The Bradford Reporter.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Professional and Business Cards.

JAMES WOOD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. mch5-76

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

JOHN F. SANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OFFICE.—Means Building (over Powell's Store). mch5-76 TOWANDA, PA.

D. D. SMITH, DENTIST, Towanda, Pa. Office on Park street, north side Public Square, next to Elwell House. [mch5-76

S. W. & WM. LITTLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Patton's Block, cor. Main and Bridge-Sts. Towanda, Pa., April 13, '76.

H. STREETER, LAW OFFICE, aug29. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA PA. Office over Montanye's Store. (may6'75. DR. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MAXWELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA. April 12, 1876.

PATRICK & FOYLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Towanda, Pa. Office, in Mercur's Block. jly17-73.

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. 13, '75.

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

GEORGE D. STROUD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 33 Chestnut St. TOWANDA, PA. Late of Philadelphia. Dec. 9, '75

J. ANDREW SMILT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW, Office over Crane's Book Store, two doors north of Stevens & Long Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. [April 12, '76.]

McPHERSON & KINNEY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Tracy & Noble's Block. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 19, 1876.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. [nov18-74.

L. ELSBREE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, [jy14-73. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into co-partnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphans' 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, upstairs. H. W. MADILL. [jan5-73ly] 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. Is prepared to practice all branches of his profession. Office, MERCUR BLOCK, (entrance on south door) TOWANDA, Pa. [jan6-76.

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, Lelitzsville, Pa. March 15-75.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Grocery Store. Towanda, May 1, 1872-1y*.

DRS. JOHNSON & NEWTON. Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. T. E. 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 largest new rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new block on State Street. Business solicited. sept 21-75.

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. Oct. 24-72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Mort's new block, over Kent & Watrous' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. Plates made to fit put in a new gas apparatus. mar28'

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office, No. 2 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 9-'71.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, Mar28-76tf. TOWANDA, PA.

M. O. MOODY, BLACKSMITH. Does all kinds of work in his line. HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY. Diseased feet treated. Manufactures the celebrated CALIFORNIA PICK. Shop in Stullen's Carriage Factory, on Pine-st. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 6, '76-tf.

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCSHIRE. PHŒNIX. HOME. MERCHANTS. March 19-74tf. O. A. BLABE.

FREDERICK TAFT & CO., GENERAL PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, NO. 9 Sth WATER STREET, PHILADELPHIA. REFERENCES: HON. JUDGE TAFT, Secretary of War. HENRY SANFORD, Esq. Supt. Adams Express Co., New York. JEREMIAH WALKER, Esq., Philadelphia. HON. D. S. BENNETT, Buffalo, New York. JNO. J. BATES, Corn Exchange, New York. apr20 m2.

Immense Success! 50,000 of the Genuine LIFE AND LABORS OF LINCOLN, already sold, and demand increasing. The only new COMPLETE life of the great Hero-Martyr. Full of thrilling interest and startling illustrations of thirty years strange adventures, also the CURIOSITIES and WONDERS of a MARVELOUS country; the millions are eager to get, and more good agents are needed at once. PROFITS are SPLENDID. For particulars and proof, address, HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 723 Sansom S., Phila., Pa. [Oct29-75-1y.

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! WE ARE RECEIVING OUR NEW SPRING GOODS THIS WEEK. WE HAVE BOUGHT THEM AT THE LOWEST PRICES OF THE SEASON, AND WILL SELL THEM AT PRICES NEVER BEFORE EQUALED. TAYLOR & CO.

Towanda, April 20, 1876.

Selected Poetry.

THE LONGEST WAY ROUND.

It was the logest way round, we know,
But never seemed road so short before;
For Jos and I were only half through
Promising all things good and true,
When there was the old familiar door.

And father was looking out for me—
Dear old father so wise and good!
And he kindly pretended not to see
How wonderfully shy and glad were we,
We paused, and silent before him stood.

"Seems to me you are late to-night.
H'm! 'lost your way on the homeward route,'
You did, eh?" Oh, but the moon shone bright,
Betraying my blushes to father's sight,
Betraying our secret, without a doubt!

Did he remember his own young day?
Maybe so, for he asked me no more.
And Joe and I parted in the usual way—
A simple "good-night," and no more say,
And then between us the cottage door.

But one glad night, as we neared the gate
Where father stood waiting and watching for me.
He gravely said, "You are very late;
Just step inside here, Joe, and wait
Till I can learn what the cause may be."

Well, never mind what the old clock said
When I kissed Joe, on the porch, "good night,"
But every fear from my heart had fled
As on Joe's strong heart I bowed my head,
Knowing that father said I might.

Miscellaneous.

(For the REPORTER.)

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

"Ah! Samivel, Samivel, Take Care Fo' the Widders."

Mrs. Moxen, who came formerly from sunny Maryland, has fifty acres of stumps and stones as her dower, five miles from neighbors, on one of the fingers of the Apalachian range in Northern Pennsylvania. Growing lonely and sad she recently used up all her maple-sugar money, the total income of her "farm," in making a visit to the scenes of her childhood among friends still staying in the split Peninsula.

After awhile came to her, as comes sometime to us all, the feeling of "Home is home, be it ever so homely." Cogitating both how to raise the wind to waft her back to her mountain place and as well retain the sweetness prolonged of fond companionship, she ever and anon enlarged upon the pure air, the perennial salubrity, the broad outlook, the cheapness of land, the abundance of fuel, a living without money, her bijou of a house with plenty of elbow-room, and all in her own name and right; assuring her friends that the only drawback was the want of loved ones around her; and she cordially tendered all these and more to them a possession in perpetuity, if they would go with her thither and make her happy home theirs.

A well-to-do family of far-off kinsfolk, made up of the grandfather aged seventy-one (upon whom the widow looked most tenderly), his son and daughter, son-in-law and grandchild, listened with avidity and yielded eagerly to the sway of her glowing generosity. They sold out their cosy place, and, elate with expectation, accompanied her back, cheerfully paying her way and anticipating her wants and wishes *en route*.

How joyously her eyes sparkle! how fond her every expression! and how lovingly glib is her tongue on the way! Then, too, how wondrously grew that prospective possession of pleasure to be realized at the mountain home, looming larger with every mile on the long railway ride. The rough staging of a day was a damper, but Moxen's positiveness of the full content awaiting them all at her hill-top rest, and her gleams of love now glinting on grandpapa, and now glittering on his stalwart son, kept all cheery up to the last stage station.

But there,—Ah! well, "The affairs of mice and men gang aft aglee." On the mountain "winter lingered in the lap of spring." After no little difficulty a springless wagon was found to "tote" them and their "lumber" over the last five miles from civilization. Still, along the dreary length of the jolting of that execrable road, the Widow Moxen glowed as with irrepressible delight and exhultant satisfaction, constantly calling the wretched, weary, drooping group to admire the beauties of nature, the sources of wealth and of enduring health on every side and at every turn. Somehow they could n't see it; they wouldn't be charmed nor propinquity to the picturesque, nor the nigh sublime availed any longer to ravish them. Yet still were they all most anxiously looking for some token of the promised possession of pleasures that had so captivated them; and more and more precious to their silent memory grew the very items of their former discontent with their dear old forsaken home, now sold away forever. The dragged-out team stops at a lone cabin door; their 250-miles journey after a new home and happiness is ended.

Repressing every sign of solicitude and hiding all marks of her own fatigue, Moxen with tender pressure clasps the old man's arm, and boisterously reiterates "welcome all." Alas, for human hopes! and, alas, for mundane realization on a mountain top. True, crank cupid chuckles from every cranny of the cabin, and crinkles the widow's face; but the cheerless outlook over those barren slopes, the huge illshapen rocks, that miserable sty of a shanty, a three minutes glance suffices to unravel all the web so deftly spun; a three minutes stare and all the widow's work of love is done.

"Come," cries out the teamster, "come let's out with the things." "No! don't you dare to leave a thing of ours here, nor us either," exclaims the married daughter; and so say they all. "Back, take us back to somewheres, we will pay for the horses, only get us back where there's folks."

The Moxens gesticulations and hospitable entreaties are vain; all feel a wrath too big for utterance to a lone woman. The old man is the last to remount, and straddling his trunk in the rear of the waggon, as the lank and worn horses were starting, to the widow in her door with her outstretched arms of ardent longing, he sadly, bitterly cries out: "O Ann Moxen! how could you lie so? one room down stairs—a step ladder—a chicken roost upstairs; Ann Moxen if I wer'n't so sore and tired I'd boot ye." CRINCUM.

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The following facts respecting the personality of the illustrious men who imperiled their property, their liberty and their lives by attaching their signatures to that instrument which established our national independence, will be read with interest as the centennial anniversary of the day which witnessed the act draws near:

"The thirteen States then comprising the American colonies were represented in the assemblage that passed the measure by fifty-one members. Thirty-seven enjoyed the benefits of collegiate training; twenty were lawyers; four were physicians; five were clergymen; three were farmers, and the remainder were engaged in various mercantile pursuits, except Roger Sherman, the shoemaker, and Benjamin Franklin, who boasted of being a printer, yet was a statesman and a philosopher. Benjamin Franklin was the oldest among the members and Edward Rutledge the youngest. Robert Morris was the most opulent and was the financier of the administration, negotiating extensive loans for the use of the government upon his personal credit. He died in prison, having been incarcerated for debt; a beautiful commentary on those laws that made no discrimination between the honest but unfortunate debtor and the convicted felon. Samuel Adams was the most needy, his impoverished condition being well known. The management of his pecuniary affairs made it necessary for him to seek at the public expense. Josiah Bartlett was the first to vote for the measure, and first after President Hancock to sign the document. Two of the number, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, were subsequently Presidents. It is a remarkable fact that these two men, having been Presidents, associated on the committee that framed the declaration of independence, and the first recognized leaders of two great political factions of our country, died on the same day, the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the day upon which they had contributed so much to the welfare of their countrymen. Charles Carroll was the only member that added his place of residence, and the reason of its being done in this instance is somewhat peculiar. The patriots that formed that convention knew full well that by their action on that day they hazarded their lives. When Carroll was signing some one near him remarked, 'he will get off, there are so many Carrolls they will not know which one to take.' 'Not so,' replied he, and immediately added 'of Carrollton.' He lived to see all the memorable men with whom he acted on that eventful day pass away, and enjoyed the prosperity of his country until 1832, when he died in his 95th year."

SPRING FASHIONS FOR MEN.

WHAT TO WEAR, AND HOW IT IS MADE.

There is more than the usual variety this spring in the cut of gentlemen's garments. Fashionable city tailors seem to be breaking away from abitrary rules, and are depending more than ever before upon their own tastes and preferences. The ordinary reception suit, worn at all parties and social events where full dress is not required, consist this season of a double-breasted frock coat, of fine diagonal cloth, either black or dark blue; a waistcoat of the same material or of white duck, and trousers of striped brown or gray cloth, generally of light color. The coat is cut in the same way as last year except that the sleeves are fuller and the skirts a trifle longer. The binding is of narrow silk. The waistcoat, except for evening dress, will be of the same material as the coat and cut high in the waist and and single breasted with notched collar. Trousers will be cut losse and straight. Brown and gray stripped cassimers will predominate as material. For evening dress, when a white vest is worn, light gray will be considered the more becoming for trousers; otherwise either light or dark colors may be worn.

Most business suits and walking suits will be made of Scotch and English plaids in subdued colors or small checks, coat, waistcoat, and trousers all of the same cloth. Strongly marked plaids will be worn only by those persons who can afford to have several suits at a time, and to present a frequent variety in apparel. Small checks so woven as to make almost imperceptible plaids are to be much worn. The prevailing style of business coat will be a single-breasted sack coat with one, two, or three buttons. When the coat has more than one button the skirts are cut away sharply from the lower one. A single breasted, one-button sack coat, cut straight in front and with "patch" pockets, will be very popular as a coat for the sea-side country. The business vest will be cut high in the waist, single-breasted, and without a collar. The trousers will be fuller than for dress suits, straight and wide at the foot. There will be a great variety in color of business suits, but brown and gray will be most fashionable.

Little change will be made in full dress suit. The inevitable "swallow tailed" coat will be cut a little fuller in the sleeves, especially at the wrists, and the trousers will be somewhat straighter. Spring overcoats will be made of almost every kind of cloth, from a fine black broadcloth to the lighter shades of mixed cheviots. The most popular will be of subdued gray diagonal worsted of mixed meltons, brown and gray. They will be cut single breasted, with fly front and rolling collar. The linings will be generally of silk. The skirts will reach an inch or two below the knee. All the pockets are to be on the inside.

Perhaps the most marked change from last spring in men's fashions is a tendency toward subdued and unobstrusive colors and figures. The more economical and modest in dress will naturally favor it, and the Scotch and English weavers have done much in their work to further such a tendency among the richer classes. With many fine pieces of English goods, recently imported, it is difficult to tell without looking closely whether they are plaids or checks, so nicely are the different colors blended and arranged. Colored or figured shirts, collars and cuffs are won much by young men this spring. Small figures and checks are considered to be in the best taste, and the most common colors are light blue and light brown. No change is made in style, the bosoms and cuffs being cut plainly. Nine-tenths of the fashionable young men wear standing collars, some styles of which are very high in the neck. Linked sleeve buttons are coming into favor again. Some very handsome sets consist of small wrought globes connected by a gold chain. In men's neck wear there is almost an endless variety. Some very brilliant scarfs are worn, but men who follow the best fashions more closely wear plain but rich materials, the ornament consisting mainly of the ring or pin with which the scarf is fastened or decorated. Flat scarfs are becoming very popular. At present most of them are dark in color and intended to be worn with a light pin in the center; but as spring advances lighter shades will be worn.

Gentlemen's gloves will be worn with one and two buttons. The glove stores present a great variety of shades and colors sufficient to match any suit or harmonize with any complexion. A new shade of lavender, very light, and a peculiar shade of brown known as "chevrette," are selling rapidly. Most gloves are stitched or braided on the back. Some heavy braids in fancy colors are favored by purchasers.

The spring style of silk hat is an improvement over previous fashions, being less bell crowned and heavy in appearance than the hat worn during the fall and winter. Seen from the side it lessens in size slightly towards the top, while a front view discloses a slight outward curve. The brim is narrow with a rolling or very narrow D'Orsay curve. For elderly gentlemen or for gentlemen with full faces, the brim is a little wider. Stiff felt hats are much worn. Their brims are usually narrow, the crowns generally rounded and not so deep as for winter hats. Besides black and other dark colors there are mixed grays and browns to match the spring styles of walking suits. There are many styles of soft felt hats, ranging from those with a wide brim and tall crown to the more common low-crowned hats worn by boys. The light shades of silk hats will not be found in the hat stores until the middle of May.

Buttoned gaiters have been worn almost exclusively by fashionable men during the winter, but as the weather grows warmer the Oxford will be the favorite shoe. The style is plain, with rounded toe of medium breadth a little narrower than for winter, broad, low heel, and a single sole of medium thickness, which gives the shoe a solid but very neat appearance, and makes it very comfortable for the foot.

PRETTY GOOD POINTS.

The *Liberal Review* discourses of a social grievance that not a few of us have experienced:

You are invited to a certain house, where you meet a number of people who are on intimate terms with each other, but with whom you are comparatively unfamiliar. Naturally somewhat diffident at finding yourself in a strange atmosphere, you are a subject who ought to be encouraged rather than discovered. But, alas! the treatment which you receive effectually puts a damper upon you. It is true there is plenty of conversation, but is of such a character that you may be pardoned if you come to the conclusion that a conspiracy has been entered into with the view of preventing you from taking part in it. People of whom you know nothing, and perhaps have never seen, are talked about as quickly as tongues can rattle, but all that you find it possible to do is to put on a sickly smile now and then when the clatter and merriment of your entertainers are more than ordinary effusive. The personal, domestic, and other concerns of a number of persons whom you have never seen having been exhausted, it might be thought that your turn would come, and that you might be enabled to redeem your character as an intelligent person, in your own eyes, at any rate, and be enabled to appear to your considerate associates as something more than a grining, saynothing piece of humanity. But, alas! such is not the case. People whom you do not know, but whom you have learned to hate with a bitter hatred, having been disposed of, schemes in which you are not to take an interest, are brought on the carpet. Again you find it impossible to bear up against the combination of circumstances which is brought to bear upon you, and become apparently dumb stricken. The probability is that you return to your home feeling that you have made an exhibition of yourself, and those whom you have been mingling with come to the conclusion that you are a very dull and stupid person. At the same time so locked up are they in themselves, it never occurs to them that they have failed to give you a fair chance. They forget that when, in a fit of recklessness, you humbly ventured to moot subjects of general interest, you were encouraged to perserve in your way by receiving monosyllabic replies, or none at all. It is time, then, that those who profess to practice the courtesies of life should learn that about the worst form of polite insolence extant is that under notice.

MAN is an animal that bargains. No other animal does. No, dogs exchange bones.

"WHAT did you give for that horse, neighbor?" "My note." "Well, that *was* cheap."

THE way for a desolate old bachelor to secure better quarters is to take a "better-half."

MARIA, observed Mr. Holcomb, as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet. I can't fix it no way; I'm too busy." "Well give me the patch, I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."

THE STATE HOUSE—1776—1876.

The erection of this edifice was begun in 1729 and completed in 1734. The two wings were added in 1739-40, and it was then one of the largest and most costly edifices for civil purposes in America. Previous to its erection the sessions of the Legislature of Pennsylvania were held at private houses. The first purchase of grounds for the building included only about half the depth of Walnut street. In 1760 the other half square was purchased, and the whole space was enclosed in a heavy brick wall. John Vaughn, who came from England to reside in Philadelphia, planted the grounds with elm trees and shrubbery in 1783. Afterwards the brick wall was removed, and the present neat iron railing erected in its place. (This is the railing recently removed.) The cost of the main building of the State House and its steeple was about $28,000. The style of the structure was directed by Dr. John Kearsly, Sr., the same amateur architectural character to Christ Church. The glass and lead sashes cost $850. The glazing was done by Thomas Godfrey, afterwards celebrated as the inventer of the quadrant.

The interior decorations remain as originally designed, and, for the production of so early a time, are very fine; and those of the main hall, embracing a richly panneled ceiling and a heavy cornice supported by fluted columns, will strike the eye as exceedingly beautiful. The ornamentation over each door leading to the "Hall of Independence" on the east, and the "National Museum" on the west is florid, having a central medallion from which the face of one of the Georges projects in bas-relief The eastern chamber, which is a shrine to every American, was the theatre wherein was proposed, debated, adopted, and signed the Declaration of Independence, which was fully promulgated on the 4th of July, 1776. The Hall still presents, as far as it has been possible to retain it, its original appearance. The portraits of the signers embelish the walls, perpetuating not only the faces of those historic men, but the skill of Peale, Stuart, Inman, and Sully. John Hancock's chair, and the table on which the immortal document was signed, stand on a dais at the eastern end; Rush's fine statue of Washington adorns the northwest corner, and the old chandelier used by the Continentil Congress is still pendant from the centre of the ceiling. The western chamber, for many years the Common Pleas Court-room, is now a museum of historic relics. Of these it contains a large number, both rare and curious. Among them are the ale mug of David Paul Jones; a china cup, with Washington's effigy, made before Braddock's defeat; flag af the 1st regiment Pennsylvania militia, lost and recaptured at Brandywine; the chair of James Logan, first posessed by William Penn, with the inscription, "Fruitful for recollections; sit and muse; the chairs of Colonial Justices; Franklin's bedside table; relics of the battle of Germantown; the original stamp imposed under the celebrated stamp act of Great Britain, in March, 1665, which led to the Revolution, and the charter of Philadelphia. Upon the second floor are two chambers, now used by the Select and Common Councils, the westermost being formerly the State Hall of the First Congress. The lobby extended then from this chamber to the eastern end of the building, and in it were confined the American officers captured by the British at the disastrous battle of Germantown. The original steeple, being decayed, was taken down in 1774, and the present one erected in 1828. On the ground floor of the steeple, surrounded by a network of iron, to prevent the ravages of relic-hunters, stands the famous old bell, hanging upon its original supports. It was cast and imported from England in 1752 purposely for the State House, but was cracked in testing it. It was recast by Isaac Norice, a member of the Colonial Assembly, who inscribed on it: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." This old bell did, on the afternoon of the memorable 4th of July, 1776, proclaim that liberty which the Colonial Assembly had just declared. Subsequently it was again fractured, and is now sacredly guarded as an invaluable relic of our early national existence.—*Land We Live In.*

PUBLIC ART GALLERIES.

One cause of the slow growth of art sentiment and art knowledge among Americans, was the absence, even in the larger cities, of public and private galleries of paintings like those to which the people of every European city have constant access, and where they may become familiar with the works of the great masters of almost every age and country. Of late years these opportunities have notably increased among us. Wealthy citizens of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Cincinnati, and other cities have accumulated extensive and valuable public galleries of the best works of native and foreign artists, and have evinced commendable liberality in opening their doors to the public. There are also fine galleries of paintings and statuary belonging to societies, like the Boston Atheneum, and our own Historical Society; but to most of these the general public can not claim admission, and their usefulness as a means of art culture is, therefore, comparatively restricted. There should be in every large city a public gallery of art, as in Paris, Berlin, Munich, London, Dresden, Forence, and other European cities, to which, on certain days of the week, access should be free to all. The influence of such institutions would be immense. There is many a working-man in Paris who knows more about pictures than the majority of cultivated people in this country. He visits freely the magnificent galleries of the Louvre, hears artists and connoisseurs converse, and if he is a man of ordinary intelligence and perception, he acquires a knowledge of picrures and arts which cannot be attained in a country where such opportunitics are rare, or only to be enjoyed either by paying for them, or by the favor of some private collector. True, the want of public art galleries has been in a measure supplied, in most of our large cities, by the collections of art dealers like Schaus and Goupil, who, of late years have imported many of the finest specimens of the works of foreign artists, and who admit the public to their exhibition rooms without fee. But this privilege is, for the most part, confined to the educated and the wealthy. Rarely is a working-man or working-woman seen in these rooms, although no respectable and well-behaved person would be denied admission. Enter the galleries of Paris, Munich, or Dresden, on a holiday, and you will find hundreds of people belonging to the working-classes, men, women and children, feasting their eyes on the treasures of art, and filling their minds with love for the beautiful. The refining influence of such an education can not be overvalued.—*S. S. Conant, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

A CO-OPERATIVE EXPERIMENT.

In *Scribner* for May, Charles Barnard has a paper on "Some Experiments in Co-operation," in which he speaks as follows of the Springfield (Vt.) Industrial Works, a successful Co-operative enterprise:

At the benches are young men and women in about equal numbers, distributed according to the demands of the work or their own abilty. Precisely as in any manufactory, there is a regular system of work and a perfect subdivision of labor. By the peculiar method of selection, each one has the work that the majority think he or she is best suited to perform consistently with the best interests of the establishment. On going through the various departments, one cannot fail to notice the quiet and order that prevail. There is a rrgid adherence to business that is positively refreshing. Persons familiar with working-people in mills and shops can readily recall that calmness of manner, and ingenuity in doing nothing with apparent energy that characterize some of the workeas. Not a trace of this can be seen in the Industrial Works.

The sun goes down, the lamps are lighed, and the work goes on without a pause. It is hammer, hammer, hammer, with all the regularity and twice the energy of a clock. The whirling shafts spin steadily, the shavings fly from the planers, the paint brushes slip along quickly in nimble girl fingers. It is work, work, work with a jolly persistence. The six-o'clock bell rings, and no one seems to discover it till the reluctant engineer turns off the water, and the clattering machinery runs slowly and finally stops, as if it also held shares in the company.

We may join them at their liberal table; forty or more young men and women in good health and the best of spirits. They are well-dressed, intelligent, with manners self-respectful and courteous. After supper some amuse themselves with books, music, and games, and some return to the shop for extra work. All are apparently contented and happy, and all, without exception, are making money at a rate seldom equaled by people in their position.

SATURDAY NIGHT.—How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a caress, how many a kind word, how many a promise has been broken, how many a heart has been wrecked, how many a loved one has been lowered into the narow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven, how many a crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest treasurs of the heart.

A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow or gladness, of which people have never heard. Go home to the family, men of business! Go home you heart erring wanderer! Go to the cheer that awaits you, wronged waif of life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by! Leave your books with complexed figures, your dirty workshop, your busy store. Rest with those you love; for God only knows what next Saturday night will bring you. Forget the world of care and the battle of life which have furrowed the week. Draw close around the family hearth. Saturday night has waited your coming in bitterest tears and silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and to bless God for giving his weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the Eternal, as Saturday night.

GUTENBERG'S INVENTION.—Considered from a mechanical point of view, the merit of Gutenberg's invention may be inferred from its permanancy. His type-mold was not merely the first; it is the only practical mechanism for making types. For more than four hundred years this mold has been under critical examination, and many attempts have been made to supplant it. Contrivances have been introduced for casting fifty or more types at one operation; for swaging types, like nails, out of cold metal; for stamping types from cylindrical steel dies upon the ends of copper rods; but experience has shown that these and other inventions in the field of type-making machinery are not better methods of making types. There is no better method than Gutenberg's. Modern type-casting machines have molds attached to them which are more exact and more carefully finished, and which have many little attachments of which Gutenberg never dreamed, but in principle and in all the more important features, the modern molds may be regarded as the molds of Gutenberg.

"Why," says Madden, "should we speak of monuments of bronze or stone to commemorate the services of Gutenberg? His monument is in every quarter of the world: more frail than all, it is more enduring than all: it is the book."—*Scribners.*

LITTLE COURTESIES OF LIFE.

"A kindly word, a pleasant smile,
Are better far than gold."

A friend, some time since, come to us and expressed great annoyance at what he regarded as an act of marked discourtesy on the part of a gifted and accomplished gentleman, to whom he had rendered a valuable service. He was quite excited at the time, not that he cared so much for the circumstance, but because it was calculated to dim the high picture which he had formed in his mind of the nature of the man. He had set him up as the model of a christian gentleman, the very embodiment of a finished, polished, graceful and dignified character. And yet, to his surprise, he found that he lacked one of the great essentials, namely, common courtesy or ordinary politeness. In other words, he had either refused or declined to answer a note that had been sent to him on his own business, and this refusal was kept up for days, until it became necessary to refresh his memory and offer one or two sharp admonitory remarks. But this is no extraordinary case. It is but one of thousands. The little courtesies of daily life, and kindly and graceful amenities which are so admirably calculated to sweeten the relations between man and man, and to impart a genial spirit to our social every day intercourse, are too frequently neglected. We either forget, or we overlook them. We do not sufficiently appreciate our own self-respect, or the feelings and good wishes of others. This is the more culpable, for courtesy and kindness are at the command of all classes—the poor as well as the rich, the humble as well as the elevated. There are some persons who never think it worth the while to reply to a note or an invitation; unless some especial business matter be involved. There are others again, who never omit such an act of courtesy and duty. In the first case, misunderstandings, irritations and unkindnesses will inevitably occur, and in the last, all these will be avoided. Some one has observed, truly and forcibly, that the little courtesies of life should be regarded as among the minor virtues, and their practice should be encouraged and cultivated from early youth. What, indeed, could be more delightful than the interchange of civility, kindness and good will on all proper occasions between friends and neighbors? What is so calculated to soften the rugged path of existence, and to give to the human heart agreeable feelings?

Some years since, a gentleman and lady were betrothed, and the proposed union was looked upon in the most approving manner by the parents of both parties. It so happened that the former had occasion to visit Europe, and to remain abroad something like six months. He wrote home elaborately, or a few words by every backet; but during the whole of this period he received but three letters in reply, and of a character so brief, as to show that the fair correspondent took very little interest either in the subject or the object to whom the epistles were addressed. The effect was to annoy, irritate, create a coolness, and finally to break off the match. The truth is, no one likes to be treated either with indifference or contempt. A sense of self pride revolts against such conduct. The courtesy we extend to others we naturally and properly desire to see extended to ourselves in return. Reciprocity is the very soul of harmony, friendship, and good feeling. A sensitive individual may be aggrieved and wounded just as readily by indifference and neglect, as by an open and studied insult. By courtesy, we do not mean affection, hollow pretence, shallow hypocrisy, and artificial manner. On the contrary; these are all misreable counterfeits. But we refer to a genial, generous and kindly spirit, a sense of appreciation, a recognition of equality, a truthful air, and a frank and manly bearing. Not a day goes by in which all these qualities cannot be exhibited more or less, especially in the sphere, and among the friends we move and mingle with. There is on the other hand, nothing more unworthy, unmanly, pitable and mean, than a disposition to tyranize over and insult, not directly perhaps, but indirectly, those who in some sense may seem to be dependent upon us, or whom, in the exercise of a false pride, we may imagine we can outrage with impunity. The little courtisies of life never shine so sweetly or brightly, as when they are manifested by the rich towards the poor, or by the powerful toward the weak. They then become a grace and embellishment of the character, and while they adorn the one party with a moral lustre, they kindle in the hearts of the other, feelings of kindness, affection and good-will. But courtesy is never out of place. It is never thrown away. It always has its effect, and sometimes it tells far more efficiently than formal services, or even heavy obligations.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

MAY 7, 1876.

Acts iii: 12-26.—GOLDEN TEXT: Acts iv: 12.

SECOND QUARTER. LESSON VI.

This second sermon of St. Peter grew out of the miracle recorded in the last lesson. The place was Solomon's porch—a relic of the original temple, it is said—situated probably at the eastern end of the south side of the area of the temple. Tradition says that the wing or pinnacle of the temple, mentioned in the history of our Lord's temptation. (Matt. 4: 5; Luke 4: 9), was an elevated point of this elegant structure. His audience consisted of "all the people"—i. e., all the Jews then present in the temple enclosure—who are described as "greatly wondering"—i. e., they were amazed and awe-struck at the wonderful power exerted by these men. "And when Peter saw it, he answered unto the people." That is, when Peter saw the concourse of people and their wonder, expressed by both looks and words, he answered. He addressed them as "Men of Israel"—i. e., not simply as Jews, but as representing the whole Jewish nation. The *first* point in his discourse is his explanation of the miracle.

I. He explains it by pointing out its *source*. "Why marvel ye at this?" As Israelites they surely could not wonder, if they understood who it was that had wrought this miracle. And first he describes its source *negatively*. "Why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?" The wonderful cure was not due to any power or godliness in them. But *positively*, "the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his son Jesus." Peter here reminds them of the essential identity of the new religion with the old; Jesus is the son—or properly the servant (Isa. 42: 1; Philip. 2: 7)—of Abraham's God, the Jehovah of the Old Testament. He asserts that the very God they worshipped had honored the man they crucified. But how? By raising him from the dead, and then making him a living source of divine power unto sinning and suffering men. This necessarily introduces their guilt in accomplishing the death of Jesus, and enables Peter to bring forward again his favorite antithesis between their treatment of Jesus and God's treatment of him. Vs. 13-16.

He sets forth plainly the particulars of their guilt. 1. They had delivered Jesus up—i. e., abandoned him to his foes and executioners. 2. They had denied him in the presence of a heathen ruler, representing the great dominant power of the Gentile world. 3. They had insisted on his destruction when Pilate was determined to let him go. 4. They had demanded not only the condemnation of the Holy One and the Just, but