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Bradford Reporter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

**PRINCETON, N. J., March 14, 1865.**  
MR. EDITOR.—Having had an opportunity to learn the feelings and determinations of the loyal legion of New Jersey on the great questions of secession, "I declare freedom to all the inhabitants of the land." I have thought a few words on that subject might not be unacceptable to the numerous readers of the REPORTER. It is cheering, you know, to the old veterans of right, in Bradford, to hear that the great cause is marching conspicuously on. All are doubtless acquainted with the recent defeat of the "Constitutional Amendment" abolishing Slavery, in the Legislature of this State, and perhaps too many have imbibed the idea that the measure is irrevocably lost. Let such be assured that so disgraceful a result is by no means even probable. Final action on that matter is yet to come when more patriotic and fewer traitor sympathizers will be privileged to deliberate and vote. The people have yet to speak, which they will do in full and thunder tones. Every loyal Jerseyman holds himself ready to stand up for his right as stoutly as the record of his native State. He knows all true freemen throughout the world are watching the issue of this question with breathless anxiety and cheered by the glorious prospects of the day he is now striving every nerve to make the victory sure and complete. There exists every reason for sanguine hope in the triumph of the cause. Already have skirmishes gone out to "feel" the enemy and with arms buckled on the patriots of New Jersey confidently and calmly await the conflict, assured that the whirlwind of popular opinion aroused by this disgraceful action of their Legislature must sweep the State next Fall for Freedom and Union, triumphantly. There hardly remains the shadow of a doubt but that New Jersey having washed her hands from the foul pollution of the past will in due time take her seat among her sister States around the banquet-table of universal liberty, sit still.

AMICUS REPUBLICA.

HEADQUARTERS CO. "D" 109th N. Y. S. Vol., 1st Brig., 1st Div., 9th Army Corps, Near Petersburg, Va., March 20, 1865.

MR. E. O. GOODRICH.—As I used to be a reader of the Bradford Reporter, before I went to the army, I thought I would write a few lines to you which I wish you to insert in its columns. I am a member of the 109th Regt. N. Y. Vol., and was formerly of Athens, Bradford County, and I wish to give a little history of what we (our regiment) have passed through during the last summer's campaign. Last winter (our year) we lay in Alexandria, Va., and on the 27th day of April we received marching orders, and was assigned to the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, of Burnside's Corps, (the old A. C.) We packed up and marched up the Orange and Alexandria railroad, we reached Warren Junction on the 1st day of May. We lay there till the 4th when we started toward the Pamunkey which we reached on the 5th. The morning of the Army of the Potomac had crossed and were engaged in fighting. That night we were sent on the flank to prevent the army from being flanked by the Rebels. In the morning we were changed to the centre, the fighting had ceased for a few minutes, and we were moving along left in front through the thick woods, when, all at once, the enemy attacked our right, left and centre. We came to the front and poured a volley into them, and charged their ranks, but were repulsed. We immediately reformed our lines and made the second charge, and something had to give way, for we went through with bayonets fixed, yelling like so many wild Indians. We took their works and quite a number of prisoners, but we lost heavily in the two charges. We started for Stony Run, when we reached on the morning of the 9th, where we had another battle on the 9th, 10th, and 11th.

I cannot give the particulars of all the battles we were engaged in, if I did it would require a team of footsack to pen it down. We participated in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Po. North Anna, Hanovertown, Gaines Farm, Bethany Church, Cold Harbor, Battles before Petersburg, Weldon Road, Bean's Station, Hatcher's Run, and Freebills House.

When we left Alexandria our regiment numbered 1050, all told; and on the morning of the 19th day of June we could stack but 31 muskets; this plainly shows that we have been in some pretty rough places. Of course the men were not all killed, but the most of them had been killed, wounded, taken prisoners and sick. Our regiment is now recruited up to the number of 250 men, and we will make quite a show in the coming campaign. We are about to put this rebellion down or die in the attempt. Surely, you could die in a better cause if I would rather die in the defence of the Union, and hang around the Northern bar-rooms harping about peace on any conditions, as some do, yes, a good many, and if it had not been for the Northern traitors we should have been the glorious Stars and Stripes floating over the United States now as they did years ago. I believe those men call themselves Peace men or Copperheads, I have forgotten which, but I think the latter name is the most appropriate, for they are as near like the Copperhead snake as anything I can think of now. There was quite a number of them visited our army last fall, before Presidential election, using all their influence to get the soldiers to vote for men who they knew was trying to overthrow the Government. Suppose they had got their Copperhead President, the first thing would have been an armistice of six months, which would have given the rebels a chance to fortify, and they would make some foolish compromise with them, and probably given them their independence, but we soldiers cannot see any such thing as that done, there has been too much blood spilled to give the South their independence now. We are bound to bring them back into the Union by the point of the bayonet, if nothing else will do it. I think the time is not far distant when you will hear the news of the occupation of Richmond and Petersburg by the Union troops.

Desires report that they are in a starving condition and must evacuate the places before long, and if they evacuate the places they have got to

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VOLUME XXV.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., APRIL 6, 1865.

NUMBER 44.

Selected Poetry.

SHE WAS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

In the sad and mournful Autumn,  
With the falling of the leaf,  
Death, the reaper, claimed our loved one,  
As the husbandman the sheaf;  
Cold and dark the day we laid her  
Neath the sighing cypress tree,  
For, though nothing to mother,  
She was all the world to me.

In the month of song and blossom,  
In the month when tender flowers  
Spring from earth's maternal bosom—  
Waked to life by gentle showers;  
As I wandered close beside her  
Neath the spreading greenwood tree,  
Fair, I said, and radiant maiden,  
You are all the world to me.

Then the rare and bright-eyed maiden,  
In the month of song and flowers  
Rosy-lipped and cherry-laden  
Curtained by the twilight hours—  
Gave her hand into my keeping  
Neath the spreading greenwood tree;  
And she said, with eye-lids drooping,  
You are all the world to me.

Bright the visions round us floated  
On the quiet evening air,  
For to those whose life is loving,  
There is beauty everywhere.  
Long we stood, yet scarcely spoke we,  
Neath the spreading greenwood tree,  
Sometimes hushing, always looking  
You are all the world to me.

But there hovered near a spirit  
Darker than the bird of night,  
And it touched her drooping eyelids,  
Covered up her eyes of light;  
Then with careful hands he laid her  
Neath the sighing cypress tree,  
And my heart with her is buried—  
She was all the world to me.

Miscellaneous.

Incidents of Sherman's Grand March.

REFUGES AND LOYALISTS.  
CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EVENING POST.  
One of the most significant features of our journey through the South has been the frequent prayer and entreaty of the people that they might be permitted to join our column and march with us to the sea, or wherever we might go, so that they could leave this region of despotism, anywhere out of the South and towards the pure air of freedom again. One is a mechanic, who was born and reared in the old Granite State. He came here four years ago as master mechanic in a railroad machine-shop. He has been able to avoid service in the rebel army, because his services were necessary in the shop. He is taken along, for his services can be made of good use.

Here is a mother and daughter, whose son is in the federal army. Their little means have long since been exhausted, and they wish to go to Connecticut, where relatives will gladly care for them, and where they can get news of their son and brother. Another is a poor Irish woman, whose husband has been conscripted into the rebel army, and is now a prisoner, sick in a northern hospital.

At Columbia there were several families of wealth and position, who had always been respected of loyal privileges. Upon our occupation of that city it became known to the rebel inhabitants that these people had always assisted our prisoners, and previous to our approach, had secreted a great many at imminent peril. It would be impossible to reject these generous, self-sacrificing friends. The fire had not spared their houses, and they were homeless, but we well knew that to remain after our visit would be certain death. Up to this time the want of transportation had necessitated a refusal of these requests. But some of the wagons were now empty; then there were a number of vehicles captured from the enemy; horses and mules we bring in every day, and again, not a few of the families asking our protection are able to furnish their own transportation.

General Howard was in command of the troops at Columbia, and these unfortunate did not appeal in vain to his generous sympathetic heart, which never refuses to sympathize with those in distress.

With the approbation of General Sherman, General Howard at once organized an emigrant train, which was placed under guard of the escaped prisoners; then there were separated, and apportioned to each division of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps. They are getting along famously. Ladies who have been always accustomed to the refinements of life, seem to enjoy the journey as much as if it were a picnic. In truth, it is better than that; for, while they are not exposed to the dangers of war, they participate in its excitements. The column has a singularly *outré* appearance. First, there will be a large family coach containing ladies, with their personal baggage crowded about them; then an army wagon loaded with men, women and children, comfortably seated upon articles of household truck as they are allowed to carry—Following this will be a country cart filled with negro women, for the negroes come along also, and hosts of the little curly, bullet-headed youngsters gaze curiously upon the strange sights which meet their eyes.

General Hazen, whose name can never be mentioned but with inspiring recollection of the assault of Fort McAllister, tells me that the large number who accompany his division are but little trouble to him, and that they have so quickly learned to forage for themselves that they are no expense to the government. Two of the escaped officers, with a detachment of ten men, have charge of the train, which takes its assigned place in the column; and a few tents, which are in excess or have been captured, are pitched when the column goes into camp, and our little colony with grateful hearts go to their night's rest with the glad consciousness that they are step by step approaching a land of civilization and freedom.

In this life, so new and strange to the refugees, numbers of families become separated from each other. Portions of the army, who for days march upon separate roads, will at one time or another come together again, as at this place for example, when three corps, which have been marching upon different roads, unite at Cheraw for the purpose of crossing the river. The

great distances from the scene of explosion. The danger was fearful, for more than twenty thousand men were standing within a quarter of a mile waiting their turn to pass over the river.

A WAIF.

Yesterday, as one of General Howard's head-quarters wagons came into camp for the night, a little bright-eyed mulatto girl slipped off from the end of the tongue underneath the wagon, where she had been clinging for many a long hour, while the vehicle had made its devious journey over rocks, into deep ruts, through mud holes and deep creeks.

"How long have you been there?" she was asked.

"Turning her dusty, piteous face towards her kind interlocutor, she replied: "  
"Dunno; since morning, I spec."

"Where did you come from?"

"Dunno; couldn't find mammy nor sissy dis mornin' in no place waggins." The poor little waif was provided for by General Hazen, and perhaps it will be infinitely better for her future welfare that she lost her "mammy and sissy" in the march through South Carolina.

NEW EVOLUTIONS.  
MARCH 6.—Although the left wing have pontoons on the river at Sneadsboro', only the Fourteenth corps and Kilpatrick's cavalry will cross at that point; the right wing, which, in the last movement, was the advanced column, were by reason of that fact enabled to lay their pontoons and move over the two corps before noon this morning. To save time the Twentieth corps have marched down, and are expected to be in camp on the left bank by midnight.

With the safe transfer of the army upon the east bank of the Pedee, there will probably be a change in the formation of our heads of column. The army was not properly together until the different corps arrived at the Salkatchie. From that moment the form of our front was always concave. This tactical formation was no doubt deemed necessary because the enemy could

did not operate upon either flank.—Obliged to cross several large rivers, which, according to all military rule and precedent, in the presence of an active enemy, were considered almost impassable, and which were adapted, and with great wisdom, by the enemy as their strongest lines of defence, the passage was irresistibly forced by the two points of the concave, which were constantly thrust forward, first upon one side and then upon the other, or both at the same time, as General Sherman deemed best when threatening Augusta and Charleston.

These evolutions, planned with such comprehensive wisdom, answered their purpose with the most perfect success, for in no instance did the central column meet with serious opposition; and while the right wing was day by day fighting the enemy, and suffered more in killed and wounded than either the left centre and extreme left, yet it was reasonable to suppose that we should have met with resistance upon our left flank, for we were sure that a portion of Hood's army were in that direction.—These remarks apply only to the infantry of the army, and it should be clearly understood that General Kilpatrick's operations upon our extreme left and front unquestionably covered that wing of the army, and in addition deceived the enemy in their fears that we were moving upon Augusta.

In looking back upon the general features of this campaign, it can be seen with what geometrical precision this masterly conception of a concave front has been perfected, and its best puff is our presence here, without loss of men or material, with the fruits of victories in our hands realizing the most sanguine hopes.

This resume of the facts is made at the present moment because we are entering upon a new field, where the theatre of war changes for the present its position, moving from front to flank. All information goes to show that the rebels have been falling back and concentrating at Charlotte, in the belief that we were advancing upon that place. Our movements within the last few days may open their eyes to the truth, and while the repeated lessons they have received may make them hesitate in attacking an exposed flank, yet the possibility that reinforcements from the veteran troops in Virginia may be sent to impede our march to the sea, and the caution which is one of the marked characteristics of Gen. Sherman, one of them, or some other reason, has induced to change his front, and the army has commenced to assume a concave shape in place of the opposite figure. Moving forward thus, his column in *echelon* upon the centre, he can at any moment put more than one-half his force in line of battle if attacked in flank, and if threatened upon his left could swing the whole army by the right flank towards his communication, and move upon his new base with his front impregnablely protected.

It has bothered our ordnance officers sometimes to be able to destroy the powder and fixed ammunition which we captured. The rebels are criminally careless in the way they have it about, stored in all sorts of places and in all kinds of buildings. Either in their extreme haste they packed it into any place that was handy, or they were determined to blow up the town.—Thirty-six hundred barrels of this powder were just outside of the town, stored in a sort of an arsenal; but another large lot was packed into a building near the depot, which the rebels set on fire before we arrived. Trains of powder were laid from the depot to this store, and it seems wonderful that it was not ignited and hundreds of lives of non-combatants lost.

As at Columbia, our efforts to destroy this dangerous material without damage to the people resulted in a non-fire accident, which cost the lives of two men at least. A part of the powder was placed in a deep ravine near the river, where all of it was to be deposited, and then covered over with sand. Although it was carefully guarded, some wicked reckless fellow managed to get a train in communication with the bulk of the powder. The instant the fire reached this sleeping monster it rose up with a most terrible roar, shaking and crushing to the ground several houses, and thousands of men, in its efforts to find a *scape*. For fifty rods around the ground was blackened, the trees begrimed and broken, and the hillside torn up, white boxes of ammunition flew into fragments, and shells ascended far in the air, bursting at

great distances from the scene of explosion. The danger was fearful, for more than twenty thousand men were standing within a quarter of a mile waiting their turn to pass over the river.

CONVERSATION WITH CHARLESTON REFUGES.  
Last evening I had occasion to visit several families who had formerly resided at Charleston, and fled to this place to escape the danger of the bombardment. In the years gone by they were the leaders of the aristocracy of the state. First in the crime of treason, their sons and brothers had either been killed or were now in the rebel armies; the young ladies were full of what they called patriotism and enthusiasm for the cause of liberty which their lovers and friends were fighting for, although when pressed to explain how their liberties had ever been endangered, they were unable to give any satisfactory answer.

The old men and women in every instance deprecated the war; they asked for peace upon any terms of reconstruction. They did not ask for terms of peace—peace was all they demanded. They acknowledged the attempt at revolution to be without cause or reason, and that they were subdued and beaten, without hope of recovery. This hopeful state of subjection was not a new experience to me, for we have met with little of bombast and rebellious puffiness from the more influential and viscer portion of the people we have seen in this state; but what strikes me most plainly, in my intercourse with these old families, is the evidence of intellectual decay. They are not only *pari passu* with the age, but are so wanting in vitality and energy as to approach senility. In the contrast with the soul-stirring spirit of our northern soldiers and civilization they appear to belong to a past day and a defunct nationality, with only a pretence of gentility remaining to show that they once had made claims to be the leaders of society and fashion. The unceremonious usages of war shake rudely even the vestige of what once passed for refined hospitality.

To a young lady who, with glowing eyes, informed me that her brothers and cousins were fighting in defence of the liberty of their country, I said:  
"Please tell me what country? What do you mean by 'our country?'"

She replied, "The South, of course; South Carolina."

I continued, "Did I not see in the old church yard several monuments of brick without inscription, which seem to be falling to pieces; they are said to cover the dust of heroes who died in the old revolution war. Is that true?"

"Yes; they fought under Green against Cornwallis and Tarleton."

"What country did they die for? In defence of what cause did they suffer?"

"America, I suppose."

"You are right; and let me tell you that you South Carolinians have no claim to the honored remains to those martyred heroes. It is well that the stranger may not know who lies there, for their fame is your shame. To establish this grand American nationality, these men gave their life-blood. We are fighting to maintain that national life in all its integrity."

While I do not for an instant suppose that this black-eyed rebel was convinced of the error of her cause, she was somewhat astonished, never having looked at the question in that way.

THE ARMY ON THE MARCH.  
MARCH 7.—The army are all upon the east bank of the Pedee, and marching upon roads leading due east. Kilpatrick covers the extreme left, and to-night is at Rock-inham, where yesterday evening he came in contact with Butler's division of Hampton's legion, who retreated with some loss before our spirited attack. The four grand columns of infantry are all south of Kilpatrick, covering a strip of country forty miles in width. All the corps commanders report abundance of forage and supplies, and numerous streams which empty into the Pedee have excellent water power, with flour mills situated at points admirably convenient for the army, a providential circumstance for several divisions that have exhausted their stores of hard bread. Every one of these mills has been in operation all day, and will rest until this morning.—They will grind corn enough to last a week, when we shall have reached tide-water again, perhaps.

"To-day has been sunny and bright; the roads have been dry (in truth we have seen the dust rising over the moving column for the first time since we left Savannah). The gentle wind from the east; has come to us laden with fragrant perfume of pine and cedar, and every one has journeyed on as happy and contented as mortals can be, and as glad only men have a right to be who have plodded on so many dreary days through the heavy mud and pitiless rain. The refugees, and especially the negroes, expand in this sunlight like flowers, if I may use such a simile when speaking of such dusky subjects. Their exuberant laughter may be heard for a long distance as they journey on, sometimes in their queer g-go-carts, with curious nondescript rigging, or when puffing and sweating under a load of blankets, pots, etc., or when, as in one instance under my observation to-day, three little girls were at the same time astraddle a patient, good-natured old mule.

NEGRO CHILDREN.  
At one point on the road to-day, where the column had halted for a moment, I saw half a dozen three-year old "picinnies," as their mothers called them, perched upon the top rail of a fence, and singing with all their might—  
"I'm glad I'm in this army," &c.,

an old Sabbath school hymn, which they repeated, all unconscious of its singular appropriateness at the time and place.

The soldiers were delighted, and greeted them with shouts of approbation. "Go it, little one," "Bully for you, curly-head," "You're right there, little nig; we'll stick by you," &c.

CAMPING AMONG THE PINES.  
To-night we went into camp in the midst of a magnificent grove of pines. The feet are buried in the bed of spindles and burs which have fallen undisturbed for centuries. The wind sings, or rather murmurs—for that is the sound—through the lofty tree-tops, while the air is filled with the delicious fragrance of the woods. This evening the sun went down behind great bars of silver and purple, although now and then its bright rays would stream out, throwing long shadows across this great

BEHAVIOR AT TABLE.—It used to be high caste to eat with a spoon every thing that could be so eaten, except fish, which was not made spoon-meat. Pease, pudding, curry, custard, were all conveyed to the mouth with a spoon. The same of coffee, whose social position was arbitrary, caused opinion to pronounce that she was a lady by helping lemon-pudding with a spoon. Nowadays, whether fork or spoon, or fork and spoon, you may do as you like, provided you do it without affectation. No, where may you eat any thing with a knife. It is not polite to express surprise, repugnance, or ridicule at the introduction and consumption of any eatable which may be new or unusual to your own experience. The world is wide, and you have not yet seen the whole of it. If invited to experimental repasts, such as the Prince Napoleon's Chinese dinners, or the recent French and German horrors, be hasty, you know what you have to expect beforehand, and can accept or decline accordingly. But if fortune unexpectedly bring you into contact with strange messes which others enjoy, good manners require you to look as if you could enjoy them if you pleased.

It is not polite, in a private house, to breathe in your glass and polish it with your napkin, or to wipe your plate, knife, fork or spoon, or, in short, to do any thing which can imply a suspicion of the neatness and cleanliness of the service. In hotels and restaurants only you have the right, by paying for it, to take those precautions.

General Grossios, who retained many of his army habits, was dining at a minister's house in Paris. When a livery servant came to fill his glass with wine, he anticipated the movement by wiping it with all his might and main. The hostess, fearing that some little accident had occurred, signed to the valet behind her to change the glass. The wiping process was recommenced, and the glass immediately changed, up to a third, and a fourth, the General, losing temper, whispered to his neighbor, a Senator's wife, "Does Le Maitre mean to make game of me, by asking me to dinner to wipe his glasses?"

The lady, who some so difficultly, got him to understand that what might be necessary in a camp cautions was quite unnecessary in a Parisian dining-room.

CIRCULATION OF AIR.—Winds are put in horizontal motion. Their influence is most beneficial. Were there no winds, the vapors that rise from the sea would be returned back from the clouds, in showers, to the very same places in the sea whence they came. On an earth where no winds blow we should neither have green pastures, still waters, nor running brooks. Air is more liable to pollution and corruption than water; stagnation is ruinous to it. Ceaseless motion has been given to it; perpetual circulation and intermingling of its ingredients are required of it. The necessity of ventilation in our buildings, the wholesome influence of fresh air, are universally acknowledged. The cry in cities for fresh air from the mountains or the sea, reminds us continually of the life-giving virtues of circulation. It has been well said that the grinding encircling air makes the whole world akin. It is the laboratory for the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms. The carbonic acid with which our breathing fills the air to-day, tomorrow socks its way round the world. The date-plants that grow round the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take it to add to their stature. The oxygen we are breathing now was distilled for us, some short time ago, by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Amazon. By the winds, superfluous water is carried off and removed to other lands, where its agency is required; or it is treasured up, as the material of clouds, in the crystal vault of the firmament, the source, when the fitting season arrives, of the showers which provide for the wants of the year.

STRENGTH VERBS SWEETNESS.—Very plain but clever women, who are restlessly conscious of their plainness, but decline to adopt the attitude of limulification, will discharge their impressions with a bang, like the bolts of a cross-bow, in a way that shows they almost triumph in disregarding the etiquettes of social suavity; but, after all, they are better worth talking to, and will generally succeed more entirely in getting out of themselves and changing for a time the moral atmosphere they carry about with them, than those who lose half the singleness of their aims in the study of pretty attitudes, or in watching the effect of each drop in the healing stream of their conversation. Conscious beauty and a conquering ease of carriage in man or woman oze out in a manner that generally awakens, a sort of reactionary thirst for hard, healthy hitting—just as you are apt to come away from the unctious moral eloquence of the Bishop of Oxford with a strong resolve never again to indulge in a sweet and persuasive manner, and a wish to rub off the impression by striking some one intellectually on the spot. The consciousness of a winning and persuasive grace, physical or mental, is very pleasing; but we suspect it is a pleasure that falls upon the possessor, as it certainly does on the recipient of such suavities.

BROOM CORN.—This well-known plant, which for nearly half a century has been one of the staples of Hampshire county, is a native of Virginia, and had a feeble beginning. A stalk, imported to Philadelphia as a curiosity some eighty years ago, was examined by Dr. Franklin, who discovered a single seed, and picked and planted it. Once propagated, the lovers of rare plants eagerly sought it, and thus it became disseminated. Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D., pastor of a church in Hadley, first cultivated a few stalks in his garden about 1790. His particular interest followed his example, and at length the discovery was made in that town, that corn-brush was better to sweep than the birch brooms of the Indians. Levi Dickinson made the first brooms to sell in that town, and at first people were incredulous that any one could succeed in a business which was clearly the province of the Indian. Now Hadley is the centre of the broom business for the whole North-eastern States, and furnishes employment for more than one hundred and fifty men.—Nine hundred and twenty tons of broom brush are annually worked up there, a part of which comes from the West. And more than twelve hundred thousand brooms are manufactured there, valued at about \$190,000. The valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk first began to compete with this Connecticut River business, and finally it is cultivated to some extent in Ohio and Illinois.

A submarine torpedo was exploded 463 feet down in an oil well near Titusville, Pa., on Saturday, making the well and water shoot 30 feet into the air, and the earth groan like a monster in death agonies. The well had ceased to yield, but as soon as the disturbance subsided oil appeared on the surface as fast as it could be dipped off with a sand-pump. The theory is that the oil veins got stopped up with paraffine, and the torpedo blew them open again.

The Crow Witnesses.—Luther tells a story of a certain German who in his travels, fell among thieves; and they being about to cut his throat, he down upon his knees, and cried out, "Oh, crows! I take you for witnesses and avengers of my death." About two or three days after, these thieves, drinking together at an inn, a company of crows came and alighted upon the top of the house. At this the thieves began to laugh; and said one of them, "Look! yonder are they who must avenge his death whom we lately slew." The tapster, overhearing this, declared it to the magistrate, who caused them to be apprehended; and in consequence of their contradictory statements and evasive answers, urged them so far that they confessed the truth, and received their deserved punishment.