

The TOWANDA Reporter.

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VOLUME XXXVIII.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1878.

NUMBER 45.

Business Cards.

W. J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

O. D. KINNEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Houses formerly occupied by M. C. A. Reading Room.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
OFFICE—Formerly occupied by Wm. Watkins.

I. MCKERSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
H. N. WILLIAMS, (Oct. 17, 77) W. M. ANGLE.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
TOWANDA, PA. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Malnot.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Offices with Smith & Montague.

E. F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Main Street (4 doors north of Ward House), Towanda, Pa. April 12, 1877.

W. H. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
All business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with E. F. Goff.

L. ELSBREE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Smith & Montague.

G. L. LAMM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Collections promptly attended to.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
U. S. COMMISSIONER,
Office—North Side Public Square, Jan. 1, 1878.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WALD HOUSE,
TOWANDA, PA.

D. R. S. M. WOODBURN,
Physician,
Office—North Side Public Square, Towanda, Pa.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National Bank, up stairs.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over the Bank, second door south of the First National Bank, up stairs.

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Smith & Montague.

CHAS. M. HALL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary,
Will give careful attention to any business entrusted to him. Office with Patrick & Foyle, over Journal Office, Towanda, Pa.

JOHN F. SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Main Building (over Postoffice Store).

S. W. & W. M. LITTLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over the Bank's Provision Store, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. April 11, 78.

GEORGE D. STROUD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Office—Main Building, (over Postoffice Store), Towanda, Pa. April 11, 78.

H. STREETER,
LAW OFFICE,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Main Building, (over Postoffice Store).

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Main Building, (over Postoffice Store).

W. M. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over the Bank's Provision Store, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. April 11, 78.

PATRICK & FOYLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Menck's Block, Towanda, Pa. July 17, 77.

J. ANDREW WILK,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over the Bank's Provision Store, Main Street, Towanda, Pa. April 11, 78.

OVERTON & ELSBREE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Main Building, (over Postoffice Store).

H. C. WHITAKER,
BOOK BINDER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Main Building, (over Postoffice Store).

S. RUSSELLS,
GENERAL,
TOWANDA, PA.

INSURANCE AGENCY
TOWANDA, PA.

RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
INSURANCE AGENCY,
TOWANDA, PA.

W. S. VINCENT,
MANAGER,
TOWANDA, PA.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. July 17, 77.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST—Office
over Dr. E. H. Woodford's, Towanda, Pa.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Main Building, (over Postoffice Store).

G. R. MORRELL,
TOWANDA, PA.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
TOWANDA, PA.

Poetry.

A SPRING MORNING.

When dawns in the brightening sun
Chill dews of Summer had begun
And sure to prosper—over head
With lifted arms of crocus gold
When lilacs flash with morning rain
Tapped laughing at my window pane
And soft with coming warmth and good
Mild breezes shook the leafy wood
They, ere the first light was spent,
Awoke the sunny slope I went,
Until the dawning path across,
Soot shadows flickered on the moss,
Of beechen buds that burst their sheath,
And twined tendrils, with the breeze,
Where thicket notes made hollow meet,
Grew budding promise at my feet.
There all the riddles of a life
Which vexes me with anxious strife:
The broken thoughts, that with my pain
Not patient e'er will meet again,
Were laid aside, my senses to drop
As when long jarring voices stop,
And music breathes the perfect chord,
And music breathes the perfect chord.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

You who are just entering upon
The real stage of action, whose minds
Are full of wild beautiful visions
Of what you will accomplish, and who
In imagination, hear your praises
Sounded by the great and noble of
The earth, must remember that excellence
Is not the crown of the idle, but
The magic key that unlocks the stores
Of wisdom to the student; world's
Is scepter that sways the world. Man
Must work to fill the grand aim
For which he was created, he must
Have a fixed object, a goal to be
Reached, one to which he can press
Forward diligently and prayerfully.
Again you must remember that "near
The sweetest, rose sharp thorns must
grow." First comes the cross, and
must be borne often for many years
over paths where sharp stones
penetrate the tender feet at every step
before the crown is placed on the
aching brow.
All great men have had some
peculiar and arduous task, which
gave them a special, illustrious example
of temperance through the whole
course of his life. Had he not refused
the wine cup, think you his name
would have been recorded on the
pages of history? The wise and
successful prince, the great conqueror,
the great statesman, the great leader,
"Carve it as you would have it,"
and may the future find your lives wreathed
with noble deeds. The whole world
is full of afflictions that are summoned
up like clouds around the sick and
pathetic of the drunkard. The red
wine brightens and sparkles, alluring
in the golden, but when there steals
the wormwood dregs of sorrow mingled
with bitter regret.
"Then soon, oh then, the ratcheted cup,
Through which I brought pain and weeping,
I thought I would be rid of it,
And so I did."
It rarely happens to the historian
to be able to record goodness and
greatness alike emanating from the
same individual. It is the history
of the character of Socrates was equally
great and good. He was fond of
labor, bore injuries with patience,
and acquired that serenity of mind
and firmness of countenance which
the most alarming dangers could
not shake, and of the most sudden
calamities after.
"If your deeds are noble and your
motives pure, your reward will be
sure to come, though it may be after
many days of weeping. Just so
with our lives, and all our good
deeds, will your punishment come.
Mark this, and strive to make your
lives holy and grand.
Had Alexander had no aim in view,
think you he would ever have worn
the crown of martial glory, the acknowl-
edged conqueror of the world? If
Demosthenes had not suffered
and with unvaried efforts overcome
great obstacles, would he have been
found the greatest orator in the
world?
However, we may not all have a
pillar of light in the heavens, by
which our names may be directed up-
ward and onward as did Constantine;
yet we see things in the petty
trials of everyday life, in the form
of crosses bearing the inscription—
"My trial cometh."
For what was Washington created?
God never created anything for
naught. It is in opposition to the
great economy of nature that man
should be a mere bubble on the great
tide of life, to dabble awhile on the
surface, and then sink, leaving no
mark behind. How many accomplish
no good and active nothing to
their honor that shall live after
they have returned to dust? Wash-
ington was a fatherless boy, unedu-
cated and unbranded. Whenever
eminence is required in any depart-
ment of life, it was achieved over ob-
stacles by means of labor which few
would surpass, and to which many
would surrender. His path to fame
was not a dovelong one. He was the
artificer of his own fame and fortune.
Towering in greatness above all
his companions, he arose calmly and
graciously to the occupancy of the
highest place in the gift and hearts
of the American people, until their
united voices proclaimed—
"For what was Washington created?
God never created anything for
naught. It is in opposition to the
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should be a mere bubble on the great
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BOYS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

I am sure you would have liked
the two things that he did best—
things which he was accustomed to
do every morning of his life.
First, he went to the bureau and
took up a picture that stood there
in an oval frame—the portrait of his
mother.
"Good-morning, my dear mother!"
he said gaily, and kissed the picture
several times, tenderly and reverently
just as, a few years later, he might
do that of some other woman, whom
he hoped to make his wife. "Indeed,"
Royal Lowrie was very much in love
with his beautiful mother,—in love
with her as I like to see a boy in love
with his mother,—so that no woman
was fairer, or dearer, or more worthy
of knightly service than she.
O, my dear boys—for it is you
especially for whom I am writing this
story,—no matter how big you get,
or how busy you become, or how
manly you fancy you are growing,
don't ever get too big, or too busy, or
too manly to be in love with your
mother! She who loves you as no
other woman ever can; she who would
gladly die a thousand deaths for
you—O never, so long as you are
alive, turn her out of the first place in
your heart. Never so long as you
live let there be a time when, in the
slightest attention even—the quick
offer of an arm or the stooping to
save a step—you will prefer another
to her.
I don't mean to minimize to you
or preach to you very much in this
story, but I can't help saying this.
For I know too well how surely you
can be a time when you will think
me for it. You do not think very
much about it now, as you go about
the house with her eyes, and you
keep time to the home-music. And
when the day comes for you to
go out from the home life, you will
turn lightly down the steps and ride
away secretly turning for a last look
at the loving mother who stands
there in the doorway with eyes that
fill so fast they can scarcely follow
you as you go. And when you come
back at Christmas, or Easter, or at
misadventure, though you may notice
perhaps that some little change has
taken place in her, and you wonder, as
your dear mother's face has grown thinner,
the step slower, or maybe, the grey
hairs have become more frequent—
yet still you will laugh and turn
away and forget; until sometime
later, I trust, but surely sooner or
later, you will realize that you have
which you will not laugh away or
forget. Sometimes when you are far
away, perhaps at school, or college,
or in a distant city—while you study
or sport or carouse—there will come
to you a flash of memory, that ex-
actly that will kill you, and you will
be in an instant and strike your joy
dead.
And then, you have hurried home
again, and standing over more by
the hearth that can never again be
as it once has been, you begin to
realize as you cannot at first, how
very different everything is and how
empty and desolate home and the
world and life itself is, with that
presence that has made it all so
pleasant and bright, and you realize
that you stand, later still, beside that
sacred mound in the churchyard and
weep much hot tears as boys and men
do weep over their mothers' graves,
—then it is, that every little care and
thoughtfulness and attention that has
been your lot, and you realize that
sacrifices you have made for her sake
will come back to you like minister-
ing spirits, and bring you a comfort
and a consolation that you cannot
now understand; just as the remem-
brance of every sorrow you have
endured, and every trial you have
undergone, will come back to you like
ministering spirits, and bring you a
comfort and a consolation that you
cannot now understand; just as the
remembrance of every sorrow you have
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undergone, will come back to you like
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EARLY RISING.

There is another class of superstitious
born down to us from the cribbed
times of our Puritan ancestry which
I fancy we shall also somewhat shame-
fully own. They were the daily
maxims which formed a part of the
teaching in every grade New Eng-
land home; and their permanence as
a part of our mental constitution is
an encouraging circumstance to edu-
cators who sometimes are inclined to
think that line upon line and precept
upon precept will make their way
upon the wayward mind of youth.
To remove this fear, we stand
as living monuments, boldly
awaking, first, that we find it con-
stantly difficult to convince ourselves
—though our reason tells us that we
are absurd—that it is not a moral
duty to rise before, or at least with,
the sun. Day by day, as we descend
to our eight-o'clock or nine-o'clock
breakfast, we are conscious of a cer-
tain sense of moral torpidity which
we know to be unreasonable. It is

ITALY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Italy in the sixteenth century
was a land of wonders, when we
consider the causes, that they were
not multiplied a hundredfold. The
principal Italian cities were prostrate
under a foreign yoke, and Venice only
remained as a city of refuge for
political exiles, and every day
saw a foreign soldier, whose stip-
end was paid by sack and pillage,
one horde of invaders only expelled
by another, presented the melancholy
spectacle of entire deserts, tracts
belonging to the emperor, reduced to
waste, and the remains of a desert,
without house, or inhabitant, or any
living thing. Every conceivable out-
rage was committed; churches were
sacked, cities destroyed; over two
hundred thousand persons killed in
war; fire and sword followed by famine
and pestilence, in which perished
unnumbered thousands. What the
battlefield failed to absorb was reserved
for the scaffold. In the midst of this
carnal of death, Rome was the
place in which the remains of a desert,
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