The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

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$2 Advertising in all cases exclusive of subscriptions to the paper.

SPECIAL NOTICES inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line, for the first insertion, and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions.

LOCAL NOTICES, same style as reading matter, TWENTY CENTS A LINE.

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JOB PRINTING, of every kind, in plain and fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. THE REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Professional and Business Cards.

H. STREETER,
LAW OFFICE,
aug26. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
TOWANDA PA.
Office over Montanyes Store. (may675.
D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

SMITH & MONTANYE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office, corner of Main and Pine sts., opposite Dr. Porter's Drug Store.

W. H. CARNOCHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW Troy, Pa. Collections made and promptly remitted. [feb15-ly.

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—Mercur's Block, next door to Express Office, Towanda, Pa. [jly17-72.

WOOD & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.
AS. WOOD. [may27) JNO. F. SANDERSON.

E. C. GRIDLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
April 1, 1872. TOWANDA, PA.

G. F. MASON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
TOWANDA PA.
Office first door south of C. B. Parsons Esq., second floor. Nov. 18, '73.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Smith & Montanye. [nov18-75.

PEET & DAVIES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
MERCUR'S BLOCK
April 1-74. TOWANDA, PA.

WILT & MAXWELL,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSLORS-AT-LAW.
Office over Davison's Store, Towanda, Pa.
J. ANDREW WILT. WM. MAXWELL.
(May be consulted in German.) apr2375.

L. McPHERSON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda Pa.
Office in Tracy & Noble's New Block. [may13.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov19-74.

L. ELSBREE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Feb.14-75. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into copartnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts.
D. OVERTON, Jr. (apr14-76) N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up stairs.
R. A. MADILL. [jun5-73ly] J. N. CALIFF.

JOHN W. MIX.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
AND
U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1874.

GEORGE W. DRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, Leltaysville, Pa. March 18-87.

GEO. V. MYER, C. E., COUNTY SURVEYOR.—Particular attention given to locating disputed "lines."
Office over Post Office.
myat3-75. Towanda, Pa.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 1873ly.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON, Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
T. R. JOHNSON, M. D. D. N. NEWTON, M. D.
[jan1-76.

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after sept. 21, may be found in the elegant new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new office on State street. Business solicited.
Sept. 24-tf.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. [feb1-3ly.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST. Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Moore's new block, over Kent & Watsons' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has also put in a new gas apparatus. [may1875.

DR. G. A. BUSH,
TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA.
Treats Chronic Diseases by new methods. May be consulted by letter. [apr8-74.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts.
March 25-73.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY,
May22-76tf. TOWANDA, PA.

THE UNDERSIGNED, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform the citizens of Towanda and vicinity, that he will give particular attention to drawing plans, designs and specifications for all manner of buildings, private and public, superintendence given for reasonable compensation. Office at residence N. E. corner Second and Elizabeth streets.
J. L. FLEMING.
Box 341, Towanda, Pa.

J. C. BIXBEE, CARRIAGE PAINTER AND DECORATER. Also manufacturer of Ornamental Gilt Show Cards, a few doors east of the REPORTER Office. [jun24-75.

W. W. KINGSBURY,
REAL ESTATE, LIFE, FIRE & ACCIDENT
INSURANCE AGENCY.
Office, corner Main & State Sts.
March 13, 1872. TOWANDA, PA.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented:
LANCASHIRE,
PHŒNIX,
HOME,
MERCHANTS'.
March 19-72. O. A. BLACK.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF TOWANDA.
CAPITAL.....$125,000.
SURPLUS FUND.....50,000.
This Bank offers UNUSUAL FACILITIES for the transaction of a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS ACCORDING TO AGREEMENT.
SPECIAL CARE GIVEN TO THE COLLECTION OF NOTES AND CHECKS.
Parties wishing to SEND MONEY to any part of the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, or the principal cities and towns of Europe, can here procure drafts for that purpose.
PASSAGE TICKETS
Tickets from the Old Country, by the best steam or sailing lines, always on hand.
FAMILIES BROUGHT OVER AT REDUCED RATES;
highest price paid for U. S., Bonds, Gold and Silver.
POWELL, Pres't. N. N. BETT, Jr. Cash'r.

Evans & Hildreth.

FALL OF 1875.

NEW FALL GOODS

received this week at

EVANS & HILDRETHS'

Where can be found all the novelties of the season

DRESS GOODS,

in all the new shades in

CLOAKINGS, SHAWLS

FLANNELS

BLANKETS,

SKIRTS, CASSIMERES, &C.,

CLOAKS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, COLLARS &C.,

Our stock is complete

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE

EVANS & HILDRETH,

Bridge Street.

Sep. 16'75.

TAYLOR & CO

ARE OPENING

THIS WEEK

A

LARGE VARIETY

OF

CALICOES, GINGHAMS, COTTONADES, MUSLINS, SHIRTINGS, DENIMS, SHEETINGS JEANS, AND FLANNEL SHIRTINGS.

Which will be offered at extremely low prices.

A large assortment of Cloths and Cassimeres, of the latest fall styles.

Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, Black Goods, Black Silks, &c., &c.,

Hats, Caps, and Ladies and Children's Shoes.

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE.

TAYLOR & CO.

Towanda, September 16, 1875.

Selected Poetry.

HOPE.

Life would be dark and dreary
Without its presence. And the days
Would glide around me as the shadows pass
Without an object, my hope heart to cheer.
The stars would have no meaning in their eyes
And fields, and flowers, and streams
All songless seem to earth the sunless skies.
While joy would only sight me in dreams
Of what might be if they were ever near.

No other face could awake
The music in my heart, which, day by day,
Makes life more cheerful, if thou wert away.
No other voice could charm my restless heart
Like thine, and bid its gathering gloom depart.

No resting place beneath the starry skies
To which my soul is fain. I would go
The paths of my life, and solitary
If by my side, and ask with tearful eyes
To go where thou wert gone, nor ask the why.

Tidings Home.

Miscellaneous.

The Beggar Girl of Paris.

During the "Reign of Terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed, even by women. The very streets of Paris were deluged with blood; but near the guillotine it ran in rushing torents. One dark morning an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth; countless heads rolled from the block. A gaping multitude stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude that dreary morning were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her with which she kept her features nearly concealed; but a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping. Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a shock of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the two leaders. The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen or eighteen years of age.

The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell she would dance and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaimed:

"There goes another aristocrat who refused me charity when I humbly sued him."

Each expression of this kind would create a laugh from those who heard her, though any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have been so depraved.

The first female watched this creature a few minutes, and then passed other upon the shoulder of the wretch and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh, and then replied:

"Of course I would."

"Follow me and you shall be."

"Enough. Lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd; but they did so at length, and then the first female asked the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh, I am called the Beggar Girl Maria."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes; but what's your name, and what do you want?"

"My name is Maria, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"It does not matter. If you know where you can find a room lead me to it, and you shall have gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow, filthy street, and then down into a dark and filthy room. The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained, she asked:

"Are you well known in Paris?"

"Yes; everybody knows Maria, the Beggar Girl."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so, I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see that my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to not show yourself at all for a short time, or until I come to you again. As a recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs, and when I come I will give you a thousand more. As security for my return, take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the beggar girl, then handed her a purse containing gold. The girl appeared a little puzzled, and asked:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on and go where I first met you."

"Oh! I understand you now—you want to see the chopping going on, and you are afraid you will be recognized for an aristocrat if you wear that dress; you want to represent me."

"Yes; I want to look like you as near as possible."

"Well, that won't be difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth, are like mine. Your face is too white, though. But you can alter that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Maria de Nantes was clad in the rags of Maria, the Beggar Girl of Paris. The history of Maria de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two elder brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless fiends of the Revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized, but of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her but a few hours before. After the exchanges, the pauper, looking on the stockingless and shoeless little feet and ankles of the lady, said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few minutes Maria was prepared, and in the filth and rags she emerged into the street. She now took her course back toward the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on. Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold. She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but those laughs sounded strangely. She now stood within the platform, accepting with her eyes, but her brother was not there. "The cry was raised, "the aristocrats are coming."

Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the trains of the doomed men approaching. Her brother walked proudly and fearlessly forward, and ascended the steps, but left, to the block. Up to this moment the strength of poor Maria had failed her, and she was unable to put her plan into execution. But now a sister's love sprang up in her heart, and she recovered her strength. She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guards, and ran up the steps. Grasping her brother by the hand, she said:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocrats who are to die."

"Away, woman!" exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No; I will not go away until you tell me why my brother is thus bound."

"Your brother!" was the echo.

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Maria; dont you know me?"

"The beggar girl?"

"Aye."

"But this is not your brother."

"It is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonoie de Nantes had turned a scornful glance upon the maiden, but a light crossed his face and he murmured, "Oh, my sister!"

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed beggar, advancing near her.

"It is."

"Does Maria speak the truth?" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"And you are not de Nantes?"

"I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell us of this before?"

"I attempted to speak but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me."

"But your dress?"

"It belonged to an aristocrat—perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes and gazed earnestly in his face; then he approached Marin and looked steadily into her eyes for a short time. It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend, whose word was law, exclaimed:

"Let the prisoners be released."

The chains were instantly removed, and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while shouts rent the air, for they supposed he was a commoner who had had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Maria. They scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings. The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid on his arm, and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again; she will be safe there."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper and asked of her:

"Have you seen this female before?"

"Yes, I know all about her," returned the pauper. "She has done it and I am glad."

Before the noble lady had returned to consciousness the brother had learned all. When she did so they both sought more secure quarters, after rewarding the beggar girl as promised.

"Do you think Robespeirre was really deceived?" asked Maria de Nantes.

"I think not," returned the brother.

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan—he admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case; but if so, it was a deed of mercy, and the only one that man ever did."

"You are right."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested, and lived happily with that sister who had so nobly periled her own life to save him, by personating the Beggar Girl of Paris.

A SUDDEN CURE.

It is well known that Mr Randolph owned more than 300 slaves, and was exceedingly lenient toward them; he would not allow his overseers to treat them with any degree of harshness; they were eye-servants and would only work when closely watched or when Mr Randolph was at home, from their love for him and fear of his anger.

Once when his public duties kept him from home the most of the time for several years, his negroes became idle and worthless, and not half crops were raised, the carts and wagons and farming utensils were left in the fields, and without shelter went to ruin; the fences were down or dilapidated, and the cattle and stock of every kind were crippled up by the negroes in the efforts to chase them out of the fields. More than half the negroes were "playing possum," that is, pretending to be sick in order to avoid work.

While things were in this condition Mr. Randolph came home from Washington to spend the Christmas holidays. Looking over his plantation accounts with his overseer, he discovered that his plantation was not only not self sustaining, but actually bringing him in debt. After a thorough examination of everything on the plantation, he saw at once what was the matter, and that his rigid instructions to his overseer to be lenion to the negroes had been the cause of the trouble, and they would not work unless under fear of punishment, and he determined upon a plan for their correction.

The slaves of old Virginia, and all the South, had always a week's holiday from Christmas to New Year and these days were days of general jubilee jollification. Egg-nog was kept at the big house or mansion for every body and all hands there was a terrible slaughter among the negroes' great pigs and fat poultry, and many a possum caught weeks before and fattened in boxes or barrels, and "coons" smoked in the big cabin chimney, were served up with pound-cake, puddings, chicken-pie, "store-tea," and locust and persimmon beer, at the holiday feasts night and day. It was then that the fiddle, the tambourine, and the clevis and the clevis pin kept up a perpetual music for the never-ceasing dance.

Mr. Randolph waited for the termination of these Christmas holidays, and promptly on the first day of January he ordered his overseer to have all the farming utensils brought to the barnyard. It took all day to search for them and get them together from where they had been lying about in the fields, far and near. The next morning there was a great inspection of the plows, harrows, hoes and rakes, and all that were broken or seriously injured were thrown in a pile. Mr. Randolph then said in a shrill voice:

"Set them on fire, Mr. Chumley, and burn them up." The overseer remonstrated, and urged that many of them might be repaired.

"No sir! No sir! I want them burned up. They would always be old, rickety, and good for nothing.—I want no good for nothing article on this place."

And burned they were. Orders were then given to have all the wagons, carts, slides, lizzards, sythes, cradles, harness and gear brought up, and after due inspection the next morning, a large bonfire was made of those rejected, and immediate orders issued to have all the sheep, goats and hogs gathered together.—On the ensuing morning these were inspected, and many were found feeble with age and want of food; others were crippled and injured, and all such, in spite of the overseer's pleading, were remorselessly knocked on the head and buried.

All the horses, mules and horned stock were brought up for the fourth day, and, under Mr. Randolph's rigid inspection, many were declared worthless, and though Chumley begged that some of them might be spared, as they could be fattened and put to good use, Mr. Randolph was unrelenting and all the condemned, including the blind, lame, spavined, fistulated and wind broken, were mercilessly shot and buried.

As the weather had been quite cold during these days of inspection, many of the negroes, and especially their cabins to aid in getting together the live stock or farming utensils. Mr. Randolph now gave orders that all the negroes, old and young, should be brought to the house next day for inspection, and in the meantime he had a good many plain coffins of all sizes made, and suitable graves dug near the chapel.

The news of these fearful preparations soon penetrated every cabin in the negro quarter, and things began to look serious in the mind of Mr. Coffee Black. The negroes knew that Mr. Randolph was a member of Congress, and a big man in the country; they knew he was accustomed to have his way, and that nobody attempted to interfere with him, and they fully believed that he had full power of life and death over them. They knew he was a good, kind master, man and neighbor, but then they said he had "such quare ways" that there was no telling what he would do if the notion took him. They had seen how he had burned up all the farm implements; had caused all the worthless sheep, goats and horses to be be knocked on the head, and how he had shot all the broken-down stock without any pity, and now what did he mean to do with them, and with all those coffins and graves? this was exactly the train of comment and reflection that Mr. Randolph had calculated upon; and, accordingly, on his arrival on the ground, he found an anxious, terrified crowd of negroes, and not one missing—all were there. He entered and took his seat beside the overseer, at a table. Juba, his servant, placed upon the table before him his dueling case, open, and containing a pair of pistols and plenty of ammunition.

"Are they all here?" asked Mr. Randolph of the overseer.

Up spoke a hundred voices; "Oh, yes, Marse John, we's all here." Chumley was ordered to call the list of all who had been old enough to work during the year, but had not worked. They were placed in a row, in which soon stood more than half of all the grown negroes.

The old shirks and sinners were not slow to see how the list had been made up, and long before the roll-call was ended, many of them were on their knees, beseechingly looking from the stern face of their master towards the pistols and the open graves; and many a "Lord a mercy on me, Marse John," went up from the line; but Randolph ordered them to be silent.

When the last man had been called, he squeaked out: "You say, Chumley, these niggers won't work; that they are old, worthless and good for nothing; that they cannot make enough to eat; and I must buy meat to feed them."

Handing Chumley a pair of pistols he said:

"Chumley, begin at the other end of the line; I'll begin at this, and we'll shoot these worthless negroes."

A universal shriek went up, and all the negroes rushed up to Randolph and begged in the most pitiful terms for their lives, all declaring that they could work, and that they would never play possum and lie up again.

Randolph finally relented, and agreed to spare them, provided they could give security among the other negroes that they would work well in the future. No one could have effected such a genuine scare as Randolph did. The negroes knew that he was a strange eccentric man; that the white people of Charlotte all but worshiped him; and they believed implicitly that he would do what his slaves, but this lesson was sufficient. The empty graves were without occupants, and the negroes went to work with a will.

THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

A feature of the Centennial next year will be an exhibition of memorials of the past and evidences of the present condition of the United States. The navy has been usually a great subject of national interest, yet after the close of the war under the Confederation and until the Dey of Algiers taught the United States the necessity of maintaining a navy for the defense of the commercial marine, the nation had practically no navy. The navy of the Revolution was disbanded at the close of the war, its officers gave up their commissions, the few public vessels which remained were sold. Several of the States maintained small cruisers, with the consent of Congress. Each State had its own custom houses and levied its own duties, being only restricted by the provisions of treaties made by Congress. James Fennimore Cooper has given in his Naval History such facts as can be gathered relative to the heroic navy of the Revolution. During the last year or two of the war it had dwindled almost to nothing. This was in part due to the fact that its place was taken by the French, and in part to the circumstance that the British navy so increased its protection of transports and merchant vessels that prizes became infrequent. While the insertion of sovereignty on the seas was not yet thought of, while independence on the land was not secured.

From Cooper's History we draw some interesting memoranda: In December, 1775, Congress passed an act ordering the building of thirteen vessels, three of 24 guns, five of 28 and five of 32. Of these the Randolph, 32, built in Philadelphia, was blown up in an action with the British ship Yarmouth, 64 guns, in 1778. Three other vessels were built in Philadelphia—the Washington, 42; the Effingham, 28; and the Delaware 24. The first two were destroyed by the British army, in the Delaware, in 1778, without getting to sea; and the Delaware was captured in the Delaware river in 1777. Of the other nine vessels the fate was as follows: The Warren, 32, was burned in the Penobscot river, in 1779, to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands. The Congress, 28, and the Montgomery, 28, were destroyed in the Hudson river, in 1777, with the same object, never having been to sea. The Hancock, 32, was captured in 1778, and the Trumbull, 28, in 1781. In each case the surrender was a necessity from the disparity of force. The Virginia, never having been to sea, was captured by a squadron off the capes of the Delaware. The Providence, 28, and the Boston, 24, fell into the hands of the British at the capture of Charleston, S. C., in 1780.

Such is the story in very brief terms of the "original thirteen" vessels ordered by the Congress of the Thirteen United Colonies, in 1775. Not one of them survived to the possession of the Colonies to the close of the war. Probably a gloomy inference would have been drawn from this fact, if the navy had not been kept up by the supply of other vessels. About ten vessels, of a force ranging from 24 guns down to 10, and two even smaller, were purchased and fitted out as cruisers, while the thirteen were building. As a matter of local as well as general interest, we here note the particulars relative to the two Philadelphia ships which were lost in action. The Randolph was commanded by Nicholas Biddie, the son of William Biddle, and a native of Philadelphia. He went to sea at thirteen, and was a volunteer with Nelson in a British expedition of discovery toward the North Pole, in 1773, and with Nelson received distinguished notice from the commander. He returned to America in 1775, and was put in command of the Camden, a galley, fitted out by Pennsylvania for the defense of the Delaware river. From the Colonial service he was transferred to the Continental, and given command of the Andrea Doria, a brig, carrying only fourteen 4-pound cannon. In this brig on a cruise in 1776 he captured two armed transports, filled with soldiers, and, tradition asserts, so many merchantmen that when he returned only five of his original crew were with him. The others had been taken to [illegible] and their places had been filled by volunteers from the crews of the captured vessels. One of the transports was recaptured by an English frigate. The other was seized by her own people, but was again captured and brought in.

The Randolph was one of the thirteen vessels to get to sea, and after his brilliant success in the Andrea Doria, Captain Biddle was appointed to the command of the new ship. She sailed on her first cruise in the beginning of the year 1777. She put into Charleston for repairs, some defect in her masts having become discovered. After refitting she again proceeded to sea, and three days out fell in with and captured four English vessels in the Jamaica trade and returned safely to Charleston with her prizes. One of them had an armament of twenty guns.

The Randolph was blockaded in Charleston during the rest of the year, but early in 1778 put to sea again. She was accompanied by four other smaller vessels, which the authorities of South Carolina put under command of Captain Biddle. On the seventh of March, off Barbadoes, she encountered the British ship Yarmouth, 64 guns. After a short engagement the Randolph blew up, and only four of her crew escaped death. They were picked up by the Yarmouth five days after the engagement. The other vessels made their escape. Captain Biddle, who had been severely wounded in the thigh, was in the hands of the surgeon when the ship blew up. Thus died at the early age of 27 a naval hero whose beginning promised fame for himself and great service to his country.

The Delaware was lost in an attempt to destroy a battery which the British erected upon taking possession of Philadelphia, to command the Delaware river. Besides the Delaware, the Andrea Doria and some other vessels were engaged. At the fall of the tide the Delaware grounded, and, in this helpless situation, was compelled to strike. The other vessels retired.

THE OYSTERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

This summer, while spending a few weeks on the southern coast of Connecticut, I found I was in the neighborhood of the oyster family, being within a stone's throw of vast cities which they had built under the sea.

Miles of streets and blocks of white stone or shell houses, they occupy, under the salt water; and the fact that they are not themselves a very gossiping set, makes it the reason why they should not be gossiped about.

When I found at my amazement, that at every meal I was putting an end to the usefulness and enjoyment of a dozen or more lives which had attained the dignified age of three, five, or eight years, I wanted to know something of the personal history of these unhappy victims. So, next day when we were tossing up and down waves in a jaunty little sail boat, I asked that brown old captain to tell me all there was to know about oysters.

To begin the story, he said the fishermen go out in their little boats, with all the old oyster shells they can carry, and, as they row along, they scatter them so that they may fall and make a bed under water. After a time the eggs or spawn of many a mother oyster who lies hidden away among the rocks and seaweed along the shore, come floating down through the water seeking for a home. They take very naturally to these old oyster shells, and there they cling, beginning forthwith to build their own shell houses, each coraggeous little oyster making a separate home for himself, although five or six may be near neighbors, just around the corner of the same old homestead shell.

Twice every day the tide comes and goes, washing a thousand tiny particles of food around the stony houses of these oysters, who open their doors, take what they can get, and then go back to their little house, keeping inside all the time, waiting to be three years old: for until that time an oyster is not considered large enough to eat.

If any grain of sand, or other unexpected visitor, intrudes within the shell, the brave little oyster makes his sharp points by clothing him with some gentle secretion from his own patient body. In the South American pearl oyster, this at last results in that lovely and translucent thing we call a pearl. In the tropics, oysters sometimes fasten themselves to bushes or low trees, but their shells contain sufficient water to nourish them until the tide returns.

When the New England oystermen—who has made his beds some four or five years back, and marked them out by long poles which stand up in the water—wants to gather his crop for market, or have a nice little feast at home, out he goes in that trail little boat, which has served him many a good turn, carrying a pair of huge rakes with long wooden handles fastened together in the middle like a pair of scissors. When he reaches the bed he stands up in the boat, and with these long prongs feels about under the water until he discovers a cluster of oysters, which he rakes up with a rutthless hand, and pours into the boat, stops a moment to throw out the seaweed and stones, and the makes and the plunge

Not far from the oysters are their cousins—the clams,—who content themselves with living farther up the beach, buried about a foot in the mud, so that at low tide, when the ground is laid bare, they go out and dig them with a shovel, as though they were a field of potatoes.

Beside these, far out in the water, scrabbling about in an aimless way, live those more distant relatives—the lobsters. For these, the fishermen put down deep wooden baskets, which they call lobster pots. Any unfortunate victim who gets into the snare can never find his way out again, struggle as he may; and so, when the owner goes out in his boat, he often finds his lobster pots well filled.

It is a very simple and hard life these poor fisherman lead. Forever in the water, and under the [illegible] many times for a day and night toiling under the fiercest suns and tossed on the wildest billows, which threaten each moment to swallow them up forever, their poor wives the mean while looking out into the darkness, only praying that the angry waves and the fierce winds may spare their lives,—never thinking to murmur that—as in the Bible story of old—they have "toiled all night and taken nothing."—*Correspondent New York Observer.*

ODDFELLOWSHIP.

THE Philadelphia *All-Day City Item* gives the following interesting items in relation to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows:

The recent meeting of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., of the United States, and the meeting during the past week of the Grand Encampment and Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania in this city, have attracted considerable attention to this branch of secret societies. There are no less than a half million of members connected with the various subordinate lodges, and they form a vast and powerful organization.

As to the origin of Odd Fellowship many of its members love to claim for it a high antiquity, while the majority are content to know it as it is in the United States. A text book says:

"At a meeting of brethren held in the Greenock District, Scotland, in 1840, Brother Cooper, a gentleman fully conversant with this subject, remarked that the Order was first established by the Roman soldiers, in camp, during the Reign of Nero, in the year 55. "At that time," says Brother Cooper, "they were called Fellow Citizens, and the present name was given by Titus Cæsar in the year 79 from the singularity of their notions, and from their knowing each other by night or by day; and from their fidelity to him and their country he not only gave them the name of Odd Fellows, but at the same time, as a pledge of friendship, presented them with a dispensation engraved on a plate of gold, bearing different emblems—such as sun moon, stars the lamb, the lion, the dove and other emblems of mortality."

The first accounts of the order being spread in other countries are in the fifth century, when it was established in the Spanish dominion; and in the sixth century by King Henry in Portugal. In the twelfth century it was established in France, and afterward by John de Neville in England, attended by five knights from France, who formed a Loyal Grand Lodge of Honor in London, which remained until the eighteenth century (in the reign of George III.) when a part of them began to form themselves into a union.

There is no doubt, however, that the earlier lodges of Odd Fellows in England were of a convivial character.

The actual commencement of Odd Fellowship in America was in 1806, when a lodge was started in the old Shakespear House in New York, on the 23d of December, and this fact is supported by documents in the possession of D. D. G. M. Paschal Donaldson. From the name of the place of meeting the lodge was the Shakespear Lodge. William E. Chambers, of New York, is the only survivor.

Thomas Widely was the actual originator and founder of Odd Fellowship as it exists in America. He arrived at Baltimore in the year 1818 and, having then been a member of the order some twelve years and enjoying its advantages, he determined to establish it in the United States.

Washington Lodge, No. 1, was organized, on the 25th of April 1819 and afterward Franklin Lodge, No. 2, was started.

In 1821, Feb. 22d, the Grand Lodge was organized, and since that time has been the head of the order in America.

In consequence of important changes in the work of the Order of the English, made without the advice or consent of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and in defiance of its frequent remonstrance, a separation of the Order in Great Britain and America was determined by the Grand Lodge of the United States, at the session of that body in 1842.

As comes is widely diverse, they feets they have in [illegible] they accomplish, are the mainspring of their motive and action.

The organization of the order in the United States consists of two branches, viz.: Lodges and Encampments. With the degree of Rebekah the Lodges comprise seven and the Encampments three degrees. These, with exception of degrees obtained through official service, embrace the entire work. The qualifications are that the candidate must be a free white man, twenty-one years of age, of good moral character and sound health, and a believer in the Supreme Being, the maker and Ruler of the Universe.

The Order was never in a more prosperous condition than at present. According to the latest reports, there are 5987 lodges in the United States, with 438,704 members, and during the past year they expended for relief the sum of $1,537,993.41. Next year, the Grand Lodge of the United States will hold its sessions in this city, and it is expected that there will be a grand procession of the Order in regalia.

Besides the two hundred lodges meeting in this city, there are flourishing organizations in all the towns and villages of the State, all united in one common brotherhood. At Linwood, Marcus Hook, etc., the order is in great favor, and everywhere is rapidly spreading. During the past term thirteen new lodges were organized in Pennsylvania, and the number continues to multiply.

[For the REPORTER.]

WHAT I KNOW OF THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

By this term I mean Political Temperance Parties. I believe the great body of temperance men do not regard these third parties with favor. Six of the States voting this fall have put up a temperance ticket as a party war of cannon. In this State many thousands who voted for local Option in 1872, refused to take stock in the third party, *because* they regarded it as a "dead fall" set for *unsuspicious Republicans* to fall into, and thus enable the Democracy to slip into power—but the trick was too thin.

Democrats were "sweet" on Temperance men up to Nov. 2, but on that day they passed around *only* Democrats, except as a *last resort*. And it would be something of a curiosity to see how Prohibition *candidates* on county tickets voted. Let us see their "*affidavits*."

I give most of my Prohibition friends credit for an honest zeal, but think theirs a zeal not according to knowledge." Third parties divide the temperance army, and do no possible good. They have always proved a "successful failure." Maine is the banner State for temperance. She tried a temperance ticket one year, got 4,000 out of 100,000 votes, and quit the business. Over twenty years ago there was a temperance revival, and some eight or ten States passed laws similar to the "Maine Law." After twenty years' skirmishing all along the line, we find those laws mostly modified or repealed. "Our Paper," and Prohibition orators tell us the Republican party repealed them, and is therefore unfriendly to temperance. Half a truth is often worse than a whole lie. Why are we not told the *whole* truth. In *some* of these States, temperance laws were secured when the tide was up. When the tide went down there was not moral force enough to execute them, and they became a dead letter in many places. The stream could not rise higher than the fountain. In *all* of these States, unwise zealots got up prohibition parties, and began to fight the party that was trying to enforce the law—harder than they fought the rum power, and temperance legislation took a seat *between two chairs*. And it is *always* so.

The Pennsylvania Temperance Convention in 1872, at Altoona, gave an overwhelming majority against the third party. The ambitious malcontents of the Convention formed a "ring," and at a secret, dark-lantern session nominated a State ticket, with G. W. C. T., Chase for Governor. These same uneasy spirits who *stole an organization* at the start, are still running the machine—claiming to represent all the temperance there is in the State. I am told to vote "prohibition," or I am on the rum side; also to "vote as I pray." *I have never prayed* for a third party, and think it an injury to the temperance cause. S. B. Chase put on the Republican harness last year. Two of the ablest temperance men in Luzerne county, H. B. Payne and Henry W. Palmer—my class-mates at school twenty years ago—stumped the State for the Republican cause this fall. Had Gov. Browne and P. Marcy been sent to Congress last year, the former would not have invested so largely in "prohibition," nor the latter made such a foolish exhibition now. We will not come nearer home. We commend a careful perusal of the following extract, and comments thereon, by Dr. CURRY, Editor *Christian Advocate*, New York, "to whom it may concern":

"SENSIBLE.—It has been our opinion for twenty years, and we see no reason to change it, that the friends of temperance and prohibition will win the day, not by running a separate ticket in opposition to the great political parties, but by using the *balance of power* in their possession to elect the best men which those parties put in nomination.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

"We would go a little further. We would hold the only one of "the great political parties" from which anything in favor of "temperance or prohibition" can be expected, and with which nine-tenths of the temperance men usually vote, to its good behaviour in respect to these things, by quietly allowing it to suffer defeat occasionally, if it proves flagrantly faulty in the matter. But from *political temperance parties* may we ever be delivered.—*Christian Advocate, Oct. 1875.*

To my temperance friends, I would say, abate none of your zeal in the cause; seek wise counsels; do not fire wildly among your friends. "Trust God and keep your powder dry," and I am with you. Temperance is to win in the end.

Springhill, Nov. 18, 1875. A. B. S.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

DECEMBER 5, 1875.

ST. JOHN XX: 11-18.—GOLDEN TEXT; ST. MARK XVI: 9

FOURTH QUARTER