



A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

BY DAVID OVER.

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Poetry.



From the Louisville Journal.

OTHER DAYS.

A dream of the past, confused and dim,
Last night was round my heart,
And I saw again the passing years
Like a vision of love depart;
But the stranger-star in its lofty sphere,
With its wing spread eastward light and clear
Shone like the sun in a brilliant tear.

In the midnight dream once more I saw
The friends of early days;
Friends that I loved before I knew
Life's varied and shadowy ways;
Friends whose hearts were as real and true
To me as the sun to the far off blue,
And I loved this dream confused and dim
As I love the notes of some half-heard hymn.

And I heard again the signing of wind
As it sighed long; long ago,
When it passed through the yellow leaves in fall
Musical, soft and low;
And the raven perched on the same dead limb
With glancing eye and neck stretched slim,
Is the same I saw there in those years
When Hope made rainbows o'er our tears.

It seems a long and weary path
To tread the hills of life,
To walk the varied vales of earth
With their pleasures and pains and strife;
But with pleasures now we faint look back,
To the Past life's sunny and shady track,
And dreams of the Past make as sweet a spell
As the music of waves on an ocean shell.

There are none that have ever felt the touch
Of sorrow's dark-hued wing,
And there are none but in dark hours
Will to some bright hope cling;
And thus with sorrow, joy and strife,
We pass through the shade and shine of life
Till, like the sun's last ray at even,
Our spirits pass to the far-off heaven.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Read before the Bedford Lyceum, Jan. 11, 1860.

BY DR. C. N. HICKOK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bedford, Jan. 17th, 1860.

Dr. Hickok, Dear Sir:—
The Bedford Lyceum, through their committee, request the favor of a copy of the essay, read by you before that body, on the evening of the 11th inst., for publication, being satisfied, that to render it as popular with the community as it is among the members of said Lyceum, it is only necessary to lay it before them.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

O. H. GAITHER,

T. LYTT. LYON,

J. COMPHER,

Committee.

Bedford, Jan. 17, 1860.

Gentlemen: I herewith send you the paper, you have honored me by asking for.

Yours truly,

C. N. HICKOK.

To O. H. GAITHER, Esq.,
Mr. T. LYTT. LYON,
J. COMPHER, M. D.

It was something to have seen the "Father of his country." It is from no weakness, of intellect, neither is it evidence that age has passed again into childhood, that the venerable citizen—the relic of a bygone generation, loves to repeat his oft told memory of the "great and good," and to tell with pride and pleasure of the time when he talked face to face with Washington. It is an honest pride and does honor to the veteran patriot's heart. The day has come, when he may deem himself fortunate who has seen the "Father of his country's literature;" when he may not be thought weak nor vain, who rejoices in the honor, that he has conversed with the great analogy of our Washington—our Irving.

Who so unfortunate, that he feels not the riches for the heritage of glory, bequeathed in common to Columbia's sons, by the great leader of our country's arms, in that strife which humbled our haughty trans-Atlantic foe? Shall he be deemed less unfortunate, who sees not, nor appreciates the honor every American shares, in being the countryman of him, who in the field of literature, has conquered with his immortal pen, and has written there in blazing characters, the answer to the proud European question, "what great author has America produced?" Shall any one so dishonor himself as to say, I am not proud to be the countryman of Washington Irving?

"This said that when Irving was three or four years of age, his nurse was one day walking with him, on a street in New York, when she saw Washington, then in the zenith of his glory pass them and enter the shop of an artisan.—She could not resist the wish that the great Washington should see the child. She waited at the door until he was passing out when she said to him 'your honor this little boy is called for you.' Washington paused, and asked his name; then with solemnity, such as belonged only to him, he laid his hand upon the air head of the child, and said, 'may God

Almighty bless the lad.' Washington's blessing! What an inheritance! And who shall say that the good man's benediction, followed not the boy—the youth—the man? Who so sceptical as to hazard the opinion, that the benison uttered by him from whose lips never passed a trifling word, was not interwoven in the after life of the happy child, and passed into the fabric of his destiny, as the warp interlaces with the woof?—Who, but he whose Almighty blessing, was invoked upon the boy, can tell how that blessing like a guardian angel, all unseen, led the career of the future man; a career, glorious in the world of letters—in the universe of high and noble thought, as the career of the great man for whom he was named, was sublime and glorious, in the world of arms—in the universe of great and mighty deeds? Who, but he who sees the end from the beginning, could have foreseen how those great stars, in their country's firmament, would, though set in different fields of glory, shine, the Blessed, with a lustre, so much the counterpart of the Blessing? How gloriously pure their light!—Washington, the hero of many battles; sustained with one drop of blood in wantonness split—Washington, the statesman, the ruler; yet guiltless of the statesman's and the ruler's ambitions and crimes and intrigues. Well might the bard of Britain and of Greece, himself alas, a mighty meteor, flashing, but with baleful light exclaim,

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state.
Yes, one, the first, the last, the best,
The Cinquatus of the west,
Whom every dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush, there was but one."

Well merited was the tribute, and how appropriately could it be paraphrased to apply to Irving, the author of many books. Who, that has gathered garlands from the fields of secular literature for more than a half century, can produce a record so unstained by any unwholesome thought, as is his. Pure as his own life were his writings; not one thought—did either of his many volumes contain, that dying, he could have wished unwritten. No covertology for vice; no evil at truth; no seoff at virtue; no dangerous opinion; no pernicious, demoralizing sentiment, found authorship in him. Others have penned great thoughts; but how often are their great thoughts coupled with the base? Others have written beautiful things, but how often are their beautiful things, stained and shadowed by conceptions of hideous deformity? Full many there are who have written, and the world in frenzy of admiration, has fallen down to worship at the shrine of their transcendent genius; but of how few of them can it be said, "the pearls they gathered from the depths of the unbounded ocean flood of mind," were pure, as brilliant? From the "Bard of Avon's" pen, not always flowed an uncorrupted stream. The muse of Ayr, not always brought in purity, her strains to him, who struck immortal notes on Scotia's lyre. The harp of him, who waked the plaintive melody of Erin, and sang the impassioned lays of Persia and of Araby the Blest, was not always tuned to virtue; and even the King of minstrelsy and of romance—the sage of Abbotsford, regretted, dying, that something he had written could not be recalled.

Not so with the author of the "Sketch Book." He was great in genius; but it was the simplicity and purity of his character, more than his genius, that drew around him at all times a host of loving friends. It was the impartation of that pure and simple character, that gave to his writings their greatest charm. How appropriate that he should be compared to Washington; How deserving of his name; How worthy of his blessing; and how beautiful, and still how wonderful, that after a long career of honor, (to which he was, provisionally, by early reverses directed) honor not only in his own land, but world-wide; he should close that career, by linking their two immortal names together, and crown his own fame by recording that of the illustrious man, whose name he bore; and as if to carry the analogy beyond the limit of time, like Washington he laid all his trophies upon the altar of a living faith, and died as he had lived, a "Christian gentleman."

But I have digressed from the intention of this paper. Personal recollections are apt to savor too much of the first person singular.—The *Ego* and *meus*, are generally offensively predominant; yet how otherwise can they be written? I'll make the venture, for I have seen; I have talked with Washington Irving. I need not tell, how the generous humor of *Diedrick Knickerbocker* charmed me; (they who have read him appreciatively will understand me,) nor how I pored over the "Sketch Book," until its author had won my boy heart; (for a boy I first read it, and I'm a boy again when I read it now, and I loved him for his fun first (fun's the big gate to a boy's heart) and then for his pathos) nor how I dreamed in the dream land of "Sleepy Hollow," sympathized with, and laughed at *Ichabod Crane*—imagined each thunder shower, that "old *Hendrick Hudson* and his jolly crew," were again at their game of nine pins;—rejoiced at the escape, poor, benighted *Rips Van Winkle's* long nap, gave him, from the torques of his turgid wife.—Wept at the heart melting story of the "Widow and her son;" nor how my youthful and my martial spirit ran mad races with each other, at the recital of the valorous deeds of *Hard Knopp* *Petel* and *Rising the bold*, at the "battle of the Manhattans;—nor how I wandered in imagination amid the enchantments of the *Albamba*. Enough to say, I felt as every one feels, who can read his genial, noble heart, mirrored in his books;—I know him in spirit, but I long wished to see the man, and my wish was gratified.

During a few days, in the early part of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, I was the guest of a kind New York friend, whose country seat

lies adjacent to Irving's Sunnyside. The gentleman to whom I allude, was an intimate associate of Mr. Irving's, since one of his pall bearers. On Sunday, July fourth, I accompanied the family of my friend to service at their place of worship, Christ's Church, Tarrytown, of which both he and Mr. Irving were vestrymen. After the conclusion of the Order of Morning prayer, the venerable rector announced a collection for the poor; and as the vestrymen were waiting on the congregation, for their contributions, the son of my friend directed my attention to one of them, and whispered, "that is Mr. Irving." My eye followed him, as he passed up the aisle and laid the day's gifts, within the chancel, and turned to go to his pew. I was disappointed; not in the face; it was the same handsome, intellectual, thought-beaming countenance, I had seen in his portraits, taken in his manhood's prime; though older, and I thought, touched with a shade of sadness. But my fancy had given him a tall, imposing form, whereas he was not above medium height, slightly bent, and somewhat inclined to corpulency; and his mein was not as I had deemed it, majestic; but humble, though dignified, and I thought beneath the stained light of the sacred place, full of reverence.

When next I saw him, it was in a different scene, on the evening of the fifth there was a festive gathering, and a display of fire works, at the villa of a New York merchant, resident in the neighborhood. The scene was one of gaiety and of grandeur. The palace, (for it is a regal edifice,) stands on a high elevation, overlooking the Hudson. The lawn in front secured a perfect *feu de joie* and in all directions for many miles, on either side of the river for hours, the night was illuminated by rockets and other pyrotechnic displays, sent off from the towns and villages and country seats, and to one unaccustomed to such scenes, it seemed the enchantment of fairy land. It was here I had the honor of being presented to Mr. Irving.—He was surrounded upon all sides, the centre of attraction to many anxious to converse with him, and I did little else but look and listen; but, it was something worth, to look and listen there. I shall long remember it, neither shall I soon forget his warm shake of the hand, and his cordial good night, as we parted from him to go home.

The next day I visited scenes made classic ground by the touch of his magic pen—the place of *Andre's* capture; *Sleepy Hollow*; The old dutch church, with its grave yard and quaint epitaphs;—Roamed over the hills, and bathed in the Tappan Zee, and towards evening of the next, with a friend, strolled over to Sunnyside. As we approached the antique edifice, we observed through the open window, that the family were at dinner: so we continued our walk, though the grounds, and on to the adjoining grounds, of Mr. Grinnell and whiled away a half hour, looking at the objects of interest—the beautiful vistas; the rustic bridges, the grotesque statues, the miniature lake, the mimic waterfalls; and returning, found Mr. Irving with his brother and the ladies of his household—his nieces, sitting in the open air on the veranda and beneath the trees. Mr. Irving rose to meet us, and in reply to a remark, that we had taken the liberty of trespassing upon his domain, he said "all, even strangers, feel at liberty to come here, then certainly we should make our friends welcome." Knowing how precious was his time, and how persecuted he was with admiring visitors, we tarried but a little while in common placed conversation, making no reference to the fact, that he had even written a book, for my friend knew, and I had heard, how such allusions annoyed him.

After bidding the family good evening, we lingered on the lawn, to take a last look at the beautiful Tappan Zee, spread out beneath the setting summer's sun, like a lake of molten gold;—once more looked at the old mansion of Sunnyside (immortalized by its great owner as "Wolfert's Roost") with its quaint battlements, and ivy, covered roof; its arched portal and ancient weathercock; (the same that of yore greeted the old "Statu' Haus" at Albany) stopped to view the old English park gateway with its vine covered stone pillars, taking from it as a memento of my visit, a leaf of a sprig of the *Abbottsford* Ivy, brought by Irving from England; and we were beyond the precincts made sacred by the residence and touch of one of America's greatest sons,—certainly her greatest author.

It is past, but I shall not be thought weak nor vain, by those who appreciate the great genius, and great heart of Irving, that I have dwelt with pleasure on the honor I enjoyed, in having pressed his hand, and listened to his voice. That hand is cold; that voice is silent in death; but that voice will never be hushed while fame lasts—that hand has inscribed his name among

"The bright, immortal names
That were not born to die."

While his own Hudson rolls its mighty tide to the ocean, his memory must live; He dies to earth, but it is to add another star to the bright galaxy of those, who have reached forth and seized an immortality.

The cattle of Deacon Johnston's neighbors kept getting into his pasture. The pasture was bad enough for the deacon's cattle, and was mighty poor feed for other people's, when they sought to share it. Deacon Johnston had tried, with his hired man, to keep them out, and couldn't, and at last Pat said, with a scotch of his head:

"I'll tell you, Mr. Johnston, how you can be after getting shut of them beggarly cows that come here thaving their feed."

"And how shall we do that thing, Pat?"

"Why, sir, when they get in agin, just let us go and put up the fences and kape them in, and my word for it, they'll all starve to death in a week, sir!"

The Slave Wife, or the Sudden Duel.

From the N. Y. Sunday Times.

At the close of the Mexican war, the city of Brownsville, on the Texan bank of the Rio Grand river, and immediately opposite to Matamoros, sprung up suddenly, as if by magic, and developed the full growth of an urban community within the course of a few months. This singular flow of emigration and rapid advancement in business was the result of this living spirit of American enterprise, the commercial passion of a restless people, eager alike for glory and gain.

Among the many adventurers who swarmed to the Rio Grand in the first prime of its golden promise, was a young lawyer, one William Parks, recently from South Carolina.—Although descended from an ancient line of ancestors, and bearing in his veins the blood of the Revolution, and having received a classical education, yet his father's views having squandered an immense fortune, the son was left poor, to fight the fiercest battle of life, relying altogether on his own resources, without hope of aid or comfort from kindred or friends. Nature had endowed him with a handsome person, excellent judgment and true courage.

On arriving at his new sphere of action, young Parks encountered an unexpected difficulty. He discovered that there was very little lucrative business transacted in the court, and this had already fallen into the hands of a few advocates, who managed adroitly to monopolize every case of the smallest importance. It was evidently impossible to sit down and patiently wait until matters would mend by the doubtful evolutions of time or chance.—The price of board and lodging were dear, and his wardrobe needed renovation even before he was permitted to appear in the forum at all. In this crisis of his fate, he conceived a plan that looked in the light of reason wild and visionary. He sold off his books at auction, and with the proceeds opened a garden, within a mile of the city, for supplying the market with vegetables, which happened at that period to be extremely scarce, as the natives of the soil wanted both the will and the wisdom to turn the rich alluvial of the soil to any account. As the experiment flourished, and Mexico labor was very cheap, the attorney urged his operations still further, and the little garden soon expanded into a field.—To sun up the general result in a single sentence, the end of three years found him not only independent, but wealthy.

Having amassed sufficient fortune to satisfy his desires, he thought of selling out, and returning again to the profession which he had been forced to abandon, when an incident occurred to change his purpose. A family by the name of Garcia, assumed to be of Spanish origin, arrived in Brownsville, from New Orleans. They were apparently in affluent circumstances, intelligent, polished in their manners, and remarkably handsome in their persons. They were all dark featured, as is commonly the fact with the race from which they claimed their descent. Indeed, they made it a matter of boast that a slight tincture of Moorish blood colored the current in their veins.—Wealth possessed a golden key to unlock the most exclusive doors, and beauty has the force of fire to melt the hardest heart—so that the new addition to the society of the Rio Grand, as one might well imagine, caused the utmost enthusiasm, and was hailed as an era in the history of frontier life.

There was one member of this comely household who immediately became an especial favorite in the community, and drew the admiring attention of every observer by the powers of her unspokeable loveliness. May Garcia was one of those rare combinations of graceful form, luminous features, and spiritual expression, that resembles the faultless ideas of imagination, or the radiant pictures of perfection which glitter in the bright dreams of early youth, rather than the shapes of flesh and blood that breathe common air and mingle with the things of earth. Her small, regular, exquisite face, revealed a complexion somewhat dark in its tints, but literally translucent, where the warm blood could be seen spreading its rich, rosy suffusion-like undying blush of maiden modesty. Her eyes of the deepest jet, appeared to swim in a sea of light—wild, waving and mixed with liquid fire. Her long dark hair flowed freely around a bust and bosom of indescribable symmetry. But her voice possessed the most marvellous fascination of all. It was clear, silvery and ringing, with a gentle cadence in its tone, at the fall of each sentence, like the hissing murmur of soft winds among the pine tops.

Females of any description were scarce in the community, and this beautiful creature, who seemed to have dropped from the clouds, before the end of six months, had refused half a hundred offers. However the little boy called Cupid, who searches out every fair form as a mark for his flaming arrows, found this beautiful one at last.

In company with a number of young persons she paid a visit of mere curiosity to the famous flower garden, and fell in love, at first sight, with the handsome proprietor, who responded to her affection with equal ardor. The fruits of their union within three years were a son and a daughter, who, as a matter of course, became the idols of their fond mother and father—for it seems to be a general, if not psychological law that human parents love their children in proportion to their passionate tenderness for each other. A charming white cottage was their home in the flower garden, and the business of the happy agriculturist prospered more than ever, so that with the addition of the ample fortune brought into matrimonial partnership by his beautiful companion he might well be considered, for that country a man of wealth.

One bright morning of mid summer, upon his return from a neighboring city, the gardener was astonished to find his lovely wife in a paroxysm of tears, and evincing other tokens of the utmost terror and anguish. But all his entreaties failed to elicit any explanation from his lips, except the assurance that she felt oppressed with the dark fore shadowing of some unknown and mysterious but dreadful danger.—However, after she became a degree more tranquil, having an affair of importance to arrange, he went to town.

On his arrival he was accosted in the street by a person he did not recollect to have seen before. The stranger was a man of middle age, with coarse, sinister features, gleaming black eyes, raven hair streaked with silver, and a massive form revealing the appearance of herculean strength and agility. He was dressed in rich black cloth, cut in the latest fashion, and profusely adorned, rather than adorned, with gems and precious ornaments. A huge golden seal, enclosing a costly stone, dangled from his heavy watch chain, which he twirled incessantly with his fingers. He spoke with a loud, brusque tone. "Mr. Parks—they say that is your name—allow me to introduce myself. I am Col. Powers, of New Orleans, and have visited Texas in search of runaway slaves. I am told that you harbor them."

"You have been misinformed," replied the gardener, sternly. "There is not a slave or even a colored person on my plantation."

"No, sir, I am not mistaken. The woman that you call your wife is a slave, and was actually born in my kitchen. Here is a bill of sale, containing the names of her father and mother, for whose bodies I paid down three thousand dollars. There, you behold the seal of the recorder's court!"

The other recoiled as if he had been struck a terrible blow with an iron hammer, and gasped out—

"Merciful God! it cannot be so. This man must be insane, or I am dreaming!"

"If you doubt my word," said he, twirling his watch chain angrily, "younder comes old Judge Rice, who is familiar with the circum- stances, and can prove every item of my assertions."

The individual alluded to, who had been a member of the New Orleans bar for many years, confirmed the stranger's story in all its particulars.

It would be impossible to give the faintest idea of the indescribable agony depicted in the countenance of Mr. Parks, as the astounding truth, with its horrible consequences, burst upon his soul, like a flash of lurid lightning.—He turned pale as death and staggered, as if about to fall to the earth; but, by a great effort, he wrestled for a minute or more with his grief, and, conquering, became evidently calm, but still pallid as a piece of white paper.

"Why has this matter been kept a secret so long?" the gardener demanded in tones of terrible meaning. "Was it a cunning device to win gold out of human tears and the blood of innocent hearts?"

The Colonel, laughing with delight at the remembrance of his craft, boldly avowed his own infamy.

"Yes," he said, "I was smart. I noted how beautiful the slaves were; I determined to make it pay to the highest figure. I had them well educated, and made them, poor fools, think they were free. Under this impression they removed to the Rio Grande. I gave them money, which they have increased, with more than compound interest, and now I have come to get my pay for all my trouble."

And the unblushing villain twirled his watch chain joyously.

"How much do you expect me to pay for my wife and children?" inquired Parks, with an awful smile.

"I must have ten thousand dollars, besides the return of her fortune, amounting to as much more!" answered the Colonel, with the most business-like coolness.

"Soonest, coward, thief, assassin! you shall never own one cent from the earnings of my years of toil!" exclaimed Parks, in a voice of uncontrollable fury.

"Mind what you say, for I will have bloody satisfaction for every insulting word you employ," said the Colonel, growing white with rage.

"Then take it now!" shouted Parks, striking the other with such force in the face that he rolled on the ground.

But Powers suddenly regained his feet, and wiping the crimson streams from his mouth and nose, vociferated—

"I claim mortal satisfaction on this very spot!"

"Yes, you shall have it—here!" replied the gardener, in a voice that resembled the wrathful yell of a demon.

Some accommodating bystanders, who had collected around the scene, proffered their services as seconds, and the terms of the duel were immediately arranged. It was settled that the two principals should each be armed with a pistol, and assuming their stations twenty yards apart, at the signal might stand or advance and fire, which they pleased.

At the word, Parks moved calmly and steadily, with moderate steps, towards his enemy.—The latter remained fixed as a marble statue in his position, with his arm elevated firmly, and his dark eye gleamed through the sights with deadly aim at his mortal mark. When the other arrived at the distance of ten paces, the pistol pointed at his heart, exploded with a loud roar. But he faltered not—paused not—changed not his march. The bullet had hit a silver coin, which happened to be in the pocket of his vest, and that alone had saved his life. He never stopped until he was within three feet of his foe, when for the first time raising his weapon, blew out the Colonel's brains.

Parks, with his family, and all the Garcias, the next day removed into Mexico where they yet reside.

SCHOOL MATTERS.

SATURDAY TEACHING.

Walls of brass resist not
A noble undertaking—nor can vice
Raise any bulwark to make good a place
Where virtue seeks to enter.—Fletcher.

"Saturday Teaching?" Yes, Saturday Teaching. I am loth to resume it. It is not the first time that I have felt my best feelings revolt at it. It soon shall be the last time!—Saturday Teaching! "Plee from the wrath to come," and shun it, as the evil and misguided wretch shuns justice! "Flee from the wrath to come," for come it must, if Saturday Teaching is persisted in. Let us see!

"A bow always bent, is never fit for use." Never was wisdom and philosophy couched in less words. The mind, like the muscular development of man, must have rest, must have recreation. How soon does the physical force of youth become exhausted. The least possible exertion, persisted in, incapacitates it, and brings pain the most excruciating, to the exerted physical power. The mind partakes of the same nature as the body. When exerted to any material extent, and the exertion maintained, it becomes weak and dull, and the matter which it is required to infuse, becomes stale and insipid. Many persons experience this doctrine so palpably, that they endeavor to dispose of all metaphysical exertions, immediately after rising in the morning, while "the head," as they assert, "is clear, and not encumbered and weakened by over taxation."

Put the pupil into a schoolroom on Monday morning, continue him six hours, which consumes almost the entire day, at least within two or three hours of it, and these six hours, in connection with the labor which he has to perform, reduces the amount of time allowed for recreation within the slight compass of one and a half hours per day; let this system be practised until the close of the week, or Saturday evening, and the whole amount of time allowed for recreation, would be reduced to nine, or in nine out of every ten cases, to less than nine hours.

There is not one man in fifty, but experiences more recreation than is allowed by our system for the child. We know the playful disposition of youth. It must have vent, no one will pretend to deny this; and no one will pretend to deny that it is essential to health and happiness. Happiness should be as much consulted in the pupil's behalf as health.—Who will undertake to deny, that one week's constant attendance in a school room will exhaust every faculty, and weaken the system to such an extent as to make a visible impression. If this can be done in one week, what consequences will be produced by a persistence in this evil? Why, poor, weak, decrepid, emaciated creatures, that, under proper drill, might be induced to crawl through a greased whistle, are the result. But says a friend to Saturday teaching, "I am sure they have Sunday to themselves." Bah! Sunday is the Lord's Day, and children with their parents attend Church or Sabbath School, thus making seven days in a week at school. Sunday is not the day to play at ball, catcher, and the thousand and one other ways which youth has invented to pass life in the happiest mood. No wonder, then,

"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeps like snail
Unwillingly to school."

Out of fourteen days, the pupil has actually only one day for recreation, the alternate Saturday. Many other reasons might be given on this subject, but I only desire to give one more, and I shall no doubt dismiss the subject from all further consideration. Establish the no Saturday system, and your schools will boast of a much more regular attendance, for then all such chores as can be shifted until Saturday will be postponed until that dread day, and relieve the schools of the great curse, irregular attendance, and allow, not the requisite time, but much more than is now allowed for recreation and healthy development.

—J. R. Durborow,
Woodbury, Pa.

REDUCTION OF THE STATE DEBT.

The sale of the State Works has now fairly exhibited the wisdom of the measure in the condition of the Treasury. During the year closing on the 1st of December last, the amount of eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars of State loans was purchased for the sinking fund and the Treasurer, Hon. Eli Slifer, estimates that the present year will witness a further reduction of the debt to an amount exceeding one million of dollars.

Advice have been received by Gerrit Smith's friends that that gentleman continues to improve; and that as soon as his physicians deem it prudent he will make a voyage to Europe, and spend some time in travel and sight-seeing.

The difference between an oyster and a chicken is, that one is best just out of the shell, and the other isn't.