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, DECEMBER 21, 1876. NUMBER 26.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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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 Patton's Block, cor. Main and Bridge-Sts. Towanda, Pa., April 13, '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.

J. ANDREW WILT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW, Office over Coss' 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 & Nobte's Block. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 10, 1876.

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

L. ELSBREE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Oct14-75. TOWANDA, PA.

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. D. A. OVERTON, JR. [apr14-70] N. C. ELSBREE.

MADILL & CALIFF, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs. H. J. MADILL. [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 side) TOWANDA, PA. [Jan6-76.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store. Towanda, May 1, 1872ly*.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D., can be consulted at Dr. H. C. PORTER'S Drug Store, from 10 to 12, A. M., and from 2 to 4, P. M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear. Towanda, Oct. 19, '76-tf.

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. [jan1-75tf.

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. 3-74tf.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminium base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-72.

DR. C. M. STANLY, DENTIST, Having removed his Dental office into Tracy & Moore's new block, over Kent & Watrous' store, is now prepared to do all kinds of dental work. He has also put in a new gas apparatus. may1'73.

HALE & PATTON, Agents for CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Office No. 3 Griffith & Patton's Block, Bridge Sts. March 25-71.

GEORGE D. STROUD, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Office—Main-st., four doors North of Ward House. Practices in Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and United States Courts.—Dec7.'76. TOWANDA, PA.

C. S. RUSSELL'S GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY, May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

1864. 1876. TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY. Main Street, opposite the Court House. NOBLE & VINCENT, MANAGERS.

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 on Plank Road, near old Agricult. Works. Towanda, Pa., Jan. 6, '75-tf.

INSURANCE AGENCY. The following RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED Companies represented: LANCSHIRE. PHŒNIX. HOME. MERCHANTS. March 1, 1871. O. A. BLABK.

1877.—POSTPAID.—$1.60. THE NURSERY, A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNGEST READERS. SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED. ☞ Send ten cents for a sample number and premium-list. JOHN L. SHOREY, no10-w7] 36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Kent & Bliss.

THE LATEST NEWS!

KENT & BLISS

Have just opened another large stock of

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS!

Consisting of

FANCY GOODS

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

READY-MADE SACQUES, FULL LINE OF FURS, SEAWLS, SKIRTS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, CORSETS, ZEPHYRS, CARD-BOARD MOTTOES, CANVASS, &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DEPARTMENT IS FULL!

Call and be Convinced that we Sell as Cheap as the Cheapest!

KENT & BLISS.

Towanda, Nov. 23, 1876.

Boots and Shoes—Crockery.

1876. 1876. 1876. 1876.

FALL TRADE.

I am now receiving the LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES, TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS, &c., &c., &c.,

Ever offered in this town, and at prices that cannot fail to please the closest buyer. I have many bargains in all lines of goods that cannot be obtained elsewhere. Please call and examine goods and prices.

REMEMBER THE PLACE—Humphrey's old Stand, opposite Court House.

JOHN F. CORSER.

Towanda, Aug. 10, 1876.

BLACK'S CROCKERY STORE AT COST!

FULL STOCK—GOOD GOODS—MUST BE SOLD!

CROCKERY, CHINA, GLASSWARE, BABY WAGONS, LAMPS, &c., &c., &c.,

At the old stand of

O. A. BLACK.

Towanda, August 2, 1876.

Selected Poetry.

THE UNFINISHED LETTER.

BY GEORGE L. CATLIN.

"NEAR DEADWOOD, September 21, 1876.

"*Dear Jenny:*

"We reached here this morning—
Tom Baker, Ned Leonard and I;
So you see that in spite of your warning,
The end of our journey is nigh.

"The redskins—'tis scarce worth a mention;
Don't worry about me, I pray—
Have shown us no little attention—
Confound them—along on our way.

"Poor Ned's got a ball in the shoulder,
Another one just grazed my side;
But, pshaw! efe we're half a day older
We'll be at the end of our ride.

"We've camped here for breakfast. Tom's splitting
Some kindling wood, off in the pines,
And astride a dead cedar I'm sitting
To hastily pen you these lines.

"A courier from Deadwood—we met him
Just now, with a mail for the States—
(Ah! Jenny, I'll never forget him)
For this most obligingly waits.

"He says, too, the miners are earning
Ten dollars a day, every man.
Hallo! here comes Tom; he's returning,
And running as fast as he can.

"It's nothing, I guess. He is only
At one of his practical "—*Bang!*
And sharp, through that solitude lonely,
The crack of Sioux rifle-shots rang.

And as the dire volley came, blended
With echo from canon and pass,
The letter to Jenny was ended—
Its writer lay dead on the grass.

Baldwin's Monthly.

"THE ONE TALENT."

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard or mine to use,
Mine to keep, or mine to lose:
May not I do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent,
With the Giver's known intent
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in His presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame
When I hear my humble name
And cannot repay His claim!

Some will double what they hold;
Others add to it ten-fold,
And pay back in shining gold.

Lord, oh, teach me what to be!
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew.

Help me, ere too late it be,
Something now to do for Thee—
Thou who hast done all for me!

Miscellaneous.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

"Your future is dark. I see much trouble for you. I see bloodshed, violence, and, worst of all, murder! I—"

With a piercing cry, Inez Opher drew her hand from the clasp of the gypsy woman, who flung the silver at her feet, darted into an adjacent thicket of pines, and was lost to view. She had noticed the girl, had begged to tell her fortune, and this was the result. Pale, trembling in every limb, and with staring eyes, the girl turned to her humble home, in the yard of which she was then standing. As she crossed the threshold, her mother, a stern-looking woman, met her. She did not notice her daughter's agitation, but exclaimed,—

"Your uncle, John Morton, will be here this evening. You must take care not to offend him, as he is very peculiar. I have not seen him for almost twenty years; but he has now forgiven my foolish marriage, I feel sure."

Her daughter sank into the nearest seat, and her large gray eyes wandered wearily over the scanty furniture of the room.

"He is wealthy, is he not?" she asked, in low measured tones.

"Yes, indeed."

"Then, mother, this visit means something to us. Oh, how I hate poverty!"

"I am glad to hear you say that, for you must see at once how foolish it is for you to encourage Guy Barton. You cannot afford to marry a poor man, so you must give him up."

The girl turned pale and a strange expression passed over her face. She moved uneasily in her chair, as she said, with an effort,—

"That will be hard."

"Pshaw! don't be a fool," was the brusque reply. "You are handsome enough to marry wealth and position and you must do it. There is no doubt but that this visit of your uncle will change your whole life. Hear my past history and learn from it. Prior to my marriage I was a reigning belle, admired by all. I lived with my brother, John Morton, the wealthy planter. Among my admirers was Robert Opher, your father, a man of talent, but poor. He won me and we were married, when my brother renounced me and drove me from his home. He had set his heart on my making a splendid match, and the disappointment changed him from a genial, hospitable man, into a gloomy recluse. Morton Hall has been closed to society ever since. Your father perished in a Northern prison, leaving me penniless. I struggled on as best I could. How I have succeeded may be judged from our present surroundings."

Mrs. Opher spoke rapidly, and watched her daughter closely, but Inez made no reply when she ceased. Just then the conversation was interrupted and was not resumed.

John Morton arrived that evening. A proud, austere, yet generous man, but unyielding as fate. He allowed no one to defy his authority. The meeting between brother and sister was somewhat formal and constrained, and their first words were tinged with bitterness and reproach. But "blood is thicker than water," and soon they were as tender to each other as of yore. The years of separation had been thoroughly bridged.

When John Morton returned, both Inez and her mother accompanied him. He was charmed with his niece, and he at once resolved to make her his heiress and introduce her into society. The girl bore her new position with dignity. Lifted from poverty into eminence, she remained unchanged. Her uncle seemed only too anxious to repay her for past neglect. He had the hall and grounds renovated, an array of workmen kept the place in confusion for weeks, then, their labor done, they disappeared.

Inez had a suit of rooms which were exquisitely furnished; her wardrobe was inexhaustible; her every wish was gratified; the elements which surrounded her were taste, elegance and wealth. Yet she was not happy. Down in the secret recesses of her heart was cherished a secret which embittered her very existence.

Inez was sitting in her room one morning, two or three months after her arrival at the hall, wrapped in thought. She had pushed aside the curtains of heavy damask and priceless lace, disclosing a landscape varied and beautiful. The groves of tall pines and magnolias, the thickets of timber which skirted the stream, the long fields of cotton thronged with negroes plucking the fleecy treasure, formed a most delightful picture. Inside, birds chirped in gilded cages, the gold fish darted to and fro in the acquarium, the atmosphere was heavy with perfume of flowers which were arranged with artistic skill throughout the room, and the magic touch of gold was everywhere visible.

A rap sounded on the outer door, and, in reply to her invitation, her uncle entered.

"Inez," he said, as soon as the usual salutations were exchanged, "I have had a visitor."

"Who?" she asked, indifferently, and without looking up.

"Guy Barton."

At the mention of that name the girl started violently. She was no longer indifferent. The color slowly left her cheeks, her very lips grew pale, and her eyes glowed with an expression of positive terror. For a moment she seemed to control herself with an effort.

"What did he say?" she asked, huskily.

"Nothing. What could he say?" said Morton, sternly.

The girl was silent.

Her uncle sat down beside her and took her hand.

"Inez, this is nonsense. You should have told me of this attachment before. But no matter. I have sent him away, and forever. He is no match for a lady in your position. Besides, I have different views for you. Your mother made an unfortunate marriage, and I am determined that you shall not."

Then he unfolded his plans. He had chosen for her husband Walter Leroy, the son of a neighboring planter, and who had been a constant and not unwelcome visitor at the hall since Inez had been there.

"You are my heiress, Inez," he concluded, "and I expected you to submit to my authority. When I am dead you will be free to follow your own inclinations."

These words rung in her head for many days, and afterward were fraught with terrible significance.

That evening, while walking thro' the grounds, she met Walter Leroy. She grew pale; the magnolia blossoms fell from her hand; she attempted to pass him, but he grasped her hand and held her firmly.

"Release me," she cried, faintly, struggling to free herself.

"Not until you answer one question," he said, determinedly. "I have spoken to Mr. Morton, and it now remains for you to decide my fate. I love you; will you bid me hope?"

With a great effort she wrenched herself from his grasp.

"I cannot listen to you. I am—"

She staggered, murmured some broken sentences, and would have fallen on the ground had he not sprang forward and caught her in his arms, and supported her to a seat. Soon she rallied, and drew away from him, while a violent shudder convulsed her frame. The young man noticed the movement, and it stung him sharply.

"Am I so hateful to you," he said, bitterly, "that my presence inspires horror? I fancied, a few days since, that you regarded me with something like affection."

"You were not wrong."

"Is it possible that you love me?"

"It is too true," was the faint reply.

Leroy knelt at her feet, and so well did he plead his cause that she consented to become his wife, his eloquence apparently banishing her scruples. In glowing terms he pictured their future, and she listened, but said nothing. It was a singular betrothal. Naturally they lingered some time, and when they finally turned homeward, the moon had risen and was flooding the landscape with a soft, delicious light. As they went slowly on, he plucked a spray of myrtle, placed it in her hair, and bent over to kiss her. As he did so, and just as their lips met, the report of a pistol rang out, and with a cry of agony, and tossing up his arms wildly in the air, Walter Leroy dropped senseless at Inez's feet. At the same time the figure of a man dashed thro' the tangled shrubbery to the left of them and disappeared down the lane.

The girl's wild screams soon brought assistance. Walter was carried to the hall and a physician summoned, who pronounced him badly, but not dangerously wounded. Search for the assassin was made, but no trace could be found, and the whole affair was wrapped in the deepest mystery. Young Leroy had no enemies, and why his life was attempted in so cowardly a manner, was beyond the conjecture of the excited neighborhood.

For a long time his life seemed to hang upon a thread. Inez watched over him with a solicitude that was almost painful. She administered to his every want, no one denying her the privilege. At length the physician pronounced the crisis passed. Still Walter seemed no better. On the contrary, he grew weaker and weaker, and finally the lamp of life went out altogether. His last breath was spent in bestowing a benediction on Inez. The girl appeared stunned; she uttered no word; she shed no tears.

At the request of Mr. Morton a post-mortem examination was made, and a terrible discovery ensued. The physicians unanimously agreed that Walter Leroy had not died from the effects of the wound, but from the result of slow poison, which had been introduced into his food and medicine surreptitiously.

A season of intense excitement followed. A detective was sent for, who arrived soon after the funeral, and set to work in earnest. The servants were questioned together and separately, but they knew nothing Inez told what she knew of the case, concealing nothing, and Mr. Morton gave his version with equal candor. The detective then went away.

One week later, Mr. Morton became suddenly ill. The disease baffled the skill of the most profound physicians, and in spite of medicinal care he died.

The day his remains were consigned to the dust, and the day that witnessed the fulfillment of Inez Opher's hopes, for he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to her, also saw her direst distress and humiliation, for she was arrested and held for trial on the charge of poisoning her uncle and Walter Leroy. Amid intense excitement the girl was conveyed from her sumptuous home to the dismal jail in the neighboring town. Her mother was permitted to accompany her. The country rang with the story of the double crime, and public sentiment ran strong against the wretched girl.

In due time the trial occurred. The prosecution occupied two days in examining witnesses. The testimony, though purely circumstantial, was most damaging. The housemaid testified that she had heard Mr. Morton tell Inez that after he was dead she could follow her own inclination; and on this point the prosecution laid great stress; a vial had also been found hidden in Inez's room, which it was claimed had contained the poison. In short, everything looked dark for the prisoner.

But just as the prosecution was preparing to open the case, a man pushed his way through the crowd that packed the court room, and made his way to the judge's seat.

"I want to testify in this case," he said, in a loud voice.

After some discussion he was sworn. He said his name was Guy Barton.

"That woman, said he, pointing to Inez, "is my wife. We were secretly married more than a year ago, and it has been a fatal union. She is guiltless of this crime. She has no conception of sin."

He paused. A death-like silence reigned throughout the room. He raised a vial to his lips, drank its contents, and said,—

"I committed that crime. I had intended that she should suffer for it, but at the last moment I repented and came here to confess all. I need not detail how I crept into the house and made sure of my victims; how I sought and succeeded in casting suspicion on an innocent woman. It is enough to know that I am the murderer! Gentlemen, I haven't long to live. I have swallowed a deadly poison, and am now beyond human power. I—"

He staggered as he spoke, and dropped into a seat. He had played for revenge, and had won; and yet had aided justice to triumph.

A wild scene followed—a scene which our pen is too feeble to depict, so we will draw a veil over it. Within an hour Guy Barton was dead and Inez was free. But the memory of the dreadful peril into which her first false step led her, was never banished from her mind.

PROVERBIAL ETIQUETTE.

AT THE TABLE.

Eat not with cheeks full, and with full mouth.

Blow not on thy meat, but if it be hot, stay until it be cold.

Smell not of thy meat, and if thou holdest thy nose to it, set not afterward before another.

Stop not in your drinks, if thou be'st not the master of the house, or hast some indisposition or other.

Cast not thyself upon the table with thine arms stretched even to thy elbows; and lean not thy shoulders, or thine arms, on thy chair indecently.

Cleanse not thy teeth with a table cloth or napkin, or with thy finger, fork or knife; much worse would it be to do so with thy nail; but use thy tooth-pick.

It is indecent to soil thy table-cloth, and that which is worse, to clean one's face, or wipe away one's sweat with the napkin, or with the same clean one's nose, or one's dish.

Taking salt, beware that thy knife be not greasy, when ought to be wiped, on the fork; one may do it neatly with a piece of bread, or with a napkin, but never with the mouth.

Suck no bones, at least in such wise that one may hear it; take them not with two hands, but with one, solely and properly. Gnaw them not, nor tear the flesh with thy teeth, as dogs do.

IN SOCIETY.

Buttonhole not thy neighbor.

In coughing and sneezing, make not great noise, if it be possible.

Gnaw not thy nails in the presence of others, nor bite them with thy teeth.

When thou blowest thy nose, make not thy nose to sound like a trumpet.

Set not in order at every handturn thy beard, thy mustache, or thy stockings.

When thou sittest, put not indecently one leg upon the other, but keep them firm and settled.

To sleep when others speak, to sit when other stand, to walk on when others stay, are of all things ill mannered.

Sing not with thy mouth, humming to thyself, unless thou be alone; strike not up a drum with thy finger or thy feet.

Take heed that with thy spittle thou bedew not the face of him with whom thou speakest, and to that end approach not too nigh him.

Puff not up thy cheeks, loll not thy tongue; thrust not out thy lips; wry not thy mouth; lift not one of thy eye-brows higher than the other.

O God, let Thy Spirit abide with me, to increase my faith, that by fresh supplies of Thy grace I may be kept from going about to establish my own righteousness, but may constantly submit to Thy righteousness, and so to bring forth the fruits of righteousness abundantly to Thy glory.—*Romaine.*

TESTIMONY OF HISTORY.

The effects, then, of the work of Christ are even to the unbeliever indisputable and historical. It expelled cruelty; it curbed passion; it branded suicide; it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide; it drove the shameless impurities of heathendom into a congenial darkness. There was hardly a class whose wrongs it did not remedy. It rescued the gladiator; it freed the slave; it protected the captive; it nursed the sick; it sheltered the orphan; it elevated woman; it shrouded as with a halo of sacred innocence the tender years of the child. In every region of life its ameliorating influence was felt. It changed pity from a vice into a virtue. It elevated poverty from a curse into a beatitude. It ennobled labor from a vulgarity into a dignity and a duty. It sanctified marriage from little more than burdensome convention into little less than a blessed sacrament. It revealed for the first time the angelic beauty of a purity of which men had despaired, and of a meekness at which they had utterly scoffed. It created the very conception of charity, and broadened the limits of its obligation from the narrow circle of a neighborhood to the widest horizons of the race. And while it thus envolved the idea of humanity as a common brotherhood, even where its tidings were not known—all over the world, wherever its tidings were believed, it cleansed the life and elevated the soul of each individual man. And in all lands, where it has moulded the characters of its true believers, it has created hearts so pure, and lives so peaceful, and homes so sweet that it might seem as though those angels who had heralded its advent, had also whispered to every depressed and despairing sufferer among the sons of men: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold." Others, if they can and will, may see in such a work as this no Divine Providence; they may think it philosophical enlightenment to hold that Christianity and Christendom are adequately accounted for by the idle dreams of a noble self-deceiver, and the passionate hallucinations of a recovered demoniac. We persecute them not, we denounce them not, we judge them not; but we say that, unless all life be hollow, there would have been no such miserable origin to the sole religion of the world which holds the perfect balance between philosophy and popularity, between religion and morals, between meek submisivness and the pride of freedom, between the ideal and real, between the inward and the outward, between modest stillness and heroic energy, between the tenderest conservatism and the boldest plans of world-wide reformation. The witness of history to Christ is a witness which has been given with irresistible cogency; and it has been so given to none but Him.—*Dr. Farrar.*

MORAL EFFECTS OF HURRY.

To the thoughtful, the moral consequences of tension and a hurry are very saddening; to the physician their results are a matter of profound concern, for their grave evils come under his daily observation. No evolution of force can take place with undue rapidity without damage to the machine in which the transformation is effected. Express railway stock has a much shorter term of use than that reserved for slower traffic. The law is universal that intensity and duration of action are inversely proportioned. It is, therefore, no matter of surprise to find that the human nervous system is no exception to the law. The higher salubrity of rural over urban life is not entirely a matter of fresh air and exercise. Rural life involves leisure and pause in work, which are very essential to the maintenance of the nervous system in a state of due nutrition. Unremitting spasm soon ceases altogether. The tension of life produces weakness at the very place where strength is not needed. The damage done to the health of the most valuable part of the community, the best trained thinkers, most useful workers, is incalculable. Work and worry, though not proportional, are closely connected, and an excess of the former soon entails an increase in the latter beyond the limits which the nervous system can bear with impunity, especially under the conditions under which work has to be done. The machinery for organizing the work of a community has to be rigid and inflexible, and in the strain involved in bringing a changing organism into harmony with a machine, the former must inevitably suffer.—*London Lancet.*

SUBMISSION.—There comes a terrible moment to many souls when the great movements of the world, the larger destinies of mankind, which have lain aloof in newspapers and other neglected reading, enter like an earthquake into their own lives; when the slow urgency of growing generations turns into the tread of an invading army of the dire clash of civil war, and gray fathers know nothing to seek for but the corpses of their blooming sons, and girls forget all vanity, to make lint and bandages which may serve for the shattered limbs of their betrothed husbands. Then it is as if the Invisible Power that has been the object of lip-worship and lip-resignation become visible, according to the imagery of the Hebrew poet, making the flames his chariot and riding on the wings of the wind till the mountains smoke and the plains shudder under the rolling, fiery visitation. Often the good cause seems to lie prostrate under the thunder of unrelenting force; the martyrs live reviled, they die, and no angel is seen holding the crown and the palm branch. Then it is that the submission of the soul to the Highest is tested, and even in the eyes of frivolity life looks out from the scene of human struggle with the awful face of duty, and religion shows itself which is something else than a private consolation.—*Geo. Eliot.*

A CHINESE DENTIST.

In priority of time the Chinese are ahead of us in some of the arts of civilization, but in most of the finer and higher kinds of art, as surgery, etc., their proficiency is little removed from half savage bungling. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* describes Chinese dentistry, and gives us an idea of what the Shanghai tooth carpenters amount to as professionals: The native dentists are the merest charlatans, and practice as magicians and cureals. They insert artificial teeth of the seahorse, which are kept in place by copper-wire wrappings or fastenings to the adjacent natural teeth, and charge about three cents per tooth for the operation. Teeth are extracted by a hocus pocus process, which the dental imposter calls "coughing up." The method of extracting is this: The dentist applies a white powder represented to be the salt extracted from the sweat of the horse. Dr. Eastlake found this white powder to be nothing more or less than arsenic, which causes the gum to slough, when the tooth is easily removed by the operator's fingers. But the Chinese method of curing the toothache was what puzzled him most, and longest defied detection. The operations, it should have been stated, are all performed in a temple or in a space in front, under a large umbrella, the idea being that religious ceremony is in some way connected with them. Toothache is caused by a maggot which gets into the tooth somehow or other while the patient is asleep, or while he is laughing immoderately. It must be removed alive, or the patient will go mad. He is, therefore, placed on a seat and his head thrown back. The dentist inserts a long pair of forceps, and, after fumbling around for a few seconds, produces between the nippers a little wriggling black maggot, the cause of the whole trouble. Dr. Eastlake witnessed this operation repeatedly, but it was only after he obtained surreptitious possession of the forceps that he discovered the trick. He found that one arm of the forceps only was of iron; the other was of bamboo, painted to resemble the other. In the hollow of the bamboo was found a number of little black maggots, probably obtained from decayed vegetable or decomposing matter. When necessary to do service the operator simply squeezed the bamboo above, and the maggot was ejected from the small end of the instrument to the mouth, and then adroitly taken between the nippers and held up triumphantly before the gaze of the astonished and grateful patient relieved. The operations he witnessed were dispatched with astonishing rapidity, and the patients hurried away, as that part of the performance was essential to the success of the operation.

BUCHANAN AND SECESSION.

A BIT OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY SUGGESTED BY MR. EVART'S SPEECH.

The *Evening Post* of late date, in its notice of Mr. Evart's speech, speaks of the course and character of Andrew Jackson, as contrasted with those of James Buchanan, "who tamely yielded to the secessionists, and publicly and shamelessly declared that he was powerless to prevent the country from drifting to destruction."

This statement I can confirm by a reminiscence of an interview with Buchanan which your words recall.

While General Anderson was holding Fort Sumpter, and just before the South Carolina insurgents opened fire upon our flag, a meeting of conservative men was called at No. 31 Pine street to consult as to the critical condition of public affairs. The sentiments avowed by those who spoke seemed either despairing or southern. There was no power to coerce a State. The government at Washington was soon to be overturned. New York was to be like Bremen; and "the Union was a rope of sand." Others felt that time ought to be gained for negotiation, and that if the government could not send aid to its forces in Sumpter, food at least might be furnished by private persons, which peaceful succor would not be resisted by South Carolina. So painful to me were the traitorous doctrines of the speakers that I attempted to leave the assembly. John L. O'Sullivan, however, insisted on my taking part in the discussion, and maintained that the United States was a real nation, and had the same powers to coerce one of its members that a father had to coerce and bring back a seceding and refractory small boy. The result was that I was requested to proceed at once to Albany, and urge, on behalf of the meeting, Mr. Erastus Corning and Mr. Thurlow Weed to accompany me to Washington for the purpose of persuading President Buchanan to relieve the starving garrison at Charleston. It was said that in some sense such a delegation would represent the Democratic, the conservative Whig and the Radical parties, and would have weight with the President. The same evening I went to Albany, saw Mr. Corning, who willingly consented to go immediately. Mr. Weed was not at home, but in the morning agreed to act with us. Mr. Buchanan received us in his private office, in morning gown and slippers. After a few words of ordinary salutation, Mr. Corning stated the object of our visit. The President made no reply. After a pause I told what had been done at the meeting in Pine street, and pointed out the urgent need of Major Anderson. Mr. Buchanan remained silent. Then Mr. Corning said that the relief of Sumpter would be sustained by all Democrats at the North, and that should an attack be made upon the flag of the United States, there would be an uprising of men of all parties in its defence. He said that aid might be sent at once.

Still not a word from President Buchanan. After a long silence I remember pleading warmly in my turn that food, at least, might be given. Here the President said; "I have not a ship." We then assured him that the merchants of New York had loaded the steamship Star of the West (offered by Mr. Charles H. Marshall) with provisions, and only waited for authority from the government to despatch her, but the President answered never a word. Calling a servant who put his head into the room, he ordered cigars, and offered them to us, taking one himself, and chewing it, but not smoking. When the servant had gone, Mr. Corning, with a warmth quite unusual with him, pleaded earnestly with the President to put down the beginning of a civil war, insisting that even in a party point of view it would be wise, but that as a duty of the office he held, he had the example of Andrew Jackson to guide him. Not a word in reply. Finally I besought him to avail himself of the offer we were sent to make, merely to feed, if we could not relieve in a military sense, Major Anderson's forces, pressing upon him the certainty of a united North, irrespective of party, to sustain his action. We sat silently waiting for an answer, until finally the President, looking over his shoulder out of the window, said, "A very fine day, gentlemen, a very fine day!" And so we rose, and after spending an hour with him in vain, walked sadly away.

As out of the three persons then present I am the only survivor, it may be useful to have this testimony to the cowardice, if not treason, of the unhappy Buchanan. Mr. Evarts asked whether the people were willing to reproduce the phantom of Buchanan's likeness in the Presidential chair. From my recollection of the man himself, I certainly was not. —JAMES W. BEEKMAN *in New-York Evening Post.*

FRUIT AS A MEDICINE.

The irregular eating of unripe fruit is well known to be unwholesome. The regular and moderate use of well ripened fruit is not so widely appreciated as contributing to health. Residents in regions where more or less malaria prevails have discovered that nothing is a more sure preventive of its deleterious effects than a regular supply of fruit. A case is well known to us, where a man with a family removed to the West. He had provided large quantities of well-dried fruit, and this was used regularly during the first summer. Although suffering many privations and exposures to hardships, this family escaped the prevailing epidemics. The second year, the supply of fruit being exhausted, the added comforts which they had secured did not protect them from disease. Many other similar cases have occured. It should therefore be made a special object with them all about to remove to newly settled regions, and in fact to any other localities, to take with them or make provisions for the immediate planting of an ample supply of early bearing fruit plants and trees, such as strawberries, currants, grapes, raspberries, dwarf apples and pears, and the well-known early bearers among larger sorts, such as Bartlett pear, early strawberry, Baldwin and Porter apples and many other sorts which will give crops while yet small.

But the fruit will not only prevent diseases, but in some cases it has proved one of the best medicines to cure it. Many years ago a chronic cough which had excited a good deal of uneasiness, was cured by daily eating ripe raspberries, recommended by a medical writer of high authority as an excellent expectorant. Severe colds are more apt to occur on the first cool and damp days of autumn, than at any other season. We have often cured these diseases on their first attack, by eating copiously of ripe watermelons. The beneficial effects of drinking freely of cold water on such occasions, are well known. Watermelons supply a larger quantity than one could easily swallow in any other way. We have not found these or the raspberry expectorant an unpleasent medicine to take. When visiting recently the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia, we had taken a "bad cold." Knowing that many had been made sick by drinking the bad water at that place, we resolved to secure both a benefit and a pleasure by using ripe watermelons instead, which happened to be abundant at that time. Their copious use performed a surprisingly rapid cure, with an escape from all the bad effects of the water. But it must be remembered that the common moderate eating will not answer the desired purpose; nothing but the "heroic" consumption of this fruit will effect a prompt cure.

We mention these various facts as an additional inducement for the planting of fruit-bearing trees and plants, in addition to the claim of comfort and the luxury of a constant succession of fruit through the year, as well as its important contribution to economy by reducing the expenses of the table.—*Country Gentleman.*

I WISH you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared a lawyer at an exasperated witness. "I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

WHEN a Boston girl gets miffed at her husband, she says: "Base tyrant, I shall leave and go to my parental home." When a Western girl becomes similarly affected, she simply remarks: "Old man, I'm going to git up and git, and if you don't like it, just climb up on your eyebrows and see if you can stop me."

AT A small party in Boston the host, having as his guest a genial New Yorker, and wishing that he should have a good impression of Boston brains, introduced him to Mr. H——, a gentleman of repute in literary circles and an admirable conversationalist. After a while, encountering his Gotham friend alone again, he said: "How did you like Mr. H—— Dick?" "Very much indeed," was the reply. "He is a good fellow, but" (*sotto voce*) those trousers were never made for him."

SHE was a colored lady and attended a revival of religion, and had worked herself up to the extreme pitch of going to the great and good place in a moment, or sooner, if possible. As her friends gathered around her, she gave vent to her feelings, and exclaimed:

"I wish I was a June-bug!"

A brother of sable hue, standing by, inquired:

"What you want to be one for?"

"Dat I might fly to my Jesus."

"You fool, niggah; woodpecker ketch you 'fore you get half way dar."

ANECDOTE.

Judge kindly! oh, you who sit
How oft the troubled heart
May seek to hide its grief in smiles,
And act a careless part.

How oft beneath the ringing laugh
A moan is smothered there;
And in some hasty, thoughtless word,
Is breathed an earnest prayer.

And oh! perhaps when heaviest
The heart by sorrow's pressed,
The words and actions often are
Most carelessly expressed.

Then kindly judge: it is no proof
Because the words are light,
That nobler thoughts are buried, or
The heart's no longer right.

A. O. S.

AN ANECDOTE OF MRS. HAYES.

The simplicity of manners which make Governor Hayes and his family so popular with the people is well illustrated by an incident that occurred in 1863. Colonel Hayes was then in camp with his regiment at Charleston, West Virginia. While there Mrs.