctly seen and studied; and it brings the heavens near. To it we owe our intimate acquaintance with the stars. The telescope is the father of modern astronomy, and the soul of the telescope is glass.—*Our Young Folks.*

BREAKFASTING with a physician in the suburbs of New York not long since, during a pause in the conversation, little Julia began to talk very earnestly. Her father, quite a strong disciplinarian, checked her in rather a nettled tone, by saying, "Why is it that you always talk so much?"

"Cause I've got somesin to say," was the quick reply.

So witty was the saying that the whole table greatly enjoyed it, and even the good doctor was forced to join in the laugh. Pity that all talkers—public speakers at least—wouldn't see to it that they have "somesin to say" when they open their mouths.

AN Ohio girl astonished the handsome young men of a Cleveland dry goods store, the other day, by asking for "three yards of Grecian Bend."

Selected Poetry.

YOUR HOUSE.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man—
Be true to yourself and God;
Ere you build your house mark well the spot—
Test well the ground, and build you not
On the sand or the shaking sod.

Dig, dig the foundation deep, young man,
Plant firmly the outer wall;
Let the props be strong, and the roof be high,
Like an open turret toward the sky,
Through which heavenly dews may fall.

Let this be the room of the soul, young man—
When shadows shall herald care:
A chamber with never a roof or thatch
To hinder the light—or door or latch
To shut in the spirit's prayer!

Build slow and sure; 'tis for life, young man—
A life that outlives the breath;
For who shall gainsay the Holy Word?
"Their works do follow them," saith the Lord;
"Therein there is no death."

Build deep, and high, and broad, young man,
As the needful case demands;
Let your little deeds be clear and bright
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light,
For the "house not made with hands."

—*Packard's Monthly.*

COMMUNICATED.

MOTION, Sensation, and Thought, are the three physiological functions of a nervous system. The two first manifest themselves through the simplest form of nervous arrangement,—an individual nerve arc. A nerve arc is a minute reservoir of nerve force, with its attendant nerves of sensation and motion. The one transmits a sensation to the reservoir of force, the other sends off the force where it is required.

This apparatus for the propagation of nerve force, is all the lower animals require. It answers all their wants. Ever busy and active, they seem to enjoy their existence in seeking their food and multiplying their kind, and when we say that thousands of millions of these little creatures swarm in the elements with no other nerve system to connect themselves with the world they inhabit, we are within the truth.

As animal organization develops into a higher class of living beings, we find the system of nerve force becoming more perfect, but it is still based on the unity with which it commenced. It is still a nerve arc—it is still a reservoir of nerve force, with its nerve of sensation and of motion. But as organization advances the arcs are multiplied, they are strung together by commissures, making a limited system for the propagation of nerve influence, and they supply many organs, binding them together in a chain of nervous sympathy.

Ascending again to the next higher class, we see the development of a nervous apparatus still more complex, and yet more complete. It is that of a spine and brain. We have now come to the Vertebrates, (and as man belongs to that class,) to the most perfect organization of nerve matter. In the lowest order of this highest class, that of Fishes, we find a rudimentary brain, formed by two small nerve arcs placed upon the top of the spinal column. Here we first notice a quality of nerve force above the sutgenetic. It is the first faint, feeble, imperfect glimmering of consciousness and thought—the first perception of the creature of a world above and beyond its own. This brain in the lowest order of the class vertebrates, enlarges by accretion and aggregation of brain matter and by developments of more complex parts, until it becomes the perfect brain of man.

But it is said that organizations below that in which we place consciousness and thought *often manifest* a will, a choice, and are therefore capable of thought. This we call instinct. But whatever it is called, it is neither will, nor choice, nor thought. These latter qualities of nerve force are all intellectual, and are born only from a perfect brain, for only a perfect brain of a complex organization can elaborate them. We may as well expect the rocks to think, and (setting poetry and Shakspeare aside) the stones to preach, as to find thought below a properly constituted brain. Thought, consciousness, will, in short, all the intellectual manifestations of brain force, require registers of impressions, convolutions of brain surface, and a circulation yielding phosphorus, for their elaboration.

The motions we call instinctive originate in the nerve arcs. They serve the lower orders in place of thought and reason, and as they are the lowest manifestations of a sentient life, so they spring from the lowest organizations. But we are not to assume that man has no instincts because he has a well-developed brain. He has many, and when they appear, he is living in his lower life, in the life of the polyphus or worm, for in all his pride of intellect, he has the worm's organization still within. His higher organization is based upon his lower organization, his higher life is based upon his lower life. His higher organization and life have not displaced the lower organization and life—they the former, are superadditions, supplements to the lower, and the greater include the less.

Now let us remember that the single nerve arc is the type of all nervous structure, whether in the lower or higher organizations. The human brain is therefore a great and controlling nerve arc, made up of many others, and dominating them all. Besides exercising a sway over all the functions of animal life, whether voluntary or involuntary, it is the instrument the soul uses in conversing with nature. It stands between two worlds, the material and the immaterial, and influences them both.

In an essay so brief we can take little notice of the intellectual powers of the brain, but there are one or two points regarding its structure worthy our attention. In speaking of the single nerve arc in the lower orders, we mentioned its reservoir of force as a mechanism to receive impressions or sensations, and to send out impulses or instincts. In the greater nerve arc of the human brain, the reservoir not only receives, but it registers the impressions—not only does it register the impressions, but it also registers the thoughts and volitions it sends out in answer. And here in the privacy and secrecy of our brain, is the record of our own lives—the tale sad or joyous, grievous or pleasant, evil or good, as it may have been. "We have not dreamed of *this* in our philosophy."

But why say we this—what mortal has seen the record or read that register? No one but ourselves; but when our hearts throb with past remembrances of accomplished good, or when conscience stings and remorse accuses, and our path is dark before us from the memory of the evil we have done, *we are reading our registers.*

Can we prove the existence of the soul from the organization of the brain?

X.

MR. EDITOR: I have so pleasant a memory of a trip over the hills of Burlington to Mountain Lake, that I feel inclined to tell your readers some of the impressions I received, so that if there be any of our fellow towns *men* or women who are pining to greet the Spring, untrammelled by the proprieties of sidewalks, and overlooking windows, and like ourself ignorant of the surrounding country, they may know whither to bend their steps. We left home early in the morning, a company of six, the friend who acted as hostess, and the family, consisting of *pater familias* (the only representative of our natural protectors we had among us), three children, and ourself. The day was warm enough for a pleasant ride, and not too sunny, as the sky was somewhat overcast, alternating sunshine and shadow, marking *this April day as it does the day of human life.* I have often thought how a day may be taken as a similitude of a life. When we arise from sleep in the morning, we have the freshness, vigor, and energy of youth, and after the sun has reached its meridian, its declining hours bring us the weariness, the sense of care, and, finally, almost the helplessness of age, until we sink into the arms of sleep, and sleep is so like death! But I beg pardon. I did not intend to moralize, but merely describe the incidents of a day that is a dear delight to remember. The balmy air of the springtime floated around us, not clear and bright, as it often is, but softened by a smoky haze, that rendered the outline of the more distant hills dim and uncertain, and that vague, shadowy line, where two worlds meet, was more vague than usual, as the landscape blent with the cloudy sky, and again the light wind lifted the mist and revealed it in clearer lines. As we went up, the mountain range on our left rose like a gigantic bulwark, as if to protect the country between the valleys of the Towanda and Sugar creeks. Beyond the Sugar Creek peaks on peaks arise, until they are lost in the distance. For one, I felt a grand sense of the security and permanence of our mundane abode stealing over me, and said to myself, *these* are the everlasting hills. I thought, too, Dr. Cummings might continue to predict dissolution, I should not be greatly moved; *these* would stand fast. The friend who accompanied us—an old resident of Highland—gave us many interesting local histories, which, together with the scenery, so beguiled the way, that when we stood on the bank of the lake we could scarcely realize we were ten miles from home. The lake is very nearly on the height of land between the two valleys, a veritable Mountain Lake. It is almost a perfect ellipse, about one-half a mile long by half that breadth, without any visible inlet, and with one small outlet that finds its way to Sugar Creek. It is said to be of unfathomable depth, and icy cold; and though I have been familiar with the lake scenery of Central New York from childhood, I never saw anything more beautiful. The day we were there it was as smooth as a mirror, and the trees, and green meadows, and solitary farmhouse opposite our point of view, were mirrored in its depths as distinctly as seen above. We could readily imagine we saw two worlds. In the days of the naiads Mountain Lake must have been a favorite resort. We stopped at a farmhouse about a mile from the lake, and were entertained with a hospitality peculiar to the country. At five P.M. we commenced our descent to the valley of the Susquehanna, but had only made two miles of the distance when we were overtaken by a thunder storm. Without this, our day on the hills would not have been complete. It gathered upon us with Alpine quickness, but just as the first raindrops began to patter on our unprotected heads, we reached the residence of one of the most thrifty, and, of course, wealthy farmers in the town. Our friend proposed a halt, and without ceremony we sought the inviting shelter. We were received with great kindness, and learned that the gentlemanly proprietor was from Lancaster county, a friend and neighbor of James Buchanan. He gave us some interesting recollections of their early intercourse. Very soon the brief storm was over, and we were again on our way home. Then we had one of the most glorious panoramas of cloud painting (for the scene was constantly shifting) it has ever been my good fortune to witness. But I will not linger. Indeed, I meant to be very brief, fearing your readers would look upon this sketch as a "twice told tale." My apology for offering it at all, is, that though I have inquired frequently, I have not yet found any one in our village who has seen Mountain Lake, and I wished to direct to it the attention of all those lovers of the beautiful who do not despise a pleasure because it is cheap. C. B. F.

THE SOUL.—"James," said a teacher to one of his boys, "what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"A little clock," said another.

"Do you see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well. Can any of you hear it tick?" All listen. After a little pause:

"Yes, sir, we hear it."

Then he took off the case, and held that in one hand and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch?"

"The little one in the right hand, sir."

"Very well again. Now I will put the case aside, put it away down there, in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the ticking."

"Yes, sir, we hear it," cried several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is off and put in my hat. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but a case. The soul is inside. The case may be taken off, and buried in the ground; may be cast into the fire, or thrown into the sea, but the soul will live on just as well without the body, as this watch will keep on ticking when the case is laid aside."

A SUBSCRIPTION-PAPER was recently circulated, with the following object in view: "We subscribe and pay the amount opposite our names for the purpose of paying the organist and a bo