# The Bradford Reporter.

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Office—Mercur's Building (over Powell's Store).
TOWANDA, PA.

D. SMITH, DENTIST,
Towanda, Pa.
Park street, north side Public Square.
[mch8-76

STREETER,
LAW OFFICE,
TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
TOWANDA PA.
Over Montanye's Store. [may6'75.
O. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

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TOWANDA, PA.

F. MASON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TOWANDA PA.
Office south of C. B. Patch's Exp. see
Nov. 18, '75.

L. HILLIS,
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TOWANDA, PA.
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GEORGE D. STROUD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in S. Mercur's Block,
TOWANDA, PA.
Practice in Bradford and adjoining Counties. Dec. 9, '75

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Office in Patrick's Block, Towanda, Pa.
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(Also consulted in German.)

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Towanda, Pa., Feb. 26, 1875.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wyalusing, Pa. Will attend promptly to his care in Bradford and adjoining Counties. Office with Esq. Wilson. [7-10-74.

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Office—North side Public Square.
Towanda, Jan. 6, 1875.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
MERCUR BLOCK
TOWANDA, PA.

[illegible] ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will attend to business in Court of Bradford and adjoining Counties. Office in Mercur Block, Towanda, Pa. [1875.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace.
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THE UNDERSIGNED, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, desires to inform Builders and others, that he will furnish Working Plans, designs for all kinds of Buildings, with specifications, on short notice. Orders may be left at Post office, or addressed by mail, promptly attended to.
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CAPITAL.....$125,000.
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UNUSUAL FACILITIES for
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INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS ACCORDING TO AGREEMENT.
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DRAFTS ON LONDON MONEY to any part of Ireland, England, Wales, Scotland, or any part of the Continent of Europe, can here be obtained for the purpose.
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Between this Country and Europe, by the best steamers, can be had here.
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GREAT BARGAINS,

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&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.

### GIVE ME DRINK!

There's my money; give me drink!
Fire to feed my hungry blood,
Drown my slightest wish to think;
Give me drink!

Drench me in the burning flood,
Until life and soul are numb,
Until every pulse is dumb;
Give me drink!

There's my clothing, there's my food,
Strip my limbs and leave them bare,
What care I how people stare?
Give me drink

They know not the fearful thirst
Of what they call the cup accursed—
The cup in which my brain is immersed;
Give me drink!

There's my children, give me drink!
Make me drunken in my heart,
I would sever every link,
Ere my cup and I should part.
Give me drink!

There is no nepenthe here,
Unhallowed by a woman's tear,
Unfavored with a wife man's sneer;
Their notice makes the draught more dear:
Give me drink!

There's my health and peace of mind,
I will give it all to thee,
I will throw my life behind,
I will crouch upon my knee:
Give me drink!

There's my wife—my wedded wife!
Once I loved her as my life;
What are wife and life to me?
Give me drink!

Here's my standing as a man,
Give me drink!

Here's my Christian love and hope;
Give me drink!

Can I bear the social ban,
I can do what others can;
I can crawl, and steal, and kill,
So the draught be at my will—
Give me drink!

Here's my faith in all mankind;
Give me drink!
I scatter it upon the wind—
Give me drink!

And here, oh! here's my faith in God,
I will not bend and kiss the rod,
I trample heaven beneath;
Give me drink!

Make me drunken in my brain,
I will give thee wealth and fame;
Make me drunken in my heart,
I will give thee spotless name;
Give me drink!

Make me drunken night and day;
I will give my soul away,
God and peace and child and wife,
Love and faith and hope and life!
Give me drink!

—J. W. Watson.

## Miscellaneous.

### VALLEY FORGE.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Hidden away there in a deep glen, not many miles from Valley Forge, a quaint old farm house rose darkly over a wide waste of snow. It was a cold, dark winter night and the snow began to fall—when from the broad dropface of the old farmhouse the cheerful blaze of massive logs flashed around a wide and spacious room.

Two persons sat there by that fire, a father and child. The father, who sits yonder, with an old soldier's belt thrown over his farmer's dress, is a man of some fifty years, his eyes bloodshot, his hair changed to an untimely grey, his face wrinkled and hallowed by care, and by dissipation more than care.

And the daughter who sits in the full light of the blaze opposite her father—a slenderly formed girl of some seventeen years, clad in the coarse linsey skirt and kerchief, which made up the costume of a farmer's daughter in the days of the Revolution.

That farmer, Jacob Manheim, was a peaceful, and happy man, before the Revolution. Since the war he has become drunken and idle—driven his wife broken-hearted to the grave—and, worse than all joined a band of Tory refugees, who scout the land at dead of night, burning and murdering as they go.

To-night, at the hour of two, this Tory band will lie in wait, in a neighboring pass, to attack and murder Washington, whose starving soldiers are yonder in the huts of Valley Forge.

Washington on his lonely journey is wont to pass this farm house; the cut-throats are there in the next chamber, drinking and feasting, as they wait for two o'clock at night.

The daughter, Mary, had been reared by her mother to revere this man, Washington, who to-night will be attacked and murdered—to revere him next to God. Nay, more; that mother on her death bed joined the hands of this daughter in solemn betrothal with the hands of a young partizan leader, Harry Williams, who now shares the crust and the cold of Valley Forge.

Yesterday afternoon she went four miles, over roads of ice and snow, to tell Captain Williams the plot of the refugees. She did not reach Valley Forge until Washington had left on one of his lonely journeys; so this night, at twelve, the partizan captain will occupy the rocks above the neighboring pass, to 'trap the trappers' of George Washington.

Yes, that pale slender girl, remembering the words of her dying mother, had broken through her obedience to her father, after a long and bitter struggle. How dark that struggle in a faithful daughter's heart! She had betrayed his plots to his enimies—stipulating first for the life, the safety of her traitor father.

And now as a father and child are sitting there, as shouts of the Tory refugees echo from the next chamber—as the hand of the old clock is on the hour eleven—hark! There is sound of horses hoofs without the farmhouse—there is a pause—the door opens—a tall stranger, wrapped in a thick cloak, white with snow, enters, advance to the fire, and in brief words solicits some refreshments and an hour's repose

Why does the Tory Manheim start aghast at the sight of that stranger's blue and gold uniform—then mumbling something to his daughter about 'getting food for the traveler,' rush wildly into the next room where his brother Tories are feasting?

Tell me, why does that young girl stand trembling before the tall stranger, veiling her eyes from that calm face, with its blue eyes and kindly smile? Ah—if we may believe the legends of that time, few men, few warriors, who dared the terror of battle with a smile, could stand unabashed before the solemn presence of Washington.

For it was Washington, exhausted with a long journey—his limbs stiffened and his face numbed with cold—it was the great 'Rebel' of Valley Forge, who returning to camp sooner than his usual hour, was forced by the storm to take refuge in the farmer's house, and claim a little food and an hour's repose at his hands.

In a few moments, behold the soldier, with his cloak thrown off, sitting at that oaken table, partaking of the food, spread out there by the hands of the girl who now stands trembling at his shoulder.

And look! Her hand is extended as if to grasp him by the arm—her lips moves as if to warn him of danger, but make no sound. Why all this silent agony for the man who sits so calmly there?

One moment ago, as the girl in preparing the hasty supper, opened yonder closet door, adjoining the next room, she heard the low whispers of her father and the Tories; she heard the dice box rattle, as they were casting lots who should stab George Washington in his sleep!

And now, the words: 'Beware, or this night you die!' tremble half formed upon her lips, when the father comes hastily from that room and hushes her with a look.

"Show the gentleman to his chamber, Mary—that chamber at the head of the stairs, on the left. On the left, you mind!"

Mary takes the light, trembling and pale. She leads the soldier up the oaken stairs. They stand on the landing, in this wing of the farm house, composed of two rooms, divided by thick walls from the main body of the mansion. On one side, the right, is the door to Mary's chamber; on the other, the left, the chamber of the soldier—to him a chamber of death.

For a moment, Mary stands there trembling and confused. Washington gazes upon that pale girl with a look of surprise. Look! She is about to warn him of his danger, when, see there! her father's rough face appears above the head of the stairs.

"Mary, show the gentleman into the chamber on the left. And look ye, girl—it's late—you'd better go into your own room and go to sleep."

While the Tory watches them from the head of the stairs, Washington enters the chamber on the left, Mary the chamber on the right.

An hour passes. Still the storm beats on the roof—still the snow drifts on the hills. Before the fire, in the dim old hall of that farm house are seven half-drunken men, with that tall Tory, Jacob Manheim, sitting in their midst; the murderer's knife in his hand. For the lot had fallen upon him. He is to go up stairs and stab the sleeping man.

Even this half-drunken murderer is pale at the thought—how the knife trembles in his hand—trembles against the pistol barrel. The jeers of his comrades rouse him to the work—the light in one hand, the knife in the other, he goes up stairs—he listens—first at the door of his daughter's chamber on the right, then at the door of the soldier's chamber on the left. All is still. Then he places the light on the floor—he enters the chamber on the left—he is gone a moment—silence—there is a faint groan! He comes forth again, rushes down the stairs and stands before the fire, with bloody knife in his hand.

"Look!" he shrieks, as he scatters the red drops over his comrades' faces, over the hearth, into the fire.

"Look! it is his blood—the traitor Washington!"

His comrades gathered around him with yells of joy, already, in fancy, they count the gold which will be paid for this deed, when lo! that stair door opens, and there, without a wound, without the stain of even a drop of blood, stands George Washington, asking calmly for his horse.

"What! shrieked the Tory Manheim, "can neither steel nor bullet harm you? Are you a living man? Is there no wound about your heart—no blood upon your uniform?"

That apparation drives him mad. He starts forward—he places his hands trembling upon the arms of Washington. Still no wound. Then he looks at the bloody knife, still clutched in his right hand, and stands there quivering as with a death spasm.

While Washington looks on in silent wonder, the door is flung open, the bold troops from Valley Forge throng the room; with the gallant form and bronzed visage of Captain Williams in their midst. At this moment the clock struck twelve. Then a horrid thought like a thunderbolt rushes to the head of the Tory Manheim. He seizes the light—rushes up stairs—rushes into the room of his daughter on the right. Some one had just risen from the bed, but the chamber was vacant. Then toward that room on the left, with steps of leaden heaviness. Look! how the light quivers in his hand! He pauses at the door, he listens! Not a sound—a stillness like the grave. His blood curdles in his veins! Gathering courage, he pushes the door open. He enters. Towards that bed through whose curtains he struck so blindly a moment ago! Again he pauses—not a sound—a stillness more terrible than the grave. He flings aside the curtains. There, in the full light of the lamp, her young form but half covered, bathed in her own blood—there lay his daughter, Mary.

Ah, do not look upon the face of the father as he starts silently back, frozen to stone; but in this pause of horror listen to the mystery of this deed!

After her father had gone down stairs, an hour ago, Mary stole from the chamber on the right. Her soul shaken by a thousand fears, she opened the door on the left, and beheld Washington sitting by a table on which were spread a chart and a Bible. Then, though her existence was wound up in the act, she asked him, in a tone of calm politeness, to take the chamber on the opposite side. Mary entered the chamber which he left.

Can you imagine the agony of that girl's soul, as lying upon the bed intended for the death couch of Washington, she silently awaited the knife, although the knife might be clenched in a father's hand.

And now that father frozen to stone, stood there, holding the light in one hand, and still clutching the red knife. There lay his child, the blood streaming from that wound in her arm—her eyes covered with a glassy film.

"Mary!" shrieked the guilty father—for robber and Tory as he was, he was still a father. "Mary!" he called to her, but that word was all he could say.

Suddenly, she seemed to awake from this stupor. She sat up in the bed with her glassy eyes. The strong hand of death was upon her. As she sat there, erect and ghastly, the room was thronged with soldiers. Her lover rushed forward, and called her by name. No answer. Called again—spoke to her in the familiar tones of olden times—still no answer. She knew him not.

Yes, it was true—the strong hand of death was upon her.

"Has he escaped?" she said, in that husky voice.

"Yes!" shrieked the father. "Live, Mary, only live, and to-morrow I will join the camp at Valley Forge."

Then that girl—that hero woman—dying as she was, not so much from the wound in her arm, as from deep agony which has broken the last cord of life, spread forth her arms, as though she beheld a form floating there above her bed, beckoning her away. She spread forth her arms as if to enclose that angel form.

"Mother!" she whispered—while there grouped the soldiers—there with speechless agony on his brow stood the lover—there, hiding his face with one hand, while the other grasps the light, crouches the father—that light flashing over the dark bed, with the white form in the center—"Mother, thank God! for with my life I have saved him"—

Look, even as starting up on that bloody couch, she speaks the half-formed words, her arms stiffen, her eyes wide open, set in death, glare in her father's face!

That half-formed word, still quivering on the white lips of the hero-woman—that word uttered in a husky whisper, choked by the death rattle—that word was, "WASHINGTON!"

[For the REPORTER.]

### THE STORY OF A RAIN DROP.

I told the readers of the REPORTER a few weeks since of a pleasant acquaintance which I formed one morning with the rain drops that were dripping from the lilac bush at my east window. It might have been my fancy, but they seemed to tell me an interesting tale of their travels thro' air and river and lake, and I thought myself wiser for the facts they taught me. But they ceased talking as they dropped one by one from their pearch on the bush, and I hardly thought of meeting them again. Other business had erased their memory from my mind, when recently, upon a snowy morning, I met my friends again attired in a new and showy dress. As I was returning from a call at a neighbor's house, I was greeted by a shower of snow crystals fluttering in the air and dancing before the wind.

"Can there be anything more beautiful?" I said to myself. I looked upon the earth and the fields which had lain dark and bare since the thaw of the week before; now being covered by a robe whiter and more beautiful than the muslin curtains which the tasty housekeeper hangs at her chamber window. I looked upon the shrubs and trees with every limb pendant under its load of frost crystals, and I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful since the orchard blossoms of last May. Like the weeping willow, there was a sadness suggested by the drooping branches, but how lovely and fascinating in their sadness. I looked up to the clouds above, and saw countless fluttering flakes slowly falling, yet buoyed on the air, turning summersets, dancing in circles, and with many courtesies flitting their way to their perch on the tree or fence. As I looked up, the saucy travelers of the air lit on my cheeks and eyebrows, tickled my nerves for an instant, and then, feeling a moisture on my face, I raised my hand to wipe it off, when fifty flakes made a leap from their airy throne and perched upon my coat-sleeve. They seemed to think that I would enjoy their company, and so, clinging to my sleeve, they began to show me the gay and many-shaped patterns which they wore upon that frosty morning. Seeing that they were making themselves familiar as if they were old acquaintances, I said:

"It seems to me I have met you before somewhere, but my memory is poor and I cannot now recall the place where I saw you."

"Yes," they all answered in a chorus. "Do you not remember your visit one morning at the east window by the lilac bush?"

"Quite well," I answered; "but you do not pretend to say I saw you there?"

"Exactly. We came to you in the mist of the morning, glistening and tremulous upon the lilac branches, and we have been through many adventures since."

"But how came you to be here, falling from the clouds and fluttering in the air? I thought you hid yourselves in the earth and that I should never see you again."

At this point one of my visitors—the largest and most singular-looking who had taken his seat upon the fringe of my gloove—took the lead in the conversation. The rest sat by and listened.

"True," said the snow-flake, "we fell upon the stones and stubble, and some of us were soaked up by the soil and are at this moment trickling through the veins of the earth, but the south wind caught up the rest of us, and we have ever since made our home in the air."

"But I thought you were heavier than air. How does it happen that you have been floating about like a balloon?"

"Yes, at the size of rain drops we are heavier than air, but we assume other fantastic shapes, in which we take wings and float aloft as easy as a bird."

"Do explain," I said. "I am in a fair way to learn something this morning."

"Well," continued the snow-flake, "I cannot tell you the philosophy of our existence, for you could not understand it."

This remark of my friend rather humbled my pride, for I flattered myself that I was about to discover some profound secret that other men did not know. But I said nothing of this, and only beckoned to the snow-flake to go on.

"There is moisture all the time in the atmosphere," he continued, "caught up from the steaming earth in the hot days of summer, and carried away by the drying winds of spring and autumn. Water is being evaporated from the moist earth, from river, lake and ocean, from icebergs and glaciers, in all climates, seasons and temperatures. The air seems to lick up moisture as a towel absorbs the water from a basin, and we float over seas and continents, in mists and fog, in white fleecy banks and dark storm clouds, and even in the clearest atmosphere we are floating like bubbles, only our number is infinitely great, while our size is inconceivably small."

"Wonderful!" I said. "To fall in rain and rise in vapor, floating to and fro across the continents, one hour unseen and the next gathered into black, dense clouds that darken the skies! What strange creatures you are, and what contrary laws seem to govern your motives! But after going so high, how do you ever get down again?"

"Just as a sponge full of water begins to drip, so when the air is saturated or filled with moisture and cold and warm currents mingle, a portion of the moisture is pressed out. A cold wind striking a warm and saturated layer of air is like a hand squeezing the linen as it comes water-soaked and dripping from the wash-tub. This morning you noticed the wind springing up from a new quarter, and it blew cold upon the moistened air overhanging this township, and as we lay in great numbers reposing on our airy couch we were rolled out of bed, and have been tumbling down the skies till a moment ago we lit upon your arm."

"But why are you not rain-drops as when I saw you before?"

"Because we change our clothes often. We never look twice alike, as I told you when I was hanging as a drop from the lilac bush. We are frozen into crystals at 32 degrees; we are converted into steam at 212, and we are slowly vaporized at all temperatures. Even while I have been talking to you, a portion of my substance has been carried off as invisible vapor into the air. This morning the temperature is just above the freezing point, and the little shrunken forms of mist we assumed in the clouds have been hardened and crystalized into flakes of a thousand patterns."

"But you form very regular angles. Are there uniform laws governing your formation?"

"This is one of the most singular facts of our existence. We always unite in angles of 30°, 60° or 120°, and form by our various modes of union several hundred distinct varieties. One Artic navigator (Scoresly) has observed six hundred different forms of snow crystals. Sometimes we fall in thin plates, sometimes we have a spherical nucleus studded with needle-shaped points; at other times we take the forms of prisms or pyramids. Our largest flakes or crystals are formed at low temperatures, and as we harden we expand and become light and bulky, so that the room we occupy is thirty times greater than water."

Again my curiosity was thoroughly awakened by the interesting facts the snow-flake had communicated, and I spoke out with much earnestness:

"My friend, I must know more of you You seemed to fill a humble station when I saw you before, but you have since made a most remarkable journey. You are a little thing, but skip about upon the changing winds in a most capricious way, and seem to be governed by unvarying hues. You are so beautiful that you put to shame the finest works of human art. You are a little creature, but you teach me great lessons. How can I find you out?"

My visitor replied: "No man can find me out to perfection. Like all the works of our all-wise Creator, we conceal more than we reveal, and elude the scrutiny of the wisest in trying to discern the secrets of our existence. But you may learn something of us from books, and more by keeping your eyes open and observing our varied forms and phenomena."

At this moment I had arrived at my door, and said:

"With your permission, my snow-flake friends, I will take you into my study and look at you through the microscope?"

"With all pleasure," they chimed in a chorus of consenting voices.

Hastening through the hall to my study table I held my sleeve under the glass, and beheld the most exact angles and fantastic forms I had ever seen. There were needles and daggers, all sorts of icy jewelry, stars and prisms of every conceivable variety, and I could only say, as the children said who took a peep the other day through the kaleidscope, "O! O! see here! What splendid shapes!" But at this moment my little girl came bounding in, pushing open the folding doors between my study and the sitting room, and the warm currents of air rushing upon my fair friends they dissolved. Their ethin forms took wing, and in a moment my snow crystals were changed to mere points of mist.

J. H. N.

East Smithfield, March 30.

"SHE stoops to conquer," was written before the days of pin-back skirts.

### A KINDRED TIE.

She was a lame woman. She limped, and she carried a cane, and it was natural to infer that she was lame. As she entered the Twenty-second street depot to wait for the train, she was closely followed by a lame man. He had a stiff knee and he also carried a cane. Two lame persons are no great sight in this great city. Lame men and women limp their lame way up and down Manhattan Island, and few persons ever remark them.

The lame woman took a seat, and after a little she was joined by the lame man. He wore a bright smile, and as he dropped down he cheerfuly remarked:

"Quite a coincidence."

She made no reply. She was ugly looking, but she looked him over and made up her mind that she would go and hang herself if she looked as homely as he did.

"I am lame and you are lame," continued the man.

"Who are you talking to, sir?" she demanded, giving him a contemptuous look.

"Madam, there must be a kindred tie between us," he softly replied, "I am lame in the left leg—and you are lame in the left leg."

"Are you addressing me?" she exclaimed, flushing very red.

"I say, madam, I say there must be a kindred tie between us."

"There is no such thing, sir, and I don't want you to speak to me again, sir!" she said.

"I am lame and you are lame," he went on. "Rheumatism got into my knee joint and spoiled one of the best legs in New York State. Was it rheumatism in the case of your leg, madam?"

"You drunken loafer, how dare you talk that way to me?" she gasped.

"I can furnish the best kind of reference to my character," he replied, "and I suppose you could. But dosn't it strike you as a curious coincidence, that we are both lame in our left legs, both in New York at once, both waiting to go home, both so ugly looking that we can't get married."

"You—you," she choked.

"I am fifty years old, and dye my hair," he cooly continued, "and you are about the same age, and I observe that you dye your hair; I wouldn't go a rod to see a circus procession, and I judge you wouldn't. I love onions, and I should say you did! I love"—

"I'll have you arrested!" she yelled. I'll have you jailed in a minute!" G'way! g'way!" she shrieked, clutching her cane.

"Nevertheless, I am convinced that there is a kindred tie, madam. Two persons lame in the left leg, must"—

She whacked him vigorously with the cane, and rushed off to another seat, while a gentleman came over to the lame man and told him he would get into trouble if he didn't look out.

"I'm through," quietly replied the lame man. "I'll never kindred tie to any living female who is so stuck up that she wont listen to philosophy. She can take her old leg and go home!"

And he sat down to read an almanac for '76.

THE QUEEN'S CROWN.—One gem at least in the crown which was borne before her Majesty on Tuesday is of great antiquity and of high historic interest. The large sapphire, the partial drilling of which suggests that it may have formerly figured in the turban of some eastern sultan, was purchased, it is true, by George IV.; but in the front of the diadem, and in the centre of a Maltese cross of diamonds, is the famous ruby given to Edward the Black Prince by Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najeva, A. D. 1367. This ruby was worn by Henry V. in his helmet at Agrincourt. The gem is pierced right through. Otherwise, albeit each particular diamond, ruby, emerald and pearl in the dazzling galaxy may have its own pedigree and legend, no authentic record of the crown jewels has been preserved, and Queen Victoria's crown, structurally speaking, is a very modern affair indeed. The famous tory crown of Sir Robert Vyner, which the crazy woman mutilated in 1815, had served at the coronation of William IV.; but as it weighed more than seven pounds troy, it was decided that the ponderous gewgaw should be broken up and that a new and permanent crown imperial should be fashioned. The new crown is constructed out of the fragments of half a dozen bygone insignia of regality which were broken up in 1838, and which included the diadem worn by Mary of Modena, by Queen Caroline and Queen Charlotte as Queens Consort and that assumed by Mary II. and Anne as Queens Regnant. Thus the British crown may, as a comparatively new thing, made up of very ancient materials, be held to present a sufficiently striking likeness to the British Constitution, which has itself been broken into very small pieces, which has been patched and mended, enlarged and renovated over and over again.—*Liverpool Albion, Feb. 12.*

A MINISTER, whose name it is not necessary now to give, had a son who was quite a rogue, and withal, something of a wag. One day the boy had been guilty of some misdemeanor, for which the father called him to account, when the following dialogue took place:

"John, you have done wrong, and I must punish you."

"Very well, sir, just as you say."

"Then take off your coat."

"Certainly, sir."

"Now take off your vest."

"Just as you please, sir."

"Now, my son, it is my duty to flog you."

"Yes, sir. But, father, would it not be best, first to engage in prayer?"

This was too much for the minister, the waggery of the son completely overcame him, so without either prayer or flogging he dismissed the boy, while he turned away to hide his risibles.

### WASHINGTON'S RECEPTIONS.

Washington was loudly accused, in his time, of departing from simple republican ideas in the splendor of his dress at his receptions, in his regal bearing toward his visitors, and in his mode of traveling, which was in a coach drawn by four cream-colored horses, and attended by servants in livery. He lived on the south side of Market street, just below Sixth, in a house which had been the residence of Robert Morris. His reception took place in the dining-room, in the rear of the house, which was twenty-five or thirty feet long, including the bow projecting into the garden. On the second floor was Mrs. Washington, receiving in two large rooms extending the whole length of house. Washington's receptions took place at three p. m., when the doors were opened for just fifteen minutes, then they were closed, and the circle completed for that day. All the chairs were removed from this room on these occasions to make more space for the company. The visitor on being conducted to the dining-room "saw the tall manly figure of Washington, clad in black velvet, his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag, yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cockade hat with a cockade in it, and the edges adorned with black feather, about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt, which appeared at the left hip; the coat worn over the sword, so that the hilt and the part below the folds of the coat behind were in view The scabbard was white polished leather." This discription is given by an eye-witness, Mr. Sullivan, in his Familiar Letters, published somewhat over forty years ago. At these receptions, which took place every other Tuesday, Washington always stood with his back to the fireplace and facing the door of entrance. In one hand he held his cockade hat; the other he usually held behind him, to indicate that hand-shaking was not a part of the ceremony of introduction, for Washington never shook hands on these occasions, even with his most intimate friends. When a person was presented to him he required that the name should be clearly spoken, so that he could not mistake it. "He had the very uncommon faculty of associating a man's name and personal appearance so durably in his memory as to be able to call any one by name who made him a second visit." He received each visitor with a very dignified and formal bow, and when the door was closed, and the circle complete, he commenced on the right, addressed a few words to each visitor, calling him by name, and then passed to the next. When he had thus spoken to every one in regular order he resumed his first position, when the visitors one by one advanced toward him, bowed and retired. By 4 o'clock the ceremony was ended.

On the evenings when Mrs. Washington received, he did not consider himself visited, according to Mr. Sullivan. "At such times he was dressed usually in a colored coat and waistcoat, Brown, with bright buttons, with black stockings and knee-breeches, in a costume remembered by the same authority. He wore neither hat nor sword, and moved about conversing with various people. Once a fortnight there was an official dinner, and select company on other days. He sat at the side of the table opposite to Mrs. Washington, while the two ends were occupied by personal friends or members of the family. Mr. Sullivan records the fact that Washington had been exposed the day before his death to a light rain, which wet his hair and neck, and that his "disorder in the throat was an affection of the windpipe, usually called the croup."

### WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Woman's influence differs greatly from that of man. Her power lies in her gentleness. In her hand she holds a more potent scepter than that wielded by the most potent monarch. In the great social and moral reforms that have been carried on from time to time, we find women have taken an active part. We cannot fail to perceive in the political history of France, how important was the ifluence exerted by Madam de Stael, in the troublesome convulsions of the age. Her star shone brightly, and was not extinguished, when the great conqueror—jealous of her power—banished her from her native land:

As woman's influence is so great her responsibility is greater in proportion. Upon her devolves the duty of training up the future men of the nation. It is the mother who moulds the character; under her gentle influence the youthful mind receives its first impressions. In society she is queen, and too often lures her subjects to destruction. Too often the glass of sparkling wine, proffered by the fair hand of woman, has proved the utter ruin and degredation of a man strong in intellect: but who could resist the temptation when accompanied by a winning smile? It is true a man should have stamina enough to refuse the temptation, but if he has not, woman should not be the tempter. Many a wife bitterly deplores the effects of that first glass, and many a child is cut to the heart by the knowledge that his father is a drunkard.

A woman must be careful in her deportment. By a word or even a look she can encourage or effectually check all attempts at familiarity. If woman, and especially girls, would do this—if they should show their displeasure at what they know is wrong, it would not be repeated in her presence. Though the agressor might feign anger in his heart, he would feel more true respect for one who thus reproved him than if she passed his fault unrebuked.

"It doesn't take me long to make up my mind, I can tell you!" said a conceited fop. "It's always so where the stock of material to make up is small," quietly remarked a young lady.

"SAMBO, why am dat nigger down in de hole ob de boat like a chicken in de egg?" "I gives 'em up." "Cause he couldn't git out if it wasn't for de hatch.

### NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

APRIL 16, 1876.

ACTS 11:12-28.—GOLDEN TEXT: 1 Pet. 1:10.

SECOND QUARTER. LESSON III.

How "the promise of the Father" was fulfilled in the gift of the Holy Ghost, and the effect of the miracle of the tongues upon a multitude of witnesses, providentially provided for the occasion, was related in our last lesson. We now come to consider another event of that wonderful Pentecostal day—Peter's defense of the disciples, or the first apostolical sermon.

Dr. J. A. Alexander repudiates with much warmth the false view of this great discourse which makes it wholly desultory and even incoherent. "Though informal it is perfectly consecutive and even symmetrical in structure. It first repudiates the charge of drunkenness (15); then shows what had occurred to be the fulfillment of a signal prophecy (16-21); and then demonstrates the Messiahship of Jesus (22-36)."

I. Peter's defence of the disciples from the charge of drunkenness. We have in v. 12 an emphatic repetition of what has been already said concerning the effect of the tongues upon the multitude of Jews. They were all amazed, and altogether at a loss how to explain the wonder, and their perplexity and bewilderment betrays itself in vague exclamations and queries, a sample of which is given: "What will (or would) this be?" The 'all' here evidently refers to the foreign Jews, who understood the meaning of the divers tongues. It was to them too great a wonder for sport or mockery. But upon another class the effect was very different. "Others mocking said, these men are filled (saturated) with new (or sweet) wine." These 'others' were doubtless the natives of Judea and Jerusalem, to whom the miraculous utterances of the disciples were a mere senseless jargon. They could not understand what was said, and hence they jumped to the conclusion (or pretended to believe) that they were drunk. It is plain that the sweet wine spoken of was intoxicating. It could not have been the unfermented juice of the grape.

This foolish charge gave Peter the theme for his great sermon. "Peter, as usual, is the spokesman, acting no doubt by divine suggestion, and with the tacit acquiescence of his brethren." He stood up with the eleven; himself being the twelfth. He answered the charge immediately on the spot. The force of the participle, "standing up," is not easy to explain. If they had been prophesying in the street or some public square, how could they have been seated? The meaning may merely be that when Peter spoke he and the eleven were standing, without reference to any previous attitude. They stood up together, to signify their unity of spirit, and show that Peter did not speak in his own name, but for the whole body.

V. 15 gives the negative part of the defence. First, the disciples were not drunk; a direct repudiation of the odious charge. Second, they knew the charge was false—"as ye suppose;" or literally, assume, take for granted. They knew, or ought to have known, that there was no ground for such an accusation. Third, the time of day disproved the charge. It was the third hour, or about nine in the morning. Dr. Alexander paraphrases this clause as follows: "As to the charge of drunkenness, it refutes itself, for