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TOWANDA:
Thursday Morning, October 31, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

TO THE HEROES OF AMERICA.

O'hail to the heroes whose deeds have restored
Our home unscathed once more,
And the flag of their valor triumphantly poured
On the field that was darkened before;
For from our view was fair Victory's form,
And the heavens were shrouded in wrath,
Till the sun of the battle, like stars of the storm,
Arose on the desolate path.

See plume thy dark gullion, proud bird of the North,
And sweep from thy home in the skies,
On the wings of the whirlwind exultingly forth,
To the plain where thy country's flag dies;
And joy in thy country; thy stains are effaced,
The pride of the spoiler is low,
And the deep settled standard by comrades disgraced,
Is washed in the gore of the foe.

And thou, sturdy banner! look proudly again
On the chiefs who redeemed thee from shame,
Nor darken thy beam though it fall on the slain,
Who repose on the death-bed of fame;
For the halo that circles the tomb of the brave,
Its lustre unalloyed remains,
The sun of their being may set in the grave,
The light of their glory remains.

Selected Tale.

The Trapper's Revenge.

On the western frontier of Kentucky some years ago, stood a landlord of much earlier times, in the form of a patriarchal man, who, throughout, both in architectural dimensions, seemed a fair prototype of its proprietor and inhabitant, Richard Vaughn. He was only upheld the ancient name and prowess of the long descended line of Vaughns, who in length of limb, strength of sinew, and dauntlessness of heart, had gained great names in the early days of Kentucky. At the time our story commences Herbert was just entering his thirtieth year, and was the proudest of it, as well as the handsomest youth in the whole settlement, although there were many in the immediate neighborhood who had long contended with him for the supremacy. One fine morning in the early autumn five or six of the most athletic youths of the neighborhood had congregated under a large tree not far from the homestead of Captain Vaughn, and with rifles in hand, were consulting the best way for their day's hunting. "Er they'd be d'arn over the muzzles of his gun, and to the interrogatories of the party as to his late success, replied,

"I was at the Blue Lick, yesterday, and ran me with a sucking, I didn't start three dozen and as fine a buck as ever lapped water from the stream." I was up and after them you may believe; but my five-shot missed fire the first time in a twinkle—"

"And you gave them up," I spose," replied a silent looking youth, named Robert Hilton. "I gave them up," returned Vaughn; "no, I gave chase you may believe, but a creeping vine tripped me just as I had got nigh upon them."

"The more fool you," replied Hilton, "to chase a buck! What an idea! But Vaughn turning a face with an anticlerical look, he turned round to his companions with a steepled laugh, while the keen black eye of Vaughn brightened, and the warm blood manured to his cheek.

"As to fighting a deer," replied Vaughn, "sneaking a candle, or boring a bull's eye, I don't care to say a word in the settlement, was for you, Rob Hilton, I can whistle off a quail's head, when you can't ruffe the tail feathers. I don't often brag, but you know I do that."

"I'll pay you an eagle to a quarter one," roared Hilton, with a flushed face, "that I butchere a stag and hunt home the first time at my yard, where you can't do it in half an hour."

"Double the bet, and I'll change places with you," replied Vaughn.

"Done, done," was echoed from all sides, and the whole party spring to their feet. In an instant the money was forthcoming and placed in the hands of the eldest of the party, named Roger Gordon, while another of the party drew from the butt of his rifle a shingle nail; this he drove into the trunk of a sapling at some distance, and wetting the head applied a bit of paper.

Thirty paces were then marked off toward the sun, and rock placed upon the limits allotted to the marksmen, and in ten minutes from the commencement of the challenge, Gordon announced that all preparations were completed.

"Now, boys!" he exclaimed, "you've got the sun upon your backs, look out for your chances; pull with a clear conscience for the bit of white, I'll wager you'll neither whip."

The excitement was very great, both were equal marksmen, and had long been pitted against each other in every manly sport. Hilton was very powerfully built; in strength a perfect Samson, and always coveted rather than standing the part of personal encounter, better so happy as when he could provoke a quarrel and mix up his terrible powers with those of Herbert Vaughn was exactly the reverse, slightly built, with great length and sinewy form, broad chested, with a fair forehead, whose hair which hung in a rich profusion of curls on his neck, and brilliant black eye, exuded a more beautiful but manly face, while a certain feminine grace seemed to mark his every movement; yet none could surpass him in his personal prowess, and but few could excite

him to anger; and ever with a kind of jocose word for his acquaintances, he was loved almost as much as Bob Hilton was despised.

The toss of a dime gave Hilton the first shot, and stepping forward he drew his rifle to his shoulder and pulled the trigger; the ball cut the edge of the paper and buried itself deep in a tree.

"A miss!" cried half a dozen voices.

"Can't expect anything else," growled Hilton, "when a man sprawls his paper all over the tree! But no matter, he can't more than cover mine, and the next time I'll hide the nail for you."

Stepping as slowly as though about to draw upon a deer, Vaughn lowered his gun to its place; his chest heaved, his eyes dilated and all watched his fire with eagerness. After taking steady aim a minute, the trigger was pulled, the paper disappeared in an instant, and a wild shout, shrill as an Indian war-whoop, proclaimed Herbert Vaughn the victor.

Every hand but one was extended to greet the victorious youth, every face but one was up with a smile at his unexpected success, that one was Robert Hilton's. He spoke not a word, he breathed no oath, but upon his face there gleamed the demonic fury befitting anything but good to his victorious adversary.

"I'm glad, my boy you've got such good blood in you," exclaimed Gordon, grasping Vaughn cordially by the hand, "I like to see a fellow modest like you!"

"I've no notion of bragging!" replied the victor, "It was only luck after all, and if I have beat, let go at that, but Roger—"

Suddenly the sharp, quick report of a rifle was heard from the thicket and simultaneously Herbert Vaughn dropped to the ground like a lump. In an instant the blood was gushing from the sleeve of his hunting shirt in a torrent, and his cheek was blanched as driven snow. All present or a moment seemed dumb with wonder by the dreadful occurrence, and then the discharge of a half a dozen rifles in the thicket was followed by a breathless pause and all eager to catch the sound of a body falling to the earth.

"After him, every one of you!" exclaimed Gordon lifting the head of the wounded man. "And the one who brings him shall have the credit of the day's hunt!"

Four of the best runners were instantly on the track, and a half a mile off on the slope of the hill something might have been discerned like a fox at full speed, so swift was its progress. It was Robert Hilton, the outlaw, in full flight for the river. Poor Vaughn was at length subjected to an examination, and the wound, though a pretty severe one, being made with a ragged bullet, was principally confined to the fleshy part of his arm and therefore his life was in no immediate danger. The skillful hand of Roger Gordon dressed the wound and with a little assistance Vaughn was enabled to get home. While away over hill and dale flow his enraged comrades like tigers in search of prey, reckless of the choicest game standing as if ready to be taken, they sped furiously onward only bent upon seeking for the game whose heart's blood should be shed upon the altar of their revenge.

But when night came they had no trail of him, and when they had returned home, they had the meager consolation that one life had been spared that would otherwise have been sacrificed; and Bob Hilton, the murderer, once the bosom friend, had escaped vengeance.

Herbert Vaughn, after the quarrel recorded above, became an altered man. No smile or pleasant word, no old and favorite joke passed his lips, and at last one stormy night, when all the elements seemed vying with each other in their discord, he left his father's house, and after several days absence, when search was made for him he was nowhere to be found.

Many years passed. The old Kentucky homes vanished with the departing patriarchs who sat under their roof trees and all the athletic company who thrived on that autumn day beneath the top of old oak, not one was there to mark its autumn leaves, or take shelter beneath its shade.

Among the cabins along the Platte river, where the inhabitants were destined to become the strength and safeguard of growing Kansas, might have been pointed out that of Roger Gordon, an emigrant from Kentucky, unobtrusive, intelligent and courageous, and whom one can easily recognize as the generous man in the former episode of our narrative.

One morning while he was busily engaged tending the fire across that surrounded his cottage, he heard the report of a rifle, seemingly at no great distance from him. Gordon started, and quickly examining the proving of his rifle which was suspended from his shoulder belt, hastened in the direction of the sound—Before he had reached the half mile which he imagined might intervene, he was suddenly brought to a stand still by the exclamation of—

"Go, there."

Gordon looked up somewhat surprised and beheld within a few feet of him, one of the most ferocious looking beings that he had ever seen. He stood with his rifle aimed full at Gordon, his face was enveloped in a black beard, while his hair upon his head hung in stiff locks upon his shoulders. He wore upon his head a cap formed of marion skin, while a sort of loathsome frock of deer skin hung in folds from his shoulder to his knee, and his limbs were encased in leggings of buffalo hide, and an undressed thong of the same leather encircled his waist, to which was attached a rude powder-horn and bullet pouch. After hoisting the butt of his rifle in token of friendship and submission, Gordon asked in a bold voice, "whether he was friend or foe?"

"I am a friend to nobody," answered the stranger.

"Whether I am a foe, depends upon circumstances."

Gordon had meanwhile approached nearer to the stranger, and proffered her hand which he cordially grasped exclaiming:

"It is in the nature of a man to be an enemy, and I always keep my eye clear for a fight, though you look as if you meant well. As I am more than a match for you any way, I'll venture to shake hands."

"May I ask," interrogated Gordon, "how long you have dwelt in this solitude?"

"I live not far from here," was the reply, "and go out once in a while to pick up a stray deer or so."

"How long have you lived in these parts?" asked Gordon again.

"Six or seven months," was the reply, "I generally stay about that time in one spot. Next week I shall move away."

"Why do you move so often?" said Gordon.

"Because," replied the stranger, a fierce light gleaming in his eye, "I'm seeking one who lives somewhere in Kansas. Perhaps you know him, his name was Bob Hilton?"

"And your name," exclaimed Gordon, "is Herbert Vaughn?"

In an instant his rifle was primed and pointed at Gordon's breast, but the latter grasped it and the contents passed harmlessly into the air. Again however, before he could utter one word the stranger folded him in his herculean embrace and bore him to the ground. Gordon was a man of great personal strength as well as courage, yet he seemed only an infant in the grasp of the desperate man. When the stranger, looking his victim full in the face, released his hold exclaiming, "You're not the man, I should know him among a thousand, you are not Robert Hilton. Get up man and thank your stars I had not shook your heart out of you!"

Gordon then proceeded to tell his name, and brought to mind the part he had enacted in the quarrel of years before. Vaughn (for it was him) again and again shook the hand of his old comrade, and at length said:

"Well, if you can find a place in your cabin for a buffalo like me, I'll go with you, if not say so."

Of course Gordon invited him to partake of his hospitality, and during the evening meal Vaughn related the details of his singular flight from home, and the erratic life he was leading; while his lost as he regarded his bronze cheek and hardened features, could scarcely believe him the same bright-eyed and graceful stripling, the Herbert Vaughn of other days.

"When Robert Hilton put that ragged bullet into me," exclaimed Vaughn, "for being better than he was, I concluded to load and prime my rifle, and step over the border, trusting to my ramrod for help in the hour of need."

"I have traveled and tramped," he continued, "from east to west, from north to south, and searched in every nook and corner, but have not yet found the man. But the time is coming, I shall trace him to his den and settle all arrears. Here's a ragged bullet," he exclaimed, drawing one from a side pocket, and holding it up, and replaced it again with air of composure. Evening at length came, and something of the old geniality seemed to be aroused in the nature of Vaughn, as he sat before the blazing fire in Gordon's cabin, and related the anecdotes of his boyhood.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the door, loud and startling, and both Gordon and Vaughn jumped to their feet. The former, however, advanced and opened the door, and before him stood an armed man dressed as a common hunter and carrying a rifle in his hand. Gordon with the cordiality which characterizes the denizens of the prairie, and the solitary dweller in the lonely cabin invited the stranger to his fireside, and the new comer strode in and took a seat, laying his rifle on the floor beside him.

"Are you friends here, or are you inclined for a fight?" he asked after a pause. "I like to know how I stand always in company."

"I am not particular," replied Vaughn, "but as I don't see any need of a quarrel suppose we say friends."

"Very good," replied the stranger; "I am myself sorry to quarrel, for when I do, I am apt to use one of my playthings here. I never bark, but I can bite where there's need."

Gordon arose to offer food to the visitor, and as he did so, his eyes voluntarily rested upon the face of Vaughn, whose every lock seemed to read the stranger's heart; while big drops of perspiration stood upon his brow, and plainly proved the volcano raging within; and with a calm and pleasant voice, which ill accorded with the external feeling, he addressed the stranger.

"May I ask your name?" he said.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it don't follow that I shall tell you."

"May I ask," rejoined Vaughn, taking no notice of the visitor's reply, "if you are from Kentucky?"

"Perhaps, and perhaps not," he answered quickly.

"Why?"

"Because," replied Vaughn, "I imagine you had forded the Ohio time and again. Now haven't you?" he persisted.

"Maybe I have," was the stranger's response.

"And I'd swear from your eye you've shot larger game than deer or bears in your time. I wouldn't be surprised either if you had brought down your man even."

Still the visitor made no reply, but his eyes told more plainly than words what his lips would utter.

In a moment Vaughn's countenance assumed the most denouche expression as he started to his feet and confronted the stranger with:

"And did you never shoot a friend down when his back was turned? A ragged bullet in my thinking, would make his body a prey for worms. Robert Hilton, your hour has come! Long, yes, many years have I trod the forest a wanderer, living, breathing, gloating on the thought of this blessed hour. I had not even dared to hope that I should meet you manfully, and a fair struggle tear your heart from your body. Lay aside your rifle, and hand to hand, let us renew the struggle of other days!"

During this speech the outlaw spoke not a word and showed no signs of emotion, save a deadly paleness which overspread his features. He raised his pistol with the quickness of thought; yet, ere the trigger could be pulled, the strong arm of Herbert Vaughn had launched it into the corner of the room.

In another moment the strong men were locked each other's embrace. Both were herculean in strength, and gigantic in proportions, which inclined the victory to neither side. But the tremendous nerve and inexhaustible strength of Vaughn at length conquered, and Hilton fell to the ground beneath the body of his antagonist.

There was a triumph in the eye of Vaughn which argued no sympathy, no hope for the wretched man, and Gordon involuntarily turned his head to one side to avoid the fatal blow. A slight struggle from the prisoner as his antagonist sought the knife at his side, and then with a slashing sound, through the cloth of his garments, sped the instrument of death, directly, to the heart of his victim.

Gordon and his friend exchanged no word that night; both retired to rest with the conviction that justice had been meted out.

Next morning the stiffened corpse of a man pierced to the heart, lay on the floor of Gordon's cabin. The log floor was perforated an inch or more by the blade of the knife, and clotted blood ran in a crimson stream across the hearthstone. But Herbert Vaughn had vanished, and on the floor was traced in rude characters:

"My revenge is complete. In a strange land henceforth I am a wanderer. Farewell!"
(From Vanity Fair.)

Artemus Ward sees the Prince Napoleon.

Notwithstanding I haven't writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter themselves that the underlined is dead. On the contrary, "I still live," which words was spoken by Daniel Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston will admit that Webster is dead now, however, and his mantle has profusely fallen into the hands of sum dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody needs to be gone round wearin it to any particular extent, now days. The regiment of whom I was kernal finally concluded they was better adapted to Home Guards, which accounts for your not hearin of me, ear this, where the battle is the thickest and where the cannon do roar. — But as a American citizen I shall never cease to admire the mesterly advance our troops made on Washington from Bull Run, a short time ago. It was well done. I spoke to my wife about it at the time. My wife said it was well done.

It havin there 4 determined to perfect Baldistville at hazzards, and as there was no apprehensions of any nameit danger, I thought I would go on into a pleasure tower. Accordingly I put on a clean Biled Shirt and started for Washington. I went there to see the Prince Napoleon, and not to see the place, which I will here take occasion to oscarise is about as interestin a locality as there is this side of J. Davis's fur home, if he ever does die, and where I recon they'll make it so warm for him that he will sit for his summer close. It is easy enuff to see why a man goes to the poor house or the penitentiary. It's because he can't help it. But why he should voluntarily go and live in Washington is entirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say so fairer nor that.

I put up to a leadin hotel. I saw the landlord and sed, "How d'ye do, Square?"

"Pity cents, sir," was his reply.

"Sir?"

"Half a dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for lookin at the landlord and fifty cents for speakin to him. If you want supper, a boy will show to the dining room for twenty-five cents. Your room been in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much do you ax a man for breathin in this equinoctial tarvin?" sed I.

"Ten cents a breath," was his reply.

Washington hotels is very reasonable in their charges. (N B—This is Sarkasum.)

I sent up my keerd to the Prints, and was immediately ushered before him. He received me kindly and axed me to sit down.

"I havin you to pay my respects to you, Mister Napoleon, hopen I see you hale and hearty."

"I am quite well," he said. "Are you well, Sir?"

"Sound as a cuss!" I answered.

He seemed to be pleased with my ways, and we entered into a conversation to once.

"How's Lewis?" I axed, and he said the Emperor was well. Eogeny was likewise well, he said. Then I axed him was Lewis a good provider? did he com home ary nites? did he peetom her bedroom at a ouscasounable hour with gin and lauzy? Did he go to the Lodge on nights when there wasn't ary Lodge? did he often have to go down to town to meet a friend? and he have a extensive acquaintance among poor young widders whose husbands was in Califony? To all of which questions the Prints politely replied, given me to understand that the Emperor was be-havin well.

"I ax these questions, my royal duke and most noble highness and imperials, because I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart. — He is cunning, he is long-headed, he is deep—be is graze. But once he is good he'll come down with a crash cue of these days and the Bonyparts will be Bustad up again. — Bet yer life!"

"Air you a preacher, sir?" he inquired, slyly sarkasically.

"No, sir. But I believe in morality. I likewise believe in Meetin Houses. Show me a place where there isn't ary Meetin House and where preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken widders, where the children air dirty and ragged; where gates have no hinges, where the wimin air slish-shod, and where maps of the devils' wind land air painted upon men's shirt-bosoms with tobacco juice! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we abuse 'em."

"He sed he didn't mean to abuse the clergy. Not at all, and he was happy to see that I was interestid in the Bonypart family."

"It's a grate family," sed I. "But they scooped the old man."

"How, sir?"

"Napoleon the Grand. The Britshers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much; and he did it! They scooped him in at Waterloo, and he subsequently died at St. Heleny! There's where the greatest military man this world ever produced pegged out. It was rather hard to consign such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his last days in catchin mackerel, and walkin up and down the dreary beach in a military cloak drawn tight round him (see picture-book), but so it was. "Hed of the Army!" Them was his last words. So he had bin — He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our Brigades?"

This pleased Jerome, and he took me warmly by the hand.

"Alexander the Grate was punkins," I continued, "but Napoleon was punkiner! Alic wept because there was no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drowndid his sorrows in the flowin bole, and the flowin bole was too much for him. It girally is — He undertook to give a snake exhibition but it killed him. That was a bad joke for Alic!"

"Since you air so sollicitous about France, and the Emperor, may I ask you how your own country is getting along?" sed Jerome, in a pleasant voice.

"It's mixed," I sed. "But I think we shall come out all right."

"Columbus, when he discovered this magnificent continent, could hav had no idee of the grandeur it would one day assum," sed the Prints.

"It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition," sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man, he'd hav put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company and left this magnificent continent to the intelligent savages who when they got hold of a good thing knew enough to keep it, and who wouldn't have seceded or rebelled, nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slugsbot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid to home. Christ, ment well, but he put his foot in it when he sailed for America."

We talked sum more about matters and things, and largt I riz to go. "I will now say good by to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Likewise the same to Clotilda. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your court. If the Emperor's boy don't like to live in the Tuoleries, when he gits older, and would like to embark in the show bizness, let him come with me and I'll make a man of him. You find us somewhat mixed, as I before observed, but cum agin next year and you'll find us cleared nor ever. The American Eagle has livid to stumpsonly of late—his stangle foot, and he's now takin a slyte emetic. That's all. We're gettin ready to strike a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike, the fur will fly and secession will be in the hand of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothing short of Grabriell's trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman!"

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Pank auctions of the East, and the properties of corn lots in the West, I bid him farewell, and went away.

There was a levee at Senator What's-his-names, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was Sarah Watkins, now the wife of our Congresser, trippin in the dance dressed up to kill in her store close. Sarah's father used to keep a little grocery store in our town, and she used to clerk it for him in busy times. I was rushin up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin her hed in a contemptuous manner, walked away from me very rapid. "Hullo Sar!" I hollerd, "can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses? I may want a codfish, also." I guess this reminded her of the little red store, and "the days of her happy childhood."

But I fell in with a nice little gal after that, who was much sweeter than Sally's father's melasses, and I axed her if we shouldn't glide in the messy dance. She sed we would, and we Glode.

I intended to make this letter very scrip, but a few gonks may have accidentally crept in. Never mind. Besides, I think it improves a komick paper to publish a gonk once in a while.

Yours Muchly,
WARD, (ARTEMUS.)

"Boys," said Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the animal. "I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minutes."

They gathered round to hear this oracular opinion, and one inquired:

"What is it?"

"Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."

A Dutchman's receipt for making a Zouave: Take a recruit, keep him forty eight hours, nothing to eat; den march him forty eight hours—nothing to eat; den let him fight like h—l forty eight hours—nothing to eat; by d—n he be one Zouave.

A pedlar called on an old lady to dispose of some of his goods and inquired of her if she could tell him of any road which he knew had travelled. "Yes," said she, "I know one and only one, and that is the road to heaven."

An Irishman just from the sod, was eating some old cheese, when he found to his dismay that it contained living inhabitants. — "By jabers," said he, "does your chace have children?"

A Printer whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it. He said: "In printin all the faults are exposed to the eye, but in physics they are buried with the patient, and one gets off more easily."

Nothing succeeds so well as success.

Educational Department.

Hints Concerning Small Children.

Some of the greatest difficulties which many teachers have to meet, arise from the youngest children. It is often pleasant to see their eagerness to go to school with their brothers and sisters; and their smiles sometimes add cheerfulness to the place, without interrupting business; but more frequently they cause disturbance, and baffle the teacher in all his efforts to keep the others attentive and orderly.

Many teachers suffer small children to attend their schools, out of respect to their parents, or for some other reason, while they feel that they get little good and do much harm. Intelligent persons know, too, that the trouble they give is not generally intentional, but arises out of some natural cause, such as inconvincible seats, want of change, of exercise or of appropriate occupation.

Now most district schools are so ill provided for the comfort of young children, and most of them are conducted on a system so ill calculated to keep them interested, that probably many teachers of such schools may think the difficulties above spoken of can never be obviated. When it is possible, the small children may be placed in a separate room, with great advantage, under the care of a female; but in many districts this is not easily done.

It happens, however, that some schools in different places have been so improved, both in arrangements and methods of teaching, that these evils have been almost entirely removed. We will give a brief account of one such school, hoping that some teachers will try experiments for their own benefit and that of their pupils.

A few months ago the teacher of a district school, in a country village, complained that the little children (many of whom were sent to his school to be kept out of the way,) greatly interrupted his discipline and instruction. To the eye of a visitor they indeed presented a painful spectacle, being left almost entirely to themselves, with nothing to do which they could understand, and seated on benches so high, that they feared a fall, and not unfrequently got one. The weakest were often crowded, or otherwise oppressed and irritated by the strongest; and their complaints and cries, sometimes mixed with laughter, confused the master, diverted the attention of the other children, and displeased the spectator.

A few weeks afterwards, at another call, the visitor found three or four low benches placed in one corner of the room, and all the small children seated on them, some with slates and pencils. They were attentive, cheerful and silent. Their little feet rested on the floor, they could lean back when weary, and every fifteen or twenty minutes the teacher, or one of his most trustworthy and capable elder pupils, gave words of command, or some signal, and they rose, clasped their hands, faced to the right and left, and made various motions in imitation of him. Then they would sing some little hymn or song they had learnt; and afterwards repeat the addition or multiplication table all together, or hear a story read about the cow, lion, eagle, or some other object, while a picture of it was held up before them.

The teacher said that he had derived indescribable relief from this change in his school; and that, after the few first days, the other scholars were not disturbed by the exercises.

Always Teach Something, and but One Thing at a Time.

"Children who have the habit of listening to words without understanding them, yawn and writhe with manifest symptoms of disgust, whenever they are compelled to hear sounds which convey no ideas to their minds. All supererogatory words should be avoided in cultivating the power of attention."

"A few years ago, a gentleman brought two Equimans to London. He wished to amuse, and at the same time to astonish them, with the magnificence of the metropolis. For this purpose, after having equipped them like English gentlemen, he took them out one morning, to walk through the streets of London. They walked several hours in silence; they expressed neither pleasure nor admiration at any thing they saw. When their walk was ended they appeared uncommonly melancholy and stifled. As soon as they got home, they sat down, with their elbows upon their knees, and hid their faces between their hands. The only words they could be brought to utter were: 'Too much smoke—too much noise—too much houses—too much men—too much every thing.'"

"Some people who attend public lectures on natural philosophy, with the expectation of being much amused and instructed, go home with feelings similar to those of the poor Equiman; they feel that they have had too much of every thing. The lecturer has not had time to explain his terms, nor to repeat them till they are distinct in the memory of his audience. With children, every mode of instruction must be hurtful, which fatigues attention; therefore a skilful instructor will, as much as possible, avoid the manner of teaching, to which the public lecturer is in some degree compelled by his situation." — Maria Edge worth.

A Higher Education Needed by Every Human Being.

The common notion has been that the mass of the people need no other culture than the necessary to fit them for their various trades; and though this error is passing away, it is far from being exploded. But the ground of a man's culture lies in his nature, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity. He is to be educated because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being, for his mind cannot be shut up in it. ** A mind, in which are sown the seeds of wisdom, disinterestedness, firmness of purpose, and piety, is worth more than all the outward material interests of a world. It exists for itself, for its own perfection, and must not be enslaved to its own or other's animal wants.