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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, February 4, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best: be sanguine and cheerful... Heaven is gracious—and all's for the best.

Miscellaneous.

MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Mont Blanc is unquestionably the lion of the Vale of Chamouni—the mountain magnet that attracts tourists from all parts of the globe.

seem. Not that I lacked enterprise (though I say it, who perhaps should not); nor that the dread of dangers subtended the desire, nor that I could not bring to bear the energy and fortitude the task requires.

My first essay in the Chamouni vale was early in the month of June; and having consulted the chef of the guides, he assured me that it was at least a month too early to make the ascent.

The night before the morning I was to start, I retired early for the purpose of refreshing. I did not close my eyes, or if I did, they might as well have been open.

I arose at five, and the florid east, as far as the mountain barriers would permit the gaze to extend, gave promise of a brilliant day.

For two hours we toiled through a cove of pine and shrubs up a rugged path, avoiding the ravine and torrent on the left, and occasionally having glimpses of the ice-turret of the Glacier des Bossous on the right.

On quitting the Chalet, after partaking of the refreshments, the ground grew at every step more desolate and arid, and with the exception of a clump of rhododendrons here and there, struggling with the sharp air for existence, there was nothing to be seen but fragments of rock, and the coarse stones left in the descent of avalanches.

some former pilgrim. Jean told me that a ladder is constantly kept here, to assist travelers in crossing crevices, and I found its service was most important, after getting into the glacier.

Jean Carrier now went ahead on the glacier, and the snow being firm, we found no difficulty in proceeding while we kept in each other's track.

We found it necessary, as a mutual protection, to tie ourselves together with cords, and step with extreme caution.

We scrambled on to these rocks with no little trouble, and immediately set about arranging the knapsacks and contents, which had been violently knocked about by our troubles on the glacier.

The novelty of our position, the pure air, and the favorable situation for rest, all combined to put us in good spirits.

It was arranged that we should quit the Mulets, and start for the Grand Plateau as soon as the moon arose, but it seems we reckoned without our host.

what seemed to be approaching storm. With all my anxiety to accomplish the ascent, I could offer no objection, feeling convinced that he bascd his advice on an experience and sagacity which I had not.

After the resolve to remain at the Mulets all night, the guides arranged themselves about the edges of the rocks as best they could, and soon were wrapped in slumber.

At last the morning dawned. It was raw, chilly, and uncomfortable. The clouds were still overhanging the high peaks, and we prepared to descend.

The repassage of this vast ice-field was marked by no incidents of importance. It was the same toilsome undertaking as before.

A NEW REMEDY.—A German who resides in Mill Creek township, while recently suffering from a pulmonary attack, sent for a physician who resides on College Hill.

Does the World Hate Piety?—In answer to this question, the celebrated Sidney Smith says: "It is not true that the world hates piety."

LAUGHABLE SUBSTITUTION.—A verdant young lawyer in one of the California diggings, who had a strange mode of manufacturing words when at a loss for the right one, was recently invited to act as a clerk in the absence of the minister at the "district meeting."

Rats. A systematic attack was made, not long ago, at New Haven, Connecticut, by rats on some children, each singling out his victim, and jumping with a simultaneous squeal upon the little girls playing in the yard.

The rat is one of the most interesting animals on the globe. In Europe he makes his historical cras—different hordes of invaders brot their peculiar rats in their train.

The brown rat, otherwise known as the Norway rat, has established itself all over the world, by the commerce of civilized times.

The rat is the emblem of misery, murder and rapine—a cannibal and a robber—devoted to the principle of war spoliation. Will it ever disappear?

Amelia Simcox unbosoms her wrongs as follows:—"I married Simcox eight years ago, at which time my gowns were fastened by eight hooks and eyes. Now you will readily conceive that no woman can hook-and-eye herself.

VEGETABLE SOUPS.—All vegetables that are put into soups should be put into cold water, and gradually brought to the boiling point.

"Where's Mrs. Nuff?" asked an acquaintance, with a shawl round his shoulders, of Mr. Nuff, who was shivering over a dying fire.

A Sculptor's System of Modelling.

A writer in the London Athenaeum of a late date, thus describes one of the first and most important processes of producing a marble statue:—"Mr. Hiram Power's process of sculpture modelling in plaster of Paris was most courteously explained to me in a detailed manner, by himself, in Florence, in the year before last."

The finished surface of the nude is lastly worked up by hollow files, pierced at one end, like a chiseller, with holes, half round, which a tooth is raised. These files are extremely effective: they are made by the artist himself, of every shape, size, and curvature, and rasp the dry plaster away beautifully, leaving a pleasant texture of surface.

The wires, in fact, take the place of bones. For finishing the limbs of his figures with that extreme nicety which he does, Mr. Powers adopts a bold and novel mode. He has invented a vice—which is set upon a ball-and-socket joint—and has, by virtue of raising and depressing screws, every possible variety of motion. This instrument is the perfection of ingenuity.

The Athens (Ga.) Messenger, gives the following obituary notice of a deceased citizen of that country:—"He was the father of eleven sons—five of the sons having married five sisters. He had also one hundred and eighty-nine grand-children; and at his funeral, two weeks ago last Sabbath, two horses were stung to death by bees, and another came near losing his life by the same!"

A Yankee is self-denying, self-relying, and into everything prying. He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety, and the temperance society. He is a bragging, bragging, striving thriving, swapping, jostling, wresting, musical, quizzical, astronomical, philosophical, poetical and criminal sort of a character, whose manifest destiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corner of the earth.

"Where's Mrs. Nuff?" asked an acquaintance, with a shawl round his shoulders, of Mr. Nuff, who was shivering over a dying fire. "Gone out," was the reply; "she has the shawl to-day—to-morrow'll be my turn."

It is an extraordinary fact, that those who get to high words, generally use low language.

A few days since, a barber offered a reward for instantly removing superfluous hair. Among the answers was one forwarded by a gentleman in Kingston. We give it—"Undertake to kiss a woman against her will."

An old gentleman of our acquaintance says that he is the last man in the world that will ever tyrannize over a daughter's affections. So long as she marries the man of his choice, he don't care who she loves.