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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, December 20, 1860

Original Poetry.

For the Bradford Reporter.
STANZAS!

The paltry things of earth,
How they engross mankind!
As if they were of worth,
Or ever could give birth
To lasting joys for mind!

But men go forth, they toil
From morning's dawn to eve,
Nor ever once recall
Mid each sad day's turmoil.
Though ne'er their good receive!

And thus till all is done,
They labor still in vain;
The setting of life's sun,
That well its course hath run
Leaves them with nought but pain!

Sad that a life should close,
With energies so high,
And leave for its repose,
In time unending, woes
And deathless agony!

Ah! better bill by far
From morn's first dawning,
Than from the least delay,
That bright and Morning Star
The Day spring of all bliss!

Laddburg, Pa. MARK E. REED.

Miscellaneous.

First Battle of the Revolution.

The following description of the battle of Lexington is from Bancroft's seventh volume of the history of the United States:

On the afternoon of the 18th of April, the day on which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, General Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several days been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals were connected to announce the first movements of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and in consequence, the Committee of Safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 19th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communications. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at the time, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading wet shoes, that are now covered by a stately bridge, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of the party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already at ten o'clock dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by the way of Charlestown. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the converted signal, and five minutes before the sentinels got up to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Summer-street man-of-war across Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The signal was winding with the young flood; the rising moon just peered above the horizon; and from a couple of lanterns in the tower of North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring town as fast as light could travel. Little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback, but being himself well mounted he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a pond, he escaped from the other by the aid of M-dford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington. The troops had not advanced far, when the firing of guns and the clanging of bells announced that their expedition had been heralded before them; and Smith set back to demand a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 19th of April, between the hours of twelve and one, the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who viewed at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high son of liberty" from Concord rode forward, calling on the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott escaped over a low stone wall, and galloped on to Concord.

There at about two in the morning, a peal from the bell of the meeting house called the inhabitants of the place to their town hall. They came forth, old and young, with their firelocks, ready to make good the resolves of their town debate. Among the most prominent was William Emerson, with his gun in hand, his powder horn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and prayers, he had so hallowed the enthusiasm of his flock that they held the defence of their country as a part of their religion, and his presence with arms proved his sincerity and strengthened their sense of duty. From day break to sunrise the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and volleys from minute men spread the alarm. Lexington, in 1775, may have had 700 in all, including one parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervid James

Clark, the bold in liter of patriotic papers that may yet be read on their town records. In December, 1773, they had instructed their representatives to demand a radical redress for their grievances, for "not through their neglect should they be enslaved." A year later they spurned the use of tea. In 1774, at various town meetings, they voted to increase their stock of ammunition, "to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defence against their enemies." In December they distributed to "the train band and alarm list, arms and ammunition," and resolved to supply the training soldiers with bayonets.

At two in the morning, under the eyes of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington Common was alive with the minute men; and not with them only, but with many old men also, who were exempt except in cases of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and out of the militia and alarm men, about one hundred answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be first to fire. Messengers sent to look out for the British regulars reported that there was no sign of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their homes; some to the tavern near the southeast corner of the Common.

Adams and Hancock, whose proscription had already been divulged, and whose seizure was believed to be intended, were compelled by persuasion to retire towards Woburn. The last stars were vanishing from sight—when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a Major of Marines, was discovered advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired and the drums beat. Less than seventy—perhaps less than sixty—obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting house.

The British vain, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up, and halted to load; and at half an hour before sunrise the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers, Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute men cried out "Disperse, ye villains; ye rebels disperse! Lay down your arms and disperse!" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried "Fire!" The order was instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and by a heavy, close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker, therefore, ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitive or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed and a private of the 10th light infantry was slightly touched on the leg.

Johns Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run for British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him to his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again when as sound a heart as ever throbbled for freedom was stifled by a bayonet and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Muzzey, and so died the aged Robert Monroe, the same who in 1758 had been ensign at Louisburg, Jonathan Harrington, Jr., was struck in front of his house on the north of the Common. His wife was at the window when he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on his hands and knees towards his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on the threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued and killed after they had left the green. Asaiah Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the Common.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded;—a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they had begun. Their names are held in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from accidental impulse of the moment; their action was the slowly ripened fruit of Providence and of time.

Headless of his own danger, Samuel Adams with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed, when he heard of the resistance at Lexington, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this," for thus he saw that his country's independence was hastening rapidly on, and like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm did but bear him more swiftly to the undiscovered world.

PICKLED ELEPHANTS.—Old Rowe keeps a hotel in the northern part of the state of New York, which he boasted, was the best in "those parts, where, as he used to say, you could get anything that was ever made to eat. One day in comes a yankee, sends his horse around to the stable, and stepping up to the bar, asked Old Rowe what he could have for dinner. "Anything sir," says Old Rowe, "anything, from a pickled elephant to a canary bird's tongue." "Wa'al," says the Yankee, eyeing Rowe, "I guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant." Out hustled Rowe into the dining room, leaving our yankee nonplussed at the gravity. Presently he came back again. "Well, sir, we've got em, but you'll have to take a whole one, 'cause we never cut 'em." The Yankee thought he would have some codfish and potatoes.

The Certainty of Science.

More than once we have had the gratification of testifying in favor of the great scientific attainments of Lieutenant MATRY, head of the Hydrographical department at Washington, and of the admirable manner in which he has practically applied them for the public advantage. He has literally mapped the Ocean, and has enabled navigators to traverse it, as much ease as landsmen pass over the earth—by the shortest and safest routes. Where navigation, whether by sailing vessels or steamers, was formerly pretty much a matter of guess-work, it is now almost a certainty.

Matry's reputation, like that of many other eminent persons here, is even greater abroad than at home. The greatest authority, which we quote with the deepest respect and veneration, has declared that a prophet has little respect in his own country. Assuredly, MATRY is esteemed as highly as any scientific man, all over Europe. A recent instance, illustrating this, lately occurred in England.

The Prince of Wales left Portland harbor, for England, on the 20th of October, in the *Hero*, a screw war steamer of ninety-one guns and large tonnage. It was expected that he would reach his native land some time before the 9th of November, which happens to be not only Lord Mayor's Day, in London, but also the anniversary of the Prince's birthday. Mail steamers from Boston and New York, which departed several days after the *Hero* quitted Portland, reached England before the above-named day. Some anxiety, if not actual apprehension, was felt as to the safety of the Royal Squadron. At the request of Queen VICTORIA, several steamers were despatched from Portsmouth, by the English Admiralty, to look out for the *Hero*, and afford assistance, if requisite. Each returned, without any tidings. In this emergency, the Admiralty applied to Lieutenant MATRY, who had left this country on a mail steamer, on a short leave of absence to visit Europe, and had left New York on the 27th of October—seven days after the Prince of Wales left Portland.

Lieutenant MATRY immediately made the desired report, which certainly shows how

Old Experience doth attain
To something like prophetic vein,
for he distinctly described what weather the *Hero* had encountered; what part of the Atlantic the winds had operated adversely on the voyage; what course the *Hero* must have been compelled to take, namely southerly; and about what time the Prince might be expected, after the delay caused by this detour. In a word, his report reassured the public mind—for Lieutenant MATRY is acknowledged as authority wherever white-winged Commerce extends her rule.

Immediately after, and precisely at that time indicated by MATRY—namely, on the 13th November—the Prince of Wales did arrive, much to the satisfaction of his family and the public.

Moreover, the exact course which MATRY said the *Hero* must have taken, turned out to have been an actuality,—indeed, a necessity induced by the particular winds occurring about the place and time mentioned in MATRY'S Report. The exactitude of science—that is of MATRY'S science—was exemplified here, and MATRY stands before the world as a prophet—before and not after the fact, as is the case in most modern instances.—Press.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.—Not many years ago two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—occupied, by chance, the same room in a suburban hotel. In the morning the "seedy" one arose first took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it at his forehead and backing against the door exclaimed to his horrified companion:

"It is my last desperate resort; I am penniless and tired of life; give me 500 francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer."

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant drama, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vanished, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw boned gentleman from Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning "Pike," awaking, discovered his room mate standing over him, with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the d— are you standing that for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply. "You give me one hundred dollars, or I will blow out my brains!"

"Well, then, blow and be damned!" replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you will be arrested for ze murdairer!" persisted the Gaul earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike; "oh, I see?" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five pound bowie from under his pillow, he sat upright.

"A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked, and, at the word, he started for the Gaul; but the latter was too nimble; the "boss pistol," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what may suit one person will not answer at all for another.

GARIBOLDI has resigned his dictatorship into the hands of Victor Emmanuel, and gone home to his rude farm on the little island of Caprea. After uniting Sicily and Naples, with their nine millions of people, to the Italian Kingdom, the liberator returns to the simplicity of his peaceful seclusion, refusing both wealth and titles, and rich in nothing but glory, and the mingled admiration and affection of the world.

Jake Willard and his Blind Horse.

The *Mobile Register* is responsible for the following mirth-provoking incident:

For twenty three years, old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil of Baldwin county, and drawn therefrom a support for self and wife. He is childless. Not long ago, Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well, twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that at some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot, an ill wind lifted Jake's "tile" from his head, and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the truant cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose he concluded to save time by going down into the well himself. To accomplish this, he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was quickly on his way down the well.

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that Ned Wells was in the old dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

The devil himself or some other wicked spirit put it into Ned's cranium to have a little fun, so he quietly slipped up to the horse, and unbacked the bell strap, approached with slow measured "ting-a-ling" the edge of the well.

"Confound that old blind horse!" said Jake, "he's a-comin' this way sure, and ain't got no more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, Ball!"

But the continued approach of the "ting-a-ling" said just as plainly as words that Ball wouldn't *whoa*. Besides Jake was at the bottom, resting, before trying to "shin" it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem," said he, "the old cuss will be a-top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. Whoa! Confound you, *whoa*."

Just then, Ned drew up to the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling upon his knees at the bottom. "I'm gone now, whoa. Now I lay me down to sleep—w-h-o-a, Ball—I pray the Lord my soul to—w-h-o-a, now. Oh! Lord have mercy on me."

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearful that Jake might suffer from his fright, he revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels from that well. Maybe Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order, and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot with his rifle at Ned. Maybe not. I don't know. But I do know that if Jake finds out who sent you this, it will be the last squib you'll get.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE DAYS IN THE WEEK.—In the Museum at Berlin in the hall devoted to northern antiquities, they have the representations of the idols from which the names of the days of our week are derived.—From the idol of the Sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on the breast, signifying his course round the world. The idol of the Moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat like a man, but holding the moon in his hands.—Tuisto, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garments of skin, according to their peculiar manner of clothing; the third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Thor from whence Thursday is seated in a bed, with twelve stars over his head holding a scepter in his hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand, and a bow in his left. Sater from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness; he is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard.—He carries a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

A MONSTER PRESS.—The Scientific American thus describes a monster steam press, upon which Moses S. Beach, who has just retired from the New York Sun, is at work:—

"He is even now just completing the construction of a monster steam press, by which the sheets are cut from rolls, dampened, printed upon both sides, at the rate of forty thousand impressions an hour, folded up, counted and delivered from the machine, ready for the carrier and the mail. This machine is as high as a common two story country dwelling house and it will, when finished, if the expectations of its inventor are realized, constitute a most extraordinary specimen of mechanical skill and ingenuity."

THE meanest act we have heard of lately, is recorded by the *Utica Telegraph*. A man in that city, who was requested to act as pall bearer at the funeral of a friend's wife, presented the bereaved husband with a bill of 50 cents for his services as pall bearer, and received his pay. If the devil don't catch that contemptible chap, there's no use of having any devil.

Said O'Leary to his niece, when she made objection to eating potatoes *above* during a stress of straightened circumstances: "Then call up your sister to help you."

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who slipped down on the icy pavement. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

WALKING A RAFT.—There was a fellow once stepped out of a door of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the regular old-fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long.

Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said to himself, "I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let my eyes behold the timbers that the hand of man hath hewn." So he got on at the lower end and began to amble over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as he got started, the raft started too, and as he walked up the river it walked down, both traveling at the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks he found they were pretty near ashore, and in sight of a tavern; so he belanded and walked right straight into the bar room he came out of. The general sameness of things took him little aback, but he looked at the landlord steady in the face, and settled "it in his own way."

"Publi-can," said he, "are you gifted with a twin brother, who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comportsing wood pile, and a corresponding circus bill a mile from here?"

The tavern keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so.

"And, publi-can, have you among your dry goods for the entertainment of a man and horse any whisky of the same size as that of your brother's?"

And the tavern man said, that from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, he had.

"They took the drinks, and the stranger said "Publi-can, but twin bother of yours is a fine young man—a very fine man, indeed. But do you know, I'm afraid that he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diptheria!"

"And what's that?" asked the toddy-sticker.

"It is when the truth settles so firm in a man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors of the catnip sort, call it lying.—When I left your brother's confectionery, there was a raft at his door, which he swore his life was a mile long. Well, publi-can, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to yours. Now, I know my time, and I'm just as good for myself as for a hoss, and better for that than any man you ever did see. I always walk a mile in exactly twenty minutes, on a good road, and I'll be busted with an overloaded Injun gun if I've been more'n ten minutes coming here, stepping over them blasted logs at that."

AMERICAN INVENTIONS.—Charles Reade, in his last book, writes as follows about American inventions:

"American genius is at this moment ahead of all nations for mechanical invention. I learn from Coryton, the last English writer on patents, that she took out her first patent in 1790; in 1800, took out 39 patents; in 1810 222; in 1830, 551; in 1840, 452; in 1849, 1,075. At this last date she headed Great Britain, and has maintained the lead ever since. Europe teems with the products of her mechanical genius. Her inventors draw large percentages from England, and no Englishman grudges them, for they leave us still their debtor. The preeminence this nation has attained in mechanical invention rests on the rock of statistics, and my little paltry experience can neither contradict nor confirm statistics; still, I cannot help remarking that I am sitting in London at this moment in a shirt which I happen to know was sewed by Mr. Singer's patent, and that there are three English newspapers on the table, two of which—the *Times* and *Lloyd's*—were printed by Mr. Hoe's patent; the other was worked off either by the Adams press (invented, I think, at Boston, Massachusetts) or else by the Columbian press which is still in vogue here, though long ago exploded in the leading nation. The constructive genius of this people, stimulated by sound legislation, teaches us lessons at every turn.—Look at their hotels, the wonder of the world; ours are only the terror. Look at their cities reticulated with telegraph wires, so that at the first alarm of fire an engine is rung for; here it is run for, and that is why it often finds the house on the ground floor, and grenches the smoking ruins, which hiss it for not managing better. I go through the Liverpool docks, and point out the biggest and smartest ships, and ask a sailor from what ports they came. It is always "Yankee, sir, Yankee!" We had been sailing yachts many more years than they had when they sent over the America and beat our fleet; and, observe, the victory was achieved by mechanical construction, and not by an extra cloud of canvas."

The wonderful progress of American inventions would appear more striking still by comparing the number of patents issued here in 1859 with those of Great Britain in the same year.

THERE is a touching beauty in the radiant look of a girl just crossing the limits of youth and commencing her journey through the checkered space of womanhood. It is all dew-sparkle and morning-glory to her ardent, buoyant spirit, as she presses forward exulting in blissful anticipations. But the withering heat of the conflict of life creeps on; the dew-drops exhale; the garlands of hope, shattered and dead, strew the path; and too often ere noon-tide, the brow and sweet smile are exchanged for the weary look of one longing for the evening rest, the twilight, and the night.

"My dear boy," said a kind-hearted school mistress to an unusually promising scholar whose quarter was about up—"my dear boy, does your mother design that you should tread the intricate and thorny path of the profession, the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery fields of literature?"

"No marm," replied the juvenile prodigy, "daddy says he is going to set me at work in the tater patch."

Educational Department.

Spelling and Spelling School.

The complaint is very general, that there is not enough attention paid to spelling in our schools; this complaint is not against the common schools only, but higher institutions are charged with like remissness.

It is alledged, and with truth we think, that schools are not as good as they were twenty years ago. There may be a partial reason for this in the fact that, twenty or thirty years ago there were but three or four branches ever taught in our common schools, consequently teachers had more time to bestow upon this important department. This may be a reason why it is so, but it is no excuse for its being so. It is as important now that every person that ever expects to write for others to read, should be able to spell correctly as it ever was, and if persons are better educated now than those were who attended school a quarter of a century since, they certainly should be able, with all the rest of their attainments to spell better.

A person's real practical education is more frequently estimated by his good or bad spelling than by anything else. If he spells badly, it will not help the matter very much, in the opinion of community, to have it known that instead of Orthography, he understands the higher mathematics, the sciences, and Latin and Greek. It is as true now as ever, "That it is no credit to be a good speller, but it is a great disgrace to be a poor one," and the better the scholar in other respects the greater the shame.

If all allow that this important, this essential branch is neglected, that our youth are growing up without knowing how to spell correctly many of the most common words in the English language, that schools of all grades are blame-worthy in this regard, if all agree that these things are so, will it not be well to inquire why they are so? No one pretends that it is not important to be a good speller, why then are there so many who do not spell well? No teacher pretends that he ought to neglect this branch, why then do nearly all do it.

Perhaps one reason is the fact mentioned above, that there are so many more things to study now than there were several years ago. Pupils like to study something beyond the spelling book, and parents and teachers indulge them, and when they become larger they are apt to think that Orthography is too small a matter for them to study, so they are allowed to pass through school without becoming good spellers. At the time spoken of, it was considered the highest honor of the school, to be the best speller, and for that honor pupils strove. So too the school in the township that could, on an extra occasion, spell down all the other schools, was the school above all others.

Evening spellingschools were then in vogue. In some portions of the country the teachers were obliged, by their contracts, to have one such school each week, to which all the schools were expected to go. Parents generally attended, and there was, if the matter was rightly managed, much enthusiasm excited; Schools prepared themselves to spell well, and were expected to spell well, for the parents were to look on, their favorites were there to see their disgrace if they did not spell well; pupils from other schools were frequently there to spell against them, and woe betide the boy or girl, the young man or the young woman, who did not do his or her best when the trying time came to spell down the rival school. To be prepared to appear well in the spelling battles, required study and drilling, and studying and drilling were done. In each house there would be a little spelling school every evening—a sort of company trainings preparatory to the general master when all were to come together to try their skill in the great spelling battle. Parents would either pronounce words for their children to spell, or would spell with them while some of the older ones gave out the words. Although there are objections to these evening schools, still we should like to have them brought in to use again in schools where they can be conducted with propriety, and by teachers who can conduct them in such a way as to be beneficial; but if they are made the occasions for the assembling of the young people of a neighborhood for a sort of a good time, for a kind of social gathering, in order to talk and laugh and be merry, in such cases they had better not be held. If a teacher cannot so manage a spelling school that it shall result in the improvement of his pupils, he had better not have them. We are sure the persons who attended these schools regularly, and participated in the exercises, and all of the pupils were obliged to do, learned more about spelling than they did in the day schools during the term.

COST OF DEPRAVED APPETITES.—Few people have any idea of the immense amount of money paid annually by this enlightened and Christian nation, for the indulgence of foolish and perverted appetites. The treasury tables for the past year present some facts on this subject, which should set the whole country a thinking. For instance, the fact is brought out that we annually smoke up in imported cigars our entire export of wheat, rye, oats, potatoes and apples, amounting to upwards of \$9,000,000. Our export of Indian corn and meal, amounting to \$2,114,605, is not sufficient to pay to the French cognac and other brandies, which we consume. It requires all the pork we export, \$3,756,470 worth, to support our watch-fobs; and we annually guzzle more champagne and port and such like mixtures of grape and alcohol, than all our beef and butter export, \$279,820, will pay for. No one will wonder, after this insight into our national economy, that although we sent abroad last year flour to the value of \$12,000,000, this immense sum will be of little use to us, as we only sent two-thirds of the interest on the debt we owe to Europe.