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Select Poetry.

TOO LATE.

BY MISS MULOCK.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old like when I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me'should ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh! to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

AFFECTING INCIDENT OF RAIL ROAD LIFE.

An old railroad conductor relates the following touching incident of his own life and the lives of the passengers saved—the return for little acts of kindness bestowed on the widow and the fatherless:

"The western division of our road runs thro' a very mountainous part of Virginia, and the stations are few and far between. About three miles from one of these stations the road runs through a deep gorge of the Blue Ridge, and near the centre is a small valley, and there, hemmed in by the everlasting hills, stood a small one and a half story log cabin. The few acres that surrounded it were well cultivated as a garden, and upon the fruits thereof lived a widow and her three children, by the name of Graff. They were, indeed, untutored in the cold charities of an outside world—I doubt much if they ever saw the sun shine beyond their own native hills. In the summer time the children brought berries to the nearest station to sell, and with the money they earned they bought a few of the necessities of the outside refinement.

"The oldest of these children I should judge to be about twelve years, and the youngest about seven. They were all girls, and looked nice and clean, and their healthful appearance and natural delicacy gave them a ready welcome. They appeared as if they had been brought up to fear God, and love their humble home and mother."

"I had often stopped my train to have them set off at their home, having found them at the station some three miles from their home, after disposing of their berries."

"I had children at home, and knew their little feet would be tired in walking three miles, and therefore felt that it would be the same with those fatherless little ones. They seemed so pleased to ride, and thanked me with such lovely thanks after letting them off near home. They frequently offered me nice, tempting baskets of fruit for my kindness, yet I never accepted anything without paying them full value."

"Now, if you remember, the winter of 1854 was very cold in that part of the State, and the snow was nearly three feet deep on the mountains. On the night of the 26th of December it turned around warm, and the rain fell in torrents. A terrible rain swept the mountain tops, and almost filled the valleys with water. Upon that night my train was winding its way, at its usual speed, around the hills and through the valleys, and as the road bed was all solid rock, I had no fear of the banks giving out. The night was intensely dark, and the wind moaned pitilessly through the deep gorge of the mountains. Some of my passengers were trying to sleep; others were talking in a low voice, to relieve the monotony of the scene. Mothers had their children upon their knees, as if to shield them from some unknown danger without."

"It was near midnight, when a sharp whistle from the engine brought me to my feet. I knew there was danger by that whistle, and sprang to the breaks at once, but the brakemen were all at their posts, and soon brought their trains to a stop. I seized my lantern, and found my way forward as soon as possible, when what a sight met my gaze! A bright fire of pine logs illuminated my track for some distance, and not over forty rods ahead of our train a horrible gulf had opened itself to receive us."

"The snow, together with the rain, had torn the whole side of the mountain out, and eternally itself seemed spread out before us. The widow Graff and her children had found it out,

and had brought light brush from her home below, and built a large fire to warn us of our danger. They had been there more than two hours watching beside that beacon of safety. As I went up where the old lady and children stood drenched through by the rain and sleet, she grasped me by the arm, and cried—

"Thank God! Mr. Sherbourn, we stopped you in time. I would have lost my life before one hair of your head should have been hurt. Oh! I prayed to heaven that we might stop the train, and, my God, I think three!"

The children were all crying for joy. I confess I don't very often pray, but I did then and there. I knelt down by the side of that old woman, and offered up thanks to an All-Wise Being for our safe deliverance from a most terrible death, and called down blessings without number upon that good old woman and her children. Near by stood the engineer, firemen and brakemen, tears streaming down their bronzed cheeks.

"I immediately prevailed upon Mrs. Graff and the children to go back in the cars out of the storm and cold. After reaching the cars, I related our hair-breadth escape, and to whom we were indebted for our lives, and begged the men passengers to go forward and see for themselves. They needed no further urging, and a great many ladies went also, regardless of the storm. They soon returned, and their pale faces gave full evidence of the frightful death we had escaped. The ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in their thanks and heartfelt gratitude towards Mrs. Graff and her children, and assured her that they would never, never forget her; and before the woman left the train, she was presented with a purse of four hundred and sixty dollars, the voluntary offering of a whole train of grateful passengers."

She returned the proffered gift for some time, and said she had only done her duty, and the knowledge of having done so was all the reward she asked. However, she finally accepted the money, and said it should go to educate her children.

The railroad company built her a neat house, gave her and her children a free pass over the road, and ordered all trains to stop and let her off at her home whenever she wished. But the employees needed no such orders; they can appreciate all such kindness—more so than the directors themselves."

"The old lady frequently visits my home at H—, and she is at all times a welcome visitor at my fireside. Two of the children are attending school at the same place."

WHAT CAMERON WANTED TO SAY.

The New York Tribune of the 4th inst. gave the whole Report of the Secretary of War, as originally drafted by him and sent to a portion of the press. The following is the portion which was stricken out by the President's order:

"It has become a grave question for determination, what shall be done with the slaves abandoned by their owners on the advance of our troops into Southern territory, as in the Beaufort district of South Carolina. The whole white population therein is 6,000, while the number of negroes exceeds 32,000. The panic which drove their masters in wild confusion from their homes, leaves them in undisputed possession of the soil. Shall they, armed by their masters, be placed in the field to fight against us, or shall their labor be continually employed in reproducing the means for supporting the armies of rebellion?"

The war into which this Government has been forced by rebellious traitors has been carried on for the purpose of repossessing the property violently and treacherously seized upon by the enemies of the Government, and to re-establish the authority and laws of the United States in the places where it is opposed or overthrown by armed insurrection and rebellion. Its purpose is to recover and defend what is justly its own.

War, even between independent nations, is made to subdue the enemy, and all that belongs to that enemy, by occupying the hostile country, and exercising dominion over all the men and things within its territory. This being true in respect to independent nations at war with one another, it follows that rebels who are laboring by force of arms to overthrow a Government, justly bring upon themselves all the consequences of war, and provoke the destruction merited by the worst of crimes. That Government would be false to national trust, and would justly excite ridicule of the civilized world, that would abstain from the use of any efficient means to preserve its own existence, or to overcome a rebellious and traitorous enemy, by sparing or protecting the property of those who are waging war against it.

The principal wealth and power of the Rebel States is a peculiar species of property, consisting of the service or labor of African slaves, or the descendants of Africans. This property has been variously estimated at the value of from \$700,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000.

Why should this property be exempt from the hazards and consequences of a rebellious war?

It was the boast of the leader of the rebellion, while he yet had a seat in the Senate of the United States, that the Southern States would be comparatively safe and free from the burdens of war, if it should be brought on by the contemplated rebellion, and that boast was accompanied by the savage threat that "Northern towns and cities would become the victims of rapine and military spoil," and that "Northern men should smell Southern gunpowder and feel Southern steel!" No one doubts the disposition of the rebels to carry that threat into execution. The wealth of Northern towns and cities, the produce of Northern farms, Northern workshops and manufactories, would certainly be seized, destroyed, or appropriated as military spoil. No property in the North would be spared from the hands of the rebels, and their rapine would be defended under the laws of war.

While the loyal States thus have all their property and possessions at stake, are the insurgent rebels to carry on warfare against the Government in peace and security to their own property?

Reason and justice and self-preservation forbid that such should be the policy of this Government, but demand, on the contrary, that, being forced by traitors and rebels to the extremity of war, all the rights and powers of war should be exercised to bring it to a speedy end. Those who make war against the Government justly forfeit all rights of property, privilege, or security, derived from the Constitution and laws, against which they are in armed rebellion; and as the labor and service of their slaves constitute the chief property of the rebels, such property should share the common fate of war, to which they have devoted the property of loyal citizens.

While it is plain that the slave property of the South is justly subjected to all the consequences of this rebellious war, and that the Government would be untrue to its trust in not employing all the rights and powers of war to bring it to a speedy close, the details of the plan for doing so, like all other military measures, must, in a great degree, be left to be determined by particular exigencies. The disposition of other property belonging to the rebels that becomes subject to our arms is governed by the circumstances of the case. The Government has no power to hold slaves, none to restrain a slave of his liberty, or to exact his service. It has a right, however, to use the voluntary service of slaves liberated by war from their rebel masters, like any other property of the rebels, in whatever mode may be most efficient for the defense of the Government, the prosecution of the war, and the suppression of the rebellion. It is as clearly the right of the Government to arm slaves when it may become necessary as it is to use gunpowder taken from the enemy. Whether it is expedient to do so is purely a military question. The right is unquestionable by the laws of war. The expediency must be determined by circumstances, keeping in view the great object of overcoming the rebels, re-establishing the laws, and restoring peace to the nation.

It is vain and idle for the Government to carry on this war, or hope to maintain its existence against rebellious forces, without employing all the rights and powers of war. As has been said, the right to deprive the rebels of their property in slaves and slave labor, is as clear and absolute as the right to take forage from the field, or cotton from the warehouse, or powder and arms from the magazine. To leave the enemy in possession of such property as forage and cotton and military stores, and the means of constantly re-producing them, would be madness. It is, therefore, equal madness to leave them in peaceful and secure possession of slave property, more valuable and efficient to them for war, than forage, cotton and military stores. Such policy would be national suicide. What to do with that species of property is a question that time and circumstances will solve, and need not be anticipated further than to repeat that they cannot be held by the Government as slaves. It would be useless to keep them as prisoners of war; and self-preservation, the highest duty of Government, or of individuals, demands that they should be disposed of or employed in the most effective manner that will tend most speedily to suppress the insurrection and restore the authority of the Government.

If it shall be found that the men who have been held by the rebels as slaves are capable of bearing arms and performing efficient military service, it is the right, and may become the duty of the Government to arm and equip them, and employ their services against the rebels, under proper military regulation, discipline and command.

But in whatever manner they may be used by the Government, it is plain that, once liberated by the rebellious act of their masters, they should never again be restored to bondage. By the master's treason and rebellion he forfeits all right to the labor and service of his slave; and the slave of the rebellious master, by his service to the Government, becomes justly entitled to freedom and protection.

The disposition to be made of the slaves of rebels, after the close of the war, can be safely left to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress. The Representatives of the people will unquestionably secure to the loyal slaveholders every right to which they are entitled under the Constitution of the country."

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

"When a man thinketh he standeth, let him take heed lest he fall," is a sentiment never more forcibly illustrated than in our own case. Last week we explained to our readers the grounds upon which THE CAUCASIAN was admitted to the mails, and expressed our confident belief that no further trouble need be anticipated. This week, however, our business has been again suddenly and most unexpectedly arrested by an order from the Post-office Department prohibiting THE CAUCASIAN from circulating in the mails. With our paper in type, and the press waiting, we determined this time to proceed to Washington and gain by a personal investigation the reasons, if possible, for so strange a proceeding. We have the gratification to state that there is no charge that we have violated the terms of our letter to the Postmaster in New York, or that we have not acted in entire good faith in the matter. And more, there is no charge that we have opposed the war—that we have advocated secession or laid ourselves liable to any charge of disloyalty, unless it be disloyalty to the negro freedom. Our only, our sole cause of offending, so far as we can learn is, that we have advocated the subordination of

the negro to the white man as the normal order of American society, and contended that the relations of the races, as it has come down to us from the founders of our government, is right. This being simply a question of political opinion, we had no suspicion that its advocacy could fall under the ban of the Administration. It is simply the idea or basis of the doctrine that this is a "white man's government," as proclaimed by Senator Douglas, Chief-Justice Taney and many of the most eminent Northern Democrats. The striking down of THE CAUCASIAN, therefore, has a deeper significance than any previous act of interference with the press. It is simply a refusal to allow us to defend the decision of the Supreme Court of the land. This, too, after we had relied upon the permission of the department that THE CAUCASIAN should be sent through the mail, and expended a large sum of money, which is now all lost, in the attempt to get it started.

Finally, rather than have our business broken up, our establishment idle, our hands thrown out of employment just at the beginning of winter, we proposed to publish a paper containing merely the news of the day, and extracts from other Journals that were allowed to circulate in the mails, and without any opinions of our own in it. Our subscribers, we thought, might accept this as a temporary expedient, but astounding to relate, even this was refused!

It would be useless for us to try to find language to express to our readers the bitter, burning disappointment we feel over this last unparalleled act. The loss of money, which we could ill afford, is bad enough, but the sense of injustice, of wrong, of cruelty, which must be felt to be appreciated, is almost unendurable.

Our readers may inquire, however, "What will you do now? Do you intend to give up?" We answer, NO! The principle that we are contending for is the vital element of our very national existence. It is the doctrine of the multitudes of Democrats in the North, and with unbounded confidence in the grand truth that this is a government of white men, and none others, we shall never forsake it, as long as there are people enough left who will support it. THE CAUCASIAN will be continued for the present, at all events, and can be ordered through us agents. There is no objection to our continuance of the paper, but only that our subscribers shall not have the privilege of receiving their papers by mail.

We feel sanguine that this subject will not be allowed to rest here. The matter, we have reason to believe, will soon be brought before Congress, and we trust that the exclusion of THE CAUCASIAN from the mails will be only temporary. At all events, we ask our subscribers to have patience, and they may rely that every effort we can use shall be made to remove the difficulties that now surround us.

VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO.,
Editors and proprietors of THE CAUCASIAN.

A YOUNG SOLDIER'S SISTER.

A lad of less than sixteen, named Darling, from Pittsfield Mass., recently enlisted in Capt. Cromwell's company, in the Northern Black Horse Cavalry. On learning that he had a sick mother at home, who was sadly afflicted by his departure, the captain discharged the youngster and sent him home as the brave lad supposed on a furlough, as he supposed, and seeing the effect of his conduct upon my mother and a sick sister, gave his consent to remain. But he is very much afraid you will think that he did not give you his promise to return in good faith, or to use his own term, that he has "backed out," so he made me promise before I returned that I would explain it to you. This, then, "in a courtesy," gentlemen, that the young Darling aforesaid has not abated his desire in the least degree to serve his country under your especial guidance, although he has consented to devote himself in the more humble capacity of staying at home and minding his mother.

Having reached the advanced age of sixteen, he possesses the strength of Hercules, the sagacity of Telemachus, Aguilier's bravery, and the patriotism of Washington, whom you have probably heard mentioned before. Would that he could add to these a few of Methusalem's superfluous years, for youth, though no crime, is very inconvenient in his case. Of course, he advanced the Black Horse Cavalry is materially retarded, and its glory dimmed for a season; but wherever you are at the end of two years, he is determined to join you. If that wouldn't take me in his place, I should be very happy to go. I believe not only in this war, but fighting in general, and think that if women were permitted to use the "knock-down argument," it would civilize not only their mutual relations, but also the treatment of your much-abused sex.

Meantime, awaiting thy orders,
I am respectfully thine,
JENNIE DARLING.

P. S.—If you are married, please hand this over to your 2d Lieutenant.

A DUTCHMAN relating his troubles says: "One night ven I comes home I finds the doors vash ashleep, and all de neighbors bunkins in on my back hook. I goes and takes a hook and breaks it over every rail's pack in ter field, and dey runs troo der lifil as too de very fence vos after dem."

FLAT FOOTED COURTSHIP.

One long summer afternoon there came to Mr. Davison's the most curious specimen of an old bachelor the world ever heard of. He was old, gray, wrinkled and odd. He hated women; especially old maids, and wasn't afraid to say so. He and Aunt Patty had it hot and heavy whenever chance threw them together; yet he came, and it was noticed that Aunt Patty took unusual pains with her dress whenever he was expected. One day the contest waged unusually strong.

Aunt Patty left with disgust and went into the garden. "The bear," she muttered to herself as she stooped to gather a flower that attracted her attention. "What did you run away for?" said a gruff voice close to her side. "To get rid of you." "You didn't do it, did you?" "No, you are worse than a burdock root." "You won't get rid of me, neither." "I won't, eh?" "Only in one way." "And what?" "Marry me." "What, us two fools get married? What will the people say?" "That's nothing to us, come, say yes or no, I'm in a hurry." "Well, no then." "Very well, good bye. I shan't come now again." "But stop a bit—what a pucker to be in! Yes or no? I must consult ——" "All right, I thought you was of age." "Good bye." "Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool. Come back, come back, I say." "Why, I believe the critter has taken me for earnest." "Jabez Andrews, I'll consider." "I don't want no considering, I'm gone. Becky Hastings is waiting for me. I thought I'd give you the first chance. All right. Good bye." "Jabez! Jabez! That stuck up Beck Hastings shan't have him, if I die for it. Jabez, yes. Do you hear?" "Ye-es!"

PULLING DIFFERENT WAYS.—A few days since there was an auction sale of damaged dry goods, where the bids were spirited, and the large crowd of males and females were vying with each other in their offers, when a pair of blankets were put up, and a dozen bids were raised for them. The puzzled auctioneer however, caught by the highest, which was a dollar from a female who seemed determined to have them at any price, which, ere he could say going, a male voice cried out dollar fifty, from the opposite side of the room.

"Two dollars," echoed the woman, embowing her way through the dense mass of females who were separated from the males by a long counter, upon which the glib-tongued functionary walked to and fro with the goods.

Turning to the other side, he commenced a new his stereotyped vocabulary of choice and amusing figures of speech, till he touched the female.

"Two fifty," nodded the man.
"Thank ye, sir. Going at two fifty."
"Three!" screamed the woman.
"Four," replied the man.
"Go the fifty?" said the auctioneer, turning to the woman, with a half suppressed smile on his small sober visage.

A nod from the woman.
"Four fifty I am offered; go me five? Come, don't be afraid, they're worth double the money."

"Yes, and that's all."
"Sold," cried the knight of the hammer, almost bursting with laughter, to captain Smith, for five dollars.

"Smith!" exclaimed the woman, "what! my husband! raising herself on tip toe to catch a glance. "Why, you good for-nothing man, you've been bidding against your own wife! Oh! you impudence! but I won't have them in the house!"

IT IS SAID they have a rifle company in Vermont, whose captain takes them out once a week for practice; he draws them up in single file, and sets a cider barrel to rolling down hill; the man commences shooting from right to left at the bung hole as it comes up. After the shooting is over the captain examines the barrel, and if he finds a spot that did not enter the bung hole, the member who missed is expelled. None have been expelled for the last eight years.

THE LITTLE PLACK BONY.

"Chon, you recklemember dat liddle plack boney I pyed mit de bedlar next veak?"
"Yah, vot of him?"
"Notting only I gits sheated burdy pad."

"So?"
"Yah. You see, in de vurst blace he ish blind mit bote legs, and ferry lame mit von eye. Den ven you git on him to rite he raves up penhit unt kicks up before so vurser as a chackmule. I dnks I dake him a liddle rite yesterday, unt so sooner I gits strattle his back he gommence to heist up, shust so like a vakm-peam on a poststead; un ven he gits tone I was so mixt up mit eferdyings I vinda mine self zittin aronk parkvards, vit his daill in mine hants vor de pridds."

"Vell, vat you going do to mit him?"
"Oh, I vix him petter as cham up. I hitch him in de cart mit his daill vare his heat out to pe; den gile him apout two dozen cut mit de hitecow; he starts to go put so soon he se de cart before him; he makes parkvards. Burty soon he stumbles behint, und sits town on his haunches, und looks like he veel burty shamped mit himself.—Den I dake him out, hitch him in de right vay, unt he goes off shust so good as anybody's bony."

An Irishman at the Bull Run battle was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left hand was knocked off by a cannon ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the finger of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain; when the Irishman rushed to him exclaiming: "Blasht your sowl, you old woman, stop your cryin! you make more noise about it than the man that lacht his head!"

He who knows his ignorance, is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

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."

[From Clark's School Visitor.]

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF A SCHOOL TEACHER.

ER.

No. 2

It is with a feeling of slight relief that we see him appoint one of the larger scholars to hear some of the lessons of the smaller ones. "But there is the trouble," says the teacher, handing us a bundle of notes, the contents of which are as follows: Mrs. C. sends a respectful note, saying that she "can hear her own children at home, quite as well as any scholar in the school can." Mr. P. "wishes you would hear all your classes yourself;" and Mr. W., to make matters plainer still, remarks: "If you set other scholars to teach my children any more, I will teach you by a sound thrashing, sure!" We inquire how he intends to act under these circumstances. The teacher replies by pointing to the following paragraph in his diary:

"My back is weary with burdens. Yesterday I sighed that the quarter was not nearer its close instead of its commencement, and resolved never to take up a school again; but I have resolved the same things many times before, and as many times repented, when I considered that there were immortal spirits to be trained for future usefulness in this world, and future happiness in the next. I feel a tender sympathy for Mrs. C. and Mr. P., and wish it was in my power to oblige them; but I am both amused and disgusted to hear Mr. W. scold and threaten after such a fashion. That same experiment of whipping teachers has been tried before, and has been found no trifling job. I must do that which appears to be duty, and wait for the result."

You are anxious to hear the end of these difficulties, but we dare not hinder our friend, the teacher, any further just now, so we will bid him "Good morning," and as we walk home, I can give you the rest of the story, as I received it from him, one morning last week, when I called in before school began, and found him at his desk, as usual. I was as much interested in the affair as you are, and asked eagerly, "What about the thrashing?"

"I continued as I had begun," said he, "for I could not do otherwise. I sent W. word to that effect, but have heard no more about the whipping, unless it was given me that same afternoon, in the shape of restless and disobedient scholars, who thought that, as they had their parents to back them, they would do as they pleased. A little firmness, on my part, however, showed them who was to be master, so that they have not troubled me so much since. But you have not seen any thing yet," continued he, "of the trouble caused by parents interfering with the teachers' plans. Here is a note from Mrs. A., requesting that her son be allowed to go on with his studies in the books that he used at a former school, as she can not afford to change books for him at every new school that he attends. I have written to her, explaining the reasons why her son must have books like the other scholars, but she is still unwilling to supply them."

"Well," said I, "that is a little like the case of Dr. D., who sent his little girl to school with the identical Dilworth's Spelling Book that he used when he was a boy! If every one were to do the same thing you would have a hundred or two classes each day instead of thirty, to hear."

"Here is another from Mr. F., he can not bear that his boy should be hindered by the slow motions of the class, and requests that he be allowed to go on by himself."

"That is another man who, perhaps unconsciously, wishes to increase your labor," said I. "Yes," said the teacher, "he does not seem to know that the beauty and benefit of a class is its tendency to make each member of it ambitious and anxious to excel the others."

"If this man deems the rapid progress of his son of more value to him than is the benefit of his example to his class, it would be better for him to continue his studies at home under a private tutor."

The teachers' convention, which met here last week, was a success; not as complete, however, as it might have been, owing to the fact that quite a number of those who had duties assigned them, failed to perform those duties, which caused a great deal of embarrassment to the Business Committee, and prevented them from making as complete a program as they desired. About ninety teachers were present, which is fifty per cent more than any former attendance. On the whole this Institute augured well for the prospects in the future.