

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

NUMBER 26.

VOLUME VII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. & H. P. GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1846.

### The Woodland for me.

BY MISS R. J. GAZLEY.

When the bright, rosy morning first peeps o'er the hills,  
To gladden all Nature and waken the rills,  
To lift light and beauty from where they have lain,  
In their pebble-lined couches to sunshine again,  
There are charms, glowing charms in the city's array,  
In the domes, spires and palaces, glittering away,  
In the frail, lovely plant, and the foreign-born tree,  
But there's naught like the woodland, the woodland for me.

The rich city invalid hails the cool breeze,  
Through the bright gilded casement and flowering trees,  
But it bears on its wing a foul, poisonous breath,  
And he shivers, for he knows 'tis the emblem of Death,  
Like the vampire of old, which in saltry noon's heat,  
Would fan his poor victim to unconscious sleep,  
Then his life-blood withdraws, till the spirit was free—  
But there's naught like the woodland, the woodland for me.

But hark! our good pointer, I hear at the gate,  
Who are pawing, impatient, as for us they wait,  
Their necks proudly arching with pleasure so gay,  
To see us, already to mount and away;  
Here we are, then, all ready to start for a ride,  
And o'er the smooth causeway like shadows to glide,  
But where shall we go to the soft gliding sea?  
Or the forest path? yes—oh! the woodland for me.

So here we are prancing most gaily along,  
While our hearts carol forth from our lips in a song,  
And the breeze, so inspiring, we pass swiftly by,  
As our glad shouts of happiness mount to the sky;  
And the flowers by our pathway peep modestly up,  
While Nature's bright tears-drops are left in their cups;  
And Flora's soft incense is floating all free—  
Oh! there's naught like the woodland, the woodland for me.

New turn and look back to the landscape passed by,  
Which in bright beauty glowing, with Eden might vie,  
As if Dame Nature, had in a wild fit of glee,  
Shook her rich cornucopia o'er meadow and sea;  
Now we enter the woodland, the soft balmy air  
Waves the pleasant young branches, now here, and now there,  
Is dished in bright green—oh! the woodland for me.

And the birds, ever joyous, sing sweetly, yet wild  
As a lute's gentle breathing, harmonious and mild,  
With their strains full of freedom and happiness given,  
As a Peri's bright glances when entering Heaven; and there,  
And the sun's brilliant rays are now poured through the trees,  
That fall in rich shadows and dance on the leaves,  
As the waves ever change on the varying sea,  
So fit the bright shadows—the woodland for me.

There are fair rustic maidens whose cheeks blooming hue,  
Reflects on the berries yet moistened with dew,  
Which they pluck, and anon, in their rosy lips press,  
To which love would stoop proudly for one sweet kiss,  
But the sun's getting high and the day very warm,  
As away in wild gallop we start for our homes,  
Then a lingering farewell to each flower, shrub and tree,  
But the woodland forever, the woodland for me.

H. P. G.

### Miscellaneous.

#### The Sacred Mountains—Mt. Ararat.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

There are some mountains standing on this sphere of ours that seem almost conscious beings, and if they could but speak, and tell what they have seen and felt, the traveler who pauses at their base, would tremble with awe and alarm.

For some good reason, the Deity has usually chosen mountain summits, and those which are isolated, as the theatre where he made the grandest exhibitions of himself. It may be because those grand striking features in nature fit the locality of events so that they can never fade from the memory of men. The giving of the law needs no lofty column to commemorate it. Mount Ararat lifts its awful form towards the clouds, a perpetual, unswerving monument. God's exhibition of himself to the awe-struck prophet, as he passed by him heralded by the storm, the earthquake, and the flame, needs no pyramid, to fix the locality in history. Mount Horeb tells the Almighty dimmed his glory, and covered the human face with his fearful hand, so that his brightness might not destroy the being that would gaze upon him.—The transfiguration of the God-man requires no pillar of brass to arrest the eye and aid the senses as man contemplates the spot where the wondrous scene transpired.—Mount Tabor is its everlasting memorial. Thus do mountain summits stand the silent yet most eloquent historians of heaven and earth.

Another reason why mountains have been chosen by the Deity for his most solemn revelations, may be that their solitude and far removal from human interruption and the sounds of busy life, render them better fitted for such communications than the plain and the city.

The first in the list of Sacred Mountains is Mount Ararat. The first named summit in human history, it emerges from the flood and lifts its head over the water to look down on all coming generations to the end of time.—Whether it was changed in that mighty convulsion which drowned the world, or whether its lofty peak which saw the swelling waters and marked their steady rise remained the same, we know not. At all events, the mountain looked down at the swaying world at its feet, as cities floated from their foundations and came dashing against its sides, and beheld a wilder scene than ever covered a battle-field, as it heard and saw six generations shriek and sink together. But whatever may have been its former history, it now stands as the only memorial of the flood. Rising like a sugar-loaf from the plain, its top is covered with perpetual snow, and has seldom been profaned by human feet. But there was a time when the sea rolled over it, and mightier waves than ever swept the sea, thundered high above its crown.

Though the immediate appearance of a flood that should submerge the world, was an event that staggered human belief, yet Noah, obedient to the voice of heaven, began his ark of safety. There is no one that does not lament there is not a fuller antediluvian history. We merely catch the summits events, and are told of some half a dozen of events that happened, while all the rest is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. We are told that the world was drowned, but the particulars of that terrific scene are left entirely to the imagination. It is only by the declaration of the apostle, that men were busy at their usual occupations, "eating and drinking and marrying and giving in marriage, till the flood came and swept them all away," that we get any data by which we can form any true conception of the catastrophe. Yet this short statement is worth everything, and with it before me, I have sometimes thought I could almost paint the scene. Noah, whose head was whitened by the frosts of six centuries, laid the foundation of his huge vessel on a pleasant day, when all was serene and tranquil. The fields were smiling in verdure before his eyes; the perfumed breezes floated by, and the music of birds and sounds of busy life were about him, when he, by faith alone, laid the first beam of that structure which was to sail over a buried planet. When men, on inquiring the design of that huge edifice, were told its purpose, they could hardly credit their senses, and Noah, though accounted by all a very upright and respectable man, became a jest for children. As the farmer returned at evening from his fields and the gay citizen of the town drove past, they christened it "Noah's folly." Those more aged and sober shook their heads wisely, saying, "the old man is mad." Even the workmen engaged upon it laughed as they drove the nails and heaved the plank, yet declared they cared not so long as the foolish man was able to pay. Still the ark went up, and the day's wonder ceased to be talked about. When it was finished and curiosity satisfied, it was dismissed from the mind as a passing folly.

Yet I have sometimes wondered what people thought when they saw the beasts of the field and the forest, and fowls of the air, even the venomous serpent and the strong-limbed lion coming in pairs to that ark. This must have staggered them amazingly, and made the ark for a while a fresh topic of conversation. At length, the patriarch with his family entered—the door was shut upon the face of the world, and he sat down on the strength of a single promise to await the momentous issue. That night the sun went down over the green hills beautiful as ever, and the stars came out in the blue sky, and nature breathed long and peacefully. In the morning the sun rose in undimmed splendor and mounted the heavens. Deep within the huge structure Noah could hear the muffled sound of life without.—The lowing of herds came on his ear, and the song of the husbandman going to his toil, and the rapid roll of carriage-wheels as they hurried past, and perhaps the ribald shout and laugh of those without, as they expounded their wit on him and his ark together. To say nothing of the improbability of the event, the idea was preposterous that such a helpless, helpless affair could outlive a wrecked world. Thus day after day had passed on until a week had gone by, but still the faith of that old man never shook. At length the sky became overcast, and the gentle rain descended—to Noah the beginning of the flood, to the world a welcome shower. The farmer as he housed his cattle, rejoiced in the refreshing moisture, and the city never checked its gait or the man of war all his plans. But as the rain continued day after day, and fell faster and fiercer on the drenched earth, and the swollen streams went surging by, men cursed the storm that seemed determined never to break up. The lowlands were deluged; the streams broke over their banks, bearing houses and cattle away on their maddened bosoms. Wealth was destroyed, and lives lost, till men began to talk of ruined fortunes, famine, and general desolation; but still it rained on. Week after week it came pouring from the clouds, till it was like one falling sheet of water, and the inhabitants could no longer stir from their doors. The rich valleys that lay along the rivers were flooded, the peasants had sought the eminences around for safety. Yet still the waters rose around them, till all through the valley nothing but little black islands of human beings were seen on the surface. O, then what fierce struggles for life there were among them. The mother lifted her infant above her head, while she strove to maintain her uncertain footing in the sweeping waters; the strong crowded off the weak as each sought the highest point; and the living mass slowly crumbled away until the water swept smooth and noiselessly above them all. Men were heard talking of the number of lives lost and the amount of wealth destroyed, and that such a flood had not happened in the remembrance of the oldest man. No one yet dreamed of the high grounds being covered, least of all the mountains. To drown the world it must rain till the ocean itself was filled above its level for miles, and so men feared it not, and sought for amusement within doors till the storm should abate. O, what scenes of vice and shame and brutality and revelry did that storm witness in the thronged city, and what unhalloved songs mingled in the pauses of the blast that swept by.

But at length another sound was heard that sent paleness to every cheek, and choked every tongue in mute terror. It was a far distant roar, faint but fearful, yet sounding more distinct and ominous every moment, till it filled the air. The earth trembled and groaned under it as if an earthquake was on its march, and ever and anon came a crash as if the "ribs of nature" were breaking. Nearer and louder and more terrible it grew, till men forgetting alike their pleasure and their anger, rushed out in the storm whispering, "The flood! the flood!"—and lo! a new sea, the like of which man had ever seen before, came rolling over the crouching earth. Stretching from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could reach, losing itself like a limitless wall in the clouds above, it came pouring its green and massive waters,

while the continual and rapid crash of falling forests and crushed cities and upturn mountains, that fell one after another in its passage, and successive shrieks that pierced the heavens, rising even above the deafening roar of the on-rushing ocean, as city after city, and kingdom after kingdom disappeared, made a scene of terror and horror inconceivable. "The fountains of the great deep were broken up."

But the last cry of human agony was at length hushed—ocean met ocean in its flow, and the waves swept on without a shore. O, what a wreck was there! the wreck of ten thousand years, with its cities, its cultivated fields and mighty population. Not shivered masts and broken timbers, the wreck of some gallant vessel, were seen on that turbulent surface, but the fragments of a crushed and broken world. It was a noble wreck—splendid cities and towers, gorgeous palaces, gay apparel, the accumulated wealth and luxury of twenty centuries strewn the bosom of the deluge, like autumn leaves the surface of some forest stream.

But amid the sudden midnight that had wrapped the earth, and the frenzy of the elements and utter overthrow and chaos of all things, there was one heart that beat as calmly as in sleep; one brow over which no breath of passion or of fear passed; for in the solitary ark that lifted to the heaving billows the aged patriarch knelt in prayer. Amid the surging of that fierce ocean, his voice may not have been heard by mortal ear, but the light of faith shone round his aged form, and the moving lip spoke a repose as tranquil as childhood's on the bosom of maternal love. The patriarch's God ruled that wild scene, and Noah felt his frail bark quiver in every timber, without one tremor himself. Up-borne on the flood, the heaven-protected ark rose over the buried cities and mountains, and floated away on the shoreless deep. Like a single drop of dew this round sphere of ours hung and trembled—a globe of water in mid heaven. I have often wondered what the conversations were during the long day and night that lonely ark was riding on the deep. As it rose and fell on the long-protacted swell, massive ruins would go thundering by, whose forests sink and rise with the billows, while ever and anon an upturn hill, as borne along by the resistless tide, it struck a hard mountain, would loom for a moment like some black monster over the waves, then plunge again to the fathomless bottom. Amid this wreck and these sights, the ark sailed on in safety. How often in imagination have I pictured it in the deluge at midnight. To a spectator what an object of interest it would have been. Round the wide earth the light from its solitary window was the only indication of life that remained. One moment it would be seen far upon the crest of the billow, a mere speck of flame amid the limitless darkness that environed it, and then disappear in the gulls below as if extinguished forever. Thus that gentle light would sink and rise on the breast of the deluge, the last, the only hope of the human race. Helmsless, and apparently godless, its wreck seemed inevitable, but the sea never rolled that could extinguish the ark. Not even the strong wind that the Almighty sent over the water to dry it up, driving it into billows that stormed the heavens, could sink it. Though it shook like a reed in their strong grasp, and floundered through the deep gulfs, it passed unerringly on to the summit of that mountain on which it was to rest; and at length struck ground and ceased its turbulent motion. Noah waited a week, and then sent forth a raven to explore the deep. Though the waters still swept from mountain to mountain, the myriad carcases that floated on the surface furnished both food and resting place, and he returned no more. He then sent forth a dove. It darted away from the place of its long confinement, and sped on rapid wing over the flood, now turning this way and now that, looking in vain with its gentle eye for the green earth, and at last turned back towards the ark of rest. The tap of its snowy wing was heard on the window, and the patriarch reached forth his hand and took it in. The fierce paintings of its mottled breast, and its drooping pinions, told too well that earth gave no place of repose. But the second time it was sent abroad it returned with an olive leaf in its mouth, showing that the earth had risen from its burden, and was sprouting again in verdure. Then the patriarch went forth with his family and stood on Mount Ararat, and lo, the earth was at his feet, but how changed.—Cut into gorges which showed where strong currents had swept, and piled into ridges, it bore in every part marks of the power that ravaged it. Noah and his family were alone in the world, and he built an altar there on the top of the solitary mountain, and lifted his voice in prayer, and the Almighty talked with him as friend talketh with friend, bidding him go forth and occupy the earth. And as the flame of the sacrifice rose from the mountain top bearing the patriarch's prayer heavenward, the promise was given that the earth should never again be swept by a deluge, and lo, God's signet ring appeared in the clouds, arching the man of God, and shown as a warrant that the covenant should never be broken.

Baptized by the flood—consecrated by the altar—illumined by the first fresh rainbow, Mount Ararat stood a sacred mountain on the earth.

THE IRON CITY.—Probably no market out of Europe is capable of bearing so great an amount of iron as once at Pittsburg, and there is none on this continent where anything like so heavy an amount is sold in so short a time. Pittsburg is emphatically the Iron City of the Western World, and her trade & manufactures of this metal are steadily and rapidly increasing. The amount of iron in the shape of pig metal and blooms annually marketed in that city is about forty thousand tons, all of which is there manufactured and distributed over half of the Union, in iron fabrics of every description.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—The Whigs of Henderson county, Tennessee, have nominated Daniel Webster for next Presidency.

Adventure of the Virtues.  
FROM NINA, BY FREDERICKA BREMER.

One day the Virtues became weary of living all together with the Bishop of Skara, and they therefore resolved on making a journey, in order to breathe a little fresh air. As they were about to enter a boat for this purpose, a poor woman with a pale child approached and implored charity. Pity put her hand immediately into their travelling purse and pulled out a piece of money. Economy, however, drew back the arm of her companion, and whispered in her ear—"What extravagance! give her a ticket for soup for the poor!"

Foresight, who constantly carried a number of these tickets about her, after she had made more exact inquiries into the circumstances of the poor woman, consented to give her one of them. Pity, encouraged by a hint from Generosity, pressed secretly the money into the meager hand. Zeal presented her with a copy of the "Penny Magazine;" and pleased and thankful, though with a glance of indifference at the latter gift, she went away.

The Virtues now began hastily their voyage; mild winds blew around them, and in edifying conversation on the last sermon of the Bishop, they were borne thence by the dancing waves. Suddenly, however, a black cloud drew itself over the heavens. Foresight, who had bought a new bonnet for the journey, begged that they might go ashore and seek shelter from the coming tempest. Courage was for defying the danger, but Prudence came to the support of Foresight, and they finally agreed to land. There they observed a boat which steered directly upon them, and whose passengers were in the highest degree jovial, and made a tremendous noise. It was a little company of Vices to which good humor had joined herself, and whom no pursuit of their journey with the greatest delight. In passing by they gave, purposely as it seemed, such a rude jolt to the boat of the Virtues, that it was very nearly capsizing. Courage took fire, he seized the strange boat, and was in the act to deal his blows among the crew, when Humanity threw herself between and received on her cheeks the cuffs which the contending parties designed for each other. This pleased Good-humor so exceedingly that with one bound she sprang into the boat of the Virtues, and in doing this gave so violent a shove to that of the Vices that it nearly upset, and was borne away.—Zeal and Love of Truth prepared to send after the Vices a cargo of insults, but Generosity gave them a signal to be silent: "for," said she, "vice carries its own punishment with it."

In the meantime the storm clouds had disappeared, and they continued their journey and the most agreeable conversation. The Virtues visited many cities, one after another, and everywhere where they sojourned they diffused blessings. Trade flourished, men became cheerful, many marriages took place, and people could not comprehend how it happened that all went so gloriously on earth.

One evening as the Virtues drank tea in the good city of Jonkoping, and sat gregariously to it, they boasted of their efforts. Prudence, enraptured with the beneficent achievements, was just rising to make a sort of royal speech on the influence of the Virtues on mankind, when her eye accidentally fell on Humanity, who cast on her a dubious glance. A member of the company here, after much exordium, made the motion that the Virtues, as they could effect much more good if they did not all keep together, should separate, and spread themselves over all quarters of the earth, in order, like the Apostles, to preach reformation to the world. This motion was received by all with the most zealous approbation, though I must remark that Prudence and Moderation were not present; they had withdrawn shortly before the introduction of this motion, in order to go to the city to replenish the company's stock of sugar and coffee, which had pretty well melted away. When they returned, they did not delay putting themselves in opposition to the adopted resolution, but Courage and Zeal bawled so loudly that the softer virtues were scarcely heard, and as finally Generosity, excited by Zeal, declared herself for the separation, Foresight dared no longer to raise her dove's voice, but bit her nail, & at length went out to order a new pair of shoes for the journey.

The next day the Virtues separated, and went each by herself alone into the world, after having agreed that day twelve-month to meet again in Stockholm by the statue of Gustavus Vasa, in the Parliament House square, and there to hold a "plenum" on their own and nation's affairs.

Courage blackened his moustaches with lapis lazuli, and directed his course to the north. On the way he met the knight Don Quixote, who advised him to arouse the ambition of the fair sex which had so long been suppressed, and to incite them to self assistance and self defence.

This pleased Courage extremely. While the knight discoursed on the eventual metamorphosis of the hitherto-called weak sex, they rode past a church out of which issued a married train. The new made bride was an extraordinary beautiful young lady, who did not seem quite a stranger to Courage, for she nodded friendly to him as she entered the carriage; this pleased Courage so much, that he immediately selected her to become the model of her sex, and embraced the very first opportunity of introducing himself to her. They took place in the new household after the injurious, is known in all the coffee houses of the city of X, and they have pronounced their judgment thereupon. It is related that the young lady became immediately after the wedding as it were metamorphosed, and the husband thereupon nearly mad. Nothing was heard out of the mouths of the young couple but angry words and menaces, which speedily proceeded to blows. Finally the wife, called out her husband to fight a duel; but upon this she was, on the recommendations of her own sex, clapped into a lunatic asylum, and the affair gave great scandal in the city and country round.

Foresight chanced in Stockholm to read a long article in a newspaper on this occurrence. Horrified at the mischief which the folly of Courage had occasioned; she reflected on all the dangers and cross-grained accidents to which one is exposed in this world, and determined in her wisdom to withdraw entirely from it, satisfied that the highest good fortune to be attained here is to escape with a whole skin.—In consequence of this confusion, she took lodgings with an old unmarried lady, who, from fear of thieves, inhabited a couple of attics four stories high. Here Foresight might have spent good and quiet days, if she had not been tormented with thousand fears and fancies of all possible dangers. Out of terror of fire, she scarcely trusted herself to cook anything; she was apprehensive of becoming ill from lack of fresh air, yet going out was not to be thought of; she might be run over by the very first carriage; a flower-pot might fall out of a window and kill her; she might break a leg on the steps, etc. No, no! going out was quite impossible; and such was the repugnance to this, that out of fear that she must one day be obliged to purchase a new gown, she had not courage to wear her old one, which was already torn in several places. At length it came to that pitch that she could neither stir hand nor foot. She had infected her landlady, the old maid, with all her fears and scruples to such a degree, that when at length a fire broke out in the house, the two friends dared to make no efforts for their escape, and must certainly have perished in the flames, had not a chimney sweep and a carpenter taken them on their backs and brought them out of danger.

In the mean time Zeal ran about the world, gossiped, cried, preached, and drove mankind first in one direction and then in another. He tore the peasant from the plough, the mother from her children, and the officer from his bureau, to give to each of them other employment. Then he ran suddenly off, and left them to take care of themselves. As he turned himself from Europe toward China, in order to convert the heathen, he came too near to a mine in Russia in the moment of his explosion, was caught by the powder, and lost—also, alas! both his eyes. Still he ran some time longer about the world, creating naturally nothing but confusion, and came into collision with the police. He was ultimately compelled to provide himself with a conductor, who, for a certain remuneration, led him back to the place whence he had come.

Humility, it is true, had not passed through such hazardous adventures; yet neither had it gone extraordinary well with her. Separated from her companions, she cut such a pitiable and lamentable figure, that no one would have anything to do with her. After she had dragged herself, with bowings and curtsies, through the whole world, after actually crawling on her knees, knocking at all doors, and every where saying, "I am not worthy to loose the latchet of your shoes," and had been everywhere attacked and ill-used, she turned herself homeward, and reached Stockholm, completely in rags, and nearly dead.

Here, at the foot of the statue of the heretofore, she saw, one after another, all her early travelling companions arrive. But, great heaven! how changed were they. They could scarcely be recognised. Zeal had lost his fiery eyes, and was lame of the right leg. Courage carried an arm in a sling, and had in the highest degree the look of a *mauvaise sujet*. Mildness was covered from head to foot with sores and blue weals; on her former angelically soft brow, angry passion had seated itself, and every third word was a curse. Generosity had all the airs of a comedian; he declared and ranted incessantly. Patience and Pity were become so thin and transparent, that they could not be seen without the deepest compassion. Good-humor was anything but sober. Prudence found herself in better case; but she was become haughty and boastful; she measured with an air of deep thought, her steps and words; took snuff every minute, carried her head aloft, cast looks at her companions over her shoulder, turned up her nose and was unbearable.

It may be imagined whether, under such reversed circumstances, the meeting again of the virtues was a pleasant one. To confess the truth, they resembled, in their present assembly, the Vices far more than the Virtues.—But scarcely were they all together, had extended to each other the hand, and recognised each other, than their appearance began to change, and every virtue to acquire its former character. Prudence took from her travelling medicine chest an ointment, rubbed therewith the darkened eyes of Zeal, which speedily opened themselves, beaming with their former fire. Good-humor was struck with the dry, ghost-like appearance of Humility, that she became sober on the spot; and the Virtues resolved to strengthen themselves in the next hotel, with a banquet and bowl of punch; there should every one relate his travelling adventures, and take a resolution for the future.—"Bravo!" exclaimed Courage, and gave Foresight the hand; Good-humor took Humility under the arm and led the way, the rest all cheerfully following.

It would be leading us too far to repeat all the adventures with which the Virtues entertained each other over the bowl. Suffice it to state, the resolve which at the end of the sitting was unanimously adopted by all present; this was, that from that time forward, the Virtues should always travel together, and should separate as seldom as possible, since they found each one given over to herself, without the counsel and support of the rest, only played the fool. With this resolution all the Virtues were highly satisfied. They concluded this feat with a song, which Good-humor improvised, and which they styled the "League of the Virtues."

REMARKS.—"Sarah," said a young man the other day to a lady by that name, "why don't you wear earrings?" "Because I haven't had my ears pierced." "I will bore them for you, then." "I thank you, sir; you have done that enough."

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—Not long since we observed in the papers a brief notice of a wonderful chemical discovery very lately made by Professor Schoubein, of Germany. Common cotton is so prepared, probably with a fulminating compound of nitrogen, as to be suddenly converted by a spark into the gaseous state, leaving as a residue only a small quantity of carbonaceous matter. Balls and shells were said to have been projected by this prepared cotton, the projectile force of which is said to be many times greater than that of gunpowder. It was stated, that four ounces blew a thick wall to pieces—was calculated, at least as many pounds of gunpowder. It was added that the cotton, though made wet, re-acquires its properties on drying. This is an extraordinary triumph of chemistry, but it is no less true, that strange. A friend just from Washington, saw a letter from a highly intelligent American, who had witnessed the experiments, and certified to the truth of the account. He states that one of the German principalities had given an order for 30,000 bales of cotton, to be employed in this novel process of military defence and offence. In this age of ingenious discoveries, everything that leads to a free interchange of products and inventions, is calculated to advance the mutual wealth and blessings of different nations. Were we confined to the "home market," what would this important discovery in Germany avail us? As it is, it may largely increase the value of our exports of cotton. We trust that it may not "explode."

THE SCOTSMAN'S CALL.—A young clergyman in Scotland, being about to leave the scene of his orthodox labor for another settlement, called on an old lady belonging to his congregation, to say farewell, and to thank her for the kindness he had experienced from her. "And say ye'gan to leave us," said the old lady, "weel, I wash ye' God's blessing; ye've been a sober, staid, discreet young man; and I doubt not ye'll ha' your reward, 'And where are ye about to settle?" "The Lord has called me to labor in a distant part of the vineyard," replied the clergyman. "I have got the parish of—." "Aye," said the lady, "and maybe ye'll get a little more steepp'd where ye'er gan?" "Why, yes, I expect a small increase in emolument, certainly." "Ah! weel, I thought sae," retorted the old dame, "if it had nae been the case, the Lord might ha' called long enough and loud enough; before ye would ha' heard his voice."

TAKE CARE OF YOUR SHOES.—As the breaking up of winter you will need good sound shoes or boots, more, even than in winter.—We have used the following mixture, and think it better for making water-proof shoes than any other. We also give the price of the materials, just as we obtained them from the Drug store.

One pint beiled linseed oil, 15 cents; 1/2 ounce beeswax, 4 cents; one ounce rosin, 4 cents; one ounce oil of turpentine, 6 cents;—making 29 cents.

Two ounces of copal varnish would give this mixture some lustre, and cost 6 cents. Cover the soles, seams, and upper leather with it, when well melted together; dry it in by a fire and cover again, until the leather is filled.—Your boots will last longer, and the leather will be soft and impervious to water.—Western Farmer and Gardener.

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, is owing only to ourselves, that is, to our not having any inherent 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.

IRON ORE.—In driving the Tunnel for coal at Bear Gap, by the Lykens Valley Coal Company, several strata of Iron Ore have been crossed, which is said to be the best quality of Black Band Ore. This discovery of a permanent supply of Ore will ensure the erection of Furnaces at Williamsport, which have been in contemplation for some time.

Strong hopes are now entertained that large veins of Coal will be opened, when new vigor will be given to the operations at the road which will be completed early in the spring.—Hall's Herald.

RAIL ROAD IRON.—We learn from the Portland Advertiser, that a public meeting was recently held in that city, to consider the subject of establishing a machine shop and iron works, to be connected with the manufacture of railroad iron. The Advertiser says "the matter is connected by certain distinct and responsible propositions with the enterprise of Mr. Norris to establish an engine factory here." Subscriptions, amounting to more than one-half the capital required, were made at the meeting.

FURTHER ADVANCE IN COAL.—The dealers have again advanced the price of Anthracite coal 50 cents a ton in New York. This makes an advance of one dollar within about a month. The retail price is now \$7 a ton of 2000 lbs. This is one of the mischievous effects resulting from the newspaper panic making, so extensively practised during the past season.—Consumers were induced to wait, by the promised reduction in price, till they now find the supply short and the price materially enhanced.

A CRITERION.—A good criterion by which to judge the disposition of a man, is to watch him when he passes some box at play. A kind man will step out of the way, and let the little fellows have their sport, while a crabbed one will push through the "ring" and spoil their fun.