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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, January 3, 1861.

Selected Tale.

THE OLD MAN'S DEATH.

A CHILD'S FIRST SIGHT OF SORROW.

From "Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West."

BY ALICE CAREY.

Change is the order of nature; the old makes way for the new; over the perished growth of last year brighten the blossoms of this. What changes are to be counted, even in a little noiseless life like mine! How many graves have grown green; how many, lately young, and strong in hope and courage, are faltering and fainting; how many hands that reached eagerly for the roses are drawn back bleeding and full of thorns; and, sadder of all, how many hearts are broken! I remember when I had no sad memory, when I first made room in my bosom for the consciousness of death.

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear;
But where are the living fountains whose flow
Was a joy of heart to bear!

I remember the twilight, as though it were yesterday—grey, and dim, and cold, for it was late in October, when the shadow first came over my heart, the no subsequent sun shine has ever swept entirely away. From the window of our cottage home, streamed a column of light in which sat striding the red berries of the brier rose.

I had heard of death, but regarded it only with that vague apprehension which I felt for the demons and witches that gather poison herbs under the new moon, in fairy forests, or strange harmless travelers with wands of willow, or with vines of the wild grape vine. I did not much like to think about it, and yet I felt safe from their influence.

There might be people, somewhere, that would die some time; I did not know, but it would not be myself, or any one I knew.—They were so well, and so strong, so full of joyous hopes, how could their feet falter, and their smiles grow dim, and their fainting hands lay away their work, and fall themselves together! No, no—it was not a thing to be believed.

Drifts of sunshine from that season of blissful ignorance often come back, as lightly
As the winds of the May time flow,
And lit up the shadows brightly
As the daffodil finds the snow—

the shadows that have gathered with the years! It is pleasant to have them thus swept off—to find myself a child again—the crown of pain and sorrow that presses heavily on my forehead, and the graves that lie loneliness on my way, covered up with flowers—to see my mother's dark locks fall upon my cheek—see my mother's meek face and the prayer—
"My father, now a sorrowful old man whose face has thinned and whitened almost to the point of three score years and ten, fresh and vigorous, strong for the race—and to see myself a little child, happy with a new hat and a pink ribbon, or even with the string of briar beads that I called coral. Now I tie it about my neck, and now around my forehead, and now twist it among my hair, as I have some-where read great ladies do their pearls. The winds are blowing the last yellow leaves from the cherry tree—I know not why, but it makes me sad. I draw closer to the light of the window, and shyly peep within—all is quiet and cheerful; the logs on the hearth are ablaze; my father is mending a bridle-rein, which "Traveler," the favorite riding horse, snapt in two yesterday, when frightened at the elephant that covered with a great white cloth went to be exhibited at the coming show,—my mother is hemming a ruffle, perhaps for me to wear to school next quarter—my brother is reading in a newspaper, I know not what, but I see, on one side, the picture of a bear; let me listen—and flattening my cheek against the pane, I catch his words distinctly, for he talks loud and very clearly—it is an impropria story of a wild man who has recently been discovered in the woods of some far-away island—seems to have been there a long time for his nails are grown like claws, and his hair in rough and matted strings, hangs to his knees; he makes a noise like something between the howl of a beast and a human cry, and, when pursued, runs with a nimble and swiftness that baffles the pursuers, though mounted on the fleetest of steeds, urged through brake and bush to their utmost speed. When first seen, he was sitting on the ground and cracking nuts with his teeth; his arms are corded with sinews that make it probable his strength is sufficient to strangle a dozen men; and yet on seeing human beings, he runs into the thick woods, lifting such a hideous scream, the while, as make his discoverers clasp their hands to their ears. It is suggested that this is not a solitary individual, become wild by isolation, but that a race exists, many of which are perhaps larger and of more terrible aspects; but whether they have any intelligible language, and whether they live in caverns of rocks or in trunks of hollow trees, remains for discovery by some future and more daring explorers.

My brother puts down the paper and looks at the picture of the bear. "I would not read such foolish stories," says my father, as he holds the bride up to the light, to see that it is neatly mended; my mother breaks the thread which gathers the ruffle; she is gentle and loving, and does not like to hear even implied reproach, but she says nothing; little Harry, who is playing on the floor, upsets his block-house, and my father, clapping his hands together exclaims, "This is the house that Jack built!" and adds, patting Harry on the head, "Where is my little boy? this is not he; this is a little carpenter; you must make your houses stronger, little carpenter!" But Harry insists that he is the veritable little Harry, and no carpenter, and hides his fearful eyes in the lap of my mother, who assures him that he is her own little boy, and soothes his childish grief by patting on his neck the ruffle she

has just completed; and off he scampers again building a new house the roof of which he makes very steep, and calls it grandfather's house, at which all laugh heartily.

While listening to the story of the wild man I am half afraid, but now, as the joyous laughter rings out I am ashamed of my fears, and skipping forth I sit down on a green ridge which cuts the door-yard diagonally, and where I am told, there was once a fence. Did the rose-bushes and lilacs and flags that are in the garden, ever grow here? I think—no, it must have been a long while ago, if indeed the fence were ever here, for I can't conceive the possibility of such change, and then I fall to arranging my string of brier-buds into letters that will spell some name, now my own, and now that of some one I love. A dull strip of cloud, from which the hues of pink and red and gold have lately faded out, hangs low in the west; below is a long reach of withering woods—the grey sprays of the beech clinging thickly still, and the gorgeous maples shooting up here and there like sparks of fire among the darkly magnificent oaks and silvery columned sycamores—the grey and murmurous twilight gives way to darker shadows and a deeper hush.

I hear, far away, the beating of quick hoof-strokes on the pavement; the horseman, I think to myself, is just coming down the hill through the thick woods beyond the bridge. I listen close, and presently a hollow rumbling sound indicates that I was right; and now I hear the strokes more faintly—he is climbing the hill that slopes directly away from me; but now again I hear distinctly—he has almost reached the hollow below me—the hollow that in the summer is starry with dandelions and now is full of brown nettles and withered weeds—he will presently have passed—where can he be going, and what is his errand? I will rise up and watch. The cloud passes from the face of the moon, and the light streams full and broad on the horseman—he tightens his rein, and looks eagerly toward the house—surely I know him, the long red curls, streaming down his neck, and the straw hat, are not to be mistaken—it is Oliver Hillhouse, the miller, whom my grandfather, who lives in the steep-roof house, has employed three years—longer than I can remember? He calls to me, and I laughingly bound forward, with an exclamation of delight, and put my arms about the slender neck of his horse, that is clamping the bit and pawing the pavement, and I say, "Why do you not come in?"

He smiles, but there is something ominous in his smile, as he hands me a folded paper, saying, "Give this to your mother," and gathering up his reins, he rides hurriedly forward. In a moment I am in the house, for my errand. "Here mother is a paper which Oliver Hillhouse gave me for you." He flounders as she receives it, and waiting timidly near, I watching her as she reads; the tears come, and without speaking a word she hands it to my father.

That night there came upon my soul the shadow of an awful fear; sorrowful moans and plaints disturbed my dreams that have never since been wholly forgot. How cold and spectral-like the moonlight streamed across my pillow; how dismal the chirping of the cricket in the hearth; and how more than dismal the winds among the naked boughs that creaked against my windows. For the first time in my life I could not sleep, and I longed for the light of the morning. At last it came, whitening up the East, and the stars faded away, and there came a flash of crimson and purple fire, which was presently pushed aside by the golden disk of the sun. Daylight without, but within there was thick darkness still.

I kept close about my mother, for in her presence I felt a shelter and protection that I found no where else.

"Be a good girl till I come back," she said, stooping and kissing my forehead; "mother is going away to-day, your poor grandfather is very sick."

"Let me go too," I said, clinging close to her hand. We were soon ready; little Harry pointed his lips and reached out his hands, and my father gave him his pocket-knife to play with; and the wind blowing the yellow curls over his eyes and forehead, he stood on the porch looking eagerly while my mother turned to see him again and again. We had before us a walk of perhaps two miles—northwardly along the turnpike nearly a mile, next, striking into a grass-grown road that crossed it, in an easterly direction nearly another mile, and then turning northwardly again, a narrow lane, bordered on each side by old and decaying cherry trees, led us to the house, ancient fashioned, with high steep gables, narrow windows, and low, heavy chimneys of stone. In the rear was an old mill, with a plank sloping from the door-sill to the ground, by way of step, and a square open window in the gable, through which, with ropes and pulleys, the grain was drawn up.

This mill was an especial object of terror to me, and it was only when my aunt Carry led me by the hand, and the cheerful smile of Oliver Hillhouse lighted up the dusky interior that I could be persuaded to enter it. In truth it was a lonesome sort of place, with dark lots and curious bins, and ladders leading from place to place; and there were cats creeping stealthily along the beams in wait for mice or swallows, if, as sometimes happened, the clay nest should be loosened from the rafter and the whole tumble ruinously down. I used to wonder that aunt Carry was not afraid in the old place, with its eternal rumble, and its great dusty wheel moving slowly round and round, beneath the steady tread of the two sober horses that never gained a hair's breadth for their pains; but on the contrary, she seemed to like the mill, and never failed to show me through all its intricacies, on my visits. I have unraveled the mystery now, or rather, from the recollections I still retain have apprehended what must have been clear to older eyes at the time.

A forest of oak and walnut stretched along this extremity of the farm, and on either side of the improvements (as the house and barn and mill were called) shot out two dart forks, completely cutting off the view, save toward

the unfrequented road to the south, which was traversed mostly by persons coming to the mill, for my grandfather made the flour for all the neighbourhood round about besides making corn-meal or Johnny-cakes, and "chops" for the cows.

He was an old man now, with a tall, athletic frame, slightly bent, thin locks white as the snow, and deep blue eyes full of fire and intelligence, and after long years of uninterrupted health and useful labor, he was suddenly stricken down, with no prospect of recovery.

"I hope he is better," said my mother, hearing the rumbling of the mill-wheel. She might have known my grandfather would permit no interruption of the usual business on account of his illness—the neighbors, he said, could not do without bread because he was sick, nor need they all be idle, waiting for him to die. When the time drew near, he would call them to take his farewell and his blessing, but till then let them sew and spin, and prepare dinner just as usual, so they would please him best. He was a stern man—even his kindness was uncompromising and unbending, and I remember of his making toward me no manifestation of fondness, such as grandchildren usually receive save once, when he gave me a bright red apple, without speaking a word till my timid thanks brought out his "Save your thanks for something better!" The apple gave me no pleasure, and I even slipped into the mill to escape from his cold, forbidding presence.

Nevertheless, he was a good man, strictly honest, and upright in all his dealings, and respected, almost revered, by everybody. I remember once, when young Winters, the tenant of Deacon Granger's farm, who paid a great deal too much for his ground, as I have heard my father say, came to mill with some withered wheat, my grandfather filled up the sacks out of his own flour, while Tommy was in the house at dinner. That was a good deed, but Tommy Winters never suspected how his wheat happened to turn out so well.

As we drew near the house, it seemed to me more lonesome and desolate than it ever looked before. I wished I had staid at home with little Harry. So eagerly I noted every thing that I remember to this day, that near a touch of water, in the lane, stood a little surly looking cow, of a red color, and with a white line running along her back. I had gone with aunt Carry often when she went to milk her, but-day she seemed not to have been milked. Near her was a black and white heifer, with sharp short horns, and a square board tied over her eyes; two horses, one of them grey, and the other sorrel, with a short tail, were reaching their long necks into the garden, and browsing from the current bushes. As we approached they trotted forward a little, and one of them, half playfully, half angrily, bit the other on the shoulder, after which they returned quietly to their cropping of the bushes, heedless of the voice that from across the field was calling to them.

A flock of turkeys were sunning themselves about the door, for no one came to scare them away; some were black, and some speckled, some with heads erect and tails spread, and some nibbling the grass; and with a gabbling noise, and a staid and dignified march, they made way for us. The smoke arose from the chimney in blue, graceful curls, and drifted away to the woods; the dead morning glory vines had partly fallen from the windows, but the hands that tended them were grown careless, and they were suffered to remain blackened and void of beauty as they were. Under these, the white curtain was partly put aside, and my grandmother, with the speckled handkerchief pinned across her bosom, and her pale face a shade paler than usual was looking out, and seeing us she came forth, and in answer to my mother's look of inquiry, shook her head, and silently led the way in. The room we entered had some home-made carpet, about the size of a large table-cloth, spread in the middle of the floor, the remainder of which was scoured very white; the ceiling was of walnut wood, and the side walls were white-washed—a table, an old-fashioned desk, and some wooden chairs, comprised the furniture. On one of the chairs was a leather cushion; this was set to one side, my grandmother neither offering it to my mother, nor sitting in it herself, while, by way of composing herself, I suppose, she took off the black ribbon, with which her cap was trimmed. This was a more simple process than the reader may fancy, the trimming, consisting merely of a ribbon, always black, which she tied around her head after the cap was on, forming a bow and two ends just above the forehead. Aunt Carry, who was of what is termed an even disposition, received us with her usual cheerful demeanor and then, re-seating herself comfortably near the fire, resumed her work, the netting of some white fringe.

I liked aunt Carry, for that she always took special pains to entertain me, showing me her patch work, taking me with her to the cow-yard and dairy, as also to the mill, though in this last I fear she was a little selfish; however, that made no difference to me at the time, and I have always been sincerely grateful to her; children know more, and want more, and feel more, than people are apt to imagine.

On this occasion she called me to her, and tried to teach me the mystic of her netting, telling me I must get my father to buy me a little bureau, and then I could net fringe and make a nice cover for it. For a little time I thought I could, and arranged in my mind where it should be placed, and what should be put into it, and even went so far as to inquire how much fringe she thought would be necessary. I never attained to much proficiency in the netting of fringe, nor did I ever get the little bureau, and now it is quite reasonable to suppose I never shall.

Presently my father and mother were shown into an adjoining room, the interior of which I felt an irrefragable desire to see, and by stealth I obtained a glimpse of it before the door closed behind them. There was a dull brown and yellow carpet on the floor, and near the bed, on which was a blue and white cover lid, stood a high backed wooden chair, over which hung a towel, and on the bottom of

which stood a pitcher, of a unique pattern.—I know not how I saw this, but I did, and perfectly remember it, notwithstanding my attention was in a moment completely absorbed by the sick man's face, which was turned towards the opening door, pale, livid, and ghastly. I trembled, and was transfixed; the rings beneath the eyes, which had always been deeply marked, were now almost black, and the blue eyes within looked glassy and cold and terrible. The expression of agony on the lips (for his disease was one of the most painful nature) gave place to a sort of smile, and the hand, twisted among the gray locks, was withdrawn and extended to welcome my parents, as the door closed. That was a fearful moment; I was near the dark steep edges of the grave; I felt, for the first time, that I was mortal too and I was afraid.

Aunt Carry put away her work, and taking from a nail in the window-frame a brown muslin sun bonnet, which seemed to me of half a yard in depth, she tied it on my head, and then clapt her hands as she looked into my face, saying "bopeep!" at which I half laughed and half cried, and making provision for herself in grandmother's bonnet, which hung on the opposite side of the window, and was similar to mine, except that it was perhaps a little larger, she took my hand and proceeded to the mill. Oliver, who was very busy on our entrance, came forward as aunt Carry said, by way of introduction, "A little visitor I've brought you," and arranged a seat on a bag of meal for us and taking off his straw hat pushed the red curls from his low white forehead, and looked bewildered and anxious.

"It's quite warm for the season," said aunt Carry, by way of breaking silence, I suppose. The young man said "yes," abstractedly, and then asked if the rumble of the mill were not a disturbance to the sick room, to which aunt Carry answered, "No, my father says it is his music."

"A good old man," said Oliver, "he will not hear it much longer," and then, even more sadly, "every thing will be changed." Aunt Carry was silent, and he added, "I have been here a long time, and it will make me very sorry to go away, especially when such trouble is about you all."

"Oh, Oliver," said aunt Carry, "you don't mean to go away?" "I see no alternative," he replied; "I shall have nothing to do; if I had gone a year ago it would have been better." "Why?" asked aunt Carry; but I think she understood why and Oliver did not answer directly, but said, "Almost the last thing your father said to me was, that you should never marry any who had not a house and twenty acres of land; if he has not, he will exact that promise of you, and I cannot ask you not to make it, nor would you refuse him if I did; I might have owned that long ago, but for my sister (she had lost her reason) and my lame brother, whom I must educate to be a school-master, because he never can work, and my blind mother; but God forgive me I must not do that; and you, you will forget me before long. Carry, and some body who is richer and better, will be to you all I once hoped to be, and perhaps more."

I did not understand the meaning of the conversation at that time, but I felt out of place some way, and so, going to another part of the mill, I watched the sifting of the flour through the snowy boiler, listening to the rumbling of the wheel. When I looked around I perceived that Oliver had taken my place on the meal bag, and that he had put his arm around the waist of aunt Carry in a way I did not much like.

Great sorrow, like a storm, sweeps us aside from ordinary feelings, and we give our hearts into kindly hands—so cold and hollow and meaningless were the formula of the world.—They had probably never spoken of love before, and now talked of it as calmly as they would have talked of any thing else; but they felt that hope was hopeless; at best, any union was deferred, perhaps, for long years; the future was full of uncertainties. At least their tones became very low, so low I could not hear what they said; but I saw that they looked very sorrowful, and that aunt Carry's hand lay in that of Oliver as though he were her brother.

"Why don't the floor come thinner?" I said, for the sifting had become thinner and lighter at length quite ceased. Oliver smiled, faintly, as he arose, and saying "This will never by the child a frock," poured a sack of wheat into the hopper, so that it nearly ran over. Seeing no child but myself, I supposed he meant to buy me a new frock, and at once resolved to put it in my little bureau, if he did.

"We have bothered Mr. Hillhouse long enough," said aunt Carry, taking my hand "and will go the house, shall we not?"

I wondered why she said "Mr. Hillhouse," for I had never heard her say so before; and Oliver seemed to wonder too, for he said reproachfully, laying particular stress on his own name, "You don't bother Mr. Hillhouse, I am sure, but I must not insist on your remaining if you wish to go."

"I don't want to insist on my staying," said aunt Carry, "if you don't want to, and I see you don't," and lifting me out to the sloping plank, that bent beneath us, we descended.

"Carry," called a voice behind us; but she neither answered nor looked back, but seemed to feel a sudden and expressive fondness for me, took me up in her arms, though I almost too heavy for her to lift, and kissing me over and over, said I was light as a feather, at which she laughed as though neither sorrowful nor lacking for enjoyment.

This little passage I could never precisely explain, aside from the ground that "the course of true love never did run smooth." Half an hour after we returned to the house, Oliver presented himself at the door saying "Miss Caroline, shall I trouble you for a cup to get a drink of water?" Carry accompanied him to the well, where they lingered some time, and when she returned her face was sunshiny and cheerful as usual.

The day went slowly by, dinner was prepared, and removed, scarcely tasted; aunt Carry wrought at her fringe, and grandmother

er moved softly about preparing teas and cordials.

Towards sunset the sick man became easy, and expressed a wish that the door of his chamber might be opened, that he might watch our occupations and hear our talk. It was done accordingly, and he was left alone. My mother smiled, saying she hoped he might yet get well, but my father shook his head mournfully and answered, "He wishes to go without our knowledge." He made amplest provision for his family always, and I believe had a kind nature, but he manifested no little fondness, nor did he wish caresses for himself. Contrary to the general tenor of his character, was a love of quiet jests, that remained to the last.—Once, as Carry gave him some drink, he said, "You know my wishes about your future, I expect you to be mindful."

I stole to the door of his room in the hope that he would say something to me, but he did not, and I went nearer, close to the bed, and timidly took his hand in mine; how damp and cold it felt! yet he spoke not, and climbing upon the chair, I put back his thin locks, and kissed his forehead. "Child you trouble me," he said, and these were the last words he ever spoke to me.

The sun sunk lower and lower, throwing a beam of light through the little window, quite across the carpet, and now it reached the sick man's room, climbed over the bed and up the wall; he turned his face away, and seemed to watch its glimmer upon the ceiling. The atmosphere grew dense and dusky, but without clouds, and the orange light changed to a dull and lurid red, and the dying and dead leaves fell silently to the ground, for there was no wind and the fowls flew into the trees, and the grey moths came from beneath the bushes and fluttered in the waning light. From the hollow tree by the mill came the bat, wheeling and flitting blindly about, and once or twice its wings struck the window of the sick man's chamber. The last sunlight faded off at length, and the rumbling of the mill-wheel was still; he has fallen asleep in listening to its music.

The next day came the funeral. What a desolate time it was! All down the lane were wagons and carriages and horses, for every body that knew my grandfather had come to pay him the last honors. "We can do him no further good," they said, "but it seemed right that we should come." Close by the gate waited the little brown wagon to bear the coffin to the grave, the wagon which he was used to ride in while living. The heads of the horses were drooping, and I thought they looked consciously sad.

The day was mild and the doors and windows of the old house stood all open, so that the people without could hear the words of the preacher. I remember nothing he said; I remember of hearing my mother sob, and of seeing my grandmother with her face buried in her hand, and of seeing aunt Carry sitting erect, her face pale but tearless, and Oliver near her, with his hands folded across his breast save once or twice, when he lifted them to brush away tears.

I did not cry, save from a frightened and strange feeling, but kept wishing that we were not so near the dead, and that it were another day. I tried to push the reality away with thoughts of pleasant things—in vain. I remember the hymn, and the very air in which it was sung.

"Ye fearful souls fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

Near the door blue flagstones were laid, bordered with a row of shrubberies and trees, with lilacs, and roses, and pears, and peach-trees, which my grandfather had planted long ago, and here, in the open air, the coffin was placed, and the white cloth removed, and folded over the lid. I remember how it shook and trembled as the gust came moaning from the woods, and died off over the next hill, and that two or three withered leaves fell on the face of the dead, which Oliver gently removed and brushed aside a yellow winged butterfly that hovered near.

The friends hung over the unsmiling corpse till they were led weeping and one by one away; the hand of some one rested for a moment on the forehead, and then the white cloth was replaced, and the lid screwed down. The coffin was placed in the brown wagon, with a sheet folded about it, and the long train moved slowly to the burial-ground woods, where the words "dust to dust" were followed by the rattling of the earth, and the sunset light fell there a moment, and the dead leaves blew across the smoothly shapen mound.

When the will was read, Oliver found himself heir to a fortune—the mill and the home-stead and half the farm—provided he married Carry, which I suppose he did, for though I do not remember the wedding, I have had an aunt Caroline Hillhouse almost as long as I can remember. The lunatic sister was sent to an asylum, where she sung songs about a faithless lover till death took her up and opened her eyes in heaven. The mother was brought home, and she and my grandmother lived at their ease, and sat in the corner, and told stories of ghosts, and witches, and marriages, and deaths, for long years. Peace to their memories! for they have both gone home; and the lame brother is teaching school, in his leisure playing the flute, and reading Shakespeare—all the book he reads.

Years have come and swept me away from my childhood, from its innocence and blessed unconsciousness of the dark, but often comes back the memory of its first sorrow!

Death is less terrible to me now.

Before the days of the teetotalers, a neighbor of Mr. Bisbee saw him at an early hour of the day crawling slowly homeward on his hand and knees, over the frozen ground. "Why don't you get up and walk?" said the neighbor. "I-w-would b-b-but it's so mighty thin here that I'm afraid I shall b-b-break through!"

Educational Department.

WORK AND THINK.

Hammer, tongs and anvil ringing,
Waking echoes all day long,
In a deep-toned voice are singing,
Thrifty Labor's iron song,
From a thousand fly wheels bounding,
From a thousand humming looms,
Night and day the notes are sounding
Through the misty factory rooms.
Listen! workmen, to their playing—
There's advice in every clink;
Still they're singing—still they're saying
"While you labor, learn to think."

Think what power lies within you,
For what triumphs ye are formed,
If, in aid of home and sinew,
Hearts by emulation warmed,
Mighty thoughts ye woo and cherish,
What shall hold your spirits down?
What shall make your high hopes perial?
Why shall ye mind Fortune's frown?
Do ye wish for profit, pleasure?
Think at Learning's fount to drink?
Crave ye honor, fame or treasure?
"Ye the germs have—work and think!"

Think! but not alone of living,
Like the horse from day to day;
Think! but not alone of giving
Health for pelf, or soul for pay!
Think! Oh, be machines no longer—
Engines made of flesh and blood!
Think! 'twill make you fresher, stronger;
Link you to the great and good!
Thought exalts and lightens labor;
Thought forbids the soul to sink!
Self respect and love for neighbor
Mark the men who work—and think!

Think!—and let the thoughts now nerve you,
Think of men who've gone before;
Leaving lustrous names to serve you;
Yours the path they've plodded o'er!
Freedom fights, and wins her charter
With the sword of thought—the pen!
Tyranny can find no quarter
In the ranks of thinking men,
Think! for thought's a wand of power—
Power to make oppression shrink;
Grasp ye, then, the precious down!
Poise it—wield it—work and think!

Hold your heads up, forgetting brothers;
'Mongst us be it never forgot,
Labor, for ourselves and others
Is for man a noble lot:
Nobler far, and holier, higher,
Than vain luxury can claim,
If but zeal and worth inspire.
And true greatness be our aim,
Power that forms the strongest link
'Tis an upright soul and Heaven,
His noblest power—the power to think!"

School Visitations.

In some of the School Districts of Lancaster county the Directors allow the teachers in their employ one day in each month for the purpose of visiting each other's schools. Now whether the Directors should allow their teachers this time or not, has nothing materially to do with what we have to say on the subject; we believe it advisable for teachers to set part a small portion of their time for this purpose.

Whole schools frequently accompany their teachers on these excursions, which has the effect not only of relieving them for a short time of the dull monotony of the school room, but of stimulating them to make renewed exertions to excel in every good and laudable enterprise. Should they visit a school better than their own, neater, perhaps, or more orderly and studious, they will at once be seized with a laudable ambition to work to become at least as good as the school visited. If, on the contrary, the school is in a worse condition than their own, it will leave an impression on their minds, and they will at once perceive the necessity of endeavoring to maintain their superiority.

But not only will the scholars be benefited, but the teacher himself may gather a great deal of information, even if the school is a less pretentious one than his own. It is an old, yet not the less true, saying, that "Lookers-on see most of the game;" and we do not think the teacher forms an exception to this rule. He plays an important game, and as he is constantly engaged in the play he naturally does not see many of its niceties.—But when he visits the school of a brother teacher he has a better opportunity of making observations, which may be of much use to him in managing his own school. He can note to better advantage the effect which different methods produce; and if in certain points he could not succeed in his own school, he can perhaps discern the cause of his failure; or, on the contrary, if he succeeds well in his school, he can by visiting others, be better enabled to see where his methods excel.

Teachers of the same district at least should be thoroughly acquainted with each other, and their methods of imparting knowledge; and how can this be better accomplished, how can the bonds of friendship and brotherly love be better fostered, than by visiting each other in their daily occupations, and mutually encouraging each other in their arduous labors?

We never failed to be profited by visiting another school; and we think a day spent in this agreeable manner is no time lost. We would recommend to teachers to make it a rule to spend at least half a day in every school in their district—no matter whether the directors allow them the time or not—and we feel confident they will be amply repaid for it.

Fate of Books—Out of 1000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, 200 just pay expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and only 100 show a substantial gain. Of these books, 650 are forgotten by the end of one year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only 50 survive seven years publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the seventeenth century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation and are reprinted. Men have been writing books these 3,000 years, and there are hardly more than 500 writers who have survived the outrages of time and the forgetfulness of man.