The Bradford Reporter.

ALVORD & CLAUSON, Publishers.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

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

Special Notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will be charged FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each insertion. All Resolutions of Associations; Communications, of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, are charged TEN CENTS per line.

	1 Year.	6 Mos.	3 Mos.
One Column,	$1 00	$50	$40
Half "	60	35	30
One Square,	15	10	7½

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

Merchants and others, advertising their business, will be charged $25 per year. They will be entitled to ¼ column, confined exclusively to their business, with privilege of quarterly changes.

☞ Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscription to the paper.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER Office is well supplied with Power Presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

PRICE LIST—CASCADE MILLS.

Best quality Winter Wheat Flour ⅞ cwt., $4 50@5 00
Best quality Rye Flour ⅞ 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.

PATENT METALIC WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINES.—Warranted not to rust, wear, tare, corrode or injure the finest fabrics. is always up and ready for use. The weather does not in the least affect it. It will last for 20 to 50 years, and costs but three cents per foot. I am now prepared to put the wire and guarantee satisfaction or no pay. If not called upon at your houses, address or call at Marshall Brothers, Hardware store. C. L. DUTCHER, Agent.
Feb. 3, 1870. Towanda.

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 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 TAUQKA BEDS.
Myersburg, Dec. 20, '69. MYER & FROST.

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. 156 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 REDDING.
Sept. 23, 1868.

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 a view 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 postafe paid for $1 50
Bound Volumes of the American Stock Journal for 1870, 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,
Jan19,'70. Parkesburg, Chester Co., Pa.

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, Kero-one Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Candles, 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.

GUION & 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 motter, 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 speed, requiring no alteration in mill frames or additions to flume, will run under low head, and made of superior workmanship and material. 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

GENUINE IMPORTED NORWAY OATS.

SAMPLES SENT FREE TO FARMERS.

From 100 to 130 bushels grown to the acre. Weighs from 40 to 45 pounds to the bushel. This oats has been grown on every variety of soil, and in every state of the Union, with the most perfect success.
The grain is very large, plump and handsome, has remarkable thin husk, and ripens earlier than the common varieties.
The straw is bright, clear, stout and not liable to lodge, is perfectly clear of rust, and grows from 4 to 5 feet high.
We have both the White and Black Norway, both the same price and equally productive.
We will send one quart of the above oats to any address post paid for, $1 00
Two quarts post paid, 2 00
Peck sent by express or freight, 3 00
Half bushel, 20 pounds, 6 00
One bushel, 40 pounds, 10 00
CAUTION.—☞ We wish it distinctly understood that this is not a light oats, weighing 28 to 32 lbs., raised in New England, and sold under the name of Norway, but imported seed, every bushel guaranteed to weigh 40 lb. or the money refunded.
Samples of both kinds sent free for a three cent stamp. Also circulars and testimonals. Address all orders to, N. P. BOYER & CO.,
Jan19,'70 Parkesburg, Chester Co., Pa.

ASHTON SALT PUT UP IN large or small quantities at
May 29 C. B. PATCH'S.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

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

GEORGE D. MONTANYE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—corner of Main and Pine Streets, opposite Porter's Drug Store.

W. A. PECK, ATTORNEY AT Law, Towanda, Pa. Office over the Bakery, south of the Ward House, and opposite the Court House. nov 1, '68.

L. P. WILLISTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, TOWANDA.
South side of Mercur's 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 16, '68.

MERCUR & MORROW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public.
ULYSSES MERCUR. P. D. MORROW.
March 9, 1865.

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

H. B. McKEAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court. July 26, '66.

W. T. DAVIES, ATTORNEY AT Law, Towanda, Pa. Office with Wm. Watkins, Esq. Particular attention paid to Orphans' Court business and settlement of decedents' estates.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST. Office over Wickham & Black's, Towanda, Pa. Particular attention is called to ALUMINUM as a base for Artificial Teeth. Having used this material for the past four years, I can confidently recommend it as being far superior to Rubber. Please call and examine specimens. ☞ Chloroform administered when desired. may 30, '68.

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

T. B. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Towanda, Pa. Office with W. B. Kelly, over Wickham & Black. Residence at the Means House. apr 15, '68.

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

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.

LEWIS RHEBein, *Fashionable A 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—1y.

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, '65.

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. Dec. 1—3w

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

O. W. STEVENS, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Camptown, Bradford Co., Pa. Thankful to his many employers for past patronage, would respectfully inform the citizens of Bradford County that he is prepared to do any work in his line of business that may be entrusted to him. Those having disputed lines would do well to have their property accurately surveyed before allowing themselves to feel aggrieved by their neighbors. All work warranted correct, so far as the nature of the case will permit. All unpatented lands attended to as soon as warrants are obtained. O. W. STEVENS.
Feb. 24, 1869—1y.

Hotels.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

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

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

JOHN C. WILSON

Having leased this House, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.
☞ North side of the public square, east of Mercur's new block.

RUMMERFIELD CREEK HOTEL.

PETER LANDMESSER,

Having purchased and thoroughly refitted this old and well-known stand, formerly kept by Sheriff Griffin, at the mouth of Rummerfield Creek, is ready to give good accommodations and satisfactory treatment to all who may favor him with a call.
Dec. 23, 1868—tf.

MEANS HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., JORDAN & HORTON, Proprietors. This popular Hotel having been thoroughly fitted and repaired, and furnished throughout with new and elegant Furniture, will be open for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869. Neither expense nor pains have 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. A. H. BROWN, Propr.
Towanda, Jan. 12, 1870.—3m

Selected Poetry.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by rude penknives;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initials;

The charcoal frolics on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, crossing it, go to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless foot the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

Miscellaneous.

[For the REPORTER.]

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

NO. III.

GREEN COVE SPRINGS, FLA., Feb. 8, 1870.

I wrote you last from Jacksonville. We left there Monday, January 31, at six in the morning, on the staunch little steamer *Henry Burden*, for St. Augustine. This is a fast running boat, proving entirely too fast for the privateers in running to Nassau. The day being cloudy and mild, we enjoyed sitting out on deck. Returning on the St. John's River to the mouth, we found it a little rough crossing the bar; but the ocean was as smooth and calm as possible, and we sailed within five miles of the coast all the distance, and I felt *quite courageous*, saying it was *delightful*. But crossing the bar, into Augustine Bay, it was quite rough, the boat rolling considerably, and the captain looking in the cabin and laughing as we so *gracefully* took to the *sofas*, saying it would soon pass—*that part* was *gratis*. Soon as we were over into smooth water, we were out in time to see the light-house—one hundred years old—built on Anastasia Isle, opposite Augustine; and next was the old Spanish fort, situated on a point protecting the city from assault by land or water. Next was the St. Augustine Hotel, just at the landing, its piazzas filled with anxious people looking at us, as we stepped on shore, which made us feel welcome, although they were strangers, but all from the North. We feel an interest in each other that is surprising. One does not feel obliged to wait for an introduction, throwing aside all formality, each one feeling an interest which is very charming. There is considerable Yankee element in the South that makes things stir—in Jacksonville more than any city we have visited.

Returning to my description of the antiquated looking city. The fort from the sea wall looks black and moss covered, in portions of it vines creeping over it. The walls are blocks of *coquisea*, a material used for all buildings. It is found on the beach, and on the island. It seems to be shells cemented together, and is very hard and durable. For cement they burn this *coquisea*, which makes lime, and mixing it with sand and water, forms a cement that hardens and becomes solid as granite. It has been discovered by the people, as they were digging for some purpose under the moat, that there is an inner and outer wall, the space filled with sand, making the walls seventy feet through, and as firm as when they were built. The watch-tower shows proof of its age by the giving out of the stairways; then the towers, one smaller one on the side towards the island. Not long since there were two skeletons discovered in a dungeon underneath the walls, where they had been chained and caged. The skeletons are now at the Smithsonian Institute. Nothing is known definitely; some think they were imprisoned there and forgotten—others that they were in the dungeon at the time of the massacre of the garrison, Major Date and one hundred and seven of his men, and no one left to tell the mysteries of this dungeon. The old chapel, and cross with holy water, are all in good preservation. It is conjectured by some that there was an underground passage way from the convent to this fort. There are shelters and fire-places for the comfort of the men inside, but is not garrisoned at present. A sergeant from the United States barracks has the care of it, and once a day he inspects it, and visitors improve this opportunity of visiting the fort. The Sergeant is always *very much pressed* with business—"only ten minutes to spend in showing you through, as he has papers to make out"—but the visitor understands the *game*, and a small greenback slipped into his hand, he forgets his hurry; and a half-hour is spent in looking, and listening to his stories, and one feels well paid for the trouble. The moat has two draw-bridges, and an outer wall of three feet in width, of the same material as the fort, with granite blocks on the top. The wall is one mile in length, extending along the coast, being wide enough for two persons to walk upon. We walked to the end, and around the city to the barracks, the finest building in the best repair of any in the city.

The streets are narrow, of clean white sand, requiring no paving, and some too narrow for carriages and pedestrians at the same time, the houses on each side of the street being but a few feet apart. The first story looks like an English basement; the piazzas are extended over the street, and so broad that where the houses are opposite, the persons sitting out on them converse with as much ease as though they were in the same house, and can easily shake hands across from one to the other. The yards to the old Spanish houses are walled in with high walls, so that they look like prisons. On the top of some are broken bottles, put in with cement, to prevent thieves from scaling the walls. We saw a few with yards in front, and orange trees bending with the yellow fruit and blossoms, roses, japonicas, and a variety of flowers, forgetting that it was winter, the first of February. We strolled around the city, looking and wondering where we could find an orange grove, that we might have the privilege of picking for ourselves. We were directed to several. Dr. Anderson's being the nearest, went in there. A gent of color opening the gate for us, directed us to the orange orchard, where they were gathering. One man in the tree on a ladder (these trees are large as our apple trees) and another to catch the fruit as the picker cast it to him, and lay it on the ground to prevent bruising. One would know he was not a Yankee, as he would have taken a bag or basket, and filled that. Dr. A. was there himself, very polite to us, answering our numerous questions (he had no doubt of our origin, either). There were one thousand bearing trees, the fruit mostly gathered, and the blossoms nearly ready to burst. The place must be an old one, judging from the trees. The grounds are extensive; hedges of arbor vitæ eight feet high, a long avenue of orange trees, meeting over head, leading out to the street; lemon trees, fig, pomegranate, date palm, lime, olive, citron, greava (a very nice jelly is made of the latter); two large century plants, with stalks twenty-five feet in height, that bloomed last year, bearing three hundred blossoms; the palmetto tree, and a great variety of shrubs. There are several varieties of the palmetto—the tree, and dwarf, and cabbage palmetto. The latter is bleached, and hats and baskets and a variety of ornaments made from it. It is quite a business, if more would work at it. But one lady that works it it told me that they would not work, but sit down and brood over their losses. She had lost everything during the war, and was glad to work; she was happier, and it was no use to complain; and she had tried to get help to braid for her, but could not. She had orders for weeks ahead, but could not supply the demand, as every visitor carries away a *souvenir* of some kind. Across the river to the island, the beach is covered with shell of all kinds, which are picked up by visitors. Four small whales had been washed ashore, which were soon cut in pieces and carried off, Mr. G. getting some of the teeth.

The old Catholic Cathedral is very interesting to visit. On the front are four bells, which bear the date of 1682. They strike the hour and half-hour. The door is open from early morn to sunset, and the worshipers are going in at all times of the day. On the left as you enter the door is the font, where the Catholics cross themselves, and behind a grating is an image of Jesus nailed to the cross. On either side are many pictures and statuary, and the Virgin Mary holding Jesus in her arms in the farther end of the chapel; and on the right another image. Everything reminds me of being in the old world, as we fancy it to be.

Returning to our hotel, exhausted with our day's tramp, we retired early, as we had to rise at five to take the boat for Jacksonville, hoping to get letters from home, and leaving Mr. and Mrs. Gridley to enjoy another day in this strange city, then go across the country eighteen miles by stage to Piecolatta, a landing on the St. John's. Years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, this was a place of considerable importance; there are now only two houses. We parted reluctantly with our dear friends, as we had become so much attached to each other; they intending to go up to Enterprise, Mr. G. anxious to see and shoot alligators, and we expecting to get letters for us all and meet at Magnolia on Saturday.

Returning, we had a rough passage, and some were very sick. I should have been, also, but securing a sofa, I kept close to it, scarcely raising my head until we were in the St. John's. On arriving at the St. James, we found pleasant faces to welcome us, and felt as though we were home.

Wednesday morning we started on the "*Hattie*" for Green Cove Springs, sailing slowly up the river, stopping at the landings, setting off passengers and freight as occasion required. One place of interest was "Mondarin," Mrs. Stowe's winter home—a brown cottage of no pretensions, nearly hid by trees, and but one other in sight. Mrs. Stowe, her two daughters, and one man were on the landing to receive the mail, one of the daughters swinging the bag across her shoulder and starting off with the Beecher independence. Hibernia is the next landing—one house. Next was Magnolia, one house and a cottage and church—a lovely spot, of which I will write you in my next. We got nicely settled in our room, and took a walk after dinner, and when we returned who should we meet but Edward and Emma, who came from Piecolatta, ten miles up the river, in a little dug-out. We were delighted to see them, having been separated only one day. We will remain at Green Cove, one mile and a half from here, until they make their trip to Enterprise, and then make our plans for the next move, which depends upon news from home. There come Edward and Emma with six letters. I never appreciated letters half so much as now, and I am glad my dear little ones are all well. The weather is cool; I think I felt the cold as much this morning as I do at home in winter, but it does not last long.

With kind remembrances to enquiring friends, and kisses for my dear children. Your affectionate
S. H. A.

[For the REPORTER.]

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY FOGG, THE BACHELOR.

[Fogg, the Bachelor, joins Lucy Stone on a lecturing tour, when he falls in with Mrs. Stanton, Anna Dickinson, and other great minds, who appreciate his mighty genius which has for two score years wasted its sweetness on the desert air.]

"I feel, I feel, I feel,
I feel like a morning star."

I am now a public lecturer on "Woman's Rights." It is a glorious mission. I never was in a business that paid half as well, to say nothing whatever of it in a view to filthy lucre. Lucy and I are traveling hand in hand up and down the earth, teaching men to turn from the error of their ways. I don't think that I ever saw any boiled ecstacy till I embraced the woman's rights movement. I never have "embraced" anything that would compare with it.

It is very lovely to be doing good to the world in this way. Even if I knew of any other way to make myself useful, I wouldn't do it. "Shoo fly, don't bodder me!"

I haven't known what it is to want a full meal in over four weeks. Our march is as proud as that of Marius. "The way before us is a sea of heads." Tables groan with luxury and people with dyspepsia. Legislatures "throw wide the portals of their halls," and I get opportunity to pour out my burning eloquence in places which would do honor to General Grant. Judges invite us women to their houses. Merchants take us riding in their private carriages. Lawyers are after us to secure our patronage in case any unpleasantness should arise in our domestic affairs.

I have just attended a suffrage convention in New Jersey. Anna Dickinson sat on my right hand, Mrs. Stanton on my left hand, and Susan B. Anthony behind me, and I had a corn on my big toe. George Francis Train sat on the same platform, but he was so far off that he couldn't have rendered me any assistance if I had fainted. Susan B., who is now one of my most bosomest friends, seeing my embarassment, handed me a slice of lemon, and said in an under tone, "Suck that, dear, and think of me," and I did!

I feel that I (whatever may be said of the other women of our company) have found my normal sphere.

I certainly hope you will pardon me, if my language should seem to leave the genders of our company in a rather unsettled state. Among ourselves there is perfect harmony, and such little things don't trouble us.

When I left Towanda, I went out like the apostles of old without scrip or purse, partly because Lucy said that was a little sharp practice, and partly because I hadn't either.

But now I am very confident. With my new clothes and flush of money, many of my old friend wouldn't know me—certainly I shouldn't them.

We were going to attend a convention in New Jersey, and then follow on to Massachusetts, where she assured me that the woman question, next to the liquor question, was the life of politics.

Of course, I was anxious to get into New Jersey. Lucy promised that I should meet there all that noble army of females who have, like the heroic matrons of old, left their firesides, their husbands and their babies, and thus tearing themselves from the bosoms of their families, gone forth to do battle for the common cause. I was all through the late rebellion, but I don't recollect of marching out to meet an army with better spirits. Lucy is gray in the service, so to speak. I was perfectly unsophisticated. As we were riding along on the cars, and the hour of high noon began to approach, shooting by station after station where signs were stuck up, "Lager beer and doughnuts," "Warm meals at all hours," &c., I felt a sinking; a vacancy in my breast; and laying my hand on my heart, I said with much emotion, "In heaven's name, Lucy, what are we going to do? I love the cause, but how nice it would be if we could have something to eat during our tours,"

"Child of nature," said she gushingly (for her age), "weep not! We have but to open our mouths, and they shall be filled."

"Oh!" said I, "can it be true I can do all these?"

"Shall the ox be muzzled that treadeth out the corn? Shall we not live by the gospel that we preach?"

"I can't say," I groaned, "but somehow I have my doubts."

"Be of good cheer," she said, taking a roll of greenbacks out of her pocket as large as my arm, and giving me half. "We don't do this thing for money. We don't love money. We love our husbands, our families, our dear little children at home, and Providence permitting, we intend to go back and make it our home with them in a few years, as soon as women have their rights."

I now began to get my eyes open a little as to the ways of the world, and says I involuntarily, "May it not be too soon, my dear; let us make this thing complete—let us make it complete," said I, crowding the roll of bills into my vest pocket, which I had counted and found to contain five hundred dollars.

I think from that moment I took a more practical view of the question.

Arriving at the convention at a late hour, Lucy ushered me into the presence of an august assemblage, and on to the platform, where were congregated the noted personages whom I have mentioned before, and many others also. Mrs. Stanton had just been making a few remarks, but I saw that they were waiting till we got there before doing much business.

As I approached all eyes were turned on me, and I heard Susan B. Anthony ask if I was a married man. Mrs. Stanton asked me how Mrs. Fogg's health was, and Mary Livermore if I was engaged. By this time Anna Dickinson had rushed up, and throwing her arms wildly around my neck, wanted to know in the name of downtrodden humanity—in the name of dying woman—if I didn't believe a woman could earn just as much in a day (provided she did more work and did it better) as a man could.

"A thousand fold," said I, "a thousand fold more!"

"That's a love of a boy," said she; "bravo!" and gave me a handful of splendid peanuts, and a copy of her last novel, saying, "Read and hand to your afflicted neighbor!"

At this juncture, Lucy stepped forward and said to the audience:

"Sweet lady friends and male brutes (and she didn't mean anything bad), I have the honor to present to you Mr. Fogg, a gentleman of profound learning, vast research, extensive culture, and a most estimable person at the place where he resides; a gentleman of fine literary taste and a contributor to one of the best papers in Northern Pennsylvania."

Strange as it may seem, I never dreamed that my character was so good, and had I been otherwise situated I might not have known myself.

I stepped forward, and says I, "Glorious champions, I endorse everything that Lucy ever has or ever *will* say. I consider her one of nature's noblemen."

Lucy and I have only known each other a few days, but I have learned in that brief space of time to love her.

At this point I felt a blue streak go by my left ear and out through a pane of glass, and somebody jerked on my coat-tail—I think it was Susan B. Anthony—and suggested that perhaps it would be as well to speak on the subject of *woman's rights* tonight, and leave all that to print on her tombstone, particularly as Lucy's husband was *in the house*. She wanted to know if I smelt ink, or saw anything in the shape of an ink-stand going by my head. Said I, "Madam, I am ready to yield up my life in this cause;" and at that moment I saw Lucy's second mate in the audience, with a baby on each arm and a couple of pistols lying before him on the desk.

May be I turned a shade more delicate in complexion at this instant. I felt so! But I commenced again:

Co-laborers in the female vineyard! this is the proudest moment of my life. When I see so many of the fair whom none but the brave deserve, a surrounding me with their blushes on all sides, I feel as if I should melt and run away like a tallow candle in July. This is a day fraught with the most hefty questions and interests for womankind.

It is very evident from a scriptural as well as a legal point of view that woman ought to be first at the ballot and first in war, as she is first in peace and first in the hearts of her countrymen.

I believe that there was a fault in the translation and where Paul says the man is the head of the family, it ought to read *tail*. Now it is evident that somebody has got to be the superior power in a family. They can not be equal, because it would be an absurdity in government to invest two branches of government with sovereignty. It is a fact that whereas men only "think" they are right, women "*know*" they are, and consequently their decisions ought to be regarded. (Right here I stopped and unbuttoned my jacket and breathed).

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, woman is the great moral power of the universe; why not make her the political power. Senates and judges are pervious to her smiles and tears; why not put her on duty as a night-watch.

I for one, never knew half the virtues of this thing till I got mixed up in it. ("Nor I," "nor I," groaned Geo. Francis, Mrs. Stanton and others). Why don't they give us the ballot? Is it because we've shown ourselves anxious to relieve the male gender of these ancient prerogatives? Is it because we are too weak in body to endure the fatigue of traveling three or four miles on a stormy day to the polls.

Silly generation of vipers; are there no "family physicians?" Don't they count on this thing as much as the rest of us?

Are there no precedents for women holding positions of trust and profit?

Behold the beloved Queen of England! said I, (assuming a theatrical air and pointing my bony finger toward the rising sun), does she have any trouble in finding somebody to tell her what to do? No more would Lucy Stone, said I, flatteringly. I for one, would surround her with my wise counsels. ("You may count me in," "and me," "and me," came from bass voices in all parts of the House).

So long as the woman question stands where it does now, said I slapping my hand involuntarily on the pocket that contained the greenbacks, I'll sacrifise myself to my last dollar!! What matters it if the course of true love in a few families is temporarily interrupted. What matters it if for a few brief years children go stockingless and the face of a mother is seen only on the walls of our dwellings. What matters it if men have to bring in strange women to cook, to wash, and to darn for them.

Isn't that the result of their own folly? Let them give the woman a right to vote.

Oh! yes, my dear, fair friends, cut yourselves loose from all social and domestic entanglements, and while there is a female child above ten years denied the right of suffrage in all this broad land, let us fight for a common victory, or a common grave!

Now I have been caught out in a thunder shower at sundry times in my life, but I never heard anything to compare with the roars of applause that followed my taking my seat. Susan handed me a pickle and turned away weeping like a wet hay-stack. Gentle Anna (she is more demonstative than the rest), flung herself upon me and hugged me as if I liked it. Mrs. Stanton gave me a chew of spruce gum and a bundle of tracts on woman suffrage written by herself, saying, "There is food; slay and eat." I tried the gum first.

Mary Livermore begged of me to come and stay as long as I pleased, and make it my home with her. (I don't know but I'll take her up!)

But in the audience the scene passed all description. Wives rose and took leave of their husbands to start out as lecturers for life. Mothers pitched their babies out of the windows and offered to serve the committee in any way to advance the cause. In fact it seemed as if the spirit of self-sacrifice burned through the audience like fire. From that moment I was a famous man. I only wonder that I hadn't gone into this thing before, for I have always known that my soul grew fat fastest when basking in the smiles of the fair sex.

I soon start for Massachusetts to attend another convention, when if I live through this one you shall again hear from me.

THE BABE.

"She is the blithest, brightest bird,
The sweetest, winsome little fay,
That e'er a loveless bosom stirred
To own affection's potent sway.

Her locks are sunshine softly curled
Above a brow they love to kiss;
Her eyes, twin stars from other world,
Wandering in wonder over this.

Her cheeks are ruddy, sweet and fair,
Where dimples play at hide-and-seek;
Her lips bright stores of gladness, where
Rejoicing waves of laughter break.

For home she's one continued song—
A sunny dispellant of care;
A star, a joy, when troubles throng;
To earth a Heaven—to Heaven a prayer.

PERFECTLY HEARTLESS.

"Pretty? yes, rather pretty, but perfectly heartless!" said old Mrs. Holmes to