Bradford Reporter.

Towanda, Pa., Thursday, Oct. 10, 1878.

W. A. CHAMBERLIN,

Dealer in

FINE JEWELRY,

WATCHES,

SILVER & PLATED WARE,

TOWANDA, PA.

Towanda, Jan. 18, 1877.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

MR. MANSFIELD will give a spiritual seance at Mercur Hall this Wednesday evening.

MR. and Mrs. JOHN ORCUTT have been afflicted in the death of one of their interesting little girls.

WE have received from B. S. HARDEN, of North Towanda, two apples of the Tompkins County King variety, weighing about three pounds.

JOSIAH RHINEBOLD, of Towanda township, has also presented us with an apple of the same kind weighing one and a half pounds.

CHURCH of the Messiah (Universalist). Sunday next Rev. Mr. TAYLOR, M. D., of Philadelphia, will preach at 10:30 A. M. Subject—"God's Ways and Our Ways;" and at 7 P. M., subject—"Shall we Know and be Known in the World to Come."

LAST week we noticed the loss of a carpet bag on the Fair Grounds, and on Saturday the lost property was returned to this office by the honest finder, W. B. STREPE, of Burlington township.

THE Christian Temperance Women's Convention for the Fifteenth Congressional District, will be held at Susquehanna Depot from October 8th, at 2 o'clock P. M., to the evening of the 9th.

By Order of Vice-President.

THE death of Mr. FOX leaves a vacancy in the mail agency on the S. L. & S. R.R. By direction of Superintendent of R. W. M. S., one of the clerks in the Towanda Post Office has been detailed to perform the service until a new appointment is made.

A SOCIABLE will be held by the students of the Susquehanna Collegiate Institute, at the house of Prof. QUINLAN, Friday evening next. Proceeds to be applied toward paying the remaining debt on the Mathushek piano purchased by the school last winter.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. Dr. A. J. WARD and daughter, of Madison, Wis., are visiting at Mrs. Dr. PORTER'S.

—Rev. G. C. JONES has been assigned to this parish by the Conference.

—Rev. G. W. CHANDLER goes to Buffalo to the most desirable Church in the Conference.

—GEORGE E. FOX, who has been spending the summer with his children in Maryland is in town. We are sorry to learn that he has been suffering from ill health and is not looking as well as usual.

DEATH OF C. S. FOX, MAIL AGENT ON THE S. L. & S. R. R.—It is with peculiar sadness that we announce the death of CHARLES S. FOX. He was a young man apparently in vigorous health, but having inherited a not strong constitution from his mother, who died of consumption when CHARLIE was only eleven years old, he proved an easy prey to disease. The sickness which resulted in his death was typhoid fever. Being very ill from the beginning, three weeks since, the best medical skill and careful nursing undoubtedly prolonged his life.

Mr. Fox was naturally of a bright, genial disposition, and attracted to himself as warm friends all with whom he came in contact.

After the death of his mother he came to live in the family of his uncle, E. T. Fox, Esq., and was always treated as a son; he could not have been more carefully and tenderly cared for by his own parents, and his devotion to his uncle and aunt was strong and filial. During his last illness, he expressed a great desire to recover, but frequently said to his aunt, who was almost constantly by his side, that if it was the Lord's will he was ready to go.

His funeral was attended yesterday afternoon from Christ Church. The deceased was the only son of the late CHAS. FOX, of Jersey City.

WE briefly noticed last week the death of Mrs. SHIPMAN. We find in the Athens *Gazette* the following brief sketch of the deceased, which we copy, as Mrs. S. has many friends and relatives among our readers:

At Long Branch, N. J., Sept. 18, 1878, in the fifty-fifth year of her age, Mrs. Mary Ann Shipman, widow of the late O. O. Shipman, and eldest daughter of the late Col. Wm. H. Overton.

The dread sod had been sick for several months, but through fear of alarming those dearest to her, carefully concealed the dangerous nature of her malady and its progress, by her uncomplaining and cheerful disposition, and caused even her physicians on the last evening of her life to express them that they need not apprehend any immediate danger. Suddenly, however, and just after one of her sons had left her bedside promising a speedy return in the morning, she peacefully breathed her last.

To her many friends everywhere where her lot has been cast, and especially to those in this region where her childhood and early married life was spent, nothing need be said of the loss sustained by her death. To her three sons—grown to manhood though they are—it is irreparable. By the early death of her husband she was left to struggle with the world in rearing her three children, the two youngest of us being mere infants, and the eldest so young as to require almost the same constant care and watchfulness.

Unexpectedly she found herself without any resources but her true woman heart, and a noble woman's courage to brave adversity and conquer difficulties. How well she bore herself during all the sad years that intervened, and how well she succeeded even while the crushing weight of her sorrow made the "long enter her very soul"—can only be known to HIM whom she trusted, and to whom alone she confided her grief. Beautiful in person, endowed by nature with splendid natural gifts, carefully and liberally educated, and possessing an engaging manner and a sweetness of disposition which charmed all who came within the circle of her acquaintance.

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

Nor was this all. The grace which Christ alone can give was hers, and those who have watched her earnest Christian life, desire no further assurance that her "last end was peace."

On the quiet Sabbath after her death, preceded by simple but most becoming services, she was borne to her last resting place in the quiet old church yard at Athens, surrounded by those who had known her in all the bright promise of her early years, and still lovelier life of her maturer ones. There by the side of him she loved so well, and near to the ashes of brother and sister, and father and mother for three generations, all of her that is mortal lies in the quiet peace of death.

Dear friend, uncomplaining Christian, fond and affectionate sister and mother, farewell. We shall meet again, for while "so He giveth His beloved sleep," He is at the same time "the resurrection and the life."

THE MURPHY CENTENNIAL.—The anniversary of the hundredth birthday of GEORGE MURPHY, of Sheshequin, was celebrated on the 30th inst. We regret that we were prevented from being present on the interesting occasion. We learn that nearly fifteen hundred people participated in the centennial, among the number several aged ones. JOSHUA SHORES, a neighbor of Mr. MURPHY, who is 97 years old made some interesting remarks. DEACON ELLIOTT was also present, and related some early experiences.

WM. SNYDER was president of the day. O. H. P. KINNEY delivered an address, and Rev. J. B. FRENCH an oration. Rev. S. BARNER read an original poem. The Waverly Band furnished the music. The venerable host appeared upon the platform, although in very feeble health. At the urgent request of the committee Mr. KINNEY furnished his address for publication, and we append it below. It is an exceptionally interesting paper:

MR. KINNEY'S ADDRESS.

It is well, in this exceedingly fast age, to halt occasionally and review the ground over which we have traveled. Not that I would place the head-light on the rear of the train and waste our time in gazing gloriously over the wrecks and failures of the past, but at proper times and on proper occasions to study our history with the view to utilize our experiences, make them minister to the present, and guide us the future. The American people are given to looking and going ahead, but the prudent surveyor takes bearings from the monument in the rear in order to properly adjust the one in front. Unless there be some occasion to halt, some way station that flags our train, we drive ahead, intent on reaching the grand depot yet in the future, to which our tickets pass us.

To-day we have occasion to stop the train and review the past. Our aged friend who is spared to see this day, and to say to his younger friends, "I have now had the varied experiences of one hundred years," furnishes the occasion. George Murphy was born one hundred years ago to-day, and his neighbors are here to do reverence to the centenarian, and to express their gratitude for what he and his compeers of the past century have done for them.

Mr. Murphy's mother, who was a sister of Judge Obadiah Gore, was at the battle and massacre of Wyoming. Her husband, John Murphy, was killed in that battle, but she and others broke through the grand stationed around Forty Fort where they were prisoners, made their escape to the river where a boat was in waiting, and with that floated down to Sunbury; thence traveled across the wilderness to the Delaware river, near Stroudsburg, where our venerable friend was born on the 30th day of September of that memorable year.

When peace and quiet had been restored, and order reigned once more in the Valley of Wyoming, the family returned thence and permanently resided; but, at the age of seven years, the boy, George, came to Sheshequin and lived with his uncle, Judge Gore, who had been settled there three years. Here he has lived and labored nearly three years—a longer period, perhaps, than any other man in this country ever resided in one immediate vicinity. It may properly be said that he lived that very long period of time in our town; for, although a portion of time was spent in the township of Rome, that part of Rome in which he resided was taken from Sheshequin to create the new town.

Remarkable events have occurred in the lifetime of Mr. Murphy. When he first saw the light the country was in the throes of that great revolutionary struggle which will pass down the annals of time as a memorable epoch in the history of the world. When he came to Sheshequin the war had just closed; and he was old enough to remember, more or less distinctly, the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and its ratification by the thirteen colonies, which constituted us a nation in the great family of nations. He saw his country pass through, and come victoriously out of the war of 1812, a war which settled forever some of the most important international questions ever submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. He went among these hills during the war with Mexico, and saw about an empire added to our domain as the result of that conflict. He took much interest in the great civil war which shook to the very foundation the Government he saw established in its infancy; and he was spared to see it come out thence stronger by the four years conflict, and so purified and so free that none but free men now tread American soil. He now finds, as his centenary of life is completed, a nation of 3,000,000 of peaple—grown—to—one of 45,000,000; and spread over a territory larger than any empire of the earth. No nation in the history of the world has ever made such gigantic strides in its increase of population and territory in a single century. These are briefly a few of the great national events and achievements in which our land in a single life time. And they are scarcely mentioned compared with the growth of the country in the more humanizing elements of human advancement and civilization.

One hundred years ago this whole region of country, embracing an area of what is now several counties, was an almost unbroken wilderness, occupied in the most superficial way by tribes of roving Indians. From Wyoming on the south, to the lakes on the north, the sound of the woodman's axe had scarcely yet awakened the echoes of these hills; and it was not till Gen. Sullivan with a large army passed up these valleys to the Genesee country, and completely destroyed the power of the Six Nations, and scattered them to the Canadas, that this beautiful country was opened to a higher order of civilization.

Permit me to elaborate somewhat on the campaign of Gen. Sullivan, which accomplished so much for this portion of the country, for I regard it as intimately connected with the present occasion. The Six Nations, or Six Nations of Indians, which for long years had been a dreaded power in the land, had united with the Tories and allied themselves with the cause of the British in their pending struggle. They had given much trouble to the white settlements of Pennsylvania and New York; had perpetrated their greatest outrage on the citizens of Wyoming and some lesser ones in the interior of New York. Their attacks upon the pioneer settlements, and their destruction of border towns amounted to a fire in the rear of our continental army of such grave importance that Gen. Washington resolved to put an effectual end to it. So an army of some 3,500 was raised in the spring of 1779, and the command tendered to Gen. Gates, who on account of ill health, and the almost impassable wilderness region through which it must march, declined it and recommended Gen. Sullivan, of New Hampshire, who accepted and conducted it to a marked success. The difficulties of this campaign may be judged from the fact, that much of the way roads had to be constructed for his artillery, and when narrows were reached his guns were embarked on boats and towed across them, and then deharked for land carriage. At the narrows immediately below us this course was pursued, and the main army marched around the mountain and reached the valley of Sheshequin by a most difficult and circuitous route through the forest. At Tioga point he halted, constructed Fort Sullivan which extended from river to river, and there established his depot of supplies. Here he was met by Gen. James Clinton with 1,500 men, who came from Albany by way of Cherry Valley and Otsego Lake, and thence down the Susquehanna river. Here plans of the campaign were perfected, and in their execution encountered their only serious opposition at Chemung, the largest Indian village in the valley. Gen. Clinton in his report says they had about 800 acres of the finest corn he ever saw. They had large crops of beans and quite extensive apple orchards. It was evident that in their agricultural efforts they had instruction and aid from the tories who for some time had been among them. They planted in rows and cultivated after the manner of white men, though in a much cruder way. They saved their corn in cribs & pits dug in the side hills where it was strung on poles and dried. Many of their corn pits are still to be seen near the village of Chemung; some of them in such state of preservation as to disclose their method of preserving their produce. It is claimed by Mr Craft and others that their surplus corn and beans found their way into the commissary for the British army. This village, and all the corn fields and orchards about it, as well as elsewhere along the line of march, were destroyed by Gen. Sullivan.

Brant, who commanded the Indians, and Butler who comanded the Tories, had watched the progress of Sullivan and Clinton, and resolved to oppose them at the first favorable opportunity. They accordingly collected all their available forces, numbering 1,000 men, and selected the strongest position along the valley, and fortified it as completely as their limited means would allow. This point was about four miles above the present village of Chemung, and six miles below the city of Elmira. Here they desired to give the decisive battle, and here the decisive battle was fought. The battle lasted about six hours, including the skirmishing, and although it was not remarkable for the numbers killed and wounded, yet in its results it was one of the most important engagements of the year 1779, for it effectually broke up the power of the Iroquois and the Tories allied with them, for they fled, mainly to Canada, and never again offered any resistance to the campaign, nor to the cause of the colonies which they had damaged so seriously, nor yet to the advance of civilization in Northern Pennsylvania and Southern and Western New York. This campaign opened up these rich valleys and these fruitful hills to settlement, and to the higher order of agriculture which we find here today.

Many of the soldiers who took part in this campaign returned in 1783 and settled upon the lands which four years before they had marched over with weapons of war in their hands. Among the early settlers of that year were Judge Obadiah Gore and his brother Samuel, Gen. Simon Spalding, Joseph Kinney, Stephen Fuller, Zebulon Butler, Arnold Franklin and others. These formed the nucleus of settlers who subdued and tamed the savage and unbroken wilderness, and beautified it by the peaceful pursuits of civilized life.

It seems a terrible, and almost wicked necessity, which could justify them in laying violent hands upon the rude denizens of the forest, and, at the point of the bayonet, drive them away to make room for themselves. But the laws of progress are inexorable. A new and better order of things is always built upon the ruins of what stands in its way. The higher crowds out the lower and inferior. The Darwinian theory, which compels the lowest and feeblest to yield to the strongest and fittest, applies to men and natives as well as to all nature below them.

However much the laws of necessity and progress seem at that time to have justified the destruction wrought by this expedition, we cannot look back upon it, at this remote day, without feelings of regret, and deep sympathy for the rude people thus forcibly dispossessed of their corn-fields and hunting grounds.

Longfellow, in his beautiful song of Hiawatha, very aptly describes their condition of peace and plenty previous to their expulsion:

"There was peace among the nations,
Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver.

Unmolested worked the women,
Made the sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadow,
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mandamin,
Waved the soft and hairy tresses
Filling all the land with plenty.

'Twas the women who in spring-time
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mandamin."

Hiawatha's lamentations over his people when calamities overtook them, and starvation threatened them, were a perfect realization of the terrible sufferings of the Iroquois after the march of Sullivan through their villages and corn-fields, for the winter following was the severest known during the Revolution, and the Indians were scattered, without home, habitation or food:

"O the long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!

Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the air within them;
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them."

Yet, however strongly our sympathies may go out in poetic rapture to these ancient people, the eternal and immutable laws of God will have their perfect work—the darkness must flee before the approaching light.

From no white man then, we have a population of 1,600 industrious and prosperous people now. The hills and valleys, then dominated by a few roving savages, are changed to highly cultivated farms, producing rich and abundant harvests, and the whole country is beautified with plain residences, comfortable school houses, and steepled churches. The war-whoop of the Indians, and the howl of wolves, have given place to the hum and music of busy lives and peaceful pursuits.

We all realize, in some faint degree, the toils and hardships incident to commencing life in the wilderness. For long years our fathers struggled with rugged nature among these hills, securing by the most arduous and persistent toil but a scanty subsistence. The valley of Sheshequin was most favored of all this section of the country. The lands being prairie in their natures, rich of soil but sparsely wooded, with frequent wide openings where the Indians had cultivated corn in their crude way, they soon became productive, and afforded a surplus to their fortunate owners. They became the Egypt of this country whence the suffering pioneers of other and less favored locations drew their rations of corn, generally without money and without price. As the settlements extended east and west, the settlers made pilgrimages every spring to the Valley of Sheshequin for provisions, and they were never sent empty away. There are some here to-day—myself among them—who remember people coming from remote portions of the county with their crude ovens on begging errands for the poor of their localities. I have always felt proud of the kindness and generosity which in those early days characterized my native town of Sheshequin. Her humanity became proverbial all the country through. Our venerable and aged friend was among the toilers who helped to feed the hungry and clothe the naked of these struggling times. He did his share in converting the stubborn wilderness into what we see about us today. We cannot be too grateful to those pioneers for the wonders wrought by their brave hearts and strong arms, and for the rich inheritance received at their hands.

Ninety-three years ago he saw the farmers going to Wilkes-Barre in canoes to get their grain ground, the trip requiring from ten days to two weeks. A horse mail passed through the valley once a week on its way to the lake countries of New York, and he at one time had the honor of being post boy on that route. A daily newspaper was unknown, and a weekly from Philadelphia reached the valley in about ten days after it was printed, containing latest news from England forty days old. To-day a railroad threads the valley, dropping daily papers from New York and Philadelphia, within ten hours after they leave the press. Passengers take a sleeping coach in evening, and awaken at early morning in one or of those cities, refreshed, and ready for a day of business. Not less than fifty trains a day whirl up and down the Susquehanna, carrying a daily average of 500 passengers; freighting a million and a half tons of coal annually to northern markets, and returning over a half million tons of miscellaneous merchandize for southern consumption. The timber, so abundant then that the settlers burned it up to get it out of their way, has now become so scarce that Canada furnishes much of the lumber used for building purposes. Ben Franklin had not yet concluded his experiments with the lightnings, which laid the foundation for the wonders which have followed; but now we step to the telegraph office and dispatch some of his bottled-up electricity on errands all over the world. Events occurring in Europe are known and printed here before they transpire. The result of a celebrated regatta on the Thames a few years ago which took place at four o'clock in the afternoon, was in print and circulating upon the streets of your neighboring village of Waverly at 3 o'clock of the same day. I was in New York three years ago during the exciting international rifle match at Dollymont, Ireland; and the result of every shot was known in that city before the crack of the rifle could have reached it; and a New York daily was circulating upon the streets containing accurate diagrams of the targets, and every shot made upon them, before the match was concluded. Of course, in this, we take account of the difference of time between the two countries, which is about five hours. But George Murphy has lived to see the time of communication between London and New York reduced from thirty days to less than thirty seconds. One hundred years ago newspapers were printed on the old Ramage press; and a good pressman could turn out complete about 100 newspapers an hour. Now the Bullock or Hoe press can run off, perfectly printed on both sides, and counted and folded ready for the mails, about 30,000 an hour; and all without the aid of human hands after the machinery is started. More mail matter is carried to-day on the Lehigh Valley Railroad than was then carried throughout the length and breadth of our land.

The telephone has passed into history as a fact of the present age. Marvellous as it may seem, intelligible conversation in the ordinary tone of voice, may be carried on through this little instrument, at a distance of many miles. Its utility is not yet very apparent, but the discovery is in its infancy, and its future can only be conjectured. Close upon the telephone comes the phonograph, the transcendant wonder of the nineteenth century. By this instrument, no larger than a man's hat, the address I am now delivering could be bottled up as safely as the housewife bottles up her blackberries, and a year hence—or a hundred years for that matter—it could be reproduced with such accuracy that all the intonations of voice, and all the inaccuracies of statement and speech would be readily recognized. Like the photograph, it reproduces imperfections as well as the perfect and the true. To some this may seem like a myth, but its reality is established, and its wonders not overstated.

In agriculture the improvements have not been less marked or important. Mr. Murphy, in common with others of that day, used the wooden plow and the wooden-toothed harrow, and he reaped his grain with the primitive sickle. Now the polished steel plow, the improved drags, cultivators, seed drills, etc., reduce the labor of tilling the soil fully one-half; while the mower, reaper, horse-rake and horse-fork have almost annihilated the dreaded three months of haying and harvesting; and with it has disappeared the inevitable pail of milk pinch with which the close of that hurried term of labor was celebrated. The "death maul" which resounded among the hills through the long dreary months of winter, has given place to the threshing machine whose marvels are hardly second to the mower and reaper. A recent report from Iowa tells us that wheat standing in the field, was cut, threshed, ground and baked into bread inside of five minutes.

At the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia two years ago were gathered together for the first time in this country representatives from almost every nation of the earth. They came to prepare notes of progress in all things that pertain to the material and educational interests of humanity. The Exposition was a great study, and it taught the nations many great lessons. The comparison of exhibits, and the free interchange of views among representative men took the conceit out of all people. All came to know more about and to think better of each other. Americans found much to learn of the Japanese, the Russian, and the Turk, and all learned much from this young American nation. They sat down together in peace and harmony to study the best interests of man; and rose up wiser and more strongly imbued with the principles of fraternal love and a common brotherhood. We profited much by the exhibition of the delicate handicraft of the Chinese; improved our fine arts by a careful study of French and Italian painting and sculpture; learned useful lessons from the strength and perfection of English manufactures; were captivated with the delicate and almost etherial ornamentation of the Japanese. We absorbed something useful and beautiful from all nations; and they carried back lessons of American liberty, American genius, and American humanity which must change for the better their stolid and stupid systems of institutions. They were profoundly impressed with our labor-saving inventions. They saw a broad practical humanity in everything we produced. Egypt exhibited models of those great pyramids, built by the Pharaohs for no apparent purpose, requiring hundreds of years in their construction, and absorbing life and labor of thousands upon thousands of slaves; while we exhibited our mowers and reapers whose clatter told of labor saved, and toil and drudgery ended. The Chinese pointed with pride to a royal bedstead which required a lifetime to carve and ornament, but we made the little sewing machine hum to the music of a liberated and emancipated womanhood. The Germans boasted of their great Krup gun—a monstrous engine of human destruction, while our great General, returned from military to civil life, touched the lever of the great Corliss engine, and set the wonderful and complicated machinery of that great Exposition into busy and usual activity. England showed us models of her immense iron-clad warships; and we put in motion our great engine of peace and national defense—the Hoe printing press, running off newspapers at the rate of 25,000 an hour, containing news from all the nations of the world. Italy displayed her sculpture—we our own by which the poor of Italy are fed. France spread before us her paintings, and we touched the telegraph key which has brought the people of the world into closer and more friendly relations. And so on through that entire exposition, we gave them the fruits of a hundred years of our freedom and free institutions all tinged with the growth of liberty, love and humanity; while we received from them the beauties and wonders of their fine arts, but we returned with the tears of struggles and poverty. All profited by the intercourse, but none so much as they who carried back from our shores the wonders wrought in a hundred years of freedom, free men, and free institutions.

Mr. Murphy saw the inception of our age of liberty and progress, and he has lived to behold the consummation of the work. When I speak of the consummation of our work, I mean only what has been attained up to the present time. There is no end to our work. True, the future is a sealed work, but reasoning from what we know, we must not suppose we have reached the end of progress. In fact, we are but upon the threshold of discovery and invention. The possibilities of the future are infinite. A hundred years hence our grandchildren will look back to this day and wonder that we should feel proud of our advancement and achievements. They will regard our status much as we now do that of our ancestors of a hundred years ago. We are in the very center of the eternity of all things. There is as much eternity before us as behind us. We can grasp but a small section of it at best. Our capacities are so limited that we can take in but a more fragment of what is around and about us. We learn of new things, new truths and new forces only as we grow up to them. Could we be elevated a thousand feet from where we now stand we would see range after range of mountains hidden from our present view. New planets and new suns are discovered only as we perfect the means of seeing. The lightnings were known to the oldest of humanity, but it was left for this generation to make them the vehicle of human thought. Fire and water have always been, but man had to grow unto greater perfection himself before he could drive the steamship across the ocean, or the steam car across the continent. Our capacities must enlarge, and our senses become more intensely acute before we can lay hold of and utilize the forces of nature all about us, but as yet unknown to us. The eye sees but seven primary colors and their combinations; but it is not reasonable to suppose that nature is that limited in her wealth of gorgeous beauty. It is not only possible, but highly probable, that there is an infinity of colors, but our faculties for observing them are limited to the very few coming within the range of our capacities. The ancients knew of but three primary colors. In some of the records of antiquity only the red and yellow are spoken of; and in the early Sanscrit, and in Homer's writings only the red, yellow and orange are mentioned. The colors have not changed or increased in number, nor do they strike the eye to-day with any more intensity than then, but man has developed to that condition of color perfection that seven colors are clearly seen where only those were seen before. The ear is so constructed that it can take cognizance of but a few octaves of sound. The music of nature is as infinite as nature herself. Who supposes there are no sound vibrations above or below the few we hear? As well might we say there are no suns beyond our contracted vision, and no hills behind the ranges now in sight.

This subject was beautifully illustrated by Prof. Tyndall in a lecture delivered recently in London. Upon the platform he had a harp of six octaves. In the basement of the building a piano of eight octaves—an octave above and in octave below his harp. A deal board extended from the sounding board of the piano up through the rooms to the platform. On this board he placed the harp which was tuned in perfect accord with the piano. When music was played on the piano in the basement it was reproduced by the harp on the platform. But it was observed that when the player reached notes above or below the capacity of the harp no sound was heard. The fact is, the harp had no power to hear (so to speak) or recognize sounds above or below its own limited capacity. Had other octaves been added to the harp it would have at once reproduced all the sounds of the piano.

So with man, he hears, sees and feels just what he has capacity for and nothing more. He knows just the powers, forces and beauties of nature that he has grown up to and is able to grasp and comprehend, and nothing more. Although he is a harp of a thousand strings he cannot respond to music played upon a harp of a million strings. But he is growing up to these new wonders just so fast as he has capacity to comprehend and use them. So, as he discovers some new force or power in nature he steps upon that in order to grasp something above and beyond. What is still out of his reach no man can know till he steps upon the next round of the ladder and takes a wider and higher view of the world.

No, we have no more right to say we have reached the end of discovery and progress than the Indian had when he invented the tom tom on which he drummed and called it music. So let us be grateful to those in the past who rolled along the great ball of human progress, and particularly to those who gloriously contributed it by consummating the work of the Revolution, which established liberty and equality in our land. Nothing has contributed so much to the expansion and perfection of human powers, and the permanent elevation of the race in all the elements of a perfect manhood, as that liberty of thought and speech and action guaranteed by the constitution of our country. Where thought is suppressed there is mental slavery. Any restriction upon the powers of man warps and dwarfs them. Any class distinctions recognized by law represses growth, and hinders development. While we may not have produced, under our free saystem, the greatest men in the world, we have developed the greatest number of great men, and the greatest average humanity among the masses of people. Could we weigh the real manhood of our 45,000,000 of people we would make an equal number of any other nation kick the beam. And in this weighing of manhood I would include the intelligence, energy, enterprise, inventive genius, religion and morality which constitute the moral man. This may sound like boasting, but I regard it as a recorded fact of the present age. Then let us look forward with faith that the promises of to-morrow shall be fulfilled by the realities of to-morrow; and that when we have put aside the dull senses of this body, we shall, in the great eternal future, have all our faculties and senses enlarged, expanded and quickened to that degree of spiritual perfection that we shall realize, respond to, and enjoy the wonders, beauties and harmonies God has in store for us.

Again, let us be thankful for what has been accomplished in the past hundred years, and especially grateful to the venerable men who like the centennarian of to-day have wrought it out for us, for

The aged sire, who with us stands
With trembling limbs and feeble hands,
As onward drift the sluggish sands
Of his eventful life,

Hath seen the sunshine and the shade
A hundred circling years have made
From frozen clime to everglade—
A century of strife.

When manhood's days were strong and bright
He struggled with his will and might
Among the forests, dark as night,
And glorious victory won.

But now his work of life is o'er;
He dimly sees the other shore,
And hears the greeting evermore:
"Well done, good man, well done."

List of Premiums awarded by the Bradford County Agricultural Society at the Annual Fair held at East Towanda on the 24th, 26th and 27th days of September, 1878:

CLASS 1—HORSES—NO. 1—ROAD STALLIONS.

G H Tuthill, Superintendent.

5 yrs and over, S C Bradford,	1st Premium,	$8 00
do do G P Vought,	2 do	4 00
4 yrs and under 5, D C Newman,	1 do	6 00
3 do do A, D Dewitt,	2 do	4 00

NO. 2—DRAFT OR FARM STALLIONS.

5 yrs and over, R S Elmston,	1st premium	$8 00
do do P Wilter,	2 do	4 00
2 yrs and under 4, J Crook,	1 do	4 00

H T DARLING,
A A AVELIS,
STARR,
Judges.

NO. 3—MARES AND COLTS.

Mare 4 yrs and over with colt, A H Smith,	1 premium,	$3 00
do do	2 do	2 00
G W Blackman,	1 do	3 00
Brood mare, H H Scott,	2 do	3 00
4 yr old colt, Horace Horton,	1 do	2 00
3 do do do do	1 do	2 00
3 do do Job M Webb,	2 do	2 00
2 do A Beardsan,	1 do	1 00
2 do G H Fox,	1 do	1 00
2 do do	2 do	1 00
Yearling colt, S C Bradford,	1 do	1 00
do W W Cole,	2 do	1 00
Sucking colt, Jas Towner,	1 do	1 00
do A R Dutton,	2 do	50

NO. 4—HORSES AND MULES FOR FARM USE.

Pair Draft Horses, C Ridgeway,	1 premium,	$4 00
do A J Webb,	2 do	4 00
Matched horses, T G Smith,	1 do	4 00
Pair draft mares, Jacob Stalter,	1 do	4 00
Matched mares, M T Horton,	1 do	4 00
Driving horse, Mrs C S Russell,	1 do	3 00
Gelding under 4 yrs, A Davis,	1 do	3 00
Mares, 4 yrs, M Ebbert,	1 do	3 00
Pair matched mules, C S Davis,	1 do	4 00

H N FISH,
WM STEVENS,
ISAAC LYON,
Judges.

NO. 5—HORSES KEPT FOR PLEASURE

Single Gelding, A D Munn,	1st premium,	$3 00
do Louis Pecilli,	2 do	2 00
Stallion, gen'l purposes, M Wilson,	1 do	10 00
do do R Horton,	2 do	6 00
Single mare, Jno Pimlet,	1 do	3 00

NO. 6—HORSES FOR ALL WORK.

Stallion 4 yr, Isaac Robinson,	2nd premium,	$1 00
Mare 4 yr, H A Foster,	1 do	3 00
Mare 4 yr and over, F H Hagerman,	2 do	3 00
Mare under 4, F H Hagerman,	1 do	3 00
Gelding 4 yrs and over, C J Beardsleep,	1 do	4 00
Mare in gelding, M Loveless,	2 do	2 00
Gelding under 4, E W Gale,	1 do	3 00
do do do do	2 do	HM
Horse 7 yr for beauty and activity, Jesse Kilmer,	1 do	HM
Stallion under 4 yr, C S Davis,	1 do	4 00

NO. 7—DRIVING AND RIDING HORSES.

Matched carriage mare, J W Nichols,	1 do	5 00
Matched carriage mares, Jno W Liporte,	2 do	3 00

A R DUTTON,
J D KYSER,
HIRAM SCHLABERT,
Judges.

CLASS 2—CATTLE—NO. 8—SHORT HORNS.

A S Cole Superintendent.

Short horn bull, 1 yr under 2, F H Hagerman,	1st premium,	$3 00
Short horn bull 1 yr and under 2, F H Hagerman,	1 do	2 00
Short horn bull 2 yr, O Nichols,	1 do	3 00
do do Piollets,	2 do	2 00
Alex Enslo,	1 do	3 00
Pen of calves, S, E A Enslo	1 do	6 00
Cow for milk and butter, A S Lewis,	1 do	8 00

M H Lanning exhibited a short horn bull, 2 years under 3, which was entitled to 1st premium had he been entered for premium.

NO. 9—JERSEYS.

Bull 5 yr, Jacob Stalker,	1 premium,	$3 00
Cow 5 yr, Chas S Davis,	1 do	4 00
Bull calf, do	1 do	2 00
Heifer, do	1 do	3 00

NO. 9½—AYRSHIRE.

Bull 2 yrs, A R Dutton,	1 premium,	$4 00
do 1 do do	2 do	2 00
Cow 5 yrs, do	1 do	4 00
Heifer 1 yr, do	1 do	3 00
do calf, do	1 do	1 00
Bull calf, do	1 do	1 00

NO. 10—NATIVE AND GRADE.

Grade Devon cow 4 yrs, E J Ayres,	1st premium,	4 00
do Jersey yearling, do	1 do	2 00
do do 1 yr, S Walker,	2 do	1 00
Cow 6 yrs, Alfred Horton,	1 do	4 00
Durham bull 1 yr, A J Webb	1 do	3 00
Native bull calf, C C Shore,	1 do	1 00
Grade short horn, 2 yr, Piollets,	1 do	4 00
Dairy in calves, W J Lent,	PF	HM

NO. 12—WORKING CATTLE.

5 yrs, Elias Pencil,	1st premium,	$5 00
3 and 8 yrs, Martin Bonnet,	1 do	3 00
A W Park,	2 do	3 00

C J BASTERBROOK,
O N WOLCOTT,
S H DAVIS,
C L STEWART,
JAS TUDDEN,
BEN S CHAMBERLIN,
Judges.

CLASS 3—SHEEP.

A D Munn, Superintendent.

Cotswold buck, O L Stewart,	2nd premium,	$2 00
Leicester buck 2 yr, T A Park,	1 do	3 00
do ewes 2 yr, do	1 do	3 00
do buck 1 yr, do	1 do	3 00
Southdown buck, 2 yr, R M Wellles and Hiram Chilson,	1 do	3 00
Cotswold buck 2 yr, H Hagerman	1 do	3 00
do 1 yr, R D Bolles,	2 do	1 00
do do Joe Towner,	1 do	2 00
3 ewes 3 yrs, R D Bolles,	1 do	3 00
3 yearlings, do	1 do	2 00
Cotswold buck lambs, Ed Gooding,	1 do	2 00
3 ewe lambs (Cotswold), R D Bolles,	1 do	2 00
3 ewe lambs do	1 do	2 00
R G Gooding,	2 do	1 00
Shropshire buck 1 yr, M S Camp,	1 do	3 00
do 2 ewes 2 yr, do	1 do	3 00
do buck 2 yr, M S Camp,	1 do	3 00
Leicester buck 3 yr, Harry Scott,	1 do	3 00
Merino buck, W H Rockwell,	1 do	3 00
do do lambs 3, do	1 do	3 00
do do ewes 3, do	1 do	3 00

J E ROBINSON,
S B TUPPER,
R F BACON,
I D YOUNG,
IRA FINCH,
HENRY BISHER,
Judges.

CLASS 4—SWINE.

A D Munn, Superintendent.

Berkshire sow 9 mos,		
do do H F Inglesman,	1st premium,	$2 00
5 Chester white pigs, W J Coolbaugh,	1 do	2 00
Berkshire boar 1 yr, R M Wellles	1 do	3 00
Berkshire boar 1 yr, Piollets,	2 do	1 00
do 5 sows, F H Hagerman,	1 do	2 00
Berkshire pigs under 9 mos, 5, H M Wellles and H. Chilson,	1 do	2 00
Berkshire breeding sow with pigs, R M Wellles and H Chilson,	2 do	2 00
Berkshire sow 5 pigs, Piollets,	do	3 00

Berkshires of H H Lanning's very fine and worthy of H M—not entered for premiums.

A Judson,
H Black,
O J Battles
S W Beck,
Gabriel King,
Judges.

CLASS 6—NO. 20—DAIRY PRODUCTS.

A Park, Supt

Firkin butter, Miss L Nichols,	1st prem.	$1 00
Tub butter, do do	1 do	4 00
do E R Vaughn,	2 do	3 00
do Job M Webb,	3 do	1 00
Roll butter, D S Vanness,	1st prem.	½ 1 00