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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

GONE AWAY.

I see 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 ne'er will pass the doors again.

And strolling down the orchard slope,
(So wide a likeness grief will crave.)
Each dead leaf seems a withered hope,
Each mossy hillock looks a grave.

They will not hear me if I call;
They will not see these tears that start;
'Tis autumn—autumn with its fall—
And words 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 merriment's deeper tones were blent
With the gay laugh of happy girls.

O stolen meetings at the gate!
O lingerings at the open door!
O moonlight rambles, long and late!
O 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 tenant finds too cold,
And leaves, for evermore, as they
Have left this homestead, red and old.

Poor empty house! poor lonely heart!
There were well it bravely, side by side,
You waited till the hand of Time
Each rain'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.

I cross the little ice-bound brook,
(A summer 'tis a noisy stream.)
Turn round to take a last fond look,
And all has faded like a dream.

Selected Tale.

"COBWEBS."

"Hist look there!"

The speaker was one of two young men, who had come up to the mountains on a pedestrian and sketching expedition from the city of Philadelphia. As he spoke, he laid his hand on his companion's arm. The person he addressed looked, and saw a little girl, about ten years old, advancing in an old blackberry bush. She was as brown as a berry from exposure to the sun, and her feet and arms were bare, but there was a grace about her, as she came tripping forward, that a princess might have envied. Just in front of her a spider had spun his trap across the path, and as the young man spoke, she slightly stopped her head, and raising her hands pushed the cobwebs aside.—It was this artless, natural movement which completed the picture.

"I should like to paint her," said he who had spoken.

"What! love at first sight?" answered his companion, laughing. "To think of the fastidious Clarence losing his heart to a sunburnt fairy! You are eighteen, and she about ten—oh! you can afford to wait."

The conversation had been carried on in whispers. The child, still advancing, had by this time come opposite to the two young men. Seeing them she stopped and stared curiously at them, as a young deer that had never been hunted may be supposed to stop and regard the stranger that enters the forest. Her bright, speaking face, as she thus stood gracefully arrested, was not less beautiful, in its way than her little figure.

"My dear," said the last speaker, "would you like to be made into a picture? My friend here is a painter, and will give you a dollar if you will let him sketch you."

The girl looked from the speaker to his friend. Something in the latter's face seemed to restore the natural confidence which the free-and-easy air of the other had for the moment shaken. She drew closely up to him, as if for protection.

"I have read of pictures," she said, gazing up in his face, "but never saw one. Is it a real picture of me you will make?"

The artless appealing of the child went to the young man's heart. He would as soon have joined in bantering her as in bantering a sister. He took her hand as he replied, "I will make as good a picture of you as I can, if you will let me—a picture like one of these" and he opened his portfolio, which contained various sketches.

"Oh! how beautiful!" cried the child. It was evident that a new world had opened to her. She gazed breathlessly at sketch after sketch till the last had been examined, and then heaved a deep sigh.

"Please, sir," said she timidly, at last, "will you give me my picture when you have painted it?"

"No!" interposed the other young man, "but we will give you a dollar."

She turned on the speaker, let go the hand she had been holding, and drew herself up with sudden indignation.

"I do not want your dollar," she said, with proud delicacy. She was turning to escape, when the artist, recovering her hand, said soothingly, "never mind him, my dear, I will paint two pictures, and give you one. Come, will that do?"

Reassured, the child took the position indicated to her, and Clarence Harvard, for

that was the young artist's name, began rapidly painting. Before noon, two hasty sketches in oil were finished.

"There," he said, drawing a long breath, "you have been as quiet as a little mouse, and I am a thousand times obliged to you. Take that home," and he handed her the sketch, "and may be, some of these days, you will think of him who gave it to you."

"That I will, all my life long," artlessly said the child, rapturously gazing on her new possession with an enthusiasm partly born of the artist-soul within her, and partly the result of a child's pride in what is its own special property.

"Oh! yes," interposed the other youth, "you will promise to be his wife some day, won't you, Miss Cobwebs?"

The child's eyes flashed as she turned on the speaker. Her instinct, from the first, had made her dislike the sneering man. She stamped her pretty foot, and retorted, sanctily, "I'll never be yours, at any rate, you old snapping-turtle!" and, as if expecting to have her ears boxed, if caught, she darted away, disappearing rapidly down the path whence she had come.

Clarence Harvard broke into a merry laugh in which, after a moment of anger, his companion joined him.

"You deserve it richly," said Clarence; "it's a capital nickname, too; I shall call you nothing else, after this, than snapping-turtle."

"Hang the little jade!" was the reply.—

"One wouldn't think she was so smart. But what a shrew she will make! I pity the clo-hopper she marries; she'll heap-kick him out of all peace, and send him to an early grave."

Nothing more was said, for at that moment a dinner horn sounded, and the young men rose to return to the roadside inn where they had stopped the night before. Their time was limited, and that evening, knap-sacks on back, they were miles away from the scene of the morning. A week later they were both home in the city, Clarence hard at work perfecting himself in his art, and his companion delving at Coke and Blackstone.

Years passed. Clarence Harvard had risen to be an artist of eminence. His pictures were the fashion; he was the fashion himself. Occasionally, as he turned over his older sketches, he would come upon "Cobwebs," as he was accustomed, laughingly, to call the sketch of the child; and then for a moment he would wonder what had become of the original; but except on these rare occasions, he never even thought of her.

Not so with the child herself. Nellie Bray was a poor orphan, the daughter of a decayed gentleman, who, after her father's death, had been adopted by a maternal uncle, living on a wild, upland farm among the Alleghenies. Her childhood, from her earliest recollection, had been spent amid the drudgery of a farm. This rude but free life had given her the springy step and rosy cheek, which had attracted the young artist's attention, but it had failed to satisfy the higher aspirations of her nature—ambitions which had been born in her blood and which came of generations of antecedent culture. The first occasion on which these higher impulses had found congenial food was when she had met the young artist. She carried the sketch home, and would never part with it. His refined, intellectual face, haunted all her day dreams. From that hour, a new element entered into her life; she became conscious that there were other people beside the dull, plodding ones with whom her lot had been cast; she aspired to rise to the level of such; all her leisure hours were spent in studying; gradually, through her influence, her uncle's household grew more or less refined; and, finally, her uncle himself became ambitious for Nellie, and, as he had no children, consented, at his wife's entreaty, to send the young girl to a first class boarding school.

At eighteen the barefooted rustic, whom the young artist had sketched, had dawned into a beautiful and accomplished woman, who after having carried off the highest prizes at school, was the belle of the country town, near which her uncle's possessions lay. For, meantime, that uncle had been growing rich, like most prudent farmers, partly from the judicious investments of his savings. But, in spite of her many suitors, Nellie had never yet seen a face that appeared to her half so handsome as the manly one of the young artist, whose kind, gentle words and manner, eight years before, had lived in her memory ever since.—Often, after a brilliant company, where she had been queen of the evening, she found herself wondering, in her chamber, if she should ever see that face again.

"Are you going to the ball next week?" said one of Nellie's friends to her. "They say it is to be the most splendid affair we have ever had. My brother tells me that Mr. Mowbray, the eloquent lawyer from Philadelphia, who is in the great case here, is to be present."

"I expect to go," was the answer. "But Mr. Mowbray being there won't be the inducement."

"Oh, you are so beautiful, you can afford to be indifferent. But all the other girls are dying of the very thought."

The ball came off, and was really superb.—Mr. Mowbray was there, too, with all his laurels. The "great case," which had agitated the county for so many months, had been concluded that very day, and been decided in favor of his client. No such speech as Mr. Mowbray's, it was universally admitted, had ever been heard in the court house. Its alternate wit and argument had carried the jury by storm, so that they had given a verdict without leaving the box. The young lawyer, at that ball, was like a hero fresh from the battle field. A hundred eyes followed his form, a hundred fair bosoms beat quicker as he approached. But he saw only one in all that brilliant assembly—and it was Nellie. Her graceful form, her intelligent face, her style and beauty, arrested him the moment he entered; he saw that she had no peer in the room and he devoted himself to her almost exclusively, throughout the evening.

Nor had Nellie ever shone so brilliantly.—

She could not but feel that it was a great compliment to be thus singled out from among so many. But she had had another motive for exerting herself to shine. At the very first glance, she recognized in Mr. Mowbray the companion of the artist who had sketched her eight years back. In hopes to hear something of his friend, she turned the conversation upon art, the city, childhood, and everything else that she thought might be suggestive; but in vain. She could not be more definite, because she wished to conceal her own identity, for it was evident Mr. Mowbray did not know her; besides, her natural delicacy shrank from inquiring about a perfect stranger.

The next day, as soon as etiquette allowed, Mr. Mowbray was seen driving up to the farm. Nellie appeared, beautifully attired, in a neat morning dress, and looking so fresh and sparkling, in spite of the late hours of the night before, that it could hardly be considered flattery when her visitor assured her that she looked lovelier than her loveliest roses.—Mr. Mowbray was full of regrets at cruel fate, which, he said, compelled him to return to the city. He could not conceal his joy when Nellie's aunt, inadvertently, and much to Nellie's secret annoyance, let out the fact that in the fall Nellie was to pay a visit to an old school-mate in Philadelphia, Miss Mary Stanley.

"Ah, indeed!" cried the visitor, and his face flushed with pleasure. "I am so delighted. I have the honor to know Miss Stanley. You will be quite at home in her set," he added, bowing to Nellie; "for it is, by common consent, the most cultivated in the city."

Nellie bowed coldly. Her old distrust in the speaker had revived again. Through all the polish of his manner, and in spite of his deferential admiration, she recognized the same sneering spirit, which believed in nothing true or good, from which she had shrunk instinctively when a child. During the interview she was civil, but no more. She could not, however, avoid being beautiful; nor could she help speaking with the intelligence and spirit which always characterized her conversation; and so Mr. Mowbray went away more in love than ever.

A few months later found Nellie domiciled for the winter in Philadelphia. Hardly had she changed her traveling dress, when her friend came to her chamber.

"I want you to look your prettiest to-night," said Miss Stanley; "for I expect a crowd of beaux, and among them Mr. Mowbray, the brilliant young lawyer, and Mr. Harvard, the former claims to have met you, and raves everywhere about your beauty. The latter, who is a great artist, and very critical, laughs at his friend's enthusiasm, and says he would bet you are only a common rustic, with cheeks like peonies. So I wish you to convert the heretic."

"Only a common rustic," said Nellie to herself, heartily; and she resolved to be as beautiful as possible. Perhaps, too, there was a half formed resolve to bring the offender to her feet in revenge.

A great surprise awaited her. When she entered the drawing-room that evening, the first stranger she saw was the identical Clarence, who had painted her as a barefooted little girl; and then, for the first time, it flashed upon her that this was the great artist who had spoken contemptuously of her charms.—Notion proved correct; for Miss Stanley, immediately advancing presented the stranger to her as Mr. Harvard. A glance into his face reassured Nellie of his identity, and satisfied her that he had not recognized her; and then she turned away, after a haughty courtesy, to receive the eager felicitations of Mr. Mowbray.

There were conflicting emotions at war in her bosom that evening. All her old romance about Clarence was warmed upon by her indignation, as a belief in his slighting remarks and at his present indifference; for he had made no attempt to improve his introduction, but left her entirely to the crowd of other beaux; prominent among whom was Mr. Mowbray.—Piqued and excited, Nellie was even more beautiful and witty than usual. Late in the evening she consented, at Miss Stanley's request, to play and sing. She first dashed off some brilliant waltzes, then played bits of a few operas, and at last, at Mr. Mowbray's solicitation, sang several ballads. Few persons had such a sympathetic voice, and Clarence, who was passionately fond of music, drew near fascinated. After singing, "Are you sure the news is true?" "Bonnie Dundee," and others which had been asked for Clarence said:

"And may I, too, ask for my favorite?"

"Certainly, sir," she answered, with the least bit of hauteur. "What is it?"

"Oh! too sad, perhaps, for so gay a company. 'The Land of the Real.' I hardly dare hope you will consent."

It was her favorite also, and her voice slightly trembled as she began. From this or some other cause, she sang it as even she had never sung it before, and when she finished her eyes were full of tears. She would have given much to have seen Clarence's face, but she could not trust herself to look up; and partly to conceal her emotion, partly by a sudden impulse, she struck into the "Miserere of 'Il Trovatore."

Nobody there had ever before realized the full tragedy of that saddest, yet most beautiful dirge. Even the selfish heart of Mr. Mowbray was affected. When the last chord had died away, he was the first one to speak, and he was profuse in admiration and thanks.—But Clarence said nothing. Nellie, at last, looking towards him, saw that his eyes had been dim as well as her own. She felt that his silence was the most eloquent of compliments, and from that hour forgave him for having called her a "common rustic."

Clarence soon became a constant visitor at Mr. Stanley's. But he always found Mr. Mowbray there before him, who endeavored in every way to monopolize Nellie's attention.—Reserved, if not absolutely haughty, Clarence left the field generally to his rival; and Nellie, half indignant, was sometimes tempted to affect a gaiety in Mowbray's company which she was far from feeling. Occasionally, how-

ever, Clarence would assert his equal right to share the company of Miss Stanley's guest, and at such times his eloquent talk soon eclipsed even that of the brilliant advocate. As Nellie said in her secret heart, it was Ruskin against Voltaire. And the more Clarence engaged in these conversations, the more he felt that, for the first time in his life, he had met one who understood him.

One morning the footman came up to the little paneled boudoir where Nellie and her friend were sitting, saying that Mr. Mowbray was in the parlor, and solicited a private interview with the former. Nellie rose at once, for she foreboded what was coming, and was only too glad to have this early opportunity of stopping attentions which had become unendurable to her.

Mr. Mowbray was evidently embarrassed, an unusual thing for him. But he called, and came directly to the purpose of his visit which was, as Nellie had suspected, to tender her his heart and hand. He was proceeding in a strain of high-toned compliment, when Nellie said, with an impatient wave of the hand:

"Spare me, sir. You did not always talk so."

He looked in astonishment.

"Many years ago I answered you the same question which you now ask.

"He colored up to the temples. "I surely do not deserve," he then said, "to be made a jest of."

"Neither do I make a jest of you. Do you not know me?"

"I never saw you till this summer."

"You saw me eight years ago. You and a friend were on a pedestrian tour. You met a little barefooted girl, whom your friend made a sketch of, and whom you jeered at and then nicknamed." And rising, she made a mock courtesy, for she saw she was now recognized: "I am 'Cobwebs,' at your service, sir!"

The discomfited suitor never forgot the look of disdain with which Nellie courted to him. His mortification was not lessened when, on leaving the house, he met Clarence on the door steps. He tried in vain to assume an indifferent aspect, but he felt that he had failed, and that his rival suspected his rejection.

Nelly could not avoid laughing at the crest-fallen look of her old enemy. Her whole manner changed, however, when Clarence entered. Instead of the triumphant, saucy tormentor, she became the conscious, trembling woman. Clarence, who had longed for, yet dreaded this interview, took courage at once, and in a few manly words, eloquent with emotion, laid his fortune at his Nelly's feet.

Poor Nelly felt more like crying with joy than anything else. But a little of the old saucy spirit was left in her. She thought she owed it to her sex not to surrender too easily; and so she said, archly glancing up at Clarence:

"Do you know, Mr. Harvard, whom you are proposing to? I am no heiress, no high-born city belle, but only—let me see—what is it?—only a common country rustic."

And she rose and courtied to him.

"For Heaven's sake don't bring that foolish speech up against me!" he cried, passionately, trying to take her hand. "I have repented it a thousand times daily, since the unlucky moment I was betrayed into saying it. Do me the justice to believe that I never meant it to be personal."

"Well, then, I will say nothing more of that matter. But this is only a whim of yours. How is it, that, having known me so long, you only discover my merits?"

"Known you so long?"

"Yes, sir," demurely.

"Known you?"

"For eight years."

"Good Heavens!" he cried suddenly, his whole face lighting. "How blind I have been! Why did I not see it before? You are!"

"Cobwebs," said Nellie, she taking the words out of his mouth, her whole face sparkling with glee; and she drew off and gave another sweeping courtesy.

Before she had recovered herself, however, a pair of strong arms were around her, for Clarence divined now that he was loved. Nellie, all along, had had a half secret fear, that when her suitor knew the past, he might not be so willing to marry the barefooted girl as the brilliant belle, but all this was now gone.

Two months later there was a gay wedding at St. Mark's. A month after that, a bridal pair, returning from the wedding tour, drove up to a handsome house in Philadelphia. As Clarence led Nellie through the rooms, in which his perfect taste was seen everywhere, she gave way to exclamation after exclamation of delight.

At last they reached a tiny boudoir, exquisitely carpeted and curtained. A jet of gas, burning in an alabaster vase, diffused a soft light through the room. A solitary picture hung on the walls. It was the original sketch of her, eight years before, now very elegantly framed. The tears gushed to Nellie's eyes, and she threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Ah! how I love you!" she cried.

Nobody who sees that picture suspects its origin. It is too sacred a subject for either Nellie or Clarence to allude to. But it was only the other day that a celebrated leader of fashion said to a friend:

"What a queer pet name Mr. Harvard has for his beautiful bride! In anybody else except a genius it would be eccentric. But you do not know how pretty it sounds from his lips."

"What is it it?"

"Cobwebs!"

HOW TO BE A MAN.—It is not by books alone, or chiefly, that one becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully every duty that comes in your way. Stand to your post; silently devour the chagrins of life; love justice; control self; swerve not from truth or right; be a man of rectitude, decision, conscientiousness; one that fears and obeys God, and exercise benevolence to all; and in all this you shall possess the only true manliness.

A Peep into the Bank of England.

The Bank of England must be seen on the inside as well as out, and to go into the interior of this remarkable building, to observe the operations of an institution that exerts more moral and political power than any sovereign in Europe, you must have an order from the Governor of the Bank. The building occupies an irregular area of eight acres of ground—an edifice of no architectural beauty, with not one window towards the street, being lighted altogether from the roof of the enclosed area.

I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after a delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room where the notes of the bank, received the day before were now examined, compared with the entries in the book, and stowed away. The Bank of England never issues the same note a second time. It receives in the ordinary course of business, about £800,000, or \$4,000,000 daily in notes; these are put up in parcels according to their denominations, boxed up with the date of their reception, and are kept ten years, at the expiration of which period they are taken out and ground up in the mill, which is run running, and made again into paper. If, in these ten years, any dispute in business, or law suit, should arise, concerning the payment of any note, the bank can produce the identical bill.

To meet the demand for notes so constantly used up, the bank has its own paper-makers, its own printers, its own engravers, all at work under the same roof, and it even makes the machinery by which most of its work is done. A complicated but beautiful machine is a register, extending from the printing office to the banking offices, which marks every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printers cannot manufacture a single sheet of blank notes that is not recorded in the book. On the same principle of neatness, a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to another, connecting a clock in sixteen business wings of the establishment, and regulating them with such precision that the whole of them are always pointing to the same second of time. In another room was a machine, exceedingly simple, for detecting light gold coin. A row of them is dropped one by one upon a spring scale. If the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scale rose to a certain height, and the coin slid off upon one side of the box; if less than the standard, it rose a little higher, and the coin slid off upon the other side.—I asked the weigher what was the average number of light coins that came into his hands and strangely enough, he said it was a question he was not allowed to answer.

The next room I entered was that in which the notes are deposited which are ready for issue. "We have thirty-two millions of pounds sterling in this room," the officer remarked to me; "will you take a little of it?" I told him it would be vastly agreeable, and he handed me a million sterling, which I received with many thanks for his liberality, but he insisted on my depositing it with him again, as it would hardly be safe to carry so much money into the street. I very much fear I shall never see that money again. In the vaults beneath the door were a director and a cashier, counting bags of gold which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling, just from the mint. This world of money seemed to realize the fables of Eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and the extent of the relations of this one institution to the commerce of the world.

SAVING TIME.—A clergyman who enjoys the substantial benefits of a fine farm was slightly taken down, a few days ago, by his Irish plowman, who was sitting at his plow in a tobacco field, resting his horses. The reverend gentleman, being an economist, said with seriousness:

"John, would not it be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here, and be hubbing a few bushes along the fence, while the horses are resting?"

John, with quite as serious countenance as the divine wore himself, replied: "Would it not be well, sir, for you to take a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing to peal 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?" The reverend gentleman laughed heartily and left.

The above yarn reminds us of a story that brother Chapman, (not the elder,) put Lew of the stage notoriety, tells on a certain preacher at Corning. He gives names, &c., but we omit them. It so happened that the preacher was celebrated more for building Churches and putting them in running order, than for anything else, not being much of a revivalist. In passing along the walk one day, he saw a little shaver carrying mud and piling it up, in great earnestness. Well, my lad," says the divine, "what are you doing there?" "I am building a meeting house, sir," replied the boy. "Where is your steeple?" asked white cravat. "Oh, here is the steeple," said the little fellow, at the same time running a stick down through the mud. "Well, well, that will do, certainly, for a steeple, and now you have it nearly complete, only one thing wanting—a preacher. 'O, never you mind, 'old boss, I think I shall have odds and ends enough left to make a preacher," said young America, as the priest moved on.—Wellsboro Democrat.

STRONG MINDS IN WEAK BODIES.—Why is it "no go" with some bright intellect? A strong mind in a weak body is like a superior knife blade in a miserable handle. Its workmanship be ever so finished, its temper ever so true, its edge ever so keen; but, for want of means to wield it properly, it will not cut to much purpose. Ambitious youth, who intend to carve out fame and fortune with their sharp intellects, should think of this simile, and see to it that their bodies—the handle whereby they are to manage that wonderful weapon, the human mind—are kept in sound-jointed, firmly riveted, perfectly cleansed condition.

Educational Department.

History in Common Schools.

In the former article on this subject, the necessity for introducing the study of History into our common schools, was argued from its great utility in the common concerns of life; that it is the key by which we unlock the great storehouse that contains the most of our present knowledge, and because it is so useful to the great masses of men, it ought to have a place in their system of education. As this is an age in which the practical is esteemed of paramount importance to the speculative, it is proposed to carry the line of argument farther in the same direction. That which invests the present with such great interest, is not anything which there is in it, taken by itself, but on account of its relations to the future. We plan and act not so much for present advantage and happiness, as for future well-being. Our anxieties are not for this fleeting moment whose intangible form we cannot grasp, the rattle of whose invisible wings tells us of its rapid flight, not for the momentary joys and sorrows we at present experience, but for the long train of good or ill which is to follow them. The consequences which are to come from our present conduct, and the development of our present plans invest them with such immense importance. But what those consequences may be we have no means of determining, but from knowing what consequences have followed from similar conditions in the past. The light which shines from the lamp of experience, is the only light, (save that of revelation,) which glimmers through the thick folds of that veil which the Almighty has hung up before the untrodden vista of the future. Hence other circumstances being equal, he is the safest counselor, and his plans are most successful who has the greatest knowledge of what has been done under like circumstances. Hence it is, that past experience is appealed to, not only by politicians and statesmen in managing the intricate affairs of government, but by men in the daily and hourly concerns of life, to the planting of grain, to the harvesting of crops, to the laws which regulate, supply and demand in trade and manufacture, to the speculations and experiments, as well as to the philosophy of mankind. Now it is not claimed that in the ordinary course of common school education, such an extensive knowledge of history, general and particular could be gained as to fit men for all the circumstances and emergencies of life, but the scholar would form the habit of gathering together and treasuring up such knowledge, as fast as it comes under his observation. He would form a habit, a taste to be developed in the future; just as in arithmetic, it is not presumed that the pupil has an example of everything that he may ever wish to compute in all the multifarious operations of business, but that he has such a knowledge of the fundamental principles, that he can readily apply them to every new case in which his arithmetic may be involved.

Were it not for the absolute necessity of becoming somewhat acquainted with the past, our knowledge of history under our present system of education, would be truly lamentable. As it is, the ignorance of our youth of those events which have marked the eras of the world's progress, which let in upon it the light of civilization and freedom, and which ought to be inscribed upon the tablets of the memory with a pen of iron, is deplorable. How little is known of the character and extent of that cultivation and refinement which existed thousands of years ago by, how little is known of the struggles for power by unprincipled men, of the toils and of the sacrifices it cost to break the rod of oppression, of the effects of the popular diffusion of knowledge and religion, to say nothing of the thrilling events which transpired in our own country, and which, if they were known, would stimulate to higher attainments and juster views than the masses of our people had yet reached. We need this knowledge to give us truer views of the principles of government, with which every voter ought to be familiar; we need it to make us less boastful and self-confident, and more conservative, to have a higher regard for religion and virtue. The need to hold up the lamp of experience before the transparencies of the present, and watch the outline and play of the figures as they are projected into the future, so that we may know what course and what conduct is the most proper for us to presume, what will tend most to our own happiness and to the happiness of the race. Therefore on the score of utility, no subject which has a place in our common schools, has a stronger claim than this. The facts which it brings forth sheds a light upon all the concerns of life. The farmer at his plow, the mechanic at his bench, the merchant at his counter, or the statesman in the halls of legislation, each in his sphere, needs the lessons she teaches. What thus enters into the popular well-being of society, ought by all means, to have a place in the popular system of education.

TERRYTOWN, PA. d. c.

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—What is a billion? The reply is very simple, a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced; but no man is able to count it. You may count 160 or 170 in a minute; but let us even suppose that you may go as far as 200; then an hour will produce 12,000, a day 280,000, and a year of 365 days, 185,120,000. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still; he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion he would require 9,512 years, 34 days, 5 hours and 89 minutes.

THERE is something pleasing yet solemn in the review, which as life's evening advances we take of our early contemporaries; where are they, how fare they, and who of all are yet pilgrims with us this side of eternity's shade.