The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

$2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXXVI. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 30, 1876. NUMBER 41.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

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TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

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

H. W. PATRICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—Mercur's Block, next door to Express Office, Towanda, Pa.
jl 17-73.

JOHN F. SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE—Means Building (over Powell's Store).
mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

D. P. SMITH, DENTIST,
Towanda, Pa.
Office on Park street, north side Public Square, next to Ward House. [mch9-76

H. STREETER.
LAW OFFICE.
aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

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

E. C. GRIDLEY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
April 1, 1873 TOWANDA, PA.

G. F. MASON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TOWANDA PA.
Office first door south of C. B. Patch Esq., second floor. Nov. 18, '75.

E. L. HILLIS.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Smith & Montanye. [nov11-75.

GEORGE D. STROUD.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
31 Chestnut St., TOWANDA, PA.
Late of Philadelphia. Dec. 9, '75

WILT & MAXWELL,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSLORS-AT-LAW.
Office over Dayton's Store, Towanda, Pa.
J. ANDREW WILT. WM. MAXWELL.
(May be consulted in German.)
apr2-76

McPHERSOM & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. Office in Tracy & Noble's Block.
Towanda, Pa., Jan. 10, 1876.

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,
Oct. 11-75. 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.
E. OVERTON, JR. [apr14-70] 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.
H. J. MADILL. [jan8-73ly] J. N. CALIFF.

JOHN W. MIX.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square.
Jan. 1, 1875.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
MERCUR BLOCK,
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

H. PEET, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. [illegible] practice all branches of his [illegible] MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south [illegible]) TOWANDA, PA. [illegible]-66-76.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of [illegible] Conveyancer. Also Insurance [illegible] Pa. [illegible] 1875.

GEO. V. MYER, C. E., COUNTY SURVEYOR.—Particular attention given to [illegible]
[illegible] 13-75. Towanda, Pa.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's [illegible]
Towanda, May 1, 1872ly.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON. Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
T. B. JOHNSON, M. D. D. N. NEWTON, M.D.
[illegible]

M. D. L. DODSON, DENTIST. On and after Sept. 21, may be found in the elegant new [illegible] of Dr. Pratt's new [illegible]
Sept. 1876.

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.
[illegible] 1872.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Has [illegible] Dental office [illegible] to Tracy & [illegible] Kent & Watrous' store. [illegible] to all kinds of dental work [illegible] gas aparatus.
[illegible]

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
[illegible] Hale & Patton's Block, Bridge sts.
[illegible]-76.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY,
[illegible] TOWANDA, PA.

THE UNDERSIGNED, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, wishes to inform [illegible] of Towanda and vicinity, that he will [illegible] to drawing plans, designs [illegible] manner of buildings, private [illegible] Superintendence given, for reasonable compensation. Office at residence N. E. [illegible] of Elizabeth streets.
J. E. FLEMING.
[illegible]-75. Box 511, Towanda, Pa.

J. C. BINBEE, CARRIAGE PAINTER AND DECORATER. Also manufacturer of Ornamental Glass Show Cards, a few [illegible] west of the REPORTER Office.
[illegible]-75.

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

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.

Persons 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

To or 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.

JOS. POWELL, President, N. N. BETT, JR. Cashier

Evans & Hildreth.

CALL
ON
EVANS & HILDRETH,
AT
THEIR
NEW STORE,
ON
MAIN STREET,
AND
SECURE
SOME OF
THE
GREAT BARGAINS,
THEY OFFER
IN
PRINTS,
SHEETINGS,
SHIRTINGS,
CASSIMERES,
DRESS GOODS,
WHITE GOODS,
EMBROIDERIES,
LACES,
NOTIONS,
&c., &c., &c., &c.. &c.
EVANS & HILDRETH.

Towanda, March 2, '76

Taylor & Co.

TAYLOR & CO
A
BEAUTIFUL
ASSORTMENT
OF
HOLIDAY GOODS,
AT
TAYLOR & CO'S
THIS WEEK

Towanda, Dec. 9, '75.

Selected Poetry.

THE CHURCH OF THE WORLD.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON).

I stood one Sunday morning
Before a large church door;
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score.
From one out-stepped a lady
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vinaigrette:
The sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set,
Above the cross there glistened
A golden coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide.
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
Her footsteps seemed to glide;
There might be good thoughts in her,
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline,
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray.
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array.
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"
She sighed and walked away.

Old Heathendom's vast temples
Hold men of every state;
The steps of far Benares
Commingle small and great;
The dome of Saint Sophia
Confounds all human state;

The aisles of blessed Peter
Are open all the year;
Throughout wide Christian Europe
The Christian's right is clear
To use God's house in freedom,
Each man the other's peer.

Save only that in England
Where this disgrace I saw—
England, where no one crouches
In Tyranny's base awe—
England, where all are equal
Beneath the eye of Law.

Yet there, too, each Cathedral
Contrasts its ample room;
No weary beggar resting
Within the holy gloom;
No earnest student musing
Beside the famous tomb.

Who shall remove this evil
That desecrates our age—
A scandal great as ever
Iconoclastic rage?
Who to this Christian people
Restore their heritage?

—*Harper's Magazine for April.*

Miscellaneous.

A WASHINGTON WINTER

PANORAMA OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Brilliant Public and Private Entertainments—The Routine of Official and Social Calls—Diplomatic and Cabinet Circles—Receptions, Dinners, Balls.

Brilliant almost beyond parallel has been the gaiety that marked the social season of the winter of 1876—a season which glided by so rapidly that the Lenten shadows seemed to fall too soon upon the brightness. It is true that many hearts grew weary and many hearts ached, but the dance went on and the music played and the lights flashed in scores of ball-rooms and in elegant drawing rooms upon the fairest and bravest of women and men, upon titled foreigners and great military leaders and the statesmen of the land, upon shimmering satins, soft webs of rare old lace and lurid diamond fire. We have looked upon many of the same old official faces that have been so familiar to the *habitues* of Washington society during the Grant *regime*, faces whose very wrinkles and smiles we know so well; but some of them are genial and they brightened the scenes, and some of them are world-hardened, and not a few of the men and women have grown *blase* amid the social whirl and political strife. We have clasped hands that we have shaken many times and oft during the long sweep of the years in which they have held office. Locks that seven years ago were dark are now tinged with gray; great fortunes have been made, and men have fallen from high places of public trust.

There has been little reckless extravagance. Florists complain that they have not received unlimited orders, and caterers have felt the effect of hard times. The *menus* at the receptions given by the Cabinet ministers were of great simplicity, while at a few private parties the entertainments have been very profuse. We have seen dresses that have been described until we wondered that the writer did not grow weary of changing the shades of the same old fabrics with her pen. The former straw color is now maize, the old pink is *rose tendre*, and so on through an endless assortment of shades.

But toilets have been worn that were grand enough for a queen, and jewels that a princess might have envied. There have been balls and receptions of great splendor. There have been *matinees dansante* and *soirees dansante* given by our fashion leaders, at which the *creme de la creme* have met week after week. There have been exquisite lunch parties, brilliant "musicals," and a stream of visiting that was appalling in its fury.

"WHAT IS YOUR DAY?"

was the question with which every society lady was met. There were the Justice's wives, Mondays; the M and N street, Tuesdays; the Cabinet, Wednesdays; the Senator's wives, Thursdays; the West End, Fridays: Mrs. Grant's, Saturdays, and the Sundays were given, we are to suppose, to the Church and the Lord. To their credit be it said, the fashionable ladies of Washington turn out *en masse* on Sunday at aristocratic, ritualistic old St. John's and fashionable Epiphany. No matter how tired their feet have been with dancing or standing, how weary the brain with the mad whirl of society, its queens have bowed their proud heads beneath their nodding plumes on their gold-clasped prayer-books when Sunday came its weekly round. Cards have been scattered by the cargo, and visiting lists have reached hopeless lengths. The fair Capital of the nation has been bathed in almost summer beauty. The air has possessed the sweet balminess of the South, and the fine avenues and broad streets, lined on either side with homes of culture and elegance, have been a-glitter with magnificent equipages, filled with gaily-attired ladies.

During some part of every day has been seen the dainty little coupe or the more imposing carriage, containing the leading lady of the Cabinet, as she paid her round of calls, for Mrs. Fish is scrupulously polite and prompt in returning the calls that are made upon her. And on the Wednesday following her card reception she received about one thousand calls, many cards being swept out into the street, so great was the overflow of the basket that was placed to receive them. Up and down I and K streets has rolled the comfortable carriage out of which Mrs. Bristow's sweet face has peeped, or the prancing horses of the Attorney-General with Mrs. Pierrepont leaning back upon the satin cushions. Now and then the gay effect of the scene was increased as a foreign minister's turnout dashed by—Sir Edward Thornton's, perchance, with its gold-liveried servants, and the tall, delicate, gracious English lady within, or the magnificent equipage of the Russian Minister, with its footman and chasseur. Madame Chichkine, *nee* Princess Schahooskoy, has been rarely seen in Washington society. She, like the Minister, is not young, and she has not even the newspaper beauty of many Washington ladies; but grand dinner parties have been given by the Minister, who, it is said, posses fabulous wealth. Their residence is one of the old houses which for generations past have belonged to Washington aristocrats. Rumor was rife of a grand ball that was to have been given at the Russian Embassy, but the season has passed unmarked by that brilliant feature. However, it may form a part of the short season that is anticipated after Lenten prayers and Lenten penances shall have given place to spring-time flowers and spring-time bloom.

DISTINGUISHED STRANGERS.

The city has been full of strangers, the hotels have been crowded, and the parlors have presented a gala day spectacle. The Austrian Prince, Starhemberg, was the lion of all the receptions during the early part of the season, and Sir Robert Abercrombie and Sir Rose Price have since divided honors. Sir Rose did not present a handsome appearance, dressed in the extreme of the English style, with an English glass screwed into his eye, above a ruddy English face. More fascinating men are met every day, but Sir Rose was sought by all our belles. He was besieged with invitations for the Leap Year German, but was carried off by a dashing widow from your city, which caused many a jealous pang among the fair aspirants for the title of My Lady Price. Baron Blanc, the Italian Minister, and Count Litta, the Secretary of Legation, have come in for their share of attention, and manœuvering mammas have dined and wined and fascinated these noble gentlemen. Never have more numerous and more elegant dinner parties been given by the diplomats than during the past season; never have they mingled more in society in Washington. The fair face of the Austrian Countess Hoyos has graced many a brilliant scene, and Madame Mantilla's dark, brilliant Spanish beauty has lighted many a drawing-room.

DIPLOMATIC RECEPTIONS.

Wondrously beautiful was the evening reception that was given by Madame Mantilla and the Spanish Minister. All that was noble, all that was high-bred, all that was most elegant in Washington was assembled in their drawing-rooms. The scene was like a tale or enchantment or a piece of description out of Monte Cristo; and madame stood with the light flashing from her jewels, and the creamy folds of satin sweeping around her and her dark Andalusian face brightening as the evening wore. The Japanese Minister and his charming little wife gave two of the most agreeable receptions of the season. The invitations were limited and the guests were selected with the utmost care. To the last of these receptions came little Fred Sheridan, with Mrs. Colonel Fred Grant on his arm, while Colonel Grant escorted Mrs. Potter Palmer, the celebrated beauty of the West. Solitaires worth a fortune adorned the lady's neck and ears, while her toilet of *vert d' eau* gros grain and bugle embroidery was a *chef d' oeuvre* of Parisian skill. Mrs. Palmer's face, though faultless in contour and feature, lacks the animation that distinguishes her sister, Mrs. Fred Grant, whose manner is winning, with a dash of affectation. A wonderful assistance to Mrs. President Grant have been her daughter-in-law's conversational powers, that have somewhat relieved the stiffness of the greetings at the White House receptions.

Among the guests at the Japanese Minister's was a Chilian lady of distinction, the wife of the leader of the most powerful political party of that Republic. She was accompanied by the Chilian Minister, and was a centre of attraction on account of her superb toilet. A pale green satin formed the ground-work for web after web of the rarest point lace. Diamonds of fabulous value studded the low corsage, blazed on her neck and arms, and a band of solitaires bound her dark hair. The wife of the Japanese Minister wears exquisite toilets, and evinces a decided preference for the dress of our country. She will not even consent to have her portrait painted in Japanese costume by the artist Healy.

A JAPENESE MINISTER.

The Minister Yoshida Kijonari is fourth in rank in the whole kingdom of Japan, and Madame Yoshida is entitled on certain state occasions to appear at the royal palace in a similar costume to that worn by the Empress. She possesses, together with a sweet disposition and winning manner, the refinement and grace of a high-bred American lady, than which no greater compliment could be paid this dusky daughter from the Land of the Rising Sun. The Japanese Minister is a man of marked ability. The establishment of a uniform system of currency, in lieu of the heterogeneous variety of money that was in use in the various provinces, is among the many benefits that he has conferred upon his country.

Conspicuous among the elegant soirees dansante of the season was that given by the Minister of Hayti and Madame Preston, in their spacious apartments at the Arlington. Suits of rooms on two floors were thrown open and exquisitely decorated with flowers. The appointments of the supper and the ball room were of the most elegant description, and the assemblage was noticeably brilliant. Mrs. Secretary Fish wore her costliest laces and jewels. Lady Thornton's toilet of mauve satin and lace was perfect, and amid all the gay throng no lady was more beautiful, or attired with greater magnificence than the wife of the late Secretary of War. Long will be recalled the fair picture that Mrs. Belknap made in her delicate rose silk, with diamonds flashing on her snow-white neck and in her dark hair. No smile was brighter, no grace more elegant, no heart seemed lighter, no life fairer than hers upon which so dark a shadow has fallen. Mr. Preston is of French parentage, and was born in the West Indies. He is a man of culture and popularity. Madame Preston is of French and English birth.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON'S RECEPTION.

The crowning entertainments of the Diplomatic Corps were those given by Sir Edward and Lady Thornton, at the new British Legation. These were the first receptions that had been given at the magnificent residence into which the Minister of Great Britain moved about a year ago. The guests were, if possible, of greater distinction, and the toilets more elegant than any other reception. Mrs. Jones, wife of the Nevada Senator, appeared for the first time during the winter, at the last of these receptions. Her toilet of white satin, elaborately embroidered, had a puffed tulle train, and her ornaments were diamonds of great value and purity. Mrs. Marshall Jewell, who rarely goes into society, was one of the most elegantly attired ladies in the whole sweep of the immense rooms; a court train of pale blue velvet was worn, with a petticoat of the same shade of satin, and the waist and skirt were richly embroidered in bright hued flowers and leaves above falls of point lace. Mrs. Attorney General Pierrepoint wore ivory-tinted satin, artistically mingled with black velvet. A New York belle wore a beautiful and unique toilet a black tuelle, looped with sprays of silver flowers, and trimmed with silver braid and a fringe of coins. The broad staircase of this English mansion was lined with choice exotics, and a life sized portrait of the Queen of England looked down upon the glittering throng of Americans and foreigners, who came to pay their respects to the man and the gracious lady who for many years her Britannic Majesty has honored with so proud a position.

THE MORE SELECT CIRCLE.

Many have been the artifices resorted to in order to obtain invitations to some of the receptions given by the diplomats. Persons have importuned attaches, and first calls have been paid, after the cards were out by the Congressmen's wives. A curious mixture is Washington society, and in no city of the land is fashionable society more accessible. Ill-feeling often arises on account of an invitation not being extended to a person with whom perchance only a card has been exchanged. You attend a private party, and meet, together with the proudest of the diplomats, the ladies of the Cabinet and the wives of the Justices, and the most noted swindlers and lobbyists at the capital, men who possess not a shred of character, not an atom of respectability. But there are still a few very elegant receptions given, to which the crowd cannot gain access. Such, for instance, were parties given by the Admiral of the Navy and Mrs. Porter, the ball given by Mrs. Ross Ray, the Cadwalleders' "Tuesday Evenings." General Humphrey's series of soirees dansante, extending through a part of January and February; the "Monday Evenings" of the Misses Riggs, the "Tuesday Evenings" in January at Gen. Edward Beales', the elegant party at Lowery mansion, which is one of the most superb in Washington, Madam Bergmann's brilliant soirees (Madam B. was Miss McAlister, of Philadelphia.) and the soirees dansante given by Mrs. Coleman. The story is that Miss Coleman was the second love of Buchannan, and was at one time engaged to him, previous to the accession to the Presiecney. After his nomination and just following his return from Europe, excessive fatigue prevented him from paying his respects to his fiance on the occasion of a grand party she was giving. When he called on the following morning she refused to see him, and from that time the engagement was broken; and it may be that fidelity to this love sent the old gentleman to his grave a bachelor.

MARCH, 1776.

AN EVENTFUL MONTH — THE BEGINNING OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The moon that rose full upon the night of March 4, 1776, saw the figure of destiny, wan with patriotic vigils, stride up from the Cambridge meadows, mount to the crest of Dorchester heights, and from that holy spot stretch a strong hand of deliverance to the imprisoned town that slept below. It was the eve of the anniversary of the "Boston massacre," and the auspicious moment chosen to accomplish the final independence of the New England colonies. Rise, sharply defined from thy sisters of an all-glorious part, O night that first limned to the eye of prophecy the shadow of the Washington that was to be, and draw again before these reverent times thy memorable panorama! Behold in the town of Boston, a British army at nightfall given up, with scornful indifference to the power of the Yankee militia, to passing revels, desecrating the Old South church, perhaps, with a play, or the Province House with masquerade; behold, in the harbor, Admiral Shuldham's fleet, riding drowsily at anchor; save for the sharp play of the batteries, replying with thoughtless voice to the American cannon at Cobble Hill, Lechmere's Point and Roxbury, Lord Howe's slumbers would be this night unbroken, for neither to soldier nor citizen is there consciousness of other danger than of a roof or two riddled in the thick of the firing. But look across the neck yonder, where the heavy frost lends a friendly mist to vail a shadowy something that produces no sound, yet seems possessed of motion!

Draw nearer, and you shll see first some eight hundred ragged Continentals marching to preoccupy the two extremities of Dochester Heights; behind them, a force of twelve hundred more, equally quick with the spade or the rifle; last of all, a train of carts, drawn by oxen and laden with bundles of hay and other light material, such as make a fair cover for a redoubt. The sharp temper of the atmosphere lends exhilaration to the men, while the wind which blows from the west carries off from the town all sounds of footsteps, the rumbling of carts and the goading of the plodding cattle. We see the purpose of this hurried march when the line deflects along the brow of the hill and General Thomas orders his men to throw up the redoubts. The scene is only martial in its consequences. Here the sentry walks his rounds to note the first sign of British wakefulness; there the walls of chandeliers, fascines and screwed hay rises steadily higher; to and fro the carts roll, and the barrels which they bring are filled with earth and stone, to be hurled on any assaulting party that may dare the slope; an adjacent orchard supplies trees for the construction of a strong abattis at the foot of the ridge; toward three o'clock a relief force arrive to complete the fortifications. The whole night is filled with that presence of Washington, and the dawn reveals him to the wondering villagers in the surrounding hamlets and the incredulous army in the town beneath, the predestined deliverer of his people. The histories detail the rest; how the British general, in the face of tempestuous weather and the memories of Bunker Hill, finally had not the heart to attempt the dislodgment of the Americans; how the latter, steadily advancing their lines, and only prevented from engaging the enemy in battle by the lack of amunition, finally so completely invested the town that the British were forced to beat a precipitate retreat.

On the morning of the seventeenth they hastily embarked, and after a week's loitering in Nantasket road to take on water and repair theis battered transports, set sail for Halifax, leaving behind them among other supplies two hundeed and fifty pieces of cannon and seven times as much powder as their conquerors had altogether. Could the news of his humiliation have been flashed, as now, by cable to the Parliament, the madness and overweening confidence of the ministry in its power to humble the American rebels might have had effectual estoppel. But that was not to be, and when, on the twentieth, Washington entered Boston at the head of the New England soldiery, "approved by Heaven," as the resolutions of the Legislature voted nine days later, "revered by all good men, and dreaded by tyrants," the English King had finally hardened his heart against the colonies, and was already boasting of the speedy subjugation that was sure to be accomplished by his twenty thousand Hessian hirelings; and when, the following May, the news did reach England, the eloquent protests of the Duke of Manchester and the Marquis of Rockingham were powerless to stay his folly. History has no parallel for this achievement, so potent and enduring was its effect upon the fortunes of the colonies; so incommensurable with cost in life and property, for the death-roll of the whole campaign is honored with but twenty names, and scarcely a building of any importance in Boston was destroyed in the siege. Released from the surveillance of an armed enemy, the New England colonies quietly but diligently set about establishing on a sure footing their necessary State and local governments, perfecting their coast defensees, accumulating the sinews of war, and during the months of immediate peace that ensued thoroughly preparing themselves for the state of independence to which all events combined to speed them. As for Washington, they deemed no honor too imposing for his merits, nor any confidence too weighty to be imposed within him, and in the darker hours, which latter even the great commander could not escape, the faith of New England remained to him inviolate.

Turning to the proceedings of the Congress for the month, we find them pervaded by increasing sentiment of open and concerted resistance to the rule of the mother country; the leaven of such souls as the Adamses, Wythe, Henry and Lee had begun to work the inevitable inspiration of the whole Assembly. In the first days of March the colonies, to insure their more efficient defense, were constituted two military departments, the Potomac forming the division line, and six additional brigadier generals wese commissioned. It was a matter of much greater difficulty to supply the means for meeting the expenses of the defense, and after the issue of four millions in bills, in addition to six millions already afloat, there still remained a grevious deficiency in the budget. Two committees, one of which included such notable financiers as Duane and Robert Morris, were successively appointed to raise the necessary supplies, and successively failed to accomplish their purpose, and, losing hope, a commissioner — one Silas Deane, who seems to have been wanting in those qualities most essential to his mission, was dispatched to France with authority to negotiate for the equipments of twenty-five thousand men, a hundred field pieces and amunition in proportion his instructions from the committe assigning as the reason of the selection of that country for the first application for assistance the fact that in the event of a total separtion from Great Britain, France would be the power whose friendship it would be fittest to obtain an cultivate.

At the same time Congress had decided to send commissioners to Canada to foster a state of feeling similar to that pervading the colonies and especially to encourage the formation of a local government. John Adams mentions the commission in a letter to his wife, about this date, and dwells particularly on the important results anticipated from the good offices of the Rev. Carroll, the brother of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Md., who was to remove from the minds of the Canadian Catholics the fear of an anathema against American rebels; and, curiously enough, after speaking in the highest terms of the patriotism of the Carrolls, warns Mrs. Abigal to bear in mind the prejudices of the Puritans, and not to breathe it in New England. One clause in the official instructions issued by the Congress to the commissioners is significant as amounting almost to an actual declaration of independence, and it was not adopted without a vigorous debate. It was this: "You are to declare that it is our inclination that the people of Canada may set up such a form of government as will be most likely in their judgment to produce their happiness." But the commission proved a failure.

The news that Parliament had prohibited trade of every kind with the colonies and declared their ships and cargoes liable to confisication. reached the Congress in the early part of the month, and on the sixteenth that body, sitting in committee of the whole, deliberated upon a remedy. Franklin was for extreme measures, and urged a declaration of war, while the most conservative delegates thought it wiser to take no action whatever. The discussion took a wide range and lasted two days, but on the eighteenth, against the votes of Pennsylvania and Maryland, resolutions were adopted authorizing privateers to cruise against the commerce of Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland and the West Indies. A still sharper debate sprang up on the twenty-second on the preamble, to which Wythe moved an amendment, definitely accusing the king himself as the cause of their oppression, in that he had "rejected their petitions with scorn and contempt." It was but a step from this declaration to that which formally served the allegiance of the colonies forever, and its importance was at once recognized. Lee seconded the amendment, but the oppsition was so strong that it went over for the day. On the twenty-third, however, it was triumphantly carried, to be followed the next month by what historians tell us vas the first real act of independence, the abolition of the British custom house and the opening of our ports to the commerce of the world.

So important was the month. In it King George abandoned finally the thought of reconciliation. Washington won his great victory, the Congress first definitely asserted the principle of colonial liberty, and France began to consider the wisdom of an American alliance. The child still clung to the name of mother, but the leadings had been snapped forever.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE STORY OF THE RAIL.

Mr. Stillson, the racy correspndent of the New York *World*, relates a story told him by an engineer on the Lehigh Valley railroad, what time the locomotive climbed the mountains "on the most picteresque line of railway in America."

'At White Haven we had dinner, and engines and engineers were changed. I found myself here on one of the finest locomotives ever built for any road, and in the company of one of the brightest of engine-drivers. The ride thenceforward was one to remember through a life time.

A great flood had swept through the valley here, not many years ago. The Lehigh, swollen with its many tributary streams, and reinforced by the giving way of dam after dam with their vast accumulation of lumber and debris, soon became irisistible, and from White Haven to Easton the waters, rising thirty feet, ravaged both banks. Men, women and children were crushed and drowned without other warning than the roar of a wave that rose at the rate of thirty feet in nine minutes. The vision of this flood in the midst of the storm and darkness, and the echoes of despairing cries, were easily conjured up as the locomotive bounded along, jangling its bell under the cliffs. In a little while the road quitted the valley for the mountain, and we began the ascent through the heart of the Pennsylvania wilderness, to a height which overlooks one of the historical and typical scenes on the continent.

The grade was steep; the engineer opened the valve, regulated the engine in all respects, smoked, and asked me to step over and sit on his side of the locomotive.

"It's all clear sailing for a few miles now," said he, "We shall not meet anything. It's tug up hill."

"What grade?"

"From 100 to 148 feet to the mile."

"That's the reason then, that you have these heavy engines?"

"Yes."

"Is this grade thought by railroad men to be very steep?"

"Well," said the engineer, slowly, "pretty steep—yes. You know that in old times, in England, grades of from thirty to forty feet to the mile were thought to be heavy. Grades of seventy to eighty feet were thought to be impracticable. I can remember reading all about it. They didn't understand then what a grip a heavy iron wheel has got on an iron rail, and how much a good locomotive could pull if you only gave her fuel and time. They found it out afterwards. I hear they have got in England and France, grades 132 to 196 feet to the mile, and even the Baltimore and Ohio railroad has grades of 140 feet. The grades on the Pacific railroads, and on that Rocky Mountain railroad from Denver City to the mines, are worse than any yet. This grade don't seem very bad, does it? And besides, just look at the view!"

Away to the south stretched the bleak Pennsylvania wilderness, uninhabited, save by a few wood-men, the panther, the deer, and the bear. The solitude seemed like that of a desert, and the straining, ascending locomotive like a gigantic wheezy pioneer.

"There's a right-down romance, or tragedy, or whatever you may call it," said the engineer, "attached to this hill. And I was the least of a hero in it. As there was a woman in it though, I must tell you I'm a married man."

"All right. Go ahead with the story."

"One night about four years ago, and just about this month," the engineer continued, "I was coming down this hill with (considering the season) a pretty heavy train. At Wilkes Barre, over in the valley—which you'll soon see—a young lady had got aboard of my engine. She wanted a night ride, and was put on by the Superintendent. She was a perfect lady, and her mother was in one of the cars, back. To tell the honest truth (as I have often told my wife.) I never saw a more beautiful or game-looking girl. She was very small sized, dressed in what my wife calls complete taste, and her figure was so good, and her hands so small, and her ways so frank and artless, that I almost wished she was my daughter. Her face, though, was what I can't give you an idea of It was the most beautiful face I ever saw. It had," proceeded the engineer, warming, "all the intelligence of a woman's, and the simplicity of a child's: "And she was so sprightly and loveable altogether, and asked so many questions, that, although I had never had a woman on my engine but once before, I invited her over here to my seat, and explained to her all about how a locomotive is run. I showed her how to manipulate the lever, which admits more or less steam into the cylinders; how the reverse lever is worked; how the tests of water are made. I showed her how to blow the whistle and ring the bell, and explained how the brakes were blown down, and how warnings were given on the approach to crossings. She took it all in, and," said the engineer, stretching his arm across the boiler, and clutching my sleeve, "it was the best lesson I ever gave. Right up around yonder about two miles from here, just as I was hauling the reverse lever, we struck a stone or something on the track, at about nine o'clock at night. I was a bending down at the time, (the girl was sitting where you are, on my cushion) and quicker than ligtning the lever flew back and struck me in the eye and knocked me—well, I'll be d——d if know where. Any-way it didn't make much difference for a minute or two, for I was just stunned. As we were on the down grade, with no need of fuel, the fireman was back in the bagage car, and when I came to, this young girl was holding on to my head and fanning me with her toy of a hat. It wasn't two seconds before I knew what was to pay. The engine and whole train had started down the hill at the rate of sixty miles an hour. I tried to spring up and reach the lever. My right arm and right leg were both numb. My face and even my tongue was so paralyzed by the blow I had received that I could hardly speak. I was so desparate that (more to attract the girl's attention than anything else) I grabbed her hat with my left hand and threw it outside of the locomotive, and then managed to beckon her ear down close to my lips, and say:

"Train's going too fast. We'll be in hell if you don't turn the lever!"

"She understood me in an instant: and it was time. The engine was rocking, swaying, grinding and skurrying down the track like a beast with great bounds. Every second I expected it would leap the rails; it certainly was descending at the rate of seventy miles an hour. But that little thing sprang up here, clutched the lever, motioned which way she should shove or push it, got my nod, and reversed the wheels like a little man. Then she whistled down brakes—there was no need of that, for the boys had put on every brake already. Inside of a mile and a half she stopped the train; and then she knelt down all trembling and crying —and now what do you think she said?"

"I can't guess."

"Said she; 'Mr. ——, I feel as if I should faint. Havn't you got some camphor, or a little whisky?' And as sure as you live she did faint right away there—right down in front of that fire-box—right on top of me. The fireman and conductor came in and took her back to her mother; and the fireman had to run the train down to White Haven."

Soon after the engineer had finish this little story the train arrived at the summit of the mountain.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

APRIL 9, 1876.

Acts ii:1-11.—Golden Text: St. Matt. iii:11.

Second Quarter. Lesson II.

This chapter begins the Apostolic Church History. We have an account of the reorganization of the church of God under its spiritual form. St. John, 4:21-24. For this reorganization Christ made provision by selecting, instructing and training a band of men who should, unde[illegible]e influence of his Spirit, perfect this wo[illegible] upon the foundation of his divine-[illegible]man person and mission. Ephes. 2:20. [illegible]e have already in the course of these lessons studied the narrative of the calling of the Apostles; we are now to see these chosen men endowed for their work by the descent of the Holy Spirit.

1. The Time. The promise of the Father was fulfilled on the day of Pentecost; *i. e.*, fifty days after the death of Christ. So it occurred, according to the generally accepted mode of computation, A. D. 33. It is supposed by many that it took place on Sunday; and from the

time of the occurrence of this festival of Pentecost, we know that it was about the middle of May.

2. The Place. It was in Jerusalem; ch. 1:4. It is well to remember that all the lessons for the present quarter, except the first, have to do with events occurring within the holy city, Jerusalem. Pilate was still governor of Judea.

3. The meeting of the Disciples. v. 1. "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come;" or, in the fulfilling of the day of Pentecost; *i. e.*, in the course of the day. The precise hour is not mentioned here, but we learn from v. 15 that the descent of the Spirit took place before the third hour, or nine in the morning. It was, therefore an early meeting—perhaps a sunrise prayer meeting. The day on which they met was one of the three yearly festivals prescribed in the Mosaic law, when all males were required to present themselves at Jerusalem. Like the others—the feast of the Passover and of Tabernacles—this feast of Pentecost (or *fiftieth*) had a three-fold association—natural, historical and typical. Naturally, it was associated with the completion of the harvest or the cereal ingathering, and hence was sometimes called "the feast of harvest" (Ex. 23:16); historically, it was associated with the giving of the law from Mt. Sinai; typically, it pointed forward to the new promulgation of God's law, or the reorganization of the church, which occurred upon this very day.

"They were *all* with one accord in one place." *All* evidently means the body of believers in Jerusalem; not necessarily every individual, but the greater part; such a general attendance as would be regarded as representative of the whole. Probably the number was nearly identical with that of 1:15. It included both men and women; not only apostles but also unofficial believers. No doubt the mother of Jesus was present. She would not be passed by in the glorious ascension-gift of her son. They came together "with one accord"; *i. e.*, in perfect harmony of desire and expectation and by previous agreement. The "one place" was certainly some private house; perhaps the upper room mentioned in 1:13, or that in which the Lord's Supper was instituted.

4. The Gift of the Holy Spirit; vs. 2-4. While thus assembled and engaged in prayer, "suddenly there came a sound from heaven." It came *suddenly*, so that it could not be referred to any natural cause. Without any premonition the startling sound broke upon their ears. This answer to their prayer reminds us of Isa. 65:24. The sound came from heaven; *i. e.*, it issued sensibly from heaven, and they recognized it as the result of Divine agency alone. It filled all the house—a roaring blast that must have shaken the house (4:31) and filled them for the moment with alarm. All was still. There was no storm, no wind, no rain, no thunder; suddenly, without a moment's warning, came the blast as of a powerful tempestuous wind, like the roar of a fearful tornado—and then perhaps as suddenly ceased. There could be no doubt as to the miraculous origin of such a noise.

This audible sign was immediately followed by a visible one. "There appeared unto them cloven (or *distributed*) tongues like as of fire." The fire-like appearance presented itself first in a body and then suddenly parted in every direction, so that a portion of it rested on each one of the disciples present. These distributed fragments were called tongues from their shape and motion, and as symbols of the miraculous gift that was to follow them. The phrase employed leaves it doubtful whether it was material fire or not. Following the analogy of the previous verse, we would say not. The symbol of fire was doubtless selected to represent the burning energy of the Spirit.

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." This shows that the gift of the Spirit was not confined to the apostles, but was shared by all, women as well as men. Compare vs. 16–18 with Joel 2: 28–32. "And *began* to speak with other tongues" ("new tongues" Mark 16: 17); i. e., the gift of tongues was imparted for the first time, but was to be continued for a period in the church. But the speaking was not self-directed; it was as the Spirit gave them to utter. It was a holy speaking of holy things through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. It is doubtful whether they understood the purport of what they spake; but it is certain that the Jewish hearers understood it perfectly in their own languages. Alford says: "We gather that this event was a sudden inspiration, whereby the whole assembly of believers uttered as mouth-pieces of the Spirit the praises of God in various languages, hitherto, and possibly at the time itself, unknown to them. There is no trace of the gift being bestowed *for subsequent use in preaching*."

5. The Effect of this Gift; vs. 5–11. There was at that time in Jerusalem a large number of Jews (including residents and visitors) who represented every nation under heaven. They were many of them devout men; i. e., believers in the Old Testament prophecies, and looking for the consolation of Israel. Perhaps the general expectation of the coming of the Messiah had drawn many of them to Jerusalem at this juncture. They were witnesses of the most competent and trustworthy character. They were intelligent, cautious and conservative. Any conclusion they should arrive at, especially if opposed to their traditional views, would have the strongest presumption of truth in its favor.

The voices of the praising disciples became audible outside of the house in which they sat. This is the meaning of the clause, "Now when this was raised abroad." The consequence was the assembling of a large crowd of Jews outside. It is probable that the disciples passed out of the building and addressed the crowd from the street or some public square. The effect of the tongues upon the multitude was amazement and even fear. At such a time naturally brief exclamations and ejaculations would run from mouth to mouth. So we have preserved for us the substance of what was said on this occasion, "Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans?" The idea probably is, "are not all these men of one province, speaking one dialect or language? How then could they have learned all these divers tongues?" The fact of the diversity of language is beyond dispute; the only trouble is to account for it. And the questions of the crowd leave it as unaccountable. Thus these devout Jews testified to the divine origin of this wonderful gift. But notice that the sight did not convert these men. "No miracle can do this. The Holy Spirit alone can convince men of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come. But the way was prepared for the more rapid extension of the gospel through the impressions of this day.

A LADY called upon her milliner the other day, to get the character of her servant. The respectable appearance of the latter was beyond questioning. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain about that," replied the milliner, "I have sent her to you with my bill a dozen times, and she has never yet given me the money."