The Bradford Reporter.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BRADFORD REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning by W. ALVORD and E. S. CLAUSON, at Two Dollars per annum (in advance.)

ADVERTISEMENTS, exceeding Fifteen Lines are inserted at TEN CENTS per line or fraction for each insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

Special Notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will be charged TWENTY 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	$21 00	$00	$15
Half "	00	25	35
One Square	15	10	75

Estray, Caution, Lost and Found, and other advertisements, not exceeding Ten lines, three weeks, $1 50
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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.6, 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. April 21, 1869. S. LIND.

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.—1y.

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 OBTAINED. Sept. 16, 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 sufficent 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.

LE RAYSVILLE MILLS!

The subscriber, having purchased the LeRaysville Mills, and refitted the same in good order, is now prepared to do good work, and to give general satisfaction. M. J. FRUTCHEY.
LeRaysville, Sept. 22, 1869.—1y

MILLING!

The subscribers having purchased the Grist Mill near the mouth of Towanda Creek, generally called Hale's Mill, have thoroughly repaired the same, and are now ready to do all kinds of Custom Grinding with dispatch. They will deliver Flour, Feed, Meal, Graham 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.
Any inquiries in regard to Grinding, or other business of the Mill, entered in said book, will be answered.
O. C. HORTON. H. W. WELLS.
Sept. 1, 1869.—2m*

NEW DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.

The subscriber takes this method of informing the people of Towanda and vicinity that he has opened a Dyeing Establishment in Col. MEARS' new building,
NO. 186 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, cloths, &c., in the neatest manner and on the most reasonable terms. Give me a call and examine my work. HENRY BEDDING.
Sept. 23, 1869.

BRADFORD COUNTY
REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
H. B. McKEAN, REAL ESTATE AGENT.
Valuable Farms, Mill Properties, City and Town Lots for sale.
Parties having property for sale will find it to their advantage by leaving a description of the same, with terms of sale at this agency, as parties are constantly enquiring for farms, &c. H. B. McKEAN, Real Estate Agent.
Office over Mason's Bank, Towanda, Pa. Jan. 29, 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 sections of the United States, as also England, Germany, and France. To loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business.
G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining counties and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make this house a desirable one through which to make collections. G. F. MASON,
Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

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

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.
MRS. E. J. PIERCE,
Has just returned from New York with a first-class stock of
MILINERY GOODS!
consisting of the latest imported styles of
HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c. &c.
She would respectfully invite the ladies of Towanda and vicinity to give her a call before purchasing elsewhere. Work done in neat and fashionable style and on short notice. ☞ Rooms over M. E. Rosenfield's Store, opposite Powell's, Towanda, Pa.
September 30, 1869.

NEW FIRM!
NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES!
AT MONROETON, PA.
TRACY & HOLLON,
Retail Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Drugs and Medicines, Kerosene Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Shades, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Pure Wines and Liquors, of the best quality, for medicinal purposes only. 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—1y.

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

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

Selected Poetry.

A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

As I walked with myself, I talked with myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself
With their answers I give to thee.

Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself,
Their responses the same shall be;
O look well to thyself and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures
May, indeed, your coffers fill;
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When affarded
But by gands which pass away,
Read their fate in lines recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,
She her worth can best express;
What is moping Melancholy?
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay;
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded
"Like some beacon's heavenward glow;
If on false pretensions grounded,
Like the treach'rous sands below.

What is Love? If earthly only,
Like the meteor of the night;
Shining but to leave more lonely,
Hearts that hailed its transient light.

But when calm, refined and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the moon in gentle splendor,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between?
Or foam crested waves whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green?

What are Fears? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way;
Every moment darker growing
If we yield us to their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,
Followed but by deeper gloom;
Patience? More than sunshine bright'ning
Sorrow's path and Labor's doom.

What is Time? A river flowing
To Eternity's vast sea,
Forward, whither all are going,
On its bosom leaving thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating
On that silent, rapid stream;
Few, too few, its progress noting,
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death, asunder rending
Every tie we love so well?
But the gate to life unending,
Joy in heaven, or woe in hell.

Can these truths by repetition,
Lose their magnitude or weight;
Estimate thy own condition,
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated?
Much may still be left to do;
Be not by *profession* cheated;
LIVE *as if thou knew'st them true.*

Miscellaneous.

THE SECRET BEHEADING.

On the 7th of May, 1777, the public executioner of Colmar was imprisoned for having left the town without the permission of the authorities; he was several times brought up for examination before the magistrates; and here is the account he gave of his absence: He said that one evening at the end of April he was alone in his house—his wife and assistants being out—occupied in some duty of his office, such as repairing handcuffs or putting a gibbet together, when he heard a loud knock at the door. He opened it without hesitation—an executioner could scarcely be timid—expecting some messenger from the magistrates, no other person ever visited his condemned dwelling. Instead of the familiar form he expected, he saw before him three men enveloped in cloaks, whilst a carriage slowly advanced, surrounded by six or seven others. The executioner saw all this at a glance; he was astonished, but not frightened.

"You are the public executioner?" said one of the strangers.

"Yes, monsieur," was the reply.

"Are you alone? We wish to see you in private."

"I am quite alone; will you walk in, gentlemen?"

He thought they were messengers from some neighboring tribunal, and drew back to let them enter the house. But he had scarcely finished speaking when these men sprang upon, gagged him, bound him hand and foot, that he could not move a single limb, and placed him in the carriage. The three men whom he had seen first, got in also, while the others mounted their horses, and all set off at full speed. They preserved a profound silence while they were passing through the town, but as the smoothness of the way would allow their voices to be heard, the man who had first addressed him touched the arm of the executioner, and said:

"Listen to me; you have nothing to fear—you will receive no hurt. You are only required to perform an act of justice; and we will answer for your safety, provided you do not attempt to escape, or to try to penetrate a mystery with which it is not necessary that you should be fully acquainted. No question of yours will be answered; everything that you require will be given to you; and when your task is accomplished you shall be brought to your home, and receive two hundred louis as a compensation for your trouble."

The executioner breathed more freely after he was told that his life would be spared, though he suffered extremely, not being able to move his limbs.

"I am going to remove bonds and gags," said the same voice, "and you will no longer be subjected to any personal restraint, except a bandage, which will be placed over your eyes during the day, and removed at night; but this is only on a condition that you are perfectly obedient and do not speak. At the first cry you dare to utter you are a dead man."

He felt the muzzles and the point of a poignard touch his breast, which easily convinced him that he had no choice but to submit implicitly; and soon as his mouth was freee, and he got permission to speak, he swore with a thousand oaths that he would obey them, and would abide by the condition they imposed upon him.

"In that case," said the same person, "you have nothing to fear."

From this moment not a word was spoken. They often changed horses, but always in some retired place, where they always appeared to be expected. Although the blinds of the carriage were firmly closed, his eyes were bandaged at the first appearance of day, and the same measures repeated in case he should attempt to discover in what part of this country he was. He was otherwise well treated; they gave him a share of their provisions and wine, which were both excellent. They sometimes slighted, but always in a forest, or in some by-place where they could run no risk of being remarked by passers-by. It appeared to the poor executioner that during this time they had crossed the Rhine and ascended several mountains.

On the evening of the second day, after they had been ascending a rising ground for some time, the carriage stopped. He heard a drawbridge descend, and he knew by the sound of the wheels that they had crossed a deep moat. Although it was perfectly dark, the bandage was again placed upon his eyes, while they entered, as it appeared to him, into a large court-yard. The door of the carriage was opened, and two men, taking the executioner by the arms, led him up several steps. He heard around him sounds, as if battle-axes or muskets were laid upon the ground.

"Come along," said a strange voice for he had stopped as if in hesitation.

"Remember your promise," whispered his traveling companion, "and we will not forget ours."

It then seemed to him that he had entered a large vestibule, then crossed several vast, dark rooms, which he was certain were all vaulted, and at last he was led into a large saloon, where the bandage was taken from his eyes. The walls were all hung with black, and a few torches cast a dim, sepulchral light over the apartment. Ten men were seated some distance from him, and though they were unmasked, the light was so faint that he could not distinguish their features. All the inferior actors in this drama stood around with crape upon their faces.

Immediately after the executioner had entered this apartment hall of judgment, a door in the opposite wall was flung open, and two men appeared, leading a lady, whose face was concealed by a long veil. She was tall, slight, and evidently young, and wore a long, flowing dress of violet velvet. She was placed in the centre of the boding circle, where she stood erect, calm and motionless, her hands folded and covered by the long and graceful sleeves of her dress. All were profoundly silent, and he who seemed most of authority among them, rose, and addressing the executioner in German, (which all the Alastians understood) said:

"You have been brought here to inflict in secret the merited punishment of a secret crime. You will behead this woman, who, though unanswerable to a public tribunal, is stained with unpardonable guilt."

The executioner—although executioner as he was—was an honest man. He would unhesitatingly put people to death by order of the magistrates of Colmar, and a mandate signed by them, sealed with the great corporate seal, and the *fleur-de-lis*, reviewed by the king's commissioners, and registered in the records of the town; but this was quite another affair—nothing but an assassination, for how could he know what right these men had to exercise the authority of legal judges, when their very faces were a mystery to him? After a few moments reflection he summoned sufficient courage to say with an unhesitatng voice—"I cannot obey you!"

All around he heard swords drawn from their scabbards, from which he supposed that those magistrates were not altogether so pacific as would be suitable to their office. He looked at the lady; there she stood, apparently as calm and undisturbed as if these proceedings had no interest for her.

"You have promised obedience to our commands," said the man who had brought him, "and you will feel the weight of our vengeance if you do not keep your word."

"When I promised it, it was under the impression that your proceeding would be legal, though secret. I am no assassin; and gentlemen, whoever you may be, I refuse to execute your orders; and I will not touch a hair of that woman's head. Besides, what crime has she committed?"

The President looked at his colleagues as if to get their opinion; and then rising quickly, said in a voice of thunder, "You ask what crime this woman has committed? Listen, and you shall hear, and the horrors of the tale will nerve your arm to inflict on her a punishment which is, however, equal to her guilt. This woman—"

"Enough," said the woman, stretching forth her hand, "Enough! You may deprive me of life; but you may not, ought not reveal to a man like that the secret that your ears have heard. If I am guilty, punish me—I submit; and that is more than you have a right to expect."

This altercation was succeeded by a solemn, death-like silence, only interrupted by the monotonous ticking of a large clock covered by the gloomy hangings. Eleven struck.

"There is not a moment to be lost," said the President, "obey!"

A large, sharp sword was presented to him, like those used by executioners in Switzerland.

"No," said he, "no; put her to death yourself. You are an illegal judge, and you may as well be a legal executioner."

During this the condemed did not stir.

"Listen," said the first speaker; "do you value your life?"

"Yes, for the sake of my wife and little daughter, whose sole support I am."

"Very good—decide then; if you have not beheaded this woman before the quarter strikes, I will send a bullet through your head."

"Why not kill her yourself? It would be as little a crime as to kill me?"

The judge trembled under his long robe; but commanding himself, he said coldly, "decide."

The executioner had resisted with great firmness, but, courageous as he was, he at length began to feel afraid, but still resolved to preserve an undaunted air. Every stroke of the pendulum was agony to the poor man, who in a few minutes would be called to decide between life or death. A mournful silence reigned through the hall—not a finger stirred. The executioner began to pray; he was a Catholic, and besought the Virgin and all the saints to intercede for him. At the conclusion of his prayer, he cried out, "Kill me, if you will—I will not obey."

"You have ten minutes still," coolly replied the judge.

All was again silent; the pendulum alone was heard, with its inflexible vibrations measuring life with equal impartiality to the happy and the wretched. And she, the unhappy subject of this tragedy, for whom, in a few minutes eternity was to open, stood there immovable as a statue. Was it innocence or insensibility that thus steeled her human feelings, and enabled her to meet so calmly all the horrors of a violent death?

The quarter struck. At a signal from the President, two assistants advanced toward the executioner, and again presented the sword to him; he shook his head and pushed it aside with his hand, but was unable to utter a word. The President cocked his pistol; the wretched man did not know what to do.

"Holy Virgin!" thought he, "must I leave my wife a widow, and my child an orphan?"

Whether it was this thought that influenced him, or that his power of resistance sank before the arm stretched out against hif life, I know not, but he cried in a stifled voice, "I consent—I consent."

He took the sword, and having tried its edge, stepped forward, the lady remaining silent.

"Will you not let her see the priest?" said he, stopping suddenly.

"You perform your office, and do not trouble yourself with anything else."

"The lady must be bound," said he.

"I bound!" she cried, in a disdainful tone.

"Bind that woman's hands," said the monotonous voice of the judge.

The men advanced toward her; she drew herself up to her full height.

"You dare not!" said she.

These words seemed to deter the two servants, or the person who had assumed their functions.

"I must be obeyed," said the President.

She was immediately bound to a block, and her veil raised as far as her throat. She made no further resistance, and resumed her former immobility.

"Strike! or—" cried the judge, presenting a pistol charged to the muzzle.

The executioner, excited either by fear or that intoxication which it is said sometimes influences people in times of danger, raised the sword, and at one blow severed the head from the trunk; and then he, the man of iron nerves, who, during twenty years had been shedding human blood as the minister of human justice, sank fainting on the sacrifice.

When he recovered his senses, he found himself again in the carriage, his eyes bandaged, and a cloak wound round him to conceal his blood stained garments.

When his companions perceived that he had recovered, one of them handed him a purse, saying, "Here is your reward; it is double what you were promised in consideration of your conscientious conduct."

Their journey back was performed with the same precautions as the former one; and on the fourth day he was set free on the banks of the Isle, in a meadow near his house. He found his wife very anxious, and the magistrates furious.

All that I have written is copied almost exactly from his depositions, which we read in Strasburg, at the residence of the lieutenant-general, who gave me permission to transcribe them.

The magistrates of Colmar made every exertion to discover the persons concerned in this melancholy history; but in vain. Nothing more was ever heard.

A LIVELY OLD PRESIDENT.—John Quincy Adams was in the habit of breasting the billows when he was President. Instead of going to a fashionable resort, he might be noticed very early in the morning swimming in the Potomac amid a "school" of boys and youth, who took their morning bath earlier than their wont, that they might swim with the President of the United States. It was with them as was with John Quincy's ancestor, "sink or swim, survive or perish," they were bound to be afloat at that particular time. Adams generally selected a place near the Long Bridge (not Long Branch). The boys annoyed the long boat men very much, seizing the steering oar, &c., as the latter would be rowing and pulling their wood and coal boats up the river, and they frequently had to dodge the billets of wood which the vexed river men would hurl at them. Adams' bald pate meantime, would be bobbing up and down in close proximity to these scenes, and on one occasion a boatman shied a missile at him with an accompanying admonition to the old bald-head to "get away from there."

Mr. Adams had a sort of weakness for the water. On another occasion, in company with his valet (a Swiss, who had been with him in Europe,) he attempted to cross the Potomac in a small skiff to Mason's Island, and when in about the middle of the stream their craft began to leak badly. Both were good swimmers, and they stripped off nearly all their garments, and tied them in bundles to be ready for the threatening emergency. It soon came. The skiff went under, and its late occupants, each with his bundle, spaniel like, between his teeth, swam with the force of Leanders toward the nearest shore. But the swiftness of the current compelled them to drop their packages, and they reached the muddy shore of the island with but a shirt and a pair of drawers between them.

Adams stripped his remaining garment to add to the wardrobe of his valet, who thus coolly accoutred for a summer's day, approached the nearest habitation, borrowed clothing for himself, and proceeded round by a distant bridge to the city. Having procured suitable attire for the President and himself, he took a carriage and drove back to where the "future old man eloquent" had been stark naked for some three hours in Potomac mud and water. At that time the newspapers could not well report whether all was quiet or notice that ripple on the Potomac, and public men then had not such a prurience for notoriety, even when the joke was favorable. This event was of course unheralded.

The first thing President Adams did on his return to Washington was to purchase a valuable gold watch for his valet to supply the place of the one which that faithful attendant lost in the adventure.

[For the REPORTER.]

THE PRESS.

MR. EDITOR: Few indeed are capable of fully estimating the many advantages that have been derived from the press since the art of printing was invented. Notwithstanding this, we are more or less capable of appreciating some of the advantages, and that of the Bible into all the known languages, must be regarded as among the first and most important. Well might I adopt the well-known language—

"'Tis to the Pen and Press we mortals owe
All we believe, and almost all we know."

I have been led to this subject from different reasons, but mostly from reading a publication entitled "Sketches and Incidents," by George Peck. The author says, "It is worthy of remark, that one of the most interesting departments of the English literature of the last century owes its birth to the alarm which the better disposed *literati* of the age took at the general declension of *manners and morals*, and their attempt to check it. I refer to the Periodical Essay. The British essayists are technically distinguished in our literature—they form a department which has become classical. A foreign writer says that they have been reprinted more extensively than any other books in our language, except the Scriptures.

"Some of the brightest names in the catalogue of English writers owe much of their fame to their works. Among them may be mentioned Steele, Addison, Berkley, and Johnson. These publications, which afterwards became so distinguished, were conducted as ephemeral sheets. They were issued twice or thrice a week, and contained brief articles, which discussed the *follies and vices* of the times. Their character was generally *humorous* or *sarcastic*; occasionally they contained a sober *rebuke* of the irreligious of the day.

"The first in the list is the *Tattler*, projected by Steele, but to which Addison was a frequent contributor. It is almost exclusively confined to the superficial defects of society. It is the best picture extant of the domestic, moral and literary condition of the early part of that century.

"The *Spectator*, conducted conjointly by Addison and Steele, followed the *Tattler*. It is still one of the most popular works of our language, and presents, perhaps, one of the best standards of correct English style which we possess. Next appeared the *Guardian*, projected by Steele, but aided much by Addison, Pope, and Berkley. A long list of miscellaneous writers of the same class followed, who have not been placed by the public opinion in the rank of the classical essayists. Dr. Johnson, in his *Rambler*, restored the periodical essays to their first dignity. I have already mentioned, that these writers aimed at first more at the *correction* of the follies, than at the sins of the times. They grew serious, however, as they grew important. It is curious to observe their increasing severity, as they obtained authority by time and popularity. Steele, from a long and various study of the world, painted with minute accuracy its absurdities. Addison, with a style the most pure, and an humor mild and elegant, attempted to correct the literary taste of the times, and to shed the radiance of genius on the dispised virtues of Christianity.

"He rescued Milton from neglect. He exemplified in death the power of his principles. Pope satirized in some admirable criticisms the literary follies of the day." OBSERVER.
Granville Center, Dec. 4, 1869.

HE ONLY HURTS HIMSELF.—"What a pity Mr. A. drinks so much! He is a clever fellow, however, and the only harm he does is to himself."

There is not a word of truth in the above, although it is the verdict rendered every day by the unthinking public. True, he may not be an outbreaking blackguard, or a noisy, quarrelsome rowdy, as the majority of whiskey drinkers are; but to say that he hurts himself is an untenable position. Go ask his heartbroken wife if he only hurts himself! Hear her heavy sigh as she bends over an unfinished garment, and with strained eyes and trembling fingers, plies the needle as the only means by which she can procure bread to keep her children from starving, and then ask her if he only hurts himself? See him eating the bread she earned with her tired hands for his famishing children, and tell us if he only hurts himself? See him taking the furniture, the bed, even the old family bible to pawn for rum, and then say if you can, he only hurts himself!

A PERSON who had made himself obnoxious by obtruding his hobby—the degeneracy of the times—on the attention of others without regard to the proprieties of time and place, asked the Rev. Dr. B——, at an associational dinner, if he did not think that the martyr spirit had died out of the Church. "My observation assures me that it has not," blandly replied the divine; "for I noticed today, when dinner was announced, that the weakest of my brethren marched with ardor to the *steak*."

WHO WILL CARE?

Who will care?
When we lay beneath the daisies,
Underneath the churchyard mold,
And the long grass o'er our faces
Lays its fingers damp and cold;
When we sleep from care and sorrow,
And the ills of earthly life—
Sleep, to know no and to-morrow,
With its bitterness of strife—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will come to weep above us,
Lying, oh! so white and still,
Underneath the skies of summer,
When all nature's pulses thrill,
To a new life, glad and tender,
Full of beauty, rich and sweet,
All the world is clad in splendor
That the years shall o'er repeat—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will think of white hands lying
On a still and silent breast,
Never more to know of sighing,
Evermore to know of rest?
Who will care? No one can tell us,
But if rest and peace befall,
Will it matter if they miss us,
Or they miss us not at all?
Not at all!

THE HISTORIC ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The verdict of the future, look upon Lincoln, must be this: That in a time of intense excitement, all-prevading, all-arousing, when feeling was passionate, apprehensions vivid, the emotions of a continent preternaturally stirred, and when anger easily turned to malignity, and a just indignation became a vindictive thirst for vengeance—he kept his frank and kindly temper, and in the midst of all the jealousies and the fierce animosities raging around him, was to the end as patient and calm, as ready in sympathy, and as sweet in forgiveness, as if no war storms vexed the land. That in a time of immense opportunity for any dishonest greed and gain, his integrity was as perfect as the luster in the diamond, as the blue in the sky; that with millions of gold waiting his word for their secret distribution, he touched no penny that was not his, and fell in death as uncorrupt as when he entered on his great office. That in a time of prodigious, unanticipated movements, without precedent or parallel, when forces as wide as the country itself, as vehement as its winds, and as fiery as lightning were loosened into tremendous collision; when shrewdest schemes were as powerless for the crisis as bulwarks of paper against the whirlwind, when all the foundations seemed out of course, and only Omniscience could forecast the end—he showed an extraordinary sagacity and prudence, committing himself peremptory theory, availing himself of all men's counsel; arguing against his own convictions, until he had tested their correctness; following patiently the indications of events; and finally leading the nation which had trusted him, by ways untrod until he trode them from precipice to the plain, and out of the thunderous uproar and gloom to the dawn of a bright prophetic day. That when lifted to an eminence in the public confidence, and the popular regard, such as few before him ever occupied, and exercising powers over armies and navies, over generals and peoples, which almost no statesmen of the world have possessed, he was strangely unexcited by such sudden and surprising personal distinctions; that, intent upon his country's welfare, he thought of himself with a singular humility; and while his name at the end of a commission raised the humble to rank and gave some men command over thousands of others, he was as devoid of ostentation or arrogance as if he had still been a boatman on the river, or the faithful advocate of a few obscure clients. That he had never despaired of the future of the republic, amid whatever disasters or fears, but kept through all his perfect faith, sublime in its simplicity, in the government which protected the popular rights, in the principles it incorporated, in the advancing civilization which they were to help to build and mold, and in the God who, as he believed, watched over and guarded that imperial trust. That he was immensely successful in his work, and saw the rebellion, which had reared its haughty front to the sky, which scoffed at his plans, mocked at his power, and heaped fierce ridacule on himself, as thoroughly beaten out of life as if storms of arolites had smitten its armies, and mountains had fallen and buried them up; that he saw the nation more thoroughly one fort he very struggle thorough which it had passed, its place among the peoples of the world more distinguished than ever, for the blood it had spilled and the treason it had crushed. That he was indentified with the wisest movement of popular liberation which the world had yet seen, and recognizing his opportunity, hearing the solemn voices of Providence, not disobeying the heavenly vision, was permitted and enabled to loosen the shackles from the limbs of a race, and to lift the millions of slaves in the land to a wholly new level of privilege and of right, making the desert bloom before them, setting up on the horizon, that had been lowering and red, opportunities and hope which gleam on their eyes like gates of pearl. That he lived to see all this success, and to feel his veins swelling with that rich joy which swept like a current of quickening life throughout the land, and then died a martyr to the cause he had championed, selling his service with the sacrifice of his life leaving the nation which he had rescued in wildest grief, throwing the shadow of a strange sorrow over lands which he had never seen, and seeking the rest denied him here in the presence of Him who had raised him up. What Burke said of Clive, in British India, we may, only with greater emphasis, say of Lincoln in our own land: "He forded a deep water, on an unknown bottom; but he left a bridge for his successors, over which the lame could hobble and the blind might grope their way."
—*Rev. Dr. Storrs.*

"How do you like me now?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sallied into the room with a sweeping train of muslin following her. "Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, it is impossible for me to like you any *longer*."

WHAT roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

EVILS OF DRUNKENNESS.

T. Bailey Potter, editor of the London *Beehive*, in a paper read before the Trades' Union Congress, at Birmingham, thus sets forth the evils of drunkenness, and calls upon the "army of industry" to make war upon it and stamp it out:

"Our three familiar demons—war, waste, and taxation—consume a sum much greater than the aggregate income of all the workingmen in the kingdom, estimated at £30 a year for each man. The army of industry must declare war against the cause of this pauperism and crime. The producers are not 25 per cent. of the population. Criminals and paupers must live; and, while all property falls in value, labor falls first and most. Our object to-day is not so much to show in detail the admitted enormity and danger of a certain evil—drunkenness—which we must meet and master, as to show that it is of such a character that we must declare martial law against it; we must sit as a vigilance committee against a common enemy; we must stamp it out and get it under. The problem of the age and of all the future is the organization of labor and of democracy against all their enemies, whether within or without—an organization of all who work, of every class, against all who do not work, or who spoil work—an organization of all the creative and governing classes against those who only consume and obstruct, against all waste, against all unnecessary profits, adulterations, or interference between the manufacturer and the consumer. There must be an organization against the beer-house and the gin palace; for they destroy all we want to save, and save all we want destroyed. They are the cases of pauperism, insanity, bad trade, low wages, destruction of raw material and of capital, of health, intellect, character. We shall not dwell on figures or potter over blue books; the evils of excessive drink are infinite. If the army of labor is to conquer, drink must be subject to martial law; must we say be watched by vigilance committees of those whom it seeks to destroy? Ponder this one tremendous fact—the leading fact of all that you will hear during this conference—the leading fact in the economy and existence of Great Britain! Every year upward of £228,000,000 are spent by the British nation on intoxicating drink. 'Spent,' we say; how much of it is wasted? How little there is of it that is not wasted! And this in the land of established churches! This calculation is patent to the world; any man can verify the figures. It consists of money spent in drink; of waste of land, capital, and labor in producing drink; loss of labor and time by destruction and theft, by pauperism, destitution, sickness, insanity, premature death, police, prosecution, courts of justice, support of criminals, etc. This expenditure would p y off the national debt in less than five years and lessen taxation forever. Mark this further. This £228,000,000 yearly is not reproductive. Expenditure ought to be for the wealth of society, and 'wealth' ought to mean 'weal' or well-being. It ought to be creative. It comes then to this, that the mighty army established at the yearly cost of £228,000,000, and laboring and fighting for the disestablishment and disorganization of labor, is really an army of paupers, thieves, or useless persons, maintained at the costs of the nation. We see now what accounts for the million or two of paupers, for lowness of wages, etc. We can't have capital and drink it; we can't attend chiefly to pauper manufactories, and yet expect the other factories to flourish. We can't expect the laborer to get enough corn when

'Hell is so merry with the harvest home.'"

THE DISMAL SWAMP FIRES.

Almost every year there is a fire in the Dismal Swamp. When one breaks out it increases until it is put out by rain. As there has been so long continued a drouth this year, the conflagration has extended almost beyond precedent. It has burnt about 16 miles almost without interruption, in a line from northwest to southwest. It is still progressing in its work of devastation, and it is feared that it is destined to do much more harm before it is arrested by rains. Several fine farms have been burnt out, and where there were formerly the richest fields there are seen now acres upon acres of ashes, some pits of which are fifteen feet deep. The drouth has been so severe that the swamp is in many places dry down to the sub-soil, which varies in depth below the surface from four to fifteen feet. All above it is vegetable matter, in a greater or less degree of decomposition, which has accumulated and becomes itself the bed of innumerable swamp plants, until the whole is matted together by their roots permeating the whole mass. When this is perfectly dry, it catches like tinder, and burns from the surface down to the ground beneath, requiring a great deal of water to put it out. If a small shower falls, enough to wet the surface of the depth of only three or four inches, the fire is not stopped; for it burns away underneath. When this is the case, the soil is underburnt often to a great distance, and people walking on what they think firm ground sometimes sink down many feet into the ashes below. If they should still be hot, wo be to the unlucky wight; his growth is stopped forever. Persons unacquainted with the features of this country express surprise at the existence of Lake Drummond so far above tide water, at the summit level of the swamp. This is easily accounted for, when we reflect how that whole swamp was formed. It is raised up many feet above the original soil by the accumulations of vegetable matter for ages upon ages, until some parts of the Dismal Swamp are much higher than any of the surrounding country. Hundreds of years ago the middle of this great swamp caught fire, and the burnt district is now Lake Drummond. This is shown by the fact that all through the lake are found charred stumps, and its whole appearance is that of other smaller lakes that have been formed in the swamp within the memory of men now living.—*Norfolk Journal.*

THE CHARMS OF MARRIED LIFE.

If in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the one beside you, closer yet, were seated a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying upon the hearth, a bit of lace running around the swelling throat, the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams; and if you could reach an arm around that chair-back, without fear of giving offence, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck, and if you could clasp with your hand those little white taper fingers of hers which lie so temptingly within reach, and so, talk softly and low in the presence of the blaze, while the hours slip away without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for; if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some sweet image, would it not be far more pleasant than a cold, single night sitting, counting the sticks, reckoning the length of the blaze and the height of the falling snow? Surely imagination would be stronger and purer if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be turn from mind-labor if but another heart grew into the present soul, quickening it, charming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God speed. Her face would make a halo rich as a rainbow, a stop of all such noisome things as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smiles would illumine the blackest of crowd-cares, and darkness, that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin and spread and float away, chased by the beloved smile. Your friend, poor fellow, dies—never mind; that gentle clasp of her fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep, is worth ten friends. Your sister, sweet one, is dead—buried. The worms are busy with all fairness. How it makes you think earth nothing but a spot to dig graves upon. It is more; she says she will be a sister, and the waving curls, as she leans upon your shoulder, touch your cheek, and your wet eyes turn to meet those other eyes—God has sent his angel. Surely! Your mother, alas, she is gone! Is there any bitterness to a youth, alone and homeless, like this? But you are not homeless, you are not alone; she is there: her tears softening yours, her grief killing yours