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BY B. F. MEYERS,

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Original Poetry.

NATIONAL SONG.

By J. Palmer.

I.

Rouse! Freedom's sons! and burst the chains
That bind your souls in drowsy slumber!
While waking Power o'er you gains
New strength in arms, as well as number:
Shake off the links that hold you down
Nor longer let delusion blind you;
Dash from his brow the despot's crown,
And hurl its fragments far behind you.
Fling out your flag and let it float
While ocean rolls its tide to ocean!
Till Freedom s wildest mountain note
Shall kindle all her sons' devotion!

II.

Join hand in hand and circle 'round
The blessed land that God has given;
Guard every sacred spot of ground
As angels guard the gates of Heaven!
From every height your flag's unfurled,
In every battle fight beneath it,
Until its glory lights the world
And Peace with olive boughs shall wreath it.
Fling out your flag and let it float
While ocean rolls its tide to ocean!
Till Freedom's wildest mountain note
Shall kindle all her sons' devotion!

III.

Kneel by the graves where heroes sleep
Who died for Freedom's sacred charter—
While orphan sons and mothers weep,
Swear to avenge each sainted martyr.
Awake! arise! nor longer dream,
But catch the spirit of the hour,
And let your swords in triumph gleam
Above each base usurper's power.
Fling out your flag and let it float
While ocean rolls its tide to ocean!
Till Freedom's wildest mountain note
Shall kindle all her sons' devotion!

IV.

Then yet Columbia's star shall shine
Above each grove and ancient altar;
And Freedom shall no longer pine,
For ne'er again her hosts shall falter.
Aloft her flag shall float for aye,
For nought on earth its folds shall sever,
And though the staff be torn away,
The colors still shall glow forever.
Then raise your flag and let it float
While ocean rolls its tide to ocean!
Till Freedom's wildest mountain note
Shall kindle all her sons' devotion!

A MALE COQUETTE, AND WHAT HE GOT BY IT.

"Engaged to be married—really engaged to be married! Goodness gracious! there's an amount of responsibility in the thing I never dreamed of before! And such a giddy, reckless little creature as I've always been—how can I ever become worthy of such a noble fellow as Charley Warren? Oh! I must be *very* demure and steady now!"

Thus mused little Cora Clifford, sitting in the pink shadow of the rose-colored silken curtains of her boudoir. The waxen camelias were still gleaming in the golden curls around her brow, and the diamonds yet flashed on her full white throat. You might see a deep, rosy tint on her dimpled cheek, and a radiance beneath the downcast lids of her glorious eyes, as if she was in a happy dream.

Ah! no wonder that she forgot to lay aside the glittering robe of lace and azure satin; no wonder that her tiny fingers played mechanically with that stray curl, and neglected to unclasp bracelet and necklace! For Cora had entered an enchanted land that evening—in the interval of the "German;" while they stood together in the cool conservatory, under the shadow of orange blossoms and pure lilies, Charley Warren had told her that he loved her better than any one else in the wide world. And the crimson fire had burned in her cheek until the red rose at her bosom was pale beside it. And somehow her head had drooped upon his stately breast, and he had captured her little white trembling hand—and—and she couldn't remember exactly how it happened, only she was quite sure that they were engaged to be married!

And she laid away the shining gems, and parted back her gold bright hair, and when the sleep-angel sprinkled his balmy incense on her brow, there were tears on her pillow of down, oh! such happy, happy tears!

No chance for the other whiskered exquisites now! They all had to stand aside from Charley Warren's triumphal path. Dick Ainslie, Chester Howard, Frank Irwin, even the magnificent St. Aulyn, just from Italy, who mowed down feminine hearts just as a reaper mows down nodding grass, acknowledged with sighs that the belle of the season had no more thought for them. No matter how like minature horses their moustaches were trained—no matter how carefully their perfumed curls were arranged—no matter how like Apollo himself they stalked into ballrooms and saloons—the beautiful Miss Clifford deigned them merely a cool bow, and reserved all her slight glances and smiles for that wretch of a Warren!

Men are conceited creatures at best—it doesn't take much to spoil them, and Charley Warren, though as noble a specimen of the genus homo as one often meets, began, after a while really to fancy himself a *little* more fascinating than anything else that ever wore pantaloons. 'Else,' he argued, "why did Cora Clifford, for whose slightest smile the whole masculine world was sighing, prefer him to all their bewitching array?"

Cora stood in the dressing-room at Mrs. Archer's, arranging a wreath of French rosebuds in the folds of her lovely hair. She was a little late, this evening, and Warren was patiently waiting her re-appearance. She was unusually beautiful to-night, and very well she knew it as she stood before the mirror.

The string of her little satin slipper broke, just as she reached the door, and she stopped to fasten it. As fortune would have it, the door was ajar, and the voices from without reached her ear.

"She's really superb—a regular Boston beauty. Splendid—Juno-like, you know!"

"Ah?" and Warren's tone was decidedly indifferent.

"I merely mentioned it as an abstract fact," returned Dick Ainslie, in a piqued manner, "of course we all know that it wouldn't do for *you* to take any notice of her."

"What do you mean," said Charley, rather sharply.

"Nothing—only that as you have already won the loveliest creature in New York, you've no right to enter the lists again."

"I suppose I may *admire* a pretty woman when I see her, at least?" queried Warren.

"Not if you're wise. A girl like Miss Clifford, accustomed to being worshipped with all the soul of her admirers, won't endure a divided homage. Don't try any perilous experiments, Warren!"

"I can say of Cora, once won, won forever," returned Warren, with a dignified air, "and it is a mistaken idea, that when you are engaged to a lady you are thenceforth to give up all other female society."

"Don't know anything about that," said Dick, provokingly, "but this I do say—once commence flirting with other women, and Cora will 'flare up.'"

"And *I* say," exclaimed Charley, in an excited tone, "that Cora loves me too well to question for an instant the propriety of anything I may choose to do or say. And furthermore, I wish you distinctly to understand that I am tied to no woman's apron string. I am a free agent, and shall flirt, as you term it, just as much as I please!"

Cora turned away from the door with burning cheeks and flashing eyes. Her first emotion was that of anger and scorn—her second of passionate grief. What would she not have given for the luxury of a "good cry," at home in her own chamber? If she had not loved Charley Warren so dearly, these foolish words would not have so agitated her. And after all, she reflected, they were *only* foolish words—vain boasts, uttered when he was stung by Ainslie's insinuating taunts—she knew his heart was loyal and true! But then to speak of her in that manner—it made her spirited blood leap up in her veins—Charley needed a good lesson—*and he should have it!*

She rose and once more smoothing down her sunny curls, joined the unconscious couple who were still talking in the passage, and they entered the ball-room together.

At the conclusion of the first polka, as the radiant little beauty sat on a low ottoman, surrounded as usual by a crowd of admirers, a buzz and a hum at the door announced the arrival of the new star, and in a minute Dick Ainslie came up to Warren.

"Come, Charley, I want to introduce you to that charming Boston novelty, Miss Howe. She has just come in, and I want her to form as favorable an impression as possible of our New York beaux. Have I your permission, Miss Clifford?"

"O, by all means!" said Cora, smiling her brightest smiles, as she caught the quick, hurried glances which passed between them, "I put him entirely under your charge, Mr. Ainslie. Pray, Captain St. Aulyn, clasp this bracelet!" and as the two gentlemen walked away, she held up her round white arm to the fascinating Captain who had been leaning against the wall in a disconsolate manner. He came eagerly forward to perform the service, and a thrill passed through every nerve in his body as he touched the blue veined wrist. Cora spoke so cordially to him that he plucked up courage to ask her if she was engaged for the next dance. She wasn't—and in half an hour Capt. St. Aulyn was in such a state of delighted bewilderment that he didn't know whether the lovely creature hanging on his arm was a human mortal in gold colored silk, or a glorified cloud of mist and sunshine—he was only conscious of a pair of magnificent violet eyes shining on him through long drooping lashes. Ah! Captain, beware! women are proverbially deceitful, and you've walked into the snare with your eyes wide open!

Miss Howe was a sallow, dark-eyed girl, with a *souppon* of rouge on her olive cheek, and a bold flippant way—and Charley heartily wished himself back by Cora's side, but Dick looked so provokingly calm and incredulous that he talked with her just to prove that he was "a free agent." Miss Howe was "dying" to visit the Dusseldorf, and Charley ostentatiously invited her to accompany him thither the next morning. Ainslie slightly elevated his eyebrows, and Charley begged leave to take her to hear Frezzolini the next evening! Of course she acceded to all these propositions. Charley had a faint idea, at the end of the ball, that he had been "going it" rather fast, but Cora's perfectly natural manner as they rode home together, re-assured him. She was in charming spirits—"never had enjoyed herself better"—so Warren concluded that he was entirely safe.

The whole of the next day was immolated at the shrine of Miss Howe, by the faithless cavalier; he had not intended it, and felt decidedly guilty, but under the circumstances it could not be helped. Not until the day after did he see Cora. Then, slinking up the steps of her residence, he inquired for Miss Clifford. She was at home, and he found her reclining on a sofa, deeply absorbed in reading.

Just as lovely as a dream! Talk about your *blace*, high featured Miss Howe! What a faint, rosy shadow there was on the bright lips, what a blue, transparent light in the liquid eyes! He felt as if he could have knelt down to worship her glorious beauty, as he came forward to claim a smile.

Good Jupiter! how coolly she extended her little jeweled hand, without raising her eyes from the book!

"There, sit down, Charley, till I've finished the chapter. Such a love of a book—Lamartine—you know—his *sweet* reminiscences.—Wait, and don't disturb me, there's a good fellow!"

Charley sat down, completely confounded.

"I don't approve of Lamartine," he commented. "Pray where did you get the book?"

"Captain St. Aulyn lent it to me. Do hush, Charley."

Charley fidgeted on his chair.

"What have you been doing to your hair, Cora? It's all twisted back, isn't it?—not becoming, I should say."

"Oh, I dressed it so to please Captain St. Aulyn."

"Has *he* been here, this morning?" queried the lover, with a gathering frown.

"Yes, and he says I look exactly like the Empress Eugenie. I had Fanny in to dress it exactly to his taste, *a la Parissienne*. Oh, he's so amusing!"

"Ahem—but *I* don't like the style at all!"

"Don't you? Well, do keep still, and give me a chance to read a moment."

Charley relapsed into a gloomy silence, but his brow was dark and overcast. What business had St. Aulyn dictating to *his* affianced wife. He would like to kick St. Aulyn down stairs!

A ring at the door bell, and a whisper from Fanny in her mistress's ear. Up started Cora.

"My bonnet and mantle, Fanny—quick. There—fasten the collar—and now my parasol. Charley, you'll excuse me, I know; but a previous engagement—Captain St. Aulyn."

"But Cora—"

"*Au revoir*," and before he could speak further the little beauty had flitted down stairs with a parting wave of the hand. Warren folded his arms tightly across his breast, and walking grimly to the window, had the satisfaction of seeing Cora seated beside the smiling St. Aulyn, in his dashing turn out, and of witnessing their triumphant departure!

Poor Charley! he turned pale and red with angry emotion. Never had Cora treated him so before—never had she evinced the least tendency to coquetry, and he knew not what course to pursue. If he had not felt so utterly wretched, he would have proceeded straight to Miss Howe, but he was too far gone for that, and he bowed his head upon his hands in bitter reflection. What could it mean? He would horsewhip St. Aulyn—he would. No, he wouldn't, either; for hadn't he just been playing exactly the same game with Miss Howe? O, conscience, what a remorseless accuser thou art!

That evening he sent an excuse to Miss Howe, whom he had volunteered to take to Wallack's, and turned his footsteps again towards the residence of his *fiancee*. Fanny was in the hall, chatting with John, the huge footman.

"Miss Cora was gone to the opera, with Captain St. Aulyn."

The maid delivered this speech with a half-suppressed titter. Warren colored indignantly.

"I will come in and wait," he said, firmly.

Fanny showed him into the drawing room. Lamartine was lying on the table, with all the *love passages* marked in the captain's hand writing. The reader may imagine what kind of an evening Warren passed.

Towards midnight the Captain's voice was heard, bidding Miss Clifford "good night!" and promising to call "early to-morrow morning," and the next moment the little coquette tripped in, all lace and plumes and jewels. But what a pale, haggard face met her glance! Spite of herself, she started back.

"Why, Charley!"

"Cora!" said Warren, "have pity upon me. What have I done to merit this conduct?"

"Good gracious, Charley, I don't know what you mean!"

"This strange indifference to my feelings—this deliberate coquetting with that scoundrel, St. Aulyn. Cora, I must have some explanation!"

Cora sat down on the sofa by his side, and placed her lily hand on his trembling arm.

"Charley, dear, don't be so ferocious. All I want is, to have you understand that I am tied to no man's dickey-string—that I am a free agent, and shall flirt just as much as I please."

Every drop of blood in Charley's system seemed to have concentrated in his burning face. He recognized his own foolish boast.

"It's a mistaken idea," continued the unmerciful Cora, "that when you are engaged to a gentleman you are thenceforth to give up all other masculine society."

Warren understood it all in an instant. Good heavens, what a relief it was! His heart bounded up from the soles of his boots as light as a feather!

"Cora, you darling little eaves-dropper!"

He caught her in his arms, smothering her musical laughter with a succession of very love-like kisses, and listened in smiling silence while she related the whole occurrence.

He was bitterly mortified, and deeply indignant at himself; but oh, it was *such* a relief to know that Cora's heart was all his own. He forgave her the little stratagem; he forgave her everything.

Pardon my foolish words, dear Cora. I regret them more than you can ever imagine. I am sick of Miss Howe, and Dick Ainslie, too. There is only *one* woman in the world for whose smile I care a fig, and she shall be my pride and care henceforth. Have I your forgiveness, darling?"

She laid her soft velvet cheek against his shaggy whiskers, and put her fingers on his lips.

"Hush, Charley; not another word. Put that sentimental trash on the fire, please, and ring the bell."

Fanny answered the sound.

"I'm not at home to-morrow, when Captain St. Aulyn calls—do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am;" and Fanny vanished. Cora went to the mirror, and drawing out one or two little diamond-headed arrows, shook the rich luxuriance of her golden hair about her face. In an instant the horrible Eugenie twist was gone—she was his own radiant, sunny-browed Cora once more.

"There's one comfort," she said, pausing, with a mass of shining hair still in her hand; "I have completely cured you of coquetry, haven't I, Charley?"

The reply is not chronicled, but we think it was satisfactory.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

Senate.—Messrs. Fessenden and Sumner presented petitions for the emancipation of the blacks under the war power.

Mr. Sumner (Mass.) presented the petition of Francis A. Treadway, setting forth that he had sometime ago presented a complaint to the Supreme Court against Jeff. Davis and others, but was told that they were improper papers. He afterwards presented the complaint to a magistrates' court, but to no effect. The matter was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Foot (Vt.) offered a resolution that Waldo P. Johnson, by sympathizing and participating in the rebellion against the United States, had been guilty of conduct incompatible with his duty as a Senator of the United States, and that he therefore be expelled from the Senate of the United States. Laid over.

Mr. Wilson (Mass.) introduced a joint resolution to provide for the payment of commissioners appointed to investigate the claims against the Western Military Department. Referred to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Harlan (Iowa) introduced a bill to authorize the President to acquire territory for the settlement of persons of African descent. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Wilson introduced a bill for the reorganization of the Military Department of the army. Referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Hale (N. H.) called up the resolution he offered yesterday, that the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expendiency of abolishing the present judicial system of the United States, and establishing another in pursuance of the Constitution. The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. Nesmith (Oregon) introduced a bill to provide for the protection of overland emigrants to California and Oregon. Referred to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Harris (N. Y.) introduced a bill relative to the sale of spirituous liquors in the District of Columbia. The bill is designed to render more operative the bill passed last summer, and provides for trial by any Justice of the peace. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Chandler (Mich.) announced the death of the Hon. Kingsley S. Bingham, late Senator from Michigan, and gave a brief sketch of the life of the late Senator.

Mr. Clark (N. J.) spoke of the dead Senator as a conscientious man, whose true merits were known only to his friends. He was always true to his country and firm and unwavering in the discharge of his duty.

Mr. Sumner (Mass.) paid a tribute to the worth and excellence of the deceased Senator, who was always firm for the right and against oppression and wrong. He was one of those beautiful natures where God had joined the mildest manners to the bravest mind. He was always opposed to slavery, and any compromise with evil. Such a nature can be illspared at such an hour as the present though he still lives by example. Those who knew him here and the State that loved him well will cherish his memory with affectionate pride.

The resolution of respect was agreed to and the Senate adjourned.

House.—Mr. Roscoe Conkling (N. Y.) offerred a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Attorney General to report his views as to the means of obtaining a retrocession of that portion of Virginia formly belonging to the District of Columbia.

Mr. Potter, (Wis.,) from the Committee on Public Lands reported a bill providing homesteads to actual settlers, and providing a bounty for soldiers in lieu of grants of public lands.—He explained that the homestead feature of this bill was heretofore passed, but there is an addition that all soldiers, marines and seamen shall be entitled to the provisions of this act. It contains a section giving a bounty of $30 to the three months' volunteers.

The further consideration of the bill was postponed till Wednesday next.

The House concurred in the resolution from the Senate, for a joint committee to inquire into the conduct of the present war, with power to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Pendleton (Ohio) moved that the memorial of Howard Gatchell and Davis be referred back to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions declaring that Congress alone had power under the Constitution to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*. That the exercise of that power by any other department of the Government is a usurpation, and dangerous to public liberty. That the persons above named be delivered to the Marshal to the end that they may be indicted with the right of speedy trial, if there be probable cause for such proceedings.

He spoke at length on this subject saying, that those gentlemen were members of the Board of Police for the city of Baltimore, and on the first of July last, at the dead hour of night, were arrested by order of the military authorities, and without charges being preferred against them were conveyed as prisoners to Fort M'Henry. They ask that Congress may examine into the question, or that they may be heard before a judicial tribunal, and yet his (Mr. Pendleton's) colleagues in the Committee on the Judicary could find no more fitting response to the memorial than that it should lie unanswered on the table.

The question here presented was as to the legality of their present punishment, which he denied. The meanest criminal, even is within the reach of the application of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and this right has never been denied by any Executive until now.

Mr. Pendleton said in the course of his argument, that when the Constitution was framed there was no principle more incontrovertible than that parliament alone could suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. The revolution was a protest against usurpation, and it could not be believed that our forefathers, who had so earnestly engaged in securing personal liberty, would contract the bounds of freedom, and enlarge the bounds of executive power. If the President can suspend one provision of the Constitution he can suspend them all, and reduce this nation to the condition of slaves by changing the theory of the Government. Any nation willing to adopt this theory is so lost to a manly sense of independence and dignity, and to a just consciousness of their courage and duty of defending the Government, that the yoke is a fit emblem and a just token of their degradation. If this theory shall be endorsed the precedent will give authority in the future to ambitious men until public virtue will be destroyed, the national character tarnished and love of liberty destroyed, and the country become a prey to any tyrant. One successful invasion of any right depreciates its value, and weakens the means of a rightful resistance.—No one should listen to the doctrine of State necessity, the history of which is written on the wreck of public liberty.

Mr. Bingham (Ohio) replied that all his colleague had just said or could say, had been fully and satisfactorily answered by the argument of the Attorney General, heretofore submitted. Notwithstanding the ability of his colleague, he (Mr. Pendleton) had not been able to disguise the fact that the time had come which was contemplated by the words of the Constitution for the suspending of the writ of *habeas corpus*. It was important that some power should do so. If this be conceded, then his colleague's argument has destroyed itself. It implied a censure on the House in not discharging the duty long ago, as required by the oath which they had all taken to support the Constitution. His colleague's position was that Congress alone can suspend this writ, while consenting that the time has come for its suspension.

On motion of Mr. Bingham the whole subject was laid on the table by a vote of 108 years, against 28 nays.

A message was received from the Senate, announcing the death of Senator Bingham, of Michigan. Eulogies on the character of the deceased were delivered by Messrs. Beaman, Trowbridge and Granger, of Michigan, Sedgwick, of New York, and Ashley, of Ohio. The usual resolutions of respect were then passed and the House adjourned.

TELEGRAPHICALLY DRUNK.

A citizen of St. Louis being brought before a magistrate on a charge of drunkenness, the following dialogue took place:

Judge—"What is the charge against this individual?"

Policeman—"Getting drunk; completely drunk attempting to destroy private property, and collecting a crowd around him."

Mr. Erskine, (rising painfully) "That's a mistake, a calumny beyond description, I was not drunk, shall not and will not be drunk. I never drink anything but water; ask Thompson. In order to prove to you I have my senses perfectly, I will proceed to sing the Star-Spangled Banner without missing a note. Got a piano up here?"

The Judge—"Poor lunatic?"

Mr. Erskine—"Indeed, that's more'n likely. Reading the newspapers has brought me into this state. I like to know the war news. I read all dispatches painted on the subject. That's the way I lost my reason. The second edition contradicts the first; the third contradicts that again, and so on. You believe you know and you don't know any thing. You learn all at once that what happened yesterday didn't happen yesterday, but is going to happen to-morrow. That's enough to shatter the best organized intellect. It produces the effect of mixing your liquor—you go swallowing, without knowing how much you take."

Judge—"So you have been mixing your liquor then?"

Mr. Erskine—"No! I've mixed my despatches. Oh! Telegraph! Telegraph!—you're my ruin!"

Notwithstanding this ingenious system of defence Mr. Erskine was sent to work off his whiskey at the station house. On his way thither he promised the police officer not to read any more newspapers, and above all, no more despatches from the seat of war.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.

☞Friends of education who wish to enlighten the public on the subject of teaching the "young idea how to shoot," are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of "Bedford Gazette."

SCHOOL MATTERS.

The State Superintendent has decided that if a Teacher is not paid when his salary is due, he can obtain judgement for it, and have execution in the mode pointed out by the school law. If the non-payment was owing to no fault of the Directors; the expenses of the suit will be placed on the District; if due to their negligence, on the members of the Board, individually.

A County Superintendent is bound to make out the Teacher's certificate immediately after the close of his examination.

Children cannot be excluded from school because their parents have not paid their school tax.

A School Board has the right to direct a Teacher to lock the door of the school room 10 or 15 minutes after the exact hour at which the exercises regularly commence, and not to admit scholars who come after that period.—This plan is intended to insure more regularity in attendance, and promote the order and interest of the schools.

The above are among the latest decisions of the State Superintendent.

"*Ignorance and superstition, the tyrants which the teachers enlist to exterminate—those twin relics of the dark ages.*" S. S.—[Bedford Gazette, Nov. 29.

Mr. Simon Syntax, who has written many excellent suggestions on education, has certainly, without his usual carefulness, penned the last line of the above paragraph. Has he, in the balance of justice, weighed what "the dark ages" have done for the noble cause of education, *according to their circumstances*? The art of printing was then unknown. How could the people of "the middle ages" do more than they have done, viz: transcribe and hand down to us the ancient classics? You might as well blame those ages for slow locomotion, as for a want of general education. Neither steam power nor printing was then discovered, and, therefore, the charges of ignorance and superstition fall pointless at those times. Considering the destruction of the Roman Empire by the Barbarians, in the 5th century, the middle ages, or as they are styled by thoughtlessness and folly, the "dark ages," have done pretty well, in the cause of knowledge and education. In what ages, pray, were the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford founded? Of what age was Alfred, the immortal author of trial by jury, and Alcuin "the propagator of education," as one of England's best historians styles him, "from the Gallic Alps to the banks of the Loire, the Rhine and the Elbe."

Great as is our zeal for education and its result, useful knowledge, we should be generous and truthful towards the past. As we are soon, in our town, to have a meeting of teachers, it is to be hoped, that they will show respect to their proper mission, by a due regard to what has been done, in preceding remote times, in the important business of education. It is to be expected, that from so respectable a body of public enlighteners, we will not hear any school-boy declamation, but wise and wholesome views, on all important subjects which they meet together to discuss. VERAX.

We freely insert the above communication in our column. We are perfectly willing that all sides shall be heard. When we penned the line alluded to in the above, we had no intention of detracting anything from the credit to which any age is entitled for that which it has handed down to posterity for the "noble cause of education, according to its circumstances."

When we spoke of ignorance and superstition as being twin relics of the dark ages, we meant the latter in the general acceptation of the term by the civilized world. We claim no infallibility; and if we have not weighed the subject evenly in the balance of justice, we are open to conviction at all times.

We have all confidence that the "body of public enlighteners" which will soon meet in this place, will do ample justice to every age for what it has done for the cause in which its members are engaged.

We feel grateful for the commending allusion which the writer makes to our humble efforts for the cause of education, and only hope that we have merited it. As we are greatly in favor of the dissemination of *truth*, at all times, we hope that "*Verax*" will soon again favor our column with his communications. S. S.

☞Teachers of Bedford county! fail not to be present at the teachers' convention, which meets at Bedford, between Christmas and New Year. You should all be there.