The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & CLAUSON, Publishers.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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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,	$100	$60	$40
Half "	60	35	25
One Square,	15	10	7½

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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. April 21, 1869. S. LIND.

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 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 it 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 are now doing business in their line of the BEST QUALITY at the MYERSBURG MILLS. Wheat, Rye, and Buckwheat Flour, and Feed constantly on hand for sale at market rates. Also a large quantity of GROUND PLASTER of superior quality from the old YAUGER BEDS. Myersburg, Dec. 20, '69. 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.—ly

MILLING! The subscribers having purchased the Grist Mill near the month 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.—3m*

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. 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, shawls, &c., in the neatest manner and on the most reasonable terms. Give me a call and examine my work. HENRY REDDING. 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 portions of the United States, as also England, Germany and France. To loan money, receive deposits, and to do a general Banking business. G. F. Mason was one of the late firm of Laporte, Mason & Co., of Towanda, Pa., and his knowledge of the business men of Bradford and adjoining counties and having been in the banking business for about fifteen years, make this house a desirable one through which to make collections. G. F. MASON. Towanda, Oct. 1, 1866. A. G. MASON.

BOOKS FOR FARMERS AND STOCK BREEDERS. Bound Volumes of the AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL for 1869 containing 324 large double column pages, sent postpaid for $1 50. Bound Volumes of the American Stock Journal for 1868, containing 384 pages, sent post paid for $1 50. The Dairyman's Manual, sent post paid for 25 cts. The Horseman's Manual, " " 25. The Horse Breeder's Manual, " " 25. The Poultry Breeder's Manual " " 25. The whole five Manuals sent post paid to one address for $1 00. Agents wanted, to whom liberal inducements will be offered. Address N. P. BOYER & CO., Publishers, Parkesburg, Chester Co., Pa.

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS. *MRS. E. J. PIERCE,* Has just returned from New York with a first-class stock of *MILLINERY 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 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—ly.

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND. ANCHOR & 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, Towanda, Pa. Oct 1, 1866.

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 the 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 the water used, easily repaired, running under backwater with no detriment to power except diminution of head, requiring no alteration in mill frames or additions to flume, will run under low head, and made of any desired capacity. These wheels will be furnished at less than one-half the cost of any other first-class wheel in market, and warranted to perform all that is claimed for them. These wheels will be made for delivery with or without cases, on short notice, of the best Iron in market. For full particulars address or enquire of the undersigned. G. S. PECK, Towanda, Pa. P.S.—These wheels can be seen in operation at Messrs. Horton & Wells' Mill, Towanda twp. The wheels are wholly composed of Iron as now made. Jan. 14, 1869.-tf.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa.

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, '70.

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.

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.

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 14, '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 ALUMINIUM 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, '69.

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.

HAIR WORK OF ALL KINDS, such as SWITCHES, CURLS, BRAIDS, FRIZETTS, &c., made in the best manner and latest style, at the Ward House Barber Shop. Terms reasonable. Towanda, Dec. 1, 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.

JOHN DUNFEE, *BLACKSMITH,* MONROETON, PA., pays particular attention to ironing Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. Tire set and repairing done on short notice. Work and charges guaranteed satisfactory. 12,15,69.

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.26, 69.

A WANT SUPPLIED! The subscriber begs leave to inform the citizens of Towanda, that he is now prepared to FILE SAWS, SHARPEN AND REPAIR SCISSORS, and do other Jobs in that line, on short notice. JOSEPH MARSHALL. Orders may be left at the store of Marshall Bros. & Co.'s. dec.1–3w

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.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL!—Situated on the north-west corner of Main and Elizabeth streets, opposite Bryant's Carriage Factory. The undersigned having recently refitted his well-known boarding-house with good accommodations, would respectfully inform the public that he is now prepared to receive guests and boarders upon the most liberal terms. Jurymen and others attending court will especially find it to their advantage to patronize the Temperance Hotel. S. M. BROWN, Propr. Towanda, Jan. 12, 1870.—3m

TROY HOUSE.—V. M. LONG has the pleasure of informing his friends and the public, that his new and commodious Brick Hotel is now completed and open for the accomodation of strangers and travellers. The business will be conducted by V. M. LONG & SON, who by strict attention to the comforts of the guests, hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage. The subscriber tenders his sincere thanks to the traveling public for the uniform liberal patronage heretofore received by the Troy House, and takes pleasure in being able to state that he is now better prepared to make them comfortable and happy than ever. V. M. LONG. Troy, Pa., Dec. 1.—tf

Selected Poetry.

LABOR SONG.

Toil swings the ax and forests bow;
The seeds break out in radiant bloom;
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
And cities cluster round the loom.
Where towering domes and tapering spires
Adorn the vale and crown the hill,
Stout labor lights his beacon fires
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland's pride,
Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars,
Toil launches on the restless tide
And there unrolls the flag of stars;
The engine with its lungs of flame,
And ribs of brass and joints of steel,
From labor's plastic fingers came;
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

Here sun-browned toil with shining spade
Links lake to lake with silver ties,
Strung thick with palaces of trade
And temples towering to the skies.
'Tis labor works the magic press
And turns the crank in hives of toil,
And beckons angels down to bless
Industrious hands on sea and soil.

Communicated.

[For the REPORTER.]

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

NO. II.

AIKEN, S.C., Jan. 17, 1870.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: It is just one week since we left home, and I can hardly realize that we have traveled so many miles. We passed through Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and South Carolina, and so easily that we all feel as fresh, or more so, than if we had not been traveling. I wrote from Richmond and I will tell you what we saw of interest after leaving there. We met a Mr. and Mrs. Ogden from New York, and a gentleman and wife and sister from Baltimore, and several gentlemen from other States in the North, a dozen in all, and we occupied one car by ourselves. We left Richmond at five o'clock Thursday, and traveled all night, all of them sleeping nicely but one besides myself. We kept sentry until 4 o'clock, when we changed cars, and I slept for an hour, arriving at Salsbury in time for breakfast. There was an omnibus that carried us to Brown's Hotel, some distance from the depot, where we had an excellent breakfast served up in primitive style—a large fire-place, with the stairs going up in the room, and so ancient I could not eat for looking around. We passed the Union cemetery, where our poor boys lie that died in the Salsbury prison. It was neatly fenced, and every grave marked with a small board, giving name, &c. The country between that and Augusta shows the traces of war, with marked evidences of Sherman's march to the sea. He made them feel the effects of war, so that I doubt if they ever recover from it. Every plantation, house, and cotton-house, was destroyed by fire, the tall chimneys still standing, sometimes four, showing that the houses were very large. The negro quarters were not disturbed. The beautiful city of Columbia seemed to suffer most of all. The capitol was a most magnificent structure, partly completed, two million dollars having been expended on it, and it required three more to complete it; but the burning of the city—the cotton burning, lighted in the work-shop—destroyed all the material and ruined the building. The city is being built up very slowly;—the most forlorn looking people and negroes seem to rule. We called upon Governor Scott, a General in Sherman's army, from Ohio. He was very polite to us—gave us all the information necessary. His clerk was very communicative, also, while we were waiting for the guests to leave, before we could see the Governor. He told us of the manner in which they treated the blacks. They would try and convict a negro, for years of imprisonment, for stealing a pound of bacon; and one he was just signing a pardon for, that was imprisoned for a year and a-half for taking a plowshare that they proved was his own; and they vented their spite on the poor negro, as the Northern people were too independent. We never heard one word in all our travels of secession. When we would ask any question, they answered us politely and made no comments. They told us the circumstances of the burning of Columbia; some had one version, and Governor Scott had another; so that it is difficult to tell which was correct. The most beautiful place we saw was the home of Mrs. Preston, mother-in-law of General Wade Hampton. The grounds were beautiful, the shrubbery trimmed up in all sorts of designs, and the osage orange hedges were splendid. We remained at Columbia over night, until Saturday afternoon, and then went as far as Augusta, arriving there at ten in the evening. We remained over Sabbath, went to Presbyterian church in the morning—a beautiful church set back in a lot of about four acres, all filled with trees, and a very genteel congregation. The sermon was excellent, by Dr. Wilson. In the evening we went to the colored church—Baptist Springfield church. Heard three discourses, and it was so comical to see them in their original way—some *old auntie* with her turban put on so tastily—and their heads swaying forward and backward and groaning. The text was in Hebrews somewhere—a most singular one—"*Mourners, rise up!*" The first speaker was old and bald-headed, and was very earnest—preaching a great deal about *de house ob Jacob.* He said:

"Young men, you dat whispers and laughs, you has to die some time. When death calls you must pray. Sometimes dey tries to fight it off—dey gets off de beds and cruffles on de floor. But you must go."

I never saw more earnestness. I thought he would pound the desk all to pieces, trying to get up an interest in "de people." We enjoyed the meeting very much. It is much better for them to preach to their own people.

Augusta was not reached by Sherman, and it seems to be in a prosperous condition. Everything is very reasonable that we priced, but it lies so low that the air is very oppressive. We took off all our wrappings that we could, and then felt burdened, the thermometer standing at 68 degrees. We left for Aiken at two o'clock, arriving at half-past three. Found a carriage waiting, and went to Mr. Nye's. Mr. Rosebrook had sent to every train since Saturday morning, but did not look for us on that train. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden intended going to Florida, but learned that people were coming back the heat was so oppressive. They remained with us. We received a warm welcome from Mr. Nye's family. Their house is very pleasant, and they have a family of five boarding with them from Chicago. The air is delightful here, the thermometer being the same as at Augusta, but so pure. We had a thunder shower this evening. It seemed quite like home to see all of Mr. Nye's family, Mr. Rosebrook, Mr. and Mrs. Gridley, and so warm that we all sat out on the piazza until ten o'clock, and windows and doors all open through the house.

TUESDAY MORNING.

It has rained all night, and is raining still. Mr. R. came with a carriage and took the gentlemen up to the mill. We expect to go to the farm this afternoon, when I will write you more, hoping that you are all well at home. You need not feel at all anxious about me, for I am very well—never felt better. The journey was not hard, as we took our time for it, the trains running so slow that we could see the country without stopping off, and we never missed a meal.

They help each other a great deal in this land. We saw five men gathering wood to put on one old wagon. They had a mule team with the queerest harness, the collars of straw and rags and the lines of ropes; and there would be about three armsful of wood to the load, and they seemed so satisfied they were doing business. I think we saw a hundred loads of such wood going into Columbia, with all sorts of cattle dressed up in fantastic rigs; and some had come ten or twelve miles, and they get about $1.50 for their load.

The domestic convenience of housekeeping does not seem to have been discovered here yet. The kitchen is as far from the house as the barn, and the store-room as far in another direction; and if they need more room, they do not build an addition to the house, but erect a cottage off in another direction and live in them all at once, running from one to the other with keys in hand—as everything is kept safely under lock and key. Perhaps if they would put more confidence in their colored help, it would be better; but I suppose it will be another generation that will try this experiment, the old habits are so strong.

THURSDAY MORNING.

It seems like summer here, everything is so bright and fresh. We rode out in the country yesterday, and at evening accepted an invitation to a "Candy Pull" at the house of a Southern lady who was a sufferer in the great fire at Charleston, and moved here to keep a boarding-house for her support; and she has a most charming way of entertaining her boarders by doing everything that will keep up their spirits, as they are nearly all invalids. There are nearly five hundred in the place, and on a bright day you may see them walking, or taking some recreation, trying to get new life from this health-giving atmosphere. They have a club they call the "Skeleton Club." Very suggestive, as some of them looked quite *spirituelle.* But we had no part in the "Pull," for the candy was all made, and brought in in such a nice way. One lady played a march on the piano, and the door opened and in marched the hostess, holding a lamp high over her head, and six ladies and gentlemen followed, each with a platter of candy—taffy, chocolate, cream, and pulled candy—and they passed it around with the happiest compliments. We left at ten, having spent a very happy evening. We shall lay up many pleasant recollections for our dear children, if we are spared to get home safely. With kisses for my darlings,

Your loving mother,
S. H. A.

FEMALE CULTURE.

An Address delivered before the Rebekah Degree I. O. of O. F. of Wyalusing Lodge, Dec. 11, 1869, by AMANDA C. FULLER.

Many will tell us that the female mind is not capable of receiving that high degree of cultivation of which that of the other sex is capable. But what justice is there in an assertion like this? Many are denied the privilege of exerting their mental powers, and then are told that they do not possess them.

While our young men are placed for years in situations where they can hardly *avoid* making *some* improvement, their sisters perhaps are situated for a few months where they are to receive their education. This consists of but little except that which will polish the external appearance, dazzle the eye and please the fancy, but reaches not the heart. They are led to believe that it is not for *them* to dive into the depths of knowledge and search out the hidden mysteries of science. They are not taught to look into their own minds and view the genius and strength of intellect that there lie dormant. Some seem to think that because knowledge and intellectual worth are not rightly appreciated by the thoughtless and fickle, that it is not worth seeking.

Some will say that ladies have not strength of mind sufficient to acquire a solid and classical education. But we say, what proof have we that it is so? Have we not numerous examples of females who have had opportunities for cultivating their intellects, who have shone with brighter and purer light than the boasted "Lords of creation!"

We have mental powers and let us exert them. We have intellectual strength, and let us call it into action. We have reasoning faculties, and let us bring them forth.

In writing compositions and essays for societies like this, we derive benefits which we could gain by no other means. It brings into usage that knowledge which has been hid in the secret chambers of the soul, which study and observation had before stored. It enlivens the genius, strengthens the ideas, expands the mind and leads it forth to the fountain of knowledge, and enables it to burst the chains of inexpression and gives the mind an easy utterance upon the subject which it would express.

By *this* means our most eminent men and women have arisen to their high station on the "hill of Science." By a constant *perseverance* in those exercises they have become persons who can speak with eloquence and strength in a manner to call the attention of their audience and arouse them from their stupidity, and send them forth to the field of battle to fight for freedom and right. How often have we read in history, where men have become careless and discouraged, in trying to defend their liberty, yet those same men have been brought to fight like heroes by a speech from their leaders, which gave them new life, and fired their souls with victory.

Our Creator has so arranged the external world to hold forth every inducement possible for the cultivation of those powers which he has given us.

More than this, He he has given us a *direct command* to *improve* upon those talents which we find in our possession, and thereby increase them, which if we do not, we will be liable to lose what we possess. We are not placed in darkness and shut out from all the beauties of Nature, nor deprived of holding intercourse with our associates. But we are furnished with light whose fountain is inexhaustible, by which the face of Nature is beautified and made pleasing. We are also furnished with the discoveries in arts and sciences which have spread over the moral universe. We can learn the important facts of Astronomy, the questions of Geology, and the laws of Chemistry. We can also study, and *understand*, the laws of Physiology, be able to count the number, and tell the uses of the bones and muscles in the human system, learn how food is digested, how the chyle is formed, blood circulates, &c., neglecting the higher relations and more important responsibilities of home duties in cultivating whatever is excellent in human conduct, whatever is generous in affection, benevolent in disposition, and ennobling in virtue.

There is connected with every scene of our observation something which may afford lessons of instruction, some new train of thought which is calculated to expand and elevate the mind. As we look over the diversified face of the earth, the hills, mountains and valleys, the oceans, seas, lakes and rivers, we see an assemblage of objects which could be made by no other hand than that of the omnipotent Being whose goodness is equal to his power in the arrangement of the Universe for our benefit.

We can derive profitable instruction from everything the eye beholds, from every occurrence in human life.

The thought of personal culture is animating and hopeful, and nerves the soul for life's stern duties, fits it for the conflicts of life, and enables it to write "Attainment" in its diary, and "Victory" on its banner. Let us arouse and exert ourselves, drink of the pierrian spring, and may our minds be invigorated by the refreshing draught. We advocate the idea of continued improvement, of self culture, moral and religious, that shall never end while this life remains.

Though we may not yet, in our Country, express our views at the ballot-box, we may express them in other ways elsewhere. We can think nobly, liberally, and earnestly upon the great problems of the social world. Act in every day life, at home and abroad, in the halls of industry, and the domestic circle; and thus begin in spirit to choose the joy of God's great hereafter.

AN ADDRESS READ BEFORE STEVENSVILLE LODGE I. O. OF G. T.

BROTHER AND SISTER GOOD TEMPLARS:—Of all the reforms which are sought to be instituted, I venture to affirm that the temperance movement need not, must not, yield its claims to any. It is unquestionably the great, imperative need of our time, promising grander results to society, to our country and to humanity, than any other one measure disinterested philanthropy has devised. The cause of temperance is of pre-eminent rank, because it anticipates changes in society so fundamental, so benificent. It is approved by God, good men and angels, because benevolence inspires its aims, suggests the methods of its accomplishment,—its warfare being waged by swords of truth and bayonets of conviction. It is imbued with moral grandeur because its battle-field is vast as the inhabited globe, and its final triumph will disenthrall mil ions of wretched beings.

It is dear to the heart of every thoughtful minded man and woman of the land, because in its lineaments may be recognized a near relationship to religion. To me, brother and sister Good Templars, intemperance looms up with prodigious dimensions and appears no other than the great monstrocity of the age. The enormous wealth it squanders, which judiciously expended, might promise a luxuriant growth of the arts and sciences, and dispel every ray of ignorance, stamps the use of spirituous liquors with the seal of condemnation.

But when we come to look over the catalogue of the crimes it fosters and perpetrates, what a distorted and disfigured picture society presents! Transforming man in whom Deity mirrors faintly forth, into a death-dealing demon, behold the infuriate husband cleaving and hacking to pieces his helpless wife, his innocent children, and becoming at last a *felo de se.* See how it disports itself in most attrocious tragedy! The engineer and conductor hurling at its behests hundreds of human beings into an abyss of unwarned death. It dare approach the professional man to bribe him in the discharge of high functions; the judge to withhold justice, the minister in the consecrated sanctuary to mock at righteousness. If we look over the expense of society and note its prisons, poor-houses and asylums the indirect fruits of inebriation, then we discover intemperance to be a mildew threatening to corrupt the choicest fruits of civilization. Its wrecks of humanity are scattered all along the shore of time! When we walk down the sombre paths of history to explore its checkered fields for lessons of experience, behold the mournful monuments that attest the spoliation and ruin of the monster. Hither along the embowered paths of literature the monstrous Hydra exults over his richest conquests, having led to captivity and ignominious death the brilliant geniuses of the world—the gifted poets—nature's interpreters. Alas! we walk amid the premature graves of Poe, Burns and Byron. If we survey the dignified ranks of statesmanship and the professions we find many a brilliant intellect attesting the weakness of human character and the mysterious attraction of the modern Syren, having gone down in darkness, that should have set in splendor. Alas! that the murky clouds of inebriation should have darkened the resplendent powers of Webster! And turning to the humbler walks of life could we be permitted to enter the consecrated retreats of families, and witness the anguish of the time-worn mother over the blight of her only hopes, and listen to the hopeless wail of the wife, and see with what coarse brutality the besotted father repels the entreaties of lovely, innocent children, we would confront a social picture, which, seems to me, would "appal the gazing mourner's heart," and win its cordial sympathies to the reform which the great army of Good Templars have undertaken in behalf of the human race. When we look thus about and see reason dethroned, the intellectual faculties poisoned, conscience deadened, character degraded, and such a ruin inflicted on the soul as only centuries perhaps can repair, how shall we account for the stoicism, the toleration, nay, the patronage and sanction society gives this most gigantic of evils?

This is the most painful phase of the question,—the one which saddens the very heart of philanthropy. With wealthy and aristocratic people our cause is unpopular, not being ranked among the fashionable conventionalities of the day. They, and many even who support religious worship, by countenancing moderate drinking are the dead weights of the temperance reform. Embellishing their hospitality with choice wines, they but honor a custom of the fathers, whose origin lies far back in the past. But in behalf of man and his immortal destiny, in the name of every interest dear to the human heart, I call upon them to cooperate in banishing intemperance from our midst, and thus ransom society from the most abominable bondage, and remove from the path of civilization its greatest obstacle. Society may dispense with the civil reforms which are now on foot; it may postpone the time when by conferring the elective franchise on woman it shall award her a complete civil status and elevate her from the vassalage to which our boasted ancestors have for centuries consigned her; but as we value the soul of man and foster the faith of its immortality, we can not, must not put off the temperance cause. It has the sacredness of religion and is worthy to be championed by the best intellects and highest talents of the country. The conservation of talent and virtue and veneration for the sacredness of religion, the supplanting of much of the poverty, want and wretchedness of the poorer classes and the regeneration of society, await its consummation. And to these apostles of temperance who, illustrating the Christian discipline of their order, plead patiently and kindly with the fallen inebriate, and who, living a life of heroic self-denial and devotedness to principle, wage indefatigable warfare against the legions of King Alcohol, must be awarded the highest meed of praise—the brightest palms of victory.

NAPOLEON'S WIFE.—The Empress Eugenie, as she appeared on the imperial yacht, at the crowning point of the Suez celebration, is thus sketched by an American correspondent: "Eugenie, of whom all men speak extravagantly, seems but a fine woman, with nothing very remarkable about her except her glorious form and unsurpassed grace of movement. Her eyes are glassy and give at first sight an impression that she squints, which is by no means so. Her eyebrows are a peculiarity seldom seen, but yet do not detract from her good looks. Her mouth is neither classical nor Roman, nor of any particular kind. The upper lip is cut straight across the face, and contains several seams in it as she speaks, which is never pretty. The under lip is ill formed in every way. The mouth is positively too large and the way it exhibits the teeth when open does not seem nice. Her nose, though not faultless, does not necessarily command criticism. It is the narrow forehead, the glassy, expressionless eyes and the coarse mouth, which evokes a critic's dislike, but there objections are all lost sight of when one gazes at the magnificent bust of the Empress and the glorious undulations of her form. The dress she wore exposed her bosom rather more than a decent man might like his wife to do."

THREE brothers bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another, are in the habit of shaving at the same barber's shop. Not long ago one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop only for a day or two. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German dropped his razor in astonishment and exclaimed: "Vell, mine Got! dat man hash de fashtest beard I never saw, I sahves him dis mornin, shaves him at dinner times, and he gomes back now mit his beard so long as it never vash!"

LACONIC.—The following dispatch was sent to New York recently: "I lent you, one year ago to-night, six dollars and eighty-seven cents. If you have not had it long enough, please keep it one year longer." The answer came: "Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let it run another year."

Miscellaneous.

MRS. WILLIAMS' NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

It was New Year's eve; a cold blustering night. The wind dashed the frozen sleet furiously against the sturdy walls of the Red Stone Farmhouse, making the bright fire which was burning in the large, old-fashioned kitchen seem doubly grateful, around which was gathered farmer Williams, his wife and four children.

The weather-bronzed face of the farmer had a careworn, discontented look. He was one of those who "make haste to be rich," and though he is surrounded by many blessings and every reasonable want is supplied, as the close of the old year finds no surplus in his purse, his heart, instead of being lifted up with gratitude, is filled with repinings.

His gentle, meek-browed wife is sitting beside him. Her countenance wears a look of chastened sorrow, and tears glisten in her eyes as they wander to a corner of the room where stands a vacant cradle, from which smiled, a week ago, the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boy, upon whose little grave to-night the snow is drifted heavily.

The long silence was broken by a heavy knock at the door.

Farmer Williams opened it, revealing a respectable, middle-aged colored man, who held carefully in his hand a covered basket.

"Does Mrs. Williams live here?" he inquired.

"She does."

"The lady who buried a child yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, here is a New Year's present for her."

Thrusting the basket into the farmer's hands, he turned and walked quickly down the road, where could be dimly seen the outlines of a covered sleigh, from which came the faint sound of stifled sobs.

Bewildered and astonished, farmer Williams carried the basket into the kitchen and set it upon the table.

As he did so he was startled by a plaintive cry; and upon opening it, there lay a lovely boy, apparently about three months old.

Farmer Williams sprang to the door, but the sleigh and its occupants were nowhere to be seen.

In the meantime Mrs. Williams and the children gathered around the basket with exclamations of surprise and pleasure. As the babe saw the sweet, gentle face that bent over it, it suddenly stopped crying, and smiling, stretched out its little hands to her. The heart of the bereaved mother yearned towards it, and taking it up in her arms she pressed it fondly to her bosom. Just then her husband came back from his fruitless search.

"I declare, it's an imposition!" he exclaimed, stamping the snow off his boots. "But I won't submit to it. I'll take it over to the town farm the first thing in the morning."

"I can't bear the idea of its going there, John," said his wife. "Just see what a sweet babe it is!"

"I don't see but what it looks like other babies," returned John, gruffly, doing his best to steel his heart against the little stranger, in which he only partly succeeded, for rough as was the farmer's way, he had a kindly nature, if one could only reach it. "Anyway, the authorities will have to take care of it; we can't. We have got more mouths to fill, now, than we can find bread for."

Mrs. Williams' lip quivered as her thoughts reverted to the little grave in the churchyard. Ah, to her heart was one too few!

"Dear John," she said pleadingly, "it seems as though God had sent this babe to take the place of our own little Willie, whom He has taken to Himself. Let me keep it. It will not fail to bring a blessing, you may be sure."

Farmer Williams' countenance relaxed as he looked into those tearful eyes.

"Well, well, Mary," he said in a softened voice, "I'll think about it. If we do, you and the children will have to go without a good many things, for these are hard times—are likely to be harder. So you had better weigh the matter well before deciding."

Mrs. Williams did so; and the result was that her "New Year's Gift" became a fixture in Red Stone Farmhouse. He grew up a merry, winsome boy, twining even around the farmer's rugged nature, and taking in the heart of his adopted mother the place of her lost darling, loved and cherished her with equal tenderness. Many sacrifices did she make, many toilsome hours did she spend, in order that her husband might not feel the expense of his maintenance too heavily. And well did his growing intelligence and beauty, and the ardent affection he evinced for her, repay her for all. There was nothing about him that could give the slightest clew to his parentage. Simply a bit of white paper pinned to his frock, on which were these words, evidently written by a woman, in a graceful but unsteady hand:

ARTHUR,
BORN AUGUST 23, 1851.
"I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

Farmer Williams made some inquiries in the neighborhood, and learned that a lady with an infant, accompanied by a servant, had been stopping for a week past at the village tavern; that she was very beautiful, but pale and sad, and kept her room most of the time. But they had disappeared as suddenly as they came.

It is just ten years from the time that Mrs. Williams received her New Year's gift. Let us take another peep into the kitchen of Red Stone Farmhouse. The group is smaller now than then. The farmer who murmured ten years ago that he had so many mouths to feed, has now only one child left him—the little, flaxen-haired girl that is sitting beside his knee. The rest are all sleeping in the little churchyard. A heavy misfortune has befallen him; the thirst for riches has brought its usual curse. Possessed with the mania for speculation, he mortgaged his farmhouse and all it contained. The gilded bubble burst, and the dawning of a New Year found him a ruined and homeless man. This was the last night that he and his wife were to remain in the old homestead, that had been in his family for four generations, and was linked to his heart by so many tender memories. On the morrow they were to go they hardly knew whither. It is true, many of the old neighbors—kind, good souls—had offered him a temporary home; but it was hard for that proud, self-reliant man to accept charity from any.

"What can we do? Where can we go?" he groaned, as he thought of the morrow.

"The Lord will provide, John," said his wife, lifting her sad, patient eyes to his. "He has never forsaken us. Neither will He ever forsake any who trust in Him."

But the father lacked the Christian resignation that made the gentle heart such a haven of peace and love.

"Aye, that's what you've always said, wife," he retorted, impatiently, "and you see what we've come to. For my part, I don't think the Lord troubles himself much about us, any way!"

Mrs. Williams might have said that he had brought his misfortune upon himself, but she wisely forbore. Just then came the sound of a quick, buoyant step, and there burst into the room a fine, sturdy lad of about ten, his eyes bright, and his cheeks glowing from the keen, frosty air.

"It's bitter cold, I tell you!" he exclaimed, flinging his cap, boy fashion, upon the kitchen settee, and stepping up to the fire. "Not but what I've been warm as toast, all but my ears and fingers," he added, blowing upon the latter as he spoke.

"Here is something for you, mother," he said, seating himself on a stool at her feet, and tossing into her lap a shining piece of gold.

"Why, Arthur, where did you get this?"

"The strange gentleman down at the tavern gave it to me, mother. He asked me into his room, and gave me as many nuts and raisins as I could eat, besides."

"I wonder who he is?" she said, musingly.

"I can tell you," exclaimed her husband, his eyes flashing angrily. "He is the owner of Red Stone Farmhouse! He is the man who bid against me on the few articles I wanted to reserve. The curse of the homeless rests upon him!"

"Nay, John," interposed his wife, gently; "perhaps he did not know how highly you prized them."

"Yes he did; Parson Woods stepped up and told him. But he only smiled, and said he wanted to buy everything just as it stood."

"Well," said the boy, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, "I can't help pitying him, he looked so sorrowful. He asked lots of questions about you, mother, and all the rest of us; and kept walking up and down the room, wringing his hands and groaning as if he was in great trouble."

"I will buy you a new coat with this, Arthur," said Mrs. Williams, as she examined anew the gold. "You need one badly enough," she added, glancing, with a sigh, at his well-patched roundabout.

"You shall do nothing of the sort, mother," said the generous-hearted boy. "You shall buy yourself and sissy a nice warm shawl."

Before Mrs. Williams could reply there was a quiet knock at the door. Farmer Williams opened it. It was only a boy, who brought a small parcel for Mrs. Williams.

"Another New Year's gift, I suppose," he said, bitterly, for he was in a bitter mood. Mrs. Williams glanced reproachfully at her husband.

"God grant that it may bring us as much comfort," she said, laying her hand fondly upon the head that was resting against her knee.

As she opened it, she uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was a deed of Red Stone Farmhouse, made out in her name. On the inside wrapper were these words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

There were grateful and happy hearts beneath the roof of the old homestead that night. Though with Mrs. Williams' joy there was mingled an uneasy feeling. She was well assured that it was in some way connected with Arthur, and trembled with apprehension lest some one should appear who had a stronger claim to him. This fear was dissipated the next morning by a letter that came to her by the first mail. It contained a check for $5,000, together with these words:

"The boy you so generously received ten years ago, and have so tenderly cherished since, will never be taken from you. The mother, forced to relinquish the babe, dearer to her than life, is now in heaven. The father, who so basely forsook his child, and her he had sworn to cherish, is unworthy of so sacred a trust. In the S—— Bank you will find the sum of $20,000 deposited in the name of your adopted son, of which he is to come into possession when legally of age; and the interest of which is to be appropriated to his support and education during his minority."

To this singular letter there was neither date or signature. There were various conjectures in regard to the stranger who had been in the village some days, and from whom it was evident this letter came, as well as the package received the night before.

But when Arthur recalled to mind the look of sad, remorseful tenderness with which he had regarded him, he felt that it must have been his father. Yet he often said, as he looked into the face of his adopted mother, that he wanted no dearer friends than those he had already. As for Mrs. Williams, among all the blessings that surrounded her, there was no one that brought a purer joy than he whom she had taken to her heart when a friendless babe, her New Year's Gift.

GEMS.—Better be upright with poverty than unprincipled with plenty.

The bible is a prison in this window of hope, through which we look into eternity.

The merit of our actions consists not in doing extraordinary actions but in doing ordinary actions well.

Uprightness in our dealings with one another is a matter not of human convenience, but of divine requirement.

The groundwork of all manly character is veracity, or the habit of telling the truth. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything said.

FRIENDSHIP is exemplified in the fair sweet light of morning; love, in the noon-day splendor, dazzling and consuming.

[illegible]

Among the countless throngs who daily pass and repass Trinity Church, how many know that within a few feet of the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway is a grave which covers all that remains of the once beautiful and fascinating woman, the record of whose sorrows has dimmed the eyes of thousands? No date of birth, no indication of family, and no date of death, appear on the stone that covers the grave of Charlotte Temple, whose tragic story, once the theme of every circle, is probably unknown to the greater number of young readers. The most beautiful girl in New York—so it is claimed—she attracted the attention of a young officer, a member of one of England's oldest and proudest families, who, with his regiment entered the city when the British occupied New York, after the battle of Long Island. Charlotte, then only seventeen, was wooed and won by the dashing young officer. He deserted her, and then—the old story—she soon after died of a broken heart. A little daughter which she left was tenderly cared for, and at a proper age was taken to England, and a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars settled upon her by the head of her father's family, the late Earl of Derby, grandfather of the present Lord Stanley. She, like a loving daughter and true woman, returned to New York, and erected the monument that now marks the mother's grave. The inscription upon it was engraved on a solid tablet of brass, one inch thick, heavily plated with silver, and thus it read: "Sacred to the memory of Charlotte Stanley, aged nineteen years."

This filial duty performed, she returned to England and lived a life of unobtrusive piety and usefulness. The plate placed upon the stone that marks the grave was supposed to be of solid silver, and tempted the cupidity of certain vandals, who, with hammer and chisels, succeeded in prying it from the slab. They were never detected. Many years afterward, some good Samaritan caused the name of Charlotte Temple to be cut underneath the excavation. There it may be seen within a few feet of Broadway, by any one who will take the trouble to look over the iron railing. The last time we glanced at the slab, now almost embedded in the ground, we saw several sparrows taking a bath in the water which had collected in the excavation from which the villains removed the plate; and other little songsters were singing a requium over her grave—near which we were gratified to observe a forget-me not, doubtless planted there by some kind heart who in childhood had wept over the sad and romantic story of the blue-eyed girl.

SNOW CRYSTALS.

To the uninstructed mind, the fall of snow is very a common-place affair. To the thoughtless schoolboy, making up a handful of it into a ball, with which to surprise his friend passing on the other side of the way; to the laboring man plodding his way through it with difficulty; to the farmer, who looks upon it as a comfortable covering for the ground, during a portion of the dead season of the year, it is a white substance and nothing more. But in the view of modern science, under the microscope, snow is one of the most beautiful things in nature; each particle when magnified showing a surprising regularity of figure, but varying according to the degree of cold by which the snow has been produced. In the Book of Job, "the treasures of the snow" are spoken of, and after one has seen the particles in this way, he is fully disposed to allow the justice of the expression.

Capt. Scoresby, the Arctic navigator, was the first to observe the forms of snow particles, and for a time, it was supposed they assumed these remarkable figures in the polar regions alone. It was, however; ascertained by James Glaisher, secretary of the British Meteorological Society, that in the begining of 1855, the same and even more complicated figures were presented in England.

In consistence, a snow particle is flaky, but in figure with few exceptions, is that of a star of six points forming angles of 60 degrees. Sometimes the figure is composed merely of six *spiculæ* meeting in this regular way. It very frequently happens that these spicular arms are feathered with other smaller spiculæ, all meeting their stem at an angle of 60 degrees, or loaded with hexagonal prisms, all of which have the same angles. It is in obedience to a law governing the crystallization of water, that this angle of 60 degrees everywhere prevails in the figures of snow particles, with slight exceptions. It may be observed that there is a tendency to one style of figure, at any particular time of a snowfall, in obedience to some condition of the atmosphere. But while there is a unity in the governing law, the results are of infinite variety no two particles probably ever being precisely alike. A very complicated form will even go through a series of minor changes, as it melts on the object glass of the observer; passing from the more complicated to the less, till it ends perhaps as a star of six points, just before becoming water.

THE Boston *Post* thus epitomises the story of George Peabody's love as authentically told by a writer in the Providence *Journal*: "More than thirty years ago a Providence school-girl, of rare beauty and good family, found her first love in a youth of a neighboring city. They were engaged; but he failed in business, could not afford to marry and released her from her engagement, she going to Europe with her friends. There she met George Peabody, then, comparatively speaking, a young man, but one who was already making his mark, and whose wealth was beginning to pour in on every side. He became enamored of her beauty and grace, and finally made to her an offer of marriage. After some hesitation she accepted her new suitor and returned to America his affianced wife. Here she met her former lover, the old affection returned, and she began to pine away in an appropriate manner. At length she told all to Mr. Peabody, and he, with that manliness which characterized his every action, gave her up, and, in due time, she was married and settled. This is the one romance in the life of the great philanthropist. The lady was left a widow not many years after, but it is not known whether Mr. Peabody ever met her again."

A certain lady of our acquaintance says she is not so much of a glutton as not to be able to arise from one table and sit down to any number successively, with as keen an appetite as when she began!

"How well he plays for one so young!" said Mrs. Partington, as the organ-boy performed with a monkey near the door; "and how much his little brother looks like him, to be sure."