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TOWANDA:

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The Festival and Its Consequences.

A Scene in Navarre.

It was a fine afternoon in the spring of 1834; the birds were cheerfully singing on the trees, the flocks and herds contentedly cropping the young herbage, and the air was perfumed with odors. Not only did the face of nature brightly smile, but some festive ceremony was evidently about to be performed in the village of —, in Navarre. Numbers of young girls were seated at the cottage doors, wearing garlands of spring flowers, whilst several youths looked on and encouraged them. Here and there an old man, wrapped in a rusty brown cloak almost as ancient as himself, stood observing the juvenile groups; and on the threshold of a miserable hovel sat an aged woman singing a wild air, accompanied by uncouth gestures; but whether they brokenhearted joy, grief, or anger, it would have been difficult for a stranger to determine.

At length the damsel rose, each bearing in her hand the blooming wreath she had entwined, and the whole party proceeded to a small plaza, or square, in front of the church, where, waving their chaplets gracefully, they danced to the sound of a large tambourine and the mountain-pipe, called the *gaita*. The tones of which strongly resemble those of the bagpipes. Nor was the human voice wanting; the harsh and discordant chant of the *blacanes* was again heard; and by her side a lean rickety boy, of about fourteen, with wiry flaxen hair and beanie look, and unmeaning grin, beat time by clapping his hands. The dancers became more and more animated every moment: the fine hair of the young women, which had hitherto been plaited and arranged with natural good taste, was, by some sudden process, allowed to fall loosely on their shoulders; and at the same moment each maiden placed a chaplet on her head, the young men slinging large garlands across their breasts, like the broad ribbons of chivalric orders.

At the conclusion of the dance, the great gates of the church were thrown open; at the eastern end the altar, resplendent from the effect of numerous large wax candles, had an imposing appearance. The curate, or priest, habited in richly embroidered vestments, stood under the canopy, and spreading forth his hands, bestowed a blessing on the people, who knelt reverentially to receive it.

While this act of devotion was in progress, a loud creaking sound was heard, and presently a small body of men appeared advancing along the road which runs close by the square. Their heads were covered with the flat cap called *La Boina*; they wore coarse brown cloth jackets, and loose white linen trousers, their waists being encircled with broad red wollen sashes, below which, and in front were strapped their *cassacas*, or cartridge-pouches; instead of shoes they had *alpargatas*, or hempen sandals; they were armed with muskets; and bayonets without scabbards were stuck in their belts. This vanguard was followed by four wains, each drawn by two oxen, guided by a peasant bearing a long staff, with a gad at one end. The oxen moved very slowly, the creaking sound being produced by the evolutions of the heavy wooden axletrees of the wains, which were followed by a much larger party, clothed and armed in the same manner as that in advance, the whole being commanded by an officer in uniform. Three of the bollock-cars contained each a new bronze mortar of moderate size: the fourth was laden with ammunition boxes. On their arrival in the plaza, the escort unceremoniously threw down their arms, and received the priest's benediction. The assemblage then rose; the tambourine and mountain-pipe struck up; the old woman resumed her discordant song; the half-witted *uchin* clapped his lean hands more vehemently than ever; the young men and maidens moved towards the wains with a solemn dancing step; and, finally, the girls, decorated the horns and necks of oxen with the wreaths they had been graciously waving during the dance; whilst the youths encircled the mortars with the large garlands; the whole ceremony being performed with the utmost enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, the priest had retired to the interior of the church: but when all the arrangements were completed—the oxen adorned with their glowing honours, standing patiently in the sun, and the murderous bronze artillery decked with sweet and peaceful flowers—he again came forth, preceded by a youthful acolyte carrying a large silver cross, elevated on a staff apparently of the same metal.—By his side was another boy wearing a scarlet cassock, over which was a white sash, and he bore a silver censer, which, when this little procession had reached the wains, he threw up into the air, and then drew it back again by its silver chain, making the white smoke of the incense cloud over the mortars, and around the heads of the oxen, after which the priest sprinkled them with holy water. The instant this ceremony was completed, there was a general shouting of *Ni Carlos Quinto!* *Viva la Religion!* Success by the new mortars!—Death to the Christians! Amidst these fervent cheers the bollock-cars moved on, escorted as before; the young men accompanying them as a guard of honor a little way beyond the limits of the village. On parting, the soldiers cried:—*To Elizondo!* and soon entering a mountain gorge, they disappeared.

The day after this scene there was considerable agitation in the village. Several fathers of families who had been absent acting as scouts, attached to Don Carlos's army, or otherwise connected with it, returned. They brought accounts of the retreat of the Carlist chief, Zamalacarreguy, from before Elizondo; and it was whispered that the mortars which had passed through on the previous day, and had been welcomed with so much pomp, were all on their way back. The confusion occasioned by

these reports was at its height, when a stranger, covered with dust, rushed into the plaza, with breathless haste. He was a fine well-made man, of about thirty, his features, though handsome, bore a strong stamp of cunning; and the expression of his large grey eyes, set in a face the color of which was only a shade removed from black, was so peculiar, as to render it painful to meet their gaze.—The stranger's costume was unlike that of the Navarrese peasants. He wore a jacket of dark blue velvet, open, displaying a waistcoat of the same material, adorned with three rows of large open-worked silver buttons, hanging loosely; his breeches were of coarse dark cloth, with silver buttons down the outer seams; he also wore a blue worsted sash, and hempen sandals. Round his head was a cotton handkerchief of bright and variegated colors, tied behind, with two long ends hanging down; above the handkerchief appeared a cone-shaped black beaver hat, with a narrow brim turned up all round; the front of the hat was ornamented with three tarnished tinsel stars—green, ruby and yellow—stuck on a strip of rusty black velvet. His thick neck was bare, and from constant exposure to the sun and weather as dark as his face.—He was a *gitano*, or gipsy.

"I am sent by Zamalacarreguy," said this man, "to tell you that the mortars are on their way back, and that they must be concealed in this neighborhood; all, therefore, must unite in conveying them to a place of safety. The general's orders are, that every man proceed instantly to meet them; they must not re-enter the village; your privileges, your lives, even, depend on promptitude and energy; the holy guns must be placed in security."

This appeal met with a ready echo in the breast of every hearer; for the whole population of the village had identified themselves with the fate of consecrated artillery. All the men immediately sallied forth with Zamalacarreguy's messenger.—They had not proceeded far along the road, before the well-known creaking of the bollock-cars indicated that the objects they had set forth to meet were approaching; they soon appeared, bereft, however, of their gay ornaments.

The gitano immediately addressed himself to the officer in command of the escort: and after a brief parley, three of the village elders were summoned to join in the consultation. Much animated discourse ensued, accompanied by that lively gesticulation by which the Spaniards are characterized.—The result was, that the wains were drawn along by-road to a field, under the guidance of the villagers, the gipsy and the escort following. On arriving at the centre of the field, the oxen were taken out of the wains, which being tilted up, the mortars glided easily to the ground. The peasants had brought with them the large boxes used by the husbandmen of Navarre, and having dug trenches of about three feet deep, the mortars, which only the day before were adorned with garlands, and sent with shouts and rivas, to be employed against the Christians, were now buried in the earth in solemn silence.

The oxen were again yoked to the wains and led to the high road, whence they departed in an opposite direction: the escort took the shortest route to the mountains, and the villagers hastened to regain their homes. The gipsy proceeded to the residence of the curate, with whom he was closeted for some time; he then went to the small *venta*, or village inn. After his departure, the alcalde visited every house, and made a communication of solemn import to its inmates.

Towards evening several little groups were assembled in the plaza, and before the house doors. They conversed energetically, and, on separating, at nightfall, their countenances and manner indicated that a definitive and decided resolution had been universally adopted upon some highly interesting and important matter.

The following morning, just as the mists were clearing away from the summits of the neighboring mountains, General Mina entered the village, having marched during the greater part of the night. He had previously caused the place to be surrounded by his troops, in order to prevent the escape of any of the inhabitants. Attended by his staff, he rode to the plaza, whither the whole population were summoned by the crazy drum and drawing voice of the pregonero, or public crier.

The people who only two days before had hastened to the same spot with dancing step and exulting eye, cheered by the tambourine and mountain pipe, now crept one by one out of their dwellings with fearful anxious looks, and wended their unwilling way towards the plaza. Mina eyed them sharply as they emerged from the narrow avenues; but his weather-beaten face did not betray any inward emotion. By his side stood the curate, dressed in a rusty black cassock, holding between both hands his oblong shovel-bayonet, and pressing its sides within the smallest possible compass. His countenance was ghastly, and his small jet-black eyes peered from beneath that half-closed lid, first at the villagers as they glided into the plaza, and then at the general, who had already questioned him closely with regard to the mortars, which he had been assured the villagers had voluntarily assisted in attempting to convey to Elizondo—then in possession of the queen's forces, and fortified—for the purpose of bombardment. He had also heard of the ceremony of decorating and rejecting over the mortars, and of their subsequent concealment, with the connivance and aid of the curate's parishioners.

The priest, however, pretended to be totally ignorant of the matter. "Señor General," he said, "the curate of — will never sanction rebellion against his rightful sovereign."

As soon as these words had escaped his lips, a loud clapping of hands was heard immediately behind him. Upon turning round, the curate perceived the idiot boy, who laughed in his face, and trailed his half-discarded legs along, in grotesque imitation of dancing. The curate looked abashed; the muscles of his visage became suddenly contracted

and his eyes flashed fire upon the scold who, whose noisy movements seemed to strike terror into his soul.

The plaza was now crowded with men, women, and children; shortly afterwards an aid-de-camp appeared, followed by an officer's guard. The former approached the general, and reported that, in pursuance of his orders, every house had been searched; and that, to the best of his knowledge, all the male inhabitants who remained in the village were now present.

"Let them be separated from the women and children," said the general.

This order was promptly executed, the men being drawn up in a line before Mina. It was a strange, an anxious scene: the elderly men stood, like ancient Romans, with their cloaks thrown about them in every variety of picturesque drape; some of their younger companions were dressed in brown woolsen jackets, their snow-white shirt collars falling on their shoulders; others in short blue smock-frocks, confined round the waist by broad girdles of bright variegated colors. All wore the picturesque *boina*, but of varied hues—blue, white or red.

The women and children formed a gloomy background to this singular picture: they were far more numerous than the men, one or more of every family have joined the Carlist party. The young girls, who only forty-eight hours before had been wearing chaplets with so much glee and energy, now stood motionless, some looking fixly on Mina, others their hands clasped, and their beautiful eyes raised towards heaven, appeared absorbed in prayer. The old women, crouched on the ground, plied their knitting-needles with great diligence: her lips moved rapidly, but no sound escaped from them; and she had so placed herself as to place herself as to be able to peer through the twilight separation between two of the men who stood before her.

Mina now advanced a few paces in front of his staff-officers, and thus addressed the villagers:

"I know that, two days ago, three mortars passed through your village on their way to Elizondo, and that, yesterday they were brought back. I also know that they have been concealed in this vicinity with the knowledge of the inhabitants: where are they?"

Not a syllable was uttered in reply.

"Where are the guns?" cried Mina, with a loud voice and irritated manner—the mortars you decorated with garlands, because you supposed they were about to be used against the queen's forces?"

The people continued silent.

Whilst this was going on—the eyes of the staff-officers and the troops being all fixed on the general and the villagers—the curate had managed to glide into a narrow alley by the side of the church, (at the back of which, by a strange oversight, no sentinel had been placed,) then darting down a lane, he crossed a rivulet at the end, and plunged into a dell covered with brushwood; thence through paths well known to him, he bent his course towards a small town about a league off, where he knew there was a Carlist garrison.

Mina, finding he could not make any impression on the determined people before him, turned sharply round with the intention of commanding the curate to use his influence to induce them to give him the information he required; not seeing him, he said "Where is the curate? Search the church: search his house!"

In the former there was not a living being; and at the latter only the *ama*, or house-keeper, a good-looking young woman, who declared that she had not seen his reverence since he was summoned to the general's presence early in the morning.

This being reported to Mina, he shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded once more to harrangue the *melitane*: "Well," he said, "you appear resolved to refuse giving me the information I seek: now listen to the voice of Mina, who never promises more than to rain. If, in one quarter of an hour by this watch, (drawing it from his pocket,) the place where the Carlist mortars are hidden be not divulged, I will decimate the men now before me. Every tenth man shall be instantly shot: decide for yourselves."

It was a fearful quarter of an hour. Each man joined by a female—a mother, wife, sister, or one to whom his heart was devoted: the only individual unnoticed by any of the women was the gipsy. He was a stranger in the village, and belonged to a race for which there was no sympathy on the part of the Navarrese, although its members were at that early period of the civil war employed on important missions by the Carlist chieftains. He stood alone with his arms folded, and was apparently in a state of abstraction.

The drum was beat—the quarter of an hour had elapsed: the soldiers again began to separate the men from the women. In the confusion, the idiot boy crept up to the gipsy, and roused him from his reverie by saying in a half-whisper, "Ho, Señor Gitano! stand fast on the line, and you are safe."

The stranger looked intently for an instant at the boy, who rubbed the palms of his hands together, and glanced confidently towards the extremity of the line of men now almost formed. The gipsy contrived to place himself last.

Silence having been commanded and obtained, Mina said, "This is the last moment—confession or decimation." No answer, no sign.

"Sergeant, don't you die," said the general.

Immediately a non-commissioned officer began counting along the line. On arriving at the tenth man, he was made to stand forth. The sergeant then went on reckoning in like manner. Four spots were thus selected. The sergeant recommenced counting. There were but nine left, the gipsy being the ninth. The rank was closed up again, and the five men were left standing about a yard in front of the others. An officer and eight soldiers now marched into the centre of the plaza; and the village, who had the inevitable precedency in this mournful selection, was led to the general, who thus addressed him:—"Reveal the hiding-places

and you are safe. I should rejoice if your life could be spared."

"Sense," replied the prisoner, a fine young man, "I know it not."

Mina rode to the front of the line of villagers and said, "Will any of you confess and save this youth?"

"The mortars did not pass through the village on their return," cried the men.

Mina then rode to the rear, and questioned the women.

"General, general," they shrieked together, "we know nothing of the mortars. Spare him spare him; be merciful for the love of God!"

This reply—this appeal for mercy—had scarcely been sent forth ere a young and beautiful woman rushed from the group, and falling on her knees before Mina, exclaimed in imploring accents, "Spare, oh spare my brother! He was all yesterday in the mountains cutting wood, and did not return till after nightfall."

"There is no remedy," replied Mina, "unless the secret be disclosed."

Five minutes after Mina's return to the spot where his staff were assembled, the young man was led to the wall of a house fronting the plaza; his arms were pinioned, and a handkerchief was tied over his face. He was then shot dead by four soldiers, all fired at one and at the same instant.

Three more shared a similar fate, after every endeavor to induce them or the other villagers to give information concerning the mortars. They all met their fate with the heroic calmness and dignity.

The fifth was an old man. His anxious eyes had followed each of his fellow captives to the destination. His own turn was now at hand. There lay the bleeding corpses of his young companions, and he was interrogated as they had been previously to the execution. "I call God to witness," cried the aged man, "that I know nothing of the matter. I confess to having been present when the mortars passed through on their way to Elizondo, but I was not here when they were brought back."

"Is this true, or not," shouted the people, forgetting in the fearful excitement of the moment, that they were condemning themselves by this declaration.

"Then save his life by confessing," answered Mina.

"We have ought to confess," Francisco is innocent; this was the universal reply, to which succeeded a sepulchral silence.

As the old man was being conducted towards the wall where lay the four dead bodies, he passed close to Mina's horse; and at the moment when his arms were about to be tied behind him by two soldiers, he broke from them, and casting himself on his knees, clasped the general's thigh with both his shrivelled hands, crying, "For the love of the Holy Virgin, spare me, spare me! Oh! by the affection you bore your own father, save the life of an aged parent. I never saw the mortars after they left the village the first day."

Mina moved not; his face appeared as though it had been chilled out of a block of town stone. The two soldiers in vain endeavored to loosen the old man's hand from Mina's thigh; he clung to, and grasped it with all the strength of desperation. At length, however, by dint of repeated efforts, he was removed, and having been taken in a state of exhaustion to the fatal wall, he speedily fell, pierced by the deadly bullets.

After this awful execution, Mina said, in a loud voice, "Now let the last man in the line be brought forward."

Mina had observed immediately after the old village had been shot, that an interchange of glances full of meaning took place between the gipsy and the half-witted boy; and surmised, all at once, that the stranger might be influenced by the fear of death to divulge the secret.

On hearing the order for his being brought forward, the gitano's swarthy complexion assumed a deep yellow tinge, and he trembled from head to foot. "You have but five minutes to live unless the mortars be found," said Mina, addressing the gitano.

The moral construction of the gipsy was of a very different nature to that of the peasantry of the northern provinces of Spain, although he had been a zealous hired agent of the Carlist junta in stirring up the people to the pitch of enthusiasm to which the Navarrese had been wrought at that period, under the idea that all their rights, privileges, and religious observances were at stake, and could only be secured by the annihilation of the Christians. He had expected to escape by means of the position in which he had contrived to place himself on the line of villagers, and had, therefore remained silent during the previous interrogations; but now finding that the very maneuvers he had put in practice to save his life, had, on the contrary, brought him to the verge of destruction, he lost all command over himself. In tremulous accents he begged permission to speak privately to the general. He was led, tottering from fright, to the side of his horse. Mina was obliged to stoop to listen to his almost inaudible whisper, rendered doubly indistinct by the chattering of his teeth. "Señor Mina, my general," he muttered, "if I divulge the secret will you take me with you? Will you protect me from the vengeance of the villagers?"

"I will," answered Mina.

"Then—send a party of soldiers, with some pikes, down the lane to the left of the church, and when they arrive at a spot where there are three evergreen oaks, let them turn into a field to the right; in the centre of it they will see a heap of manure: let that be removed; then let them dig about three feet deep, and they will find the mortars."

Mina instantly gave orders to the above effect; and during the absence of the party—about half an hour—a solemn silence reigned in the plaza. The gitano stood close to Mina's horse with downcast eyes, though occasionally he glanced furtively at the villagers, who all regarded him with menacing gravity.

At length a sergeant arrived from the exploring

party, and informed Mina that the mortars had been found. "Your life is spared," said the general to the trembling gipsy, "and your person shall be respected—how much with us."

It took the greater part of the day to get the mortars exhumed and placed in bollock cars pressed from the inhabitants, who were also compelled to dig up the guns and hoist them into the wains the owners of which were forced to guide the oxen, under a strong guard.

The foregoing narrative, the leading features of which are traced from facts, displays the indomitable spirit of the Navarrese peasantry. Heart-rending it is to reflect upon the frightful evils of civil war which none can fully conceive but those who have been eye-witnesses of them.

CURIOSITY.—As the first of all evils, as the source of all calamity, is the beginning of pain, avoid, O daughter of Eve, the bewitching charm of curiosity. Seek not to know what is improper for thee; thirst not after prohibited knowledge; for happier is she who but knoweth a little, than she who is acquainted with too much.

Remember thy mother, the daughter of heaven: arrayed in the whitest robes of innocence! forget not the fatal consequences of her disobedience.

How much happier in the bowers of Paradise, feasting on the luscious grape of gladness, than wandering in the wilderness of care, to chew the bitter weed of repentance!

Be thou contented, therefore, with knowledge fitting for thee; for in the acquaintance of many things lieth not wisdom, but the knowledge of that which is meet.

Let the threshold of thy neighbor's door secure her family; let her window tempt not thine eye to see, nor the open casement thine ear to hear the secrets of her house.

The prying eye is a foe to itself, and the listening ear will hear itself slandered.

Art thou inquisitive after deeds of scandal and reproach, inquire of thyself, and thou wilt find employment within.

Art thou a virgin, doth the bloom of health glow lively on thy cheek, study not to know the ways of man.

As the way of a serpent in the grass, or a traveler over the waste, in a dark night, so the ways of man are dangerous and hard to find out.

Thy ignorance of his cunning may lay thee open to his deceit; but the knowledge thereof must be the consequence of thy being deceived.

Learn, therefore, O woman, what thou shouldst know, before thou seekest further knowledge.

WHAT OUR FINE FRUITS HAVE SPRUNG FROM.—The Peach, originally, was a poisonous almond. His fleshy part was then used to poison arrows, and it was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transplanting and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

The Nectarine and Apricot are natural hybridations between the peach and plum.

The Cherry was originally a berry-like fruit, and cultivation has given each berry a separate stem, and improved its quality; the common mazzard is the original of most of the present kind of cherries. The common wild Pear is even inferior to the choicest pear; but still by cultivation, it has come to rank among our finest fruit.

The cabbage originally came from Germany, and is nothing more than common sea kale. Its cultivation has produced the present cabbage, and its different acclimatings, the different kinds, while its hybridations with other similar plants has produced the Cauliflower.

This shows the benefit of cultivation in the vegetable world; but the change which cultivation has effected in the mind of man is indefinitely greater.—*American Agriculturist.*

LOT'S WIFE.—Mr. Coleman, in his agricultural address a short time since, illustrated the folly of modern female education by an anecdote. A young man who had for a while remained in that useless state designated by a "half pair of scissors," at last seriously determined he would procure him a wife. He got the "refusal" of one who was beautiful and fashionably accomplished, and took her upon trial to his home. Soon learning that she knew nothing either how to dam a stocking, or to boil a potato, or roast a piece of beef, he returned her to her father's house, as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A suit was commenced by the good lady, but the husband alleged that she was not "up to the sample," and of course the obligation to retain the commodity was not binding. The jury inflicted a fine of a few dollars; but he would have given a fortune rather than to be liberated from such an irksome engagement.

"As well might the farmer have the original Venus de Medici placed in his kitchen," said the orator, "as some of our modern fashionable women." "Indeed," continued he, "it would be much better to have Lot's wife standing there for the might answer one useful purpose; she might SALT HIS ELK."

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SENSIBILITY.—My dear friends! There are three things that I very much wonder at. The first is that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, brickbats and clubs into fruit trees to knock down fruit: if they would only let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should go to war and kill one another; if they would only let one another alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at, is that young men should be so unwise as to go after young women; for if they would stay at home the young women would come after them.

BOWING.—Some witty chap, who "knows the ropes," shrewdly says that bowing is a science by itself, and must be attended to by those who would, by tanning and twisting themselves, keeping in the sunshine of fashion. Bow very reverently to a million of dollars, most respectfully to a hundred thousands, courteously to fifty thousand, civilly to ten thousand, and never know poverty by sight.

MEXICO RUMORS.—A correspondent of Rochester paper gives the following interesting description of a rifle-manufacture, at Windsor, Vt. The owners commenced their buildings about three years since, and expended in buildings, machinery, and materials, \$1-5,000, before they made one rifle. About 4,000 of their rifles have been doing our country service in Mexico. Their principal building is 100 feet long and 41 wide, and four stories in height. They have several other buildings for logging their work, and the various other operations connected with their business. The first contract with the United States Government, was for 10,000 rifles. They, however, have another, and much larger contract, made last July, although the first is not yet completed. They turn out 500 rifles per month, all in complete order. They employ 100 artisans, besides 35 in the furnace business, making castings and carriages for the railroad. The barrel is made from American iron, drawn from flat bars into "scaps," of the proper length and thickness. These scaps are then rolled and welded around a steel rod under a hammer that makes 1,570 blows per minute. During this operation, the rod has to be frequently withdrawn to prevent its becoming welded with the iron anvil.

The barrel, thus formed, next goes through the process of "not boring," turning, rifling, and straightening, all of which are curious enough, but the last more particularly so, as it is done, or rather, as ascertained to be done, by the eye observing a shadow. The next step is passing through a trial and inspection by persons appointed by Government. They are loaded with 180 grains of powder, two balls and two wads, and fired twice. If they stand this test, they pass on to the process of finishing inside, which is done by rifling machines at the rate of one barrel per hour to each machine. They afterwards pass through the process of "booming," which requires great care and skill to make it succeed perfectly. Again they are inspected, and very few rejected on account of the smallest possible defects in the material.

Stocks are made from black walnut, which has been seasoned three years before working. If you have seen Mr. Curtis' last machine, you will have a tolerable idea of the first process. These stocks pass through six different machines; and a rifle, before it is complete in all its parts, passes through more than one hundred different machines, a great share of which are the invention of improvement of Mr. Lawrence. If he wants a certain thing, he first invents a machine to do it, and then sets it to work as a man would a boy. The most singular machine is the one he calls the "letting machine." It performs several difficult and delicate operations with a facility and ease that is perfectly astonishing. It cuts out the places to receive the barrel, ramrod lock, patch box, butt plate, guard strap, side plate, band strings, &c., so exact that they require no hand labor.

The mounting is of brass, finished nearly complete by machinery. The lock work is forged in dies. It afterwards passes through a great variety of machines, and comes out in the most perfect shape. These machines illustrate most effectively the surprising advantages of "Yankee ingenuity."

Each piece will fit in any of the numerous rifles made here. There is no such thing as trying the several parts to make them match each other. Parts that are alike are thrown together, and taken at random, when wanted to make the gun, and so perfect are they that they need no alteration whatever. There are constantly employed three United States Inspectors in the establishment. The rifles, when complete, do not vary two ounces each from the other in weight.

PROTECTION FOR BEES.—Bees in their undomesticated state, having sufficient protection against the frost of winter in the thick sides of the trees which they inhabit. A like protection was afforded by the straw hives formerly used; but the thin boards of which hives are now generally made, leaves the bees so much exposed, that multitudes in almost every hive perish with the cold, and not a few whole swarms. Burying them in the ground and carrying them into cellars, have been practised with good success; but these methods are inconvenient and not often adopted. A method which I have for several years adopted, I have found very convenient and successful. My bee house is so broad as to admit two rows of hives, one fronting one way and the other the opposite. I placed my hives eight or ten inches apart, and fill the spaces between and about them with straw, leaving the mouths of the hives unobstructed. I leave the straw about the hives late in the spring, till the old bees and the young brood will be secured from injury from late frosts. I have generally used pea straw late mice should enter in and molest the bees; but I have used clean threshed wheat straw, and have never suffered any injury from it.

FARMERS AND THEIR CHILDREN.—One of the first duties of the agriculturalist is, to endeavor to elevate himself and the class to which he belongs. And this can be done only by intelligence and faithfulness to all his duties. No idea is more injurious to the best interests of the farming population than that of educating some one child for what is called a "learned profession," and then regarding him as on this account superior to the other members of the family. Let our farmers endeavor to educate all their children thoroughly; not giving bread to one and stones and serpents to the others.

Let them bear in mind that education is as necessary to, and as much adorns and improves the cultivator of the soil, as the lawyer, the physician, or the minister. The more intelligent the man, the better the Farmer—and if virtuous! the more respected and useful the Citizen.

RATHER SEVERE.—The Welch have a saying that if a woman were as quick with her foot as with her tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning.

Nothing can be done well," says Dr. HENRY, "that is done in a hurry."—Except catching fleas.