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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

GONE AWAY.

Leave the farm house, red and old,
Above its roof the maples sway;
The hills behind are bleak and cold;
The wind comes up and dies away.
I gaze into each empty room,
And as I gaze a gnawing pain
Is in my heart, at thought of those
Who never will pass the doors again.
And, strolling down the orchard slope,
(So wide a likeness grief will crave.)
Each dead tree seems a wither'd hope,
Each mossy hill-top looks a grave.
They will not hear me if I call;
They will not see these tears that start;
To autumn—autumn with it all—
And worse than autumn in my heart.
O leaves, so dry, and dead, and sore!
I can recall some happier hours,
When summer's glory lingered there,
And summer's beauty touched the flowers.
Adown the slope a slender shape
Danced lightly, with her flying curls,
And merrily her tones were bleat
With the gay laugh of happy girls.
O stolen meetings at the gate!
O lingerings at the open door!
O midnight rambles, long and late!
My heart can scarce believe them o'er.
And yet the silence, strange and still,
The air of sadness and decay,
The moss that grows upon the sill—
Yes, love and hope have gone away!
So like, so like a worn-out heart!
Which the last tennet flake too cold,
And leaves, for evermore, as they
Have left this homestead, red and old.
Poor empty house! poor lonely heart!
There will I bravely, side by side,
You wait, till the hand of Time
Each ruin's mossy wreath supplied.
I lean upon the gate, and sigh;
Some bitter tears will force their way;
And then I bid the place good-bye
For many a long and weary day.
Tears the little ice-berg brook,
(A summer 'tis a noisy stream.)
Turn round to take a last fond look,
And all has faded like a dream.

Selected Gals.

(From the New York Tribune.)

YEARS AND YEARS AGO.

Toutes ces choses sont passées
Comme l'eau et comme le vent."—Victor Hugo.
These things have passed upon their mournful way,
Like the wild wind, and like shadows grey.
Suzanne was not sixteen, and I was barely
nineteen, when we first met. She was the
daughter, the only child, of a poor Protestant
pastor near La Rochelle, one of the chief and
oldest strongholds of the French Reformed
Church.
At that time I was about as wild a scamp
as you could see in any place I could
come to at that moment. I had been expelled
from school for heading an insurrection against
the proper authorities; I had got into end-
less scrapes in every position in which my poor
father had tried to establish me; had finished
when I was eighteen by throwing off all restraint,
crossing the water, and, with knapsack
on my back, starting on a pedestrian tour
through some of the French provinces, not
with any definite aim or object, or in pursu-
ance of any settled plan, but to exercise my
scampish liberty, and to get rid of some of the
superfluous life that would not let me rest.—
Of adventures I had plenty; but the relation
of these is little to the point now. At La Ro-
chelle, chance, as I called it then, threw Su-
zanne in my way. Whether she was beauti-
ful or not, I hardly knew. She was utterly
unlike any one I ever saw before or since; a
little thing with a pair of eyes that prevented
your seeing any thing else when they were be-
fore you; a pair of eyes which, like those of
the German fairy, were not only one bar-
ren bigger (I think they were two bar-
rens bigger) than any body else's eyes in the
world; but which loved you, repulsed you,
and patted and scorned you, and laughed with
you, and cried for you, and made you wild
with delight, and desperate with despair, twen-
ty times a day.
From the first time I saw her, I pursued
her without ceasing; and we often met by
the accidents that occur when two people
do their best to aid fate in her arrangements.
At the back of the presbytery was a garden
full of roses, and lilies, and jasmines, and all
sorts of beautiful old-fashioned flowers that
grow anywhere you may plant them, but that
grow no more get common or worthless for all
that is to be watered with champagne. Beyond
the garden is what is called a chataigneraie;
a little wood, carpeted with the close turf,
moss, and wild flowers, overshadowed with mag-
nificent chestnut trees, each of which might
form a study for a landscape painter. Only a
paling and a wicket separated the garden and
the wood; and the latter being unenclosed,
any one had a right to wander there at will,
—a privilege of which the peasants in the
neighborhood, having other means of employ-
ing their time, seldom availed themselves; and
it was, except at the chestnut gathering, gen-
erally deserted.
So there I used to repair in the glowing Ju-
ly days, with a sketch-book, to look business
like; and, lying on the grass, or leaning against
a tree, myself half hidden, watch for Suzanne.
How it is all before me now—before me now,
and in me, and about me, good Heaven, how
clearly,—after all these years!
The broad rugged trunks of the trees; the
night streaming with a soft, green light,

through the leaves; the warm, ripe, still heat
that quivered before my half closed eyes; and
there, there beyond, through a narrow vista,
an opening, as it were, into heaven, in the
guise of a little bit of the pastor's garden,
blazing in sunshine and flowers. On this my
eyes would fix till the angel should come to
give it a holier light. Sometimes I waited
through the long hours in vain; sometimes I
saw her pass and re-pass, coming and going
like alternate sun and shadow as the place
seemed brightened or darkened with her pres-
ence and departure. Then, how my heart did
beat; how I watched, how I listened!—did
she guess I was there?—did she wish to come?
—was it timidity or indifference that prevent-
ed her turning her steps this way? Useless.
She would not come to-day; and, cross and
sick at heart, I left the wood, and wandered
homeward to mine inn,—the bare, hot cham-
bers of which, with the old fumes of bad stale
tobacco, were little calculated to soothe the
nerves that had been stung and fretted and
ruffled in the green, cool, perfumed chestnut
wood.
Next day all would be joy and hope again.
Back once more to the sylvan temple, where
I hoped to meet the shy goddess. An hour,
—two,—would pass, and then she floated to
and fro across that bit of sunshine, gathering
a flower here,—tying one up there,—watering,
trimming, dipping further on,—wondering, as
she has since told me, and as I little guessed
then, if I were there in the wood watching
her. Presently, with a basket on her arm,
she would turn into the shady walk; nearer
and nearer came her footstep, fuller and fuller
throbbed my heart; and with hand on the
wicket, she would pause; had she changed
her mind? would she go back? and at that
thought my soul so yearned for her, that it
seemed the influence must act to draw her to-
wards me; and sometimes I almost thought
it did so, as, opening the gate, she stepped in
to the wood, and slowly, with downcast eyes,
roved to and fro, in search, as I believed, of
the yellow mushrooms that grow in the chest-
nut woods in France.
A few moments more, and we were togeth-
er, she still pursuing her search, though many
a mushroom was passed, many another trod-
den on; I, pacing by her side, speaking low,
and at intervals, while she sometimes answer-
ed without looking up, sometimes gave me a
glance of those miraculous eyes in lieu of other
answer; till at last youth and love, and soli-
dity encouraging, the hand that at first dare
not touch hers, wound round her waist, the
lips that trembled to pronounce her name,
pressed hers unforbidden.
And now, shall I tell the truth?—a truth
that many and many a time since has not only
stung me with remorse, but with the thought,
that perhaps— Well, well, that may or
may not have been. But to my confession:—
Young as I was, Suzanne was not the first
woman I fancied I had loved; and though
the feeling I had for her was widely different
from that with which I had regarded others,
still it was then pure, and deep, and fervent
as it ought to have been. At first, much as I
loved her, much as I desired to obtain her
love, I had no thought of indissolubly uniting
my destiny to hers; I had no idea of marriage.
I contented myself with letting things run
their course, whatever they might tend; with
taking no thought, and making no engagement
for the future.
At last our meetings in the chataigneraie
became things of daily occurrence; and we
needed no substitutes of sketch book and
mushroom baskets to color them. Sweet, pure,
darling Suzanne! Who, in her position, at
her age, could have withstood the dangers of
the situation as she did? She loved me with
all the depth and warmth of a profound and
passionate nature; yet in the midst of her
affection, there was a purity, a startling, in-
stinctive shyness—a turning of the flank of
danger, as it were, while appearing unconscious
of its vicinity,—that at once captivated and
repelled me. And days drew on to weeks, and
still our relative positions remained unaltered.
One day we were in the chataigneraie
together, strolling side by side, her hand in mine,
when the unusual sound of footsteps rustling
amid the last year's leaves, startled us. We
turned round, and at a little distance beheld
her father.
He was a man still in the prime of life.—
But indifferent health, and a ceaseless activity
in the arduous duties of his calling, gave to
his spare figure and fine face a worn, and
prematurely aged look. I shall never forget
him, as after a moment's pause he advanced
and confronted us, the veins in his bare tem-
ples swollen and throbbing with the emotion
he sought to control, his face pale and rigid,
and his lips compressed.
There was a dead silence for some seconds.
Then his kindling eyes flashed on his daugh-
ter, and pointing to the house, he said in a
low, stern voice: "Go in, Suzanne." She
went without a word.
"And thus, young man," he said, when she
was out of hearing, "thus, for the gratifica-
tion of a passing fancy, to kill the time you
know not how to dispose of, you blot an honest
and hitherto stainless name. You break
a father's heart; you turn from her God—you
destroy body and soul—a more child, mother-
less and unprotected. I will not tell you what
Suzanne has been to me; how I have reared
her, worked, hoped, prayed for her, loved and
trusted her. All these things are doubtless
true, and commoable, and contemptible to
you. But if you had no fear of God or con-
sideration for man before your eyes, could you
not have had a little feeling, a little pity, an
atom of respect for a father—a daughter,
situated as you know us to be? Knowing,
moreover, that it is not in the heart or in the
hand of the minister of God to avenge the
wrong and shame done him, by the means
other dishonored fathers adopt?"
Utterly abashed and conscience stricken,
I strove to explain; but my emotion, and the
sudden difficulty that came over me in express-
ing myself adequately in a foreign language—
fluently as, under ordinary circumstances, I
spoke it—were little calculated to reassure
him.

"No," he said, "I know all. Your daily
meetings, your prolonged interviews, a certain
embarrassment I have lately noticed in child,
hitherto so frank and fearless; her altered
looks and manner—even note the demeanor
of both when I surprised you—what can I
conclude from such indication?"
"I swear to you," I at length found words
to explain, "that your daughter is wholly and
perfectly innocent. Think of me as you will,
but at least believe me in this, and assure your-
self that your child is sinless."
He looked at me scrutinizingly, for some
seconds; then his face and voice relaxed. "I
believe you! There is but one thing you can
now do, if you are sincere in your wish to re-
pair this evil. Promise me you will never see
Suzanne again, and that you will, as soon as
possible quit this neighborhood."
I promised, and we parted.
How I passed that night it needs not now
to tell, nor all the revolution the thoughts it
brought worked in my heart and in my ideas.
The immediate result was, that next morning
at dawn I rose from my sleepless bed, and
wrote to the pastor, asking his daughter's
hand; not concealing the difficulties of my
position, but adding that if he would overlook
present and material disadvantages he might
trust that no sin of omission or commission on
my part should ever cause him to regret his
having accorded his sanction to our marriage,
and that I feared not but that with time, pa-
tience, and perseverance, I should be able to
secure a means of existence.
At nineteen it is so easy to dispose of these
questions of ways and means; to obtain every-
thing and to dispense with everything.
The answer came quickly, brought by the
pastor in person.
"You are an honest lad," he said. "I will
not now enter into the question of your youth
and that of Suzanne—my child's reputation
is at stake, and she is deeply attached to you.
That of your prospects is one we have yet to
discuss; but the first subject to be entered
upon and fully explained is the one of your
father's consent to the marriage. In the first
place, by the law of France, which is, I be-
lieve, different to that of England, no man or
woman, even if of age, can marry without pro-
ducing proof of their parents' acquiescence.—
In the second, even were the law otherwise, I
should hold myself bound for conscience sake,
not to take advantage of the most desirable
proposal, if it were made against the wishes
and without the sanction of years. Are you
likely to obtain this?"
Here was difficulty I had neither anticipat-
ed nor provided for. I had thrown off all au-
thority, deeming my own sufficient for my gov-
ernance, and here, at the first important cri-
sis of my life, I found its inefficiency to get
me through my earliest difficulty. Supposing
I made up my mind tacitly to admit my mis-
take, and ask my father's consent to my mar-
riage, was it in the least likely that he would,
under all the circumstances, accord it?
Never mind, I must make the attempt and
so admitting to the pastor that I had not as
yet provided for such a contingency, he left me
to write to my father.
A week of agonizing suspense passed, during
which I in accordance with a promise made to
Suzanne's father, never sought to meet her—
nay, to avoid a shadow of suspicion, never
went to our chestnut wood, to get a peep of
her in the garden.
At last the letter came, and sick with agita-
tion, I tore it open. It was brief, grave, some-
what stern, but yet not different to what I de-
served, and what I expected.
My father said he had reflected much on my
demand:—that he saw many reasons why he
should refuse it, yet he was so anxious to meet
my wishes when they pointed to any course
that was not likely to lead me into moral
mischiefs, and that afforded me a chance of
obtaining steadiness of conduct, that if I could
provide him proofs of my intended bride's
character and position being such as I repre-
sented them, he would not withhold his permis-
sion.
This was easily done; proud and elate, I
baldly presented myself at the presbytery, and
within a month, we were married, despite all
the delays and difficulties that the French
laws, which seem especially framed to throw
every possible obstacle, hindrance, and petty
vexation in the way of the impatient lover,
could find to circumvent us.
I look back now to the time, and see through
my spectacles—though a little dimmed, now
and then—not myself, and my Suzanne,
the wife of my youth, as I saw her in those
days; but a boy and girl I remember to have
known then. A hopeful, happy, foolish pair;
brimful of youth and life and love; seeing all
things, each other included, quite other than
they were; yet so confident in themselves, in
their experience, their ideas, their impressions:
—living from day to day, like the birds on the
branch, as if all the world were their store-
house, and no tomorrow were before them.—
Quarrelling and making sweet friends again;
fretting about a look or a word, jesting at
questions involving the most important material
interests; averted looks and murmured pro-
posals over a flower presented and lost; not a
thought or a care for gold squandered.
The place was so endeared to me, and Su-
zanne and her father felt so reluctant to part,
that I resolved—my father, who made us a
small, though respectable allowance, not ob-
jecting—to settle, for a time, at all events, in
the neighborhood of La Rochelle.
So we too a little house in the midst of a
garden within five minutes walk of the pres-
bytery, and there we set up a household,
served by a plump Rochelaise d'ansel, whose
clear starched capot and gold earrings, heart
and cross, were on Sundays, the admiration of
the place; and a lad emancipated from sabots,
to work in the garden, and help Nannie in the
rougher occupations of the house. He fell in
love with her, I remember, and he being some
years her junior, and she being rather a belle
and virtuous withal, she was moved, by all
these united considerations, to box his ears on
his attempting to demonstrate the state of his
feelings by trying to kiss her; when attired as
above record, her beauty shone forth too res-

plendent for him to succeed in controlling his
youthful passion.
Before a year was out the two children had
a doll to put in the baby house, and to play
with from morning till night. They nursed it
alternately, and worshipped it, and had mo-
ments of jealousy about it, and wondered over
it, and found it a miracle of genius and intellect
when to stranger eyes it was capable of nothing
but sleeping and sucking and stretching its
toes before the fire.
When it should walk! O when it should
walk, and when it should speak its mother's
name! When it did, the child mother lay in
her grave in the Protestant cemetery at La
Rochelle, and the boy father took it there to
strew flowers on the turf.
When I first awoke from the stunning effect
of the blow, I was like the ship that, struck
full by a tremendous breaker, stands for a mo-
ment paralyzed and grieving, then staggers
blindly on, without rudder or compass, both
swept away in the general ruin.
The wild spirit within me, which the peace-
ful and innocent happiness of the last two years
had scotched and stilled, broke forth again, and
my first impulse was to rush from the scene of
my loss and felicity, and in a life of reckless ad-
venture seek to lose myself and all the recol-
lection of all I had won, I had been bereft of,
in that short space.
Thank God! I had the child that saved me.
And now at twenty-one, when most men
have hardly made their first start in life, I, a
father and a widower, had passed the first stages
of manhood's career, and was about to
gather up the scattered fragments of my youth's
hopes and prospects, and try to patch them to-
gether to carry me through the rest of it.
At first my father, now all affection and
sympathy, since the change my marriage
had brought, urged my returning with the
child to England. But this strange feeling,
partaking perhaps more of jealousy than any
thing else, made me decline doing. On Ma-
bel—"Ma belle," as Suzanne used to call her,
half-believing that that was really the transla-
tion of the name—had now concentrated all
the love and interest of my life. Here she was
all my own, I was all hers; nothing, nobody,
could lay any claim to the love, the time, or the
attention of either, so as to distract it from the
other. No one could exert influence or author-
ity over either, to the exclusion or prejudice,
in however slight a degree, of the other.
My child had no mother; no one else, there-
fore, however near or dear, should in any de-
gree, supply her place but myself. I would be
all and everything to her; and if she never
missed her mother, to me alone should she
owe it. A foolish thought, perhaps; perhaps
a selfish one—yet who shall say, seeing from
what it has doubtless saved me?
Happily the child was healthy, sweet-tem-
pered, and really, all paternal illusions apart,
singularly beautiful and intelligent. My baby,
my little Queen Mab! I see her now, as in
her black frock and straw hat I used to carry
her forth at first in the still warm evenings,
when the glow and the glare of the day had
passed by, and the sea-breeze stirred the roses
in the garden.
With her I did not feel quite so frightfully
alone; her signs, her attempts at speech, her
willfulness, her caresses, her ceaseless claims on
my aid and attention, withdrew me as noth-
ing else could from constant brooding over my
loss. Later, when I could bear it—I could
not, for a long time—I used to take her to the
chataigneraie, where I was wont to watch for
Suzanne, and sitting there as of old leave her
to play on the grass beside me, while with
half-shut eyes, I gazed on the glowing spot at
the end of the green walk, dreaming, dreaming,
with a gnawing at my heart, of the shadow
that used to cross it, of the foot-step that used
to come along that shaded alley of the path
with the hand on the wicket. Then I remem-
bered that now all the yearning and craving of
my soul ceased, as I fancied it did of old, bring
her one step nearer to me; and then my grief
and desolation would find vent in passionate
tears, and the child, who was too well used to
see me weep to be alarmed, as children mostly
are, would climb upon my breast, and draw
my hands from before my face, and kiss and
soothe me with her sweet baby caress.
It was a great though secret joy to me, that
though gentle and tractable to all, she could
be said to love no one but me. I think the
excellent pastor guessed the existence of this
feeling; for found he was of the child, and strong
and natural were his claims to her affection,
he ever avoided to put them conspicuously
forward, or to attempt in way, to interfere
with her management. For this, even more
than for his many other proofs of regard and
kindness, I was deeply grateful. I encouraged
the child to be familiar with him. But though
she showed deference and duty, and even re-
turned his caresses, I could see with secret tri-
umph that her heart was not in her acts, and
that as soon as she thought she ought, without
offence, return to me, she would glide from his
knee, and stealing to mine, nestled on my
breast, content to rest there till we were alone
again. Then the repressed spirits would break
forth, and she was once more gleeful and joy-
ous.
Early in the morning I would awake, and
behind the half-drawn curtain watch her play-
ing, silently, lest she should disturb me, in the
dewy garden. Wandering to and fro, with her
hands crossed behind her, now pausing before
that that flower, smelling it, sneaking the
pearled drops that lay in its cup; then racing
away suddenly, wild with strong young life,
prancing and plunging in imitation of a high
mettled steed, or chasing the kitten that was
not more graceful or lithe of limb than she.
And so on, till the opening of my lattice an-
nounced that I was astir. O, the sunshine of
the radiant face! She had her mother's
wondrous eyes, but with a fine fair English
complexion, and warm, light brown English
hair. Then pita-pat up the narrow staircase
came the quick step, the door was flung open,
and in two bounds she was on my bed, hugging
and kissing me, laughing, patting my cheeks,
laying her sweet cool face against mine, and
chattering the strange dialect between Eng-

lish and French, that was sweeter in my ears
than purest Tuscan.
Then off again, like a butterfly, opening my
books, putting my watch to her ear, and look-
ing solemnly curious at the sound; turning
over my clothes, scribbling wild flourishes on
my paper with pen or pencil; and, quick as
flight of bird, away again to announce to Nan-
nie that "le grand chere," the great darling,
was awake, and so hungry, so hungry for his
breakfast.
And so through the day, however, I might
be occupied, she was never away from me for
an hour. Light and restless, like some wing-
ed thing, she was to and fro, up and down in the
house and garden, all the livelong day danc-
ing, singing and talking to herself when I was
too occupied to attend to her; no more dis-
turbance to me in my busiest hours than the sun-
shine that streamed in all my window, or the
swallows that built and clipped in the eaves
above it.
Long walks we used to take together, she
bounding by my side, now clinging to my hand,
now springing off after wild flower or berry,
till lap and arms were full; all beaming and
joyous until a beggar came in sight; then the
bright face would lengthen, the step slacken,
and the small money I always carried in my
pocket to provide against such emergencies
was brought into request, and given with will-
ing hand and gentle words of pity and con-
dolence, and for some paces further the little
heart and brain were yet oppressed with the
impression of the sight of the suffering.
In the evenings, by the dying sunlight or
the winter fire, she would climb to my knee,
claiming a story; or improvised some original
one, she sat, with raptured face, gazing in
mine, those eyes so full of wondering interest,
those ruby lips apart, showing glistening teeth;
putting in now and then some earnest question,
pausing long at the close of the narrative to
muse over it and fully digest certain points
that had made a deeper impression than the
rest of the tale. Then, as the light fell and
the stillness of the evening deepened into night,
the head drooped on my breast, and, like a
folded flower, the blossom that brightened and
perfumed my lonely life slept quietly, while I,
sad and silent, wandered mournfully, over the
past.
I look back now to that period of my life,
and again it is not I whom I see sitting there
before me. It is one I knew, whose affections,
cares and troubles were as my own to me; but
whose thoughts, opinions, and aspirations were
quite other than those I now had, and on
which I now act. The child seems hardly real,
distinctly as I remember every—the slightest
—detail concerning her; she comes before me
in my lonely hours like the remembrance of
some vivid dream dreamed long ago; some vi-
sion sent to cheer and brighten my pathway
through some long past stage of existence that
then seemed drawing on to its close.
We knew so little what we can live through
and over, till the present is merged in the
things that have been; till the pages on
which are inscribed in black the great griefs
of our lives are turned, and those that contain
pleasanter passages are laid over them!
Mabel had believed her tenth year before I
had reached my thirtieth birthday; and all
that time we had never been a day separated;
had never lived any other life than the life I
have been describing.
I had taught her to read and write, Nannie
had taught her to sew; but other accomplish-
ments she had none. Partly that strange jeal-
ousy of other interference, partly a horror I
could not control of subjecting my fairy to the
drudgery of learning, made me shrink from call-
ing in other aid to advance her education. It
was better that it should be so. I am always
glad now to think that I did as I had done.
My child had been lent me, not given. For
ten years her blessed and soothing, purifying,
and holy influence was granted to tame and
save me. For ten years, God spared one of
his angels to lead me through the first stages
to Heaven!
The task accomplished, He saw fit to recall
the loan.
It is thirty years and upwards now, since
Mabel died.
I have buried another wife since then, and
two fair children; and four more yet remain
to me.
They are good, dear children to me, none
better, and handsome boys and girls too. But
they are none of them like my Mab, my little
fairy queen;—and I am not sorry, it is as well
as it is.
"Did you ever study grammar?" "I
did, sir." "What case is Mr. D.?" "He's an
objective case." "How so?" "Because he
objected to pay his subscription that's been
owing for over three years and a half."—
"Right. What's a noun?" "Don't know, but
I know what noun is." "Well, what is
it?" "Running off without paying the
printer, and getting on the black list as a
delinquent." "Good. What is a conjunc-
tion?" "A method of collecting outstanding
subscriptions in conjunction with the constable,
never employed by printers until the last ex-
tremity." "That's right. Go to your seat,
and quit shooting paper wads at the girls."
When Marievaux was extremely ill, Foun-
tenelle called upon him, and having reason to
suppose that he who never laid by any money,
might be in want of it at such an emergency,
offered him his purse. "Perhaps," said he,
"more may be convenient than you have by
you; friends should never wait to be solicited;
here is a purse with a hundred louis d'ors,
which you must permit me to leave at your
disposal." "I consider them," said Marievaux,
"as received and used; permit me now to re-
turn them with the gratitude such a favor
ought to excite."

B d Spelling and its Consequences.

Some years ago a teacher presented himself
as a candidate for the mastership of a school,
of which the salary was fifteen hundred dol-
lars. His qualifications were deemed satisfac-
tory in all respects, *except in spelling.* On ac-
count of this deficiency he was rejected. So
now, what ignorance in this elementary branch
cost him. In ten years his salary would have
amounted to fifteen thousand dollars, throwing
out of the calculation the increase which by
good investment might have accrued from in-
terest. Besides, the salary of the same school
has been advanced to two thousand dollars.—
But he might have remained in this position
twice or three times ten years, as other teach-
ers in the same place have done, and that large
amount, consequently, has been increased in
proportion.
A gentleman of excellent reputation as a
scholar was proposed to fill a professorship in
one of our New England Colleges, not many
years since; but in his correspondence so much
bad spelling was found, that his name was drop-
ped; and an honorable position was lost by
him. The corporation of the college conclud-
ed that, however high his qualifications as a
professor might be in general literature, the
orthography of his correspondence would not
add much to the reputation of the institution.
A prominent manufacturer in a neighbor-
ing town received a business letter from an in-
dividual who had contracted to supply him with
a large quantity of stock; but so badly was it
spelled, and so illegible the penmanship, that
the receiver found it nearly impossible to de-
cipher the meaning. An immediate decision
must be given in reply; and yet, so obscure
was the expression that it was impossible to de-
termine what should be the answer.
Delay would be sure to bring loss; a wrong
decision would tend to still more serious result.
Perplexed with uncertainty, throwing down
the letter, he declared that this should be the
last business transaction between him and the
writer of such an illegible communication; "for,"
said he, "I am liable to loose more in this
trade alone, than I can make in a lifetime of
business with him."
A gentleman who had been a book-keeper
some years, offered himself as a candidate for
the office of secretary in an insurance com-
pany. Although a man of estimable charac-
ter, possessed of many qualifications, he failed of
being elected because he was in the habit of
leaving words mis-spelled on his book. The
position would require him to attend to a portion
of the correspondence of the office, and it was
thought incorrect spelling would not *increase* the
company a very excellent reputation for their
method of doing business, what ever amount
might be transacted.
Inability to spell correctly exposes one to
pecuniary loss. It is, however, an obstacle to
an advancement to honorable station.—*Com-
mon School Teachers.*
An unpledged theologian has been "as-
tonishing the natives" in Cambridge Massachu-
setts, by preaching, of which the following is
a specimen:
"Viewing this subject from the esoteric
standing point of Christian eschatological analysis,
agglutinating the polysynthetic elct blast of
homogenous asceticism, we perceive at once the
absolute individuality of this entity. While
from the other standing point of incredulous
synthesis, which characterize the Xincroatic
hierarchy of the Jews, we are constantly and
impressed with the precisely anti-spiritual
quality thereof."
Cardinal Mazarin was dictating a letter
to his secretary. The latter, overcome with
incessant work, fell asleep, and the Cardinal
continued dictating, while pacing up and down
the room. When he came to the conclusion,
he turned to the Secretary, saying, "End as
usual." He then perceived that the first lines
of the letter were only written. To awake
him, he gave him a box on the ear; the Sec-
retary in fury retraced the blow. The Car-
dinal, without showing the least emotion, said
coolly, "Now, sir, we are now both awake,—
let us proceed with our letter."
If 24 grains make one pennyweight, how
many will make a hundred wait? If 16 drams
make one ounce, how many will make one
drunk? If 1-2 yards make a perch, how
many will make a henroost? If 40 rods make
one rood, (rode) how many will make one
sauer? If 40 feet of timber make a cord, how
many will make a cable? If 24 hours make a
Day, how many will make a Sultan? If 7
days make one week, how many will make
two weak? If 30 degrees make one sign, how
many will make twenty put down their names?
If 10 dollars make one eagle, how many will
make a crow?
When George IV. went to Ireland, one of
the "p'sinty," delighted with his affabil-
ity to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-
keeper, as the King passed through, "Oh,
now! and his majesty—God bless him!—never
paid the turnpike; an' how's that?" "Oh!
kings never does; we let 'em go free," was
the answer. "Then there's the dirty money
for ye," says Pat; "It shall never be said
that the King came here and found nobody to
pay the turnpike for him."
A Conference preacher one day went
into the house of a Wesleyan Reformer, and
saw suspended on the walls the portraits of
three expelled ministers. "What," said he,
"have you them there?" "Oh yes, they are
there," was the hasty answer. "But one is
wanted to complete the set." "Pray, who is
that?" "Why, the devil, to be sure." "Ah,"
said the Reformer, "he is not yet expelled
from the Conference."