MARIE WAR

THE TO SHOW IT THE TANK THE TANK THE

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TOWANDA:

Mednesday Morning, September 5, 1849

[For the Bradford Reporter.] THE VALE OF TOWANDA. WRITTEN FOR MISS M. H. CARTERA

My song is not of banks won.
Nor monarchs who have led them on: I sing a far more pleasing lay, I sing the vale of Towanda. I sing of meadows dressed in green, Where flowers of ev'ry hue are seen, I sing of fields of grain and hay, Upon the banks of Towanda.

This is a lovely place on earth-This is the land, that gave me birth; And here I'll sing and here I'll play, I'll sing this vale of Towarda. Down in this vale I love to stay, And cull the blooming flowers of May; And with companions sport and play. Upon the banks of Towarda.

Here grows the tall, the lofty pine. Around its branches ivys twine, Presenting foliage bright and gay, Down in the vale of Towanda. Tis here the wild plum thickly grows, And here the birds take their reposes. And sweetly sing from every spray, Along the vale of Towanda.

This land to me is filled with charms, And for my friends my bosom warms, Where er'e I go, where er'e I stray, I sing the vale of Towanda. But should I ever chance to stray. And find a home that's far away, Yet never may I cease to pray, That blessings rest on Towanda. Menroeton, Pa.

From the Camp Sketches of Dr G. Naphegymain the Times. Remance of a Female Hungarian General.

BY JASPER BOOKHOUSE.

A corps of armed men wandered for several hours in the Jablunka Pass, without finding an outway from the labyrinth of the Carpathian Moun tains-that grand chain which divides Hungary and Transvivania from Poland on the north and northeast and from Moravia on the north-west extend ing about 150 miles. Not one of them knew the road. They had ventured without a guide, when dusk was already setting in, to enter the "Smirtna dolina." Pursuing the course of a river which wound its way at the foot of the rocks, they hoped to discover an opening; but as they advanced, the scep, gigantic masses seemed to increase in altitape. From either side nothing but high rocks. devoid of any bush or moss, could be seen. The place deserved of right the name given to it by the original Slavonians :- " Valley of Death "-for even the sun had no access to it. The highest peaks here accumulated forms, as it were, a ceilmg or dome to exclude his benignant rays; and whilst beyond the firm's of the valley, the light of part to the fullest extent.

Thus it was on the evening of the 5th of May. 1849. It was only 5 o'clock when our band time large fires were burning, and the men, dispersed in groups, were preparing their scanty meal by roasting a piece of pork, taken from their laversacks.

The homemen, now lastily engaged in discuss ing their supper, were six hundred in number, most of them young, brave, and vigorous men. whose very countenances showed the warrior which the blue national costume and their armament confirmed.

At a little distance from those already encamp an officer, in pitching a tent for the leader of the troop. The ends of it were hardly fastened to the earth, and the other things necessary for the inner arrangement promited, when a young man, cover-એ with a dolulan of cherry velvet, ornamented with gold lace, blue tight huzzar-pants a broadbrammed hat, bearing the Pannonian tri color, and a broad-sword at his side, stepped towards the tent, howed by several young officers. The reflex of ne watch-fires revealed a face most invenile, wartening not more than eighteen summers. He gave scretal orders to his officers, who then retired with i deferential solute

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, when z person of the most tender age of youth, wrapped a white cloak, entered the tent of the chieftain. The latter sat on a camp stool, his hands crossed To his chest, lost in silent meditation. He was tall in full dress, only his hat lay on the ground.-The fire was kept up by the guard before the tent, rommated as thin linen sides, imparting to the whole a magic appearance. Long auburn silk lecks tramed the youthful countenance of the chiefeyes, a thin though somewhat inffected mose, a andsome white neck, now bared of the neckoth, on which this noble head rested, gave import a young knight of medieval romance. the accosted the new comer in a more familiar

"I have prepared a supper for you, but it is rathmeaner. I expected to arrive to-day at the place our destination, and to draw supplies." Are you not content with this night's quar-

"Whether I am content or not, we are astray. my pray to God to extricate us from these

"That he has done !!" replied the chieflain, with i smile commencing his meal—two eggs and a

perce of wheat bread. Meanwhile the youth had taken off his clock of he, and the dark ringlets which overshadowof the interrupted conversation. "And do you swer, for the cot was entirely tenantless, and they know, general, that the Russians are on the other side of these mountains ?"

"If I did not know that, my timid aid-de-camp, should not have dispatched my meal with so much relish, nor come hither."

"They are so many, and we-" rejoined the

"And we only 600, you mean to say," responded the chieftain: "but they are brave and rigorous men, thirsting for freedom-not Austrian or Russian mercenaries. They are such much men as only Pannonia affords-men in whose veins Magyar blood courses, and who would rather die than turn their backs to the enemy."

These words were pronounced with as much enthusiasm as if they came from the mouth of a hero grown gray in battles. They produced the effect of checking the questioner, and assuring him a good night's rest. The slender aid de-camp, af ter he had deposited the Attila pants and cravat. was transformed into a-charming maiden!

"In this habit, my dear Etelka, you have to dread the Russians more than in our uniform," observed the commander, approaching the girl, embracing her, and pressing an ardent kiss on her rosy lips.

"I do not wish to get a sight of them in either habit !"

"Then your wish is just contrary to mine, and to my brave six hundred, who are eager for the fray."

"The meeting will not be long delayed!" replied Etelka, trembling whilst trying to help undress the general who was likewise desirons of rest.

If a stranger could have been allowed to glance into the tent, he would have receded a step in holy awe, and exclaimed, "The Valley of Death has the power of magic !" for the geneal, like the aidde-camp, came out a beautiful virgin! It was patriotism, which pervades all classes in Hungary, from the tenant of the cot to the resident of the palace, that worked this wonder-Louis Kossuth acting as the great magician.

The valiant captain of the six hundred was a virgin in the prime of maidenhood, the Countess of Czaky, who, at her own expense, had equipped and led 600 of her bravest subjects into camp, to struggle for the liberties of the Fatherland. She had recently arrived in this region to join Klapka. who commanded on the Galician frontier.

Whoever could have seen these two enchanting maidens, descendants of the noble Hungades, in their female attire, would have considered the reports of the newspapers concerning them fabulous but was in reality this fair-haired virgin who commanded her own band at Mohaez, and obtained; glorious victory over 2,200 regular troops.

Etelka had stretched her tender lumbs moon arpet, and overpowering her fear of a near encounter with the Russians by sleep; whilst the Countess Czaky, wrapped only in a night-gown, paced slowly the enclosed room. Outside all was rived there, the companion of the counters alight. Death s been relieved several times; the night was dark, nels saluted, and, without further announcement, I have noticed that he who thinks every man is cold and melancholy; the silence of the grave the granger led her into the tent. reigned in the Valley of Death, rarely interrupted Her heart throbbed with more than usual emo- himself, and he ought, in there to his neighbors, of travellers were obliged to slight. In a short by the sad cry of a bird of prey, or the crackling tion when she entered, for she was now to see as to surrender the rascal to justice, fire. It was near midnight, darkness was in the mighty a general, him, who, eleven years before. I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom. tent. The counters was just ready to lie down at as a poor student, had been her instructor in drawthe side of her bosom friend, when she heard a ing. She stood in the tent, but it seemed without slight noise outside the canvass. She listened: it its occupant. The officer offered her a chair, and seemed to her as it somebody was loading a gun. when he looked at the young captain's fair counte-But soon all was still again. The countess went nance, framed in as it was by anbum locks, it to the baggage which lay in a comer of the tent, and took out a brace of pistols and from fearthat was alien to her heart—but a precaution.— She examined the charge, put of the caps, and was returning to her couch with these weapons in table, on which was spread a map, containing a ed, several men were busy, under the direction of her hands, when suddenly a streak as of lightning drawing of the Carpathian Mountains and the surdivided the thin linen of the tent, a detonation was heard, and the countess fell to the floor.

The following morning the countess left her tent accompanied by her physician, and appeared before her troop to appeare the panic which last night's occurrence had created among them. She bared her fine white arm, and exhibited the wound, still bleeding, which the ball had inflicted. Looking up towards héaven, she offered a prayer in the Magyar tongue, thanking the Almighty, who had spared her life in this instance, in order to give scope for glorious deeds in behalf of their common country—the soldiers kneeling the while, with heads uncovered. When she had ficished, they all rushed towards her to kiss the wounded hand. This evidence of affectionate attachment complete ly overcame her; but soon recovering her self control, she appeared no longer as a woman, but as a in his pocket. commander, before her troops. Her eye assumed a piercing, searching glance, and her form seemed to increase in proportions; but the one for whom she looked was not to be seen, and she learned that he had been missing since midnight. tim, who was called the leader of the brave six Her eye sank, a chill ran over her frame, a hight handred. A fine forehead, two targe, black, fiery cloud sat upon her noble torehead, and a sigh es-

caped her bosom. Her officers and the rest of the troop were at a loss to guess the assassin or enemy; but the countess herself was well aware who it was that had made the attack open her life. After she had re-

dread more than the Russians !" At noon she ordered the trumpets to sound, for marching, though her medical advisers and officers strongly recommended another day's rest. She guided her gallant steed with her left hand, the right reposing in a sling. Her fare was pale, and

betrayed both bodily and mental suffering. A small plain, intersected by the Popprad river, interspersed with a few wooden cots-the habitations of poor Slavonians-received the counters tedious march through the "Smittes doling." According to their calculation, they were willin two wounded man, who was apparently in the agencies leagues of Klapka's camp, and hoped soon to meet of death. A cry escaped the con the face relieved it of its paleness; and whilst the first exposts. She stopped at one of these inthe first emports. She stopped at one of these the recognized him. He was the man whom the dated. A lidy said him with equal schipling himself of his other garments, the tightof which, required by military etiquette, was to the camp, but the man who was changed with and galliest failure. Out of lors for the constant the second fortable, he tried to seize the thread this mission returned without my satisfactiony and he had entered her service, and distinguished him-

were forced to trust to chance for guidance.

The sun was near setting, shedding his last departing rays on the Popprad, when the countess, had ridden a little in advance, auddenly turned, and ordered her troop to stop. A sharp sound of rian Heroine. musketry could be heard in the neighborhood, in the very direction they intended to take. The officers received orders; new life animated the galllant band; the rifles were newly loaded; and at the word of command they galloped in double quick time in the direction of the fight. At the outlet of the valley they perceived a spot, wrapped in smoke and dust, which indicated, by the glaring of the muskets, that it was the rendevous sought

"Follow me, my braves!" cried the counte and shortly they were surrounded by a crowd in which they could recognize neither friend nor foe. Tobro conjared!" (to the right!) ordered the countess, whose keen eye had distinguished the Russians by their fur caps. Tuzs (fire) was then the word, and the rifles were quick to answer the call. "Megeyer! (again!) she commanded, and the enemy received another charge from the six hundred, be ore he had time to oppose the unlooked-for antagonist. Enclosed on two sides, and uncertain of the strength of the new comers, he had only the alternative to fly or to surrender. He chose the latter. By the time the countess' troop was ready for a third discharge, a white flag was visible. The firing ceased, and eight hundred Russians passed into captivity. This was the first encounter of the autocrat's soldiery with the free Magyars.

After the prisoners had been secured by a strong scort, the troops who had been first attacked by he enemy approached their brethren who had given such timely succor. A personage in blue uniform, without any sign of distinction, mounted on a fiery black charger, galloped towards the ranks of the six hundred, and stopped his horse before the countess, saluting her with "Elien a naza!" (hail our country!) the watchword of the Magyars.

"Etjon!" was the unanimous response of the atriotic band.

" Is this Klapka's camp ?" interrogated the comander of the stranger.

"No: only his outposts." " And he himself?"

"He is in his camp, which is only four hundred paces distant,"

"I desire to see him immediately." "With your permission, general, I will see you

Thus, whilst the troops of the countess approach ed those of Klapka, she rode on by the side of the army, towards the camp of the general. A tent thing. rising in the midst of it, with a sentinel walking to and fro, was pointed out as his dwelling. Ar- though not impartial. Every man owes a debtsilent and quiet; the watchers before the tent had ed, and assisted her to do the same. The senti-

> seemed suggestive of a question. In reply to it, side of a plum pudding. he assured her that General Klapka would soon make his appearance, and repeated his offer of a make his appearance, and repeated his offer of a the world by its success.
>
> chair, but she declined it, and stepped towards a large noticed that in order to be a reasonable rounding country.

"Here," said the countess, when seeing the Valley of Death" marked on it-" Here we yesterday believed ourselves to be astray," but he to whom the words were addressed did not appear to heed them, his eyes being fixed on the wounded hand of the young heroine, which she still carned in a sling. Uncertain whether it was an old wound or one received in the late encounter, he approached and familiarly asked when that sign of courage was received. The eyes of the counters sunk, a slight blush suffused her cheeks, and in order that she might not be embarrassed by the same question from Klapka, she tore the bandage from her hand, and, although it increased the pain, allowed it to hang unsupported. The stranger picked up the rejected bundage and placed it carefully

"What is the meaning of this!" she inquired observing the action. 1. 1 100 3.34 64. "If" replied the stranger, "seven years ago,

was so improdent as to leave the bouse of Count ess Crosky without a souvenir of my beloved numil the leader of a patriotic band will not take it amiss if I preserve this are a token of remembranca of her.13

The tender modercy of the maiden, and the character of a military commander which she had assumed, were for a time in conflict; but, in spite of all her efforts, her teelings obtained the mastery, an commanding tone: "You have stayed away entered her tent, she exclaimed-"This every I and with a trembling voice she ased-" Is it then, TOR TO

> " It is me, lady-your former drawing-master," answered Klapka, offering his hand, which was grasped joyfully but respectfully by his former

Half an hour afterwards, our female chiefain, at the side of Klapka and his staff, passed through the camp. At the extremity of it they perceived a group surrounding an officer who had been wounded in a desperate straggle with the Russiani and her corps on the evening of that day, wher a He were the uniform of the men of the countess General Klapks, with his stille, approached the mices when she

self in every fight for her sake. Yielding to blind passion, he confessed his love, and was refused. Then he conceived the idea of revenge, and it was his ball that, in the "Valley of Death," came very near ending prematurely the days of the Huuga-

The Greatest of Claims.

Harden not your heart by saying "You have too much to attend to the claims of religion." duty to man can supersede your duty to God. No orgency on earth can neutralize your obligation to the Eternal. The voices of pleasure and pain, kindred and country, and convenience must all be hushed, in order that you may hear the voice of God. It concerns the safety of the soul-it will decide your everlaiting and unchangeable destiny.-The voice that speaks to you now from the mercy seat will awaken your sleeping ashes in their resting place. "All that are in the graves shall hear His voice." Their greatness shall not exempt the great, nor their obscurity conceal the lowly. All shall hear His voice in the resurrection trumpet and obey it—the king as quickly as the beggar. They that have the sands of the wilderness for their winding-sheet, and they that have for their sepulchre the desert sea, will hear His voice that day, whether they have obeyed it to-day or not, and come forth. It will pierce the green turf of the poor man's grave, and the bronze and marble of he rich man's mausoleum. The submissive Ptolemis and the startled Pharaohs in their pyramidal chambers will hear it. The sleepers in subterranean cemeteries will hear it, and the ashes of the ancient dead will be warmed with new tire in their silent urns. Hear that voice to-day, while its mingled accents are mercy and peace. Wait not till its tones are those of justice and truth, and holiness alone. Hear it while it is the voice of the waiting Father. Soon it will be the voice of the offended Judge. Do you say "I cannot believe?" Is this your sincere conviction—the sorrowful feeling of your heart? It is truly favorable symptom. The noment you despair in self, you may put confidence in God. It is a heart-felt weakness that divine strength is made perfect. But if this objection is only another version of "I will not believe," you only harden your heart by making use of it.

What I have Noticed.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead; and the tombstones are marked with epitaphs of "good and vir- diam pointed pen. tuons." Is there any particular cemetry where the bad men are buried t

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "forgive us our debts," but he makes stranger, whom she thought a lieutenant of the everybody pay who owes him, to the utmost far-

I have noticed that death is a merciless judge

a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves with a fair prospect that in five years the number

the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the coretous man's ambition, and the idol of all. I have noticed that whatever is, is right, with fev

exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left I have noticed that merit is always measured in

creature, it is necessary at times, to be downright

I have noticed that as we are always wishing in stead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed. and call Dame Fortune "blind" but it is the very formation concerning things industrial, I wended best evidence that the old lady has the most crpital eye-sight, and is no "gramny" with spectacles. I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that tomb-stones say "Here h lies," which no doubt is often the truth; and if men dent that they bear off the palm for furnishing a could see the epitaphs their friends sometimes write, they would believe they had got into the money. I was surprised to find the manufacture wrong grave:-N. Y. Spirit.

Regres ron Ladies .- 1 Many not a profape man: ecame the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children and embitter your existence.

2. Marry not a gambler, a tippler, or a hampter of taverns ; because he who has no regard for himself, will never have any for his wife.

3. Many not a man who makes promises which he never performs; because you never can trust

4. Marry not's man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments—because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an avil nature, unrestrained; can instigate him. The state of that man who recards not his own idea of right and wrong, is deplorable, and the less you have to do with him the better.

5. Marry not a man who is in the babit of re ning after all the girls in the country; because his affections are continually wavering—and, therefore can never be permanent.

6. Marry not a man who neglects his business if he does so when single, he will be worse when married A dandy remarking, one summer day that the

weather was so excessively hot, that when he put his head into a basin of water it fairly boiled, received for reply. "Then, su, you had calf a head soop at a very inle expense."

(, .ag)

We extract the following from a letter of the New York correspondent of the Washington Union, bearing date the 2nd inst. The information imparted relative to the manufacture of Gold Pens, will

be found very interesting.
"This city of ours contains, in the way of the arts and manufactures, much very much more than I could describe satisfactorily to your readers, were to write columns daily for a year. At every turn I meet subjects and objects of mechanical interest to myself, though for many years I have been familiar with the routine of almost every trade prose cuted in the cities of the United States. Perhaps the most extensive mechanical busines carried or in New York with which the public out of its limit are the least acquainted, is that of making gold pens; which have within the last four or five years been so rapidly superseding the steel pen: the latter, in the mean while, driving the "gray goose quill" out of use, in turn, to be thus displaced. presume that at this moment not one-fourth as many quill pens are daily used in the United States as fifteen years ago, notwithstanding the increase amount of writing done, which is in proportion to the increase of population and the diffusion of gen eral information. As yet, the steel pen supplies the place of the quill with most persons who have never tried the gold pen, which though coming from \$1 50 to\$ 5, (exclusive of the holder.) is regarded by all who have adopted it, as not only the best but the cheapest pen in the world. For three years I have done all my writing, averaging as much per hans three and a half columns of the Union a day with one gold pen, being then better than when first dipped in ink. This pen cost \$2 50. Had used quills in that time, they would have cost m fuil \$10 per annum, (for the proper quality ;) or, i steel pens, about 85 per annum. Thus, while gain ing the saving in time by the use of an instrumen never out of order, and always ready, (an-item worth from ten to thirty minutes per day of time. in saving of outlay, that gold pen in three years was worth \$27 50 as compared with the quill, and \$12 50 as compared with the steel pen; the loss of time in changing and testing the steel pen being equal to that arising from constantly stopping to make or mend quill pens. This by experience with the gold pen, I feel assured, is borne out by that of every writer who has tried them for a week, as all such, as far as I have seen, have then thrown all others as le after a weeks practice with the aro-"Thus it is not wonderful that since the introduc-

tion of the gold pen in this country about twelve

years since, their manufacture has become an item of considerable importance in the business of New York. At present there are twelve houses in this city alone engaged in their production, while there are two or three extensive establishments over the nver, in Brooklyn. Year by year the number of in New York has been increasing, until already we have two hundred gold-pen makers among us, will have increased to one thousand; for the demand for their work has been steadily increasing. As each one of the two hundred ogold-pen makers" will turn out his six dozen unfinished pens a day, the two hundred now employed here, working steadily, can manufacture 4,492,800 per annum. Thus, as in a single year the trade in New York can supply every one in the Union at all likely to take pen in hand once a week, your readers will see that a demand for exportation is at the bottom of the remarkable activity in the business. This will be more obvious, when it is recollected that not one person in the United States in the hundred, as yet, writes habitually with the gold pen. Recently, in pursuance of my determination to suread before the readers of the Union solid and useful inmy way to the gold pen manufactory of T. and Wm. E. Blakenev. 42 and 44 Nassau street, (corner of Liberty street;) selecting their establishment for examination, as their pens being in greater demand for the retail trade of the city, it is evibetter article than is sold by any others for the same very complicated, while the machinery employed by them has evidently been brought to great perfection, notwithstanding the short time elapsing since the invention of the gold pen. In the factory of the Blakeneys, (young Americans.) the business is divided into several distinct branches, each of which requires very skilful workmen. First comes the melter, who carefully rans the metal into moulds, turning out bars or plates from four toseven faches in length, ? to 1 1 inch wide, and from 1 to 1 of an inch thick. The metal is next passed into the hands of the "roller," who, on a machine of great solidity, and by the exertion of great bodily strength, stretches or presses the gold mili it is reduced to the required thinness. Much " nealing" (as the workman call it) is required inthis process. Great care and skill are requisite on the part of the "roller" in reducing the gold to the required thickness, which varies according to the size of the pen into which it is to be made, and is frequently tested during this process with a game. A "cutter" next takes the metal in hand, with the aid of his machine and tools cuts it up into small blocks or plates, (for single pens,) tapering at our end for the point. This beautiful process is executed with as great precision as rapidity, bringing the plate metal into nearly, the exact size which it has when finished. The pens or pieces of plate metal are then transferred to another apartment, in which after forming a small guiler by a machine of maid movements, the arodium points are inserted and secured by the application of gold solder. This solder, in which the points are embedded, holds them as securely as though they were a portion of dight." of this description properly made in which the point

ment the pointed pens are placed in the hands of another roller; who works a somewhat similar but more exact machine than that required for the first rolling previously described. This machine is furnished with a cavity for receiving the arodic in points, thus preventing them from being crushed. In this machine the piece for each pen is rolled out to the precise length and thickness required; in which process the mb receives the peculiar flexibility rendering the gold pen so much superior to others .-From this press they are again taken back to the first roller, who thatting inserted dies in the large press, cuts them into the exact shape required.— This being done, the pens of ("blocks," as they are termed by the workmen) are sent to another apartment, to be branded or indented with the name of the maker. The machine with which this is done (which is powerful and works with great rapidity) is an admirable pince of mechanism. Its principal features are a lever press, with raised guides to regulate the motions of the blocks. Next comes the curious process of "rations that pin." This is done by means of a large screwpress, in which are placed punch and bed pieces lies of the exact shape of the finished pen; the former being of shape answering to the inside of the pen, and the latter to the outside. Great pow. is necessary in this machine, as the gold is stretched by it so as to prevent the possibility of its spring-

"The pen being thus formed, the next process is slitting—that is, cutting the elit. To the ennia-, led this would eem almos (impossible, as the malerial soldered on the point of the pen is a metal quite as hard as any diamond, from which chemman. ce it takes its name of "the diamond point." A file will make no impression on this metal, and to use the knife would only be to crush it. When first put in this point is about the size of a large pin, and must be cut through with great precision and exactly in the centre. To this they use z lathe. on the shaft of which is secured a piece of round (or flat circular) copper, as thin as ordinary writing paper. This being well saturated or supplied with emery and oil, by means of a driving wheel mider the table, working to the shaft by a guita-percha band, it moves with almost inconceivable rapidity, cutting through the arodium point instantly, as it

ing out of shape.

"This mineral, for which the introduction of the gold i en has made so great a demand, being frand in the gold mires of South America, is imported by capitalist, who sell it to the trade at from \$15 to \$120 per ounce; the latter price being paul for an article so free from impurities and imperfections that every particle will make a good point-not more than a third part of the particles sold at the ormer price making even the points required for the smallest and lowest-priced pens. In large manufactories of the pens, girls are constantly cecupied in selecting the serviceable from the timesviceable particles, which look, by the by, like steel best description or class of pens the perfect or round and smooth particles are soldered, and on the poorest descriptions the imperfect or scaly-playticles are placed. This accounts for the imperiortions of pens bearing fictitions brands

" But to resume the thread of my description of the art of making the gold pen : After cutting the slit, the pen is transferred to the agrinder," who with oil and emery placed on a copper cap, shapes the arodium point; this being an operation requiring a very skilful hand and exact discrimination with the eye. They are next thoroughly irubbed by girls inside and out with "Scotch stone," to render them easy to polish, and are afterwards polished by machinery—a process performed with great repidity. The pen is now finished, and the foreman having closely examined each one and tested its writing qualities, those which are good are delivered to the office or sales-room.

" In this description, to economize space, Thave been forced to omit a critical account of the beantiful machines employed, and of their operation..... They are, however the result of heavy expenditures in making experiments to bring them to perfection.

"We poor drudges of the press, writing from early mom till midnight, day by day, Untocathout the year, with whom, as much as with the shoemaker or tailor, time is emphatically money, are under great obligations to the inventor of the gold pen with the arodium point; for in it, when properv manufactured, we have an implement which, embracing all the good qualities of the best quill, stands the rough hap bazard usage of the newspaper man's table, improving by long use, rather than deteriorating. I am sure no money would tempt me to part with the Blakeney pen, which in my hands, for so long a time, has been dedicated to the patriotic duty of whacking the feds."

Astro Lave to Gire. The Key Haven Register gets off the following uncommon good thing:

" A few hights since, owing to an accusent, the Springfield train did not reach Handerd until late. and, in consequence, those awaining its arrival at the station had a tedious time of it. Among them was a demure looking Yankee, inclined to have a nap. Fixing his feet on the upper round of his chair, he leaned but against the wall, and "went at it." He was not fairly mile weigh, however, when he was tapped on the hal by one of the offcials, and told that " string up and sleeping was not alowed at the depot."

"Eh!" ejeculated the assistance sleeper a pa siting up and sicepage " No, ar - spir the veloy of the company"

Well, I declare," replied the other, "this is a mean place! won't you ask the company if mayn't gape " following up his query with a Katretch" that put the officious official to make

It strikes me vour counten came out the gold plate breaking first, or the area one of our patrons said when our selector had dium scaling off in all cases. In still another agent- called upon him for the twenty-third time.