PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Charsdan Morning, Sebrnarn 4, 1857.

Selected Poetry. ALL'S FOR THE BEST

All's for the best ; be sanguine and cheerful, Troubles and sorrows are friends in disguise; Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful, Courage forever is happy and wise. All's for the best'; if man would but know it. Providence wishes us all to be blest; This is no dream of the pundit or poet, Heaven is gracious-and all's for the best.

All's for the best; set this in your standard, soldier of fortune, or pilgrim of love, Who to the shores of despair may have wandered, A way-wearied swallow or heart-stricken dove. All's for the best : be a man but confiding Providence tenderly governs the rest, And the frail bark of His creature is guiding isely and warily, all for the best.

All's for the best ; then fling away terrors, And in the midst of your dangers or errors Trust like a child, while you strive like a man, All's for the best : unbiassed, unbounded Providence reigns from the east to the west. And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded. Hope and be happy, that all's for the best.

Miscellancons. MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Mont Blane is unquestionably the lion of the Vale of Chamouni-the mountain magnet that attracts tourists from all parts of the globe. Everybody has read of De Saussare, his anxieties and achievements, and a myriad of Alpine Directories tell of the exploits of Auldjo, Barry, Bosworth, Count Bouille, and Gabriel Hendrengen, the Swedish adventurer. No one who has passed the glaciers fails to hear of Madame Henriette d'Angeville, and her heroism on the summit of "the Monarch." Everybody has read of the Grands Mulets and the rosy sunsets—the Grand Plateau and the moonlight—the sharply defined Aiguilles and the Dome du Goute—the Cascade of Pelerins, and the Ice-towers of the Bossons-the chasms in the Taconay, and the terrors of the Mur de la Cote. All these wonders are the special property of wondrous Mont Blanc, and under se gorgeous circumstances he can afford to rear his white head with his robes of cloud and diadems of snow, in so cold and haughty a

the horrers of the summit, which is the "event of the season" with the resident tourists. And, to say truth, an ascension and its preparations are calculated to bestir a community like that of Chamouni, who, bored with the Brevent, and familiar with every fissure of the Montravert, turn to any new excitement with alac-

The Jungfran, the Wetterhorn, the Grimsel, usand of peaks and passes that one prestige, when compared with Mont Blanc .-Sallenche, and, finally, straying neath its shadows in the Chamouni valley, one is kept in a

The diligence, or char, no matter in what section of Savoy you be traveling, is certain to be crowded with enthusiastic people of both sexes, talking of Mont Blanc, some rapturously, others doubtingly, a few knowingly.

The ladies, too, are always rapturous in regard to Mont Blanc. For many reasons. Some startled by its grandeur-others have read Lord Byron's familiar description in Childe Harold—others think its top is "so nice and white," and occasionally a languid bas lleu sighs that it denies its snowy crest to the footfalls of the gentler sex. In this respect Mont Blane is wanting in taste. Its icy barriers are baccessible to female feet. What a joyous task it would be to traverse those snow-paved dangers would be assuaged, and the perils embroidered, with a female voice, low and sweet, to accompany us on the journey Every ice point in the sunlight would wear a richer hue. Each yawning crevice would be robbed of its

fears. Desolation would become a delight. But beyond the "Cascade of the Pilgrims," with its rainbow flood of bright water, it is the knapsacks and staffs. almost impossible for ladies to go. They must o trace the winding waters of the Arve. The

I remember meeting a lady at Ravenna who

fortitude the task requires. There are other cier. reasons, which I shall presently detail. There is a consolation in the knowledge that my failures were only two in ten thousand, for if a faithful catalogue had been maintained, they would surely reach that number. I am, therefore, not the only individual who has turned his back on the defiant peak with a vexed spirit, and then wondered why nature has shut her portals of snow directly in my face. It Bulwer has written a famous line—"In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," and there is a sea of apothegms floating from lip to lip in which we are told "now to be east down," but "try on, try ever," and "upward, onward, Excelsior!" but all this praiseworthy advice does not stand one's friend when Mont Blanc makes up his mind you should be asserted the property of the chain of peaks, rising behind the village, stood out bold and lofty, their summits tipped with white. Above us vast ridges of snow rose on all sides, and through them we could distinguish colossal masses of glittering ice, that looked as if they had been split and torn as under by the fury of a tempest. Looking up the glacier intrinced to the chain of peaks, rising behind the village, stood out bold and lofty, their summits tipped with white. Above us vast ridges of snow rose on all sides, and through them we could distinguish colossal masses of glittering ice, that looked as if they had been split and torn as under by the fury of a tempest. Looking up the glacier intrinced to the chain of peaks, rising behind the village, stood out bold and lofty, their summits tipped with white. Above us vast ridges of snow rose on all sides, and through them we could distinguish colossal masses of glittering ice, that looked as if they had been split and torn as under by the fury of a temperature of the chain of peaks, soft, transparent, changing, and beautiful, beyond comprehension. I trembled with rapture as I watched those wondrous effects; and when they passed away, it was as if I had awakened from a strange unearthly vision, the memory of which filled we with emotion I could be a subject to the chain of peaks, rising behind the village, stood out bold and lofty, their summits tipped with white. Above us as I watched those wondrous effects; and when they passed away, it was as if I had awakened from a strange unearthly vision, the masses of glittering ice, that looked as if they had been split and torn as under the passed away in the s was clear I was not a chosen one, no matter not stroll on his crown. He mocks your mightiest efforts, laughs at your spent skill, and coldly spurns you from his breast. It takes more than maxims to surmount a chasm, and in the worth the tersest epithets ever coined. Never

My first essay in the Chamouni vale was bulk. 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 ty in proceeding while we kept in each other's the ascent. At that time, not fully comprehending the difficulties, I pressed the matter, and at my suggestion he collected the guides and separately questioned each as to the propriety of the undertaking. A murmur ran through the group, and with one exception, they all refused, urging that the glaciers were in too dangerous a condition at that early period of the year. A glance at the Arve after wards convinced me of their knowledge in this respect, as that stream was swollen from the water of the glaciers to the extent of overflow. ing in many places. Ten hours after, I crossed the Tele Noire, with the conviction that Mont Blane would, some other day, claim the of the most splendid and overwhelming cha- glacier. honor of my society-and it did.

I left my card for him next, late in the month of August, when the weather was superb, and not wreath of mist had been seen in in the valley for a week. Chamouni (provoking fact,) was full of company at the time, and the whole community, from La Comptesse d'should be successful.

The night before the morning. I was to start. albeit 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. All I could do was to get up and look out of the window at the moon, and then seek my pillow again, which in no way encouraged the desire

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. Many of the guests of the Hotel de Londres | we had just toiled over. gets on familiar terms with in Savoy and Swit- and porters (seven in number) were equipped zerland, go for nothing, in point of interest and and loaded in due form. I was attired in a coarse, warm suit of dark woolen stuff, with been violently knocked about by our troubles From the first anxious glance we get of it on knapsack full of minor necessities, in the way the Jura, near the Fort de l'Ecluse, with the socks, veils, spectacles (a protection against for me on a platform of rock, with batons and light blue waters of the Rhone at our feet, to the glare of the sun on the ice,) and little bars the grand view from the Florentine bridge at of chocolate. A mule, elaborately caparisoned by my favorite guide, stood at the door, on which I was to ride as far as the Pelerins. A hasty breakfast in the salle a manger, a stupendous shaking of hands, a few glances of bright eyes from the lattices overlooking the court- the rock. The tent so kindly thought of servyard, the bustle and confusion among the porters, the division of the knapsacks and lanterns. with three loud cheers from the assembled lookers on-these matters settled and enacted, off I went on my mule, with the guides leading the way, and the porters and a lot of their rabble compatriots bringing up the rear in a

very picturesque manner. For two hours we toiled through a copse of the ravine and torrent on the left, and occa- ly a thought, however, for here we were out sionally having glimpses of the ice-turret of the of the way of the avalanches, and in no dan-Glacier des Bossons on the right, as the path | ger of slipping down crevices. The only thing assumed a hasty elevation in its course. I was we had to look out for was not to go too avenues if we had ladies as guides, instead of the only one of the party mounted, but my near the edge of the parapets and slip off, a mob of ill-looking Savoyards. How the animal, in its steep, zig-zag progress, threw me but this only wanted an exercise of ordinary into so many painful attitudes, that I was tru- caution. ly delighted when I got to my feet at the Chalet de la Para, on the arid hillside.

The Chalet was quite deserted, and looked very bleak and crazy, but the guides insisted on refreshing here; and produced their flasks fashionable hour, it being about five-and all of Cognac and vin ordinaire, throwing down fell to in earnest.

On quitting the Chalet, after partaking of content to use their lorgnettes on the Bre- the refreshments, the ground grew at every ent; to plack slips of rhododendrous on the step more desclate and arid, and, with the exnown shelves of the Montanyert; to gaze at ception of a clump of rhododenrous here and a mass of clouds appeared in the south-east, the counless cloud wreathed pinnacles from the there, struggling with the sharp air for exisrale; and with pavilion visits to the Flegere, tence, there was nothing to be seen but fragments of rock, and the coarse stones left in the upper grandenr" of Mont Blanc to them descent of avalanches. We found the famous his arms folded, gazing above, as if something must be a sealed book. Its heavenward mys- Pierre Pointue nothing more than a great mass important was passing in his mind. At length leries must lie cold and silent, away from their of granite. Here I consulted my thermome- he clambered over to my tent, and, with a seand crossed the St. Bernard on a mule, (after being excessive, we did not observe the change change. The very thought palled me for the being excessive, we did not observe the change change. The very thought palled me for the moment, as I knew it would be impossible to lically looked forward to the epoch when all huge buttress of the Aiguille du Midi, which ascend La Cote, as there was a cloud in that good." untain passes and summits would be reach- was somewhat dangerous, great rocks rearing quarter. I suggested it might possibly clear by the gentle means of comfortable balloons. their broad fronts on the left, and the right up before midnight. He shook his head doubtthis ever comes to pass, then ladies will not looking over the precipice down to the moraine ingly, but promised to wait. After passing, excluded from enjoying the beauties of unof the vast glacier. The view that here presented, one of the most difficult portions of mable inaccessibilities, of which Mont Blanc sented itself was very impressive; but as the the journey, this was indeed dispiriting, and I ad Himalaya are twin tyrants. The "Cha- precipice is steep, and the route narrow and anxiously watched my barometer with the hope mi and Mout Blane Incorporated Steam uncertain, I found it better to keep my eyes of detecting a fayorable alteration in the oon Company" would most certainly be ahead, and not permit them to wander over the glass.

might have had a fatal termination. any years I have had a passion for moun- some collection of stray boulders, and we reach- a consultation, and determined that an attempt "four verses and a sock-delager!" peaks, and of all others that of Mont ed what the guides termed the Pierre a l'Ech- to proceed would be rash, with the weather if Twice have I visited the Chamouni elle, where we found a ladder in tolerable re- wearing an unsettled prospect. Jenn added Twice have I visited the Chambonia, and a ladder that we had better descend to the purpose of making the ascent, pair, and an old knapsack, full of short billets that we had better descend to the valley vertisement, after all, (says Punch,) must be than who bets be worse than he who is no beta bill for hosps at the dry goods store or millitwice failed—inglorious record as this may of wood, which had evidently been left by early in the morning, or we might suffer from the union of two corresponding minds.

It was still twenty minutes' walk to the borwhen Mont Blanc makes up his mind you shall | pinnacles and frosted crags fiercely broke the gaze. These glistened in the sunlight so that matter of glaciers, a pair of hobnailed boots is ledges of ice of inconceivable magnitude. Had tude. It was fearfully impressive, with not a go to Savoy with nothing to your back but proverbs. They will serve you only as stairs of the view, and the impossibility to calcustently beneath. The clouds above still thicklate distance, destroys all idea of proportionate

> Jean Carrier now went ahead on the glacier, and, the snow being firm, we found no difficul-We all put on glasses and veils, and

Anglebert, at the Hotel Royal, to the dirty hurd-ygurdy loy at the Pelerins, predicted I rations. Several of these walls or arches were and on a soil unencompassed with danger. I had reached the top, the rest of us were half- haustion, where every comfort was prepared drawn up, assisting ourselves as best we could by clinging like flies to the footholds. I stood weary, intense disgust of everything in the as a single block of the path giving way, the whole would slide, and we should be hurried door to say that a furious flood of rain was

We scrambled on to these rocks with no little trouble, and immediately set about arranging the knapsacks and centents, which ha on the glacier. Jean arranged a sort of tent a couple of blankets, that looked excessively inviting, considering we were two thousand feet above the line of eternal frost. It was the cold, though, that had annoyed us after we had changed our garments, but the fierce heat of the burning sun striking on the cornices of ed as a protection against its rays; and, after covering the surface of the ledge with two or three knapsacks, and blankets over these, I assumed a lounging position, and rest from the fatigue just undergone.

Our bivouac on the cone-like rocks presented a wild and singular aspect. We seemed to be wrecked on a great barque of rock in an immense ocean of tempest-driven ice, desolate, pine and shrubs up a rugged path, avoiding and lost, beyond human reach. This was mere-

The novelty of our position, the pure air, and the favorable situation for rest, all combined to out us in good spirits. When the sun shifted his beams from my ledge we prepared dinner-

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. During our banquet and gradually spread around the loftiest summits, including the calotte of Mont Blane, Jean seemed to be uneasy at this, and stood with ter, and it stood at thirty-three degrees-just rious air, communicated the unpleasant convicabove the freezing point-but, the exertion tion that he believed the weather was going to

bovelty, and—would do a safe, paying businight have had a fatal termination.

The clouds, instead of disappearing, slowly might have had a fatal termination.

seem. Not that I lacked enterprise (though some former pilgrim. Jean told me that a what seemed to be approaching storm. With I say it, who perhaps should not;) not that the dread of dangers subverted the desire, nor lers it crossing crevices, and I found its service offer no objection, feeling convinced that he that I could not bring to bear the energy and was most important, after getting into the gla- based his advice on an experience and sagacity which I had not.

The sunset glories seen from these rocks der of the ice, which we reached without diffi- have been so often vividly detailed by able culty. We had here a fine view of the Mon- writers that I will not attempt to describe tagne de la Cote, on which the celebrated de what I saw. A feeble pen like mine never do Saussure, the pioneer of this hazardous route, proceeded, on his ascent in 1787. Beneath us around and above me. I remember them as a the valley sloped away, and its chalets and magnificent dream, wild, splendid, inconceivasloping pasturages looked like a confused and chequered surface far in the distance. The changing glories that hovered like fairy visions pine forests on the mountains looked like a on every side. It was an atmospheric romance;

all night, the guides arranged themselves about the edges of the rocks as best they could, and we could scarcely look at them. The shatter- soon were wrapped in slumber. Jean sought ed surface of the two ridges shutting in the my tent, and was also quickly asleep, and I channel we were about to traverse, presented alone kept watch in the dreary ice-bound soliwe been nearer to them our wonder would star to be seen, nor light, except the dim cold silently beneath. The clouds above still thickened, and gloom, black, and impenetrable, hung over us like a canopy of evil.

* * * * * * At last the morning dawned. It was raw, chilly, and uncomfortable. The clouds were track. We all put on glasses and veils, and found them extremely useful in protecting our eyes from the dazzling shimmer of the sun on the iron As we adversely useful in protecting our pared to descend. The guides attacked the remainder of the provisions, and once more asthe ice. As we advanced, we found the way samed the packs, now well nigh emptied of less practicable, and frequently encountered their contents. I was so stiff and paralyzed chasms of terrific width, which caused us to by the cold, and regretful of the necessity of make detours of several hundred yards. The returning, that I could partake of nothing but upper part of the glacier, as seen from the val- a cup of chocolate. The men seemed to regard ey, presents no remarkable feature beyond the whole affair as a "matter of coarse," and that of a score of glaciers met with in Switzer- uttered nothing in complaint except a few idle land; but, when on it, how startling the im- remarks, which in no way tended to soothe my pression! A million ice-crags, rent and torn disappointment. In twenty minutes after bidasunder in the most grotesque shapes, and secattered about on all sides, forms a scene required some caution, we were full upon the

The repassage of this vast ice-field was marked by no incidents of importance. It was the same toilsome undertaking as before With all my desire to attain the summit, I felt that the every moment growing more numerous, and myriad anxieties, labor, oppression and danger, small walls of ice had to be clambered by means overbalanced the solitary glory-of standing on of footholds cut with a hatchet by Jean, who the crown of the Monarch. I was contented steep and narrow, and after two of the guides reached Chamouni in a deplorable state of ex more in awe of treacherous paths across the shape of mountains and glaciers. I was liter crevices than any other of the various dangers, ally worn out. Just as I was settling my jad mercilessly down to a chasm of unknown depth. dashing over our recent path. We had es-

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. In a short time the doctor called on him, prescribed two eyed the whole eight; the second year he somebottles of cod-liver oil, and receiving his fee of what peevishly restricted his attention to se-\$8, was told by the German, who disliked the size of the bill, that he need not come again The German, who by the bye, had not heard the doctor's prescription very well, supposed he could get the oil and treat himself. doctor saw no more of his patient for some time, but one day, riding past the residence of the German, he was pleased to see him out in the garden digging lustily. The case seemed such a proof of the virtues of the cod-liver oil, that he stopped to make more particular en-

'You seem to be getting very well," said he, addressing the German. "Yaw, I ish well," responded the former

"You took as much oil as I told you?" que ried the doctor. "Oh yaw, I have used more as four gallons

of de dog-liver oil." 'The what?" said the astonished doctor.

great medicine, dat dog-liver oil." book that consumption might be as readily

to this question, the celebrated Sidney Smith dish, and the reason is obvious—it takes time says: "It is not true that the world hates picty. That modest and anobyious picty which boil incessantly six hours, then the flavor of tills the heart with all human charities, and the meat, vegetables, and condiments are so makes a man gentle to others and severe to intimately and delicately blended that they all himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety ; they hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altars which should only be a sanctuary for the righteous and the

LAUGHABLE SUBSTITUTION. - A verdant young lawyer in one of the California diggins, 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," and during the exercises he undertook to "give out a-hymn" in which the word "doxology" occur-Another half-hour, after crossing a trouble- dense, dark, and threatening. The guides held word, he requested the congregation to sing ultimately ruins the complexion, by rendering

Say what you will, a marriage by ad-

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. A little boy of two years was caught by the knee, and held until the child's grandfather went to his assistance, and then, as the rat scorned to run it had to be killed. Attempts had been made to poison these rats, with partial success, and it may have been in retaliation for their poisonous attempts that this concerted change was

The rat is one of the most interesting animals on the globe. In Europe he makes historical eras-different hordes of invaders bro't their peculiar rats in their train. Europe has laid in plaster, and of dimensions varying from seen the rats of the Goths, the Vaudals and three to four inches long by two and a half the Huns. Europe now has its Norman rat, linches wide, and about three-quarters to one and its Tartar rats, and the great rat of the inch thick. These piled together, become a Parisian sewer is of recent date and Muscovite

The brown rat, otherwise known as the Norman rat, has established itself all over the world, by the commerce of civilized times. It had possession of France for the last six or se- and light chisels and hammers. Upon the ven centuries; but within the lastit has found its master in the Muscovite and Tartar rat, the modeling of the muscles and features is efcalled in Paris the rat of Montaucon. These feeted in a paste of plaster, dabbed on with new rats, previously unknown to Europe, descended from the heights of the great central plateau of Asia, from which the Hun and Monworked up by hollow files, pierced at one end, gol horseman descended, who spread right and left, and took possession of Rome on the one a tooth is raised. These files are extremely hand and Pekin on the other.

France commenced with the extirpation of the dry plaster away beautifully, leaving a pleabrown or Norman rat-that rat has almost disappeared, and is found only in the cabinets of the curious collectors-while the Muscovite inserted, being the only representatives of the rat is daily increasing in size, ferocity and courage, The Russian rat devours the dog, the for the setting up and support of a clay model; cat, and attacks the child asleep. The corpse of a man is a dainty for this beast, and it al- ficient liberty for changing the pose and attiways commences by eating out the eyes. Its tude of members, if, as the work proceeds, octooth is most venomous; and the author from whom we derive much of this article states stance, requires to be more beut; it is sawn that he has known of ten cases of amputation through to the wire at the joint, the wire is

destroyer, but fortunately, rats and ratophagus, eat one another, fight duels, and grand extreme nicety which he does, Mr. Powers destructive battles. Were it otherwise they adopts a bold and novel mode. He has inventwould make this world an unpleasant place for ed a vice-which is set upon a ball-and-socket man to live in. We should have to fight our joint-and has, by virtue of raising and depresway, and not unfrequently like the Archbishop of Mayence, should be dragged from their beds. This instrument is the perfection of ingenuity. at midnight, by an army of rats and devoured The sculptor cuts off from his figure an arm, upon the spot.

and rapine-a cannibal and a robber-devoted to the principle of war spoilation. Will it detailed finish. In cutting off, a dowel is inever disappear?

as follows: —"I married Simcox eight years ago, at which time my gowns were fastened by eight hooks and eyes. Now you will readible to the finite, as to his the unit, as to his the finite, as the finite has the fini mercilessly down to a chasm of unknown depth. I was truly glad when we began the ascent of the Grand Mulets, the lofty rocks that rise from the Grand Mulets, the lofty rocks that rise from the Grand Mulets, the extremity of the glacier on my lips. I was asleep.

dashing over our recent path. We mad estable the first died by eight hooks and eyes. Now you will readily conceive that no woman can hook and eye in part by limbs stretching before it; and the finishing of the nude to that exactness which Mr. Powers always adopts before touching the When she becomes a married woman, the hookand-eye duty naturally devolves upon the husband. For the first year of my marriage, Simcox, like an affectionate husband, hook-andven; the third to six, the fourth to five, the fifth to four; and so on decreasing until this morning-the anniversary of our eighth wedding-when you would have supposed him possessed by the dearest and fondest recollections, he dropped another hook and eye, intimating to me that for the term of his natural life he should restrict himself to one-the hook and eye at the top. As I know you have a crowd of female readers, I thought it a duty I owed to the sex to warn them, through the medium of your publication, of the craftiness and, I must say it, selfishness of man. They will, I hope, take warning by my condition, and ere they enter into matrimony, stipulate for a due performance of toilette attention on the part of their husbands."

> VEGETABLE Soups .- All vegetables that are put into soups should be put into cold water, and gradually brought to the boiling point -De dog-liver oil dat you say I shall take. This will cause them to diffuse their flavor I have killed most every fat little dog I could through the whole mass. Irish potatoes should catch, and de dog-liver oil have cured me. It never be put in soups until first having been cut up in cold water ; this extracts their bit-The doctor had nothing to say, but rode terms and renders them fit to mingle in the quickly away, and noted in his memorandum other vegetable mass. The meats to flavor vegetables soups may be beef, veal, mutton or chicken, and like the vegetables should be put into cold water. There are fewer good soups DOES THE WORLD HATE PIETY ?- In answer made in the country than almost any other to cook them. An okra gumbo soup should boil incessantly six hours, then the flavor of seem one delicious mass. Salt hardens water and flesh, and should not be put into soups un- fire. til the mass is done.

> > "Pray, Mrs. Zabriska, why do you whip your children so often?"
> > "La, Mr. Worthy, I do it for their enlightcument. I never whips one of them in my life that he didn't acknowledge that it made him

Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and deendant in an action at law, to two men duck-ng their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain longest under water.

The use of magnesia, as powder for apred; as he could could not get hold of the plication to the face, is decidedly injurious, and it hard, scurvy, and liable to eruptions.

Betting is immoral but how can the

A Soulptor's System of Modelling.

A writer in the London Athencum of a late date, thus describes one of the first and most important processes of producing a marble

"Mr. Hiram Power's process of sculpture

modelling in plaster of Paris was most courte-

ously explained to me in a detailed manner, by himself, in Florence, in the year before last .--He reverts to literal sculpture, manufacturing in the first place a block of sulphate of lime, (bounded merely by the rough outlines of his intended statue,) which he then cuts down, by means of hatchets and chisels, to the more accurate figure, and finishes by means of spuds and files of his own invention. The original block is constructed in masonry of small bricks homogeneous mass of sulphate of lime, and an easibly workable artificial stone. The block so made is next chipped down to the required size, the component limbs and trunk being hewn out of the solid, principally by the aid of small effective : they are made by the artist himself, The establishment of the muscovite rat in of every shape, size, and curvature, and rasp sant texture of surface. In the fingers and extremities of the plaster model, copper wires are unwieldy mass of iron frame-work necessary and these wires, by their ductility, afford sufof the leg, necessitated by the bite of this rat, twisted into the required position, and a fresh The cat turns tails upon this rat, in the most ferocions state. A good rat terrier is the best ed. The wires, in fact, take the place of bones. For finishing the limbs of his figures with that a head, a leg, when modeled sufficiently for his The rat is the emblem of misery, murder purpose, and, fixing it in the vice, turns, twists, scrapes and polishes it at his ease, to the most serted into one side of the cut, and a mortisehole left in the other-and these are so arranged, with regard to a groove which is first made Amelia Simcox unbosoms her wrongs on the outside of the limb, as to insure an abdrapery, becomes a less tedious operation. The several advantages obtained by his system Mr. Powers explained to be-the saving of one whole operation, viz., casting-the model itself being used for the points; the convenience of being able at any time to put aside or resume a study without that intervening watchfulness and care in moistening and covering up which a clay model requires; the facility of bending the extremities when modelled by means of their central wiry bones, which would only cut through instead of moving the clayey limbs; the saving of time and labor by remo delling a portion only, instead of a whole limb, when slightly altered in position; and, lastly, the better anatomical exactitude with which members detached from the body may, as members, be worked."

> 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 eightynine 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 ociety. He is a bragging, dragging, striving thriving, swapping, jostling, wrestling, musical, uizzical, astronomical, philosophical, poetical nd criminal sort of a character, whose maniest 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

'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 lau-

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.

To square a circle-settle up your wife's