The Bradford Reporter.

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LOCAL NOTICES, FIFTEEN CENTS a line.

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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.

Business Cards.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON.

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.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Montanyes' Store. Office hours from 10 to 12, A. M., and from 2 to 4, P. M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear.—Oct.19,'75-tf.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda. Jan1-75tf.

1864. 1876.
TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY.
Main Street opposite the Court House.
W. S. VINCENT,
MANAGER.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$123,000
SURPLUS FUND.....80,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. Feb. 14. 1878.

Hotels.

EAGLE HOTEL,
(SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE.)
This well-known house has been thoroughly renovated and repaired throughout, and the proprietor is now prepared to offer first-class accommodations to the public, on the most reasonable terms.
E. A. JENNINGS.
Towanda, Pa., May 2, 1878.

HENRY HOUSE,
(ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,)
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS
TOWANDA, PA.
This large, commodious and elegantly-furnished house has just been opened to the traveling public. The proprietor has spared neither pains nor expense in making his hotel first-class in all its appointments, and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, June 7, '77-tf.

ELWELL HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.,
JOHN SULLIVAN
Having leased this house, is now ready to accommodate the travelling public. No pains nor expense will be spared to give satisfaction to those who may give him a call.
☞ North side of Public Sq are, east of Mercur's new block.

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.
aug1-tf. M. A. FORREST.

SEELEY'S OYSTER BAY AND EUROPEAN HOUSE.—A few doors southof the Means House. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. Warm meals served at all hours Oysters at wholesale and retail. feb1'77.
J. L. Kent.

SUMMER GOODS!

CASH PRICES!

I HAVE NOW ON HAND A FULL LINE OF

Figured Lawns,
Figured Lawns,
White Goods,
White Goods,
Buntings, &c.
Buntings, &c.

Fans and Parasols

IN GREAT VARIETY AT REDUCED PRICES.

J. L. KENT.

Towanda, Pa., June 6, 1878.

Business Cards.

G. W. RYAN,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.
Office days: Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 20, 1878.

ELSBREE & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

PAINTINGS.
PORTRAITS AND LANDSCAPES
Painted to order at any price from $5 to $500. Oil Paintings Re-Painted, Re-Touched, or changes made as desired.
All work done in the highest style of the Art.
JOHANN F. BENDER.
Towanda, Pa., April 18, 1878.

I. ROGALSKI,
Employed with Mr. Hendelman for the past four years, begs leave to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has removed to the Boston Store, one door south of the First National Bank, and opened a shop for the repair of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. (Apr4'78.

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.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room. (jan4'78.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
OFFICE.—Formerly occupied by Wm. Watkins, Esq.
H. N. WILLIAMS. (oct.17, 77) E. J. ANGLE.

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dist Att'y Bradford Co. (feb.1'78.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st.
G. F. MASON. (jy27) ARTHUR HEAD.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. (nov11-75.

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

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.

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

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,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 1877tf*.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
S. J. MADILL. (jan3-74tf) J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
E. C. GRIDLEY. (jly77) S. R. PAYNE.

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

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. (June7'77.

GEORGE D. STROUD,
ATTORNEY-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.

H. STREETER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Montanyes Store. (may675.
D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Dayton's Store.
April 12, 1876.

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

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

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May29-7tif. TOWANDA, PA.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented:
ANCSHIRE, PHŒNIX, HOME, MERCHANTS,
March 16, '74 O. H. BLACK.

Poetry.

COMPANIONS ON THE ROAD.

Life's milestones, marking year on year,
Pass ever swifter as we near
The final goal, the silent end
To which our fated footsteps tend.
A year once seemed a century,
Now like a day it hurries by,
And doubts and fears our hearts oppress,
And all the day is weariness.

Then life almost eternal seemed,
And death a dream so vaguely dreamed,
That in the distance scarce it threw
A cloud shade on the mountains blue,
That rose before us soft and fair,
Clothed in ideal hues of air,
To which we meant in after-time,
Strong in our manhood's strength, to climb.

How all has changed! Years have gone by,
And of that joyous company
With whom our youth first journeyed on,
Who—who are left? Alas, not one!
Love earliest loitered on the way,
Then turned his face and slipped away;
And after him with footsteps light
The fickle Graces took their flight,
And all the careless joys that lent
Their revelry and merriment
Grew silenter, and, ere we knew,
Had smiled their last and said "adieu."

Hope faltering then with doubtful mind,
Began to turn and look behind.
And we, half questioning, were fain
To follow with her back again;
But Fate still urged us on our way
And would not let us pause or stay.
Then to our side with plaintive eye,
In place of Hope came Memory,
And murmured of the past, and told
Dear stories of the days of old,
And Friendship took the place of Love,
And strove in vain to us to prove
That Love was light and insincere—
Not worth a man's regretful tear.

Ah! all in vain—grant 'twas a cheat,
Yet no voice ever was so sweet,
No presence like to Love's, who threw
Enchantment over all we knew;
And still we listen with a sigh
And back, with fond tears in the eye,
We gaze to catch a glimpse again
Of that dear place—but all in vain.

Preach not, O stern Philosophy!
Naught we can have, and naught we see,
Will ever be so pure, so glad,
So beautiful, as what we had.
Our steps are sad, our steps are slow,
Nothing is like the long ago.
Gone is the keen, intense delight,
The perfume faint and exquisite,
The glory and the radiance
That halloed the enraptured sense,
When Faith and Love were at our side,
And common life was deified.

Our shadows that we used to throw
Behind us, now before us grow;
For once we walked toward the sun,
But now, life's full meridian done,
They change, and in their chill we move
Further away from Faith and Love.
A chill is in the air—no more
Our thoughts with joyous impulse soar,
But creep along the level way,
Waiting the closing of the day.
The future holds no wondrous prize
This side death's awful mysteries;
Beyond, what waits for us, who knows?
New life, or infinite repose?
—*W. W. S., in Blackwood's Magazine.*

Miscellaneous.

AN EXTINCT RACE.

"THE PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION."

At the decoration of the graves of the Union soldiers in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Gen. B. F. Butler delivered an address on "The private soldier of the war of the rebellion." It was a touching theme. There is always a wonderful pathos in a speech or play or story founded on a life that has ceased to exist. This is the charm of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" this is the power in Joaquin Miller's "Danties;" this must have lent tenderness and pathos to Gen. Butler's address.

The "private soldier in the war of the rebellion." He is dead. Or lost. Strayed or stolen, probably. We do not know where he is, but he is not here. He has gone away to some place. Perhaps if he were here he would be in the way. At any rate he is not around. He does not go to the Legislature. We do not find him in Congress. He is not eagerly sought as a candidate for anything. Nobody seems to know anything about him. Occasionally he appears at the pension list, with one leg, a wife and seven children, and $8 a month. If flour takes much of a raise he will not last much longer at this rate, and we will soon be deprived even of the occasional glimpse we have of him.

It is asserted, and quite generally believed, that at one time he was quite numerous, and was even considered rather convenient, if not, indeed, quite indespensable. It was found that upward 100 of him were necessary in order to secure mere line commissions for three eminent and deserving men. When field commissions were wanted for three even more eminent and great men upwards of 1,000 private soldiers were necessary. One thousand! It seems an enormous number now, which by consulting the Congressional directory we find there are non in this proud public. But twelve or fifteen years ago even that, incredible as it may appear to us to-day, was considered a small number. There were private soldiers and private soldiers. There were even hundreds of thousands of them.

And they were useful. They dug trenches; constructed long lines of breastworks and then, when an enemy came within sight, they climbed over them and went outside them to fight. They worked and watched and fought co-operating with great and eminent men who have since passed to their rewards in one office and another these private soldiers sometimes rendered very useful service in winning great battles. Oh, they were useful. Some historians have even gone so far as to maintain that without them the war could hardly have been carried to a succesful termination. They were really quite successful.

And now they are all gone. It seems sad, looking back to the war, that none but the Generals and Colonels and Majors and line officers should have survived its dreadful ravages. Providence ever mindful of the wants of a great and growing nation, undoubtedly took special care of these great men, and in its great anxiety that the country should not suffer from a lack of eminent men, kind of forgot the private soldier and let them wander away. And so they are all gone. Some of them got shot. Some of them died. Some of them got married and moved out of the world, to settle upon tracts of Government land, where the Indians could get them more easily. Some of them went into business. Some them are teaching school. Some of them are driving dray. Some of them went away and didn't leave their present address. But all the same, they are all gone, and it seems dreadfully lonesome without them. There used to be so many of them.—[*Burlington Hakeye.*

WARS.

There is war in self-defense; a kind of war that instantly recommends itself both to the heart and conscience of mankind. The burning of Moscow has not yet ceased to strike the imagination of the world as a nation's grandest protest against an insolent tyranny; and what is still more to the purpose, a successful one. Even here, however, the rule is not absolute. In the time of Zedekiah it was Israel's duty not to draw the sword in defense of Zion, but to sheathe it. When Titus encamped on Scopus, and surrounded the city over which Jesus had wept in vain, God was on the side of the invaders and against the invaded. Jerusalem was to be trodden down by the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles should be fulfilled. There are wars of independence, when a nation strikes a quick and hard and noble blow for her liberties; wars about which it is usually hard to know at the moment if they are justifiable, since only success can justify them; made too soon or with inadequate provision, they provoke a terrible revenge; retard, it may be for a generation, the cause at heart, and sometimes set the houses of neighbors on fire. That great Republic on the other side of the Atlantic fought out her freedom; who in England grudges it her now? There are wars for civil and religious liberty. All the world knows of those wars; England has felt the keen agony of them, to-day enjoys the happier result of them. They are grand objects to fight for; if anything deserves blood, and pain, and life, liberty does. Here, too, selfishness sometimes flings up the soiled cap of liberty to get a share of the spoils in the general scramble. If by waiting a few years you can secure liberty in the end without fighting for it, pause before you make wives widows and children orphans before the time. Wars of conquest are sometimes utterly unprincipled; sometimes the inevitable result of circumstances which no one can control, and which simply prevent greater evils that would otherwise be sure to happen. The great wars of Napoleon were, as most men now admit, the unprincipled efforts of an indisputable but perverted genius, blinded by what he called glory, to take from other nations what property belonged to them, simply to make an Empire for himself. Our own Indian Empire, stained as it has been in the past by crime, and by a policy so shamelessly of this world that few of the natives consent to credit us with the belief in a God at all, has been very much forced on us by the power of circumstances; and were we to resign India to-morrow, the result might be a hideous anarchy that would make a kind of hell. Once more, there are wars, such as we have seen a good deal of in the last 10 years, the object and end of which is the re-settlement and consolidating of kingdoms, matters which it is the interest of society at large to get settled, through individual interests for the moment suffer, wars which, in the felicitous thought of a great theologian, are the action of a secret spring in the machinery of nations, and which, when once over and done with, leave the stirred elements of strife slowly to settle down into a permanent, because equitable repose. *The Bishop of Rochester in Good Words.*

HOW WE TREAT OUR BRAINS.

Almost daily I am in contention with parents and guardians, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, clergymen and professors, youths and maidens, boys and girls, concerning the right way of building up the young brain, of ripening the adult brain, and of preserving the brain in age. Grievously ill do we take in hand to deal with this delicate member, and well is it that innate development overruns our schemes and brings the variety of natural good out of the monotony of human folly. It is dimly felt by society that the reign of bone and muscle is over, and that the reign of brain and nerve is taking its place. Even the Gibeonites now have the hydraulic ram and the steam felling machine; the spectacled general of forces fights in his tent by click of battery and wire, and his lieutenant hoists an iron-clad by the touch of two buttons upon his waistcoat; the patient earth forgets the tread of horse and ox, and is ploughed by steam; and ere long, no doubt, our ministers will wind sermons out of barrel-organs, and our morning egg will be broken for us by a waiter of dynamite. Hence it comes that all classes are for "education!" The village grocer's son goes to a "theological college," and sits up by night over his "Evidences" with green tea in his blood, and a wet cloth about his brows. The gardener's daughter pulls roses no more, and has become a pupil-teacher; she is chlorotic at sixteen, and broken-spirited at twenty. The country parson's son goes to a civil service or a navy "coach," is plucked in his teens, and is left to begin life again with an exhausted brain and an incurable megrim; nay, even the sons of peers are putting on the armor of light, and are deserting the field for the counting-house. To meet this demand, colleges of all kinds and degrees spring up—middle class seminaries, theological colleges, colleges of science, university boards—even the old universities themselves are stirring from their scholarly ease, are sending out missionaries *in partibus*, and are cramming the youth of twenty counties in the art of making most show with least learning. All this, in a way, no doubt, must be and should be; but so sudden a *volte face* cannot be made without a wrench, and it is my desire now to see where the strain will tell, and how to perform our social evolution with the least injury to persons.—*Dr. T. C. Albutt, in Popular Science Monthly for June.*

A COSTLY LUXURY.

It used to be believed that alcohol was food. It is now conclusively demonstrated that it is not food; that it contains not one single element—whether nitrogenous or hydrocarbonic—of food; and that, as one of the first of modern chemist has said, there is in nine quarts of alcohol less food than can be spread on the end of a table-knife. Nor is it a source of strength. For alike in Africa and India, in the Arctic and Antarctic, and by great labor-employers in the temperate zones, and by distinct experiments with navies in gangs and soldiers on the march, it it is a matter of proof that those can labor best, both physically and mentally, in whom the cold is not intensified by the weakening reaction from artificial stimulant, and in whom the sun's fierceness has no alcoholic ally within the brain. Nor is it a source of health, for the lives of total abstainers are now known to be more valuable in insurance than other lives and not a few eminent physicians have testified that a daily use of it, even in quantities conventionally deemed moderate, not only comes some of the most fearful maladies, but even endangers the body and diminishes the mental power, to an extent of which few people are aware. Least of all, then, is it a neccessity; seeing that it has been happily unknown to whole races, and prohibited by immense religions; and in England alone three million of total abstainers, of whom not one has ever repented, can testify that since they abandoned it they, like the Nazarites of old, have been clearer of brain, and more strong of limb, and more vigorous in health, and more calm in happiness. I assert, not as a dubious theory, but as an established fact, that to men in ordinary health, alcohol is not food, nor a necessity, nor a source of health, nor warmth, nor physical strength, least of all of mental power; but that, when it is not a potent medicine it is a mere luxury, a luxury which is at the best harmless, but which is frequently dangerous, sometimes fatal, always quite superfluous, never particularly noble.

Let us understand then;—while alcohol is a luxary, and nothing but a luxury, this being so, what does this luxury cost? At what expense does the nation as a nation gratify its liking; It costs us in the tillage the waste of millions of acres of soil; in food, the destruction of millions of tons of grain; in hard cash the deleterious absorption of millions of pounds of money. It is beyond all question the one main, if not the sole cause of squalid, degrading and dangerous pauperism, against which some of you will have to struggle hereafter in the streets of London and other great cities. In any other connection you would think this vast expenditure, this colossol waste a consideration of overwhelming importance; yet in this it is the very smallest element in the question. But far more awfully significant is what it costs in disease, what it costs in crime, what it costs in misery, what it costs to the glory of England now, generations for years to come. I believe there is scarcely one family in England which has not suffered from this hideous plague, scarcely a house in England where there is not one dead. And oh, "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?"

You have heard what drink costs to this nation in money; what does it cost in disease and accident? Ask the dreary pages of statistics, and you will read that in so-called accident, but accident perfectly preventable, it costs us broken limbs, and shipwrecked vessels, and burned houses, and shattered railway trains, and the deaths of children overlaid by drunken mothers or beaten savagely by drunken fathers; and to tell you what it costs in disease I should have to take you, not in fancy but in hard fact, to what the poet saw as the result of intemperence in meats and drinks:

"A lazarhouse it seemed, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseases—all maladies,
Of ghastly spasm and racking torture; quains
Of heartsick agony; all foverous kinds—
Dropsies, and asthmas and heart-racking rheum
Dire was the hissing, deep the groans; despair
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch,
And over them, triumphant, Death his dart
Shook—but delayed to strike."

—*Canon F. W. Farrar.*

PRAYING BETTER THAN STEALING.

Some poor families lived near a wood wharf. In one of the cabins was a man who, when he was sober, took pretty good care of his family; but the public house would get his earnings, and then they suffered. In consequence of a drunken frolic he fell sick. The cold crept into his cabin, and but one stick was left in the cellar.

One night he called his eldest boy, John, to the bedside and whispered something in his ear.

"Can't do it, father," said John aloud.

"Can't—why not?" said the father, angrily.

"Because I learned at the Sabbath school, 'Thou shalt not steal,'" answered John.

"And did you not learn, 'Mind your parents,' too?"

"Yes, father," answered the young son.

"Well, then, mind and do what I tell you."

The boy did not know how to argue with his father, for his father wanted him to go in the night and steal some sticks from the wood wharf, so John said to his father:

"I can pray to-night for some wood, it's better than stealing it, I know."

And when he crept up into the loft where his straw bed was, he did go to God in prayer. He prayed the Lord's prayer, which the Sabbath school teacher taught him, only he put something in about the wood, for he knew God would give wood as well as "daily broad."

The next noon when he came home from school, what do you think he caught sight of, the first thing after turning the corner? A load of wood before the door—his door. Yes, there it was. His mother told him the overseers of the poor sent it; but he did not know who they were. He believed it was God, and so it was God.

For the REPORTER.

TIME, THE GREAT VINDICATOR.

Over two centuries ago, JOHN BUNYAN was sent to jail at Bedford, England, and kept there ten or twelve years, for preaching the Gospel his own way. In the same Bedford, not long since, a splendid monument was erected in memory of Mr. Bunyan, by men of all denominations, and his name is honored while his enemies are almost forgotten. We have some similar proofs that justice will triumph at last, even in America.

WASHINGTON was abused as vilely as Lincoln or Grant have been in our day. But, now, what pen or tongue utters ought but praise of the immortal Washington?

ANOTHER.

In the war of 1812, Gen. JACKSON, to prevent a greater evil, subordinated civil to martial law, in New Orleans. He was fined for the deed—paid his fine—and became President. He made no complaint. But when, at the Hermitage, he received from the Government the amount of the fine and the interest, it was stated the stern old soldier melted, and exclaimed with tears of joy in his eyes, "*I knew my country would one day make it right!*"

YET ANOTHER.

While JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was serving as President, he recommended an appropriation for a National Observatory at Washington. It was a season of unreasonable partisan feeling, and the proposition was assailed with extreme bitterness. Mr. Adams in his message had spoken of the proposed Observatory as a "lighthouse in the skies." This unique phrase was at once caught up by the Jackson orators, with John Randolph at their head, and bandied about in every form of ridicule and denunciation. The project was finally abandoned as a National work. Some seventeen or eighteen years elapsed, and we find Mr. Adams at the age of fourscore, traveling a thousand miles from home to assist in laying the corner-stone of an Observatory, on the banks of the Ohio. He traverses a region which had rung with charges of coalition—corruption—bribery, and is everywhere received in profound respect, without distinction of party. He arrives at a city where his name had once been a byword of reproach, and its entire population throng the streets to bid him welcome. The wise, the good and the great, all of every rank, class and pursuit, delight to do him honor. In the presence of thousands he lays the corner stone of the Observatory, and dedicates it to science, virtue and posterity; he speaks of astronomical science—of modern discoveries founded on protracted observations—of the benefits that have accrued to our country and race—of the ennobling character of the celestial studies—and warming as he speaks, with flashing eyes and emphatic voice, he pronounces the old cry "*a lighthouse in the skies!*" Instantly there went up to heaven one universal burst of applause from the whole vast assemblage. The old man was vindicated, and there is no name among us now more honored for wisdom and purity than that of John Quincy Adams.

AND YET ANOTHER.

SIMON CAMERON, the first Secretary of War under President Lincoln, honestly differed from the President and most of the other members of the Cabinet, in regard to conducting the war. This fact, together with the desire of certain New York speculators to control contracts, aroused a clamor against Mr. Cameron, which culminated in a vote of censure by the House of Representatives, notwithstanding the fact that the President sent a message to the House assuming the "irregularities" charged against his faithful Secretary. General Cameron retired from the Cabinet, and has twice, since, been honored with the emphatic endorsement of his State. The resolution, however, remained on the records of the House, Mr. C. being content to bide the time when the great injustice done him should be acknowledged. Just before the termination of a recent session of Congress, the following resolution, making amends for the great wrong inflicted upon his character thirteen years before, was adopted *unanimously*. Its passage was advocated alike by Democrats and Republicans. When we take into account the bitter partisan spirit which prevailed during the Congress, the action of the Democrats in voting to expunge the vote of censure is doubly gratifying to General Cameron:

WHEREAS, The House of Representatives, on the 30th of April, 1862, adopted a resolution censuring Simon Cameron for certain alleged irregular proceedings as Secretary of War, in the matter of purchasing military supplies at the outbreak of the rebellion; and

WHEREAS, On the 26th day of the ensuing month, the then President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, in a special message to Congress, assumed for the Executive Department of the Government the full responsibility of the proceedings complained of, declaring in said message that he should be wanting equally in candor and in justice if he should leave the censure rest exclusively or chiefly on Mr. Cameron, and adding, that it was due to Mr. Cameron to say that although he fully approved of the proceedings, they were not moved or suggested by him, and the heads of departments were at least equally responsible with him for whatever error, wrong or fault was committed in the premises; therefore,

Resolved, That this House, as an act of personal justice to Mr. Cameron, and as a correction of its own records, hereby direct that said resolution be rescinded, and the recision be entered on the margin of the journal, where said resolution is recorded.

Facts like these should caution all persons—and especially Republicans—against imbibing unfounded prejudices against public men. History will record Simon Cameron among the wisest and most energetic actors in suppressing the slaveholder's Rebellion, when his jealous rivals in the party—his business opponents—and the friends of the Rebellion shall have been forgotten.

CALM OBSERVER.

WHEN you speak evil of another you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which comes back to the same place and covers him all over."

WHAT OUR CORRESPONDENTS WRITE.

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

How the Democrats Conduct Elections and Administer Justice in the "Solid South."

WALTON, BOONE CO., KY., Aug. 5, 1878.

EDITOR REPORTER,

Dear Sir:—To day is election day in Kentucky; and to those who have only known what election is in old Bradford, it would be quite a treat for them to see and know the tricks resorted to in the South. Democrat here means Southern Confederacy, and "Hate Yankee" is their sentiment everywhere south of the Ohio river, and it is instilled into the minds of all their children from the time they can ride a horse or use the revolver or knife. A man is never hung here for killing another, unless the one doing the deed happens to be of that despised race denominated the d—d nigger. A white man is sent to Frankfort for one year, or goes scot free, for killing a man, while a negro who steals two chickens goes up for two years. This is equal rights in Kentucky! Some members of the Legislature worked hard last winter to revive old slave times as nearly as possible, in the shape of the whipping post. Happily, they were defeated. I stopped off at Corinth, a small town on the line of the Cincinnati Southern R. R., on Friday last, until this morning, and the amount of wire-pulling going on there would make even a Bradford county democrat ashamed that he was working in a common brotherhood with such a class of so-styled good *dimmy*crats. I saw more than a dozen men sell their votes and then think they had done something valorous; not but what the same thing is done all over, but I never saw votes wholesaled before. Whiskey done its work well; for large parties of voters came in from the back parts of the district, (or precinct it is called)—they live in the forest part of the county called the brush and knots—they were made drunk on Saturday and kept hid out over Sunday in squads, and the wire-pullers visited each squad with their whiskey every hour night and day until this morning, when they were driven to the polls like sheep to the butcher's. I visited two encampments yesterday, and the men were drinking, swearing and fighting, and looked more like demons than men. If Morgan had been recruiting, he could not have found a more villainous looking crew. Some of them were men who had served under him in war times, and were happy in recounting some of their bushwhacking expeditions, not dreaming that an enemy was in camp. Bloodshed is expected here to-day. A republican was murdered here on last election, nine months ago, for cheering for his candidate. This is liberty in the back districts of Kentucky, with very little difference anywhere in the State—as I have been nearly all over it I cannot see much difference. Is this the liberty the North fought four years to establish? An article written from Lexington, Ky., by "Gath," (Geo. Alfred Townsend,) and published by the Cincinnatti *Enquirer*, was like stirring up a wasps' nest with a long pole, and "Gath" is wanted badly, but like "Paddie's flee," &c. Their papers all admit the truth of his assertions, but howl and say it should have been left unsaid. Kentuckians feel bad about the way they won the race at Louisville, on July 4th, Mollie McCarthy being beat by Ten Broeck, but clearing about $20,000 above expenses. So much for California shrewdness, but they can't do it again. The weather has been extremely hot here this summer, but not many sun-strokes. I think it is because they drink so much bourbon, that nothing but lightning can have any effect on them.

Land in some sections is good, but could be made to produce nearly one-half more by Pennsylvania farming, as they have sometimes plenty, but don't know the value of it, and never use it. Labor is nearly all done by negroes, who work cheap, only receiving enough to barely live on, chiefly corn-dodger and bacon.

Hoping my letter has not been too long for your many readers, I will close, for you will hear from me again.

Very truly, M. M. C.

JEWISH BURIAL.

The Jews uniformly disposed of their dead by entombment where possible, and failing that, by interment. The practice was very ancient dating back to patriarchal times and continuing unaltered by any Gentile influence.

A natural cave, adapted to the purpose of entombment by necessary excavation, or an artificial one, was the standard type of sepulchre. The limestone structure of Palestine, abounding in such natural caves and easily worked, was peculiarly favorable to this mode of sepulture. The head of the family commonly provided space for more than one generation; and the galleries excavated for this purpose were sometimes of considerable extent. Cities, as they grew in population, required public cemeteries, which were situated outside the wall; only the tombs of kings and prophets being permitted within the town. The Rabbinical ideal of a sepulchre was a cavern about six cubits square, or six feet by eight, from three sides of which vaults were run longitudinally into the rock, each large enough to receive a corpse, the fourth side containing the door, against which a large stone was rolled to close it. Tombs not otherwise distinctly marked were scrupulously "whitened" every year, after the rains before the Passover, to warn passers-by against defilement.

In preparing for the burial, the Jews, when not deterred by poverty made large use of spices for temporarily preserving the body, and for burning in honor of the dead. Embalming does not, however, seem to have been generally practised, and the interment took place within a few hours of death. If the death occurred at evening, the burial took place at the earliest break of dawn.

It was orignally the office of the next of kin to oversee the funeral rites, but in the course of time professional mourners became customary. Coffins were but seldom used, and if used were left open. The bier was borne by the nearest relatives, and followed by those who wished in this way to show their respect for the dead, and by professional mourners, hired for the purpose.

The grave-clothes were probably of the fashion worn in life, but swathed and fastened with bandages, the head being covered separately Thus Lazarus, when he came from the tomb at the command of Jesus, was "bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin;" and Jesus's first direction was, "Loose him, and let him go."

UNSELFISH and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth, they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.

THE experience of all is that the nearer we get to Jesus in our daily life the more there is to cheer and ennoble life, and the more comfort we take in every earthly blessing upon which we can secure his benediction.

I BELIEVE.

I believe if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie,
Cold, dead and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the Isles of Death
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again, warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe, if on my grave,
Hidden in woody deeps or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret
From every salty seed of your dear grief,
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf,
To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe, if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where life is made,
And you should long once more my face to see;
I would come forth upon the hills of night,
And gather stars like fagots, till thy sight,
Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe, my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of Time,
As thee unworthy the worship thou hast won.

I believe who has not loved
Hath half the treasure of his life unproved,
Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,
Drops it, with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe, love pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet immortal dew,
That gem's life's petals in its hour of dusk;
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown jewel, Love of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

FORRESTRY SCHOOLS.

Schools of forestry are in Europe a growth of this century; among the nations which support them are Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Russia, Portugal, Spain and Sweden although the titles under which they are organized and the studies pursued in them are often quite different. In Germany there are nine institutions where forestry is taught. The chief of these is the High Institution of Forest Science at Nenstadt-Equerswalde, where the average attendence has been for forty years more than fifty pupils, and the number of hours required to complete the course of instruction is 2,648. The curriculum of studies, which might well be copied, embraces the cultivation and protection of forests, the study of statistics, the jurisprudence relating to forests, the surveying, measuring and valuing of wood-lands, as well as road-making, draining public economy and finance. It also includes the special studies of botany, vegetable physiology and pathology, geology, geodesy, geognosy, mineralogy and meteorology; and the more common studies of chemistry, physics, microscopy and zoology. Thus it will be seen that the graduates of the school leave it well equipped for the work the State expects from them. To obtain entrance to some of the schools a year's apprenticeship under a skilled forester is a prerequisite. France has had a simular school at Nancy since 1825, which receives pupils in proportion to the demands of the state forest service. There are about twenty graduates a year. England seemingly does not have a demand for such skilled persons, possibly because the crown lands are not large enough to require the establishment of a government school to provide them with foresters; but as there is great need for such trained persons in India an arraugement has been made with the French government, by which three or four English students are each year received at Nancy and trained for service in the Indian forests. The forests in the United States are estimated to cover about one forth part of the national domain or, roughly, about six hundred million acres. North Carolina has the largest proportionate forest area and California the least; and it is said that the woods of Mississippi though extensive, if drawn on exclusively by all the states would be entirely consumed in five months. The consumption of wood as fuel has of course much to do with this enormous depletion; for instance, it is said that ten thousand acres of woodland were stripped of timber to supply the fuel market of Chicago for one year. The government however, is not entirely neglectful of its obvious duties in this em