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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, February 14, 1861.

### Original Poetry.

[Written for the Bradford Reporter.]  
THE SUNSET BY THE SEA.

BY SYBIL PARK.

It was beautiful, so beautiful,  
That I must by the sea,  
The red light pouring richly down  
O'er rock, and flower, and tree,  
Beaming all the brilliancy,  
So grandly at our feet,—  
The glowing waves came breaking up  
In music wild and sweet—  
Oh, reverently I seemed to stand  
Within a minister dim;  
And gloriously the ocean-chant,—  
A grand cathedral hymn,  
Sweet o'er my heart-strings bearing all  
Its vague unrest away.  
And leaving sunshine where the pall  
Of gloomy shadows lay.  
The splendor of that autumn sky  
The glory and the light,  
Are mirrored on my soul this day  
In beauty warm and bright.  
Again I see the islands fair,  
And o'er the crimson sea,  
The white sails drifting proudly out  
Like sea birds strong and free.  
But faintly the glory died  
From out the brilliant west,  
And then the deepening twilight brought  
A dream of home and rest;  
Still lingeringly we tarried there  
Beside the restless deep,  
Until the night had folded close  
Her purple wings of sleep.  
Thee homeward underneath the stars,  
And through the dusk we came,  
The dark waves chanting solemnly  
Their jubilant refrain;  
And faithfully has memory kept  
That sunset by the sea,  
The crimson sweeping richly down  
O'er rock, and flower, and tree.  
Solemnly, Pa.

[Written for the Bradford Reporter.]

BEGONE FROM MY SPIRIT THOU WEIGHT OF YEARS.

Begone from my spirit, thou drear weight of years!  
Unburden mine eyelids, thou shadow of tears!  
Unfetter my heart, thou cold creaking chain!  
Sweet sunshine, steal into its chambers again!  
For I meet with the joyous and happy tonight,  
And I wish to gather a glimpse of the light  
Which has vanished away from my cloud-curtained sky  
As youth, and its fairy-land scenes have gone by.  
But how shall the spirit, earth-burdened and sad  
Break away from its thrall, and learn to be glad?  
To heart which distrust, and dark sorrow has chilled  
With the withers of faith, and of comfort, be filled?  
Lead, lead, sweetest music, enchantment and power  
To fill up the moments, and gladden the hour,  
With so mingling tone from the far away sound  
Of the dream-land where music and revel are o'er.  
Oh, ye, with red lips, the fond love-light smile  
Whose innocent sweetness might well beguile  
The seraph of light, from the region of bliss  
To dwell in the rapturous love-smiles of this.  
Let an blanching come over their rose-tinted bloom  
Let them mock in their pallidness the hue of the tomb,  
As in watching some lip for an answering smile  
To mark in its wreathing, but false and guile.  
Now tenderly, trustingly, hope-lighted eyes,  
With radiance seemingly caught from the skies,  
Where each glittering star in the blue azure sea  
Seems a loving guardian of destiny.  
See steadfast your gaze on the Heavenly spheres  
The weary and heavy with darkening tears,  
As each promise of promise-faded shadow there  
Shall vanish away in the depths of despair.  
Lead ye gaily, yet softly, with light airy feet,  
Whose pathway with fragrance of roses is sweet,  
To the witcheries of pleasure the spirit entrance,  
To gambol along in the frolic and dance.  
Let not away, grieved, dejected, forlorn,  
Woblet torn and bleeding, from thistle and thorn,  
Whose unseen 'mid the roses that bloomed in the way  
Obscured; like earth-phantoms, which lure to be-  
tray.  
Let no poison be mixed in the banqueting cup  
From which in the fulness this evening we sup,  
So rampant he hid in the festal bowers  
Where we drink in the fragrance, and gather the flowers.  
Let the feast of the soul, in rich bounty be spread,  
Let the light of enjoyment its radiance shed  
Over the heart, that the morning, life-weary, and sad,  
May arise from its sorrow and learn to be glad.  
Begone from my spirit, thou drear weight of years!  
Unburden mine eyelids, thou shadow of tears!  
Unfetter my heart, thou cold, creaking chain!  
Sweet sunshine, steal into its chambers again!  
SPRINGFIELD, PA. MARIE LOTIUS.

## The Progress of my Zouave Practice.

A fellow with a red bag having sleeves to it for a coat; with two red bags without sleeves to them for trousers; with an embroidered and braided bag for a vest; with a cap like a red woolen sauceman; with yellow boots like the fourth robber in a stage play; with a moustache like two half-pound paint brushes, and with a sort of sword gun or gun-sword for a weapon, that looks like the result of a love affair between an amorous broadsword and a lonely musket, indiscreet and tender—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can "put up" a hundred-and-ten pound dumb-bell; who can climb up an eighty foot rope, hand over hand, with a barrel of flour hanging to his heels; who can do the "giant swing" on a horizontal bar with a fifty-six tied to each ankle; who can walk up four flights of stairs, holding a heavy man in each hand at arms' length; and who can climb a greased pole feet first, carrying a barrel of pork in his teeth—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can jump seventeen feet four inches high without a spring-board; who can tie his legs in a double bow knot around his neck without previously softening his skin bones in a steam bath; who can walk Blondin's out door tight rope with his stomach outside of nine brandy cocktails, a suit of chain armor outside his stomach, and a stiff north east gale outside of that; who can set a forty-foot ladder on end, balance himself on top of it, and shoot wild pigeons on the wing, one at a time, just behind the eye, with a single barreled Minie rifle, three hundred yards distance and never miss a shot; who can take a five shooting revolver in each hand and knock the spots out of the ten of diamonds at eighty paces, turning somersaults all the time and firing every shot in the air—that is a Zouave.

I am a Zouave. My musket education progresses—I am getting on finely—I can tell the muzzle from the stock at first sight, and shall soon be able to get which end of the ramrod to put down and which side up the cartridge goes.

But I am paying more attention to my gymnastics just at present than to my musket, for everybody knows that in a battle arms are not of nearly so much importance as legs—it is a very good thing to know the use of your legs—in case of war.

I've got a practicing room, where I gymnastie every day. I've taken up the carpet—a performance which my landlady entirely approves—I've piled the chairs on top of the table in a corner, and have sold my bed at auction—Zouaves sleep on the floor.

Besides, it is a good thing to know how to sleep without a bed—in case of war.

Spinkee and his brother came to see my room after I had got it arranged for practice—they did things—they Zouaved a little, by way of setting me an example.

I found out by the actions of the Spinkee brothers the exact dimensions of my room; it is three flip-flaps long, and a handspring and two back somersaults wide.

By means of a flip-flap you disconcert your enemy's aim and draw his fire, then you kill him. A flip-flap is a good thing to do—in case of war.

By means of a handspring, you reverse your position, and you bewildered enemy cuts off your foot, instead of your head. Then you kill them; then your screw on a wooden leg and do so again. When you've done it twice you've killed two enemies and only lost two legs; and, after that, you can only lose wooden legs, which are comparatively cheap, especially if the war is in a well timbered country.

A handspring is a splendid thing to do—in case of war.

By means of a forward somersault, you leap over your enemy, when he charges you; then, by a back somersault, you fall on his head from a great height and stun him; then you kill him.

A somersault is an indispensable maneuver—in case of war.

Our company—Spinkee commanding—can go through the manual of arms complete, and only touch the ground three times; they do all the loading in a single somersault springing into the air at the word "Up" with their muskets empty, and loading exactly together at the word of command, given by Spinkee with a speaking trumpet, and firing by files as they come down.

When Spinkee left my room I began to practice; for I'm very anxious to progress—Our company has been all drafted into Kerigan's Contingent, and we must all be ready.

Tried a somersault first, as I thought it looked very easy. All you have to do is, to throw your heels up and your head down, and then bring your head up and heels down; it is the easiest thing in the world—apparently. When I came to try it, I thought the floor looked unusually hard; so I put a pillow on the spot where I thought my feet would come down, as I didn't want to hurt my heels. Then I took off my coat, tied my suspenders tightly around my waist, took a short run from the corner of the room, shut my eyes, and—

When I recovered, which I should judge was about three quarters of an hour, I had a bump on my forehead as if I'd been hit there by a baseball, which had struck. It took me fifteen minutes to get up on my feet, for I felt as if my legs and arms had been distributed over the neighboring country by a gunpowder explosion, and it was some time before my mind was disabused of that impression.

I judge that something interfered to prevent the artistic execution of my contemplated somersault, for my head evidently struck the ground as soon as my heels went up; my nose had received a severe contusion, and the results were, a map of some unknown country done in red on my shirt front, two vest pockets full of blood, and my hair so stuck together with the same fluid that I had to get my head cropped like a prize fighter. Whether I broke the window with my head when it went down, or with my heels when they came up, is comparatively immaterial—certain it is that there was a hole in the sash big enough to throw a bushel basket through without touching the edge.

As to the pillow, it didn't seem to ease my feet after all; perhaps it is because neither of them came within a rod of it, for I discovered that while I broke my only water pitcher with one heel, I had put the other through my picture of John C. Heenan, in his favorite character of champion of the word.

I mustered up courage in three days to try a hand-spring, but the results were not satisfactory, being merely a new and extensive assortment of bumps and bruises.

Then I sent for Spinkee—Spinkee taught me the art—I can do it now—I do it all the time—I keep doing it; in fact, I don't do anything else. When I come down to breakfast, I generally walk on my hands around the table, and give each one of the boarders a patrolling shake of my slipper; then I turn a handspring over the table, and come down easily in my chair, and read a column of the Tribune while the people are looking in the air for me to come down. I never sleep on a bed, now a-days; sometimes I hang myself by the toes to the gas fixtures; sometimes I suspend myself by my little finger to a staple in the wall; sometimes I balance myself on my trusty sword, or take a short nap on the point of my bayonet. I've practiced thrusting with my bayonet and sword till there isn't a picture in my whole collection that has its regular number of features; Dolly Davenport has only one eye, and a fraction of a nose; Edwin Forrest is playing Hamlet without any top to his head, and John C. Heenan with one arm and a big hole in his ribs, is fighting Tom Sayers, who has no legs, and nary an eye in his head. I've put up a target on the brick partition that separates me from the next house and have fired so many balls into it, that the bricks are not now more than an inch and a half thick, and I expect every day to kill a baby or two in there. When I do, I suppose I will have to apologize. I haven't killed anybody for a good while, and I really ought to get my hand in again. If you shouldn't hear from me next week, you may conclude that I'm going through the farcical formality of an examination for manslaughter, and that I'll write as soon as I can get out on bail.

Confidently, DOESTICKS, P. B.

## An Old Time Schoolmaster.

There are many persons now residing in the city of Philadelphia who, remembering back some thirty years ago, can recall the honest face of a sturdy pedagogue from the North of Ireland, by the name of W., a stern disciplinarian of the old school who believed that learning as often went in with a "thwack," as an inclination. Among the pupils of honest old W., was one who has since arisen to some distinction, but who, during his school boy days, was generally regarded as a thick-headed, lazy fellow, and was sure to get old W.'s attention in the "warming way" every semi-occasionally.

One day when Johnny had forgotten to study his lesson, as usual, the old dominie blandly requested him to take his place on the floor, as he had a few words which he wished to say to him. Johnny, of course, stepped out with fear and trembling, and was greatly astonished to hear his stern teacher address him in a very kind and gentle tone.

"Johnny, my son," said W., "you're of a good family, so you are."

Johnny, who expected a pretty severe punishment, and had already begun to whine and dig his knuckles into his eyes, looked up in the greatest imaginable surprise.

"I say Johnny," pursued the dominie, "you're of a good family—d'ye understand?"

"Ah thank you, sir!" replied the lad, with an air of some confidence.

"Yes, Johnny, I repeat, you're of a good family, as good a family as we own. I knew your father, Johnny, in the old country and this—as a lad and a man—and a better and honestest lad and man, Johnny, I never knew any other side of the big deep."

"Thank you, sir!" said Johnny, with a pleasant smile, and a furtive glance of triumph at some of his playmates.

"And I knew your mother, too Johnny; and a dear sweet little girl she was afore she grew up and married your father, Johnny; and after that she was a blessed bride, and as kind hearted and lovely a mother and mistress of a family, Johnny as ever left the blessed shores of old Ireland."

"Yes, sir—oh, thank you, sir?" responded the delighted Johnny.

"Ah, Johnny, your father and mother and myself have seen some happy days across the great sea!" sighed the sentimental schoolmaster; "days that I'm knowing now will never return to me again. And then your sisters, Johnny—you've got five sisters, too, that I have known since they were toddling, and which same now are ornaments to innys society Johnny."

"Oh, sir, I am much obliged to you?" responded the happy pupil, scarce knowing how to express the joy he felt at finding himself such a great favorite with his heretofore stern master.

"And then there's yourself, Johnny, that I've known since your birth—the son of my old friends and companions of my youth."

"Oh, thank you, sir?"

"Ah, yes, Johnny," went on the dominie, with something between a groan and a sigh, and some slight indication of tears, "it's the whole blessed family that I have known so long, so well, and so favorably, Johnny; and now that I look back with pride on these same by-gone reminiscences, I think I would not be doing justice to your noble father, your kind mother, and your lovely sisters, nor to yourself and the rest of mankind, if I were to let such a lazy, good for nothing rascal go without a good 'thwacking'! Hold out yer hand, Johnny—hold yer head, yer young rascal!"

And before poor Johnny had time to recover from his astonishment, he found himself in the process of a good "thwacking" that he never forgot to the end of his life.

The darkest scene we ever saw was a darky in a dark cellar, with a dark lantern, looking for a black out that was't there.

## Women and Marriages.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of the gay circles, married—as the world goes—well! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and at such times I am carried away by similar feelings.—I love to get, unobserved, into a corner and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and soft eyes moving before me in the pride of her life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true.

I think how they will sit upon the luxuriant sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now unforbidden tenderness, and how thrilling the allowed kisses and beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even their parting joys, and how gladly they will come back together to the crowd and empty mirth, and of the gay, to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caresses, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind office of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years and see her luxurious hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripening into dignity, and bright loveliness chastened into affection. Her hands look on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and delicate attentions that first won her; and fair children have grown up about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die. I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency and feeling touched by loveliness that fears nothing for itself; and it I ever yield to darker feelings it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling upon such changes, and I will not minutely now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who more daily across my path; and I would whisper to them as they glide by joyously and confidently the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored, like the fancies of the bride; and many, oh! many an hour will she sit, with her rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them, too—and she goes on for awhile un deceived. The evenings are not too long while they talk of plans of happiness, and the quiet meal is still pleasant, with delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention.—There comes soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are intervals of silence and detected symptoms of weariness, and the husband first, in his manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. There come long hours of restlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, until, by and by, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon a hollow world for support, which one, who was their lover and friend could not give them!

Heed this, ye who are winning, by your innocent beauty, the affections of high-minded and thinking beings! Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart, with whom he has had ever a fellowship of mind; the society of his cotemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held with him a stern companionship, and frequently in his passionate love he will break away from the arena of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the "voice of the charmer." It will bewilder him at first, but it will not long; and then, think you, that an idle blaudishment will claim the mind that has been used for years to an equal communion? Think you that he will give up for a weak dalliance the animating themes of men and the search into the mysteries of knowledge? Oh, no, lady! believe me—no! Trust not your influence to such light fetters!—Credit not the old-fashioned absurdity that woman's is a secondary lot—ministering to the necessities of her lord and master. It is a higher destiny I would award you. If your immortality is as complete and your gift of mind is as capable as ours, I would charge you to water the undying bud, and give yourself a healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun, and then you may hope that when your life is bound with another, you may go on equally and with a fellowship that shall pervade every earthly interest.—Washington Irving.

LOGICAL DEDUCTION.—At a protracted meeting held some time ago, a hymn was given out which contained the words—  
"There is no more sorrow there."  
At the close of the hymn, a brother stood up and shouted in a voice of thunder,  
"Yes, brethren, there's no sorrow in Heaven! And why not? Because in the words of this beautiful hymn, there's no sorer thar." This brilliant deduction brought out a bystander, who observed:  
"That's what I call coming out of the same hole you went in at, friend!"

FRESH ROLLS EVERY MORNING.—Rolling to the other side of the bed for a fresh snooze.

A TAKE OFF.—The following is an admirable "take off" of the startling inflammatory despatches which appear daily in newspapers of the sensation class:

Late, Later, Latest and Highly Important from Charleston—Our Special Despatches by the Underground Line.

"CHARLESTON, Supper time, Jan. 15th.—All the babies in the South are in arms. "Two and one half Minutes Later.—Hundreds of the noblest women of South Carolina are behind the breast works, and they boldly express their determination to remain there."

"Later Still—Three-quarters of a minute. A number of young ladies were in arms during the greater part of last evening, and many more are extremely anxious to follow the self-sacrificing example of their sisters. Shame on the young men."

"One Quarter of a Minute Later.—We have learned, from a reliable source, that the study of military tactics will be introduced into the female schools of this State immediately, as the spirited girls declare a willingness to take charge of the South Carolina "infantry," which is yet to be raised."

"A report from the interior says the negroes "wear" drilling, but it needs confirmation. Everybody is in a blaze of enthusiasm, and the gas company has suspended in consequence."

DIARY OF A "MEDIKUL" MAN.—A pocket diary was picked up in the street in Mobile a few days since. From the following extracts it appears that the loser was a "medikul" man:

"Kase, 174, Mary An Perkins, bisnes wash-woman; sickness in her bed. Flisk, sun pills, a soperifk, aged 32. Pade me one dollar, 1 quarter bogus. Mind get good quarter and make her take more flisk. Kase 175.—Mikil Tubbs, Bisnis, Nirisbman. Lives with Dekun Pheley, what keeps a dray. Sickness, dig in the ribs, and tow bad ise. Flisk to drink my mixer twice a day of sasperrily and jollop, and fish lie, to maik it taist flisky put in sum asidly—rubbed his fais with kart grease liniment, aged 28 yeres of aig. Drink the mixer and wudent pa me kase it taisted nasty, but the mixer'll work his innards I reckon. Kase 176. Old Misses Boggs—Aint got no bisnis but plenty of money. Sickness and a humberg. Gave her sum of my seledrated Dipsebokini, which she sed drunk like hold tee—which it was too. Must put sunthin in to make her fele sik and bad. The old woman has got the rocks."

A MAN WHO COULDN'T STAND JERSEY.—One terrible stormy night in the bleak December, a United States vessel was wrecked off the coast of Jersey, and every soul, save one went down with that doomed craft. This one survivor seized a floating spar, and was washed toward the shore while innumerable kind hearted tools of the Camden and Anbony Railroad clustered on the beach with ropes and boat. Slowly the unhappy mariner drifted to land, and as he exhaustedly caught at the rope thrown to him, the kindly natives uttered an encouraging cheer "You are saved!" they shouted. "You are saved—and must show the conductor your ticket!" With the sea still boiling about him the drowning stranger resisted the efforts to haul him ashore—"Stop!" said he in faint tones.—"Tell me where I am! What country is this?" They answered "New Jersey." Scarcely had the name been uttered, when the wretched stranger let go the rope, ejaculating as he did so—"I never see'd I float a little farther!" He was never seen again.

MARRIAGE.—People have different opinions of the value of marriage, according as they are more or less habituated to the operation—as witness the following, from one of the Indiana papers—all about the "discount" on second marriage.

A lady apparently about thirty, entered a justice's office and asked for the squire. I called, squire," she said, "to engage your services this evening. I am about to be married."

The squire bowed, and smiled encouragingly. "Might I ask," continued the lady, "what your fee is on such occasions?" "One dollar, madam, in the office." "And how much if you go to the house?" "Five dollars." Too much—entirely too much said the lady, quickly—"I have been married before. The first time I would not have hesitated at twenty dollars, but I think two dollars quite enough."

The squire consented to tie the knot for two dollars, and the lady handed him her card, and requested him to be prompt, and swept out of the office as if it was an affair of every day.

A FEMALE SLAVE'S IDEA OF THE ELECTION OF LINCOLN.—A Mississippi correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat relates the following anecdote:

"A negro man from a neighboring plantation has been courting our cook for a long time; he came in the other evening, and sitting down beside her began:

"What, Lincoln is 'lected, and now you'll see; you'll see."

"Well, what'll I see?" said she.

"Never mind, you'll see."

"Well, what'll I see?"

"You'll see; you'll see."

"Yes," said the cook, exasperated beyond all patience, "I'll see more niggers licked than ever; that's what I'll see."

HEAVEN.—"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to Heaven, my son; I have been on the way eighteen years."

"Well, good-bye, old fellow, if you have been traveling toward Heaven eighteen years and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

## Educational Department.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently; it is better far  
To rule by love than fear;  
Speak gently—let no harsh words mar  
The good we might do here.  
Speak gently—love doth whisper low  
The vows that true hearts bind,  
And gently friendship's accents flow—  
Affection's voice is kind.  
Speak gently to the little child,  
Its love be sure to gain—  
Teach it in accents soft and mild;  
It may not long remain.  
Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care.  
Speak gently to the aged one;  
Grieve not the care-worn heart;  
The sands of life are nearly run—  
Let such in peace depart.  
Speak gently, kindly to the poor—  
Let no harsh tone be heard;  
They have enough they must endure  
Without an unkind word.  
Speak gently to the erring—know  
They must have toiled in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made them so—  
Oh! win them back again.  
Speak gently! He who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were fierce with strife,  
Said to them, "Peace! be still!"  
Speak gently—"tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy which it may bring  
Eternity shall tell!"

## Study a Child's Capacities.

If some are naturally dull, and yet strive to do well, notice the effort, and do not censure the dullness. A teacher might as well scold a child for being near-sighted, as for being naturally dull. Some children have a great verbal memory, others are quite the reverse. Some minds develop early, others late. Some have great powers of acquiring, others of originating. Some may appear stupid, because their true spring character has never been touched. The dunce of the school may turn out in the end, the living, progressive, wonder-working genius of the age.

In order to exert the best spiritual influence we must understand the spirit upon which we wish to exert that influence. For with the human mind we must work with nature, and not against it. Like the leaf of the nettle, if touched one way, it stings like a wasp; if the other, it is softer than satin. If we would do justice to the human mind, we must find out its peculiar characteristics, and adapt ourselves to its individual wants. In conversation on this point with a friend, who is now the principal in one of our best grammar schools, and to whose instruction I look back with delight—"your remarks," said he, "are quite true; let me tell you a little incident which bears upon the point:

"Last summer, I had a girl who was exceedingly behind in all her studies. She was at the foot of the class, and seemed to care but little for her books. It so happened, that as a relaxation, I let them at times during school hours unite in singing. I noticed that this girl had a remarkably clear sweet voice, and I said to her, "Jane, you have a good voice, and you may lead in the singing." She brightened up; and from that time her mind appeared to be more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she soon gained a high rank.

"One day, as I was going home, I overtook her with a school companion. "Well, Jane," said I, "you are getting along very well, how happens it you do so much better than at the beginning of the quarter?" "I do not know why it is," she replied. "I know what she told me the other day," said her companion. "And what was that?" I asked.

"Why she said she was encouraged."

"Yes, how we have it—she was encouraged. She felt she was not dull in everything. She had learned self respect, and thus she was encouraged."

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, there was in Franklin school an exceedingly dull boy. One day the teacher wishing to look out a word, took up the lad's dictionary, and on opening it, found the blank leaves covered with drawings. He called the boy to him:

"Did you draw these?" said the teacher.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, with a downcast look.

"I do not think it is well for boys to draw in their books, and I would rub these out if I were you; but they are well done; did you ever take lessons?"

"No, sir," said the boy, his eyes sparkling.

"Well, I think you have a talent for this thing. I should like to see you draw me something when you are at leisure, at home, and bring it to me. In the mean time see how well you can recte your lessons."

The next morning the boy brought a pleasure, and when he had committed his lesson, the teacher permitted him to draw a map.—The true spirit was touched. The boy felt he was understood. He began to love his teacher. He became animated and fond of his books. He took delight in gratifying his teacher by his faithfulness to his studies, while the teacher took every opportunity to encourage him in his natural desires. The boy became one of the first scholars, and gained the medal before he left the school. After this he became an engraver, laid up money enough to go to Europe, studied the works of old masters, sent home productions from his own pencil, which found a place in some of the best collections of paintings, and is now one of the most promising artists of his years in the country. After the boy gained the medal, he sent the teacher a beautiful picture as a token of respect; and while he was an engraver, the teacher received frequent tokens of continued regard; and I doubt not to this day, he feels that that teacher, by the judicious encouragement he gave to the natural turn of the mind, had had a great moral and spiritual effect on his character.