

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

SEPTEMBER 14.

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TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1846.

Calico Printing.—An interesting description of the process of printing calico, may be found in another column. It is from the correspondent of the Public Ledger.

Fremont's Expedition.—We publish, this week, a part of an article giving an account of Capt. Fremont's Exploring Expedition west of the Rocky Mountains. It will be found of interest.

The portion which we extract, is from his journal, and is a description of the sufferings encountered by his party on their return to the United States. The work is now printing by order of Congress, and when completed, will form one of the most highly interesting and valuable works extant.

The object of this expedition, the most general in its conception, and hazardous in its execution of any since that of Lewis & Clarke's, yet remains with the "powers that be," at Washington, though as one of discovery, the great and unexplored region west of the Rocky Mountains, presents a grand theatre for botanical, mineralogical and astronomical observation, and diversified with scenes of suffering and peril. Towards this country, we turn our attention with vague and undefined ideas of its worth, of its aspects, its climate and its soil. "Those who have ventured so far from the bounds of civilization and dared the danger of starvation and the treachery of the unfriendly savages, have given accounts of its magnitude and grandeur; its salt lakes and mighty mountains, capped with eternal snow; its verdant and ever-blooming valleys; which have but served to stimulate curiosity. Hitherto, its geography has been undefined, and the situation its lakes and rivers a matter of doubt, and one of the benefits of Capt. Fremont's labors has been the plotting of a map of the country, upon which travellers can hereafter rely.

This is Capt. Fremont's second expedition; he has just set out on his third, and is expected to return in the year 1846.

[From the Washington Union.]

Fremont's Exploring Expeditions.

Having completed all his arrangements, Capt. Fremont on the 25th of November commenced his journey. His route was slightly south of east to the "Salt Prairie," of Fall river. The weather was cold, with frequent furies of snow. He reached the "Salt Prairie" on the 27th. He finds in his route a remarkable deposit of fluviatile muscoria, which were afterwards subjected to microscopical examination by Professor Bailey of West Point. December the 1st he encountered thick ice in watercourses. On the 7th, December, the latitude of his camp was 43° 30' 36", and its longitude west of Greenwich 121° 33' 50". On the 8th he crossed the east branch of "Fall river." His route lay through the most splendid pine forests, filled with trees of remarkable dimensions.

On the 11th he arrived at Tlamath Lake. "It is simply a shallow basin, which, for a short period at the time of melting snows, is covered with water from the neighboring mountains." On visiting a village of the lake, he says of the party which came out to meet him: "We were surprised, on riding up, to find one of them a woman, having never before known a squaw to take any part in the business of war. They were the village chief and his wife, who, in excitement and alarm at the unusual event and appearance, had come out to meet their fate together. The chief was a very prepossessing Indian, with very handsome features, and a singularly soft and agreeable voice—so remarkable as to attract general notice.

"From Tlamath lake, the further continuation of our voyage assumed a character of discovery and exploration, which, from the Indians here, we could obtain no information to direct, and where the imaginary maps of the country, instead of assisting, exposed us to suffering and defeat. In our journey across the desert, Mary's lake, and the famous Buenaventura river, were two points on which I relied to recruit the animals, and repose the party. Forming, agreeably to the best maps in my possession, a connected water line from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean, I felt no other anxiety than to pass safely across the intervening desert to the banks of the Buenaventura, where, in the softer climate of a more southern latitude, our horses might find grass to sustain them, and ourselves be sheltered from the rigors of winter, and from the inhospitable desert. The guides who had conducted us thus far on our journey, were about to return; and I endeavored in vain to obtain others to lead us, even for a few days, in the direction (east) which we wished to go. The chief to whom I applied, alleged the want of horses, and the snow on the mountains across which our course would carry us, and the sickness of his family, as reasons for refusing to go with us."

From this lake he continued his journey eastwardly. On the 16th December he was traveling through snow about three feet deep. His journey continues marked by the singular enterprise and resources of his mind, to the north, which also closed the year 1842; yet, nothing daunted, he goes on. We now make the following extract from his reports:

"January 3.—A fog, so dense that we could not see a hundred yards, covered the country, and the men that were sent out after the horses were bewildered and lost; and we were consequently detained at camp until late in the day. Our situation had now become a serious one. We had reached and run over the position, where, according to the best maps in my possession, we should have found Mary's lake, or river. We were evidently on the verge of the desert which had been reported to us; and the appearance of country was so forbidding, that I was afraid to enter it, and determined to bear away to the southward, keeping close along the mountains, in the full expectation of reaching the Buenaventura river."

"This morning I put every man in the camp on foot—myself, of course, among the rest—and in this manner lightened by distribution the loads of the animals. We traveled seven or eight miles along the ridge bordering the valley, and encamped where there were a few bunches of grass on the bed of a hill torrent, without water. There were some large artemisias; but the principal plants are chenopodiaceous shrubs. The rock composing the mountains is here changed suddenly into white granite. The fog showed the tops of the hills at sunset, and stars enough for observations in the early evening, and then closed over us as before. Latitude, by observation, 40° 48' 15".

"January 4.—The fog to-day was still more dense, and the people were again bewildered. We traveled a few miles around the western point of the ridge, and encamped where there were a few tufts of grass, but no water. Our animals now were in a very alarming state, and there was increased anxiety in the camp."

"The 5th, the fog continues to the 6th, the same; yet is he toiling on. Directed by a column of smoke (steam), he discovered the most remarkable hot-springs of his route. We subjoin his own description of them, and of the condition of the party. The latitude of these springs is 40° 39' 40".

"Entering the neighboring valley, and crossing the bed of another lake, after a hard day's travel over ground of yielding mud and sand, we reached the springs, where we found an abundance of grass, which, though only tolerably good, made this place, with reference to the past, a refreshing and agreeable spot."

"This is the most extraordinary locality of hot springs we had met during the journey. The basin of the largest one has a circumference of several hundred feet; but there is at one extremity a circular space of about fifteen feet in diameter, entirely occupied by the boiling water. It boils up at irregular intervals, and with much noise. The water is clear, and the spring deep; a pole about sixteen feet long was easily immersed in the center, but we had no means of forming a good idea of the depth. It was surrounded on the margin with a border of green grass, and near the shore the temperature of the water was 206°.

We had no means of ascertaining that of the center, where the heat was greatest; but, by dispersing the water with a pole, the temperature at the margin was increased to 208°, and in the center it was doubtless higher. By driving a pole towards the bottom, the water was made to boil up with increased force and noise. There are several other interesting places where water and smoke or gas escape, but they would require a long description."

"The water is impregnated with common salt, but not so much so as to render it unfit for general cooking; and a mixture of snow made it pleasant to drink."

"In the immediate neighborhood, the valley bottom is covered almost exclusively with chenopodiaceous shrubs, of great luxuriance, and larger growth, than we have seen them in any preceding part of the journey."

"I obtained this evening some astronomical observations."

"Our situation now required caution. Including those which gave out from the injured condition of their feet, and those stolen by Indians, we had lost, since leaving the Dalles of the Columbia, fifteen animals; and of these, nine had been left in the last few days. I therefore determined, until we should reach a country of water and vegetation, to feel our way ahead, by having the line of route explored some fifteen or twenty miles in advance, and only to leave a present encampment when the succeeding one was known."

"The boiling point of Fahrenheit is 212°, and as these springs, on being a little stirred, gave a heat at their margin of 208°, we have no doubt, at the center, that the heat was fully equal to boiling water. We have here, therefore, provided by nature, a great steam power without expense of fuel."

"On the 10th, he discovered a fine lake, which he called "Pyramid Lake."

"The elevation of this lake above the sea is 4,800 feet, being nearly 700 feet higher than the Great Salt lake, from which it lies nearly west, and distant about eight degrees of longitude. The position and elevation of this lake make it an object of geographical interest. It is the nearest lake to the western rim, of the Great Salt lake to the eastern rim, of the great basin which lies between the base of the Rocky mountains and the Sierra Nevada; and the extent and character of which, its whole circumference and contents, it is so desirable to know."

"The last of the cattle which had been driven from the Dalles was killed here for food, and was still in good condition."

"He passed on the eastern side of this lake; and, encamping upon a bold stratum which emptied into it, and which he found well supplied with fish, enjoyed all the luxury which rest and the finest trout could furnish. He could obtain no information of the country in advance of his position; and, when he endeavored to obtain a guide from among the Indians, they "only looked at each other and laughed."

"On the 16th (of January) he left his encampment at the mouth of Salmon-trout river, and made 18 miles that day along its valley. On the 17th he left the river, traveling twenty miles that day."

"On the way we surprised a family of Indians in the hills; but the man ran up the mountain with rapidity, and the woman was so terrified, and kept up such a continued screaming, that we could do nothing with her, and were obliged to let her go."

"On the 17th he was still moving on, endeavoring in vain to find the "Buenaventura." On the 18th the same. The country was evidently in a state of alarm. Columns of smoke were seen in every direction at intervals—signals by which the Indians here and elsewhere communicate to each other that enemies are in the country." On making his encampment that evening, he says:

"Examining into the condition of the animals, I found their feet so much cut up by the rocks, and so many of them lame, that it was evidently impossible that they could cross the country to the Rocky mountains. Every piece of iron that could be used for the purpose

had been converted into nails, and we could make no further use of the shoes we had remaining. I therefore determined to abandon my eastern course, and to cross the Sierra Nevada into the valley of the Sacramento, wherever a practicable pass could be found. My decision was heard with joy by the people, and diffused new life throughout the camp."

"Latitude by observation, 37° 24' 16". On the 19th he had a heavy snow. On the 20th, now traveling southwardly, discovered the snow to be covered with tracks of Indians, and the usual sign of alarm by the number of smokes. 21st, 22d, 23d, still moving southwardly."

"January 24.—A man was discovered running towards the camp, as we were about to start this morning, who proved to be an Indian of rather advanced age—a sort of forlorn hope, who seemed to have been worked up into a resolution of visiting the strangers who were passing through the country. He seized the hand of the first man he met as he came up, out of breath, and held on as if to assure himself of protection. He brought with him in a little skin bag a few pounds of the seeds of a pine tree, which to-day we saw for the first time, and which Dr. Torrey had described as a new species under the name of *pinus monophyllus*; in popular language, it might be called the *nut pine*. We purchased them all from him. The nut is oily, of very agreeable flavor, and must be very nutritious, as it constitutes the principal subsistence of the tribes among which we were now traveling. By a present of scarlet cloth, and other striking articles, we prevailed upon this man to be our guide for two days' journey. As clearly as possible by signs, we made him understand our object; and he engaged to conduct us in sight of a good pass which he knew. If we ceased to hear the Shoshone language; that of this man being perfectly unintelligible. Several Indians, who had been waiting to see what reception he would meet with, now came into camp; and, accompanied by the new comers, we resumed our journey."

"These Indians appeared to have no knowledge of the use of horses. They assisted to guide the party for two days; then left it, pointing out the course to be followed. The ground was covered with snow, the weather very cold, the thermometer in the morning being two degrees below zero. But the sky was bright and pure, and the weather changed rapidly into a pleasant day."

"His route continued through dangers, toil, and difficulties. The 27th was occupied in reconnoitering in advance."

"January 28.—To-day, we went through the pass with all the camp, and after a hard day's journey of twelve miles, encamped on a high point, where the snow had been blown off, and the exposed grass afforded a scanty pasture for the animals. Snow and broken country together made our traveling difficult; we were often compelled to make large circuits, and ascend the highest and most exposed ridges, in order to avoid snow, which in other places was banked up to a great depth."

"During the day, a few Indians were seen circling around us on snow-shoes, and skimming along like birds; but we could not bring them within speaking distance. Godley, who was a little distance from the camp, had shot down to his moccasins, when he heard a low whistle near, and, looking up, saw two Indians half-hiding behind a rock about forty yards distant; they would not allow him to approach, but, breaking into a laugh, skimmed off over the snow, seeming to have no idea of the power of fire-arms, and thinking themselves perfectly safe when beyond arm's length."

"To-night we did not succeed in getting the howitzer into camp. This was the most laborious day we had yet passed through; the steep ascents and deep snow exhausting both men and animals. Our single chronometer had stopped during the day, and its error in time occasioned the loss of an eclipse of a satellite this evening. It had not preserved the rate with which we started from the Dalles; and this will account for the absence of longitude along this interval of our journey."

"January 29.—From this height we could see, at a considerable distance below, yellow spots in the valley, which indicated that there was not much snow. One of these places we expected to reach to-night; and some time being required to bring up the gun, I went ahead with Mr. Fitzpatrick and a few men, leaving the rest to follow in charge of Mr. Preuss. We followed a trail down a hollow where the Indians had descended, the snow being so deep that we never came near the ground; but this only made our descent the easier, and, when we reached a little affluent to the river at the bottom, we suddenly found ourselves in presence of eight or ten Indians. They seemed to be watching our motion, and, like the others, at first were indisposed to let us approach, ranging themselves like birds on a fallen log on the hill-side above our heads, where, being out of reach, they thought themselves safe. Our friendly demeanor reconciled them, and, when we got near enough, they immediately stretched out to us handfuls of pine-nuts, which seemed an exercise of hospitality. We made them a few presents, and, telling us that their village was a few miles below, they went on to let their people know we were. The principal stream still running through an impracticable canon, we ascended a very steep hill, which proved afterwards the last and fatal obstacle to our little howitzer, which was finally abandoned at this place."

"We passed through a small meadow a few miles below, crossing the river, which depth, swift current, and rock made it difficult to ford; and, after a few more miles of very difficult trail, issued into a larger prairie bottom, at the farther end of which we encamped, in a position rendered strong by rocks and trees. The lower parts of the mountain were covered with the nut-pine. Several Indians appeared on the hill-side, reconnoitering the camp, and were induced to come in; others came in during the afternoon; and in the evening we held a council. The Indians immediately made it clear that the water on which we were also belonged to the Great Basin, in the edge of

which we had been since the 17th of December; and it became evident that we had still the great ridge on the left to cross before we could reach the Pacific waters."

"We explained to the Indians that we were endeavoring to find a passage across the mountains into the country of the whites, whom we were going to see; and told them that we wished them to bring us a guide, to whom we would give presents of scarlet cloth, and other articles, which were shown to them. They looked at the reward we offered, and conferred with each other, but pointed to the snow on the mountain, and drew their hands across their necks, and raised them above their heads, to show the depth; and signified that it was impossible for us to get through. They made signs that we must go to the southward, over a pass through a lower range, which they pointed out; there, they said, at the end of one day's travel, we would find people who lived near a pass in the great mountain; and to that point they engaged to furnish us a guide."

"They appeared to have a confused idea, from report, of whites who lived on the other side of the mountain; and once, they told us, about two years ago, a party of twelve men like ourselves had ascended their river, and crossed to the other waters. They pointed out to us where they had crossed; but then, they said, it was summer time, but now it would be impossible. I believe that this was a party led by Mr. Chiles, one of the only two men whom I know to have passed through the California mountains from the interior of the basin—Walker being the other, and both were engaged upwards of twenty days, in the summer time, in getting over. Chile's destination was the bay of San Francisco, to which he descended by the Stanislaus river; and Walker subsequently informed me that, like myself, descending to the southward on a more eastern line, day after day he was searching for the Buenaventura, thinking that he had found it with every new stream, until, like me, he abandoned all idea of its existence, and, turning abruptly to the right, crossed the great chain. These were both western men, animated with the spirit of exploratory enterprise which characterizes that people."

"The Indians brought in during the evening an abundant supply of pine-nuts, which we traded from them. When roasted, their pleasant flavor made them an agreeable addition to our now scanty store of provisions, which were reduced to a very low ebb. Our principal stock was in peas, which it is not necessary to say contain scarcely any nutriment. We had still a little flour left, some coffee, and a quantity of sugar, which I reserved as a defence against starvation."

The Meeting.

Ah, does not every rapture, though
Now burn with brighter beams,
At this fond meeting after years,
Of separation's dream?
And does not every pulse respond
To what the heart would say,
Yet cannot vent the gush of thought,
That drives each word away?
The eye alone can then express
The bliss of such an hour;
The bright'ning hopes, the dreaded fears,
That flash with changing power,
The pressure of the hand says more
Than any tones could speak;
And more of joy is written there
Upon the glowing cheek.
The trembling lip's vibrating tone,
Is sweeter than the strain
Of minstrel's harp, or melody,
Ne'er sung before in vain!
The tear of joy that glistens there
Within the moisture'd eye,
Is brighter, richer than the gems
That deck vain royalty!

"True.—The history of the world, as well as the biography of those who have played a prominent part in its concerns, teach one great lesson, worthy of everlasting remembrance.—It assures us that it matters but little what form of danger may assail a man, if he be true to himself. Poverty may lay its chilling hand upon him, and freeze up the fountain of his brightest hope—disappointments may meet him at every step—affliction may strike down those who are dearest to his heart—the breath of slander may attempt to sully his name, and tarnish his reputation—still let him be true to himself—let him maintain a stout heart and clear breast—and he will eventually outlive the storm. Let those who are struggling with low birth and iron fortune, remember this truth—and let them remember, too, that no man can be destroyed by others, without fault and weakness in himself."

YANKEE ICE IN INDIA.—The Hong Kong Register copies a long article from the Bengal Hurkaru on the subject of the ice trade. The quantity shipped from Boston last year is said to have been 55,000 tons, delivered on board at a cost of \$2 50 per ton, while the product of sales is put down at \$3,575,000. Mr. Wyeth, at Calcutta, has erected a noble building for the storage of ice; it has a triple wall, 40 feet high, 178 wide, and 198 feet long, enclosing more than three quarters of an acre, and capable of holding 30,000 tons of ice. The walls are of brick, and measure, from the outside of the exterior to the inside of the interior wall with flues or air spaces between.

"The Register calls loudly for the establishment of an ice house at Hong Kong, and rejoices in the knowledge that a good supply has been ordered from Boston. The commodity appears to be plentiful at Shanghai, and is freely used by the Chinese."

Hood.—Not long before Thomas Hood's death, one of his literary friends wrote him of a severe illness from which he had himself been suffering. Hood's characteristic reply was—"I am sorry to hear of your dangerous attack, and rejoice that it is passed: as for me, I have been so near Death's door, since I saw you, that I heard the creaking of the hinges."

The Old World.

BY GABRIEL LUST.

There was once a world, and a brave old world,
Away in the ancient time,
When the men were brave and the women fair,
And the world was in its prime;
And the priest he had his book,
And the scholar had his gown,
And the old knight stout he walked about
With his broadsword hanging down.

Ye may see this world was a brave old world,
In the days long past and gone,
And the sun it shone, and the rain it rained,
And the world still went on,
The shepherd fed his sheep,
And the milkmaid milked the kine,
And the serving-man was sturdy long
In cap and doublet fine.

And I've been told in this brave old world,
There were jolly times and free,
And they danced and sang, till the welkin rung,
All under the greenwood tree.
The sexton chimed his sweet, sweet bells,
And the huntsman blew his horn,
And the hunt went out, with a merry shout,
Beneath the jovial morn.

Oh, the golden days of the brave old world
Made hall and cottage shine;
And quired he sat in his oaken chair,
And acquired the good red wine;
The lovely village maiden,
She was the village queen,
And, by the mass, upt through the grass,
To the May-pole on the green.

When trumpets roused this brave old world
And banners flaunted wide,
The bestrode the stalwart steed,
And the page rode by his side,
And plumes and pennons tossing bright
Dash'd through the wild meads,
And he who prest amid them best,
Was lord of all, that day.

And ladies fair, in the brave old world,
They ruled with wondrous sway;
But the stoutest knight he was lord of right,
As the strongest is to-day.
And the baron bold he kept his hold,
Her bow her bright lady,
But the forest kept the good greenwood,
All under the forest tree.

Oh, how they laugh'd in the brave old world,
And fung grim care away!
And when they were tired of working,
They held it time to play.
Then bookman was a reverend wight,
With studious face so pale,
And the curfew bell, with its sullen swell,
Broke duly on the gale.

And so passed on, in the brave old world,
Those merry days and free;
The king drank wine, and the clown drank ale,
Each man in his degree,
And some ruled well and some ruled ill,
And thus passed on the time,
With jolly ways in those brave old days
When the world was in its prime.

POPULAR READING.—Amid the volumes of trash, or worse than trash, which the steam power press is throwing out upon the community, threatening not only general dissipation but desolation to the youthful mind and heart, it is encouraging occasionally to meet in the dignified Quarterly a stern and solemn rebuke, like the following from the Edinburgh Review:

"The whole subject of popular literature requires the deepest consideration. The world has become a great school, and the ravenous appetite of an idle people, always craving for some most unwholesome food, is daily stimulating the market. What should we say if a man had the power of so volatilizing a grain of malignant poison, that its effluvia would spread over a whole country, entering into every house, and penetrating to the most vital parts of the body? And yet, until it is shown that the human mind is good itself, and the source of good—that is not what we know it to be, save only when purified by religion, corrupt itself, and a corrupter of others—this power, which every man possesses and which so many exercise, of diffusing their thoughts and insinuating them into the heart of a nation, is, in reality, the power of spreading a pestilential miasma."

ENGLISH LADIES IN CANTON.—The ladies contrived by their disregard of Chinese prejudices and English gentlemen's advice, to get up a mob, some two years ago, which cost some blood and property, and threatened much more disastrous results than were actually realized. The daring of the sex is not yet subdued, though the riotous disposition of the China men may be, as the following extract of a letter just received from Hong Kong, will prove:

"Mrs. —, a lady of fine appearance and resolute character, who has been residing a short time at Hong Kong, went to Canton a few weeks ago, to see that city before her return to England. She went without her husband, and walked about the streets just when, where, and how she liked, without regard to crowds or customs, or the remonstrances of merchants, who were very fearful of the consequences; but it all passed off quietly. She has secured the honor of being the first English lady who appeared thus in Canton. So great a change astonishes every one."

OX AND HORSE RACE.—At Long Branch lately they got up a race between a dull horse and a fast ox, which attracted a great crowd. A colored rider mounted each animal, and strange to say, at the end of the mile, the ox beat. The ladies were very much excited, and several expressed a desire to "ride that sweet ox."

POVERTY.—"Tis an ill thing to be ashamed of one's poverty, but much worse than not to make use of lawful endeavors to avoid it.

Fattening of Pork in Ireland.

We notice in the *Louisville Journal*, an article on the "Provision Trade of Ireland," evidently written by a man who understands the subject. He informs us that the Irish pork, which in the English markets is preferred to any other, is fattened almost entirely on potatoes. He says:—

"The pork of Ireland is raised and fattened exclusively by the peasantry on cooked potatoes, with occasionally very little oats. I never knew an instance of more than ten hogs being fattened by one man for sale, and this is a very rare occurrence. The great bulk of them are got from men who fatten but one or two hogs."

"The writer is of the opinion that the 'best brands' of beef can be put up in the western section of our country, and sent into the British market so as to pay a handsome profit; but of pork he has doubts whether even the best can be sent there to any advantage. On this point he remarks:—

"We know that a division of labor on any thing is sure to produce a more perfect article and at a cheaper rate. Just look at the case and cheapness with which an Irish peasant can fatten his one or two hogs, almost entirely from the refuse of his family table, and see how superior the flesh of that animal must be that is constantly fed from its birth on good cooked food."

Our principal object in making the above extract is, to check the prevalence of what we believe to be erroneous impressions. The first of which is, that pork made from potatoes is not good—and second, that hogs cannot be fattened on potatoes. The latter opinion has lately received considerable support from some distinguished French chemists. It may be proper to remark, however, that other chemists, Liebig, Johnson, &c., do not agree to this conclusion, which the experience and observation of many farmers show to be fallacious.

THE VALUE OF A CHARACTER.—An elderly man, by the name of Curtis Wooster, was robbed in Kensington, on Monday night, of a gold watch, worth fifty dollars. He had been in a tavern, in Beach street, near Maiden, Kensington, where he imprudently displayed a considerable sum of money and his watch. He attracted the attention of a man named Edward Gaddis, who was in the bar at the time, and who went out with him when he left. Gaddis walked home with him, and when they parted left him minus his watch. Saunders Gavit, Constable of the First Ward of that District, and a capital hand at police affairs, saw the two together, and made a note of it. In the morning he was told of the robbery, and at once said, "I thought so, I see the fellow now who has the watch." Gaddis was in sight, and was in custody in a moment. Finding himself in Gavit's hands, and cornered, he confessed the robbery, and took the officer to his residence, in Oak street, where he produced and delivered up the watch. Before 9 o'clock yesterday morning the stolen property was restored to its owner, and the thief was on his way to Moyamensing, on a commitment from Alderman Clouds.—*Ledger.*

RIGHT DO AS WE TO SEE YOU AT WORK.—Right glad are we to see you at work; for, to tell you the truth, we think you have been loafing long enough. We knew you would have come to it, when we saw you idling away your time at the corners of the streets, and in the idler's resorts. And you feel all the better for it. You look healthier and your face betrays fine spirits. There are a hundred men we wish would imitate your example. They have been waiting a twelve month or two, for a clerkship for a paltry office, but have been disappointed, and so they will continue to be, till last, like yourself, they will continue to be, compelled to dig the soil and cultivate pieces of ground by the halves. It should be the first article in a young man's creed—do something. And if he possesses common abilities it will never be said of him, he is a lazy drone. There is no trouble about it—whoever is determined to have work, and obtain a decent living, is never disappointed. It requires but little energy and a disposition to labor. He who is destitute of these traits, must be miserable indeed. The poor-house must eventually bring him up, unless he has relations rich enough to line his pockets with money, not bread in his mouth, and pay the tailor for measuring his back.

WAR.—In the Crusaders of Holy Warr, continuing 394 years, 20,000,000 men were butchered, besides women and children.

At the battle of Waterloo, more than 50,000 men perished.

At the battle of Chajons the number slain was 153,000.

The Persian expedition against the Grecians lost 200,000 men.

At the battle of Cannae 40,000 Romans were slain. After the battle, three bushels of gold rings were found showing the number of knights slain.

By the will of three military despots—Caesar, Alexander and Napoleon, 6,000,000 men were butchered.

Eighty thousand men were left on the field of Borodino.

TO CIVILIZE CLERGYMEN.—John Adams was at one time called upon by some one to contribute to foreign missions, when he abruptly answered, "I have nothing to give for that purpose, but there are here in this vicinity, six ministers, not one of whom will preach in each other's pulpit. Now I will contribute as much, and more than any one else, to civilize these clergymen."

CANDLES THAT NEED NO SNUFFING.—Candles may be made to burn their own wicks by saturating them with a strong solution of nitre, and then thoroughly drying them. The cause of the wicks of the candles refusing to burn, is, that the air cannot get access to them. The nitre, however, at a high temperature, will supply oxygen enough for this purpose.