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GREAT EXPLOSION.

The Westfield Spectator, a Massachusetts print, gives an account of an accident which occurred near the village of Westfield, on the 23d ultimo. Three powder mills were blown up, carrying with them one dwelling house, one barn, and two out buildings, which were shivered to fragments. Yet the most remarkable part of the story is that no lives were lost. The following is an account given by the Westfield paper:

On Monday morning last about half past ten o'clock, the powder mills belonging to Messrs. Foot and Gillett, standing about two miles west of this village, were blown up. There were three distinct explosions at intervals of twenty or thirty seconds.

The first was the Cylinder Mill which was a short time before put in operation; and the workmen had left but about five minutes previous—and who were at the time working in the Corning Mill, about five rods distant—and which blew up within twenty seconds, giving the men barely time to leave the mill, and throw themselves into the bush within twenty feet of it. And strange as it may appear, they escaped slightly injured, one without a mark of injury except from being blacked by the powder, the other received a billet of wood in his breast. They had scarcely arose from their hiding place, than the packing house, which contained four or five hundred barrels of powder, exploded, prostrating them again—and leaving not a vestige to mark the spot on which it stood.

The ground for several feet around was swept clean of every thing. A dwelling house standing near it was unroofed—two sides were blown in, and not even a joist left standing. The plastering of the standing walls were shaken from them. The partitions broken to pieces, feather beds were 'shook up,' and not a person, of the six or seven in the house, injured.

The concussion was so great that buildings in the village received considerable injury from it. One building at least a mile and a half from the mills had twenty or thirty lights broken out, and another had one window totally demolished, the casing being carried across the room. About ten thousand pounds of powder ready for sale, and nearly the same quantity manufacturing, was burnt.

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

MECHANICS.

Often as this class of citizens has been made the subject of articles in newspapers, we have met with but few who have stript off the partial feelings of prejudice, in speaking of it. For many reasons, doubtless, has this consequence been so general and invariable. Mechanics are of that open nature, which puts a check upon writers whose practise it is to speak of things out of one side of the mouth—and hence the great deficiency of justice in discussing upon them.

Who is a mechanic? He is the most independent of the many requisites to form a community. Occupied as he is in a calling, which never, as originally understood, demands covert dealing, to give it permanency or success, he is, naturally, above the derelictive spirit which reigns throughout that vampyre body—the non-producers. He labours for a day; and, at its close, he may demand the equivalent of that labour. To depend upon any one man is not his misfortune—unless, indeed, he forgets his standing. Employers, it is true, are the dispensers of much comfort to journeymen, and are likewise able to do much to their injury: but universally and unexceptionably, the real mechanic is no more a dependent upon the employer than the employer upon him—for both have a like share of power to do good or injury to each other. They are both mechanics. The interests of one are the interests of the other.

Many idlers or demagogues are very anxious at this time, to bear the name of Mechanic. They perceive that a tone of resolution is beginning to demonstrate itself, and a high but just assumption of superiority is beginning to prevail throughout this important body of the people. Yet, but a few short years ago, and these same friends of mechanics, were amongst the most bold in denouncing the whole producing class of the people, as the fag end of society—as men, not calculated to accelerate the greatness of the country. They will, we are certain, be looked upon with the eye of resuperated scrutiny, by their sudden favorites, which must baffle their designs. Men are thus found, who advocate the principles of the mechanics on the rostrum, to be among the greatest enemies to their general prosperity. But it cannot have any other effect, at this day, than to expose their aggrandizing schemes to those whom they pretend to serve.

Give a man, who labors hard for his living, but the means by which he may obtain a conception of his importance as a member of our great republic, and it needs no prophecy to predict the total disregard of the hollow professions of pretended friends. Let the producers unite, and all that now distracts the country would be so effectually banished, as never again to be felt to any extent. Let them read themselves; think themselves; act themselves, and finally govern themselves; and the proxy scheme which, for years has been their greatest tax, will be removed by representations from among themselves. It will then be seen, who are, and who are not independent. It will then be known who are the friends of the country.

The German, who was recently convicted of the murder of Zellerbauch the pedlar, near Lancaster city, was on Monday last sentenced to be hung within the walls of the jail of Lancaster city. The motion to arrest judgment on the ground that Judge Collins, who was on the bench during part of the trial, was not legally qualified to act as judge, was overruled. It is is said Musselman confesses the murder.—*Harrisburg Chronicle, Oct. 2.*

LYING TAUGHT TO CHILDREN.

A spirited writer in the Annals of Education, specifies several ways in which the art of lying is taught. It is taught in families and in schools. Lies are told to children by hundreds and thousands long before they can speak. This may be done by actions and looks and actions as well as by words. All deception in the view of the writer is lying. And undoubtedly he is correct. How much lying then, there must be in the world.

We will give two or three examples illustrative of the ways in which lies are told to children, and by which they are taught to lie.

"You have something on your table or about your person, which your child manifests a desire to obtain. You tell him it is not fit for him, or attempt to conceal it.—How long will it be before he will attempt to conceal from you something which it is not convenient for him to yield? And when he has reached this stage of lying, how long will it be before he will take another degree in the same craft, and attempt to deceive you in words? It is but a step from a lie in countenance to the lie in act—and but another step from the lie in action to the lie in word or deed."

Take another example: "Your child is ill; we wish him to take nauseous medicine.—He is assured that it is agreeable to his taste. We sip a little, and assume a cheerful appearance of countenance. But he soon learns that he has been deceived—and how long will it be before he loses all confidence in our veracity—and not only so, but is encouraged to repeat, in this way and sphere, our own unhappy example.

As a child grows older, and becomes more and more acquainted with society, especially that part of society which ought to be known to him most favorably, does he find a more strict adherence to truth in those around him? Rather does not every thing in this respect wax worse? Does he not find falsehood current every where, and on almost all occasions?

"Parents, brothers, and sisters smile and look kindly to visitors, urging them to stay longer or call again soon—with a thousand assurances of friendship—and yet how common is it, as soon as they are out of hearing not only to criticise their character and manners, but to show by our looks and actions, if we do not say it in words, that we are glad they are gone. Of lying by saying "not at home" when we are so, and requiring our children or domestics to say the same, it is scarcely necessary that we should speak, so obviously evil are its consequences.

These examples might be multiplied to an indefinite extent. They will prove sufficient however for our purpose, if they awaken the attention of our readers to this subject, so that they see how wide spread is the sin of lying—practised in ten thousand ways daily, both by parents and children. The evil is alarming and should be checked. Parents, and all who have charge of or instruct children should see to it that they deceive not, either by word or action. Children are imitators, and are naturally more disposed to imitate a bad example than a good one.

Life in Arkansas.—If a man can keep his life in Arkansas, he may call himself fortunate, for when they get a notion into their heads that he has had it long enough, they will take it away, "without authority of law," unless he take himself off by the authority of his heels. Not long since, they hung three men on their account, and banished several others for a murder, of which, it has appeared they were all innocent. And lately a man named Wallace, having been charged with a mugler, and admitted to bail, according to law, at Fayetteville, some 200 persons undertook to deal with him after their own fashion; but Wallace, with about one hundred of his friends, retreated to the Court House, where pieces of cannon, muskets, &c., beloning to the United States had been stored, and the mob were forced to retreat. At the last accounts they were gathering for another attempt to take him.

Baltimore Sun.

An innocent Trick with delicious consequences.—The Cincinnati Sun tells a capital story of a young gentleman in that city, who resorted to an innocent trick to get a kiss all round from a couple of young ladies he was waiting upon home from a fishing party. At Cincinnatti as well as here and elsewhere, the girls have a pretty and innocent custom of kissing each other on bidding each other good night, and in fact upon many other occasions. The gentleman in question had waited upon the ladies, two of the fairest flowers that ever bloomed among the Buckeyes, to their father's residence. Knowing the little parting ceremony was to be performed, he watched his opportunity, and just as their pretty lips were on their way to each other, he poked his face in between, receiving a delicious kiss on either cheek, for his audacity or ingenuity. Only think of it, exclaims the Pencyune, a double barrel shot from Cupid, and both fired at once! We have a mind to make a regular business of seeing the girls home, two at a time. Wouldn't it be delightful.

Cure for the Whooping Cough.—A tea spoon full of castor oil to a tea spoon full of molasses; a tea spoon full of the mixture to be given whenever the cough is troublesome. It will afford relief at once, and in a few days it effects a cure. The same remedy relieves the crump, however violent the attack.—*National Intelligencer.*

An aged Father.—It is said that there is now a man living in Indiana, who has attained the age of 120 years, and he has a son just thirteen! The lad is, therefore, one hundred and seven years younger than his father.

President Van Buren was in Philadelphia on Monday last.