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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, June 27, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

SLANDER HAS SOUGHT ME.

GOD I have put my trust: I will not fear what man
ss do unto me.—PSALMIST.

Slander has sought me! Black as night,
It casts its shades around;
Calumny with poisonous tongue
Seeks virtue to confound.

False friends around me—seek to blast
My reputation bright;
Envenomed slander stalks abroad,
My character to blight.

Is not stern justice satisfied,
That innocence is mine?
That I am free from that dark guilt—
From that most horrid crime?

Then why still seek to villify,
And slander my good name?
Why labor so determin'dly,
My virtue to defame?

Hold ye nause, ye slanderers,
And stop ye in your path;
Despair, and *Death*, and *Hell* await,
Your deeds, in gath'ring wrath.

In God, most holy, just and good,
Have I reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
Vile offspring of the dust.

While he doth give me his support,
I'll in his strength go on;
All other comforts I'll disclaim,
And live in him alone.

Could I but the Eagle's wings,
I'd fly to world's away;
There God's own holy light illumes,
The bright eternal day.

Gladly every ling'ring tie,
That binds me here, I'd loose;
To leave for that blest world on high,
And go where none traduce.

Soon will be the slanderer's reign,
As fading hues of even;
Oh! may I ne'r forget the words,
"Nothing true but Heaven."

Selected Tale.

Tale of a Handkerchief.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Excuse me, sir!"

The first speaker was a fashionably dressed gentleman, and his interlocutor, a beautiful young lady. Their situation was the most embarrassing in the world, for as the gentleman turned the corner of the street he had been suddenly confronted by the fair damsel. A succession of desperate efforts to pass each other which only resulted in various agreeable collisions, and mutual attractions and repulsions analogous to the manœuvres of electrified pith balls, they had come to a dead still. The blush on the lady's cheek, though deep and rich as the crimson on a summer cloud, was nearly equalled by the corresponding hue of the gentleman's face. One desperating movement on his part to pass the lovely antagonist, was unfortunately seconded by a simultaneous effort of hers; and barely almost irrepressible mirth on the countenance of his companion, who stood a few feet distant to watch the issue of the rencontre, the gentleman raised his hat from his head, and, marching at right angle directly to the curbstone, gave utterance to the above exclamation, which elicited his fellow from the lips of the young lady. With a bow and a glance from her bright eyes of mingled amusement and vexation, she availed herself of the retreat, and passed on, entering a shop a short distance below. Our hero cast his eye behind him as she went by; and noticing that she had dropped her handkerchief, he hastily picked it up, and was on the point of following to return it, when, observing a name in one corner, he paused, coolly pocketted the delicate *mouchoir*, and rejoined his companion. The latter received him with mock gravity, while merriment evidently filled his cup to the very brim.

"Bravo!" was his salutation. "Ralph, you are in luck to-day; I envy you your success with so charming a neighbor.—Upon honor, now, don't wast your kissses in private on that hankerchief; without doubt she was a fair prisoner of war; but be magnanimous, and give it to me. It shall be enshrined in magnificent style, and receive my profoundest adoration."

"I should like to gag you with it, Harry," retorted his irritated friend. "Could you not have had sense enough not to stand grinning while I was all in a presperation with my efforts to get out of my scrape. You haven't as much heart as a rotten pear, Harry."

"And you have not as much sweetness as a premature crab-apple, Ralph," replied the irrepressible Harry. "Oh, that partial jade, Fortune, if she had only put me in your shoes!"

"I wish she had," exclamed Ralph, vehemently. "I should like to know if any thing can set your cool blood afire. You are almost phlegmatic——"

"Pew!" said Harry, "draw it mild: I met my Johnson at home this morning. But where are the sweet divinities so enchanting on close inspection, eh?"

"Confound you," cried his friend, in a burning passion; "its the third time I've made a fool of myself before her, and she's a splendid girl, by Jove!"

"Aha, an old love, is she?" chuckled Harry. "What a romantic rendezvous you choose! The raging mildness of a midday shade, ineffable fragrance on the pelucid air, where Damon and Amaryllis——'

"Don't, don't!" expostulated poor Ralph in wild appeal to his pitiless tormentor.—"What do you want to cut a fellow up so for, Harry? If you must know where I have seen her, I'll tell you, just to put a stopper in the bunghole of that barrel of nonsense which you call your head. The day before yesterday I was descending from the exhibition, and got wedged among a bevy of ladies, whose abundant crinoline nearly extinguished me. I was devoting the energy of my nature to the one object of reducing myself to the least compass, and was congratulating myself on never having felt so small before, when unfortunately missing a step, I only saved myself from diving headlong into that sea of beauty by involuntarilly clapping my hands on the talma before me—At the same time I was conscious of a mysterious entanglement of my foot, and a simultaneous noise of silk that set all my teeth on edge for an hour afterwards. My fare supporter turned round in wonder and astonishment at my audacity, and gathered up her torn dress in stately reserve, while I stammered out my apologies as well as I could. But the titters that greeted my ears on every side made me endure agonies untold, until I escaped from the press, and vanished. Well, that was bad enough; but my second rencontre was twice as excruciating. Yesterday afternoon I was going out to dine with a friend at Brixton, and as I was somewhat belated, I hailed an omnibus to save time. The driver rolled his clumsy vehicle near the pavement, and I began to ascend the steps; but before I had reached the only seat vacant, the impudent blackguard whipped up his horses, thereby giving the whole conveyance a sudden lurch to one side. I clutched convulsively at the strap above; and as I found I had lost my balance beyound recovery, endeavoring to steer myself into the blessed little harbor I mentioned without involving my neighbors in my own distress. But with a glance as quick as lightning I measured the distance between the seat and my own awkward carcass, and preceived it was impracticable; with a shuddering presentment I shot a momentary look at the lady toward whom I was helplessly gravitating, and imagine my chagrin at recognizing the injured princess of the day before.—Of course it was only the infinitesimal fraction of a second that I hovered in mid-air, but duering that period mortification ran riot in my luckless breast, the next instant a fall—a little shriek—a roar of laughter—and I was picking myself up from the lady's lap, and begging pardon enough to reprieve all the criminals in Christendom But my emotions were too much for me; I could not look the lady in the face, and if I chanced to turn my eyes toward any one of the other passengers, an unmistakable smile curled the corners of their mouth. They were amusing themselves at my cost, and I could not resent it; so seizing the first opportunity, when the crazy old thing stopped to put down a passenger, I made my exit from the infernal old cart as quick as possible. And now," exclaimed the poor fellow, with a comical, yet lugubrious expression of the face, "I am going to-morrow to hunt up this lovely incognita, and return her handkerchief. If rencontre number four is not better than the other I'll go a swimming in a tank of sulphuric acid."

"So I would," returned the sympathizing Harry; "I'll fish for your body afterwards and bait my hook with Celia's handkerchief; dead or alive you will snap at it. But if you return the dainty article, tie your heart up in it, and label the parcel, "To the adorable Celia," for one is as much her property as the other."

"You are an unregenerate pagan, Harry," replied the young man redeming. "If you had the sensibility of a boiled lobster, you would know that self respect requires me to exculpate myself in her eyes, and—and——"

"Oh, I understand," interrupted Harry, taking leave of his companion at the corner of a street; I appreciate the delicacy of your sentiments But take my advice: be sure to conciliate mamma, and don't forget to send your humble obedient his share of the cake. Adieu, *mon ami—vive l' amour!*"

"Confound the scamp," muttered Ralph, half-nettled and half pleased at his friends raillery; "some day I will be even with him. But you might do worse after all, Ralph Baker; she is a magnificent girl. Pshaw! when a man begins to be a fool, there is no stopping. I wish I had given back her handkerchief at the time; let me look at it again."

With these words he produced the article in question, and scrutinized it thoroughly; in one corner was written in a delicate female hand. "Isabelle Horten." Having satisfied himself that he had read the name correctly, he repeated it himself several times, and mentally resolved that he would see its beautiful owner again before sunset.

The afternoon, accordingly, found him strolling about Brixton, enquiring for the residence of Mr Horten. Several unsuccessful attempts to discover the nest of his bird-of paradise were at last fo lownd by one more agreeable to his wishes; and more than half distrusting his unusual method of seeking a lady's acquaintance, he approached a large, handsome mansion, situated on a little eminence, with a tasteful arranged garden in front. He was perfectly conscious that etiquette would hold up her hands in horror at the idea of his not being formally introduced; but he reflected that "faint heart never won fair lady," and mentally snapped his finger in etiquette's face.—He rang the bell, and presently a page appeared.

"Is Miss Horten at home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; will you step in?" replied the buttons, civilly. 'What name shall I say?"

The young man's heart beat like a steam engine at the thought of his own audacity.

"Be so kind as to take up my card, and say that Mr. Baker requests to see Miss Harton a few moments."

The page ushered him into the drawing room, which was empty, and disappeared.—Ralph braced himself for the interview. After a short delay, which seemed to him like the interval between the condemnation and execution of a criminal, the door opened, and the beautiful Isabelle entered the apartment. Without manifesting any surprise at such an unusual visit, she politely motioned him to a chair, and seated herself at some distance from him, awaited the announcement of his errand.

"I must request your indulgence, Miss Harton," said Ralph, with perfect outward self-possession, although inwardly he completly realized the strangness of his position, "for having taken so great a liberty to call upon you personally, without ever having had the honor of an introduction. My object is simply to return a handkerchief which I picked up in the street bearing your name. I might have returned it to you without intruding upon your leisure; but I trust you will pardon the freedom I have ventured to use, in order to appologize more completly for what must have seemed so much like intentional rudeness. By some strange fatality, I have three times caused you great annoyance, although nothing could have been farther from my wishes. I beg you to believe that I deeply regret my awkwardness, and am most sincerely sorry ever to have placed you in such embarrassing situation."

"Ineeed, Mr. Baker," replyed the beautiful girl, with a pleasant and cordial smile upon her features, "I beg you never to think of it again; I assure you, you greatly exaggerate the importance of such trifles which require no apology at all. I am extremely sorry you have taken the trouble to come so far merely to restore a handkerchief which I was ignorant I lost until you mentioned the fact."

At the conclusion of his little speech (which we hardly think was an extempore effort,) and during Miss Harton's reply to it, Ralph had been searching his pockets for the lost article, and picture the intensity of his chagrin and mortification as the truth came upon him like an avalanche, that he had left it behind! Isabelle instantaneously divined the real state of the case as she saw the blood rush to his face reddening it to the roots of his hair, and swiftly retreat, leaving it pallid as marble. If she had not preceived the real distress of the young man's mind, the incongruity and absurdity of the whole matter would have overpowered her self-control; but her quick sympathy with all kinds of suffering took away every inclination to laugh. Ralph at last spoke, with a forced smile upon his countenance and a voice trembling in spite of himself.

"It may seem, perhaps a premeditated insult, Miss Harton, when I tell you that the handkerchief I thought I had with me has been left behind by some careless mistake of my own. I have once again made myself rediculous in your eyes, but I promise you this shall be the last time. Your property shall be sent immediately by post. If I had no other motive than simply to vindicate my own sincerity, I should be concerned to see it restored. If you will only have the same charity for my last misfortune which you have so generously expressed for its predecessors, I will take pains never to need the same indulgence a fifth time."

So saying he took up his hat and rose to go, but Isabelle eagerly beckoned him to remain

"Do not feel so keenly about a mere nothing, I entreat you, Mr. Baker," she said with genuine kindness in her large beautiful eyes, "I shall never forgive myself for having been the innocent cause of so much chagrin, if you presist in viewing this idle matter through a microscope. Pray laugh at the whole affair with me, for we have both been equally placed in a rediculous light; and, believe me, it is true wisdom not to waste feeling on such undeserving objects as little mistakes and accidents."

The unaffected kindness of her tone and and manner went to poor Ralph's heart, and, as we often feel more gratitude for little favors than for great, he felt that her beauty was the least of her charms; for it was only the transparent veil through which shone her true womanly nature in all its loveliness. As he again rose to go, she extended her hand towards him; he took it in his own, and, bowing his head, was on the point of imparting a kiss upon the white taper finger, when the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Harton entered. Isabella hastily withdrew her hand, and coloring deeply, said to her father, "let me introduce you to Mr. Baker, papa."

The large, stout gentleman advanced and, offering his hand, said with a penatrating glance in the young man's face, "I am always glad to welcome my daughter's friends; how do you do, Mr. Baker?"

Ralph stammered out something about the weather, and was evidently in no little confusion when Isabelle came to his rescue, and said, with quite self-possession, "Mr. Baker found my handkerchief in the street, papa, and was so kind as to come on purpose to restore it. I feel very much obliged to him, indeed, for his politeness."

"Baker, Baker," said Mr. Harton, repeating the name abstractedly (he saw there was embarrassment on both sides, and having unlimited confidence in his daughter, wished to extricate them from it,) "an old school-fellow of mine was named Baker—Ralph James Baker. Perhaps you are a relative of his, sir."

"That was my father's name, sir," answered Ralph, internally thanking the old gentleman for his tact; "but he died several years ago."

"Then, upon my word," said Mr. Harton, warmly; it is the luckiest chance in the world that brought you here, Mr. Baker. Your father and I were friends of long standing, and for years and years we corresponded together, but I suddenly ceased to hear from him, and never knew where he was, or what had become of him. You must stop and dine with us this evening; I have a hundred questions to ask I might have known you were Ralph's son," he added, looking in the young man's face—same eyes, same hair, same everything. Well, well, it will be my turn next." And with these words the old old gentleman left the room.

The two young folks remained in silence for some time. Ralph at last broke the pause, saying:

"May I consider that I have Miss Harton's permission to remain as well as her father's?"

"I shall always welcome my father's friends,' the answered, evasively, and a little distantly, adding in a more cordial tone, "I am sure nothing has happened to make your visit other than acceptible. Besides," she continued, a little mischievously, "when you next call, you may as well bring my handkerchief yourself, instead of sending it."

Having thus seen our hero fairly launched on the course of true love, we will hope that it ran smooth for the future, and that the little ripples at it's commencement were not prophetic of subsequent matrimonial storms. One thing is certain, and that is that about a year after, the *Times* contained the following notice:

"May 11th, at St. Matthews, Brixton, by the Rev. Alfred Couyler, D. D., Ralph Baker, Esq., of the middle Temple, to Isabelle, daughter of Frederick Harton, Esq., of Buchey Hill, Brixton."

It may be interesting to add that Ralph's groomsman on the occasion was Mr. Henry Livingstone, and, after the ceremony was over, he was overheard to whisper in the bridegroom's ear:

"I say, Ralph, if you find any more handkerchiefs send me one, will you?"

Artemus Ward in the Southern Confederacy.

HIS SHOW IS CONFISCATED.

You hav perhaps wondered whareabouts I was for these many dase gone and past. Perchans you spose I'd gone to the Toomb of the Cappylets, tho I don't kno what those is. It's a poplar noospaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Seshers a earnin my daily peck by my legitimit perfeshun, and havn't had no time to weeld my facile quill for "the Grate Komic paper," if you'll allow me to kote from troothful advertisement.

I went among the Seshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my profeshunal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Boozum, viz:—to give the peeple their moneys worth by showin them Sagashus Beests and Wax Statoots which I venture to say air onsurpast by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbugs a liar and a hoss theef, but bring him be4 me and I'll wither him with one of my skornful frowns.

But to proseed with my tail. In my travils threw the Sonny South I hurd a heep of talk about Seshesun and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it 'mounted to nothin. The polticians in all the villages swearin that Old Abe (sumtimes called the Prayrie flower) shouldn't never be noggerated. They also made fools of themselves in various ways, but they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continnered for to wave over my little tent. Moore over, I was a son of Malty, and a member of several other Temprace Societies, and my wife she was a daughter of Malty, and I sposed these fax would secoor me the infloonz and pertuction of all the fust families. Alass! I was dispinted. State arter State seseshed, and it growd hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things come to a climbmacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was peremtorally ordered to hawl down the Stars & Stripes. A deppytashun of red faced men cum up to the door of my tent whare I was standin and takin money, (the arternoon exhibishun had commenced, and my Italyun organist was jerkin his soul-stirin chimes) "We are cum, sir," said a millengtary man in a cockt hat, 'upon hi a and holey mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin threwout this sunny land—proudly and definantly screamin, sir."

"What's the matter with him," ses I, "don't his vittles set well on his stummick?"

"That eagle, sir, will coatinner to scream all over this Brite and tremenjus land."

"Wall, let him *scream*. If your eagle can amuse hisself by screamin, let him went!"—The men annoyed me, for I was Bizzy makin change.

"We are cum, sir, upon a matter of duty—"

"You're right, Capting. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air cum—"

"And that's the reason you are here!" sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs, I thawt if he wanted to goak I'd giv him sum of my sparkling eppygrams.

"Sir, you're inserlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star Spangled Banner, and hist the Southern flag?"

"Nary hist!" Those was my reply.

"Your wax works and beests is then confisticated, & you are arrested as a Spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and bloomin daffodils, whats the price of whiskey in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive flooid can you individally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my figgers was confisticated. I axed them if that was ginerally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomrey in irons. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patrits, who commenst hollerin "Hang the baldheaded aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump and the crowd went for my tent—that water proof pavillion, wherein instruction and amoosement had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottles at my massiv brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily observed.

The Seseshers confisticated my statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to the money box and confisticated all the loose change therein contained. They then wentand bust in my cages, lettin all the animales loose, a smull but healthy tiger among the rest.—This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his gineral conduck that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I saw that tiger spring in among the people. "Go it, my sweet cus!" I inardly exclaimed, "I forgiv you for bitin off mp left thum with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has been inwaded by Seseshers!"

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after sum miles distant, with a large and well selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin having sum villent exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confisticate him much.

I was carrid to Montgomery in irons and placed in durans vial. The jail was a ornery edifiss, but the table was liberally supplied with Bakin and Cabbidge. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after Bakin I could help myself to the Cabbidge.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothing to talk about, however, and I was very lonely specially on the first day; so when the jailer parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but thare was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-hevild a state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a manyyuek, I cried "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad but soon shall be if you don't bring me suthin to Talk?" He brung me sum noosepapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got a interview with Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Conthieveracy. He was quite perlite, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and sed his gallunt men had tin a little 2 enthoosiastic in confisticatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confisticated me too muchly. I had sum bosses confisticated in the same way onct, but the confisticaters air now poundin stun in the States Prison at Injinnaplus.

"Wall, wall, Mister Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you air friendly to the South, I know. Even now we have many frens in the North, who sympathises with us, and wont mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's your great mistalk.—Many of us was young sincere friends, and thought certin parties among us was fussin about you and meddlin with your consarns entirely too much. But J. Davis, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of dry goods called the Star Spangled Banner, the North gits up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individools—not agin the South even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by saw this glorus Govyment smashed to pieces, either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle hearted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wallop you out of your boots! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makind a egregrious mutton hed of herself!"

"Gon on, sir, you're safe enuff. You're too small powder for me!" sed the President of the Southern Conthieveracy.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsville Hoss Cavalry! I'm Captin of that Corpse, I am, and J. Davis, beware! Jefferson D., I now leave you! Farewell my gay Saler Boy! Good bye, my bold buccaneer Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthieveracy on my way home was thilling enuff for yeller covers. It will form the subjeck of my next. Betsy Jane and the progeny are well.

Yours respectively, A. WARD.

A STORY OF GENERAL JACKSON.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* tells this story: A prominent gentleman in this State told me on unquestionable authority, a reminiscence of the days of nullification. It seems that Governor Letcher, of Kentucky, who sympathized with the nullifiers in 1832, called upon General Jackson to learn, if possible, what the General intended to do towards crushing Calhou's conspiracy against the Union. The Governor opened the subject mildly, and Jackson only answered by telling Letcher to read a certain instrument of writing on the table before him. Letcher read it, and found it be a warrant for the execution of John C. Calhoun. "But, my dear General, you don't intend to carry out what this paper calls for?" "Governor Letcher, is my name signed to that paper?" "Yes, General, it is." "Very well, Governor, it is very seldom that I sign papers merely for effect. Governor, look on the left corner of the paper; is the seal of the United States to it?" "It is General. Governor Letcher visited Mr. Calhoun after he left General Jackson, and awakening him out of his sleep, related to him his interview with Jackson. Governor Letcher alleged that Mr. Calhoun assumed the appearance of a ghost, when he heard what General Jackson intended to do, and nullification lost all its venom from that hour. General Jackson said on his death-bed that he had only one thing to regret, and that he had not hung Calhoun.

☞ Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self-interest forbid him ever to make false pretences.

☞ Never look at the girls. Oh, no! they can't bear to be looked at; they regard it as an insult. They wear their feathers, furbelowes and frills merely to gratify their mamas, that's all.

☞ The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctality and dispatch

Educational Department.

☞ A teacher asks for the proper prounciation derivation and definition of the word Zouave.

Worcester gives the prounciation thus: accent on the last syllable the *o* having the same sound that the same letter has in the word "*more*" and the *a* in the last syllable having the flat or second sound as in the word "*far*." It is an Arab word, and "orignally meant a member of a corps of Abra souldiers, in the service of France after the conquest of Algiers; now, a member of a French corps wearing an Arab dress."

We can not give the word with the proper marks over the letters to denote their particular sounds, because the printer has not the proper type for that purpose. We hope however that the pronunciation will be understood.

Webster gives pronunciation "*Zouave* one syllable *a* as in "*far*." From the Arabic *Zouaveca*, a conederacy of the Kabyle tribe, who live on the mountains bach of Algeers." The remainder same as Worcester.

Earnst Teachers.

BY J. W. D.

There are plenty who can "keep school," but real, earnest teachers are not numerous.—You will find teachers in ever rustic school house, in every modern structure of science, but one half of them exhibit an earnestness equal to the importance of their business.

I know one teacher who is far more anxious to know how the *clock* gets along, then he is to mark the progress of his pupils. His eyes are ever in that direction. He is very sure to get his room at precisely the hour to commence school. It would be a waste of time to get there earlier. He is paid to teach so many hours, and he cannot go beyond the legitimate limit. If he should spend an extra half hour for the benefit of his pupils, who whould pay him for that? He measures his zeal and interest in his business by the amount of money he expects to receive at the end of the quarter. If by some luckless mishap his salary falls a few dollars, his zeal in the important business of teaching drops down to the same level. It is certainly true that there is a very sensible connection between the physical and spiritual.

It is impossible not to recognize this relation in every position in this life. It may be a great misfortune that the corporeal nature makes such important demands upon the higher and spiritual. If the body and mind could live and thrive by the same nutritious element, what pure, disinterested labor might be the result of such a happy state of things? But while the stern necessities of life lie in every path, while the teacher in common with every body else, is called upon to meet these necessities, he must, occasionally, at least, give a thought in that direction. To esteem the teacher as purely ethereal and spiritual; is one extravagent extreme, while the possibility of his being entirely sensual and earthly is another, more dangerous to his business.

The teacher who can see nothing move stimulating or ennobling in his vocation than the pay he expects to receive at the end of the quarter, is very near the latter extreme. If he works according to his "cantract," and fills the specified stipulations, and "keeps school," as a machine would build a house, he most certainly give strong indications of an abiding sensuality. It is this class of teachers which brings the high and noble calling of teaching into disrepute. If the man or woman whose office it is to teach the young and tender mind principles which are forever to control its destiny, can see nothing more stimulating than the mechine finds in the materials upon which he works, there is certainly strong reason to suspect sensuality.

Teachers can elevate their profession by exhibiting an earnestness with the real importance of their business demands. Let them not only show their zeal in the school room, in the various lessons of instruction which they are called upon to impart, but let the world see that their hearts are in every educational enterprise. If there is to be a teachers' meeting, if the friends of education are to assemble in council upon matter of great importance, who, if not the teacher, should be expected to attend? Who, if not the teacher, should feel most deeply interested in whatever may be said or done?

The farmer who works early and late and scatters his seed upon the well prepared soil will generally reap a plentiful harvest. But if he feels any interest in the advancement of agricultural science, if he wishes to see the latest improvement, you will find him at the agricultural fairs, not a disinterested spectator, but an earnest co-operator in all that pertains to his business. And shall the teacher feel less interested in the cultivation of mind? Shall not he extend a cordial hand to every faithful and earnest educator? Shall not he give his influence in all possible directions to the elevation of his vocation, and the real advancement of educational science?

But there are many teachers who seem to be past all further progress. They have reached the topmost round in the ladder of progression. At least if there is any distance above them untraversed they are perfectly competent to reach the hight unaided and alone.—Such teachers never find it convenient to be present at a teachers meeting. Or, if there, they only look on as a kind of umpire in the proceedings.

Fellow teachers, if you wish to elevate your calling, *elevate yourselves*, by showing an earnestness becoming your position.

☞ The face that never smiles should not preside in the school-room. That wit which wakes up, quickens, and refreshes the mind, is by no means an unimportant element in education. The man who has no relish for humor is not the one to comprehend, and permeate, and stimulate the sensibilities of the juvenile mind. Horace Mann used to say: "The teacher was fortunate who could prompt his pupils, once a day, to a good hearty laugh."