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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, June 20, 1861.

Selected Doetry.

GOD SAVE OUR NOBLE UNION.

BY H. CLAY PREUSS. It came to us through darkness, It came to us through blood ; It shone out like the " Promise Of God" upon the flood. A beacon, it has served us With true, uner ing flame, And cast a blaze of glory

Upon our nation's name.

Twas left us by our fathers, Those souls of priceless worth-The noblest types of manhood That ever walked the earth. 'Twas bought with fearful struggles, And stands a proud memento For all the coming time.

Gop save our noble Union!

Gop 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." Gop save our noble Union!

Where earth lay hid for ages In deep, primeval gloom, Behold a boundless garden-A continent in bloom. With iron bands of railroads, Electric tongues of wire, And energies within us Which time shall never tire. Gop save our noble Union !

But now upon our Heaven Are signs of coming storms, And fierce, unholy passions, Unfold their hideous forms. The bravest hearts among us Are filled with doubt and fear, While sounds of horrid discord Are grating on our ear. Gop save cur noble Union !

The hallowed flag that bore us So proudly through the wars, In there a hand would sever s sisterhood of stars? Great Gop! can we so blindly Cast all thy gifts away? Or throbs there in this nation One heart that will not pray-

Selected Tale.

HE LOST DEEDS.

A parting glance around the office, to ashim-elf all desks, closets and iron safes roperly secured for the night, and the sor's confidential clerk locks up and prepretty young wife awaiting his return. The trembling silence. ure is so pleasant, that he cheerfully breaks | Suspicions are crowding upon his mind;

Mrs. Edwards is peering into the darkness rough the folds of the muslin curtains, and the door open before Mark's hand touch-

whiskers, and kissing him compassion-"and how late you are!

of his dripping coat. ore he went. And look here, Fannyhafew days; in the meanwhile, I have to Ridiculous! Impossible!

Tone of them, but don't feel inclined to "Impossible!" Mark retorts, "without he to night. Where can I place them with

any suggests his desk, but that is the first | Fanny. a burglar would be likely to meddle The wife's cheek pales at the idea of ritoire in the spare bedroom, will not

Mark hesitates. "I had so many injunco be careful, and not let them get out of

wn possession, that I am afraid even of

what trouble we had to find it?" age, carefully preserved to bear witness

him when he becomes old and cross. aps it was a restless night and unpleasams which made the clerk so nneasythe hurry of the next day's working that he had not visited the escritiore backeeping bunch; but it returns so often, tell all she knows.

But is with a feeling of relief that he hears

But now the fat

the signal for closing, and feels he is at liberty hear both his children accused of such a crime

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." Fauny answers in a low voice, and Mark, trowning, 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 anoth er; sometime invisible for months, and suddenly reappearing to levy contributions on any relbut then Fanny is so tender-hearted, and cherishes such a kindly belief in the prodigal's ulpassing 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.

A footstep overhead startles them. "It is his task of copying. While he has gone up tening. "Poor fellow, I wish he had slept stairs to fetch his papers, she lights an extra longer." candle, and ensconces herself in a corner with moved his packet, without mentioning it. With smoothes her disordered hair. astonishment in her looks, his wife denies havthey 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 draw-

Almost beside himself, Mark leads his wife tor's confidential clerk locks up and pre-es for home. With coat buttoned to the Where is her key? On the ring; it has not breath the happy little wife is the next mowards turns his step towards home, and No. Is she sure of that. Quite; besides, as kissed ad libitum. she ventures to remind him, the locks have not Little explanation was needed. The rewhich unmercifully pelt and buffet him, been forced, nor is aught else missing, as would man's brain, excited by extreme anxiety rehe vainly hails omnibus after omnibus to re-te the same answer—"Full." But Mark house. In uncontrollable agitation, the be-rising in the night, and unconsciously transkes no trouble of these out-door inconve wildered man paces the room, while Fanny, nees, for his mind's eye is fixed on the well- unable to proffer advice, or assist him with fered tea table, bright fire, and best of all, any reasonable conjecture, watches him in presented itself to his mind on bringing it

th into a line of "Home, Sweet Home," as hints given before his marriage about Fanny turns the corner of the street where stands Roberts' brother, and regrets uttered, even quick to resent, but easily appeared; and within his hearing, that a respectable young Mark has taken George and George's affairs man like Mr. Edwards, should lower himself by such a connection, are suddenly remembered and dwelt upon. He pauses before his wife and sternly demands what errand had What a night for you, love!" says the lit- brought that brother of hers to his house atron brushing the rain drops from his 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 wards looks up at the clock as he strug | was for the want of money. "And you told "I am late, in- him that I had those papers in the house," "but Mr. Pleadwell has Mark cries, accusingly. With crimson face, atted on his trip to the lakes this afternoon, she angrily denies it. She did not menhere were a great many things to attend tion Mark's affairs during their short inter view. Is it likely she would do so? Or if acket contains some valuable deeds and she did, would George, poor foolish fellow that es, which will be called for by the own he is, steal up stairs and rob his sister's home!

> possesses the key." "It has not been out of my pocket," sobs

"Then where," asks Mark, "are the missing papers?" Their little servant-maid away a visitor, and she considers, "That the 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 only reminds him that there is a secret goes and institutes an unavailing search in the thoughts as there is between the thoughts in it. "Don't you remember," she every box, and cupboard, and drawer where and the actions. The latter are not only the it could be possible to find such a parcel alal the very place!" So his wife carries though it would puzzel her to explain how it dle for him, and the valuabla packet is could have withdrawn itself from the secret ed in this hidden receptacle. Its only drawer to take refuge elsewhere. At last she is are a few highly scented letters, tied returns to the parlor in dispare. The packet " with a piece of ribbon, to which Fan- must have been stolen. But how? When? ghing and blushing, confesses that they By whom? Getting frightened at Mark's of that word he extends to that spot and in-Ir. Mark Edwards' love effusions before gloomy looks, she is delighted when a tap at

proved to be her father. 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 leaving home in the morning to ascertain might lead to their discovery. To Fanny's sown eyes the safety of the papers in dismay, he particularly dwells upon her broth-Arge. He pooh poohs the idea as it er's visit and her half-made endeavor to conis itself, remembering one key is in his ceal it; concluding by an entreaty that she possession, and the other on his wife's will, if retaining any affections for her husband,

But now the father interposes. To tamely

is more than his irrascible 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, not essened 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 atives able or willing to assist him. Mark has her with promises, not only to seek George, seriously contemplated forbidding his visits; and bring him to exculpate himself, but to forgive Mark's hasty speeches, and assist him in investigating this mysterious affair. So, at timate reformation, that her husband has not last, Fanny begins to fee! more comforted, yet mustered sufficient firmness to enforce his and to wish her father to leave her ; but, wishes, although he knows where his wife's tired as he confessed himself, he cannot quit brooch went, and why she wears that old vel- her in such trouble, and they continue to ocvet bonnet. Fanny seems to guess what is cupy the same position by the fire till night

say anything, and Mark leisurely prepares for only Mark," says Fanny, after a moment's lis-

In the modern six roomed house every sound her work-table, regretting as she does so that is distinctly audible, and they heard him enher "poor boy" must be bored with this odi- ter the chamber where stands the shattered ous writing when he ought to be resting. How- escritoire. After a short pause, he is heard ever, Mark soon comes down the stairs, three slowly decending the stairs, and his wife raises at a time, to ask, rather angrily, why she has berself from her reclining position, and

As he entered the room, Mr. Roberts lays ing done so, and hurries with him to the spare his hand on his daughter's arm. "Look, bedroom, asserting her belief that he has over- child, look !" he whispers ; and Fanny sees lcoked the parcel. Not a thing is cut of its place. The old escritiore stands exactly as asleep, and holds in one hand the bundle of old 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 odd numbers, returns the volumes to their shelf, carefully putting them even, locks the glass doors, and is talking away, when Fauny, with a cry which awakens him snaches the key from his hand. Rubbing his eyes, and woudering, he sees her cager fingers dragging Hume and Smolett from their proud position to assume an inglorious one on the hearth-rng and in Although next to impossible, the chance is the fender ; the once treasured "Belle Assemnot overlooked. Hammer and chisel are soon blee" are scattered in all directions ; the highfetched, and the back of the escritiore is soon ly prized love-letters receive similar usage; and knocked out, leaving no nook or cranny where then, from behind all the rest. Fanny triumthe smallest paper could remain unperceived. phantly takes out the small brown paper parcel, tied with a pink tape, and sealed with the

> ferring the packet to what he afterwards remembered as the first hiding place which had ome the preceding evening.

> How many times he asked forgiveness is not recorded; but Fanny is a true women, in hand so heartily, that the young scapegrace is actually improving, and there is even some hope of Fanny's belief in total reformation be-

> A PROTENTIOUS QUESTION .- " A large pond of ice was near a school house where one Miss C-"taught the young ideas." To warn the boys against the danger of amusing themselves upon the "frozen element," one day she rela-

> ted 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 boundry, the ice broke and he went under. His body was found a longtime 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 ace, who, with mouth wide open, hair on end, and eyes dilated to their utmost extent, had been literally 'swallowing' the narrative, stated up, anxiously inquired, "who got his

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.—There is as much connection between the words and expression of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul, and leave the stain of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar and profane word has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance flames it, till, by indulgence, it will pollute the door announces a visitor, and that visitor and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you can To him the affair is circumstantially detailed, | control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able, also, to control the mind, and save that from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, or by preventing bad thoughts from bursting out in language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most refined female or the most religous man. Try this practice a little while, and you will soon have command of yourself.

Matrimonial Infelicities.

BY AN IRRITABLE 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 won-der there is any coffee left in the cup. But here is a clean saucer, in place of the one you

Having effected this important change, I tasted the contents of my cap. It was evident to me that there was no sugar in it. I tasted it again to make certain of the fact. Then I

"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

"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, which you possess in an eminent degree, when you come to cut your wisdom teeth, though no one can tell when

"Thank you," I replied ; "you will probably be the first who will know it when that

"And a happy day it will be for me," 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 elapse, while you are in the and in a very penitential frame of mind, the house, save when you are asleep, but you are thus occupied. The truth is, I have always been too indepent with room to make his peace with a higher power than that of aunty.

His mether power than that of aunty, will cause candidates for the honors and rebeen 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, hat studied my own convenience and comfort, instead of seeking o make every thing smooth and pleasant for Then I would have got along much bet-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 andby, you break her heart."

of coffee," I said, passing my cup to her; " but be careful not to run it over, nor get sweet, nor put in too much milk. What an intolerable steak this is," I added ; " it is tough ! enough to have been cut from one of the cattle pastured upon a thousand bills more than a thousand years ago. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is a tough beetsteak."

"You ordered it yourself, from the market, so you needn't find fault with me on account of I knew it was tough the moment I looked

Then why didn't you send it back ?" I

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-

" Oh, it will answer for hash," said my economical wife, "and you can have it for din-

"Hash! I exclaimed. "If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is hash. Hush 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 well worked in. reputed owner-poor and tough. No, I'll buy the tarkey, 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

ike 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 omas, "I will boil it."

"Boil it !" I said, aghast. "Boil soup, boil lamb chops, boil cherries, if you like, but never, for me, boil a turkey."

Only tell me, and it shall be done." "Why-why-well-fricassee it, of course,"

I answered, triumphantly. "Very well," said the lady, looking, however, as if it were not very well.

"Wby can't you say something else besides very well ?" I asked. "What a provoking woman you are, to be sure." "Not half so provoking as you are," she

" Now, then, you wish to make me angry. I suppose : but you can't do it," I said. "I have put up with everything all through breakfast, and I am not going to be povoked as I am

finishing." " I am sure I don't wish to provoke you," my wife said, in a most innocent and aggrieved manner. But you certainly do provoke me," I re-

"Then I am sorry for it," she answered, in a softening tone, "for such was not my intention."

I looked across the table at my wife; some thing like a tear rolled down her cheek. "Goodness!" I whispered to myself, "I have made my wife weep. What—a—what—a—

brute I am." Then, speaking aloud, I exclaimed:

"Well," was her calm reply.

a tear."

She answered simply with a sad smile. "Sweet-heart!" I said. " Well."

" Cook the turkey any way you please." She shook her head.

I left my seat, (having finished my breakfast) went to her side, and smoothing her pale, wan cheek with my hand, I kissed it and said: "Forgive me, dear, this time. She smiled dubiously, as if "this time" was

only one out of the "seventy times seven" which she would be called on to forgive during our matrimonial career; but, nevertheless, the pressure of her hand, which I had taken, assured me that peace was made .- Home Jour

now twenty-five years old," said a mother toa friend, at the same time wiping tears of gratitude from her face, "and he has always remembered what I taught him in his childhood. He has the name of being a good boy. He hus never brought a tear to his mother's eye.

Boys ! of how many of you can your mothers say the same? And if any of you feel that t could not with truth be said, who will resolve shall bring tears to my mother's eyes."-Child at home.

A certain little fellow had been doing omething very naughty. The awful wickedness of his conduct had been piously pointed out to him by an "ancient maiden" aunty, His mother passing the door, heard the lit-tle voice entreating. She listened and heard.

"I am sorry I hurt the poor little pig. I'm sorry I cut off his tail. I wish nobody had told me that pigs' tails were so good to roast. If you'll please to 'scuse me, Mr. Gon, I'll never do so again. Amen!"

ONE DROP AT A TIME. - Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, My dear, I will thank you for another cup the icicle, remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming-one little thought, or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretch-

> A schoolma'am in one of our district schools, was examining a class in orthography. 'Spell and define floweret," she said.

F-l-o-w-e-r-e t, a little flower." went off a tow head in a perfect streak.

"W-a-v e-l-e-t, a little wave," was the prompt return. "Bu-l-le-t, a little bull," shouted urchin

number three, who was innocence personified.

Schoolma'am caved.

SPEAKING of the First Vermont Regiment the Rutland Courier of last week says : While they were in camp at Rutland the first ten men in one of the companies took a

fancy to see how much ground they could cover. They accordingly formed a continuous line upon the earth, and measured sixty-seven feet and six inches.

The boy who was feaughtlooking into the future, has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.

A Yaukee Doctor has got a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' labor

Hartley Coleride, when asked which one of Wordsworth's productions he liked best, replied, "his daughter Dora."

The quickest way to make a tall man short is to borrow all the mouey he has got.

The injustice from which a man bas

most to fear is his own.

Educational Department.

"Pray, then, how will you have it cooked? Pennsylvania State Teachers' Associa-

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,
Pottsville, April 16, 1861. Chairman, Ex. Com

It is boped 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 "Do you know," I continued, "that if there it for their interest to post themselves, upon be one thing I dislike more than another, it is the subjects therein spoken of, and there take it for their interest to post themselves, upon 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 Pratice 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 I to 5) with the other branches. The standing of the candidate in the Theory, is to NEVER MADE HIS MOTHER WEEP - "My son 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 to-day, " From this time I will do nothing that 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 ex-

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. Neverthe less, 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 ures 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 earefully note out to each one, his or her appropriate share of admonition 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 be 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. 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

"P. P. B.," of Rome, answered next week.