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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, March 14, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

THE SNOW FALL.

[The following lines are by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, though not included in the latest edition of his works:]

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway,
With a silence deep and white.
Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore a white, soft, downy coat,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was fringed inch-deep with snow.
From sheds, now roofed with Carrara,
Came Chanticleer's muffled cry,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down—
And still fluttered down the snow.
I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.
I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robes the lakes in the wood.
Up spoke our little Mabel,
Saying "father, who makes the snow?"
And I told her of the good old Father
Who cares for us all below.
Again I looked at the snow fall,
And thought of the heaven sky
That smiled our first great sorrow,
When the world was heaped so high.
I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-steepled woe.
And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the Merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"
Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

Selected Tale.

The True Hero.

Not many years since the good ship *Ponto* sailed from Boston, bound to Sumatra. She was commanded by Captain Isaac Jacobs, a good seaman and a naturally good hearted man, but in his long career beneath the trident of Neptune he had imbibed many of those false ideas prevalent among seamen, and he had come to look upon the sailor's life as one which necessarily did away with those warmer and generous feelings of character that mark the humane and generous landman. In this Isaac Jacobs sometimes lost sight of true merit, which actually existed.

Among the crew of the *Ponto*, on her present voyage, was a young man named Caleb Baker. He had shipped only three days before the ship sailed. He was a slender framed man, with a fair, prepossessing countenance, light blue eyes, and light brown hair. Though light in his build he was yet well stocked with muscle, and his motions were quick and energetic. His appearance was calculated to predispose beholders in his favor.

One day, shortly after the ship had left port as Baker was busy about some matters of his own in one of the gangways, one of the men, a rough, uncouth fellow, by the name of Bunkton, came along and gave the clothes-bag of Baker a kick out of his way, thereby scattering a number of things about the deck.

"I wish you'd be careful," said Baker, as he moved to gather up his things.

"Then keep your things out o' my way," growled Bunkton.

"They were not in your way."

"Do you mean to tell me I lie?"

"I said my things were not in your way."

"And I say they were. Now don't dispute me again."

"Very well, have it your own way," calmly replied Baker, as he drew his bag in towards the bulkheads.

"And don't you be impudent, neither," growled Bunkton.

"Look ye, Bunkton, if you've any business of your own, you'd better mind it."

"Eh, lubber? I'll show you my business. Take that."

As Bunkton spoke, he struck the young man upon the face. The crew had most of them gathered about the place, and arrangements were quickly made for a fight.

"Just come forward—come forward, and I'll show ye my business," cried Bunkton, bristling about with his fist doubled up.

"A fight! a fight!" cried half-a-dozen of the men. "Don't stand that, Baker."

The young man's eyes had flashed as he received the blow, and there was a quick quivering of the muscles in his hands, but he made no motion to strike.

"An't you going to take it up?" said Bunkton.

"No, I want nothing to do with you," returned Caleb.

"Then you are a coward!" uttered Bunkton, with a contemptuous tone and look.

Young Baker calmly replied to the taunt, and Bunkton became still more savage. Those who knew anything about the ocean life, will at once understand the sentiments of the present. They could comprehend but one kind of courage, and the moment that Baker refused to fight they set him down for an arrant coward. At first they had been prepossessed in his favor, for Bunkton was a quarrelsome fellow, and they hoped Caleb would flog him; but when they saw him quietly turn away and resume his work, they too began to taunt him.

"What's all this?" asked Captain Jacobs, who was attracted to the spot.

The matter was explained to him.

"Didn't resent it?" uttered the captain,

looking with mingled surprise and contempt upon Caleb. "Why didn't you knock him down Baker?"

"Because I don't want to fight with any man sir."

"And will you allow yourself to be struck, and not resent it?"

"I will defend myself in case of danger, but I will not so abuse myself as to engage in a brutal fight when it can be possibly avoided. I have as yet done wrong to no man; but were I to fight one of my shipmates, I should wrong him and myself both."

"Then you will have yourself looked upon as one who may be struck with impunity?"

A quick flush passed over the young man's face as the captain thus spoke, but he was soon calm.

"I mean, sir," he returned, "to give no one occasion to strike me; yet Bunkton struck me and you can see that he already suffers more from the effects of it than I do."

Bunkton gave Caleb the lie, and again tried to urge him into a fight, but the captain interfered, and quiet was restored.

From that time Caleb Baker was looked upon by the crew as a coward.

At first they taunted him, but his uniform kindness soon put a stop to these outward manifestations, and the feelings of the crew were expressed by their looks. Bunkton took every occasion he could find to annoy the young man, for he had taken his oath that he would "have a fight out of the coward yet."

The rest of the crew might have let the matter pass, had not Bunkton's continued behavior kept alive the idea of Baker's cowardice.

None, save himself, knew the great struggle that went on in the young man's bosom; but he had resolved that he would not fight except in actual and necessary self-defence, and he adhered to his principle. He performed his duties faithfully, and Captain Jacobs was forced to admit that tho' Baker was a coward, he was a good sailor.

Thus matters passed until the ship had doubled the Cape of Good Hope and entered the Indian Ocean. It was toward the close of a day that had been sultry and oppressive, that a fitful breeze sprang up from the southward. It came in quiet, cool gusts, and the canvas only flapped before it.

"We are likely to have a blow," remarked the mate.

"Not much, I think," returned the captain, as he took a survey of the horizon. "This spitting will soon die away, and I think the wind will then come from the westward. However, it may be well enough to shorten sail."

You may take in the t'gallants and close reef the tops'ls."

The order was quickly obeyed, and, as the captain had predicted, the spitting gusts died away, but there was no wind came out from the westward. It grew dark, but no wind had come. About ten o'clock those on deck were startled by a sudden darkening of the stars, and they saw a great black cloud rolling up from the southward. It soon hung over the ship like a black pall, and the men began to be frightened. The captain was called, but before he came on deck there came a crash as though the very heavens had been rent asunder. The old ship trembled in every joint, and a huge ball of fire rolled down the mainmast. Another and another crashing of the lightning came, and at length the electric light began to play about the ship in wild fantastic streams.

"The mainmast is struck," shouted one of the men. "See where its head is shivered!"

All eyes were turned to the spot, and by the next wild flash the men could see that a dangerous havoc had been made with the mainmast. The cap was shivered, the starboard cheek was nearly stripped off, and the trestle trees was quivering. Of course, the heavy topmast was only held in its place by the dubious trestle-trees, and the mainmast threatened every instant to come thundering to the deck, with the long topmast and top gallant mast in company. Such a catastrophe would prove fatal to the ship, and all were aware of it.

But while all hands were gazing at this, another danger arose. The low rumbling sound that had been muttering in the southward had escaped the notice of the crew, and ere they knew it the rushing, howling wind was upon them. The ship leaped like a frightened stag before the gale. The mate cut the mainmast sheets, and the sail was snapped into ribbons. The foretopmast was clewed up, and the ship got before the wind.

The lightning cloud was swept away, and it was dark as Erebus. The wind howled fearfully, but there was a sound more fearful than that. It was the creaking of the shattered trestle-trees, as the fid of the topmast bore down upon them.

"O God!" ejaculated Captain Jacobs, "if the trestle-trees give way we are lost. Hark! hear them labor!"

Away up aloft, in the impenetrable darkness, stood the giant topmast, and all felt that it could not stand there long. The men crowded aft, and with painfully beating hearts they heard the mast labor.

"If we could bring the ship broadside to," said the mate, "the weather rigging might be cut, and the mast would go overboard."

"True, true," returned the Captain; "but who'll go aloft and do the job? There will be no foot-hold in the top, for that will go with a crash. The trestle-trees are already shattered."

"If you will port the helm I will make the trial," cried a clear, strong voice, which was at once recognized as Caleb Baker's.

"It will be sure death," said Jacobs.

"Then let it be so," returned Caleb. "If I succeed, the rest of you may be saved; but now we are all in danger. Port the helm and I will go."

Caleb took the axe from the mizzenmast, and soon his form was lost in the darkness, as he moved toward the starboard rigging. The helm was put a-port, and the ship gradually gave her starboard side to the gale. Soon the blow of an axe was heard. There was a fearful straining and cracking—and then came the crash. The heavy topmast had gone

clear over the side. Fragments of the trestle and cross trees came rattling upon the deck, but all eyes were strained painfully toward the masthead. The dim outline of the heroic man could be seen safely hanging by the mizzen top-mast.

The ship was once more got before the wind and ere long Baker came safely to the deck. He staggered aft to the binnacle, and there he sank, fainting and bruised, upon the deck; but he was quickly conveyed to the cabin, and his wants were all met.

Caleb's bruises were none of them bad, and in a few days he was again at his duty. The men eyed him anxiously, and seemed uneasy as they met his smiles. The captain too, changed color when he met the kind, noble look of the young man, but soon overcame the false pride that actuated him, and stepping to the noble fellow's side, he took him by the hand.

"Caleb," said he, "if I have done wrong, I freely ask you to forgive me. I have called you a coward, but I did not know you."

"Think no more of it," said Caleb, with a beaming eye. "I once promised to one whom I loved better than life—my mother—that I would never do a deed of which I might afterward be ashamed."

Bunkton pressed forward. "Caleb," he said, seizing the hand of the young man in his hard fist "you must forgive me for what's passed. We'll be friends after this."

"Bless you, Bunkton, and friends we will be," returned Caleb.

"Yes," added Bunkton, "an' if you won't fight yourself, I'll fight for you, if ever you stand in need of it."

"I tell you, my men," said the captain, "there's certainly two kinds of courage; and, after all, I don't know but Caleb Baker's kind is the best. It takes a stronger and bigger heart to hold it, at all events."

Espinosa, the Dancer.

Many doubtless remember a very supple young man who traveled through this country some years ago—with the Raveles, we believe in the capacity of a dancer. A late number of the *London Era* contains an interesting sketch of his life, from which we take the following:

One day California with its golden prestige, fascinated our hero's mind, and forthwith he dreamed of nothing else, save artistic glory, ornamented with gold, and in the hope of gathering the same, he embarked for the Pacific Ocean. Crossing the Rocky Mountains he fell into the hands of a gang of cannibal robbers, who relieved him of all he possessed, and kept him a close prisoner for three months. Here he was destined to be roasted and served up at the table of the cannibal chief at their next grand solemnity! But Espinosa would not "grow fat" for the grand cannibal display; so when the day did come, he was tied, as useless flesh lumber, to the fatal tree, there to be tortured to death. The last savage dance had already begun around him, but the "pale-face" stood and looked undismayed; *non timeo sed spero*, thought he! During his captivity he had learned enough of the savages' dialect to make himself understood; so as the cannibals jumped and frisked around him, he suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! ye accursed red-skins! call ye that dancing? Loose my cords and I'll show ye what dancing is!" He was silent, and the capering red horde stopped suddenly short. The chiefs moved to a short distance, and held a conference! "*Conticure omnes, et vulgi stante coram!*" The result of which conference, was "Be it as the pale-face hath spoken; let him dance," spoke the principal Chief. Amid a yell of infernal noises a ring was quickly made, and Espinosa, loosened from his bonds, jumped into the middle of it with a *pirouette so moribond*, so fantastic, yet so outlandish and extravagant, that the red-skinned squatters giggled, and grinned, and chattered like monkeys. He then gave them a dance of the regular *gamin de Paris* style. He vaulted head over heels a la *Grimaldi*, pirouetted round the savage enclosure, within and without, and enraptured one and all. Finally, seeing the favor he was "stealing" into, he began the popular Paris dance called *La Sazette*, and through it he went, *con amore et peibus*, right and left, backward and forward, dispersing his audience on all sides, surprising them, delighting them, mesmerizing and entrancing them by his impromptu dance 'twixt life and death; and, while all were in solemn amazement and mute astonishment at the velocity of his twirlings and turnings, his jumping and vaultings, he suddenly vaulted into the vacant saddle on one of the fleet steeds of the chief, and, *presto*, off he went like an arrow, to the general admiration of the Red Skins, who mistook that *pas* for a part of his exhibition; or, as Doctor O'Toole says, "a part of his system!" But when the entranced savages saw him fly through the air, and when they lost sight of him, feelings of rage and vengeance succeeded admiration and delight, and yelling out their war cry, the best riders jumped on their steeds in pursuit of the "pale face Devil!" But "Fortune favored the brave," and Espinosa never saw the silly Red Skins more. What a dance he had of it on his "borrowed courser!" Yet 'twas only when his pursuers from afar saw him arrive in sight of a numerous and well armed caravan that they gave up all hope of recapturing their fascinating fugitive dancer; and, as a desperate signal of rage and vengeance, they fired off at him a shower of poisoned arrows, while he rode, under safe convoy towards San Francisco.

Whoever undertakes to put a joke on the razor-strap man is sure to get flogged in the long run. Recently while selling his straps at Plymouth, and expatiating the while on the evils of rum drinking a tipsy fellow cried out:

"If drinking rum made me lie as fast as you do selling your straps, I'd quit to day."

"Very good," replied strap-seller "the only difference between your lying and mine is this: your straps enable me to lie in a good warm bed, while rum makes you lie in the gutter."

Peter Cartwright.

A remarkable character was Peter Cartwright. He was a great anti-slavery man, and struck right and left to all who opposed him. One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatening that if ever he had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognised, said to the ferryman:

"Stranger, I want you to put me across."

"Wait till I am ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures upon Peter Cartwright. Having finished, he turned to Peter and said:

"Now I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman.

"Well, you've just been using my name improperly; and said if ever I came this way you would drown me. Now you've got a chance."

"Is your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman.

"My name is Peter Cartwright."

Instantly the ferryman seized the preacher; but he did not know Peter's strength; for Peter instantly seized the ferryman, one hand on the nap of his trousers, and plunged him into the water, saying:

"I baptise the (splash) in the name of the devil, whose child thou art."

Then lifting him up, added:

"Did you ever pray?"

"No."

"Then its time you did."

"Nor never will," answered the ferryman. Splash! splash! and the ferryman is in the depths again.

"Will you pray?" asked Peter.

The gasping victim shouted:

"I do anything you bid me."

"Then follow me," "Our Father which art in Heaven," &c. Having acted as clerk, repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried:

"Now let me go."

"Not yet," said Peter, "you must make three promises—First that you will repeat that prayer morning and evening as long as you live; secondly, that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and thirdly, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do you promise and vow?"

"I promise," said the ferryman.

And strange to say, that man afterwards became a shining light.

A Case Hardened One.

Bill Rigdon, whose exploits down on Red River we have mentioned before, had been drinking some, and contrary to his usual custom, was blowing considerably, and finally he could run faster, jump higher, dive deeper, and come out dryer, chew more to backer, drink more whiskey, and do more strange, queer and impossible things than any man in the crowd, winding up by offering to throw any man or fight a dozen, one at a time, then and there. A tall, cadaverous, fever-and-ague-looking chap got up and said:

"I'm in for that last, stranger. I'm some on a wrastle myself, and I'll try you."

At it they went, and Bill got thrown badly. They then tried jumping, and Bill was enched again. There was no water near to experiment at diving in, and Bill himself proposed that they should try some whiskey.

"Wolf" said fever-and-ague, "I don't chew tobacco, but I jist kin drink you dead drunk in an hour."

"Never!" shouted Bill, and they sat down while the time away by playing euchre.

Game after game and glass after glass passed, without the least apparent effect upon the stranger, while Bill showed it badly, soon not being able to tell the cards or even to handle them. At this stage the pale face arose, remarking:

"Wal, I guess as how you're drunk enough, and if you'll make me one drink I'll mount my pony and be off."

"What'll you have?" said the clerk.

"Got any brandy?"

"Yes."

"Put in a middling dram." It was done.

"Got any red eye?"

"Yes."

"Wal, a leetle of that. Any turpentine?"

"Plenty."

"About a spoonful put in. Any red pepper?"

"Yes."

"Shake in some; and now, my boy, if you'll put in a leetle of that aquafortis I see up thar, I'll take my drink and be gone."

"My —" groaned Bill, "I should think you would. I give it up. I'm beat. Don't drink it."

Amid the roars of the crowd the pale gent mounted his pony and cantered away.

At the criminal term of the Superior Court, now being held in Lawrence, Mass., a little boy, six years old, was called as a witness in an assault case. The District Attorney, having some doubts whether a boy of so tender age knew the nature of an oath, proceeded to ask him a few questions, as follows:

District Attorney—Little boy do you know what it is to testify?

Little Boy—I suppose it is to tell the truth.

District Attorney—Yes, but what would be the consequences if you did not tell the truth?

Little Boy—I suppose I should be sent to jail.

District Attorney—But would not God punish you?

Little Boy—No, I guess not; dad's a Universalist!

SEE HOW THEY GROW.—The other day we were reading, says a Boston paper, of a jolly old Frenchman, in one of the towns of Illinois who boasts of having built the first house on the present site of Chicago, a city that now has a population of something like 135,000.—This reminds us of an incident that happened to us some score of years ago, in Cincinnati.—We were smoking our post-prandial cigar in the reading room of Cromwell's Hotel, in company with a couple of friends, when an amphibious-looking person, half farmer, half flatboatman, joined in our conversation on some slight pretext.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said he, "but you are speaking of the rapid growth of this city. Now, I suppose you would be surprised if I told that I heard the entire site of Cincinnati offered in trade for two barrels of whiskey, a box of tobacco, and a flatboat, would you not?"

We assented, and asked the particulars.

"In 1791," said he, "I was a lad of sixteen, and one of the crew of a cerelle boat that we used to drift down to New Orleans with a cargo, and track up again to Fort Duquesne after we had sold out our load. Deer Creek, that runs up by the side of the city here, was one of our favorite stopping places. A man by the name of Lloyd, who had a log cabin, with a blacksmith's forge and a bullock yard just about here, owned all the land on which this city now stands. One night we had tied the boat up at Lloyd's and, with another boat's crew, were smoking our pipes in the shanty, when Lloyd said to our skipper: 'I have got about tired of living here, Jim, and I'll make a trade with you.' 'What is it?' said our captain. 'Well, I will give up to you all my right and title in this house and my tract of land, for your boat and cargo.' 'Why, Lloyd,' said the skipper, 'I wouldn't give you a barrel of whiskey for the whole Cincinnati bottom!'

"That's a fact, gentlemen; and now look at this splendid city!" and the tears actually came into the old fellow's eyes as he pointed out of the window.

RAISING THE TREMONT HOUSE, CHICAGO.—The Tremont House, and about an acre of houses thereon, commenced rising to grade this morning. There are five thousand screws under the house, and a gang of five hundred men employed, giving each man the supervision of ten screws. The power was applied at ten o'clock this forenoon, and at eleven o'clock the immense weight of building had been raised three inches. It has yet five feet nine inches to rise, which the contractors assure us will be completed on Saturday night next. As a proof of the immense power of the screws, it may be stated that when the building commenced rising, a portion of the foundation, which is a stone wall six feet in depth, cemented with an unusually tough cement, and resting on white oak planks, and those in turn upon the clay, was torn off as easily as if it had been of straw. This part of the foundation had not been disconnected from the main building. The rear part of the hotel, 180 by 100 feet, has been cut off, and is now being torn down to make room for the new kitchen and dining apartment. The contractors inform us that the Tremont rises better and more satisfactorily than any building they have ever raised in Chicago.—*Chicago Journal*, 25th.

AN EDITOR IN DISGUISE.—Wm. H. Clark, the editor of the *Mendall*, (Ill.) *Clarion*, loves a good joke, and never lets an opportunity slip that promises a dish of fun. Here is his last:

"DISGUISE.—We have lately got a new suit of clothes, and no man could be more effectively disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting them on we felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long time thought we were swamped off. We went to the house and scared the baby into fits; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and told us that we would find him at the office: went there, and pretty soon one of our business men came in, with a strip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked him if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted him to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe he would be in; business man left. Started to the house again; met a couple of young ladies one of them asked the other, 'What handsome stranger is that?' In this dilemma we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us as can be. The next time we get a new suit, we shall let her know beforehand."

TOO SHARP FOR HIM.—The *Agriculturist* relates the following anecdote of Prof. Johnston, of Middletown University. "He was one day lecturing to the students on Mineralogy, and had before him quite a number of specimens of various sorts to illustrate the subject. A roguish student, for sport, slyly slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The professor was taking up the stones one after another, and naming them. 'This,' said he, 'is a piece of granite; this is a piece of felspar, etc.; presently he came to the brickbat.—Without betraying any surprise, or even changing his tone of voice, 'This,' said he, holding it up, 'is a piece of impudence!' There was a shout of laughter, and the student concluded he had made little by that trick."

OUR EARTHLY LIFE.—My life is a frail life; a life which, the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth; the further it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death; a deceitful death. Now I rejoice, and now I languish; now I flourish, and now I fade; now I live, and now I die; now I laugh, and now I weep! O joy above all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God?—*Augustine*.

Every morning we enter upon a new day carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. Thoughts may be born to day, which may never be extinguished. Hopes may be excited to-day, which never expire. Acts may be performed to-day, the consequences of which may not be realized till eternity.

Educational Department.

History in Common Schools.

NUMBER I.

Of all the subjects of popular education, where used in the every day life of the masses of the people, there is not one so much neglected in our common schools, as that of history. No teacher, nor board of Directors, would for a moment think of excluding reading, or arithmetic, or writing, or geography, or indeed English grammar from our common schools; yet none of these subjects are of more practical importance, than a knowledge of the past. If any one will take the pains to classify the different kinds of knowledge taught in our schools, which men use most in the ordinary concerns of life, it will be found that none of them takes a higher rank, than a history of the men and events of the past.—There is scarcely a subject about which we converse, nor a business in which we engage, where a knowledge of history is not of advantage, if not of absolute necessity. Even a common newspaper paragraph, to say nothing of the science of government, of political economy or political philosophy, or of education, cannot often be understood, unless illuminated by the light of past experience. A subject thus interwoven into the texture of popular knowledge ought most certainly, to form a part of popular education.

There is an old maxim in philosophy, that all knowledge is one, that the present is but the continuation of the past. If this be true, we can never gain a complete and exhaustive idea of a subject, by just viewing that part of it which is under our immediate notice; and hence the importance of all of our studies can only be seen by a reference to their history.—For example, in the study of geography, we find in our books whole pages devoted to the most minute description of England, France, Germany and the United States, while other countries which occupy far more space on the maps are passed over with as many lines.—The inquiry is at once started, why this difference? The answer most obviously suggested is, on account of the greater importance of these former countries to the general well-being of mankind, than the latter. But the next question, how came England to be superior to Turkey, or the United States to Mexico? cannot be answered without a knowledge of their history.

It would be difficult to find any practical or useful purpose to which the description of a country may be applied that does not apply with equal force to its history. The two illustrate each other and should be studied together. In fact many localities have a place upon our maps and in our books, only because of some event which transpired there in years gone by. What would give Jamestown a place on our maps, if it were not for being the place of the first permanent English settlement in North America? What would give St. Helena or Elba their locality, and their page, but the fact that they were connected with one of the greatest of modern heroes. Now carry out this principle. When a locality is learned, associate with it an event or series of events which transpired there, and they will assist each other in being held in the memory; the event will help impress the locality of the place, and the place will fix the event. And what is true of the relation of History to Geography is true of its relations to all the subjects of common school education. Every article in our readers has its peculiar incidents of composition or delivery, and every rule and almost every example in Arithmetic has its history which if known would contribute beyond all computation, to the interest of those studies. A subject so intimately connected with all the subjects of popular education, ought certainly to have a place in the peoples colleges.

TERRYTOWNS, PA. d. c.

EDUCATORS.—Upon the importance of Education too much cannot be said or written, provided it be done by the proper persons.—There is, however, a class of writers both in England and in this country, who evidently wish to engross the public attention, and to have the privilege of saying all that is to be said on this subject. To these persons, I am doing no injustice, when I say of them, *they have an axe to grind*. Some of them are seeking political preferment, and all of them wish to gain a well filled purse. Parents ought to know that he who puts their child upon the head, calling him a good boy, or writes diatribes against whipping, is not necessarily the most benevolent man that lives, although that good mothers and weak fathers seem disposed to think so.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.—There are few continuous acts of wickedness that one could not sooner pardon than the wanton infliction of misery on children; none that rests so heavy on the conscience. To make the period of childhood miserable is sin which the poor victim, however amiable, cannot forgive. In the very nature of things it is impossible; its effects are enduring. Offences in after life may be expiated—may be overcome by benefits—may be effaced by remorse and atonement, but cruelty to children!—no, it is not in human nature to forgive it; those who are capable of the atrocity, are almost always the most dastardly cowards, and when brought into contact in after life with the victims of their cruelty, endeavor to propitiate forgiveness by the basest servility.

THE RULING PASSION.—We scarcely know of a more touching incident of "the ruling passion strong in death," than are the last words of a schoolmaster, who for upwards of thirty years, had gone in and out before successive little flocks in the same place, when the film of death was gathering over his eyes, which were soon to open in the presence of Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them, he said: "It is getting dark—the boys may go out—school's dismissed!"