The Bradford Reporter.

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

VOLUME XXX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 9, 1869. NUMBER 29.

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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

LEWIS RHEBEIN, *Fashionable Tailor.* Rooms over Aspinwall's Store, Towanda Pa. oct.5, 69.

R. FOWLER & CO., REAL ESTATE DEALERS, No. 70 Washington Street, opposite Opera House, Chicago, Ill. Real Estate purchased and sold. Investments made and money loaned. R. FOWLER, S. LIND. April 21, 1869.

B. B. HOLLETT, MONROETON, Pa., agent for the Hubbard Mower, Empire Drill, Ithaca Wheel Rake, and Broadcast Sower for sowing Plaster and all kinds of Grain. Send for circulars to B. B. HOLLETT, Monroeton, Bradford Co., Pa. June 24, '69—ly.

PATENTS!

J. N. DEXTER, *Solicitor of Patents,* 73 BROAD STREET, WAVERLY, N. Y.

Prepares drawings, specifications and all papers required in making and properly conducting Applications for PATENTS in the UNITED STATES and FOREIGN COUNTRIES. NO CHARGES IN UNSUCCESSFUL CASES AND NO ATTORNEY'S FEE TO PAY UNTIL PATENT IS ALLOWED. Oct 15, 1869-tf

BLACKSMITHING!

Having completed my new brick shop, near my residence on Main-street, I am now prepared to do work in all its branches. Particular attention paid to Mill Irons and edge tools. Having spent many years in this community, in this business, I trust will be a sufficient guarantee of my receiving a liberal amount of the public patronage. HENRY ESSENWINE. Towanda, Nov. 3, 1869.—tf

MYERSBURG MILLS!

The subscribers having purchased of Mr. Barnes 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 and for sale at the lowest cash price. Myersburg, Sept. 24, '68. MYER & FROST.

PRICE LIST—CASCADE MILLS.

Best quality Winter Wheat Flour ℔ cwt., $4 50@5 00
Best quality Rye Flour ℔ cwt. ... 3 50
Corn Meal and Rye and Corn Feed ... 2 25
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. B. INGHAM.
Camptown, July 12, 1869.

RAYSVILLE MILLS!

The subscriber, having purchased the LeRaysville Mills, and refitted the same in good order, is now ready to do good work and to give general satisfaction. M. J. FRUTCHEY. Sept. 22, 1869.—ly

MILLING!

The subscribers having purchased the Grist Mill at the mouth of Towanda Creek, generally called the ... Mill, have thoroughly repaired the same, and are now ready to do all kinds of Custom grinding ... They will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, ... Flour, or anything else in their line in any part of the village. Customers will find an Order Book at the Meat Market of Kellum & Mullock. All orders left in said book will be promptly attended to. ... in regard to Grinding, or other business ... entered in said book, will be answered. MORTON. H. W. WELLS. ... 1869.—3m*

NEW DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.

The subscriber takes this method of informing the citizens of Towanda and vicinity that he has opened a Dyeing Establishment in Col. MEANS' new building, NO. 166 MAIN STREET, (Opposite Gen. Patton's), and that he is now prepared to do all work in his line, such as CLEANING and COLORING ladies' and gentlemen's garments, ... in the neatest manner and on the most reasonable terms. Give me a call and examine my work. HENRY BEDDING. ... 1869.

BRADFORD COUNTY REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

H. B. McKEAN, Real Estate Agent.

Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots ... 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 inquiring for farms, &c. H. B. McKEAN, Real Estate Agent. ... Bank Towanda, Pa. ... 1867.

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 do a general Banking business. ... was one of the late firm of Laporte, ... of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining counties ... in the banking business for about ... make this house a desirable one through which to make collections. G. F. MASON. ... 1866. A. G. MASON.

ATTENTION THIS WAY!

N. KINNEY & CO., WAVERLY, N.Y., ... for the Spring trade, the largest assortment of ... AND PLATFORM WAGONS ... part of the country, which they ... most reasonable prices, and warrant ... doubt need but call and examine ... N. KINNEY & CO. ... 1869—6m.

FALL & WINTER GOODS.

MRS. E. J. PIERCE, ... returned from New York with a first-class ... MILLINERY GOODS! ... of the latest imported styles of BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c. &c. ... respectfully invite the ladies of Towanda ... to give her a call before purchasing ... Work done in neat and fashionable style ... notice. ☞ Rooms over M. E. Rosenfield's ... Powell's, Towanda, Pa. ... 1869.

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES! AT MONROETON, PA.

TRACY & HOLLON.

... Groceries and Provisions, Drugs ... Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, ... Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions ... Cigars and Snuff. Pure Wines and ... of the best quality, for medicinal purposes ... All Goods sold at the very lowest prices. Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours of the day and night. Give us a call. TRACY & HOLLON. Monroeton, Pa., June 24, 1869—ly.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND.

... LINE OF STEAMSHIPS FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL ... Black Star Line of Liverpool Packets, sailing every week. ... Line of Packets from or to London, ... a month. Remittances to England, Ireland and Scotland payable on demand. For further particulars, apply to Williams & Guion, ... Broadway, New York, or G. F. MASON & CO., Bankers, Towanda, Pa. Oct 1, 1866.

G. S. PECK, MILLWRIGHT AND MACHINIST, Towanda, Pa. Mills built and repaired. Engines and Boilers set in the best ... I would call the attention of mill owners to the NEW VORTEX WATER WHEEL ... all the elements of a first-class motive ... simplicity of construction, accessibility, great strength ... developing the greatest amount of power for ... required running under backwater ... power except diminution of ... requiring no alteration in mill frames or additions to flume, will run under low head, and made of ... These wheels will be furnished at less than ... the cost of any other first-class ... and warranted to perform all that ... These wheels will be made for ... orders on short notice, of the ... G. S. PECK, Towanda, Pa. These wheels can be seen in operation at Messrs. Horton & Wells' Mill, Towanda twp. The wheels are wholly composed of Iron as now made. ... 14, 1869.—tf

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. P. WILLISTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA. South side of Mercurs New Block, up stairs. Dec. 1, '69—3m*

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, '66.

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 15, '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.10,1869.tf

DR. STEVENS, over BROWNS (late GORES) Drug Store, Patton's Block, in offices lately occupied by Dr. Madill and Dr. Weston. 11-59.

L. U. BEACH, M. D., *Physician and Surgeon.* Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to all Chronic Diseases, and Diseases of Females. Office at his residence on State st., two doors east of Dr. Pratts. nov.11,69.

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.

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. april 9, '66.

OH YES! OH YES!—AUCTION!

A. R. MOE, *Licensed Auctioneer.*

All calls promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Call or address, A. R. MOE, Monroeton, Bradford county, Pa. oct.28, 69.

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—ly

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—ly.

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—ly.

Hotels.

AMERICAN HOTEL, CORNER of Bridge and Water Streets, Towanda, Pa. M. B. CALKINS, Proprietor, assisted by L. T. ROYSE, formerly of "Royse 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 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.

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," by which pupils can acquire a knowledge of music in one-third the time which it hitherto required.

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.

LADY, AWAKE!

The sun is flooding the eastern sky
With a blaze of silver light;
The fresh green foliage, waving high,
Is fringed with a flame of white;
And far above, from the topmost air,
The showering lark-notes break;
And the spirit of beauty floats everywhere—
Sweet my lady, awake!

A soft breeze steals o'er the dewy land
From its home in the dreamy south,
And scatters a perfume on every hand
Sweet as the breath of thy mouth;
And the tremulous boughs, as they bend and away,
A murmurous music make;
And bright on the brooklet the sunbeams play—
Sweet my lady, awake!

The river that lay in its dusky repose
Through the long, lone hours of night,
Now laughs in the lustre that sunrise throws,
And ripples in rosy light;
And the hills that loomed like shadowy ghosts
A clearer outline take;
And the white sails glimmer along the coasts—
Dear my lady, awake!

The violet lifts its eye of blue
To the bending blue above;
And the roses, bathed in a drench of dew,
Are breathing of beauty and love;
And the lily stoops its head to kiss
Its shadow within the lake;
O! never was morning so lovely as this!—
Dear my lady, awake!

Awake! for a music is flooding the air,
And melting along the deep;
When Nature is all awake and so fair,
O! why should my lady sleep?
A passionate sigh begins to start
From the depth of each thicket and brake—
A sigh that finds echo within my heart—
O! sweet my lady, awake!

Awake! and come where the zephyr moves
In ripples across the grass;
Awake! and come to the lake that loves
To mirror your form as you pass;
And come, O come to the heart that pines
And languishes for your sake—
And bright eyes shall blind each dew-drop that shines—
Dear my lady, awake!

Miscellaneous.

[For the BRADFORD REPORTER.]

ETIQUETTE;

A Serial for the Young of both Sexes.

BY FOGG, THE BACHELOR.

NO. V.

Well, my dear fellow, I will begin right where I left off, so that there won't be any gap in your education; for it would be a pity to have occasion to use first that very etiquette which you would be thus deprived of. I care not what may be the opinions of other writers, I think it no slight affair, no easy task, to be a perfect gentleman. Perfection consists in a multiplicity of accomplishments.—Drink deep of the wells of literature. To be critically conversant with Ned Buntline and Midshipman Easy, to have the whole vocabulary of slang phrases on your tongue's end, to eat and smoke tobacco genteelly, to have concise and at the same time comprehensive views of matrimony, I say to do and to be all this, even, is scarcely to be accomplished in this part of the nineteenth century. We know a great deal, therefore much is required of us. Just take a retrospective glance for a moment into the log cabins of our grandsires. See in what ignorant simplicity they sat in darkness, taking their whisky "straight," and manufacturing tobacco-quids out of the raw material. Now we call in the unfathomable mysteries of the chemist, the scientific dram-mixer, to take the measure of human endurance, and prepare with India cockle and arsenic accordingly, and if our good grandparents were to come among us, they would hardly know whether they were eating tobacco, dried herring, or lobelia.

It is well. I only mention it to prove it, not to condemn. Men like to die young now-a-days. I don't know but they are better prepared than they used to be. They endeavor to hasten the happy day when they can lie down to pleasant dreams in the arms of delirium tremens. It will be a happy death. I know of a good many who are preparing to try it on.

The world is one vast news-room and book-bindery. What excuse have you for being ignorant?

And yet it requires some little taste to select properly. If you are at school, you ought to be regular in your habits. The forenoon ought to be devoted to heavy breakfast and light reading, such as "Red Knife, the Revenger," or some such quieting, and at the same time instructive matter; the afternoon to epistolary correspondence with your female friends, and the evening to French. The reason why I would recommend French is not because it is of any more practical value than Kickapoo; but from this, that at the rate of present female education, in two more generations you can't find a young lady that can speak English. Have you ever thought of that, my dear friend? I am glad that my lot has been cast on earth while yet some of them can understand English, for that is my best hold.

The art of conversation consists properly in offending your inferiors and disgusting your superiors on every occasion.

Pick up the discussion of religious belief every time you can catch two persons of different denominations together, and of politics, too, when you are in the presence of your vanquished enemies. And if the fathers of all your friends present were hanged for high treason, conversation on that subject will be interesting, because they will all be at home on it, and will no doubt discuss it with some feeling and understanding.

When you make a call, don't forget to take your cane, cigar (or clay pipe), and if you have a terrier pup, take him along too.

Any young lady of sense would ... tify herself in turning you out of doors if you didn't ...

It does my soul good to see a young man on the street with his clothes on, a bottle of Jockey Club on his person as perfumery, a cloud of smoke round his head and three pups at his heels. It looks like business.

I am intensely fond of ambition. Do your best. If you are on a salary of five hundred a year, you must wear better clothes than your employer, or somebody will think you are poor. Poverty is a very hard nut to crack. Don't commit downright suicide by working every day in the week. Three days are enough; then you won't more than have time to spend what you have earned before Sunday. Save a penny for the minister. If you should save more, he might beat the saloon keeper and livery man. Don't be afraid to take a social glass. That's very different from being a drunkard.

I have seen a good many who take social glasses, but I know but a few drunkards.

There are only a few of them to know. They don't stay long enough on earth to get acquainted. Almost any one can get promoted from the one position to the other. Business men like social glasses. Some would prefer that other people's employes should take them, than theirs. Happily there are only few such men. A man that can't drink a social glass isn't fit for the society of any sensible young lady. It makes him eloquent. He may talk some things that are better adapted to the bar-room, but then he isn't to blame for that, it is the social glass that is to blame. If you are "in liquor," *of course* you are excusable. If I were going to do a mean trick or say a mean thing, I would get "in liquor" first. It don't cost much to get "in liquor," but it sometimes costs a great deal to get out. Tobacco and fancy drinks are the component parts of a gentleman. It is a very beautiful admixture. A man after he has been brought up in it is hard to wean.

There are many constituent parts to a perfect gentleman, but if all accomplishments were to be stricken from civilized life but two, I would say in tones of thunder, "take from me my garments, my money, my reputation, my morality, my all, but give me, in prosperity and adversity, my pipe and bowl."

I most humbly beg pardon, my affectionate and attentive friend, for so long feeding you on the husks of my subject. I shall now begin to throw corn. I have been giving you shucks. I am now about to fling in the kernel. I have kept you wandering, as it were, on the margin of some ambrosial and aromatic garden, now I shall fling open the gate and invite you to wade in.

In fact, to be brief and unambiguous, I shall now take you to the elysian fields of matrimony, where the sweet strains of gentle discord rise like an incense around the hymenial altar forever.

I fondly hope that you do not go unprepared. You now know how to dress, to walk, to talk, to work, and to not to work, and what more shall I say?

You can burn tobacco and eat it, too, if you please; you know how to spit, and swear; you know how a cigar or a clay pipe (I prefer to see the clay pipe) adorns the unadorned beauty of the person, and choice literature the naturally barren mind. Should I hesitate, then, in saying that you are ready to receive instructions on that subject which has occupied the minds of the best men of any age or of any clime? Young man, am I assuming too much when I take it for granted that at some period of your life you will want a wife?

Assuming this, as I do, it becomes me, then, to give you the keys that unlock the gates to that mysterious realm. In theory this seems an easy task, though in *practice,* a celibacy of two score years attests how herculean it is. As I have said before, I think it is for want of proper information on the subject that I am yet single-handed, for had I received the light of the experiences of the past as is your privilege, it is certain (so far as certainties may be said to exist in the region of metaphysics and intangible agencies) that I should now be engaged in the delectable employment of what is called "domestic felicity," *i.e.,* settling milliners' bills and discharging servant girls for no other crime than beauty and amiability!

Pardon me for thus reverting to myself, and remember that is a kind of remorse that gnaws at my vitals and forces me into this seemingly egotistical state.

Remember that it is not what *has been* that disturbs the serenity of my declining years. It is "what *might have been.*"

But enough of this; I must to my task. It is not incumbent on me to enter into an argument to prove the utility of wives.

As far back through the shadowy arches of the centuries as Homer and Confucius, their utility is conceded, and *they* were particularly disposed in their favor, though I think Confucius meant to be understood qualifiedly when he said that her bosom was the "resting-place of secrets." Let us reduce it to easy and certain rules.

Never marry a woman that knows how to do anything, much less that ever does anything.

A wife ought to know, as near to nothing as possible. The less she knows the more she will think you know (very likely (?)).

Yet there are some things she ought to understand.

She ought to understand every language except her own.

She ought to know her neighbor's business, and where her husband is after nine o'clock.

She ought to know enough about arithmetic to figure house-rent and dry-goods bills.

Now as for me, I would sooner see the world go back into chaos than to see any of my friends marry a woman that knows how to work. I don't think women are made to work; hired girls can do that.

But there is one rule that must not be forgotten, for on that hangs all the law and the profits:

Marry rich! It is just as easy to marry a rich girl as a poor one. It may come a little tougher to live with her. If she is frail you can outlive her. I have seen a very flourishing trade done in this way.

It is very impertinent to enquire into the habits of your intended. Let things take their course. You will learn her habits. Maybe she will handle the curling tongs more dextrously than the needle, the poker, than the flat-iron, but such little peculiarities are incident to married life. If differences of opinion should exist, the courts are open, you can get a divorce in from ten to fifteen minutes, and you stand as a new man restored in your character and estate. But marry!

So, my young friends, I am about to finish what I have to say to you on the subject of etiquette, and essentially, matrimony. Wisdom has many flowery paths, but disobedience and folly lie among thorny places. Parting with you, my dear friends, is like pulling teeth from the jaw of a sick mule. We have basked together in the sunshine of matrimonial prospects. We have eaten at the same table, we have sucked the cider of knowledge through the same straw. We are riding in the same caboose of celibacy down the inclined plane of life away from the state of matrimony. Who shall be first to fling himself off lest it acquire such velocity that to hope will be to hope against hope?

Yes, friends of both sexes, these are tender ties.

It is more than probable that we shall never meet more.

Treasure these proverbs and precepts up in your heart of hearts, and your success in life shall be your sufficient reward.

As for me, if the light which I have thrown out on the coasts of life shall warn one benighted bark off the breakers of error, I am a thousand times repaid.

FOGG, THE BACHELOR.

[For the REPORTER.]

THANKSGIVING.

On the 18th of November, the brothers and sisters of the Jesse Sturdevant family met at their "Old Homestead" on North Flat, opposite Laceyville, Wyoming county, to hold their Thanksgiving.

Seven brothers and two sisters, of the aggregate age of 510 years, or average of nearly 58 years each, with 30 children and nine grandchildren now compose the family. The reminiscences of their youth were not devoid of interest.

As pioneers in a wilderness, and by loss of a father early thrown upon their own resources for help, a recital of their privations and hardships seemed almost incredible to the children, and marvelous indeed to the grandchildren.

Luzerne county then included Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming counties, and the river was the highway from Northern Bradford (then Luzerne) to Wilkes-Barre, the county seat. A renewal of such recollections should not fail to impress the favored of "to-day" with the cost and worth of our government, and the duty of cultivating a love for our country and those institutions which have enabled us to advance to comparative comfort in so short a time. The Thanksgiving dinner was followed by a song adapted to the occasion, and Dr. Cogswell gave the following

ADDRESS:

Brothers, Sisters, Children and Friends:

On this day set apart by our State and National executive as a day of Thanksgiving, as a family, we are privileged of meeting together here.

To the careless observer, our meeting and greeting at the "Old Homestead" may be considered of little importance—yet the aggregate of our lives is made up of parts, which if examined separately might seem unimportant, but when properly adjusted and their relations considered, give form to our characters. Most people overlook the minor incidents of their own lives, until they learn how these little things have shaped their career. The railroad switch is but a point, though it determines the course the train shall take; so our meeting here, though unostentatious, may set in motion influences that shall reach to those who come after us. We feel our responsibility, and are fearful in describing incidents which go to make up the life or character of those with whom we associate, where we find much, were it stated in detail, that is potent for good or evil, lest we should carelessly perform our undertaking.

Ours is no ordinary meeting. The Past has its representatives here in the persons of these fathers and mothers, and though we see much all around that reminds us of the rapid flight of time, their presence, so ripe in years, assures us that

"Time has laid his hand
Upon each heart gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to vary its vibrations."

In this "union" of hearts, by this Family Gathering, let us realize no common union. The voices of these fathers and mothers of three score years, as echoes of the "Past," greet their children as the representatives of the Present, and the grandchildren as the dawn of the fast approaching Future. To-day, therefore, at our Old Homestead, with thanksgiving we celebrate the Union of the Past, Present, and Future, in the representative characters of Parents, Children, and Grandchildren. Such a union, however short the Present, is so inseparably connected with the Past and Future, as to render it everlasting.

In reviewing our brief associations with the past, we find much to inspire our hearts with gratitude to the Author of all Good for His kindly benefits and care. The privations of our youth have been succeeded by comparative comfort, and the woodland of our early remembrance, filled as we imagined with Indians and beast of prey, has been transformed into fertile fields and decked with villages.

We have witnessed our country passing through the trials of youth toward national manhood, in its excision from the body politic the black cancer that threatened its life, with hopeful prospect of a radical cure. Multiplied discoveries in the arts and sciences have lightened our burdens. The railroad, the telegraph, the mowing machine, the sewing machine, and numberless other labor-saving machines, have been added to the list of improvements within our remembrance.

In proportion, as labor has been aided, have the means of education multiplied. The State has opened the school-house to the poor, the friendless and the orphan, and books, so rare in our youth, are now almost as plenty as the leaves of autumn.

Religious persecution has almost ceased, and an intelligent Christianity is fast supplanting the religion of creeds. The artist has brought sunlight to obedience, and sweet music greets us in palace and cottage.

Of those of us who represent the Present, standing where the Future blends with the Past, it may be asked—what are our duties and aims?

Our answer is: We need a *holier ambition, a loftier Ideal,* to nerve us for heroic lives. We should deem fame, riches, personal happiness, *shadows,* of which *human good* is the substance, and count no privation or toil too severe, if thereby we could extend the empire of human happiness and virtue.

Ours is called the "age of steam" —but the Future, as represented by these grandchildren, should be reckoned an age of humanity.

Oh, the work before us! In serving man, in promoting his welfare and elevation, there are fields of labor wide as the world, and noble as the human mind can comprehend.

Therefore, before we separate, let us resolve as a family, bound by ties to a common brotherhood, to "Go forth! Be brave, loyal, and successful!"

Strive to light fresh "beacon-fires" sacred to Truth, and may their flames extend the world around, until the nations of the earth shall join in the contest for Knowledge, Truth, Justice, Love.

CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL CUSTOMS.

When the Hindoo priest is about to baptize an infant, he utters the following beautiful sentiment: "Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around you smile. Contrive so to live, that you may depart in smiles, while all around you weep."

The ancient Egyptians, at their general festivals and parties of pleasure, always had a coffin placed on the table, at meals, containing a mummy or a skeleton of painted wood, which Herodotus tells us was presented to each of the guests, with this admonition: "Look upon this and enjoy yourself, for such will you become when divested of your mortal garb." This custom is frequently alluded to by Horace and Catullus, and Petronius tells us that at the celebrated banquet of Trimalcion a silver skeleton was placed on the table to awaken in the minds of the guests the remembrance of death and of deceased friends.

In Carazan, a province to the north-east of Tartary, the inhabitants have a custom, says Dr. Heylon, when a stranger of handsome shape and fine features comes into their houses, of killing him in the night—not out of desire of spoil, or to eat his body, but that the soul of such a comely person might remain among them.

Among the superstitions of the Senaca Indians was one remarkable for its singular beauty: When a maiden died, they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to try its power of song, and then, loading it with messages and caresses, they loosed its bonds over her grave in the belief that it would not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it had flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden to the loved and lost.

There is a curious tradition, both of St. Patrick in Ireland, and of St. Columbia in Iona, that when they attempted to found churches they were impeded by an evil spirit, who threw down the walls as fast as they were built, until a human victim was sacrificed and buried under the foundation, which being done, they stood firm.

It is to be feared that there is too much truth in this story. Not, of course, that such a thing was done by either a Christian, Patrick or Columbia, but by the Druids, from whom the story was lathered upon the former. Under each of the twelve pillars of one of the Druidical circular temples in Iona, a human body was found to have been buried.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* relates that at Ramsgate, on the 12th of September, the wind, already high, became more like a tropical hurricane than an ordinary storm, and according to the custom observed there in bad weather, the Ave Maria Stella was sung at Benediction by the Catholic choir in the monastery for all who might be in danger at sea. At the same time that the voices of the monks in choir ascended to heaven, the voices of two priests and fourteen nuns were being raised in prayer from the midst of the angry waves, in imminent danger of being overwhelmed by the violence of the storm. The fervent prayer arose from a large Dutch bark, a few days out of Rotterdam, laden with merchandise, and bound for the island of Java, with twenty-five passengers on board, among whom were three religieuse of the Society of Jesus, four Ursulines, and ten Sisters of Mercy. For forty-eight long, anxious hours did they remain in prayer, without food, perfectly calm and resigned, in danger of momentary destruction.

The captain had lost his reckoning; they were driving helplessly before the wind, and when, after the long night had passed, the dawn appeared and they thought to have found themselves off the coast of France, they discovered themselves to be close to the Goodwin Sands, with the white cliffs of Ramsgate just visible in the distance. A few hundred yards ahead another ship, in danger like themselves, was seen to strike on a sand bank and disappear; their own vessel, however, cleared the sands in safety, and a few hours after was brought, without the loss of a single life, into Ramsgate harbor, where the shipwrecked pilgrims were hospitably entertained at the Benedictine monastery; and the same voices that had been raised in supplication under such different circumstances and unknown to each other, now joined in grateful unison in chanting the "Te Deum" in thanksgiving for their delivery.

AFTER ALL.

Oh, the old friends are the truest,
After all,
Though the face be not the newest,
After all.
When the fever heat is highest
Or the chilly tide is nighest,
Over all we see the reaching
Of the hands whose loving teaching
Brings us love and trust and rest,
For the weary soul the best
After all.

What are all the stings of malice
After all?
There are joys deep in Life's chalice
After all!
Must the shadows then pursue us?
And the sunbeams ne'er come to us?
While our feet pass by the daisies
Shall our souls ne'er count his praises?
Oh, there is some joy, some rest,
For the weary soul the best
After all.

Far better than the old or newest,
After all,
Is the loving Friend the truest,
After all.
Over calms and storms He sees us,
From the danger too He frees us;
And amid our faithless serving
Keeps a watchfulness unswerving,
And He shows us perfect rest,
For the weary soul the best
After all.

JOHN BROWN ANNIVERSARY.

Thursday, Dec. 2, was the tenth anniversary of the execution of Old John Brown, and the Philadelphia *Bulletin* refers to it in a very sensible article, which we reproduce:

It is over ten years since old John Brown of Ossawatamie, with a following of twenty-one men, whites and blacks, made his mad attempt to excite insurrection in the United States and create a government for the abolition of slavery. On the night of October 16, 1859, he seized Harper's Ferry. On the following night, a force of one hundred United States marines, with two pieces of artillery, commanded by Col. Robert E. Lee—afterward General-in-chief of the rebel army—compelled him to surrender, all bleeding and hacked with bayonets. On the 31st of October, 1859, Brown was convicted of treason, conspiracy and murder, and on the 2d of December following he was hanged at Charlestown, Va., amid a pompous show of Virginia militia called out by the redoubtable Gov. Henry A. Wise. Thursday last was the tenth anniversary of the death of the brave, misguided old martyr.

Nothing was gained by Virginia or the South, or the cause of human slavery by the hadging of John Brown. It was one of the many mistakes that the Southern politicians made, in their efforts to resist the march of civilization. Brown might have been punished by imprisonment, or he might have been magnanamously pardoned, and, in either case, public opinion would have been influenced favorably towards the South. But Virginia and the whole South were thrown into such a panic by the crazy undertaking of Brown and his little party, that nothing would satisfy them but his blood. The petty affair, which could have been put down by a squad of experienced policemen, was magnified and even glorified by the consternation it created, and by the tragic termination that was given it by the melodramatic politicians of Virginia. The little tragi-comedy of Harper's Ferry and Charleston was made the prelude or prologue of the tremendous political and military tragedy of the Southern Rebellion. The common name, John Brown, became exalted as if it were the name of a saint as well as of a hero. Through four long years of civil strife it was a watch-word and a rallying cry for the soldiers of the American Republic. In public meetings, in parades, in bivouacs, and in advances to bloody battles, the idea that the soul of John Brown was "marching on," while his body was "mouldering in the ground," was a real source of inspiraiion, especially with the common soldiers. The history of that strange chant of the Union troops ought to be written, if there is any one that knows it. The quaint old negro melody, with its refrain of "Glory Hallelujah!" is familiar enough. But how, or when, or by whom, it was applied to the fate of John Brown, and made into a hymn that was the real battle hymn of the Republic, in its years of terrible trial, is not known, and probably never will be known. Still, every one feels that in some providential though indescribable way, John Brown, who was hung in Virginia in 1859, was an actor in all the scenes of civil strife, between 1860 and 1865, and that his soul was marching on and guiding the nation to the triumph it achieved over the rebellion and slavery. Robert E. Lee, who captured him, and Henry A. Wise, who hung him, must have had visions of the old man in many of the scenes through which they passed in the four years of bloody rebellion.

As a typical, representative abolitionist, John Brown of Ossawatamie was very much in advance of most of those who avowed themselves abolitionists when such avowal was considered either fanatical or treasonable. He was willing to risk his life for the cause, and when that life was demanded, he gave it up with a manly dignity that was worthy a martyr in the holiest cause. If he had lived and been liberated, the abolition of slavery would probably not have been accomplished as soon as it was. The first act of rebellion against the authority of the Union took place a little more than a year after his death. The chain of events from Harper's Ferry and Charlestown to Appomattox is a well-connected one, and all future history will include the name of John Brown in its accounts of the great revolution by which African slavery in America was abolished. The small affair at Harper's Ferry was a little spark, but it kindled a great fire which swept all over the Southern States.

VELOCITY OF THE WIND.—It is stated that, at Philadelphia, the mean velocity of the wind during the entire year is found to be about eleven miles an hour; at Toronto its average velocity is nine miles; and at sea it is estimated at eighteen miles.

THE following appears in a daily paper: "Wanted, Girls for Cooking." Have we a cannibal among us?

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 in evil; and that the least use of the weed is pernicious, imparing 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 would 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 like manner, without the temptations to excess which 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 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 squirts 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 brutifies men's 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 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 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.

GOOD ADVICE.

Spurgeon says: Nobody is more like an honest man than a thorough rogue. When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within. Do not choose your friend by his looks; handsome feet often pinch your feet. Don't be fond of compliments; remember, "thank you pussy, and thank you pussy," kill the cat. Don't believe in the man who talks most; for mewing cats are very seldom mousers. By no means put yourself in another person's power; if you put your thumb between two grinders, they are very apt to bite. Drink nothing without seeing it, sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means no more than it says. Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyer's houses are built on fool's heads. In any business, never wade into water where you cannot see the bottom. Put no dependence upon the lable of a bag; and count money after your own kin. See the sack open before you buy it; for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated. Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character. Beware of every man who swears; he who would blaspheme his Maker would make no bones of lying or stealing. Beware of no man more than yourself; we carry our worst enemies with us. When a new opinion of a doctrine comes before you, do not bite till you know whether it is bread or stone; and do not be sure that the gingerbread is good because of the gilt on it. Never shout hallo! till you are quite out of the woods; and never cry fried fish till they are caught in the net. There is always time enough to boast—wait a little longer. Don't throw away dirty water till you have got clean; keep on scraping the roads till you can get better work; for the poorest pay is better than being out of employment. Always give up the road to bulls and madmen, and never fight with a coal heaver or contend with a base character, for they will be sure to blacken you.

GEN. SHERIDAN ON THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

EXTRACT OF A SPEECH AT CINCINNATI.

My friends, I do not wish it said that I left no expression of opinion in Ohio in regard to the Fifteenth Amendment. I believe in it. I believe in giving the black man of all the States a right to vote. I cannot understand the earnest desire on the part of some men to deprive the black man of franchise. I believe that a negro is a man with a soul as white as yours or mine. I believe that God made him and Christ died for him. I don't believe the crown of thorns that pierced the brow of the Redeemer drew out from his saintly forehead a crimson tide for the salvation of the white man, and the nails that smote his hands and pierced his feet, drew from thence a darker tide for the redemption of the black man. As near as I can I would look on all the world as God looks on it. The black men of America have earned the right to vote. They were our comrades on many a battle-field, and when the conflict grew fierce and hot, when our lines were decimated and we were looking anxiously for help, we never asked the color of the squad or division that swept by or over us with levelled bayonets, and cheers that shook the earth. What difference did it make to us whether the cheers of victory that came out of the battle cloud sprung from the throats of men whose skins were white and fair, or welled up from bosoms dusky as the night? What cared we whether the blood that was reddening the field around us flowed from the veins and arteries of men boasting a long line of Saxon ancestry, or gushed from the stricken heart of men whose blood had grown fiery beneath the sultry suns of Africa? We struggled for victory and shouted for joy as the brawny slaves of the South, with teeth firmly clenched and dusky bosoms heaving with a sense of manhood, swept by and went crushing through the lines and over the ramparts of rebellion! My friends, as far as I am concerned, I'll never look at the color of a man's face who stands pointing with his battered bayonet to his title deeds of citizenship, written upon the scroll of loyalty in the blood of his race and people. My political creed is simple, and can be stated briefly.

The man who is good enough to share my danger on the battle-field, as willing to die there, if need be, as myself, is good enough to stand up beside me and vote.

A TIPPLER who had a load on "fetched up" suddenly against the side of a house in Eighth street, which had been newly painted. Shoving himself by a vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hands, and exclaimed:

"Well, that is a very careless trick in whoever painted that house to leave it standing out all night for people to run against."

The following is told of Professor Adams, of Amherst: A student was called to describe the peculiar characteristics of the shark. He was a fluent speaker, and answered at some length. "Incorrect!" said the Professor. Unwilling to acknowledge his ignorance, the student tried again. "Incorrect."

"Well, to tell the truth, Professor, I—I don't know anything about it."

"Correct."

SAXE, the joker and poet, was once taking a trip on a steamer, when he fell in with a lively young lady, to whom he made himself very agreeable. Of course he made an impression upon the damsel, who said at parting: "Good-bye, Mr. Saxe. I fear you'll soon be forgetting me."

"Ah, miss," said the inveterate punster, "if I was not a married man already you may be sure I'd be for getting you."