

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, June 20, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

GOD SAVE OUR NOBLE UNION.

BY H. CLAY PRUSS.

It came to us through darkness,
It came to us through blood;
It came to us like the Promise
Of God upon the flood.
A beacon, it has served us
With truth, with glory,
And cast a blaze of glory
Upon our nation's name.
God save our noble Union!

Twas left us by our fathers,
Those souls of priceless worth—
The noblest types of mankind,
That ever walked the earth.
Twas bought with fearful struggles,
By sacrifice sublime,
And stands a proud memento
For all the coming time.
God save our noble Union!

Our land, a waste of nature,
Where beast and savage strayed;
Its wealth of lakes and rivers
Unlocked by keys of trade.
Then sun-like rose the Union—
A terror to our foes—
And lo! this "waste of nature"
Now "blessoms as a rose."
God save our noble Union!

Selected Tale.**THE LOST DEEDS.**

A parting glance around the office, to assure himself all desks, closets and iron safes were properly secured for the night, and the secretary's confidential clerk locks up and prepares for home. With coat buttoned to the brim, and hat drawn over his eyes, Mark Edwards turns his steps towards home, and cheerfully faces the rough wind and drizzling rain, which unmercifully pelt and buffet him, as he vainly hails omnibus after omnibus to remove the same answer—"Full." But Mark makes no trouble of these outdoor inconveniences, for his mind's eye is fixed on the well-covered teatable, bright fire, and best of all, the pretty young wife awaiting his return. The picture is so pleasant, that he cheerfully breaks forth into a line of "Home, Sweet Home," as he turns the corner of the street where stands his own little domicile.
Mrs. Edwards is peering into the darkness through the folds of the muslin curtains, and at the door open before Mark's hand touches the knocker.
"What a night for you, love!" says the lithe nation brushing the rain drops from his whiskers, and kissing him compassionately, "and how late you are!"
Mark looks up at the clock as he struggles against his dripping coat. "I am late, indeed," he answers; "but Mr. Pleaswell has detained me on his trip to the lakes this afternoon, and before he went. And look here, Fanny—the pocket contains some valuable deeds and documents, which will be called for by the owner in a few days; in the meanwhile, I have to keep one of them, but don't feel inclined to begin to-night. Where can I place them with you?"
Fanny suggests his desk, but that is the first place a burglar would be likely to meddle with. The wife's cheek pales at the idea of a visitor, and she considers, "That the secret repository in the spare bedroom, will not do?"
Mark hesitates. "I had so many injunctions to be careful, and not let them get out of my own possession, that I am afraid even of

the signal for closing, and feels he is at liberty to return home.
How is it his welcome is not such a smiling one as it usually is? Fanny's spirits seem depressed, and her eyes look as if they had been clouded with tears.
"Have you had any visitors to-day?" her husband carelessly inquires as he sips his tea.
The hesitating "No" is so faintly pronounced that the young man, hitherto pre-occupied with business, looks up.
"That 'No' sounded like 'Yes'! Who has been here?"
"Only my brother George." Fanny answers in a low voice, and Mark, frowning, turns away and takes up a book.
"My brother George" is his aversion, and the torment and trouble of his wife's family; always in difficulties, no sooner rescued from one scrape than rushing headlong into another; sometime invisible for months, and suddenly reappearing to levy contributions on any relative able or willing to assist him. Mark has seriously contemplated forbidding his visits; but then Fanny is so tender-hearted, and cherishes such a kindly belief in the prodigal's ultimate reformation, that her husband has not yet mustered sufficient firmness to enforce his wishes, although he knows where his wife's brooch went, and why she wears that old velvet bonnet. Fanny seems to guess what is passing in his mind, by her coming so softly to his side, and stroking his hair, and pressing her lips to his forehead, but neither of them say anything, and Mark leisurely prepares for his task of copying. While he has gone up stairs to fetch his papers, she lights an extra candle, and ensconces herself in a corner with her work-table, regretting as she does so that her "poor boy" must be bored with this odious writing when he ought to be resting. However, Mark soon comes down the stairs, three at a time, to ask, rather angrily, why she has moved his packet, without mentioning it. With astonishment in her looks, his wife denies having done so, and hurries with him to the spare bedroom, asserting her belief that he has overlooked the parcel. Not a thing is out of its place. The old escritoire stands exactly as they left it, the lock had not been tampered with, nor was the secret drawer open; and there undisturbed, lie the love-letters; but the small brown paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal, is gone!
The husband, suspecting he knows not what, looks almost sternly at his wife, whose answering glance is confused and full of terror.
"Tell me the truth, Fanny, my dear Fanny! Are you playing a trick to tease me? Remember, if I cannot produce these papers, I am a ruined man! It would be worse than the loss of money; that I might replace, these I cannot. Tell me at once where they are."
"Indeed, Mark, I know no more about them than you do yourself. They must be here; perhaps they have slipped behind the drawer?"
Although next to impossible, the chance is not overlooked. Hammer and chisel are soon fetched, and the back of the escritoire is soon knocked out, leaving no nook or cranny where the smallest paper could remain unperceived.
Almost beside himself, Mark leads his wife down stairs, and commences questioning her. Where is her key? On the ring; it has not been out of her possession. Has she seen it? No. Is she sure of that? Quite; besides, as she ventures to remind him, the locks have not been forced, nor is aught else missing, as would have been the case if thieves had entered the house. In uncontrollable agitation, the bewildered man paces the room, while Fanny, unable to proffer advice, or assist him with any reasonable conjecture, watches him in trembling silence.
Suspicious are crowding upon his mind; hints given before his marriage about Fanny Roberts' brother, and regrets uttered, even within his hearing, that a respectable young man like Mr. Edwards, should lower himself by such a connection, are suddenly remembered and dwell upon. He pauses before his wife and sternly demands what errand had brought that brother of hers to his house? That brother of hers! What a speech! All Fanny's sisterly feelings are in arms, and yet she falters, for she is forced to own that it was for the want of money. "And you told him that I had those papers in the house," Mark cries, accusingly. With crimson face, she angrily denies it. She did not mention Mark's affairs during their short interview. Is it likely she would do so? Or if she did, would George, poor foolish fellow that he is, steal up stairs and rob his sister's home? Ridiculous! Impossible!
"Impossible!" Mark retorts, "without he possesses the key."
"It has not been out of my pocket," sobs Fanny.
"Then where," asks Mark, "are the missing papers?" Their little servant-maid away for a holiday—no one in the house, according to Fanny's own confession, but this young man. Where are the papers?
Receiving for reply a torrent of tears and protestations he flings himself on the sofa, and tries to steady his nerves to the consequences of this extraordinary loss. Meanwhile, Fanny goes and institutes an unavailing search in every box, and cupboard, and drawer where it could be possible to find such a parcel although it would puzzle her to explain how it could have withdrawn itself from the secret drawer to take refuge elsewhere. At last she returns to the parlor in despair. The packet must have been stolen. But how? When? By whom? Getting frightened at Mark's gloomy looks, she is delighted when a tap at the door announces a visitor, and that visitor proved to be her father.
To him the affair is circumstantially detailed, and Mark points out the inevitable loss of his situation and good name if he should be unable to produce the paper or give any clue which might lead to their discovery. To Fanny's dismay, he particularly dwells upon her brother's visit and her half-made endeavor to conceal it; concluding by an entreaty that she will, if retaining any affections for her husband, tell all she knows.
But now the father interposes. To lament

hear both his children accused of such a crime is more than his irascible temper will endure, and he enters a counter-accusation that Mark has, for some unworthy end, removed the parcel himself. Words now become so hot and bitter that Fanny's distress is increased, and lessened by this championship, and she weeps so bitterly and pleads so earnestly with both that Mark, more touched than he would like to confess, abruptly leaves them to shut himself in his chamber. After some hours, the sound of his footsteps ceasing, the anxious wife creeps softly up stairs, and is relieved to find him lying on the bed in an uneasy slumber. Her father persuades her rest too, but poor Fanny shakes her head on his shoulder, and feeling more forlorn and miserable than it had ever been her lot to feel before. What will poor Mark do? And what will become of her if he persists in believing her guilty?
Equally bewildered and almost as unhappy as his daughter, Mr. Roberts tries to soothe her with promises, not only to seek George, and bring him to exculpate himself, but to forgive Mark's hasty speeches, and assist him in investigating this mysterious affair. So, at last, Fanny begins to feel more comforted, and to wish her father to leave her; but, tired as he confessed himself, he cannot quit her in such trouble, and they continue to occupy the same position by the fire till night has long given place to morning, and Mr. Roberts' eyes closed involuntarily.
A footstep overhead startles them. "It is only Mark," says Fanny, after a moment's listening. "Poor fellow, I wish he had slept longer."
In the modern six roomed house every sound is distinctly audible, and they heard him enter the chamber where stands the shattered escritoire. After a short pause, he is heard slowly descending the stairs, and his wife raises herself from her reclining position, and smooths her disordered hair.
As he entered the room, Mr. Roberts lays his hand on his daughter's arm. "Look, child, look!" he whispers; and Fanny sees with astonishment that her husband is fast asleep, and holds in one hand the bundle of old love-letters.
Setting down his candle, Mark unlocks the front of his large and well filled book-case, and begins deliberately taking down, one by one, the handsomely bound volumes of the "History of England," which grace the highest shelf; then he draws out a number of the loose magazines, hidden there because of their untidy appearance; lays the old love-letters quite at the back of all; replaces the old numbers, returns the volumes to their shelf, carefully putting them even, locks the glass doors, and is talking away, when Fanny, with a cry which awakens him snatches the key from his hand. Rubbing his eyes, and wondering, he sees her eager fingers dragging Hume and Smolett from their proud position to assume an inglorious one on the hearth-rug and in the fender; the once treasured "Belle Assemblée" are scattered in all directions; the highly prized volumes receive similar usage; and then, from behind all the rest, Fanny triumphantly takes out the small brown paper parcel, tied with a pink tape, and sealed with the office seal. Crying and laughing in one breath the happy little wife is the next moment in her husband's arms, kissing and being kissed ad libitum.
Little explanation was needed. The young man's brain, excited by extreme anxiety regarding his trust, had led to his cautiously arising in the night, and unconsciously transferring the packet to what he afterwards remembered as the first hiding place which had presented itself to his mind on bringing it home the preceding evening.
How many times he asked forgiveness is not recorded; but Fanny is a true woman, quick to resent, but easily appeased; and Mark has taken George and George's affairs in hand so heartily, that the young scapegrace is actually improving, and there is even some hope of Fanny's belief in total reformation being realized.
A PROTEROUS QUESTION.—A large pond of ice was near a school house where one Miss C— taught the young ladies. To warn the boys against the danger of amusing themselves upon the "frozen element," one day she related the following story.
Two young men who were very fond of skating, were out on the river one moonlight night. One of them placed sticks where he thought there were air holes; but the other, in skating backward, passed the bonny, the ice broke and he went under. His body was found a long time afterward by some boys who were playing on the river bank.
Here the excitement in the school-room became intense, and one boy, about eight years of age, who, with mouth wide open, hair on end, and eyes dilated to their utmost extent, had been literally 'swallowing' the narrative, stated so, anxiously inquired, "who got his skates?"

MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.
BY AN INHIBITABLE MAN.
CONVERSATION AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.
"My dear," I said to the lady who was seated opposite me at the breakfast table, and who had the good fortune to be my wife, "if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to receive a cup of coffee that looks as if it had been sipped from before it reached my hands. Have I not often asked you to fill my cup to within an eighth of an inch of the rim, and not give it to me half or three quarters full?"
"You are as particular as an old bachelor," the estimable lady replied, "and if I had known it before I married you, this day would not have seen me your wife. There, sir, is your cup of coffee. I hope it will suit you."
"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, as I took the cup, "now you've managed to run it over. You must certainly be aware that if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to find slops in my saucer."
"Well, if you will insist upon my filling the cup, you must expect that sometimes I shall spill it over; besides, your finding fault with me does no good, but makes me nervous, and causes my hand to tremble, so that I only wonder there is any coffee left in the cup. But here is a clean saucer, in place of the one you have."
Having effected this important change, I tasted the contents of my cup. It was evident to me that there was no sugar in it. I tasted it again to make certain of the fact. Then I said to her:
"You have neglected to put sugar in my coffee. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is coffee unsweetened."
"I am certain," replied the estimable spouse, "that I did sweeten it. I don't think you have stirred it."
"But I know I have," I answered.
"Not with your spoon," said the provoking woman, "for it is perfectly dry; perhaps, however, you used your fork."
"Pshaw!" was all the answer I vouchsafed to this remark.
"Now, I declare," I said, after having stirred and sipped my coffee, "you have made it too sweet. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to have my coffee taste like syrup."
"Let me put more milk with it, then!" said the obliging woman.
"No, I thank you," I replied, "I don't care to have my stomach turned into a dairy. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is milk. I gave up milk diet when I cut my first teeth."
"It is to be hoped that you will give up the habit of fault-finding, when you possess in an eminent degree, when you come to cut your wisdom teeth, though no one can tell when that will be."
"Thank you," I replied; "you will probably be the first who will know it when that occurs."
"And a happy day it will be for me," she answered, with provoking calmness. "Few know, though, how much unhappiness your constant fault-finding causes me. Nothing I do seems to give you any satisfaction. There isn't a moment when you are in the house, save when you are asleep, but you are thus occupied. The truth is, I have always been too indulgent with you, and humor you when I ought not. I didn't commence right in the first place. I should have paid no attention to your whims, but studied my own convenience and comfort, instead of seeking to make every thing smooth and pleasant for you. Then I would have got along much better. Oh, you men are great tyrants, and if a woman yields to you in the least, you follow up your advantage, and bend her will to yours and crush her spirit to the earth, till, by-and-by, you break her heart."
"My dear, I will thank you for another cup of coffee," I said, passing my cup to her; "but be careful not to run it over, nor get it too sweet, nor put in too much milk. What an intolerable steak this!" I added; "it is tough enough to have been cut from one of the cattle pastured upon a thousand hills more than a thousand years ago. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is a tough beef-steak."
"You ordered it yourself, from the market, so you needn't find fault with me on account of it. I knew it was tough the moment I looked at it."
"Then why didn't you send it back?" I inquired.
"Because, as it was your selection, I supposed you wanted a tough one; besides, if I had returned it, you would have found fault with me for doing so."
"Well, I can't eat it, that's certain," I said, "so it had better be taken off of the table. I shan't throw any more money away on beef-steaks."
"Oh, it will answer for hash," said my economical wife, "and you can have it for dinner."
"Hash!" I exclaimed. "If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is hash. Hash is only fit for children and old people without teeth. Besides, it is a popular dish at boarding schools and boarding houses; and when I was a boy, and afterward, while a bachelor, I ate my share of it, and I'm not going to eat any more. No, we'll have a turkey for dinner."
"Very well," said my spouse, "a turkey let it be. Shall I see to getting one?"
"I think not," I answered. "The fact is, that all the turkeys you select, turn out to be like the celebrated one of which Job was the reputed owner—poor and tough. No, I'll buy the turkey, and you can cook it."
"Very well," said the imperturbable lady.
"But how will you have it cooked?"
"Oh, any way; suit yourself," I answered.
"Then I think I will roast it," she replied.
"Roast it!" I exclaimed. "That is just like you. Now, you know that if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to have a turkey roasted."
"Very well, then," said the accommodating woman, "I will boil it."

Educational Department.
Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association.
The next annual meeting of this Association will be held at Lewisburg, Union county, on the 6th, 7th and 8th of August, 1861. Arrangements will be made with all the principal railroads, to convey teachers at reduced rates. Accurate and reliable information will be given to the teachers, as soon complete arrangements can be made.
J. P. SHERMAN,
Chairman, Ex. Com.
Pottsville, April 16, 1861.
It is hoped that a large delegation of teachers from this county will attend this meeting. Let them make their arrangements early, so that they can be ready when the time shall arrive. The Association will not be likely to hold another meeting in this section of the state for several years, and every teacher should attend if possible. They will there have an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with the prominent educators of the State, which can be had in no other way. Females have always been entertained gratuitously, and we have no doubt the same will be done this year, for we learn that the good people of Lewisburg know how to do up such things, and further, that they are at all times ready to do it.
The attention of teachers is directed to the following extract from the official department of the School Journal for May. They will find it for their interest to post themselves upon the subjects therein spoken of, and take this opportunity to advise them to procure some good work on the theory of teaching and study it as a text book. Special pains will be taken this fall to give instruction on the science of teaching and governing schools at the several Institutes. Perhaps Page's Theory and Practice of Teaching is as good a work on the subject as can be procured.
Theory and Practice of Teaching.
County Superintendents are hereby instructed to grant no certificates, after the first Monday in June, 1861, without an examination in the Theory as well as the Practice of Teaching; and to mark the proficiency in both, in the certificate, according to the same scale (from 1 to 5) with the other branches. The standing of the candidate in the Theory, is to be written into the certificate when that document is issued, and is to be based on the perusal of standard works, or a knowledge derived from Normal Lectures, on the science. But standing in the Practice, is not to be marked in the certificate, till after careful visitation of the candidate's school by the County Superintendent.
The present form Provisional certificate does not provide for the proposed division of the subject of Teaching; but till a new edition shall be issued the certificate now in use can be made to suit by writing the words "Theory of" after the word teaching where it now occurs in the body and the margin of the certificate, and by adding an additional line for the "Practice." It will then stand thus:
Teaching—Theory of _____
Teaching—Practice of _____
This division of the subject and a special examination on the principles of "Teaching," will cause candidates for the honors and responsibilities of the profession, to study the science more than is done at present,—a result most desirable and to be promoted by every available means.
What a Teacher Should Do.
The qualifications necessary to make a good teacher are very numerous, and generally very well understood by every body. Nevertheless, for fear some might be ignorant of the great characteristics of this class of the genus homo, we will give a few of the leading features that are generally expected to adorn the character of that very important personage.
In the first place, he must be a very good natured fellow to take charge of from twenty to one hundred children, of all ages and conditions of life, and to carefully note out to each one, his or her appropriate share of admonition and advice, and other attention which he, (the child of course,) shall, after carefully considering some things, deem his due. He must always be mild in his demeanor and language to the children; always remember that they are human beings; and carefully avoid all things that would wound their tender feelings; and at the same time, endeavor, to forget that he has any sensibilities that could possibly be wounded, or that he has any sympathies in common with the rest of mankind. If the scholars throw paper balls at him or his mates or transgress the rules of the school, he must mildly reprove, but never punish them. If, however, he finds it positively necessary to punish them, he must be careful whom he selects to make an example of, always bearing in mind, that parents are willing that he should chastise any child than theirs.
He must never complain, if children are not sent regularly to school, but be able to advance a child as fast, when he stays at home half the time, as when at school every day; and "if any odds," a little faster. He must not whip, for that would be using brute force; he must not scold, for children never like a scolding teacher; he must maintain good order in the school room nevertheless, and be careful to win the affections of every one placed under his charge. When out among the patrons of the school, or young people, he must not be reserved or distant, for that proves he is "stuck up," and feels himself above those around him; he must not be free and sociable with all whom he may meet, for that proves a looseness of character entirely unworthy of the high position he fills. He must "do all the sums," work all the puzzles, answer all the questions, and do anything and every thing every body else either can or cannot do; and, finally, he must be willing to work for nothing, "board around," and then wait for his pay.—Jefferson Star.
"P. P. E." of Rome, answered next week.