TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

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Time.......	1w	4w	2m	3m	6m	1yr.
inch......	$1.50	3.00	5.00	6.00	10.00	15.00
2 inches....	2.00	5.00	8.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
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¼ column..	5.00	12.00	18.00	22.00	30.00	45.00
½ column..	10.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	55.00	75.00
1 column...	20.00	50.00	60.00	80.00	100.	150.

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YEARLY Advertisements are entitled to quarterly changes.

TRANSIENT advertisements must be paid for IN ADVANCE.

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

TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Professional and Business Cards.

JAMES WOOD,
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.

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

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

S. W. & WM. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Patten's Block, cor. Main and Bridge-Sts.
Towanda, Pa., April 18, '76.

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

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA PA.
Office over Montanyes Store. [may6-75.
D'A. 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. 18, '75.

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

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

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

McPHERSOM & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. Office in Tracy & Noble's Block.
Towanda, Pa., [illegible] 1875.

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,
[illegible]-75. TOWANDA, PA.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL,
ULSTER, PA.
The undersigned having taken possession of the above hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of his old friends and the public generally.
aug16-75. M. A. FORREST.

C. L. LAMB,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WILKES-BARRE, PA.
Collections promptly attended to.
July 27, '76.

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. (apl14-70) 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. Is prepared to practice in all branches of his profession.
OFFICE, MERCUR BLOCK. (entrance on south side) TOWANDA, PA. [illegible]

GEORGE W. BRINK, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer. Also Insurance Agent, LeRaysville, Pa.
March [illegible]

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
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 rooms on 2nd floor of Dr. Pratt's new office on State Street. Business solicited.
Sept. [illegible]

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. [illegible]-72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Noble's new block, over Kent & Watrous' store, is now ready to do all kinds of dental work. [illegible] gas apparatus.
[illegible]

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office No. [illegible] & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts.
March [illegible]

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

M. O. MOODY, BLACKSMITH. Does all kinds of work in his line.
HORSESHOEING A SPECIALTY.
Diseased feet treated. Manufactures the c
[illegible]
CALIFORNIA PICK.
Shop in Streeter's Carriage Factory, on Pine
Towanda, Pa., Jan. 6, '76tf.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TR
Companies represented:
LANCSHIRE.
PHENIX.
HOME.
MERCHANTS.
March 18 [illegible] O. A. BL

FREDERICK TAFT & CO.
GENERAL PRODUCE COMMISSI
MERCHANTS
NO. 9, 8th WATER STRE
PHILADELPHIA.

REFERENCES:
HON. JUDGE [illegible], Secretary of W
HENRY SANFORD, Esq.
Supt. Adams Express Co., New
JEREMIAH WALKER, Esq., Philad
HON. D. S. BENNETT, Buffalo, Ne
JNO. J. BATES Corn Exchange, Ne
sep[illegible]

The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

$2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXXVII.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 31, 1876.

NUMBER 10.

Selected Poetry.

MEMORY.

To every life there comes a time,
Whether in youth or golden prime,
One priceless dream of love—
The gayest heart to make more bright,
The darkest soul to gladly light,
As stars shed light above.

Perchance, for some the silver thread
May clearly run through life, instead
Of being dimly lost.
That thread no fingers e'er shall find,
Altho' with fate 'twas close entwined,
Till myst stream is crossed.

Ah! memory of one brief hour,
Return with all thy precious power,
To lighten dreary fate,
And fairer morn shall dawn at last,
Whose light no clouds will overcast,
If ye but learn to wait.

Miscellaneous.

THE PAWNED WATCH.

It was on Wednesday evening. I had been that afternoon to the Globe to see "Claude Melnotte" performed, and on my way homeward I stopped in at Langford's, on Sunbury street, to look at an old violin. Langford was a pawnbroker, and I had known him for years; and moreover, he was a good sort of a fellow, and loved to talk of the old times. I looked at his violin, and after due examination, made up my mind that either he must have misunderstood or misrepresented the Herr Von Schweitzenpelter who had left in pawn, or, that said Von Schweitzenpelter had told an untruth. Considering that Langford was an old acquaintance I preferred to think that Von Schweitzenpelter was the deceiver, and having put the viol back into its case, and seen the case put away, I took a seat by the stove, and entered into conversation with the broker.

We had been thus engaged but a short time when a lady entered. She was dressed in black, and closely veiled, and as she took her place at the little counter Langdon went to wait on her. I sat in the shade, in a back corner, whence I could look over the counter; and when the lady raised her veil I saw her face distinctly, as the light of a pendant gas jet shone full upon it. She evidently had not seen me, though she had certainly glanced around the office with a view to ascertain if she were alone with the pawnbroker. As I have said, I saw her face, and I knew it for the face of a woman who had lived very near to me for several years, and who had served as nurse, at different times, in various families of the neighborhood. I had known her as Mrs. Warland, and had become greatly interested in her because I knew very well that she had suffered under some heavy misfortune. She was a mild-faced, sweet-spoken woman, from forty to forty-five years of age, and those who had had occasion to employ her spoke of her in the highest terms. She had hired a small tenement—or, rather, part of a tenement—down at the Back Cove, where she lived in quiet seclusion, the only other member of her family being a daughter, of eight or nine years. She had lost other children, and the one now living was far from being strong or well.

My sister had employed Mrs. Warland, and from her I learned something of the woman's history: She had had two husbands. The first—the love of her maiden heart—was a pilot, and was lost overboard while trying to board a ship in a storm, during the fourth year of their marriage. After that—some years after—she married again, this time taking for a husband Donald Warland. This Warland proved to be a hard, cruel man; and one of the first results of his cruelty was the running away of little Jack, the pilot's son, then ten years old. The mother had loved this boy with all the strength of her tender heart, and though his absence cast a dismal shadow over her life, yet she could not but feel it was better for him to be away. His step-father had been very unkind and harsh in his treatment of him. The years passed on. Children were born of the second marriage, but only one of them lived to run alone. Donald Warland drank hard—he gave misery to his wife while he lived, and he gave to her poverty when he died. A second time she was left a widow, and since Warland's death she had striven to keep a home for herself and her child.

Having heard all this it was with feelings deeper than simple curiosity that I watched and listened on the present occasion.

Langford called the woman by name, and asked her kindly what he could do for her.

With trembling hand she drew from her bosom a small buckskin pouch, and took therefrom a gold watch. The case was heavy, and richly carved, and I could see, from my far corner, that it was a unique affair, unlike the watches of the present generation.

"Mr. Langford," she said, with great effort, "I feel sure you will deal fairly by me."

He would have answered her, but she gave him no time.

"I have come to this at length. It is not mine, and yet I must leave it with you as a pledge."

"Not yours?"

"Do not misunderstand me," she said, with quick emotion. "It was—it was—"

"My dear madam," interposed the broker, assuringly, "don't *you* misunderstand *me*. You have my fullest confidence."

"And yet," pursued the woman, with trembling lips and moistening eyes, "I will tell you the truth, and then you will know how sacred is the charge I give. This was my first husband's watch—presented to him by ship owners whom he had served—and when he died he left it for—for—"

"FOR JACK," pronounced Langford, reading those words upon the buckskin pouch, where they had been printed with a pin.

"Yes, yes," she said. "Jack was our boy—our son. He went away—many years ago—and—"

Here the woman broke down, and having recovered herself, she asked the broker to advance her ten dollars upon the watch.

"Ten dollars!" repeated Langford, in surprise. He had opened the watch, and looked into it. "Do you know its value?"

"I know that it cost a large sum, sir.

"Certainly. It is a Harrison chronometer of the very best quality, and seems to have been little worn."

"It has not been wound up, sir, since John Bishop died. I have kept it hidden away all these years. And now I must leave it with you. I have nothing else. But I will only take in return such a sum as I know I can pay if I live. You will keep it, sir—for a year, if necessary—for more than a year—"

"I will hold it sacredly to your order for five years, if you wish."

The poor woman was thankful, and having received the ten dollars she turned toward the door; but before she reached it she stopped, and came back. She took the watch in her hands, and pressed it to her lips; and then, with a struggle, as tho' tearing a fond momento from the net work of her heart, she laid it down and went away.

When she had gone I got up and stepped behind the counter to look at the pawned watch.

"It's worth three hundred dollars," said Langford.

"And she has pawned it for ten!"

"I don't consider it pawned," he replied. "That woman has enlisted my utmost sympathy, and I will hold this watch for her while she lives."

I asked him if she had been to him before for money.

"Yes," he said. I think she has, first and last, received two hundred dollars from me. She has evidently pawned everything she could bring."

I was telling to the broker what I knew of Mrs. Warland when a customer entered. He was a seafaring man, and I recognized him as one I had seen at the theater that afternoon. He had sat very near to me, and I had noticed him particularly, because he was a man not to be seen without notice. He was young, with a frank, handsome, bold face; his hair of dark brown, clinging about a large, well-shaped head in close, glossy curls; and possessing a frame of marvelous strength and symmetry. His garments, though of the sailor cut, were of the very finest quality, and it was plain to be seen, from his tone and manners, that he had been used to holding authority. He had seen a sextant exposed in the window, and had come in to look at it.

Langford took the chronometer from my hand, and had started to restore it to its pouch, when the stranger interrupted him:

"Pardon me, sir; but will you allow me to look at that watch?"

The broker handed it to him. He took it, and trembled perceptibly.

"Where did you get this?" The question was asked with an effort.

"I had it of a customer."

"In pawn?"

"Not exactly; though it was left with me as a pledge."

The man had examined the richly engraved case of the watch, and finally his eye rested upon the buckskin pouch. He picked it up, and saw the words which were written upon it. For a little time his frame shook as though tempest-riven. Then he braced himself, and spoke in an entreating manner:

"Will you tell me who left this here?"

A light dawned upon me. The man had interested me with something more than his grand beauty. There was something in his face familiar to me—something in his classic outlines, and in its lineaments of character, like the face of the woman who had been my sister's nurse. And while the broker hesitated, I answered him:

"A lady left it here, and her name is Warland."

"Has she a husband?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Her husband died in New York several years since, and she has returned to the land of her childhood, a widow."

A moment's pause, and then I added:

"Mr. Langford has told you that the watch had not been really pawned. The poor woman said that it was not hers. It had been left with her by her first husband—a dying gift for their boy—a boy whom she had not seen for many years."

The man reached over and took my hand.

"Can you take me to her?" he said.

I told him I could, for she lived very near to my home.

He wanted to take the watch, but the broker objected, and he did not urge it.

And he went with me out into the street. His heart was full, and I did not disturb him with idle questions. On board the ferry boat he paced up and down the gangway alone, and when we had landed upon the Island side he took my arm as though fearful that he might lose me. We reached the door of Mrs. Warland's dwelling, and were ushered into a small, scantily furnished sitting-room by the little daughter, who had recognized me."

"Mamma has just come in," she said. "I will call her."

I would have left, but the man detained me.

Presently Mrs. Warland entered. The walk in the cool, bracing air had given color to her usually pale cheeks, and when she saw me she smiled a welcome. And then, following my glance, she turned to the stranger, who was gazing upon her with the whole of his heart and soul in his lustrous eyes. She started, and tottered.

"Mother! Do you know me?"

And she stretched out her arms with a wild cry—she called him "Jack!"—and with sobs of rapture she clung to him, and was held to his bosom. I felt my presence to be a profanation, and I crept away.

But I called on the following day, and found the mother and son happy and jubilant. And then Jack Bishop told me how he had heard of his mother last in New York; how he had looked for her, and how he had been told that she was dead. He was in command of a ship just returned from India, and was making arrangements for another voyage; and but for the watch at the pawnbroker's, he should have gone away without knowing that his mother lived.

And so the widow had come from darkness to light; and that sacrifice which had seemed to her as the rending of her very heartstrings had proved an offering upon the altar of fate which had brought back joy and blessing. Is it a wonder that in the mystic influence of the pawned watch she traces the finger of a Divine Providence? For, so feeling, to God she gives the praise of her thankful heart.

WHAT WE SAW 1,600 FEET UNDER GROUND.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., June 15, 1876.—People who have never visited the coal regions have little idea of the magnitude of the labor expended in the production of this now important article of commerce. Lately I have been taking some little pleasure jaunts among the rocky valleys of this anthracite region during intervals of leisure, and have found much to interest and amuse This town itself, which is sometimes called "The Coal Metropolis," is undermined by the gangways of mines whose black mouths appear here and there on the hillsides. But it is now forbidden to dig under the town, lest some day there should be a terrible falling in real estate above.

The general configuration of the surface of the ground here is something like that of Central New York; that is, there are ranges after ranges of hills, all running in one direction; here it is nearly east and west, with deep valleys between, but a hundred fold more rocky and rough than anything ever seen in the Empire State. The coal measures, it is well known, do not lie on a level, but are tilted up on edge, as it were, so that they pitch with various degrees of steepness north and south. This pitch of the coal veins, showing the effects of the tremendous upheavals of some remote age, soon after the coal was formed in the carboniferous epoch, is of great service to the miner. It enables him to mine, load into cars, break, sort into sizes and load the coal into cars again ready for transportation without ever lifting one shovel full. The great saving of labor and consequent expense will be apparent. How this is done can be easily explained.

First a shaft is sunk, which means a hole straight down like a well, until coal is struck, or a drift or slope is dug out, which is an inclined opening running down the pitch of the coal vein until the bottom is reached. In either place then a gangway is dug out laterally in the direction the coal runs, east and west. These gangways sometimes run for miles under the ground, following the vein; little rails are laid down and mules pull the cars in and out to the main shaft or slope, where they are hoisted. From this gangway it will be seen the coal slants up and down like a great blanket from four or five to forty feet thick. So far it has been what miners call "dead work," that is every pound of coal must have been lifted on a shovel into the cars. Now comes the remunerative part of the business. On the upper side of this gangway little drifts are made upward in the same slanting direction as the coal lays, and it will be readily seen as fast as the coal is pitched or blasted out it falls down the incline and drops into the cars stationed to receive it. These openings are made at intervals of a rod or two, and are termed in miners' parlance "breasts." These breasts are run up ten feet or more, then branch out so as to include all the coal between them, and are continued upward hundreds of feet, sometimes running out at the top of the ground. After incurring the great expense of digging the shaft, or slope, and gangway, the coal operator now begins to get his money back as ton after ton of the black diamonds come sliding down from the breasts into the cars. This is the general principle upon which all the mines are constructed. Nothing is done on the lower side of the gangway because the coal would cost all and more than it was worth to mine it. To get at the lower coal a slope is sunk down to a lower level, another gangway run out in the same way as before and breasts run upward the same as above, until all the coal is obtained.

A few days since I received an invitation to visit, in company with two coal operators and iron masters, what is known as "the big shaft," lately sunk by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, about two miles from here. It was scarcely 7 o'clock on one of those bright and glorious mornings that are the pride of our Maytime, when we four mounted our equipage and rolled away over the hard smooth roads. Just cool enough to be pleasant, the sun yet gave promise of making the midday hot and blistering. Upon the front seat sat Mr. Christian and Mr. Seltzer, men of middle age, who have forgotten more about iron and machinery than most men ever know, and back of them your correspondent, who needs no further introduction, beside a young lady whom we will designate Minerva. Gaily thro' the scattered suburbs of the town we bowled along, with black coal dirt and miserable cabins built on the refuse of old mines on every side. Now we pass through a little huddle of cabins, a dozen or more they call Scalping Town, that would look exactly like an Irish village in county Cork or Tipperary if the huts only had straw-thatched roofs, instead of boards. The resemblance is complete. There are the same Milesian women in morning *dishabille*, sitting on the threshold smoking an after breakfast pipe, while the same chickens and active-looking pig dispute the possession of the remnants of the morning meal under the table in the only room. Last, but by no means least, there are the hordes of children of all sizes and both sexes, with faces of an unknown color from the accumulated dirt deposits, playing in the mud and sand before the doors, while their mothers look on with the utmost complacency. Healthy and dirty; many an aristocratic, refined mother would give a fortune to bestow upon her sickly child a moiety of their health and activity.

Over the next hill and we see the black timbers of the breakers and the small mountain of coal dirt from the big Wadesville colliery that stands near the big shaft. Just here it may be well to explain the reason for digging the same. At Pottsville here, the southern limits of the coal fields, the coal veins pitch toward the north, while some eight or ten miles north of here they pitch toward the south. The natural conclusion arrived at was that at some unknown depth, at a certain point between the two outcroppings on the surface, the veins must come together, and at the junction form a sort of immense coal basin or pocket. The coal and iron company sunk this shaft to the depth of sixteen hundred feet, and have drilled below that some five or six hundred feet further with the diamond drill, and striking the mammoth vein at a depth of some 2,200 feet. But they failed to strike the basin, for at the point where they cut the mammoth vein, as the great forty foot vein is called, at that enormous depth it still sloped toward the south.

Arriving at the entrance we entered the great gate, alighted, and were met by the Superintendent, Mr. Bramley, with a cordial welcome. After visiting the pump house, where every stroke of the piston brings up several barrels of water, and looking into the dusty breaker, where the coal is cracked into marketable sizes, we reached the first shaft. There are two of the same depth, and as we looked down into its black depths it looked bottomless. Then we proceeded to the other and waited the coming up of the elevator. One description will do for both. It is about twelve feet square inside, timbered all around and divided in the middle by great timbers into two parts, so that while one elevator runs up on one side it goes down on the other. Minerva robed herself in a faded calico wrapper, the rest made various little preparations, the Superintendent motioned to us to take our places on the platform, gave the signal, and we began to descend. It was a strange sensation to feel that we were suspended by only a wire rope, not larger than my thumb, over an abyss more than a quarter of a mile in depth. In three minutes we were at the bottom with a strange, oppressive sensation in our ears, which, however, soon passed away, and looking up could see the opening at the top, like a tiny star, twinkling in the dim distance.

The foreman, or inside boss, met us at the bottom and took us thro' the gangway, and in the most obliging manner showed us all the curious features of the place. At one place a stable has been cut out of the coal, and nearly a dozen horses and mules were contentedly munching their rations. They looked sleek and in fine condition; they are never taken out till they get hurt or sick, and often remain here for months at a time without ever seeing a ray of daylight. The men work eight hour shifts, three gangs of men working day and night.

On we stumbled through the dark gangway, over the rails and ties, our path only lighted by two or three little lamps such as the miners wear on their hats. We were all in the jolliest mood, and our fair companion kept us in the best of humor by her cute speeches and capital hits upon her surroundings. She was rallied upon her bravery, and the Superintendent remarked that she was the third woman who had ever had the courage to descend to that depth. It is the deepest shaft in this country. At the distance of three or four hundred yards we reached the end of the gangway, and before, above, below, and all around us was the solid anthracite of the Primrose vein. The foreman took up one of the light coal picks and gave it to Minerva, and, picking into the solid coal, she soon had a beautiful selection of specimens at our disposal. "Never woman mined coal so deep before," says the Superintendent, while we filled our pockets.. Returning along by the breasts we could look up and see the miners picking out the coal which came sliding down; in one place the breasts ran up nearly two hundred yards, and the foreman remarked that they had a little engine away up there. Most of the breasts are some six feet wide and high enough to stand up in comfortably. At the shaft we took the elevator and went up five hundred feet through the rock, where another gangway opened out into the Diamond vein. Here we saw them put in a blast, and after walking away, could hear the dull thud of the explosion.

One peculiarity about this mine is its dryness; it is quite dusty indeed. No water was found below a depth of two hundred feet, although before reaching that they cut several veins of water.

One more trip in the elevator, and we were once more above ground. With our grimy faces and blackened hands we were fit for a minstrel show; but a liberal allowance of soap, water and towels soon improved our personal appearance. We had been down for nearly an hour; never had the blessed sunshine seemed warmer or more cheerful than when we rode happily townward after our morning's descent—

"Down in a coal mine,
Underneath the ground."

—*E. D. V. in Cazenovia Republican.*

"SWEET AUBURN" AS IT IS TO-DAY.

The site of the "Deserted Village" is on the road from Athlone to Ballymahon, about six miles from the former town; and as crops of new "Auburns" are springing up around in all directions, it is necessary to mention the poet's name in order to be set on the proper track to "Goldsmith's Auburns," as the Westmeath peasantry call it. * * * * *

At a little distance from the enterance to Lissoy, and at the same side of the road, is the very pool alluded to by Goldsmith, and the noisy geese were now as ever gabbling over it and on its margin as I passed. It is bordered by a few sunted hawthorn bushes, having upon them a strange impress of eld. Over against it is a ruinous cottage, the residence of a "wretched matron" whose tale of her own happier years assuredly merits a sympathetic listener:

> She only left, of all the harmless train,
> The sad historian of the pensive plain.

The fields near her cottage were, up to a recent period, covered with a deep embowering wood; but all of this has been cut away, and now only the discolored stumps remain, as if left to heighten the apparent desolateness of the scene.

Ascending an incline, which certainly deserves not the name of "hill," we come to the cross of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," where the ruins of the alehouse may be seen; also the sycamore on which the signboard of that little inn used to be so invitingly hung in years that are over. Here, too, at the opposite side of the road, grows a later representative of that famous hawthorn bush, which, though no fragment of it now remains where those enviable old people would so often sit and chat, and where those artless loves were told by rustic lovers of long ago, yet bids fair to bloom in fancy's garden forever. To the right, a little off the road leading northwest, are the hoary roofless walls of the once "busy mill." Most of the wheel has been taken away, doubtless by visitors, each scrap being in some sort as a faded palm branch from one of "the Delphian vales, the Palestines, the Meccas of the mind." The old nether millstone alone is likely to endure for a while beneath the ceasless agencies of change and decay.

OLD HUNDRED.

Of all the tunes ever used by the people of God, there is perhaps none so widely known and so universally sung as Old Hundred. It is so well adapted to all language, that it seems indigenous to each one. The pious of all nations find it the vehicle for the full expression of their devotion, the rude Laplander sings it in his chilly climate; the convert in the tropics warbles it under the stately palm; the pious Russian and the converted Spaniard pour out his heart's devotion in the magnificent old German tune."

This grand old tune stands at the head of the Protestant church music. It is said the orthodoxy of the old South church in Boston was saved from the errors of Unitarianism by singing the doxology—Praise God from whom all blessings flow, to the tune of Old Hundred. Trinity in the heart of God's people. It has been sung by millions who have gone home to glory, and is now sung by millions more who are on their way home to the better land. Its melody can calm even the ferocious wild beasts into gentleness. We were once present at an exhibition of wild beasts, and before the keeper entered a cage of lions, the band struck up Old Hundred. It is doubtful whether Orpheus ever produced such effects. This sweet old tune will be sung amid the splendors of the Eillenial glory, yea, it may perhaps be sung in concert with the song of Moses and the Lamb in the upper sanctuary!

This dear old melody has been wrought into the very life and soul of our Protestantism, and it never can die as long as Protestantism lives, and we know that will live until the end of time. The effects of this grand old tune are tranquilizing. The heart goes up to God on its melodious swells, and when sung with the spirit by a whole congregation, it touches and stirs the soul to its very centre. You may find, says a great writer splendid choirs with Sabbath *prima donnas*, whose daring notes may emulate the steeple—and cost almost as much—but give us the stirring tune of Old Hundred, sung by young and old together. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the couch of the dying saint. It helps in contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, and therefore, its effects are greatly in favor of truth. It is one of the channels through which the truth as it is in Jesus is to be conveyed to the world. There is no danger of the church ever falling into gross error, as long as she clings to Old Hundred, and similar time-honored and consecrated melodies. They are embalmed in the very heart's core of the church, and will not permit her to swerve from the truth.

A PROMISING PUPIL.

Some years ago a benevolent lady took a little negro girl into her family, intending to give her a very through moral and religious training. Unfortunately given to lying, and though the mistress strove incessently by precept and example to eradicate this vice, her efforts were far from successful. One day, returning home after some hours' absence, the lady was met at the door by her sable handmaid, who, with many tears, informed her that she had broken a very valuable china pitcher, an heir-loom in the family.

Here was light in darkness at last—strict truthfulness in the face of reprimand or punishment, and the good mistress was delighted. Such an opportunity to reward and strengthen virtue must not be lost; so the lady magnanimously forgot her annoyance at the loss of her cherished pitcher (one of a pair) and, taking out a penny, said, kindly, "Well, Jenny, since you have been such a good girl, and told the truth so quickly, I shall not even scold you. Here is a penny for you."

Alas! the next morning the lady, on returning home from market, was met at the door again by her promising pupil, who delightedly exclaimed: "Oh! missus! Ise broke the *other* pitcher, *won't you give me another penny?*"

Further description of that good woman's state of mind would be superfluous.

IT is estimated that 1,000,000 watermelons will be sold in Baltimore this season, and the doctors are happy.

IT is proposed to send an amateur brass bsnd to Montana, and thus make the Indians go West. If it has not this effect, at any rate it will produce discord among the gentle savages.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE PENN'A NAT. GUARD IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

The Military Encampment of our citizen soldiery, has been anxiously looked forward to by the many military organizations composing the National Guard of Pennsylvania, for several months, and much speculation has been indulged in as to the possibility of assembling a majority of our State troops under canvass. Many difficulties stood in the way and promised for some time to defeat the scheme. However, by the exertions of Adjutant General Latta, the appropriation of funds for tents by our Legislature and the liberality of the Park Commissioners, the idea became a reality, and now (Aug. 3), Fairmount Park is white with tents, and brave and good men from all parts of our Commonwealth, are under them.

Excepting the grand review, that followed the close of the Rebellion, when Gen. Meade marched up Chestnut St. with twenty-five thousand veterans behind him, this is the largest peaceable assemblage of soldiers ever gathered on Pennsylvania soil.

The conduct of the Guards is very noteworthy. With their supernumaries at least ten thousand men are in camp, and as yet not a single man has been sent to the guard house!

Governor Hartranft, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, has his head-quarters established in camp, and in front of his tent may be seen the beautiful flag bearing the coat of arms of our Keystone State, and Adj. Gen. Latta floats his flag by the side of his gallant commander.

THE 1ST DIVISION

is commanded by Maj. Gen. Bankson, and is composed of the 1st Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry; the Black Hussars; Keystone Battery; Artillery Corps of Washington Greys; Weccacoe Legion; First Regt. Infantry; Second Regt. Infantry; State Fencibles; 3d Regt.; 6th Regt.; and 4th Prov. Battallion.

This Division is the largest and comprises the crack companies of the State. Some of which (notably the State Fencibles), are not excelled, and but rarely equalled, by any company in the Union. The Division numbers over 2500 officers and men, and Philadelphia is entitled to and does, feel a great pride in her quota to the National Guard.

THE 2ND DIVISION,

commanded by Brig. Gen. Frank Reeder, of Easton, is composed of the 4th and 16th Regiments, and occupied one of the most beautiful camping spots in the Park.

3D DIVISION,

commanded by Maj. Gen. Edwin S. Osborne, of Wilkes-Barre, is composed of the Wyoming Artillery, of Wilkesbarre; McClellan Rifles, of Pittston; 3d Infantry Corps, of South Gibson; Telford Zouaves, of Susquehanna Depot; and the 9th Regiment of Infantry.

This Division carried a flag that did service under Taylor and Scott in the Mexican War, and in the Army of the Potomac under McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Grant.

4TH DIVISION,

commanded by Maj. Gen. Siegfried, of Schuylkill county, is composed of the Juniata Scots, of Mifflintown; Russell Guards, of Icksburg; Ashland Dragoons, of Ashland; and the 7th and 8th Regiments of Infantry.

This Division is from the center of the State; Northumberland, Lebanon, Dauphin, and Schuylkill counties furnishing their best men. The 7th Reg't is the largest in rank and file in camp, numbering over 600.

6TH DIVISION,

Maj. Gen. A. L. Pearson, commanding; composed of the Jefferson Cavalry, of Centerville; Hutchinson Artillery, 19th Reg't; Knapps Battery; and 14th and 18th Regiments, all of Pittsburg.

This is a very fine Division, numbering several very fine and well drilled companies, as well as three crack bands, who gave promenade concerts nightly after dress parade.

7TH DIVISION,

Maj. Gen. Huidekoper, commanding; composed of the Light Horse Cavalry, of Franklin; 15th and 17th Regiments of Infantry. One of the best; manœuvre like veterans.

8TH DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. T. F. Gallagher, commanding. 10th Regiment Infantry.

9TH DIVISION.

13th Regiment.

10TH DIVISION,

Myersburg Troop; Griffin Battery, and 11th Reg't Infantry.

5TH DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Jas. A. Beaver, Division Commander, Bellefonte. Lieut. Col. D. S. Keller, Asst. Adj. Gen., Bellefonte. Lieut. Col. D. Stewart Elliott, Inspector, Everett, Bedford county. Maj. J. R. Gordan, Qr. Master, Altoona. Maj. Jas. B. Orlady, Judge Advocate, Huntingdon. Maj. S. Starkweather, Paymaster, Williamsport. Maj. W. R. McFarland, A. D. C., Reedsville. Mrj. Geo. N. Hale, A. D. C., Bellefonte. Maj. S. W. Alvord, A. D. C., Towanda.

This Division is composed of the Sheridan Cavalry, of Everett; Sheridan Troop, of Tyrone; 5th Reg't, commanded by Col. Jas. F. Milliken, of Tyrone; and the 12th Reg't, commanded by Col. A. H. Stead, of Williamsport.

The 5th Division, to which Co. K., of Towanda belongs, is commanded by Maj. Gen. James A. Beaver, who entered the late war as a subaltern and left it a Brigadier General, minus a leg. He is a thorough soldier, a true patriot, a sincere christian, an out and out temperance advocate, and a refined and cultivated gentleman.

Assistant Adjutant General D. S. Keller was wounded in the arm and shoulder at Chancellorsville. He is now a prominent lawyer of Bellefonte. Col. Elliott is also a lawyer, and won a captain's commission in the late war. Maj. Gorden is also an old soldier. The Division Paymaster, Maj. Starkweather, is mayor of Williamsport, and admitted to be one of the very cleverest men in the camp.

Col. A. H. Stead, commanding the 12th Regiment, is a merchant of Williamsport, and he is acknowledged to be *one* of the best if not *the* best tactician in the State. The boys say tactics are his bread and meat; however that may be, he is extremely easy when in command, never failing to move his men at the precise moment, and bringing them to the precise spot desired, with the least possible work He is ever mindful of the comfort of his command; careful to change the position of rifle, varying the march, manœuvering the line or column, and in every way possible rendering the performance of military duty as light and easy as is consistent with a strict compliance with the established tactics. He is deservedly a great favorite with the entire regiment, and the men felt a pride in naming the street on which his headquarters were located in camp, "Stead Avenue."

Adjutant Frank Burroughs is another of Williamsport's leading wholesale merchants, and deservedly popular in the regiment. The promptituded, urbanity and courtesy he has exhibited during his adjutancy, has won for him the good will and respect of the entire regiment, and his promotion to a majorship will be received with joy and regret.

Lieut. Schuyler, Regimental Quartermaster, is a merchant of Lock Haven, and Paymaster W. B. Hill, a merchant of Williamsport, together with the ever genial Dr. Bacon, made up a regimental staff probably not equalled and certainly not excelled for ability, geniality, and popularity in the camp.

The regimental officers, with company A, of Williamsport, Capt. Sharrar; Co. B, of Williamsport, Capt. Foresman; Co. D, of Williamsport, Capt. Johnson; Co. F, of Charleston, Capt. Ludlow; Co. G, of Wellsboro, Capt. Horton; Co. I, of Canton, Capt. Smith, arrived in camp on the 2d, in good condition, and were joined on the morning of the 3d by Co. K, of Towanda.

Company K left Towanda on the evening of the 2nd at 10.20, arrangements having been made with the L. V. R. R. Co., to transport the company to Philadelphia, and Supt. Packer has placed the Towanda Military Company under deep obligations to him, for the very satisfactory provision made for their comfort. A new and beautiful centennial car for the boys, and a car for baggage were placed at the foot of Park St., at 9 o'clock, and when all were safely aboard, it was taken to the upper depot, and attached to the 10.20 down train. The car was made "special" and ordered through to the Centennial Grounds without change. Every attention was paid to the comfort and convenience of the boys, and three hearty cheers were given for the gentlemanly and popular Superintendent, as the train moved on its way to the World's Fair.

The company had a very pleasant ride, an abundance of fun, and stepped out of the car opposite the Globe Hotel, as fresh and lively as any company there, and immediately marched off to camp.

Arrived in camp, all was as busy as a bee hive. Tents had to be pitched, wood cut, fire lit, provisions cooked, water carried, beds made, tents fixed up to suit, until at last dusk closed around the camp and the boys sought repose beneath a canvass roof, many for the first time, and others for the first time in many years.

Many and pleasant were the reminiscences brought to mind by the first night in camp, and many stories of camp life were narrated, which plainly indicated the narrators had seen camp life under less pleasant auspices. However, much as the stories we enjoyed, Morpheus was at work, and ere midnight had most if not all the boys locked in his embrace. The following morning camp-life commenced in reality and the men entered upon their duties cheerfully and in good spirits.

DAILY ROUTINE.

Reveille,	6.00 A. M.
Breakfast,	6.30
Drill (squad),	7.30 to 9.00
Sick Call,	8.00
Guard Mount,	9.00
Company Drill,	10.00 to 11.30
Dinner,	12.00 M.
Battallion Drill,	3.00 P. M.
Dress Parade,	6.00
Supper,	6.30
Retreat,	Sunset.
Tattoo,	9.30
Taps,	10.00

The above routine occupied nearly the whole of the time, from daylight to bedtime, but Captains of companies were permitted to excuse men from duty for the day, and so gave all an opportunity of spending at least three days in the exhibition grounds, and an opportunity of seeing the city. The many incidents which occurred in camp kept all hands alive and awake, not only during the day but frequently during most of the night. Serenades by the bands in different parts of the camp, were of nightly occurrence. Extempore concerts, mock trials or court martials for imaginary offences, were frequent, always funny, generally amusing, and at times extremely ludicrous. Y. M. C. A. meetings were held frequently and were well attended. Pedlars were numerous and occasionally an extortionate or saucy one would be invited to partake of a "blanket for one." This consisted in placing *nolens volens* the delinquent upon an outstretched blanket or tent cloth, firmly held by from eight to twenty men, and at a given signal tossing him high in the air—sometimes as much as fifteen feet. One course of this dish was usually sufficient, but occasionally there were candidates for a "second term," and with a hearty good will the boys yielded to their desires. Camp fires were numerous and much hilarity, fun and good humor was to be found everewhere and at all times. On Thursday, the 10th inst., the

GRAND PARADE

of the entire Guard took place, through the prominent streets of Philadelphia.

From early dawn all hands were busily engaged in cleaning arms, equipments, etc., and generally preparing for the great event of the encampment. Various arrangements had been made, mainly with the P. & R. R. R., to convey the troops from camp to city, and at the appointed time, 2.45 P. M., Broad St. fairly glistened for miles with the arms of the troops. Staff officers were galloping up and down the line in every direction, and at a little after three o'clock, the line was formed, and Gov. Hartranft and staff rode along, vociferously cheered from end to end, by thousands and tens of thousands, who lined the street on either side. The Governor and staff having passed along the line, it broke from the right into column of companies and marched down Broad to Chestnut, down Chestnut to Third, up Third to Market, up Market to Broad, and was there dismissed, the various companies, regiments and divisions reaching camp by the same routes they came.

Company K, 12th Regiment, made a creditable show in the parade, and were several times cheered on the march. The left wheel of the company from Broad to Chestnut street, was simply perfect and drew forth a prolonged round of applause. At several points the company made excellent movements, and its steady march, and almost perfect line during the entire route, was highly creditable to so young a company.

During their stay company K visited the armory of several Philadelphia companies, and were well cared for, on one evening especially, as guests of Co. B 1st Reg't, Capt. Dunn, a jolly time was had and mementoes of the visit exchanged.

Friday was a sad day at camp, as many of the troops left during the day for home, and though the duration of the camp was short, it was with evident reluctance many of the boys left their tents, perhaps to return no more.

Co. K broke camp on Saturday morning at an early hour, and arrived home at 7.35 in the evening, tired, it is true, but well pleased with their trip to the great Centennial. Co. K.

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

BY REV. JOHN S. STEWART, D. D.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1878.

INTEMPERANCE.

PROV. 23: 29-35.—GOLDEN TEXT: Ephes. 5:18.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON X.

This is a short but very powerful sermon in behalf of *total abstinence*. "*Look not* upon the wine." He does not say, "Drink it moderately!" He does not merely say, "Do not drink it at all!" But more forcibly still he says, "Do not look upon it." Eve *saw* and sinned. The lust of the eye is very strong. We must not cast our eyes upon the glowing, fascinating wine; this is the exhortation of Solomon's superhuman wisdom. We are only safe when at a distance; out of sight, out of reach.

The effects of habitual drinking are powerfully represented in a free, unsystematic way. "They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." Confirmed topers are described here. They drink long and deep; not satisfied with the natural power of the wine they increase its intoxicating property by an infusion of drugs and spices. This is true essentially of drinkers in our land, but it is a picture from life of Oriental habits. Their revels often continue from one to two days. "When a man wishes to entertain his friends with wine, they generally meet early, and continue at their work the whole day, or a day and night together, with intervals of eating, and with the accompaniments of songs, dances and recitations." And what are the effects? It is remarkable how they agree with what we see about us now. "Who hath woe?" This refers to the effect upon the drinker himself. Ill-health, a broken constitution, a mind debased and wrecked, an imagination inflamed and stamped with images of hell, and a soul degraded, hardened, and finally lost forever, these form the woe that comes upon the person of the debauchee. It is a fearful curse, and yet one that he is incompetent to throw off. He may cry out bitterly against it, but he is bound hand and foot. He has sold himself for nought.

"Who hath sorrow?" This probably refers to the effect realized by the friends of the drunkard. It means anxious care, complaint, misery. Intemperance impoverishes families, breaks the hearts of mothers and wives, sends children by the ten thousands to beggary, and fills almshouses, insane asylums, and graves with hecatombs of loving victims. There is now in the U. S. an aggregate of 500,000 drunkards. Every one of these has not only his heart full of woe, but his hands full of sorrow, and they scatter it broadcast over the land. Every year in this country 50,000 drunkards drop into the grave—a number equal to that of our christian ministers. Who can enumerate the tears, the drops of anguish, which these 50,000 graves represent? Oh, surely the rum-shop is the mouth of hell; its mixed compotations the very fire of hell! Intemperance is our direst national curse. It must be repressed and removed, or our nation will be overwhelmed with corruption, crime, poverty and baseness.

"Who hath contentions?" The man who tarries long at the wine will quarrel with his best friends. Our modern concoctions will in a short time turn the sweetest natural temper into that of a fiend. Wife-beating, child-beating, fightings, murders find their most prolific source in drunkenness. It has come to such a pass in this country that almost the only defense made any more for a murderer is that he was insane from liquor.

"Who hath babbling?" This refers to the incoherent, foolish, disgraceful talk of drunken men. Liquor steals away a man's wits; it turns the most sensible man into an abject fool.

"Who hath wounds without cause?" Causeless quarrels and causeless injuries always follow in the train of intemperance. Drunken men not only inflict injuries upon others without cause, but also upon themselves.

"Who hath redness of eyes?" This refers to the havoc wrought by drink upon the physical system—of which havoc redness of eyes is the most prominent sign.

So earnest is Solomon in enjoining total abstinence that he repeats in varied and intenser form what he has just said. "Look not upon the wine when it is red." Some suppose there is an allusion to the Eastern custom of coloring wine. Others that he means the redness which results from fermentation. "When it sparkleth in the cup, when it glideth smoothly." The last clause is supposed to refer either to the rich, oily flow of old wine, or to its pleasant progress down the palate. It is pleasant to look upon when first we make its acquaintance; but at the last (when it has wrought the effects described above) it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. It poisons soul and body like a serpent's bite.

The subsequent verses are best explained as a description of delirium tremens. "Thine eyes shall behold strange visions," not "strange women" as in our version. The connection between drunkenness and licentiousness is elsewhere alluded to, but not here. "And thine heart shall utter perverse things," or wild ravings. "The noun denotes topsy-turviness, utter contradictoriness, absurdity and confusion, the talk of a man in delirium tremens."—*Tayler Lewis*.

"Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of a sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast;" verse 34. The reference is to the man's unconsciousness and stupidity in the midst of disease and danger. He is tossed about—driven hither and thither—and yet he is utterly unconscious. Death stares him in the face and yet he realizes not his position. He knows not what he does or what he says. He is in a stupor or wild delirium, like a man asleep in a boat in the middle of the sea, or a boy slumbering on the top of a mast.

The last verse carries out this idea. The wild, raving inebriate listens to the words of his friends as they tell him of his woes and injuries, but he does not realize what they say. He is not sick; he does not feel any blows; he is all right. "As soon as I have slept I will be as well as ever, and then I will seek it again." What a true and vivid picture this is of a drunkard in the last stage of his disease and sin!

So we see that mania potu is not wholly a modern disease. It was known to the ancients. These three closing verses of our lesson demonstrate this. And there is a striking passage in the Odyssey which evidently describes this condition. It is the drunken revel of the suitors of Penelope at the feast of Apollo. Pope gives a free, but substantially correct translation:

> "With tears your wan distorted cheeks are drowned;
> With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round;
> Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts,
> To people Orcus and the burning coasts!
> Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll,
> But universal night usurps the pole!"

Such is the final catastrophe! "To this complexion must we come at last!" The only safeguard is in total abstinence. "Touch not, taste not, handle not!" "Look not upon the wine!" "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise!"