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TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1846.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

To Helen, on Her Eighteenth Birthday.

Dear Helen! while the glowing tints are seen
Upon thy cheek, the blossoms of eighteen,
While thy young heart with joy ecstatic burns,
As to survey new scenes thy bright eye turns;
Oh! bear this accent from the word of truth,
Remember thy Creator in thy youth.
From vanity turn off thy brilliant gaze,
To where the Bible pours its brighter rays—
Its rays celestial! where the Heavenly voice
Bids the free captive in its God rejoice.
Behold what dazzling honors wait the just,
Those spirits faithful to their sacred trust!
A crown, a kingdom they will soon possess,
For Christ has promised and can do no less
Than give possession—firm his word remains,
And truth eternal still his oath sustains.
Oh! be entreated by these humble lays,
Again they bid thee turn thy brilliant gaze
From scenes of folly—see the glories bright
That shroud the Savior in yon world of light,
And that of glory thou may'st soon partake
If thou with labor; suffer for his sake,
Let the pulsations of that bosom young,
And the sweet accents of that youthful tongue
To Christ be given—as golden apples glow,
A word well spoken, who its worth can know?
The sweet simplicity of blooming youth,
Be it devoted to the cause of truth,
To virtue, science, science heavenly fair
Like best religion will reward thy care;
How lovely is the mind on which they shine—
They every feeling, every thought refine—
Above the fogs of sense it shines afar
In worth sublime, a mild resplendent star.
My much-loved niece! and dost thou not admire
Those stars of beauty? does thy soul aspire
To follow in their train, tho' distant far,
And be to earth a bliss diffusing star.
WYATT, PA. MARY.

(Written for the Bradford Reporter.)

Forest Trees and Flowering Shrubs of Bradford County.

Woodman! spare that tree.

Many Entomologists—Among the various departments of the dissemination and distribution of plants, Nature has her general care over all her works, has not only given to each species of plant an inherent principle by which it is enabled to produce its like; but she has also, in her various departments, of her general kingdom, given to each species, which she should at first suspect, would tend to extermination, go directly to the dissemination of seeds.

It is by the seeds of plants that each species renews itself; and although there are some instances in which it seems to be produced by other means—as by cuttings and layers in the willow, vine, and some other species; yet for the general distribution and wide-spread dissemination of most members of the vegetable kingdom, we must look to the seed alone.

Some of the grains, and those vegetable products which man uses for his food or other necessary comforts, he has in a measure disseminated and protected; but still it is questionable whether this care and assistance to nature, is equal to the destruction he has caused in those species which he considers useless. In most instances, the destruction of seeds is entirely spontaneous and without human aid. The mountain's height, and the ocean's width form a barrier, and climate and soil prevent every species from being the product of every country on earth.

Plants differ greatly in the number of seeds they produce. While some seem hardly able to maintain their kind, so few are their seeds and so much are they exposed to destruction, others seem to produce them by millions, and threaten to overrun creation with their own products. From the straw of a single barley ear, 15,000 combs have been produced at a single growth; a single head of poppy has produced 32,000, and a tobacco plant many times that number. Yet these are but units compared with many species whose seeds are invisible, or so minute to be numbered. The atmosphere is filled with the seeds of the mushrooms without their being visible to us, and they await only favorable situations to germinate—live their ephemeral life, shed their seeds and decay.

Some plants have their seeds attached to a downy sail, by which they float along the air and are thereby carried to great distances. Others are so constructed as to throw out their seeds with a jerk when ripe. Some seeds, which are heavier, have wings attached to them, by which they float along the air to a considerable distance; and others are closely sealed up and seem fitted for a long river sail, or even an ocean voyage. Others, too, are fitted with hooks, by which they attach themselves to any moving thing with which they come in contact, and are thus carried far from their parent plant. Birds, too, though at first thought, they seem fitted only to prey upon species by devouring their seeds, yet are an important part in their dissemination. The Dutch at one time, in order to monopolize the nutmeg trade, cut down all the trees in the Spice Islands that they could not watch. But these were in a few years replenished, by the birds carrying the seed from one island to another. There are some of the means by which the seeds of various plants are distributed over different sections of the globe.

But still there are boundaries beyond which various plants do not appear—these are fixed by climate. Many plants may gradually become habituated to higher or lower temperature than is natural to them; but there are bounds set to these changes, which the art of man cannot overcome. Nature here is too strong for him, as their habits refuse to yield, and it is only by hot house protection that they will thrive at all if carried from a hot to a cold climate, while if carried from a cold to a hot one, they drop and die with all his art to save them.

Of forest trees which are indigenous to our country, perhaps no one is so wide-spread as the Pine and others of the same genus (*Pinus*). This genus embraces a great number of species, most of which are evergreens. The most important species in

our country is the White Pine (*Pinus Strobilus*). The tall conical trunk of this tree as it stands in our forest, with its tuft of green leaves at its top, gives it an enlivening appearance in winter, and in summer it as proudly lifts its head to catch "the lightning and the breeze." The leaves of this tree are bound up in little bunches of five, on short stems—slender—four or five inches long—and thickly crowded on the branches. The seeds are small black specks, which are found closely folded up at the foot of each scale of the cone, or pine bud—as they are sometimes called.

This is one of the tallest trees of the American forest, it being said often to attain the height of two hundred feet, and six or seven feet in diameter. The trunk of the White pine is seldom branched, nor where it grows in thick forests has it any limbs for two thirds of its length, and those of its top are short and verticillate.

The bark of this tree when young, is smooth and green, and often looks as if polished, but when the tree becomes old, it splits and becomes ragged, but does not fall off in scales like that of other pines. For timber, this is the most important tree in the forests of our country, and probably in the United States. More than nine-tenths of all the lumber sawed in this country, is the white pine, and from it large quantities of shingles are annually manufactured and sent by our river to more southern markets. Its defects are, its little strength—the feeble hold it gives nails, and its liability to swell in a humid atmosphere. But these are compensated by its being light, soft, and comparatively free from knots—durable, and little liable to split when exposed to the sun. The sap-wood of this tree is very thin and resinous, and the heart-wood only is valuable for lumber. It is used for all kinds of wood work in house building, for the frames of Mahogany furniture, for masts, and a variety of other purposes.

We have few trees in our forest so well adapted to ornamental culture as the white pine. When young, in open situations, its trunk is short and branches thick and bushy. In winter its deep green contrasts finely with the naked branches of deciduous trees, and there is ever a solemn music in the feeble moaning of its branches as they are stirred by the breeze. It is easily cultivated, and were it so common in our woods, would be sought for as an ornamental tree. But there is a strange propensity in us to undervalue what is easily procured, and we often pass by the truly beautiful without giving it a passing notice, and give our best exertions to obtain what would be prized less, were it less rare.

The Pitch Pine (*Pinus Rigida*) is also found plentifully in our country. This tree has longer and broader leaves, which grow in threes—its cones are of a pyramidal shape, are longer than those of the white pine, its bark is thicker, darker and more deeply furrowed, and much more of the surface of the tree is covered with branches, which renders the wood extremely knotty. The sap-wood of this tree is thick and very resinous, and so compact as to be much heavier than the white pine. It is from this tree that the pitch and lampblack of commerce are obtained, and it is superior to all other kinds of pine as a fuel. For most purposes, however, it is of less value as a timber than other kinds of pine. It grows abundant on light gravelly soils, but in such situations, never attains a large size. It is, however, sometimes found in swamps along with the red cedar, to the height of seventy or eighty feet.

The Yellow Pine (*P. Mitis*) is a species that somewhat resembles the pitch pine in size and shape. Its leaves, however, grow in pairs, and are hollowed on their under surface; its cones are oval and armed with long spines—the concentric circles of the wood in a given space are much more numerous than in the pitch pine; the sap-wood is thin, and heart-wood is compact and slightly resinous. Long experience has proved the excellence and durability of this wood, and it is much sought after for flooring.

There are a number of other species of this genus in our country, which the limits of this article do not allow me to describe.

Towanda, June 12, 1846.

We Shall be Happy Yet.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Fear not, beloved, though clouds may lower,
Whist rainbow visions melt away,
Faith's holy star has still a power
That may the deepest midnight sway.
Fear not! I take a prophet's tone,
Our love can neither wane nor set;
My heart grows strong in trust—Mine Own,
We shall be happy yet!

What! though long anxious years have passed,
Since this true heart was vowed to thine,
There comes, for us, a light at last
Whose beam upon our path doth shine.
We who have loved 'mid doubts and fears,
Yet never with one hour's regret,
There comes a joy to gild our tears—
We shall be happy yet!

Ay, by the wandering birds, that find
A home beyond the mountain wave,
Though many a wave and storm combined
To bow them to an ocean grave—
By Summer suns that brightly rise
Though erst in mournful tears they set,
By all Love's hopeful prophecies,
We shall be happy yet!

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.—Whatever we enjoy is purely a free gift from our Creator; but that we enjoy no more, can never be deemed an injury, or a just reason to question his infinite benevolence. All our happiness is owing to his goodness; but that it is no greater, in owing only to ourselves, that is, to our not having any ulterior right to any happiness, or even to any existence at all. This is no more to be imputed to God, than the wants of a beggar to the person who has relieved him; that he had something, was owing to his benefactor; but that he had no more, only to his own original poverty.

TO CLEANSE THE TEETH AND IMPROVE THE BREATH.—To four ounces of fresh prepared water add one drachm of Peruvian Bark, and wash the teeth with this water, in the morning and evening, before breakfast and after supper. It will effectually destroy the tartar on the teeth and remove the offensive smell arising from those that are decayed.

Marshal Murat.

Extract from the review of a French work in the American Review, purporting to be a history of the private and public life of Marshal Murat.

His three distinguishing characteristics were high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and almost unparalleled coolness in the hour of extreme peril. Added to all this, Nature had lavished her gifts on the mere physical man. His form was tall and finely proportioned—his tread like that of a king—his face striking and noble, while his piercing glance few men could bear. This was Murat on foot, but place him on horseback, and he was still more imposing. He never mounted a steed that was not worthy of the boldest knight of ancient days, and his incomparable seat made both horse and rider an object of universal admiration. The English invariably condemned the theatrical costume he always wore, as an evidence of his folly, but we think it is all in keeping with his character. He was not a man of deep thought and compact mind, but he was oriental in his taste and loved every thing gorgeous and imposing. He usually wore a rich Polish dress, with the collar ornamented with gold brocade; ample pantaloons, scarlet or purple, and embroidered with gold, boots of yellow leather, while a straight diamond hilted sword, like that worn by the Romans, completed his dashing exterior. He wore heavy black whiskers, long black locks which streamed over fiery blue eyes. On his head he wore a three cornered chapeau, from which rose a magnificent white plume that bent under the pressure of the ostrich feathers, while beside it and in the same gold band, towered away a splendid heron plume. Over all this brilliant costume, he wore in cold weather a pelisse of green velvet, lined and fringed with the costliest sables. Neither did he forget his horse in his gorgeous apparel, but had him adorned with the rich Turkish stirrup and bridle, and almost covered with azure colored trappings. Had all this exterior been piled on a diminutive man, or an indifferent rider like Bonaparte, it would have appeared ridiculous; but on the splendid charger, and still more majestic figure and bearing of Murat, it seemed all in place and keeping. The dazzling exterior always made him a mark for the enemy's bullets, in battle, and it is a wonder that so conspicuous an object was never shot down. Perhaps there never was a greater contrast between two men, than between Murat and Napoleon, when they rode together along in the plains previous to battle. The square figure, plain three cornered hat, leather breeches, brown surtout, and careless suit of Napoleon, were the direct counterpart of the magnificent display and imposing attitude of his chivalric brother-in-law.

To see Murat decked out in his extravagant costume at a review, might create a smile, but whoever once saw that gaily caparisoned steed with its commanding rider in the front rank of battle, plunging like a thunderbolt through the broken ranks; or watched the progress of that towering white plume, as floating behind the heads of thousands that cannon balls whistled like hailstones around it, never felt like smiling again at Murat. Especially would he forget those gilded trappings when he saw him return from a charge, with his diamond hilted sword dripping with blood, his gay uniform riddled with balls and singed and blackened with powder, while his strong war horse was streaked with foam and blood, and reeking with sweat. The white plume was the banner of the host he led, and while it continued fluttering over the field of the slain, hope was never relinquished. Many a time has Napoleon seen it glancing like a beam of light to the charge, and watched its progress like the star of his destiny, as it struggled for a while in the hottest of the fight, and then smiled in joy as he beheld it burst through the thick rank of infantry, scattering them from his path like chaff before the wind. We said, the three great distinguishing traits of Murat were high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and wonderful coolness in the hour of danger. Napoleon once said, that in battle he was probably the bravest man in the world. There was something more than mere success to him in battle. He invested with a sort of glory in itself—threw an air of romance about it all, and fought frequently, we believe, almost in an imaginary world. The device on his sword, so like the knights of old—his very costume copied from those warriors who lived in more chivalric days, and his heroic manner and bearing, as he led his troops into battle, prove him to be wholly unlike all other generals of that time. In his person, at least, he restored the days of knightdom. He himself unconsciously let out this peculiarity, in speaking of his battle on Mount Tabor, with the Turks. On the top of this hill, Kleber, with 5000 men, found himself hemmed in by 30,000 Turks. Fifteen thousand cavalry first came thundering down on this band of 5000, arranged in the form of a square. For six hours they maintained that unequal combat, when Napoleon arrived with succor on a neighboring hill. As he looked down on Mount Tabor, he could see nothing but a countless multitude covering the summit of the hill, and awaying and tossing amid the smoke that curtained them in. It was only by the steady volleys and simultaneous flashes of musketry, that he could distinguish where his own brave soldiers maintained their ground. The shot of a solitary twelve pounder, which he fired toward the mountain, first announced to his exhausted countrymen that relief was at hand. Their ranks then, for the first time, ceased acting on the defensive, and extending themselves, charged bayonets. It was against such terrible odds Murat loved to fight, and in this engagement he outdid himself. He regarded it the greatest battle he fought. Once he was nearly alone in the centre of a large body of Turkish cavalry. All around, nothing was visible but a mass of turbaned heads and flashing scimitars, except in the centre, where was seen a single white plume tossing like a rent banner over the throng. For a while the battle thickened where it stood and rose, as Murat's strong war-horse reared and plunged amid the sabre strokes that fell like lightning on every side—and then the multitude surged back, as a single rider burst through, covered with his own blood and that of his foe, and his arm red to the elbow, that grasped his dripping sword.

His steed staggered under him, and seemed ready to fall, while the blood poured in streams from its sides. But Murat's eye seemed to burn with fourfold lustre; and, with a shout those who surrounded him never forgot to their latest day, wheeled his exhausted steed on the foe, and at the head of a body of his own cavalry, trampled everything down that opposed his progress. Speaking of this terrible fight, Murat said that in the hottest of it he thought of Christ, and his transfiguration on the same spot nearly two thousand years before, and it gave him tenfold courage and strength. Covered with wounds, he was promoted in rank, on the spot. This single fact throws a flood of light on Murat's character, and shows what visions of glory often rose before him in battle, giving to his whole movement and aspect, a greatness and dignity that could not be assumed.

None could appreciate this chivalric bearing of Murat more than the wild Cossacks. In the memorable Russian campaign, he was called from his throne at Naples to take command of the cavalry, and performed prodigies of valor in that disastrous war. When the steeples and towers of Moscow at length rose on the sight, Murat looked on his soiled and battle-worn garments, declared them unbecoming so great an occasion as the triumphal entrance into the Russian capital, and retired and dressed himself in his most magnificent costume, and thus apparelled rode at the head of his squadrons into the deserted city.

The Cossacks had never seen a man that would compare with Murat in the splendor of his garb, the beauty of his horsemanship, and more than all, in his incredible daring in battle. Those wild children of the desert would often stop, amazed and in silent admiration as they saw him dash, single-handed, into the thickest of their ranks, and scatter a score of their most renowned warriors from his path, as if he were a bolt from heaven. His effect upon these children of nature, and the prodigies he wrought among them, seem to belong to the age of romance rather than to practical times. They never saw him on his magnificent steed, sweeping behind him, without ending up a shout of admiration before they closed in conflict.

In approaching Moscow, Murat, with a few troops, had left Glatz somewhat in advance of the grand army, and finding himself constantly annoyed by the hordes of Cossacks that hovered around him, now wheeling away in the distance, and now dashing up to his columns, compelling them to deploy, lost all patience and obeying one of those chivalric impulses that so often hurled him into the most desperate straits, put spur to his horse, and galloping all alone up to the astonished squadrons, halted right in front of them and cried out in a tone of command "Clear the way, relatives!" Awed by his manner and voice, they immediately dispersed. During the armistice while the Russians were evacuating Moscow, these sons of the wilderness flocked by thousands around him. As they saw him reigning his high spirited steed towards them they sent up a shout of applause, and rushed forward to gaze on one they had seen carrying such terrors through their ranks. They called him their "Hetman"—the highest honor they could confer on him—and kept up an incessant jargon as they examined him and his richly caparisoned horse. They would now point to his steed—now to his costume, and then to his white plume—while they fairly recoiled before his piercing glance. Murat was so much pleased by the homage of those simple-hearted warriors, that he permitted among them the money he had, all he could borrow from the officers about him, and finally his watch, and then the watches of his friends. He had made many presents to them before; for often, in battle, he would select out the most distinguished Cossack warrior, and plunging directly in the midst of the enemy, engage him single handed, take him prisoner, and afterwards dismiss him with a gold chain about his neck or some rich ornament attached to his person.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making the hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass; if suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk 200 feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water. In the arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

A SPITTING YANKEE CAPTAIN.—A captain recently arrived at Paris, says a French journal, waiting to one of our medical celebrities. After waiting for half an hour in a magnificent parlor, his turn came, and he was introduced into the doctor's study, in no wise inferior to the parlor in splendor. Our captain recently from the New World, commenced spitting upon the floor in the American style. The doctor, amazed, his hands in his pockets, and eye fixed, awaited his client's explanation of his evil.

"Monsieur," said the sailor, "I am troubled with indigestion; what shall I do to be rid of it?" "Sdeath!" answered the enraged physician, "instead of spitting on my carpet, keep your saliva to moisten your food."

COMPASSION.—Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graciously, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy; and the heart that melts at the tale of woe, we should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

DOMESTICS.—Children should be required to treat domestics with propriety. Those whom the comforts of a family so essentially depend, are entitled to kindness and sympathy.

Song of the Volunteers.

TUNE.—Old "Dan Tucker."

The Mexicans are on our soil,
In war they wish us to embroil;
They've tried their best and want to vex us
By murdering our brave men in Texas.
Chorus—We're on our way to Rio Grande,
On our way to Rio Grande,
On our way to Rio Grande,
And with arms they'll find us handy.

We are the boys who fear no noise,
We'll leave behind us all our joys,
To punish those half-savage scamps,
Who've slain our brethren in their camps.
Chorus—We're on our way to Matamoras,
On our way to Matamoras,
On our way to Matamoras,
And we'll drive them all before us.

They've slaughtered Porter, Kain and Croes—
Most deeply we deplore their loss—
Those bloody deeds we'll make them rue,
And pay them off for old and new!
Chorus—We're on our way to Matamoras.

We'll cross the famous Rio Grande,
Engage the villains hand to hand,
And punish them for all their sins
By stripping off their yellow skins.
Chorus—We're on our way, &c.

Meanwhile our brethren in the west
Will for our nation do their best,
And when they've ended their long journey
Our flag we'll float in California.
Chorus—We're on our way, &c.

The world is wide, our views are large,
We're sailing on in Freedom's barge,
Our God is good and we are brave,
From tyranny the world we'll save.
Chorus—We're on our way, &c.

We have a mission to fulfill,
And every drop of blood we'll spill,
Unless the tyrants of our race
Come quail before our eagle's face.
Chorus—We're on our way, &c.

He is thrice armed whose quarrel's just,
And every word because we must,
And any force that would us stop,
Down to the earth most surely drop.
Chorus—We're on our way, &c.

John Bull may meddle if he please,
But he had better keep at ease,
For we are strong by sea and land—
If he don't mind we'll have old Ireland!
Chorus—We're on our way, &c.

So every honest volunteer
May now come forth—the coast is clear;
We ask no odds, but we are bent
On having this whole continent.
Chorus—We're on our way, &c.

We go for equal rights and laws,
We'll bravely fight in Freedom's cause,
And though the world may take the field,
To tyrants we will never yield.
Chorus—We're on our way, &c.

The God of War, the mighty Mars,
Has smiled upon our stripes and stars;
And spite of any ugly rumors
We'll vanquish all the Montezumas!
Chorus—We're on our way to Matamoras!
On our way to Matamoras,
On our way to Matamoras,
And we'll conquer all before us!

A Word to Mechanics.

Should circumstances oblige you to ask for credit, be careful to whom you apply, as a creditor who is himself "in the screws," may seriously injure you.

Never ask credit for small sums in different places—better owe what you are obliged to at one place, or as few as possible.

Every man to whom you are indebted five dollars, will trouble you quite as much as the one to whom you owe an hundred. Therefore it will be much easier to deal with one man than with twenty.

Give short credits, and collect promptly.

Be diligent—faithful to your word—temperate—just governed in all cases by moral principle—and you may defy a portion of community who regard mechanics one or two degrees below those individuals who have a living afforded them without labor—but that portion is small and weak. No man of sense, no true gentleman, ever drew this line.

In point of science, moral virtue, and even practical politeness, the operative mechanics of the United States are second to no class of people. The work-shop has produced as many great men as the College Hall—it has done as much to develop intellect as hoarded wealth.

The individual, therefore, who stands up in the face of the world, and judges his fellow citizens by their ability to subsist without labor, must be destitute of one or two very necessary qualifications—Experience and Common Sense. With those on his side, he would be enabled to see that intellect makes the man and the operation of moral cause upon that intellect, the gentleman. Elihu Burritt, by self instruction, at the age of thirty, acquired fifty different languages, and that, too, whilst he was laboring over the forge and anvil from six to twelve hours daily.

Finally, observe two rules—begin and keep on—will be sufficient to learn or do anything.

PAT'S READINESS.—Pat called on a lady and gentleman, in whose employment he was engaged, for the purpose of getting some tea and tobacco. "I had a drama, yer honor, last night," said he to the gentleman.

"What was it, Pat?" "Why, I dreamt that yer honor made me a present of a plug of tobacco, and her ladyship there, heaven bless her! gave me some tea for the gude wife!"

"Ah, Pat, but dreams go by contraries, you know."

"Faith, and they may be that," said Pat without the least hesitation, "so it is your ladyship is to give me the tobacco and his honor the tea!"

GEN. TAYLOR, among the spoils found some very excellent charts of Mexico—roads, mountains, rivers, defiles, &c.—The very guide so much wanted.

CAPT. MAX, who took Gen. La Vega, is one of one of the six sons of Dr. May, of Washington, who all stand six feet four inches in thin shoes.

The Manufacture of "Yankee Clocks."

I know of no article of manufacture which so well illustrates the principle of the division of labor, as the Manufacture of clocks, & in order that you may understand that, I will give you a little in detail, the manner of getting up clocks, as practiced in this city. In the first place, the case which, as you observe, is veneered with mahogany, constitutes an entirely separate business by itself. Cases are made by machinery, propelled by steam. The steam is raised mostly by the shavings, saw dust, and refuse lumber, which would be useless for any thing but fuel. The pine stuff is sawed off the right length and width by steam saws—it is also planed by the same power. The pieces intended for the front of the case, are sawed long enough, so that one piece is sufficient for the sides, top and bottom. These long pieces are run through a machine which gives them what is called the O G shape.

One machine, with a boy to tend it, forms enough for fifteen hundred cases a day. The thin mahogany veneering, which by the way is brought of the mahogany dealers, ready sawed, is then put on with glue, and pressed down with screw presses till the glue is cold. It then adheres with as much firmness as though a part of the same growth. The long pieces, after being polished, are then sawed into four pieces suitable for the side and ends, and with a level to match each other. The pieces for the door are sawed in the same way, and the pieces are then glued and matched together without any more labor in fitting. The whole case is turned out and delivered for seventy cents.

The painted glass in the lower part of the door constitutes an entirely different branch of the business, carried on in different premises, and often in different towns, and is mostly done by females, and costs from five to eight cents completed. The upper, or face glass, costs by the box two cents—making the whole case with glass cost on an average, say seventy-eight cents. The making of the bells or sounding wire, is another distinct business, which is also subdivided into three parts—like drawing the wire, the casting the stand, as it is called, upon which the wire is fastened by a screw, and lastly the tempering and bending the wire. Each of these branches is an entirely distinct business, and never done on the same premises, or in the same town, the steel wire being imported from England. The finished bell costs three and one-half cents. The making of the screws is still another business by itself. We now come to the dial. This too constitutes an independent branch of business, and after getting out the plate of the right size and thickness, is painted and figured mostly by females. The plain dials cost five cents each. The weights are cast and delivered at ten cents a pair, the casting of which is also a business by itself. Wenow come to the brass running part, or movements as it is usually called. The brass is made by melting together copper and zinc, in certain proportions, and casting them in bars, after which it is rolled down to proper thickness for the different parts. This is done by the brass manufacturers, from whom the clock maker purchases. The back and front brass frame work of the movement is struck out in the form you see, by a machine which is moved by steam or water power, and moves with great rapidity, striking out one at every blow.

The wheels are struck out in the same way. The turning the iron shafts on pinions of the wheels, and the putting together of the parts when completed, are branches allotted to different hands who work constantly on some particular part, though under the same roof. The steel verge which is moved by the teeth of the crown wheel on the front of the movement, and to which verge the pendulum is attached, constitutes a branch of the business by itself, and is carried on upon other premises, often miles distant. The making of the pointers, and of the brass pendulum balls, is each a distinct business. The movements completed, including the cords, pointers, pendulum, &c., are sold to the dealers, who put them in cases for seventy cents. The cost of putting the movement into the case and putting the whole in complete ticking order, is, say three and a half cents, making the whole cost of the clock, completed, one dollar and seventy cents. The clocks were formerly sold at twenty-five dollars each, and are now usually sold at about one dollar and eighty-seven and a half cents, not boxed, or two dollars boxed, six in a box. It might be argued, that so great improvements in machinery, and the reduction in the prices of clocks, would reduce the price of labor to a very low standard, and throw many workmen out of employ. Such is not the fact. The reduction in price has increased the sale a hundred fold, and consequently given employment to a still greater number of workmen without reducing their wages. They are now exported to Norway, Sweden, Russia, England, France, Calcutta, China, the Sandwich Islands, Canada, and, in fact, to every part of the earth where there is civilization enough to tell the time of day by a clock. In giving you this statement, I have left out of the account the making of the paint, varnish, &c., which constitute still further subdivisions of labor.

I am unable to give you the number of firms engaged in the clock business in this city, or the amount of capital employed. Among the foremost are Sperry & Shaw, Courtland street, in this city—two live Yankees, who a few years since took it into their heads that a "tarnal right" of clocks might be sold to John Bull. They freighted a ship and set sail. The speculation proved profitable, and resulted in a large export trade to England.

Had two men come from the moon, the wonder and curiosity excited could not have been greater. Indeed, they were considered lunatics, and their clocks ditto. Their cargo of clocks, however, were soon set ticking, and their well filled pockets obviated all necessity for a resort to tick in order to get home again.

I remain your humble and

Obedient servant,

SAMUEL SLACK, Clockmaker.