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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, August 16, 1860.

Selected Poetry.

SUMMER DAYS.

In Summer when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood;
Our heart was light, our step was strong;
Sweet flutters were there in our blood,
In summer when the days were long.

We stayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered dowers and wore us crowns;
We walked 'mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs,
And always wished our lives the same.

In Summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedge-row, crossed the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In Summer when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song,
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In summer when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not—
For living seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and glen.

In summer, when the days were long,
Alone I wander, music alone;
I see her not, but that old song,
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days were long.

Alone I wander in the wood;
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under teacher's guise.

In Summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong;
For love brings back those hours of good,
In Summer, when the days are long.

Miscellaneous.

The Burial of the King of France.

Writing upon this topic the Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune says:

This matter of burying heads of States is a grave one. It has political importance. The Church of St. Denis is to dead monarchs something more than the Tiberius is to the living one—the traditional dead-house of royalty. The first prince deposited there was one Dagobert—not he of the mixed pantalons, decorated in popular song—but the son of Chilperic—his funeral took place after noon in the year 580. From that date forward, as death fell, prince bones after prince bones, in regular succession, unbroken by change of dynasty, till at last God took pity on France and let Louis XV die, there laid away there—

Then came the terrible restrictionists of the old Revolution, and broke up the coffins and scattered the mouldering memories of royalty to the four winds. The first Napoleon, whose desire to be buried under the dome of the Invalides was an after thought that came to him at St. Helena, was married to Maria Louise in this church, and meant then to be buried in it, and had it repaired and put in fit order for the purpose. The only relics remains of a king now there are those of Louis XVIII; the fragments of what pass for those of his unhappy brother, Louis XVI, are anything but authentic. Still, the dynasty prestige belongs to the royal vaults always. The wish then, of the first, and now of the third Napoleon, to join in the regular, dramatic funeral procession, is politic in its way. The purpose of its fulfillment is the more important to him, since otherwise he has no burial place. His made could well lie at the Invalides, but he got fifty by his side. The famous tomb there was designed (by Visconti) as a one-man monument—let alone other excluding circumstances. It was rumored the other day that the occasion of Jerome's interment would be taken to transfer the First Napoleon from his provisional tomb (you know he has never been placed in the one built by Visconti) under the Grand Dome of the Invalides) to the Church of St. Denis. But beside that, the family tomb there is not completed—the finishing work going on, perhaps, with a purposeful slowness—the Emperor's negotiations with Francis Joseph for the bones of the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon II by implication since the present is explicitly Napoleon III, are not completed. It was thought last summer that he had probably secured them at Villafranca; but as Villafranca "went to the bad" for E. Joseph, that generous-minded gentleman held on to them. He had better overcome his inherent fondness for dead and buried things and give them up. One would say that he had skeletons enough in his own closet, without keeping the poor boy's bones away from his family.

EFFECTS OF CLEANLINESS.—Somebody has said, "with what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves, and put their plumage in order! And how perfectly neat, clean and elegant do they appear! Among the beasts of the field, we find that those which are the most cleanly, and generally the most gay and cheerful, and distinguished by a certain amount of contentment; and singing birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do we believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.

A Pawnbroker is like an inebriate; he takes the pledge, but cannot always keep it.

The Susquehanna River.

If there be a more beautiful spot on earth than that where the men of Paxto settled, we have never seen it. From its source in Otsego Lake, where the great American novelist has described it in language that will never cease to be read; along by its lovely windings, where the Chemung intersects the North branch, whose beauties have been embraced by one of our most graceful poets; by the Valley of Wyoming, which lives forever in the imaginations of Campbell, but which is fairer even than the semi-tropical fancy of which he was enamored; on by the lonely scenery of the meetings of its waters at Northumberland, to its broad glory, celebrated in the new Pastoral, and its Magnificent union with the Chesapeake, every mile of the Susquehanna is beautiful. Other rivers have their points of loveliness or of grandeur, the Susquehanna has every form of beauty or sublimity that belongs to rivers. We have seen them all: Connecticut, Hudson, Delaware, Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri. There is nothing like the Susquehanna on this continent. Its peculiar character depends upon its origin in the New York meadows its passage through the magnificent Pennsylvania highlands, and the richness of the valleys that lie between the mountains. Everywhere its course is deflected; it begins a wooded lake; it winds a limpid brook by meadows and over silver pebbles; makes it way through mountains; it lingers, resting, by their basis; it sweeps in broad courses by the valleys. Its vast width, in its mid Spring freshets, when swollen by the melted snows, it rushes from the hills with irresistible force, sometimes causing frightful inundations, leaves, with its falls, island after island in its mid channel, of the richest green, and most surpassing beauty; while those passes through the mountains afford points of scenery far finer than any one would believe them to be from any description, if he had not seen them.

The Susquehanna makes the grandest of these passages, just below the mouth of the Juniata. Its course there is several miles long before it entirely discharges itself from the rapids, called Hunter's Falls, which are the remains of the rocky barrier, which once resisted its way. Entirely at liberty it tears its stream, a mile wide, along a channel some fifty or sixty feet beneath its eastern bank. About seven miles below the mountains at a point where they look blue in the distance, a sheltering wall from the northern blasts, flows in a little stream which the Indians called Pectang, Paixtang or Paxton. This mountain is the northern boundary of the great valley, which, underlain by blue limestone, covered originally with the richest and noblest forest-growth, and including within it the garden of all the Atlantic slope, extends from Easton, on the Delaware, by Reading, Lebanon and Lancaster, by Harrisburg, York and Carlisle, by Chambersburg, Hagerstown and Winchester, until it loses itself in the North Carolina hills. The point of greatest beauty in all that valley, is the spot where it is cloven by the Susquehanna.

A hundred and forty years ago, an enterprising young man, from Yorkshire in England, by descent, probably, of one of those Scandinavians, who, under the great Canute, held possession of the North of England, and gave its main character to it, made his way to Philadelphia. He married here a lady who came over with a well known Yorkshire family of this city. Impelled by the same enterprising spirit that brought him from the old world, and using the inevitable eye that was characteristic of him, he went to the banks of the Susquehanna. He settled for a brief period at a point above Columbia, where the village of Bainbridge now stands, a place much frequented by the Conoy or Gowanus Indians. But he was not satisfied with this location. Exploring upwards along the eastern bank of the Susquehanna, he advanced until, instead of the Conowaga hills at his back and on the opposite side of the river he found the entrance opposite to him that most beautiful valley, already described, with two fine streams flowing into the river about five miles apart, and on the eastern side an elevated plateau unsurpassed in loveliness in the wide world, with the little Paxton flowing at the base of an elevated slope or ridge of land. Here he settled, and the ferry across the river to the entrance of the Cumberland Valley was called after him. His son, the first white child born west of the Conowaga hills, subsequently laid out a town on the spot and with singular forethought set apart six acres on a noble hill which rises on the north-west, which he conveyed to the State for public purposes. The Capitol of Pennsylvania is now built upon it, and the city of Harrisburg bears his name.—Presbyterian Quarterly Review.

LOVE AND MONEY.—As for those suits for breaches of promise among young folks, where love is really supposed to exist, they are always in bad taste. If a man refuses to marry a woman whom he has promised to marry, and acts meanly about it, he is a fit subject for a brotherly flogging—that's all. Nobody pities him, of course, and nobody would object to seeing him suffer a heavy fine; but to undertake to recover the value of a heart, or a lost love, argues such a low view of marriage, and demonstrates so little damage really done, that the thing becomes not only ridiculous but of fence. No high minded woman would touch the money of a man who had discarded her, with a pair of tongs. When a woman undertakes to bind up a broken heart with bank notes and heal her wounded affections by tropical application of silver, she may be in a pined condition, but there is no immediate danger of her dying. Not a bit of it. It is generally the very best evidence that she is going to live a good while yet, and wants something to live on.

Society is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train, and seldom wastes her attention. Society is very swift in its instincts, and if you don't belong to it, resists and sneers at you, or quietly drops you.

Bladensburg Dueling Grounds.

(Correspondence of the Cleveland Plaindealer.)

BLADENSBURG, June 18, 1860.

Pistols and coffee for two. As I am alone on the classic ground I can take care that the pistols do no harm, and the coffee is harmless anyhow. The place, so noted for its polite and refined manners, is about five miles from the city, fresh and handsome, in full view of green, adorned with flowers, and should blush in its beauty for the scenes it has witnessed. Here, in a beautiful little grass plot surrounded by trees, foras, made after the image of God, come to insult Nature and defy Heaven. In 1814, Edward Hopkins was killed here in a duel. This seems to have been the first of these fashionable murders on this dueling ground.

In 1819, A. T. Mason, a United States Senator from Virginia, fought with his sister's husband, John McCarty, here. McCarty was averse to fighting, and thought there was no necessity for it; but Mason would fight—McCarty named muskets loaded with buck shot, and so near together that they would hit heads if they fell on their faces. This was changed by the seconds to loading with bullets, and taking twelve feet as the distance. Mason was killed instantly, and McCarty, who had his collar bone broken, still lives with Mason's sister in Georgetown. His hair turned white so soon after the fight as to cause much comment. He has since been solicited to act as a second in a duel, but refused in accordance with a pledge made to his wife soon after killing her brother.

In 1820, Commodore Decatur was killed in a duel here by Commodore Barron. At the first fire both fell forward and lay with their heads within ten feet of each other, and as each supposed himself mortally wounded, each fully and freely forgave the other, still lying on the ground. Decatur expired in a few days, but Barron eventually recovered. In 1821, two strangers named Lega and Segn appeared here, fought, and Segn was instantly killed. The neighbors only learned this much of their names from the marks on their gloves left on the ground. Lega was not hurt.

In 1822, Midshipman Locke was killed here in a duel with a clerk of the Treasury Department named Gibson. The latter was not hurt. In 1826, Henry Clay fought (his second duel) with John Randolph, just across the Potomac, as Randolph preferred to die, if at all, on Virginia soil; he received Clay's shot and then fired his pistol in the air. This was in accordance with a declaration made to Mr. Benton, who spoke to Randolph of a call the evening before on Mrs. Clay, and alluded to the quiet sleep of her child and the repose of the mother. Randolph quickly replied, "I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother."

General Jessup, whose funeral I attended last week, was Clay's second. When Randolph fired he remarked: "I do not shoot at you, Mr. Clay," and extending his hand advanced toward Clay, who rushed to meet him. Randolph showed Clay where his ball struck his coat, and said, facetiously, "Mr. Clay, you owe me a coat." Clay replied: "Thank God the debt is no greater." They were friends ever after. In 1832 Martin was killed here by Carr. Their first names are not remembered. They were from the South.

In 1832, Mr. Key, son of Frank Key and brother of Barton Key, of Scales notoriety, met Mr. Sherborn, who said: "Mr. Key, I have no desire to kill you." "No matter," said Key, "I came to kill you." "Very well, then," said Sherborn, "I will now kill you," and he did.

In 1838, W. J. Graves, of Kentucky, assuming the quarrel of James Watson Webb and Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, selected this place for Cilley's murder, but the parties learning that Webb, with two friends, Jackson and Murree, were armed and in pursuit, for the purpose of assassinating Cilley, moved toward the river and nearer the city. Their pursuers moved toward the river but missed the parties and then returned to the city, to which they were soon followed by Graves, and the corpse of Cilley. In 1845, a lawyer named Jones fought with and killed A. D. Johnson. In 1851, R. A. Hoole and A. J. Dallas had a hostile meeting here. Dallas was shot in the shoulder, but recovered. In 1852, Daniel and Johnson, two Richmond editors, held a harmless set-to here, which terminated in coffee. In 1853, Davis and Ridgeway fought here; Ridgeway allowed his antagonist to fire without returning the shot.

Many of the names I could not get in full, and some other duels were indefinitely given by the "eldest inhabitant," for whose courtesy I am much indebted. My informant was an eye witness to many of these beastly encounters. In fact, these little amusements seem to be enjoyed by the Bladensburghers quite as much as a regatta would be at Cleveland. When there is a lull in these sports, a sort of amphitheatre is erected in the village, one mile from this ground, and frequently one or two fighting cocks are entered for single combat or duels. These fight for quite as well grounded cause, never ending in bloodless battles, and they never kiss and make up. When I took the cars at six this morning, my friend Stevens said I must be sure and make a note of the "Bladensburg races," so I very gravely, while waiting for my coffee, asked the bartender how often the "Bladensburg races" occurred? "Never but once," he said, "and I hope they never will again." "Why, how is that?" I innocently inquired. "By the 'Bladensburg races' they mean the race of the American soldiers away from the British soldiers in the last war. My father ran so far in one day that it took him two weeks to get back," said he. Mr. Stevens may make up his mind to come out here in the morning. Any distance over three hundred rods I can't object to. My blood is up and I am off.

An Irish sailor, riding on horseback, came to a stand still, for the horse, in beating off the flies, had his hind foot caught in the stirrup. "Arrah, now,ould Dobbin," cried Pat, "an' if it's yerself now intends to mount, faix it's time I were out uv your way, sure."

Our Foremothers.

We heard enough about our foremothers.—They were nice old fellows, no doubt perfect bricks in their way. Good to work, eat or fight. Very well. But where are their companions—their "charms"—who, as their helpmates, urged them along? Who worked and delved for our forefathers, brushed up their old clothes and patched their breeches? Who unperturbed themselves for the cause of liberty? Who nursed our forefathers when sick—sang Yankee Doodle to their babies—who landed up their boys? Our foremothers. Who landed at James River, and came over in the Mayflower, and established the early settlements? Were there any women among them to sustain with kind hearts and warm arms, the flagging spirits of their male companions, and keep the stalwart but chilly old forefathers from freezing to death, during those horrible cold winters which some of them had to shiver through?

Who ushered us into this world—our forefathers? Both! No indeed, it was our foremothers. Who nursed George Washington, Anthony Wayne, Benj. Franklin, Israel Putnam, and a host of other worthies whose names will live forever, and taught them to be men and patriots? Didn't our foremothers? And who gives them the credit they deserve? Nobody!

We have our monuments commemorating, and our speeches, our songs, our toasts, and our public dinners, celebrating the wonderful deeds of our forefathers, but where are those in honor of our foremothers? We had better be getting them ready. We talk ourselves hoarse, and write ourselves round shouldered, while boiling over with enthusiasm about the nice things our forefathers did, and yet nothing is said about our foremothers, to whom many a virtuous act and brave deed may be ascribed, such as any hero would be proud to own.—Besides we forgot to remember, that if it had not been for our foremothers, we ourselves would not be here to know, and be proud of what our forefathers did.

ONE BRICK WRONG.—Workmen were recently building a large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. The architect and foreman both charged the masons to lay each brick with the greatest exactness, especially the first courses which were to sustain all the rest. However, in laying a corner, by accident or carelessness, one brick was set very little out of the line. The work went on without its being noticed, but as each course of brick was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up exactly straight, and the higher they built the more insecure it became. One day when the tower had been carried up about fifty feet, there was heard a tremendous crash. The building had fallen, burying the men in the ruins. All the previous work was lost, the materials wasted, and worse still, valuable lives were sacrificed, and all from one brick laid wrong at the start. The workmen at fault in this matter little thought how much mischief he was making for the future. Do you ever think what ruin may come of one bad habit—one brick laid wrong—while you are now building a character for life? Remember, in youth the foundation is laid.—See to it that all is kept straight.

Juleps are in session, and so in the story of a broad backed Kentuckian who went down to New Orleans for the first time.—Whiskey, brandy and plain drinks, he knew; but as to the compound and flavored liquors, he was a know-nothing. Reposing on the seats of the barroom of the St. Charles, he observed crowd of fashionable drink mints juleps. "Boy," said he, "bring me a glass of that beverage." When he had consumed the cooling draught he called the boy again. "Boy, what was my last remark?" "Why, you ordered a julep." "That's right, don't forget to keep on bringing 'em!"

A French magistrate, noted for his love of the pleasure of the table, speaking one day to a friend said: "We have just been eating a superb turkey; it was excellent, stuffed to the neck, tender, delicate, and of a high flavor. We left only the bones." "How many of you were there?" said his friend.—"Two," replied the magistrate, "the turkey and myself."

An old Dutchman undertook to wallop his son. But Jack turned upon him and walloped the old gen. The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing in his superior manhood. He said: "Vell, Schack is a smart yellow. He can thip his own taddy."

A speaker, enlarging on the rascality of Satan, said: "The devil is an old liar; for when I was about getting religion, he told me that if I did get religion, I could not go into gay company and lie and cheat, or any such thing; but I have found him out to be a great liar."

THE TREACHERY OF EVIL PASSIONS.—Evil passions exert a powerful influence over the understanding; they derange its action, and having the art of self-concealment, are likely to operate with greatest fatality when least exposed to the notice of their victim. Of the drunkard, it is often said that he is a poor judge of himself, often imagining himself to be sober when he is not. It is very much with all the evil passions that prey upon fallen humanity; they beguile and deceive, ruin and destroy, without any advertisements of their presence, except in their results. They shrink from the blaze of conscience, and burrow in the heart.

The lady who "knit her brows," has commenced a pair of socks. Her sister was choked with indignation. Her brother went away in disgust, and returned in a steamer. A cousin went into the rope line the other day—was hung. Her husband started on an enterprise—gone to Australia to escape the sheriff.

THE IVORY TRADE.—The amount of ivory consumed in the workshops of Europe, America and India, is immense, and yet, great as it is, the continent of Africa furnishes seven-eighths of all that is worked up into ornaments, toys, and crucifixes in France; bea-tian gods, boxes and fans in India and China; billiard balls, boxes, miniature plates, chessmen, mathematical rules, keys for piano fortes, organs and melodeons, fans, combs, folders, dominoes, and a thousand and one other things in England, Germany, and the United States.

The immense demand for Elephants' tusks (called teeth in common parlance) has of late years increased the supply from all parts of Africa. At the end of the last century the annual average importation into England was only 192,500 lbs.; in 1827 it reached 364,784 lbs., or 6,080 tusks, which would require the death of at least 3,040 male elephants.—It is probable that the slaughter is much greater, for the teeth of the female are very small, and Burchell tells us, in his African travels, that he met with some elephant hunters who had shot twelve huge fellows, which, however, altogether produced no more than two hundred pounds of ivory. To produce 1,000,000 lbs. of ivory, the present annual English import, we should require (estimating each tusk at 60 lbs.) the life of 3,333 male elephants. It is said that 4,000 tuskers suffer death every year to supply the United States with combs, knife-handles, billiard balls, etc.

A tusk weighing seventy pounds and upwards is considered by dealers as first class. Cuvier formed a table of the most remarkable tusks of which any account has been given. The largest on record was one which was sold at Amsterdam, which weighed 350 pounds.—In the late sales at London the largest of the Bombay and Zanzibar was 122 lbs.; of Angola and Lisbon 99 lbs.; of Cape Coast Castle, Lagos, &c., 114 lbs.; of Gaboon 61 lbs.; Egyptian 114 lbs. But it must not be inferred from this that large tusks are now rare. On the contrary, it is probable that more long and heavy teeth are now brought to market than in any previous century. A short time ago, Julius Pratt & Co. cut up at their establishment in Meriden, Ct., a tusk that was nine and a half feet long, eight inches in diameter, and which weighed nearly two hundred pounds. The same firm, in 1851, sent to the "World's Fair," London, the widest, finest and largest piece of ivory ever sawed out. By wonderful machinery, invented in their own factory, they sawed out (and the process of sawing did the work of polishing at the same time) a strip of ivory forty-one feet long and twelve inches wide. It took the precedence of all the specimens sent in by England, France or Germany, and received rewarding attention from the Commission. It may be asked what can be done with such an immense piece of ivory? We reply that the time has come when this beautiful material can be used for purposes of veneration, and we shall soon doubtless see tables, bureaus, writing desks, and other members of the furniture family rendered as resplendent as the throne of Solomon. We believe that it is now contemplated by Steinway & Sons to build a piano whose keys shall not be the only portion from the teeth of the African elephant, but an instrument whose whole surface shall be of burnished virgin ivory.

One thing is certain, that any piano-forte manufacturer who should first attempt this, will make a sensation by the novelty of the affair, and will doubtless be well rewarded for his labor.

THE SOCIETY OF WOMAN.—No society is more profitable, because none more refined and provocative of virtue than that of refined and sensible woman. God enshrined peculiar goodness in the form of woman; that her beauty might win, her gentle voice invite, and the desire of her favor persuade men's sterner souls to leave the path of sinful strife, for the ways of peace and peace. But when woman falls from this blessed eminence, and sinks the guardian and cherisher of pure and rational enjoyment in the vain coquette, and flattered idolator of idol fashion, she is unworthy of an honorable man's love or a sensible man's admiration. But is then, at least, but

A pretty plaything—Dear deceit.

We honor the chivalrous deference which is paid in our land to women. It proves that our men know how to respect virtue and pure affection, and that our women are worthy of such respect. Yet woman should be something more than mere woman to win us to their society. To be our companions, they should be fitted to be our friends; to rule our hearts, they should be deserving the approbation of our minds. There are many such, and that there are no more is rather the fault of our own sex than their own, and, despite all the unmanly scandals that have been thrown upon them in prose and verse, they would rather share in the rational conversation of men of sense than listen to the silly compliments of fools; and a man dishonors them, as well as disgraces himself, when he seeks their circle for idle pastime, and not for the improvement of his mind and the elevation of his heart.

LOVE.—The first symptoms of love in the wisest of the world's philosophers were certainly very remarkable. "Leaning," says Socrates, "my shoulder to her shoulder, and my head to hers, as we were reading together in a book, I felt, it is a fact, a sudden stirring in my shoulder, five days after, and a continual itching crept into my heart."

CUPID'S FITTERS.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writes: One of the bachelor members of the House has been notified that if he leaves the city without performing certain promises he will be liable to an action for damages. His letters, with other testimony, are in a lawyer's hands, and he must either obtain a "license and a ring," or visit the "office and settle."

Educational Department.

Editors of Educational publications to whom this copy of the Reporter is sent, will please to exchange or return this to the editors of the educational column.

C. R. COBURN,
OLIVER S. DEAN.

The following suggestions in relation to Plaster Blackboards, are taken from the District School Journal,—they were written by Prof. D. P. PAGE, the first Principal of the New York State Normal School. Walls of this kind have been in use, in that school, for about fifteen years. White Crayon should be used on such walls, as the particles of flint, found in chalk, will soon spoil them. We would suggest to Directors to preserve this paper as it may be of use to them hereafter.

c. r. c.

The Plaster Blackboard.

Inquiries are so frequently made from different parts of the State, as to the construction of the Plaster Blackboard, used in the State Normal School, that it may be well to give, through the Journal, a particular description of the mode of preparing it:

In the first place, the *scratch coat*, made with coarse sand, is spread upon the lath as usual, and the *brown coat* follows, being left a little rough under the "float." When the brown coat is perfectly dry, the *black coat* is laid on. This is prepared of mason's "putty," and ground plaster and beach sand, mixed in the usual proportions for hard finish. The coloring matter is lampblack, wet with alcohol or whiskey, forming a mixture of the consistency of paste. This is mixed with the other ingredients just as they are about to be spread upon the wall. The quantity of coloring to be used must be sufficient to make a black surface; the sufficiency being determined by experiment, no rule be given.

For 10 square yards of black finish, take 1 1/2 pecks of Mason's Putty; 1 1/2 pecks of Beach Sand; 1 1/2 pecks of Ground Plaster; 1 1/2 pounds of Lampblack wet up with 1 1/2 gallons of Whiskey.

An intelligent mason can very soon try experiments so as to insure success. It is to be remembered that the black surface requires more working with the smoothing trowel, than ordinary white finish. It should be finished by being softly smoothed with a wet brush.—When perfectly dry, it is nearly as hard as slate, and almost as durable, if carefully used. Great care should be taken not to put in too much lampblack.

The advantages of this kind of black surface over the ordinary blackboard are, 1. The chalk easily takes effect upon it. 2. The chalk is much more easily wiped off. 3. There is but little noise made in writing upon it. 4. There is no reflection of light upon it. 5. It is cheaper, it costs but a trifle more than ordinary hard finish.

In building a new school house it would be well to have a belt of this black surface pass entirely around the room, at the proper height. In a common school, when small children are to use it, its lower edge should be about two feet from the floor, extending thence upward from 3 to 3 1/2 feet. At the lower edge there should be a "chalk trough" extending the whole length, made by nailing a thin strip of board to the plank which bounds the black board, leaving a trough two inches in width and depth, in which to place the chalk, brushes, pointers, &c.; this would also catch the dust which is wiped from the board. The upper edge should be bounded by a simple moulding.

The Brushes.—The best thing for removing the chalk from the board is a brush, made of the size of a shoe brush, with a wooden handle on the back side, the face being covered with a sheep-skin with the wool on. This removes the chalk at a single sweep, without wearing the surface, and without dirting the hand of the operator. This is a great improvement over a dust-cloth or a sponge. In all cases let the board be kept dry; never allow a pupil to wet the wiper when removing the chalk.

Renovator.—By long use, especially if the surface is ever cleaned with a wet wiper, this kind of black-board becomes too smooth and glossy upon the surface; the chalk passes off without taking effect, and the light is reflected by it. A very simple wash applied with a whitewash brush, will immediately restore it; this wash is made by dissolving one part of glue to two parts of alum, so as to make a very thin solution. It is well to have this wash slightly colored with lampblack.—Care should be taken that this wash do not have too much body.

The above directions, if carefully observed, it is believed, will be found sufficient to enable any district to procure, at a cheap rate, an adequate amount of blackboard, ready for use at all times. If these suggestions shall tend to promote the welfare of the schools, by improving the means of instruction in the districts, the writer will have a sufficient reward.

We hope that teachers and friends of education in the western part of the county will bear in mind that the County Association holds its next meeting at the Rowley school house, in Wells township. That will be the first meeting of the Association that has been held in that section of the county, and we have no doubt that the friends in that town and those adjoining, will feel an interest in attending and taking part in the proceedings.—The regular notice will appear in due time.

There is wisdom that looks grave, and sneers at merriment; and again a deeper wisdom, that stoops to be gay as often as occasion serves, and oftentimes avails itself of shallow and trifling grounds of mirth, because if we wish for more substantial ones, we seldom can be gay at all.