The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XXX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., OCTOBER 21, 1869. NUMBER 22.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning, by S. W. ALVORD and E. J. CLAUSON, at Two Dollars 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 and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	1 Year.	6 Mos.	3 Mos.
One Column	$1 00	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square	15	10	7½

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

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25 per year. 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, billheads, Statements, &c. of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER Office is well supplied with Power Presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. C. Bogart, Esq., No. 5 Brick Row. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. July 1, 1869.

HENRY PEET, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. June 27, '68.

EDWARD OVERTON, Jr., ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Office formerly occupied by the late J. C. Adams. march 1, '69.

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, '68.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW (District Attorney for Bradford County), Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. feb 15, '69.—tf.

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

BENJ. M. PECK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office in the office lately occupied by Mercur & Morrow, south of Ward House, up stairs. July 16, '68.

MERCUR & MORROW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. 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.

JOHN W. MIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Bradford Co., Pa.
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.
Particular attention paid to Collections and Orphans' Court business. Office—Mercur's New Block, north side Public Square. apr. 1, '69.

H. B. MCKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 20, '66.

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. Particular attention is called to ALUMINUM as a base for Artificial Teeth. Having used this material 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, '68.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST.—Office in Patton's Block, over Gore's Drug and Chemical Store. jan 1, '68.

T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. B. Kelly, over Wickham & Black. Residence at the Means House. apr 16, '68.

DR. H. A. BARTLETT, *Physician and Surgeon*, Sugar Run, Bradford County, Pa. Office at residence formerly occupied by Dr. Ely. aug.10,1859.tf

J. STEVENS, M.D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Residence at N. Tidd's, Esq., corner of Second and College Streets. Office over Rockwell's Store, opposite Means House. Towanda, May 25, 1869—tf.

DOCTOR O. LEWIS, A GRADUATE of the College of "Physicians and Surgeons," New York city, Class 1843-4, gives exclusive attention to the practice of his profession. Office and residence on the eastern slope of Orwell Hill, adjoining Henry Howe's. jan 14, '69.

T. B. CAMP, INSURANCE AGENT.—Office formerly occupied by Mercur & Morrow, one door south of Ward House. July 22, 1869.

F. B. FORD, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, TOWANDA, Pa., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Charges moderate. Feb. 13, 1868.

FRANCIS E. POST, PAINTER, Towanda, Pa., with ten 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. april9, '66.

J. K. VAUGHAN, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER. All kinds of Architectural Designs furnished. Ornamental work in Stone, Iron and Wood. Office on Main Street, over the Post-office. Attention given to Rural Architecture, such as laying out of grounds, &c., &c. apr. 1, '67-1y

A. W. AYRES' MARBLE SHOP, ELMIRA, N.Y.
You will find Granite Monuments, both Quincy and Concord, Marble and Slate Mantles, and Coal Grates to fit. A large assortment constantly on hand, cheap as the cheapest. Aug. 10, 1868.—1y.

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 entrusted 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. O. W. STEVENS.
Feb. 24, 1869—1y.

J. V. DOOLITTLE, PRACTICAL JEWELER, would inform the people of Bradford and surrounding Counties, that he has opened a new Jewelry Store in Canton, where will be found constantly on hand a nicely-selected stock of goods in his line, consisting of Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches, of American, English, and Swiss manufacture, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold Pens, and all the articles usually found in a first-class Jewelry Store. All goods sold as reasonable as in any of the surrounding cities, and warranted as represented. Repairing and jobbing done on short notice, and on the most favorable terms. A liberal share of patronage is respectfully solicited.
Troy Street, Canton, Pa., May 12, 1869.

Hotels.

AMERICAN HOTEL, CORNER of Bridge and Water Streets, Towanda, Pa. M. B. CALKINS, Proprietor, assisted by L. T. ROBB, formerly of "Boyce House," Burlington, Pa. Feb. 24, 1869—tf

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

AMERICAN HOTEL, EAST SMITHFIELD, Pa. The subscriber having leased this house, lately occupied by A. C. Bentley, 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, 1869—6m*

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.

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL.
PETER LANDMESSER,
Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffin, 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.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., JORDAN & HORTON, Proprietors. This popular Hotel having been thoroughly fitted and repaired, and furnished throughout with new and elegant Furniture, will be open for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869. Neither expense nor pains has been spared in rendering this House a model hotel in all its arrangements. A superior quality Old Burton Ale, for invalids, just received. April 28, 1869.

WAVERLY INSTITUTE.
The Forty-eighth Term of this Institute opens August 18th, 1869, under the charge of A. J. LANG, A.M.
It is one of the best LITERARY INSTITUTIONS of the country, accessible from all parts, and is situated at
WAVERLY, TIOGA CO., 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 "Robbins' New American Method."
The rates of tuition are very moderate. Board obtained at reasonable prices; a limited number of pupils can be accommodated in the families of the Instructors. Rooms can be procured in which students can board themselves and lessen the expenses one-half.
Normal class, as usual, organized at the beginning of the Fall Term, in which twenty of the first applicants will receive free instruction for fourteen weeks.
For particulars address the Principal at Waverly, N.Y. Information in reference to Rooms and Board can also be obtained at Waldo & Tracy's Drug Store, 86 Broad Street.
A. J. LANG, A.M., Principal.
NEWTON KINNEY, President of Board of Trustees.
July 15, 1869

Selected Poetry.

RESOLUTION.

If you have any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and shout,
Doubt it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others to the right,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold
Next your heart, lest it get cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet:
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear,
Whispered down to every ear,
Hear it.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

[For the REPORTER.]

LETTER FROM ITHACA, N.Y.

ITHACA, N.Y., Oct. 11, 1869.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Having but lately noticed quite a number of communications in the REPORTER from different localities, and myself having the honor of being a resident of Towanda, I thought I might write something which would interest the readers of your widely circulated sheet.

Ithaca is a thriving village of seven or eight thousand inhabitants, and is situated at the head of Cayuga Lake. It is surrounded by some of the most beautiful and enchanting scenery—cascades and waterfalls being the chief objects of attraction, of which there are said to be nearly a hundred within a radius of ten miles of Ithaca, which vary from twenty to two hundred feet in height.

Cornell University, destined soon to become the leading institution of America, and a monument of perpetual glory to the "Forest City," is beautifully situated on the hill about a mile northeast of the center of the town, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. There are at present four buildings finished and in course of construction. The "McGraw building," as it is called from its donor, John McGraw, Esq., of Ithaca, is slowly growing into significance, and will be completed, it is thought, in about one year. It is to be the central university building, and is to have a tower made expressly to contain the chimes presented to the University by Miss Jennie McGraw and Mrs. President White. It has been reported that nearly all the trustees of Cascadilla Place had declared their willingness to convey the building to the trustees of Cornell University. It was originally built with the intention of establishing a Water-cure, and is now subject to a lease of Cornell University, and is used as a dormitory for certain members of the faculty and a part of the students. This will make the fifth building belonging to the University. The buildings present an imposing appearance, and with the exception of the Labratory, are constructed of stone of a grayish cast trimmed off with white, and are built with a view of enduring for ages. The number of students in the University is about 600, of whom 320 are freshmen, the seniors, juniors and sophomores making up the remainder. As the freshmen outnumber the "sophs," there is not much danger of rushing or of trampling freshmen under feet, although a slight attempt was made on Friday, the 8th inst., resulting in a drawn battle and some little damage to the South University building. Your "humble servant" had the honor of being engaged in it and getting his hat pretty well discomfited. The class of "73" held a meeting at Military Hall on Saturday the 9th, at 3 p.m., and it was resolved to have no rushing in the future unless it was begun by some opposite party; in that case it was resolved that we would stand up for our rights. These resolutions will insure the class of "74" with a pleasant reception.

Cornell University is fast gaining in popularity. Its students represent nearly every State in the Union, as well as some foreign countries. Among the members of the class of "73" a State Representative lifts his head. I say lifts his head, for he stands at least six feet in his stockings. He is a strong built, muscular man, as some of the devoted class of "72" found out in the little scrimmage we had on Friday.

The University presents facilities for learning which are not to be found in other colleges. The ever-memorable expression of its founder, the Hon. Ezra Cornell, "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study," has been the aim of the University, and for those "who have to work their way," as it is pretty generally expressed, facilities are offered by which they may earn at least something towards defraying the expenses of their education. Indeed, those who are engaged in labor in and about the University, for the purpose of defraying their own expenses, are called the "Legion of Honor." President White is traveling in the Western States; before his return he will visit some of the Western institutions and the lands belonging to Cornell University. As far as I know, the remainder of the faculty are in town, excepting, of course, the non-resident professors. Prof. Goldwin Smith lectures regularly on English History, and has given up his plan of visiting England this fall. His lectures are attended by a goodly number of the "fairer sex" of Ithaca, as well as students. According to orders issued by the commandant, Major Whittlesey, drilling commenced in earnest to-day. The Major has for his assistants two officers from West Point, Majors Arnold and Hamilton. The parade-ground presented quite an animated scene during the hour of drill. Drilling is compulsory unless the student be specially excused.

On Saturday, the 2d instant, the Amateur B.B.C., of Owego, played a match game of base ball with the Cornell University nine, which resulted in the defeat of the former by a score of 34 to 15. A return match was played at Owego on Saturday last, which resulted in the defeat of the Cornelians by 13 runs. It is not yet known when the return game will be played.

As far as I have heard, the majority of the people of Ithaca support the Republican cause, and you are perhaps aware that the New York *World* calls Cornell University a republican institution, which alone is enough to make it take a high standard in the minds of the Republicans of our State, and cause them to choose it in preference to its rival, the Lehigh University (founded by the Hon. Asa Packer), as a proper place for the education of their sons.

I have gone farther than I intended when I began, and now I will stop by merely saying you may hear from me again. I remain

Yours truly, L. E.

[For the REPORTER.]

TEMPERANCE AND PHYSIOLOGY.

The advocates of "total abstinence from all that intoxicates" are often met with the claim that "abstinence is not temperance."

As temperance admits the use of whatever is needful to the healthful sustenance of our bodies, for the vigorous performance of all their functions—so abstinence should disallow the use of whatever disturbs or proves positively injurious to the vital economy.

Whether temperance implies total abstinence from the use of alcoholic stimulants, depends upon the settlement of the single simple question by the physiologists: Is it in any sense food, or healthful?

By common consent, alcohol is classified with poisons—hence is in no sense food—as experiment proves it indigestible and in no way usable in the organic economy. We are told that alcohol contains the "sperit" of the grain, hence it must be nourishing—while the truth is the "spirit" or *life* of the grain is destroyed in distillation, and in alcohol we have only the product of decomposition and decay—an inorganic substance.

The experiments of physiologists prove that alcohol is expelled unchanged from the living system, hence war, and waste of the vital forces. This vital resistance some learned men have mistaken for increased vitality. This waste of life principle they have mistaken for its accumulation.

This mistake, and the practices which grow out of it, are the chief obstacles in the way of temperance reform, and the source of most of the debauchery, vice and crime in our land. The false doctrine which mistakes stimulation for strength, effectually paralyzes the temperance cause, and is the basis of the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

Some advocates for the use of alcohol affirm that "all our food contains poison;" hence alcohol, or poisonous drugs, may be good for us and even necessary to health.

Such affirmation can have no foundation in science, from the fact that all vital properties are destroyed and lost in the analysis of food proper. By physiology we learn the distinction between dead and living, or organic and inorganic matter, and that in the relation to each other the living system is active and the dead matter passive.

This enables us to affirm that alcohol does not "act on" the living system to impart either vitality or heat. Alcohol may occasion heat as a disturbing agent (as "the essence of heat is motion"). If we recognize in a body the sensation of heat, its molecular particles are in rapid motion, the consequence of some disturbing element or influence. Any school-boy can illustrate this principle by placing a nail upon an anvil and striking it a few blows in quick succession with a hammer.

Alcohol occasions heat in the vital domain only as a non-usable substance, and all the heat thus produced is of the kind denominated fever or inflammation.

If this doctrine is true, as we have before affirmed, then total abstinence from all poisonous drugs and alcoholic stimulants, in sickness and health, is the only *safe* and *true* temperance platform. QUIZ.

ORIGIN OF GUNPOWDER.

The greatest improvement which the military service ever received, was in the invention of Gunpowder, which as Polydote Virgil relates, was about the year 1430 of Christ, by Bartholodus Schwartz, a learned Franciscan monk, who, having applied himself to chemical investigations, happened to mix together, for some particular purpose, such ingredients as form the constituent parts of gunpowder, viz: saltpetre, sulphur, charcoal. This composition, being put into a mortar, and covered with a stone, happened to take fire, and blew off the stone to a considerable distance. The monk was at first greatly surprised and frightened; but, recovering himself, he soon discovered some of those particular uses to which it was afterwards so successfully applied. Schwartz first taught the use of it to Venetians, in the year 1430, during the war with the Genoese; and it was first employed by them in a place called Fossa Ciodia, against Lawrence De Medicis; and all Italy complained of it as a manifest innovation on the rules of lawful war.

But what contradicts this account, and shows gunpowder to be of an earlier date, is the fact mentioned by Peter Mexia, that the Moors, being besieged in 1643 by Alphonsus XI, king of Castile, he discharged a sort of iron mortars upon them, which made a noise like thunder. And this is seconded by Don Pedro, Bishop of Leon, who relates in his Chroniole of King Alphonsus that in a sea combat between the king of Tunis and the Moorish king of Seville, about five hundred years ago, those of Tunis had certain iron tubes, or barrels, with which they threw thunderbolts of fire. Du Cange adds that there is a mention made of gunpowder in the Chambers of Accounts in France, as early as in the year 1338.

It appears that Roger Bacon knew of the ingredients of which gunpowder is compounded one hundred years before Schwartz was born. That philosopher mentions the composition in express terms, in his treatise "De Nullitate Magine," published in 1316, about twenty four years after the author's death. "You may," says he, "raise thunder and lightning at pleasure, by only taking sulphur, nitre and charcoal; which singly have no effect, but mixed together, and confined in a close place, cause a noise and explosion greater than that of a clap of thunder."

MEMORY'S HEARTACHES.

And as the shadows of the lamp flicker and play strange freaks across the carpet, we bend down our head and turn aside from the merry games and bright smiles that wreathe the face of Hope, to call Memory from the corner of our heart where we too often bid her linger. She comes up at our call, and, though stray lines of sunshine linger here and there, her smile of welcome is a sad one, and speaks to us of friends dead and hopes crushed.

We are going back now, down the shady valley that entombed the old red farm-house; we are looking away back years and years at balls, and tops, and hoops, and young lads shouting in their sports and games. We see mother at the door, and the footfall of her companion echoes up the gravelled walk. We follow with our eyes the finger of Memory, and we see the cold, ghostlike tombstones grouped together in the hillside graveyard. We see the tears and sighs that Hope has never blotted out; we follow each step from boyhood to silver locks. Years ago, a baby voice rang through parlor and kitchen; a baby laugh rippled out in little waves, the chubby white foot pattered over the floor; baby smiles welcomed us at the door, and the little fingers felt in our pockets to grasp a reward. Hope told us of a life for him that should, in the gray locks of our life, cheer and bless us. We unlock the secret drawer, and take out the wooden horse, the ball of string, two little brown marbles, and a great pain tugs at our heart. We see a snowy cot, hear little groans of pain and anguish, see the death angel stand in the door and weep with us while she bids him come. A little coffin, a stillness in the house, a tiny grave. Oh! Memory, you bring up hot, bitter tears; you wrench down with ruthless hand the wall which Hope had built to prevent us from looking over the desert spots of life!

Hand in hand with Memory, we are going down the lane that led us up from childhood. The grass is seared and scorched; the flowers bloom under the dew of Hope to be withered by the cruel words of men. There are vacant chairs at the table: there are marble slabs that tell us of the dead and gone. We forget the little things just as the drops of the ocean are lost in the great wave; but Hope cannot laugh to scorn the great grief of our tears.

"Turn backward, oh! Time." Give us again the bounding step of youth, the merry laugh, the bright spots of sunshine that clouds have since turned into funeral palls! We are growing old. We are groping in the darkness that leads us along the unknown shore. We smile sadly at the beckonings of Hope. We wish to be young again; to have no heartaches and wrinkles of care. We want to see the coffined forms start into life, and hear a mother's kind good night, and feel her soft hand on our locks as she prays that He may guide our young feet in the right way. We want the kind words of a father, to hear the merry laugh of a sister, to feel that some one sighs at our wanderings and smiles at our better deeds. Take back our gray hairs and our burdensome years! Give us our life to begin again. Sweep away these tokens, wet with tearfalls, and tell us that Memory has guided us wrongly.

Have pity, Father Time! You were never young; you never grow old; there is no one to mock your faltering steps, no one to laugh at your gray hairs. We love the clear sunlight, the green trees, the beautiful earth. Men have used us ill, and we must live to forgive them; we have not always done right, and we must live to repent. Tell us that we shall live a score of years—ten—five—even one year more. Tell us that another sun will not set on our open grave.

Alas! you will not. You brush away poor Memory, sobbing in her pity, and you strike another hour on the bell of the great clock to tell us the grave is so much nearer our own shrouded form; our footsteps so much nearer the turbid waters. You add another line of care, sprinkle more tokens of your presence among our locks, and the weird shadows dance in glee that our life-lamp must flicker and grow pale before the approach of that mysterious dawn whose light shall close our eyes in the long stillness of the narrow home.

CRAWLED UP.—Once upon a time a gentleman found in his hen roost a simple-minded soul of the vicinity, who lived without visible means of support. "What are you doing here, you rascal? Stealing my chickens?" "No, sir," was the response; "I aint thought of doin nuthin of the sort." It unfortunately happened that the simple-minded individual wore a high straw hat, of the dimensions of a beehive, and the crown thereof was dilapidated to a serious extent. Just as he had put on a denial, the head of a half-grown pullet was seen to protrude from the aperature. "See there," said the gentlemen, "how did that chicken get in your hat?" "Well,' exclaimed the simple-minded individual, with an air of honest surprise and embarrasment, "that is the strangest thing ever happened to me. I suppose that darned critter must have crawled up my trowser's leg?"

WHY I SING.

I sing because I love to sing,
Because instinctive fancies move;
Because it hurts no earthly thing,
Because it pleases some I love.

Because it cheats night's weary hours,
Because it cheers the brightest day;
Because, like prayer and lightest flowers,
It helps me on my heavenly way.

Because with peals of happy words
I would exorcise morbid care;
Because a touch of deeper chords
May tune a heart to love and prayer.

Because all sounds of human fate
Within my heart an echo find;
Because whate'er is good or great
Lets loose the music of my mind.

Because above the changing skies
The spirit saith good angels sing;
Because wherever sunlight lies
The woods and waves with music ring.

Because amid earth's Babel noise
All happy things that go or come,
Give to their grateful hearts a voice—
Then why should I alone be dumb?

SHALL I BEGIN TO USE TOBACCO?

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A correspondent solicits our candid opinion, through *The Ledger*, respecting the use of Tobacco. We shall give it willingly. We are not disposed to take extreme ground on the Tobacco question, although we entertain very positive convictions of the mischiefs which attend its use. As is usual in all discussions, two extremes are developed in the controversy respecting tobacco. One party regards the use of tobacco as an evil, an evil only, and that continually; it holds that there is no such thing as moderation of evil; and that the least use of the weed is pernicious, impairing the health and shortening the life. On the other hand, the advocates of smoking and chewing take the bull by the horns, and undertake to demonstrate from the latest grounds of physiology, that tobacco is an article whose use, in due moderation, economizes the nervous force, repairs cerebral wastes, and prolongs life. We shall not take part in the controversy. There are several grounds on which we would dissuade young men who have not formed the habit of using tobacco from ever learning to use it.

1. It is not necessary to health or to comfort. No one has a natural craving for it. On the contrary, it is utterly repugnant to a natural appetite. It offends the senses and every vital organ. Men are obliged to train themselves into its use. The stomach, the heart, and the brain all protest against it, and submit, at length, only as they do to any other medicinal agent. That it may become, after long use, necessary to comfort, and even to the health, is saying of it only what may be said of opium, of strychnine, and of arsenic, all of which are employed for the very same purpose that tobacco is, viz: to produce excitement. But the need is secondary, artificial, and acquired. No man in health cares to use tobacco because he needs it. The habit begins in puerile imitation. It is an apish trick. Boys revolt against boyhood, and think they are men when old enough to copy the faults of an imperfect manhood. They are very apt to crawl into manhood through the dirty door of vice.

It may be said that, though there is no natural craving for any particular drug, like tobacco, yet in a highly artificial state of society men crave stimulants, and that tobacco, alcohol, &c., if used with rigid moderation, adapt themselves as artificial supplies to an artificial want.

That men living under the highly exciting conditions of modern society need certain stimulants, we are not disposed to deny. But in selecting one should avoid those which are peculiarly liable to abuse, and employ those which experience has shown to be safe. Tea and coffee are useful stimulants. They are not degenerating. Whatever use tobacco and wine are alleged to have in repairing nervous wastes, tea and coffee will serve in a like manner, without the temptations to which excess go with these more violent drugs.

2. The habit of using tobacco leads men to vulgarity. I do not by any means say that every user of tobacco is vulgar, or that every one who betakes himself to it will, of necessity, become vulgar. But, as a matter of fact, users of tobacco grow indifferent to the feelings of others, and habitually keep before the eyes of their companions disgustful things, which true refinement would hide or suppress. Even brute animals, moved by mere instinct, learn to hide the excretions of the body. The much abused pig prefers cleanliness. Give him pure water and a clean bed, and he will keep himself clean.

But, whatever rare and polite exceptions there may be, it is undeniable that the users of tobacco become indifferent to others' feelings, and shock the tastes of men with scarcely the consciousness of offending. The chewer spirts his saliva as if he were a liquid artillery man. The smoker carries in his hair, his raiment, and in his breath the fetid odor of tobacco. To some the fresh smoke of good tobacco is not disagreeable. But the residual smell which lingers in the pipe, on the clothes, or on the person, is disgustful to every one. If one will use tobacco, he should at least thereafter carefully purge and purify himself. But I have observed that persons who in all other things have gentlemanly instincts, in the use of tobacco seem to lose delicacy and generosity. I see a great degree of selfishness, and of indifference to others' comfort and feelings, in the use of this article. I do not say that tobacco brutalizes mens' feelings. But I have noticed that users of tobacco are as a class, less careful of offending the tastes of others than are their fellows of the same rank in life who do not use it.

3. Tobacco has, upon some constitutions, a most deleterious effect, even when used moderately. No one can beforehand tell whether he will be its victim. That it acts upon many as an insidious nerve poison, leading to dyspepsia, to headaches, to various derangements of the nervous system, seems beyond a doubt. Thousands of persons, after long suffering, have found themselves restored to health by simply discontinuing the use of tobacco. That, in such cases, there is an affinity between drinking and smoking, can hardly be doubted. That in some cases, it leads to intemperance, seems clear.

Why should one incur the remotest danger, by learning to use a disagreeable narcotic agent that a healthy man has no sort of need of?

4 There is an argument of personal liberty and of personal purity that has always seemed to us should be sufficient with a generous and honorable nature. The habit of using tobacco once formed, is well-nigh invincible. Now, no man of self-respect, not already entangled, should choose to go into bondage, to become a slave to matter of sensuous enjoyment.

There is, also, a reason of personal cleanliness. No man who habitually uses tobacco but must be offensive to delicate tastes. It is a matter of proper pride for one to be conscious that his person is pure, his skin sound, his mouth clean, his eye cool and clear. If one is unwilling to wear a filthy coat, how much less should he be willing to carry a filthy person? Now and then a tobacco user may, by great care, hide the effects of it on his person. But in far the greater number of instances, even among the well-bred people, one can at once see or smell, or both, the signs and effects of the noisome weed.

We hardly hope to influence any one on whom the habit is fixed. We do hope to dissuade some young men from forming a habit which is utterly unnecessary to health and comfort, which in most instances is unwholesome, which sacrifices personal cleanliness, addicts one invincibly to a sensuous appetite, and which changes delicacy and kindness to a selfish indifference to the comfort and convenience of all who are brought in contact with us.

A REMARKABLE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

Dr. N. T. True, School Superintendent of Oxford, Maine, has made a special report concerning a school mistress in that State and her work. Her name is Vesta Howard, and she teaches in the town of Bethel. She is fifty-five years old, and has taught seventy terms of private and public school. Yet, says Dr. True, she is far in advance of most young teachers, instead of being antiquated. The following are extracts from the account of the school:

"She commenced her afternoon session by saying that she did not think it best to set the children immediately to work upon their studies, because they had been at their play and were not in the best condition for close application. She therefore took a second Progressive Reader, and read a story as badly as she could and let them correct her faults. She then read it correctly, and as one would talk, and all eyes were fixed on her. She then called a register of scholars by numbers, who answered by their names and ages. Among them was a Winfield Scott, Gen. Fremont and other prominent names; and as they were announced she had a word to say about their history, without scarcely stopping her register. She then made them all take their books out of their seats together, without noise. No slates were to hit the desks, or books to be shuffled. She selects a captain for each of the smaller classes, who steps out and calls the class out by numbers. Books are all held alike. This makes them executive scholars.

"In reading, small children repeat the same word till they can command it in the sentence, and then they read it in concert. In spelling they all fold their arms, with the book under the left arm. Sometimes she spells the words and they pronounce them. This was a fine exercise. She made them pronounce correctly, cow, how, now bow, row. They made a graceful bow in leaving for their seats. Each class has a definite time for studying a lesson, and the teacher calls their attention to it at the moment.

"They come out to read with folded arms, read with strong emphasis, and naturally. She makes them look at her lips, and she pronounces words round and full and makes them do the same after her. While hearing a class reading, if a class is studying geography, she will suddenly call class reading, if a class is studying geography, she will suddenly call their attention to some point in the lesson, and then go right on with the reading. She will call upon a scholar by surprise to rise and tell something about the lesson she is studying. This was done with great promptness. This kept them on the alert.

"She has bouquets all around the room, and maps and pictures on the walls, to make the room look pleasant. Her order is perfect. Not a book or pencil is heard prominently.

"She questions them on what they have read. In spelling, they give familiar definitions in their own language, and are required to pronounce each letter fully and forcibly."

DEATH OF THE WIFE OF THE "WICKEDEST MAN."—Mrs. Mary Allen, wife of John Allen, known as the "Wickedest Man in New York," died of dropsy, at her home in Roosevelt street, on Saturday last. Her health had been declining for some time, owing to her habits of dissipation. The property where her family resided is valued at about sixty thousand dollars, and is the fruit of John's nineteen years of labor in the dance-house in Water street. The funeral took place at the residence yesterday at 1½ P. M. A goodly number of people were present, for most of Mrs. Allen's old dance house friends had come to take the last farewell of their old companion. Only five or six men were to be seen; all the rest were girls and women. Three Catholic priests had been in attendance up to the time of her death. The Rev. J. C. Arnold, formerly Superintendent of the Howard Mission and an old friend of the Allen family, was present. A large portion of the mourners did not appear to manifest much grief for the loss of an old friend. Some of the men and women swore strange oaths, while others talked and laughed as they had done so often on other occasions. The Wickedest Man took things coolly, and just before the corpse was removed he went out and got a drink. Many of the women walked up to the coffin, gazed a moment and kissed the face of the dead three times. Little Chester, a boy of about eight years, seemed deeply affected, and he could scarcely believe that he was never to see his mother again in this life. The husband kissed his dead wife for the last time, and then said, "There is the best friend I ever, had, and that is all I can do for her." As the coffin was being taken down stairs he remarked: "She is going to the grave feet first." The burial took place at Calvary Cemetery.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MRS. SWISSHELM ON THE QUEER CORNERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm writes from Pennsylvania to the St. Cloud (Minnesota) *Journal:*

"It is not the western frontiersman who pushes his way still further into the wilderness, carrying his household gods with him, as the advancing tide of civilization and refinement fills up the space to the eastward, but picked troops from the main body of the army rush forward like storming parties, and take the wilderness by surprise. Society overleaps and leaves fragments of the last century in quiet crevices and crannies, with their existence unknown to the traveler and curiosity-seeker who go by 'the central routes.'

"I have been thoroughly impressed with this state of society here, on the northern slope of the Alleghenies, less than a day's journey from Pittsburg, with its rushing tide of wealth and fashion. Here, twelve miles from a railroad, a large majority of the people never saw a piano; upholstered furniture is unknown; there is a spinning-wheel in almost every house, and looms to about every twentieth dwelling. One of our nearest neighbors has two—the old hand-looms, without any such modern invasion as a flying shuttle. She and her hired girl sit side by side, and weave blankets, table linen, sheeting, bagging, twilled and plain, bird's-eye and dimask, at from twelve to fifteen cents per yard. Women raise flax, pull it, break it, scutch it, hackle it, spin it, carry it to the weaver's or weave it themselves, bleach it, and make it up into garments; raise sheep, take the wool from their backs, wash it, card it, spin it, dye it, weave it, and make it up just as our great-grandmothers used to do in the days of the Revolution. The one great difference between their modes of living and those of '76 is in the cook-stove. Instead of a roaring log fire there is a cook-stove in every house, but in all other respects they have preserved the customs of their fathers. The Bible and newspaper and a shelf of books are in every house. Nine-tenths of the men vote for John Covode, and all understand the political and religious questions of the day. So I have found that frontier life and rural simplicity are two things quite separate and distinct."

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

One who has implicit confidence in his own judgement, or even in his own observation, is quite certain to fall into some serious blunders in the course of his life. A correspondent of the American Agriculturist tells a good story, which has a fitting admonition for old as well as young persons:—

When I was eleven years old, my mother removed to the country. Our nearest neighbor was a minister, by the name of Wayland, who, in addition to his ministerial duties, owned and cultivated a large farm. One night my attention was attracted to a bright light in one of the upper rooms of our neighbor's house. In a moment I saw the wife fly past the uncurtained window, closely followed by the husband, who armed with a huge fire-shovel-round the room she went, still pursued, and as I listened breathlessly, I heard a scream.

I hastened to my mother, and told her what I had seen, and we both looked out, but the light was gone, and all was quiet. Notwithstanding my mother's judicious warning, "to say nothing about it to any one," before school was out the next day, I had confided it to my bosom friend, and in a week, half the village knew it, and a great talk it made, I assure you.

Finally it reached the ears of the deacons, who at once proceeded to investigate its truth. My mother looked grave and troubled when they called, but conscious of having told only the truth, I met them fearlessly, and related what I had seen. Then they left, taking a "bee line" for the minister's, to call him to account. With many apologies they made known their errand, when, to their surprise, the minister burst into a hearty laugh.

"Wait a moment," said he, "till I call Polly. You see, that night I found a big rat in the meal chest, and came down for the shovel, and bade her hold the light, while I killed him. Finding no other place to hide, the rascal took refuge in the folds of her dress, and she ran screaming, till I managed to dislodge and kill him."

I have ever since been careful not to repeat an unfavorable report about my neighbors—at least, until I knew the whole truth.

ABOUT HANDS.

Arsene Housaye says in his latest essay on female beauty: Irish girls have the most beatiful hands. English girls have too fleshy and plump hands. The hands of American girls are too long and narrow. The fingers of German girls are too short and palms too broad. Next to the Irish girls, the daughters of Poland deserve the palm, so far as the beauty of the hand is concerned. The hands of French, Italian and Spanish girls may not be called indifferent, though there are more beautiful hands to be seen in France and Italy than in Spain. The Parisiennes bestow a great deal of care on their hands, and the consequence is that superficial and inexperienced observers will believe that they have finer hands that the women of any other part of France or any other country.

CHEMICAL HISTORY OF STEAM.

About 280 years B. C., Hero of Alexandria formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 450, Athemius, an architect, arranged several cauldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leather tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the cauldrons, and the house was shaken by the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In