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TOWANDA:

Mednesday Morning, Beptember 8, 1847

The voices at the Throne.

BY T. WESTWOOD. A little child A little meek-faced, quiet, village child Sat singing, by her cottage door at eve, A low, sweet, sabbath song. No human ear. Caught the faint melody-no human eye Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile That wreathed her innocent lips while they breather

The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,

Praise God! praise God!"

A Scraph by the Throne in the full glory stood. With eager hand, He smote the golden harpstrings, till a flood Of harmony on the celestial air Welled forth, unceasing. Then with a great voice He sang the "Holy, Holy, ever more, Lord God Almighty?" and the eternal courts Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies, Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned With vehement adoration. Higher yet Rose the majestic anthem, Without pause, Higher, with rich magnificence of sound, To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens Rang with " Holy, Holy, evermore!" fill trembling from excess of awe and love ich sceptered spirit sank before the throne, with a mute hallelujah. But, even then, While the ecstatic song was at its height, wen in an alien voice-a voice that seemed To float, float upward from some world afarmeek and child-like voice, faint, but how sweet at blended with the seraph,s rushing strain then as a fountain, s music, with the roll in the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles up the beauty of each angel's face that new utterance. Smiles of joy that grew fore joyous yet, as ever and anon
is heard the simple burden of the hymn Praise God! praise God!" And the seraph, s song whice hung brooding—when the eternal courts
mg with echoes of his chant sublime,
through the abysmal space, that wand'ring voice

Pierre Pitols.

me floating upward from its world afar,

mormored sweet on the celestial air,

raise God! praise God!"

In the year 1800; Pierre Pitois was sergeant in him but as a "tough customer." Always the and the last to fire, he had the reputation of him. ang but two things in the world—the smell of wder and the whistling of bullets.

Now, one time day, our friend Pierre took it into head to address a letter to his colonel, in which the hour but it will soon come." applied for leave of absence to go and see his inother, who was dangerously ill. He added th of his mother should be restored.

ed without the consolation of giving her last bles- accept me, I would be to thee that friend." to her only child, and in which he again somel leave of absence, saying that he could not the reasons for this request—it was a family but he earnestly implored his colonel to deny him this favor.

rere's second letter was as little successful as first. The poor fellow's captain merely said. me, the colonel has received your letter; he is v for the death of your old mother, but he cantrant the leave of absence you require as the my arms. ment will leave Strawsburg to-morrow." Ahe The regiment leaves Strawsburg; and for

a place may I ask you!" said Pitois. For Austria," replied the officer. We are to

be in your element, my fine fellows Perre Pitois inade no reply; but seemed lost in thought. The captain caught his hand, and

Why do you not speak, man! Are you deaf

ar I am telling you that in less than a week, In to have the pleasure of a set-to with the shans, and you have not one word of thanks for mol news Nav. I verily believe you have Feren heard me.

ladeed, captain, I have heard every word, and ank you with all my heart for your news; which Toyder very good news,

thought you would," said his officer. But Captain, is there no chance of obtaining

te of absence ?"

he you mad!" was the reply. "Leave of abte the very day before taking the field." Inever thought of that," said Pierre. We are on the point of taking the field; and at such a

e. I suppose leave is never given!" It is never asked." It is quite right—it is never asked. It would

and press it any more; I will try and get on ly listen to me, and not laugh at me !"

and you will do well," replied the captain. * next day, the twelfth regiment entered Gerand the next, Pierre Pitois deserted. are months after when the twelfth regiment, teaped in the field of battle an abundant

and of glory, was making its triumphal entry Mawsburg, Pierre Pitois was ignominiously back to his corps by a brigade of gens d' 'A court martial is immediately called .liters is accused of having deserted at the ment when his regiment was about to meet enty face to face. The court presented a sin-Peracle. On the one side stood forth the z; who ened-

)ou & whose breast the star of honor changed my whole purpose.

glitters; you who have never incurred either pun- | "Pierre," said she, "you must go; it is my ishment or even censure from your officers, you wish." I knelt before her and said, "I will go, A MAIBEN sat by her cottage door, could not have quitted your regiment—quitted it al- mother," "Pierre," she added "thou hast been a most on the eve of battle-without some powerful good son, and I thank God for it; but the duties of

Prom Westing

perhaps either to do or desire; at least to recommend you to the emperor's mercy." On the other side stood the accused, who answered, "I have deserted without any reason, with-

pass sentence." -" Pierre Pitois is a deserter, we do not believe er forgotten them. "Do thy duty," she said: now it." And others averred. "Pierre Pitois is mad . the duty of a soldier was always and in all things the court cannot condemn a madman. He must be sentenced then not to death, but to the lunatic I was to go straight forward to face danger, without asvinm."

ed, for there was not one person in the court who without a second thought. Those who saw me thus, did not consider the desertion of Pierre Pitois as as it were, seek to meet the bullets said, "There one of those singular occurences beyond the range is a brave fellow!" They might have better said, of human possibilities, which, while every one is "There is a man who loves his mother!" forced to admit as a fact, no one can account for, or One day a letter brought the tidings that she was comprehend. The accused however pleaded guil- ill—my own poor mother; I longed to go to her. I his demand for the just penalty of the law to be inflicted upon him. He also boldly and tearlessly

cy. Sentence of death was therefore pronounced. Pierre Pitois he and the sentence read with the most steady, unfline hing gaze. They warmly urged him to plead for mercy, but he refused. As every one guessed that at the bottom of this affair there was some strange mystery, it was determined that the execution of Pierre should be delayed. Inor attained the knowledge, that they have in the He was carried back to the Military prison, and it cities; but we have our beliefs, which the townswas announced to him that as a mark of special favor he had three days given him to press for pardon. He shrugged his shoulders and made no

In the middle of the night on which was to dawn twelfth regiment of the line then quartered in the day fixed for his execution, the door of Pierre's massburg. He was a native of that half-savage, dungeon turned softly on its hinges, and a subaltern dicivilized, part of Burgundy known under the advanced to the side of the camp bed, in which ame of Mervan; and his comrades never spoke the condemned was tranquilly sleeeping, and after gazing on him some time in silence; awoke

> Pierre Pitois opened his eyes, and staring tout him, said-" The hour, then, is at last come?" "No, Pierre," replied the officer; "it is not yet

"And what do you want with me until then?" "Dost thou not know me, Pierre! No matterwhis father, being seventy-eight years of age, I know thee well. I saw thee at Austerlitz, and little flower was my mother's soul; that she had suffering under a paralytic affection, could not bravely didst thou bear thyself. From that day, felt that I was near, and under the form of that any use in nurse-tending the poor woman, Pierre, I have had a regard for thee no less warm flower had given herself to my heart once more. than sincere. Yesterday on my arrival at Strawsburg, I learned thy crime and cordemnation. I The colonel's reply to Pierre's application was, have prevailed on the gaoler, who is a relation of hat as the regiment might at any moment be or- mine, to allow me to see thee, and now that I have and to take the field, no leave of absence could come, I would say to thee. Pierre, it is often a sad thought to a man about to die, that he has not a Pierre Pitois submitted. A fortnight elapsed; a friend near him to whom he might open his heart. and letter was received by the colonel in which, and intrust with some sacred commission to dis-Pitois informed him that his mother had charge when he should be no more. If thou wilt

> "I thank you comrade," replied Pierre, briefly and coldly.

. " Why, hast thou nothing to say to me?" " Nothing."

"What! not one word of adieu to thy sweetheart, to thy sister?"

"A sweetheart or sister? I never had either." "To thy father?"

"He is no more. Two months ago he died in

"Thy mother, then !

"My mother!"—and Pierre, whose voice suddenly and totally changed, repeated, "My mother !--ah, comrade, do not utter that name; for, see Vienna my brave Pitois-we are to fight the how, I have never heard that name-I have never strans. Is not that good news for You! You said it in my heart without feeling melted like a child-and even now, methinks if I were to speak through the ranks changed into almost deafning of her-!

"What then?"

"The tears would come-and tears do not beome a man." "Tears." continued he. "tears. when I have but a few hours to live-ah! there would be not much courage in that !?

"Thou art too stern, comrade. I think I have, thank God, as much courage as other people; and to speak of my mother."

"Are you serious!" said Pierre, eagerly seizing the officer's hand-"you a man and a soldier, and not ashamed to weep!"

"When speaking of my mother! Certainly not My mother is so good, so kind, she loves me so much, and I, too, love her so dearly."

"She loves you! and you love her! Oh, then may tell you all. My heart is full; it must have vent, and however strange my feelings may appear to you, I am sure you will not laugh at them. Listen then for what you said just now is quite true. A man is gladiswhen about to die, to have a heart the appearance of cowardice. Well, then, I to which he can pour out his own. Will you real-

"Surely I will listen, Pierre—a dying man mus

ever excite compassionate sympathy.". "You must know that, since I came into the world, I never loved but one being, and that being was my mother. But her I loved as none loved; with all that was in me of life and energy. While yet a babe, I used to read her eyes as she read mine. She was the heart of my heart, and I the heart of hers. I have never had either sweetheart or wife; I never had a friend; my mo- in a matter really vital. ther was everything to me. Well, I was summon ed to take arms, and when they told me I must leave her, in apparoxysm of despair I declared that they might drag me limb from limb, but never could they take me from her alive. With one word spothey take me from her aure. Will one woll sport putation in life, to be an unreserved acceptance of ver be in want of subjects of agreeable contemplation, you, one of the bravest men in ken in her holy fortitude and strong courage, she

motive to impel you! This motive the court de- a son are not the only ones a man has to fulfil.mands of you; for it would gladly have it in its Every citizen owes himself to his country; it calls power-if not to acquit you, which, it ought not thee-obey! Thou art going to be a soldier: for this moment thy life is no longer thine own: it is thy country's. If its interests demand it, lay it down cheerfully. If it be the will of God that thou And at times stole out, from her fragrant lips, shouldst die before me, I should weep for thee my Such song on the charmed air; Such song as a loving damsel sings out any motive; I do not repent; if it were to do hearts team but I would say, "He gave, and He When the thrilling hour is near that brings again, I would do it again—I deserve death * * has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord?" Go now, and if thou love thy mother do thy duty. And then came some witnesses, who deposed Oh, how precious those holy words? I have nevto obey; and in all things and always I obeyed.hesitation, without a second thought; and I went The last alternative had very nearly been adopt. staight forward, faced danger without hesitation.

ty most positively, and was most pertinacious in asked for leave of absence; it was not granted; I remembered her last words-" If thou love thy mother do thy duty." I submitted. A little after I avowed his crime, continually repeating that he did heard that she was dead. Oh! then my senses fornot regret it, that at length his firmness assumed sook me; at any risk I determined to return to my the character of a bravado, left no room for clemen- country. Whence proceeded so ardent so impetuous a desire to see once more the place where my mother had just died! I will tell you; and as you

have a mother, as she loves you, and as you love her, you will understand me. We peasants of Morvan are a simple and confiding race; we have not received the instruction, folks call our superstitions or beliefs, we have them. Now one of these beliefs to which we cling the most, is that which attributes to the first flower that blows in the grave mould such a virture, that he who gathers it is certain of never forgetting the dead, and never being forgotten by them. Belief, how dear! how sweet! With it death has no terrots; for death, without forgetting, or being forgot-

ten, is but a sweet sleep, but calm repose after long toil. That flower I panted to see it bud; I panted to gather it; I adandoned my post and went on my way. After ten days of long and weary march, I reached my mother's grave. The earth seemed yet fresh; no flower had appeared; I whited. Six weeks had elapsed; and then one lovely morning I saw a little blue flower-" Forget me not." As I plucked it. I shed glad tears, for methonout that

There was nothing now to detain me in the country, for my father had soon followed my mother to the grave, and I had plucked my precious flower. what more did I want? I remember my mother's charge do thy duty! I sought out the gens d' armes and I said, "I am a deserter, arrest me." * * * And now I am to die, and if, as you have assured me, I have in you a friend, I die without regret, for you will do for me the only service I require. The flower which at the risk of my life I plucked from the grave, is here, in a little case next to my heart. Promise that you will see that they will not take it from me. It is the link which unites me to my mother, and if I thought it would be broken-! I should not have the courage to die. * * * Say, do you promise to do what I ask of

you!" "I promise," said the officer.

"Your hand that I may press it to my heart, you are very kind to me, and if the Almighty God were in his omnipotence to give me my life a second time, I would devote it to you."

The friends parted

The next day dawned. They had arrived at the blace of executiont and already had the fatal sentence been read, when the low murmurs which ran shouts "The Emperor! The Emperor! Long live the Emperor.

He appeared, dismounted from his horse, then with his short, quick steps, walked to the condemned. "Pierre," said he to him. Pierre gazed at him, and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him. "Pierre" continued the Emperor. "remember your own words vet I should not be ashamed of weeping if I were of last night. God gives thee life a second time devote it not to me, but to France! She, too. is a kind and good mother! Love her as thou didst love thy first; thine own." He then turned to depart, and greeting shouts of admiring love followed him, till, he was out of sight.

Some years after this, a captain of the Old Guard fell mortally wounded on the field of Wa-Amid the din of battle, he was heard to shout in

his death pangs-"Long live the Emperor! France forever! My

Mother! My Mother!" It was Pierre Pitois!

Knowlenge.-Young man, improve your idle moments! Dou't sit doing nothing, and wishing you had something to do. Take a book and read that your mind may be improved. You do society a great wrong to grow up in ignorance, a reproach to to yourself and a discredit to your country. Come -take a book this instant—the effort may be irksome at first, but you will find pleasure, and profit and honor in it, in the long run. Then begin like a man, now, now, NOW: Do not procrastinate

I lay it down as a certain maxim that every man s wretched in proportion to his vices; and affirm the noblest ornament of a young, generous mind, virtub.

The Tearful Watches.

In the light of a summer eve;

Sweet time, when the blending sun and shade
Their garlands of beauty weave,
And the flowers, with tears in their closing eyes Look up with a morning, mute surprise,

As the daylight takes its leave. The maiden sat by her cottage door,

Buch one as she waiteth there. The hours flit on, and the stars peer out From their couches in the sky, Yet the maiden still at her cottage door, Doth watch incessantly; But her heart is troubled—her eyes are dim With tears that are flowing because of kim,

Yet cometh he not-ah! why! He will come to the ark of her heart no more And her tearful watch is vain: To her questioning soul there is no response Bave the night—wind's dirge-like strain; There's a sound of wail in its fitful swell, And its faintest tone like a leaden knell Falls heavily on her brain.

But she watcheth with woman's constant heart, Till the Orient groweth bright, for, till the Night,s dim glow depart, Doth her last hope take its flight:
Oh, who can tell what hopes and fears, What anguish of changing smiles and tears Are hers through that weery night!

The stars grow pale in the flush of morn, And the maiden sleeps at last. et she moans and turns unquietly. And from under swol'n and closed lids. The tears flow warm and fast l'here's a glow at times on her pallid cheek,

And her pale lips move, as she fain would speak
Doth she dream of the happy Past? Alas! alas! for the fairest dream Of her life hath for ever fled, The only one in this darken'd world, To bliss and to beauty wed; The light from the smiling earth has passed, In all is could, dim shadow cast, Like the mantle of the dead

There's a lonely grave by a bending yew, Where the earliest violets start, Where the Morning shadows linger long, Whence the dew-drops last depart; plain, white stone at its head is placed: nd on it these words' are traced. HERE LISTE & BROSEN BEART."

Who are the Rich. Who are the rich !-- the favoured few Whose hands their dazzling treasure hold, With luxury deck their halls, and strew

No; for the wealth so proudly got, Is brrowed all:-the fatal bond May grant it to the grave, but not An hour beyond. They are the rich whose treasures lie

Their paths with gold?

Whose ways are marked by pity,s sigh, No borrowed wealth, no failing store;

These treasures of the soul remain Its own; and, when to live is o'er, To die is gain. Who are the poor !-the humble race Who dwell where luxury never shone-

Save God,s alone ! No! for the meek and lowly mind. Still following where its Saviour trod. Though poor in all, may richly find

Perchance without one friendly face.

They are the poor who, rich in gold Confiding in that faithless store, Or tremble for the wealth they hold Or thirst for more;-

The peace of God

Whose hands are fettered by its touch. Whose lips no generous duty plead; Go, mourn their poverty, for such Are poor, indeed!

Sponge the Basis of Flints.—The mere assertion that flints were spenges would no doubt startle the reader who was unacquainted with the history of those fossil relics of a former ocean; but we apprehend that a little reflection will satisfy the most sceptical of the truth of this strange sunnounce ment. Imbedded in the substance of chalk, which, during long periods, by it accumulation had continued to overwhelm successive generations of marine annimals, the sponges have remained for centuries exposed to the water that continually percolates such strata; water which contains silicious matter in solution. From a well known law of chemistry, it is easy to explain why particles of similar matter should become aggregated, and thus to understand how, in the lapse of ages, the silicious spicula that originally constituted the framework of a sponge have formed nuclei around which kindred atoms have constantly accumulated, until the entire mass has been at last converted into solid flint. We are, moreover, by no means left to mere conjecture or hypothesis upon this interesting point: nothing is more common in chalky districts than to find flints, which, on being broken, still contain portions of the original sponge in an almost unaltered condition, and thus afford irrefragible proof of the original condition of the entire mass.

THE BIBLE-It is a book of laws to show the right and wrong. It is a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly

ind makes the foolish wise. It is a book of truth, that detects all errors. It is the book of life that shows the way from

everlasting death. It is the most compendious book in all the

It is the most authentic and entertaining history that was ever published.

NARTRE has scattered around us, on every side and for every sense, an inexhaustible profusion of beauty and sweetness, if we will but preceive it.-The pleasures we derive from musical sounds, and tile forms of trees, are surely not given us in vain; tion, and must be habitually cheerful.

Entertainments" to one's memory, Damuscus realizes all the Oriental day-dreams that have been conjured up by a heated imagination after pursuing that fascinating book; the houses, the people, the costumes, above all the bazaars (which are the finest in the East after those of Constantinople,) are so thoroughly free from any admixture of Westem fashions or ideas! The bazuars are spacious, well lighted, well ventilated, clean, and fragrant

with the mingled smells of the damask roses (sold

there in profusion.) latakeea, and the aroma ic odors

emanating from the numerous spice and perfumery shops. The veiled women gliding about, the turbured men seated upon their carpeted shop-boards, dreamily running their fingers over the beads of their Mecea chaplets or inhaling the cold fragrance

of their bubbling parghiles; the sweetmeat vendors, hawking about their trays of tempting goods, in the shape of rose-leaf tarts, preserved mishmishes (apricots) lumps of delight, consolation to the throat, and a dozen varieties of halva (bon bons,) all equally good; the ice-sellers, with little pails of frozen cream, and large water jars with a lump of snow from Lebanon closing the spout-all these, mixed up with wild-looking dervishes and still wilder-looking Bedouins from the neighboring country of the Haouran, form a tout ensemble which

has not its parallel in any other place. The far-famed blades of Damascus are no longer manufactured here, and are even rarely to be found in the bazaars; but its saddlery is still famous, and it is celebrated for its gold and silver tissues, and the striped silk and cotton stuffs which form so prominent a part in the custume of the Caireens, as well as the inhabitants of Syria. Unset precious stones are also found here in plenty, especially Damascus than in any other place in the East. is.

I am never weary of rambling through the bazaars and have found the shops of the silk-mercers very tempting lounges. The shop-keepers here, how W ever, very kindly spare you the tatigue of going tcBrick Hope. "The world is at Courter-to no coop their ware-houses in quest of pretty things; for the moment they are apprized of a 'traveler's arrivalthey hasten to the European hotel, followed by their servants, laden with packages of their best merchandise, which they open out, spread over al the sofas and cushions, and insist upon leaving d the that you may judge of the effect they produce by article candle-lights. There has been such a concourse, and of these men since our arrival, that the great openshed, recess in the court looks like a complete "Vanity" and Fair;" and I never return to the house, that I dow not find five or six silk merchants and their attendants seated upon the marble pavement, leaning Baron their bales of goods, and looking as patient as it they had hothing in the world to do but to wait my good will and pleasure to toss over their merchanit dize,-[Mrs. Romer's Pilgrimage,

Doc Story.-Mr. S. had a calf tied in his yardn Satbut the rope occasionally got untied and the calfn the was let loose. One day a neighbor called in andient said, "Squire, I presume your calf has made his escape from the yard." Mr. Stone replied he pre-torsumed not, and enquired, on what he founded his opinion. He replied, "I know your dog well, the though I don't your calf. I overtook your dog near, was Mill Creek, with the rope in his mouth, leading a June call towards the city," (about a mile west of Mr. Stone's house.)

Mr. Stone went into the yard, found the calf gone, mounted his horse, and took the road for the mouth of Mill Creek. When he had gone about e old half the disrance he met his trusty dog, tugging on jonly with the rope in his mouth, leading the calf. He gave him a word of encouragement, and turned D. his horse and went home, leaving the dog to finish his undertaking. He had been home but a short time when the faithful dog brought the calf to the gate, and he was let in.

A FACT FOR NATURALISTS.—A toad which had been buried under a reversed flower-pot three feet beneath the surface of the ground, by Mr. Samuel Clarke, of Crook's-place, butcher, on the 14th of Hard June, 1846, was by the same gentleman disinterred in exon the 14th ult. No sooner was the little animal taken up than he gave evident proofs that to be buried alive" did not, to him, necessarily involve cessation of existence; for he instantly commenced skipping about, many of his bounds extending to the height of six inches into the air. His mouth was closed up with a white skin, but his eyes were as sparkling as when, on that day twelvemonth, he was put below the ground.

KEEPING BEFORE THE PROPER.—Henry Clay is or visit to the north. He is to be at Newport, R. I. in a few days. He spent the winter at the south and now visits another quarter of the Union. Mr. C does not mean to be shoved quietly by, by military chieftain or any other persons. But intends, it i evident, to "keep himself before the people!"

CREDIT Systen.-A beautiful girl, with a pair of pouting lips, stepped into a store to price a pair of

"How much are they!" "Why," said the gallant, but impudent clerk ost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, " you may have them for a kiss?"

"Agreed?" said the young lady, pocketing the gloves, and her eyes speaking small daggers.-Agreed! and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and collect it the best way you can!" So she hastily tripped out of the door.

By reading we enjoy the dead; by conversation the living; & by contemplation, ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgementof these, reading is the most important, which furnishes both the others.

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

True religion most frequently exhibits itself in meck and unostentations acts.

Modern Danascus-If Cairo recalls the "Arabian Facts and Curiosities for the Young

Sponges are believed to consist of excitable flesh. full of small mouths, by which they absorb and eject water.

The sloth does not advance more than 100 yards in a day. At is two days in climbing and descending a tree.

The human brain is the twenty-nighth of the body; he brait of the horse but the 400th. Otto of roses is the oil which swims on top in the listillation of rose watter.

Bird lime is prepared from the berries of the misletoe and the middle bark of the holley; it is boiled till it becomes soft.

The human body, in a halthy state, is generally a 98 of Fahrenheit.

The earth is believed to increase in heat, a denee in every 15 or 10 yards in depth. Mercury for the thermometers is purified by agiation in a bottle with sand, and then by straining

t through leather. The waters of the Red Sea appear to be 32 feet higher than the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Mex.

ico is 23 higher than the Pacific. The narrowest part of the Atlantic is more than two miles deep. In other parts it is one and a half

Insects are found in slate, and flies and ants in

MAGNIFICENT WORKS.—The most magnificent works in Europe are the three principal roads over the Alps mountains. The Alps are a high chain of mountains between Switzerland and Italy, and there is no other direct way of reaching Italy from France, by land, than by crossing the mountains.

The first principal pass or road, is that over the stones are also found here in plenty, especially ridge of the mountained was a few the form of a portable desk. It Silver trimming is to be had better and cheaper in the to provided for, I shall hold meetings at all suitable places.

Displaces than in any other place in the Fast in the state of the place in the Fast in the state of the place in the Fast in the state of the places. the Reformers. As seen as a suitable sum is collected, to defray the expense of printing, &c., I intend to write out a book for your convenience. Thanking those who have extended to me, thus far, their friendly hospitalities,

> 18 MT RELIGION. Thine for Truth, and its eternal rewards, among which L find "Homes for all."
> 3w9 HENRY EPHRIAM LEACH.

Shaving and Hair Dressing.

Solomon Cooper, DESPECTFULLY informs his old friends and pat-Torons, that having been obliged to abandon his former stand on the afternoon of the 12th uit, he is now permanently located on the west side of the public square, two doors north of Briggs' tavern. Grateful or past favors, he hopes by superior skill and attention o merit an increase of patroninge in future.

He will always keep on hand a surply of oils, essences, perfumery, and whatever is kneessary to give an agreeable tinish to his operations, and will spare no pains in his endeavors to adapt his style to suit the vary-

ventative to keep the Hair from falling out, or turning gray, for a beautiful head of hair is a powerful auxiliar 1)RINTS, of every variety and style, foreign and do

mestic, now opening at wholesale and retail, at monis. MONTANYE'S & CO. TRINGES & GIMPS, of all kinds; also, Buttons

and other trimmings for ladies' dresses and vinetts, au 18 MONTANYE & CO. CLOTHS. CASSIMERES & VESTINGS of very superior style and finish, and at prices to suit those

who wish to purchase cheap.

MONTANYES & CO. SHOES-Ladies' Misses and Children's, a large va

FOR RENT. THE VALUABLE FARM of the subscriber situate about one and three-fourth miles from the borough of Towanda, is offored for rent for a term of one year or more. the necessary buildings thereon. For further particulars, and for terms, enquire of Ulyser, Mercur, Esq. of JAMES NESTOR.

Towanda.

Towanda, August 27, 1847. BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTORY



ii your neignoor has handsome chairs, be sure to put your feet on the round of them. It will soil the vanities of the world, and teach in humility. The man of the world looks to himselfe, and calls those things evil that are displeasing to himselfe. The Christian look to God, and calls those

things evel which are displeasing to him. Unwise Men.—The angry man who sets his own nouse on fire, in order to burn that of his neighbor. The envious man-who cannot live because others

The hypochondriac-whose highest happiness ousists in rendering himself miserable The jealous man-who poisons his own banquet

and then eats of it. The miser-who starves himself to death in order that his heirs may feart.

Why was Gen. Jackson, at the battle of New Orleans, like a Cincinnati pork dealer! Because he was death on packing ham, (Packenham.) What is the color of grass when covered with snow? Invisible green.

Earth is eaten as bread in several parts of the world. Near Moscow, a hill furnishes earth of this description, which will ferment when mixed with

Someboody says that in order to get on well in the world, it is requisite for a man to have gold in his pocket, iron in his hand, silver in his tongue

and brass in his face. God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanks givingsongs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing and com-

forted and thankful persons. In disputes upon moral and scientific points, ever let your aim be to come at truth.