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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, September 20, 1848.

To the People of Pennsylvania.

The undersigned regularly appointed the Committee of Publications on the part of the Democracy of the city and county of Philadelphia, congratulate their fellow citizens upon the harmonious deliberations of the late Democratic State Convention. Called to fill a vacancy created by a dispensation of Providence, which had deprived us of an Executive who seemed to have been specially raised up as the friend of the masses and the enemy of oppression in every form, the times demanded, not only a strong and solid integrity, before which the blandishments and threatening of privilege would shrink abashed and appalled, but a well poised judgment, a well-trained intellect, a practical experience, and a vigilant patriotism always alive to the interest of the country. We believe we have obtained these qualities in the present Democratic candidate for Governor, MORRIS LONGSTRETH, of Montgomery county. In this vicinity he has thousands of friends, and is warmly esteemed wherever known. His private character defies scrutiny. As a merchant he passed through times of trying peril with untarnished credit, and without a personal enemy. As a farmer, he is distinguished for his quiet deportment, his industrious researches after agricultural improvements, and his active and well-cultivated mind. As a citizen, no man has been more zealous in upholding the credit of the State, and none more energetic and intelligent in his support of her true and substantial interests. Politically, Judge LONGSTRETH is above all suspicion or doubt. "He belongs to the radical Democracy—tempering with no wrong, and allowing no principle to be sacrificed to expediency. He believes our prosperity to be identified, indissolubly, with Democratic measures, and he believes that these measures can only be successful by a preserving imitation of the examples of founders of our political faith."

MORRIS LONGSTRETH was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the 3d of December, 1800, and is, consequently, in the 48th year of his age. On both sides, his family were distinguished in the revolutionary annals. His grandfather, on the mother's side, was an Irishman, an was made prisoner at Fort Mifflin, in 1776, and subsequently died a victim to British cruelty. His name was M'KEE.

His ancestors, on the father's side, settled in Warminster, Bucks county, in this State, about the year 1700, on a farm, which is still occupied by one of the same name. His grandfather on the same side, whose name was BENJAMIN LONGSTRETH, owned a plantation at the mouth of French Creek, (Chester county,) where Phenixville now stands. He died in 1798, of yellow fever, while on his way from Philadelphia, where that epidemic was then raging. His son Joseph, the father of MORRIS, was born and raised in Charleston, near Valley Forge, Chester county, where, also, MORRIS was born. Joseph LONGSTRETH moved to Philadelphia, where he entered the mercantile business. He is still remembered by our oldest inhabitants as a man of integrity and piety, and as peculiarly strict and conscientious in all his dealings. He died early, leaving a widow and five children, three of whom were sons.

Left alone with a youthful family, wholly dependent upon her for education and support, the mother of MORRIS, while relating to her children the hardships to which their grandfather M'KEE had been subjected, and the cruelty which hurried him to a premature grave, instilled into their young hearts, at the same time, a hearty abhorrence of the oppressors of their country, and a profound veneration for those patriots whose blood has consecrated the charter of our liberties.

Connected on the one hand, by the dearest ties, with that exemplary sect, whose founder, in this State, was the illustrious PENN., and profoundly sensible that their peaceful virtues cannot be too warmly applauded and too often practised, the candidate of the republican party of Pennsylvania for Governor could not, however, forget the history of those wrongs which at the same time speak the shame of England, and the justification of our country in both her wars for independence. How powerfully he feels upon this subject will be seen by his own language, in an address which he delivered four years ago to his fellow citizens at Valley Green, his own home.

"I am a man of peace. But rather than see the rights of my country trampled under foot, her territories seized by fraud and kept by force, and my fellow citizens murdered, I would say to England, welcome war, pestilence or famine."

The career of Judge LONGSTRETH is another example for the youth of the country, and a striking illustration of the benefits of free institutions. In May last, the Democratic National Convention placed in nomination for the Presidency, a gentleman who left Wilmington nearly fifty years ago, a bare-footed boy, without a shilling in his pocket. On the 20th of July, Providence took from the sphere of active and distinguished usefulness, a model Governor who began his career in the humblest walks of life, and ascended the steps of fame, wholly by his own exertions. And now we are called upon to notice another self-made man, in the present Democratic gubernatorial nominee.

The death of his father left five children chiefly dependent upon the exertions of their mother for support. After being three years a pupil in the Westtown school—an establishment conducted under the auspices of the Society of Friends—MORRIS began his business career. When he was but fourteen years of age, following his father's example, he entered a mercantile house in Philadelphia. Devoting the intervals between business hours, to the improvement of his mind, already stored with the precepts of an intelligent mother, he soon gave evidence of future distinction. Before he had reached

the age of seventeen, such was the confidence reposed in him by his employers, and such the intelligence, integrity, and decision of his character, that he was despatched as collector for the firm to the Western States—an undertaking, which, in those days, when railroads and telegraphs were scarcely admitted in the theories of the closet, was full of hardships and not without actual danger. During stated periods, for five years, he travelled over the Western States, collecting and carrying large sums of money, acquiring, at the same time, a knowledge of the inhabitants of the country, their manners and customs, and a thorough acquaintance with the resources of the Valley of the Mississippi. In 1824 he entered the mercantile business himself. For eight years he continued this highly honorable pursuit. Through all this time, he bore a character proverbially above reproach. During the period of the bank panic—when the timid faltered and the venal deserted—when all the appliances of wealth and privilege were brought into action to make the stern old hero quail—then, in the midst of the foes of JACKSON—"faithful among the faithful"—MORRIS LONGSTRETH stood firm. He supported decidedly the administration and re-election of JACKSON, and zealously pointed out, to all his political friends and opponents, the solid advantage of the JACKSON policy. He is still warmly recollected to this day, for his stern deportment during those trying hours. In 1836 he was placed in nomination for Congress by the untitled Democracy of Philadelphia city; and although his election was hopeless in that era of bank rule and bank oppression, his republican friends could not refrain from naming him as their candidate, simply as a testimonial of their respect for his political and personal character. When, in 1835-36, the Bank of the United States applied to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for corporate powers, MORRIS LONGSTRETH, then a retired citizen, protested boldly against the granting of the application: he invoked the support of all in the movement of opposition, and made no hesitation in bitterly denouncing the final success of the fraud. How fortunate had it been for Pennsylvania, if his counsels, and the counsels of such as he, had been heeded in time!

In 1837 Mr. LONGSTRETH removed to his farm, in the township of Whitmarsh, Montgomery county. In March, 1841, he was appointed an Associate Judge of the Montgomery County Courts, by Gov. PORTER. And in 1846, he was re-appointed to the same place by Gov. SWEENEY. In this position he gave evidence of new qualities, and rapidly won the confidence and affections of his fellow citizens, by the integrity and intelligence which marked his official acts.

On the 4th of March, 1847, without ever having occupied any public position but that of Associate Judge, he was placed in nomination by the representatives of the Democratic party in State Convention, for the responsible office of Canal Commissioner—a choice of which was confirmed at the polls in the October succeeding, by the significant majority of over seventeen thousand votes.

Since Judge LONGSTRETH has been in the Board of Canal Commissioners, he has been thrown, by the active discharge of his public duties, in constant connection with great numbers of his fellow citizens. Friends grew up around him daily. His manly frankness—his varied intelligence—his pleasing manners—and, above all, his fearless advocacy of the radical principles of Democracy—made him a society both profitable and agreeable. During his connection with the lamented SWEENEY, he shared his fullest confidence. To no man would that venerated patriot confide his views more freely, and to no man's counsel would he give more attention. And when, prostrated by the disease which conquered him at last, that fearless republican, still cherishing the high principles which have made his character a study for after-times, would converse with no one more freely upon the importance of a wise Government, than with him who is now destined, in the order of things, to be his successor. It would have been remarkable had the result of the State Convention been different. Though others were before that able and imposing body—men of sound intellect, tried experience, and unflinching Democracy—men worthy of the confidence and equal to all the emergencies of the State—the preference was for MORRIS LONGSTRETH. We need not add that he will preserve to the utmost of his ability the high trust which has been reposed in his hands.

Judge LONGSTRETH is a practical farmer. His farm bears the marks not only of that careful industry which is the characteristic of the Pennsylvania husbandman, but, also, of that intelligent culture which is the result of an enquiring and enterprising mind. He is eminently known among his neighbors for open-handed liberality, generous hospitality, strict and irreproachable morals, and for that constant attention to business, and those exemplary habits of order, which are always the true elements of the character fitted to govern the helm of State.

With this sketch of the Democratic candidate for Governor, the undersigned confidently invoke the suffrages of the people of Pennsylvania in his behalf. They challenge the most scrutinizing comparison of his political and personal character, with the political and personal character of his competitor—assured that the verdict must be, with all intelligent men, as they believe it will be with the great majority of the electors in October, in favor of MORRIS LONGSTRETH, the Farmer of Montgomery.

A. L. ROUMFORTH,
JOHN W. FONEY,
HENRY WELCH,
ANDREW MILLER,
BENJAMIN MIFFLIN,
H. A. GILDEA.

Philadelphia, Sept. 6th, 1848.

A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very cheerful and universally unpopular man, put the usual question—"Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for all the neighbors are willing."

Winter and Solitude of the Forest.

MR. BANCROFT, who lectured before the Mercantile Library Company, recently delivered two lectures on the character of Roger Williams. From the second of these discourses, the subject is given by the New York American as a fine description of the perils and discomforts of wandering in a mid-winter.

"Of all the scenes into which man can be brought none is so difficult to be grasped by the imagination as the deep recesses of a wintry forest. Its solemn and awe striking influences must be actually felt before they can be conceived. It is shrouded in sombre shadows at the brightest noon, and wrapped at night in a worse than Egyptian darkness. No ray from the glowing sun, or silver moon or twinkling stars, can struggle through the dark umbrage to cheer the wanderer. The thick set trees limit his view to a dim and narrow circle. At every dreary step he plunges into the snow that is spread to the depth of several feet all around him. The branches loaded with ice, as they swing to the blast, scatter their burden on his head. As he brushes through them, he is blinded with the snow flakes shaken from their limbs. No traces of life or motion can be seen. The hollow chambers and dim isles of the forest above and around, resound to the harsh and sudden crackling of branches, rendered brittle by congelation, and his ear is startled by the sharp and loud intonations of the solid trunks snapping with the frost. He has no landmark to guide him. Heaven and earth are both shut out from his vision. Whether traversing valleys, or climbing mountains, or approaching rivers, or lakes, or seas, he cannot tell. He listens, and his imagination is impressed and solemnized by the audible respiration of the forest, more mysterious and sublime, if possible, than the everlasting murmur of the ocean."

"This perpetual breathing and moaning of the woods is produced by the ceaseless motions of the upper atmosphere, forever agitating the over hanging canopy of limbs and branches. If oppressed by the sense of solitude, and for the purpose of breaking up the impression produced upon his feelings by this mysterious and unearthly murmurings of the forest, he raises aloud his own voice, it seems to fall in broken and suffocated echoes, and to die away without penetrating the wilderness. And if to the other circumstances of such a scene, the perils which hang over it, the impossibility of obtaining either shelter or sustenance, the danger of being bewildered and lost, or of perishing with cold and hunger, and the momentary exposure to destruction by the sudden assaults of wild beasts, to say nothing of the stealthy savage, we make an approach to something like an estimate; but we do not, for we cannot, fully conceive the condition in which Roger Williams found himself the first night after having been driven from his family, his home, and his friends."

"Can we not see him as he wraps his blanket around him, and lays himself down in his bed of snow, in the dark bosom of the forest. The night wind is howling through the branches that form his only shelter; and the wolf and the bear have come forth from their dens in search of prey, but he closes his eyes in peace, and sleeps sweetly for his conscience is clear, and his trust is in God."

CHILDHOOD.—It is a beautiful and wondrous subject, altogether worthy of a deeper investigation than any with which it has yet been honored by philosophy, the awakening of a young spirit from its slumbers in the arms of eternity, amid the dreamy music which drops from the golden fingers of Nature, in the dim, religious temple of Time! This spirit, also incarnate in a new form, through which as an instrument, it is one day to preach there—in that solemn temple—is, indeed, matchless enough for thought. To my mind, Childhood is a condition of happy obedience and abandonment. It implies and dimly shadows forth, the last flight of the soul. It is a miniature picture of the innocence of man; a type, also, of that possible perfection predicted by the Prophets and Poets of the elder world. How great and noble a Being might be made out of the materials of Childhood! How gentle and confiding it is! How joyous and rapturous—how exultant in the happy life which the good God has given it! It lives with the angels all the day long, and closes its sweet eyes at night to their soft singing, meeting them again in visions of the peaceful heaven! As yet it belongs to Nature, and feels safe and happy in her loving arms. Its companions are the flowers and the trees—the birds and the books—and the green grass of the sunny meadows; and its little fluttering spirit is so bathed in the element of love, that all creatures, and things partake of its beauty, and the child and them become one and the same being. It is this mystic union with Nature—which we all feel to have been ours in childhood—that makes us cling so fondly to the associations of that happy state. It is because we have experienced the deep unutterable joy of communion with surrounding intelligences, without let or hindrance from sin, that we all desire in some moments of our lives to be once more a child!

Ah! happy childhood! sweet spring-time oft to a dreary summer, and an unblest winter. Knowledge is the Bible of the soul, intended to comfort man in all his ways, and conduct him to immortality. Insensibly does an unseen hand trace ciphers on the mystic leaves. There they lie: in beautiful illumination even now, for childhood itself to read. Not for ever in sunny dreams must the young spirit be wasted! It must try its wings—and soar—and fall—and rise again. Cast by-and-by into the depths of Thought—it must struggle there for life—it must solve the enigma of its own existence."

A GOOD THOUGHT.—Says some one, if your enemy is forced to have recourse to a lie to blacken you, consider what a comfort it is to think of having supported such a character, as to render it impossible for malice to hurt you without the aid of falsehood; and you to the genuine fairness of your character to clear you in the end.

Miscellaneous.

THE RIVER AMAZON.—The following recent and original extract, from a diary kept by M. de Castellan during his voyage in America, will be read with interest. By soundings and hydrographic observations, I have, (he says in his diary) ascertained beyond a doubt that the Amazon river is navigable for large steamers, without any obstacle, as far as Ponce de Manseriche, that is to say, a distance of more than 1000 leagues from its mouth, that its principal tributary, the Ucayale, is navigable to its junction with the Rio Tamto (the Apurimac) 1200 leagues from the city of Para; and that the navigation may be extended, by the means of the Pachytoa, to within ten or twelve days' journey of Lima. As far as the village of Natan (Peru) there are always from five to six fathoms of water in the main stream of the Amazon, and as far as Omaguas, from 10 to 12 fathoms. The Yaguis who live in the forests bordering on the Amazon, have no other clothing than the long feathers of the scarlet Ara; they are a mild and peaceful race; they believe in the immortality of the soul, but they rely on a universal pardon after death. According to their notions, God resides behind the sun, and his principal occupation is to keep that orb in movement. They are not polygamists, and remain faithful to the wife of their choice; and their affection for their children is such, that when they lose them they destroy every thing they possess, and burn not only their house, but all that it contains, their arms and their most valuable treasures. When a girl has reached the age of womanhood, she is shut up for three months in an isolated cabin in the forest, and her mother alone is allowed to come near her. When a woman gives birth to a child, the husband enters his hammock and utters the most piercing cries, while his suffering wife has to wait on him and console him for his imaginary sufferings. The most curious object I have procured is a stone statue weighing about 200 pounds, was discovered in the forest of the Rio Negro, and according to the traditions of the country, dates as far back as the time of the Amazons. 'Till lately I placed but little belief in the history of these female warriors; but throughout the country, at Obydos particularly, I learned that traditions still existed of them among the Indians. The statue is of such rough workmanship, that it must have been the work of a people where the arts were in their infancy; it is, however of high interest, as being the only specimen of this nature as yet discovered in the Brazil. The figure is that of a woman; she is seated, and is concealing her breasts with her hands. Between her feet is another emblem, often witnessed in ancient worship, which, as an allusive allusion to the Amazon, who disdains to be a woman, and who treads the other sex beneath her feet.

AN AMUSING ANECDOTE.—We transfer to our columns the subjoined amusing story, from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser:

"We noticed in an eastern paper a report of a recent action against a London Chemist on account of a hair dye, that instead of turning complainant's whiskers to a jetty blackness, had raised a blister, in consequence of which whiskers, skin and all had peeled off. This case reminds us of another attempt at hair dyeing, the consequences of which, if not so distressing, were serious enough to the party. In a country village in this state, some twenty years ago, the village doctor was chosen deacon in the Congregational church. The doctor though a hale hearty man had turned gray in early life, and at the time we speak of his locks had become of almost snowy whiteness."

He was a gallant man though a sincere Christian, and his hoary honors somewhat annoyed him. So to grace his new dignity, the night before the Sabbath, when the "sacrament" as the communion was termed; was to be administered, he undertook to dye his hair to a becoming brown, more suitable to his age. We know not what application he made use of, but during the morning service, while the new deacon sat under the pulpit, as was customary, the action of the light rapidly worked a chemical and almost magical change in the outward adornment of his head. Some of the locks deepened into a rich brown, while others flashed into a fiery red, and some gently subsided from their pristine whiteness into a most delicate pea green. All unconscious of these variegated honors, at the close of the ordinary service the deacon undertook to officiate, bearing round the consecrated bread and wine.

The communicants were humble, sincere Christians, feeling deeply the solemnity of the occasion, but the new deacon's hair was too much for the most of them. There was a grim relaxation of the features of the older among them, who might have sat for pictures of the old Covenanters, while the younger could scarcely refrain from an unequivocal smile. The venerable apostolic man who ministered to the congregation, and who, with a most fervent piety, had a quick sense of the ludicrous, soon noticed the untoward bearing of his flock and its cause, and as the deacon returned to the table quietly requested him to refrain from further service in favor of an old brother, to supply whose place and infirmities of age he had been chosen. The next day, when the doctor started to visit his patients, his head was clothed with a nicely fitting new black silk skull cap, and several months elapsed before he again officiated as deacon."

NEW DRESSING FOR WOUNDS.—Gun cotton, useless for artillery purposes, is said to be an excellent styptic for dressing cuts and wounds. Dissolved in ether, and applied to the severed cut, it forms an adhesive covering of singular closeness, so that the process of healing is carried on speedily and effectually. Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, has similarly applied chloroform and gutta percha. This mixture, in a liquid condition, at about the consistency of fine honey, is simply poured upon the wound; the chloroform instantly evaporates, and the gutta percha remains perfect, preserving it for weeks, if necessary, without the need of dressings, bandages, &c.

LIGHT FROM THE DECOMPOSITION OF WATER.—We have in a former number alluded to this curious discovery of which the following statement is found in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal:—"It was once remarked by a celebrated chemist, when speaking of the probable exhaustion of our coal-fields, that he had little fear for that event, as long as the progress of science would have enabled man to support the combustion of water. Extravagant as this opinion may appear to the unscientific, there is nothing more likely. Water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen—two gases, without which it would be impossible to eliminate a single phenomenon of combustion. Thus the gas which we burn in our houses is a carburated hydrogen; that is, a compound of carbon and hydrogen, which on ignition, gives us light and heat only when in a medium containing oxygen—such as the atmosphere. Here, then, hydrogen and oxygen play most important parts; and could we resolve water into its elements, which it is quite possible to do, all that is necessary to produce heat and light is a little carbon. But we are not left to speculate on this matter; the thing has been so far done by M. Jobard; and gas made from water, possessing double the illuminating properties of ordinary coal gas, has been used both in France and in our own country."

"M. Jobard obtains his hydrogen gas by the decomposition of steam in vertical retorts filled with incandescent coke, and unites this gas, at the moment of formation, with hyper-carburated gas, produced by the distillation of any hydro-carburetted as oil, tar, naphthalene, and other products at present rejected by our ordinary gas-works. It is of no moment whence his hydro-carburets are produced; indeed the substances which are rendered useless and injurious to the manufacture of the gas, by the present mode of operating, are precisely those which are the richest in illuminating properties. M. Jobard's process and its details have been submitted, since its invention in 1833, to several commissions of inquiry both in Belgium and France, and the reports of these have been uniformly favorable, both as to its cheapness and the higher illuminating power of the gas so produced."

"In a recent number of the 'Bulletin du Musée d'Industrie,' the inventor gives a full account of his process, which is about to become public property; and mentions that it has been used in a manufactory near St. Etienne, in Dijon and Strasbourg, partially in Lyons and Paris and by private individuals in Dublin and London. He modestly concludes his paper by observing, that he will not be accused of exaggeration, when he states that there is some value in a process, the principle of which is to decompose water, as a substance of no value, by means of coke, which is of very little value, as under this process one pound of oil, which costs a half-penny, will supply a burner giving a light equal to ten candles during 20 hours."

"M. Jobard is a certainly a discovery of great interest, and though not the complete combustion of water predicted by Sir Humphrey Davy, is at all events, as every one must admit, an important step in the right direction."

MALARIES.—The epidemical maladies of man, and the diseases of animals, come from corrupted waters. Physicians who have investigated the causes, attribute them sometimes to the corruption of the air, sometimes to the mildew of plants, and sometimes to fogs; but all these pretended causes are only effects of the corruption of the waters which infects the air with vegetables and animals. We may almost always attribute this to the impudent labors of man. The most unwholesome regions of the earth are in Asia, on the borders of the Ganges, whence mortal fevers issue every year—that of 1771 destroyed more than a million lives at Bengal. These come from the rice plantations which are artificial morasses, formed along the banks of the Ganges for the sake of cultivating that grain, which thrives in marshy soils. After the grain is gathered, the root and stalk of the plants which are left, rot and form infectious puddles all over the stubble, whence pestilential vapors arise. It is to prevent these inconveniences that the culture of rice has been forbidden in various parts of Europe, especially in Russia, in the environs of Orskakof, where it was formerly produced."

TO EXTRACT LAMP OIL FROM A DRESS.—If lamp oil is spilled upon a dress that will not be injured by wetting, lay it immediately in a small tub of cold water. A portion of the oil will be seen to rise to the surface; then pour off the water, replace it with fresh, and still more oil will be seen floating on the surface. Again, pour off the water, and fill the tub anew, repeating the process until no more oil can be discovered on the surface. Then take out the dress, wring it well, and dry on an iron. No washing is necessary. If lamp oil, tar, or any other grease is spilled on a white dress, it can be eradicated by washing and boiling in the usual manner."

MAN'S FRIENDS.—Man has three friends in this world—how do they conduct themselves in the hour of death, when God summons him before his tribunal? Money his best friend, leaves him first and goes not with him. His relations and friends accompany him to the threshold of the grave, and then return to their homes. The third which he often forgot during his life, are his good works.—They alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge—they go before—speak, and obtain mercy and pardon for him."

That was good advice that John Randolph gave to a young man in relation to novels and whiskey punch. It will be equally good repeated now, substituting for the punch the favorite summer intoxications; "Tell your father," said John, "that I recommend abstinence from novel reading and whiskey punch. Depend upon it, sir, they are both equally injurious to the brain."

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, so generally resembled them in this, that they please us no longer when we once know them.—Pope.

INSTINCT OF VEGETABLES.—If a pan of water be placed within six inches on either side of the stem of a young pumpkin or vegetable marrow, a will in the course of the night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of its leaves floating on the water. This experiment may be continued nightly until the plant begins to fruit. If a pop be placed within six inches of a young cypripedium or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the pop may be shifted daily. If after it has twined some distance up the pop, it will be unwound and twisted in the opposite direction it will return to its original position or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of these plants grow near each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of its spiral, and they will twine around each other. "Duchassaing" placed some kidney beans in a cylinder of moist earth; after a short time they commenced to germinate, of course sending the plume upwards to the light, and the root down into the soil. After a few days the cylinder was turned one-fourth round, and again and again this was repeated until the entire revolution of the cylinder had been completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth; and it was found that both the plume and radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution, and the one in its efforts to ascend perpendicularly, and the other to descend, had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the roots is downwards, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance above, the roots will ascend to reach it.

MUSTARD.—Mustard seed was first obtained from Egypt, and has been known and cultivated for many hundreds of years. It is extensively used both in its natural state and manufactured, and is considered a wholesome condiment, in whatever way it is taken—unless indeed you take it as did "Old Zack" when his men and guns were taken: a little to much of it! It assists digestion, provided you take it moderately, warms the stomach and promotes appetite. There are two varieties, White and Black, extensively cultivated.

The White is principally used for garden purposes, and its seed is used medicinally. In constipation of the bowels and all dyspeptic cases—hard cases, too—Mustard has worked most beneficent results. One or two table spoonfuls a day, sipped from a half tumbler of water and swallowed whole frequently works a complete cure.

TO DESTROY COCKROACHES.—Add about a teaspoonful of powdered arsenic to about a table spoonful of mashed boiled potatoes: rub and mix them well together, and then crumble a third of it every night, at bed time, about the kitchen hearth, it will be eaten up, or nearly so, by the following morning. The creature is very fond of potatoes, and devouring them greedily, crawls again into its hole and perishes. I had occasion to have some alterations made in the kitchen stove, some six months after I pursued this plan, and found hundreds of wings and dried mummies of defunct cockroaches. Their disappearance was not attended with the slightest perceptible smell; and though five years have elapsed, not one has again been seen in my kitchen. In putting it into practice, any remaining crumbs should be swept off the next morning.

TO MAKE SHOES WATER-PROOF.—Take bees-wax, tallow or mutton suet, equal parts, rosin, a tenth part of the whole, melt and mix together; apply hot to your husband's shoes, and they will last twice as long, and he will never complain of wet feet; the leather will absorb a quantity of the mixture, and it must be applied hot, until the shoes are thoroughly saturated, both soles and uppers.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—The Salem Register tells this story:—Daniel Webster was once standing in company with several other gentlemen, in the capitol at Washington, as a drove of mules was going by. "Webster," says one of the Southern gentlemen, "there go some of your constituents." "Yes," instantly replied Mr. Webster, "they are going South to teach school."

SOMETHING NEW.—At the suggestion of a friend, I have discovered that glass is an excellent substitute for a board to cut leather upon. To book and shoe manufacturers, it is a most valuable substitute, being in the end much cheaper, and does not dull the edge of a good knife any more than wood, if as much.—[Cor Scientific American.]

WHAT FRANCE WANTS.—"The great difficulty," says the Christian Engineer, "that France lacks religion, and the kind of home education that comes from religion. She needs the ten commandments more than a new charter—Fenelon's more than Louis Blanc's." He is right.

They that govern most, make least noise. You see when the row in a barge, they do that drudgery-work splash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs, sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.—Selden.

A NOBLE REPLY.—A public functionary in Paris, who recently visited the hospitals, asked of the surgeon in attendance, "Doctor, how many insurgents have you here?" "I have only wounded men!" was the answer.

GOOD AND EVIL.—If you are desirous to learn all; and more than all, the good qualities of a person; wait till he is dead. If you would hear all the evil that attaches to a person's character, have patience till he gets married.

A CELEBRATED wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know not," replied he, "except the regard we have for one another."

It is said by an exchange paper, that Gen. Taylor proposes to send some of those blood hounds in search of Daniel Webster, "not to worry him," of course, but only to ascertain where he is.

A wag used to remark, that the reason why unmarried young ladies looked so much at the moon, was the vulgar belief that there was a man in it.