

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, August 1, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

BEWARE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Treat her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It's a fool's cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

Miscellaneous.

"The Pennsylvania Reserve."

Company F., Capt. Thour, of the 5th Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, is stationed at Piedmont, Va. The orderly sergeant is B. W. Stranock, our late associate in the publication of the *Reporter*. He has been occupying his leisure by publishing a paper, which is called "*The Pennsylvania Reserve*." A copy of the first number contains much that is interesting to the friends of the Bradford boys. We copy below several of these articles:

SALUTATORY.

A cordial greeting to all from the boys of "Bradford Old Guards." Far from home though we be, old associations are not forgotten, and the printers of the Company dropping a time the musket and cartridge bag have among them the shooting-stick of peace, and we found a vacant field in the office of the *Independent*, whose editor, A. S. Swanson, for the utterance of Union sentiments was driven from his home, ask indulgence for the publication of a few items of travel, adventure and news that may be read with interest by friends in the old Keystone State. We should under ordinary circumstances have asked the consent of the editor before asking liberties with his types; but as they were saved from destruction only by accident, and a reward having been offered for him dead or alive, we trust we will be pardoned for our unceremonious occupancy of the premises. Too much must not be expected, as but little time can be spared from the duties of the company and we are liable to be summoned any moment for advance or defence; yet though our efforts be feeble it is a proud satisfaction to know that there is at length given for the advocacy of just cause, and that freedom of speech which has been suppressed is given by the presence of the soldiers of the Pennsylvania Reserve. With the hope that our undertaking may be successful we make our profoundest excuse. Should you find anything to please you, consider yourself fortunate, and the editor your humble servant.

TO THE FOLKS AT HOME.

A word in regard to our situation would be met with interest by our friends in old Bradford. We left Camp Mason and Dixon on Monday July 28th, and in company with the "old cap" regiment encamped at Cumberland, on the ground previously occupied by Colonel Walker's regiment of Indiana Zouaves. The situation was a beautiful one, and anticipation of making a protracted stay, great pains were taken in leveling and cleaning the streets of our camp site, and planting our tents about with evergreens. When all was finished and the boys were beginning to enjoy their association with the warm-hearted people of loyal Cumberland, again came the orders to march, and on Saturday the 13th we left it behind as the long train bore us slowly along the foot of the mountains that enclose the winding Potomac. We encamped that night at the burnt bridge at New Creek Sunday at noon, orders were given to our company and two others to get ready to march in 20 minutes. The object was the protection of Piedmont from the attack of a body of secession cavalry. Before the time had expired we were on our way and in little over an hour we halted in its streets and were furnished with quarters in the new brick market house. Preparations were at once made for defence and attack. All night the boys stood with their guns but no attack was made. On Monday night, however, their whistles for a "muss" were gratified. At about nine o'clock p. m., soon after the pickets were stationed an attack was made upon those stationed upon the hill east of the town. The attack of a musket from the hill brought every one to their feet, and when it was followed by a general alarm from all the pickets, the boys rallied for the first time a sense of the danger and responsibility of their position. For an hour they stood at their posts while the firing continued on the hill and along the railroad. At length when our company was under way at double quick time to the scene of action—having waited long enough to be attacked—

the sound of approaching wains were heard and by the time we arrived at the depot, we were greeted by Col. Kane's command, returning from New Creek, and by two regiments of Ohio volunteers from Laurel Hill on their way east. Of course the presence of so large a force blocked all the chances for a continuance of the skirmish. From the pickets that came to us we learn that they had fired upon an approaching body of men and that the fight was kept up in an irregular manner till the approach of the trains frightened the rebels away. Not one of our party were injured, but several of the rebels were killed—it is thought four of them. Two of our boys followed them all night but did not accomplish anything. The Ohio boys left for Romney at midnight, and another alarm was given at 2 o'clock and some sharp firing was heard on the hill.

Piedmont is about as large a town as Towanda. It is very dull at present, all business having ceased with the stoppage of the works in the Railroad machine shops here. The people have been very kind—many of them always having a place at their boards for a hungry soldier. The town was the scene of a "brilliant" secession victory, on Friday morning—A troop of 250 mounted men made a charge upon the fine bridge over the Potomac of the Loudon Railroad and succeeded in leaving it a mass of charred ruins. They took also all the provisions they could find which they will probably pay for when they come again. The boys are all well and in good spirits and anxious for the chance to strike a good blow for their country—a decisive one that will bring sooner the day that returns them to their homes.

THE SCOUT ON TUESDAY MORNING.

After the engagement on Monday night it was deemed necessary, by our officer in command of the town, to send out a scouting party to ascertain if possible the amount of damage done to the rebels, accordingly Lieutenant Means with twenty-four men was detailed to act as such. They left Piedmont Tuesday morning and taking a path leading directly over the mountain, east of the town, after a tedious climb, (for it could not properly be called a march, as the mountain was so steep,) they finally reached the top where they found a house and quite a large barn (which by the way are very scarce in this part of the country,) both of which had evidently been occupied by the rebels the night before, after making a thorough search about the premises nothing of importance was found. They then took a westerly direction, following the trail of the retreating party of the night before, and judging from appearances that they had retreated in great disorder, after the warm reception given them by our picket guards. After a few miles march in this direction they came upon a house occupied by a Union man by the name of Hamilton, who seeing them coming and taking them to be rebels, fled to the woods with his family. The good woman of the house was at their approach making preparations to churn, having a churn full of nice cream ready, the sight of which made the boys' mouths fairly water, and not wishing to commit any depredations of any sort, more especially upon the property of Union men, Lieut. Means sent a squad of men to invite the family to return and to assure them of their friendliness. They expressed much joy in finding that the party was friendly, and immediately set about providing them something to eat. The boys being very anxious to get some good butter milk and fresh butter, B. Rowell volunteered his services to act as churn master, and under his management, the whole party soon had the satisfaction received from a bowl of fresh buttermilk. While Mrs. Hamilton was baking bread for the party, Lieut. Means sent a squad of six men to examine a house about a mile farther on the road, after reaching it the party set about searching for arms &c., after being assured that there was nothing of the kind in the house, they thought it best to examine the beds and in one of them they found an old U. S. musket carefully wrapped up in the clothes which they seized as contraband.

They next proceeded to the barn and after a thorough search, brought to light six pint bottles, which had been snugly stowed away in the bottom of an old sleigh, they had a tremendous smell of old Rye, but to the disappointment of some of the squad, were entirely empty. In a field close by the barn they discovered a large grey horse, which showed the marks of severe labor—supposed by them to have been done the night before, and they came to the conclusion that it was the same one that was fired at three times, by the pickets, on Monday night, but not having positive proof of the fact, they thought best to leave him until another time. The fact of the musket, bottles and horse at the same place confirmed the belief that the rebels had encamped very near for sometime.

Not meeting with anything of interest the squad returned to Mrs. Hamilton's where they, with the balance of the party, partook of some nice fresh bread, butter and milk. Lieutenant Means having instructions to return to Piedmont before night, got his men in order and marched to this place about 4 o'clock p. m., of the same day.

Everything taken in that direction by Lieut. Means shows conclusively that the presence of the troops here had driven the rebels away from the vicinity of Piedmont.

A BRAVE CROWD.

As an evidence of the boasted courage of the bridge burning chivalry the following will serve to illustrate. After burning the fine bridge that crosses the Potomac, they fired up an engine and attempted to push into the river a number of engines and cars that stood between it and the bridge. Not possessing skill enough to get up sufficient steam, after several ineffectual attempts they ran the engine—"Old Hundred" into a small stream above the bridge over which they had previously destroyed. After this brilliant achievement and while they were scattered about in different parts of the town the valve of the whistle of the submerged engine opened by some means and the steam escaped with a low

sound like that of a train signaling at a distance. Instantly the whole troop were seized with a panic, rushed to their horses and disappeared in great trepidation and a cloud of dust.

BEWARE OF THE VARMINTS.

We have been reliably informed that while the cut-throat rebels were engaged in the infamous work of destroying the railroad bridge that spans the Potomac at this place, they were cheered and encouraged by a couple of would-be ladies. They should blush with shame to witness the result of the cowardly deed. Young men should beware and take a sober second thought, before entering into a compact with any of the above class, for they might conceive the foolish notion that a woman has the right to *secede* and "go in" on her muscle, as well as a State.

SPECIAL ORDERS.

Head Quarters, Piedmont, July 16.
The loyal citizens of Piedmont, for their own safety and also to avoid confusion—in case of an attack on the place—are notified to remain "in doors," and not to appear on the street. An alarm from the "picket guard" will be sufficient notice.

By order of
A. J. THOUR,
Commanding forces in Piedmont.

Lost Boy.

He had black eyes with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on. Had a habit of whistling and liked to ask questions. Was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say, "Ah, it is pleasant here! Everything has much of an orderly, put away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt!"

But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittings and cut papers upon the floor; of tumbled-down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks and trumps. I want to see boats a rigging, and kites a-making. I want to see crumblies on the carpet, and paste spit on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about; I want to see candy making, and corn popping; and to find jack knives and fish-hooks among my muslin; yet these things used to fret me once.

They say—"Ah you have leisure—nothing to disturb you; what heaps of sewing you have time for." But I long to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper; for a cent to buy a slate pencil or pen nibs. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or muslin, and then to hear the same; I want to make little flags and bags to hold marbles; I want to be followed all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for little cakes, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fret me once.

They say—"Ah, you are not tied at home. How delightful always to be at liberty to go to concerts, lectures and parties, no confinement for you."

But I want confinement; I want to listen for the school bell in the morning; to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window nimble feet bounding to school. I want frequent rinses to mend, and replace lost buttons; I want to obliterate mud stains, fruit stains, and paints of all colors; I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, that mothers may sing their lullabies and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then, those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

A many figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick black whiskers, and wears a frock coat, buttoned shirt and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting room.—He calls me mother, but I am unwilling to own him.

He stoutly declares he is my boy, and says he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of white trousers, with grey stripes at the side, and asks me if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boys' militia. He says he is the very boy, too, that made the bonfire near the barn, so that we came very near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail; (it was the end of the piece,) and the name on the stern, Lucy Low, a little girl of our neighborhood, who, because of her curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my pretty little boy. Her curls were long since cut off and she has grown to be a tall, handsome girl. How the red comes to his face when he shows me the name on the boat. Oh, I see it all, as plain as if it were written in a book. My little one is lost, and my big one will soon be.—Oh, if he were a little tired boy, in a long white night gown, lying in a little crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing his curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I had only my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't yet lost their little boy. I wonder if they know they are living their best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one.—Waverly Magazine.

OUT OF ORDER.—The chairman of a political meeting, seeing a rowdy who was raising his arm to throw a stale egg at him, bawled out—"Sir, your motion is out of order!"

A Yankee doctor has a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hour's labor well worked in.

The Last Charge of Napoleon's Old Guard

Napoleon's "Old Guard" gained by their many desperate instances of bravery, an immortality in history, but their grand crowning act was their desperate charge at Waterloo, which has few parallels in ancient or modern warfare. They fought for their adored Emperor, and to retrieve the evil fortunes of the day, they fell as though to do so would secure them immortal glory and eternal bliss in the world of spirits. The most graphic and stirring account of that last fearful and fatal struggle that we have seen is from a recently published French work. It reads like war itself—this is it:

During the day the artillery of the Guard, under Drouot, maintained its old renown, and the Guard itself had frequently been used to restore the battle in various parts of the field, and always with success. The English were fast becoming exhausted, and in an hour more would doubtless have been forced into a disastrous defeat but for the timely arrival of Blucher. But when they saw him, with 30,000 Prussians approaching, their courage revived, while Napoleon was filled with amazement. A beaten enemy was about to form a junction with the allies, while Grouchy, who had been sent to keep them in check, was nowhere to be seen. Alas! what great plans an inefficient commander can overthrow.

In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied force, and he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied center with a grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throw himself between the two armies. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called upon and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet in the British center. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was under Ney, "the bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part of the way down the slope, and halting for a few moments in the hollow, addressed them a few words. He told them that the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor, tried in so many fields, "Vive l'Empereur," they answered him with a shout that was heard above the thunder of the artillery.

The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than the last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. The greatest military skill and energy the world possessed, had been taxed to the utmost during the day. Thiermes were tottering on the turbulent field, and the shadows of fugitive wings flitted through the smoke of the battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith; now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now paling before his anxious eye. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he endured when the smoke of the battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rang out, "The Guard recedes! the Guards recede!" make us for a moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

The Old Guard felt the presence of the immense responsibility, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the greatest trust committed to it. Nothing could be more imposing than its movements to the assault. It had never receded before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm, steady advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum or a bugle note to cheer their steady courage, they moved in silence over the field. Their tread was like muffled thunder, while the dazzling helmets of the cuirassiers flashed long lines of light upon the dark and terrible mass that swept in one strong wave alone. The stern Drouot was then amid his guns, and on every brow was written the unalterable resolution to conquer or die. The next moment the artillery column, and the head of the gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions, disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his falling comrade, passed unflinchingly on.

The horse that Ney rode sank under him, and scarcely had he mounted another, before it also sank to the earth, and so another, till five in succession had been shot under him. Then with his drawn sabre he marched sternly at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of iron upon that living mass. Up to the muzzle they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their places, pushed on through the English lines. But, just as the victory seemed won, a file of soldiers who lay flat on the ground behind a ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very face. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that they staggered before it. Before the Guard had time to rally again and advance, a heavy column of infantry fell on its left flank in close and deadly volleys, causing it, in its unsettled state, to swerve to the right. At that instant a whole brigade of cavalry thundered on the right flank, and penetrated where cavalry had never gone before.

The intrepid Guard could have borne up against the unexpected fire from soldiers they did not see, and would have rolled back the infantry that had boldly charged their left flank, but the cavalry finished the disorder into which they had been momentarily thrown, and broke the shaken ranks before they had time to reform, and the eagles of that hitherto invincible Guard were pushed backward over the slope. It was then the army, seized with despair, shrieked out: "The Guard recedes!" "The Guard recoils!" and turned and fled in wild dismay. To see the Guard in confusion was a sight they had never before beheld, and it froze every heart with terror.

For a long time they stood and let the cannon balls pass through their ranks, disdaining to turn their backs on their foe. Michel, at the head of these battalions, fought like a lion. To every command of the enemy to surrender, he replied, "The Guard dies—but never surrenders." And as with his last breath bequeathing this glorious motto to the Guard, he fell a witness to the truth. Death traversed those eight battalions with such rapid footsteps, that they soon dwindled away to two, which turned its hopeless daring on the overwhelming number that pressed their retreating footsteps.

Last of all but a single battalion, the debris of the "column of granite" at Marengo, was left. Into this Napoleon flung himself. Cambremer, its brave commander, saw with terror, the Emperor in its frail keeping.—He was not struggling for victory, he was intent on showing how the Guard die. Approaching the Emperor, he cried out, "Retire! Do you see that death has no need of you?" and closing mournfully, yet sternly, round the expiring eagles, those brave hearts bade Napoleon eternal adieu, and flinging themselves on the enemy, were soon piled with the dead at their feet.

Many of the officers were seen to destroy themselves rather than suffer defeat. Thus greater even in its own defeat than any other corps of men in gaining a victory, the Old Guard passed from the stage, and the curtain dropped upon its strange career. It had fought its last battle.

A Peep into the Bank of England.

The Bank of England must be seen on the inside as well as out, and to go into the interior of this remarkable building to observe the operations of an institution that exerts more moral and political power than any sovereign in Europe, you must have an order from the Governor of the Bank. The building occupies an irregular area of eight acres of ground—an edifice of no architectural beauty, with not one window towards the street, being lighted altogether from the roof or the enclosed area.

I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after a delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room where the notes of the bank received the day before, were now examined, compared with the entries in the book and stored away.

The Bank of England never issues the same note a second time. It receives in the ordinary course of business, about £800,000 or \$4,000,000 daily in notes; these are put up into parcels according to their denominations, and are kept ten years; at the expiration of which period they are taken out and ground up in the mill which I saw running, made again into paper. If, in the course of these ten years, any dispute in business, or law suit, should arise, concerning the payment of any note, the bank can produce the identical bill.

To meet the demand for notes so constantly used up, the bank has its own paper makers, its own printers, its own engravers, all at work under the same roof, and it even makes the machinery by which the most of its own work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing office to the banking offices, which makes every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printers cannot manufacture a single sheet of bank notes that is not recorded in the bank. On the same principle of neatness, a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to another, connecting a clock in sixteen business wings of the establishment, and regulating them with such precision that the whole of them are always pointing to the same second time. In another room was a machine, exceedingly simple for detecting light gold coins. A row of them are dropped one by one upon a spring scale. If the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scale rose to a certain height and the coin slid off upon one side of the box; if less than the standard it rose a little higher, and the coin slides off upon the other side. I asked the weigher what was the average number of light coins that came into his hands, and strangely enough he said it was a question, he was not allowed to answer.

The next room I entered was that in which notes are deposited which are ready for issue. "We have thirty-two millions of pounds sterling in this room," the officer remarked to me: "will you take a little of it?" I told him it would be vastly agreeable, and he handed me a million sterling, which I received with many thanks for his liberality, but he insisted on my depositing it with him again as it would hardly be safe to carry so much money into the street. I very much fear that I shall never see that money again. In the vault beneath the door, where a director and cashier counting bags of gold which men were pitching down to them, each bag containing a thousand pounds sterling, just from the mint. This world of money seemed to realize the fables of eastern wealth, and gave me new and strong impressions of the magnitude of the business done here, and the extent of the relations of this one institution to the commerce of the world.

A photograph of the bed of the sea has been taken by Mr. Thompson, in Weymouth bay, England. The camera was placed in a box, with plate-glass front and moveable shutter, to be drawn up when the camera was sunk to the bottom. The camera, being formed in this box on land for objects in the foreground, at about ten yards, was let down from a boat, carrying with it a collodion plate, and the shutter raised and plate exposed for ten minutes. The box was drawn up, and the image developed was of rocks and weeds. The great advantage expected to be derived from this application of the art, is to obtain a knowledge of the condition of piers, bridges, piles, and other structures under water.

Educational Department.

Employing Teachers.

The school law does not specifically point out how directors shall employ the teachers for their respective districts, but, merely says that, "They shall have the appointment of all the teachers of common schools in the district, fix the amount of teachers' salaries," &c.—Although the statute does not point out the method of hiring the teachers, the fair inference from the wording of the law, is that they shall be hired by the board of directors, and not by one of its members. The State Superintendent has been explicit on this point in his instructions.

It must be evident to any one, who thinks upon the subject for but one moment, that, if there be a school law, there must of necessity be officers to carry out the provisions of that law. If under that law, individuals are to be employed to perform labor, there must be officers elected according to the conditions of that law, to employ and make contracts with said employees, and, if any one not thus elected, or appointed, does hire, or contract with persons to perform said labors, such contract is not in accordance with the law, and is therefore void. This is but common sense, and is so understood in every other particular, except in the employment of teachers.

Directors should always consult the wishes of those intending to send to the school, when they engage a teacher for a particular school, and if at all practicable, employ the teacher desired by a decided majority, but they cannot put this part of the duties into the hands of the citizens, any more than they can the duty of levying the tax. The law is as imperative in the one case as in the other.

The teacher, hired by the inhabitants of a neighborhood, or by a committee appointed by the inhabitants, cannot legally look to the directors for his pay, simply because he has not been employed by the only authority known to the school law for hiring teachers. Neither is it legal for one director to employ teachers, unless he submit the contracts to the board at a regular meeting, and have them approved by the board. The following, taken from the official department of the School Journal, is the decision of the State Superintendent, on this question:

QUESTION.—"Is it lawful for the Board of Directors to divide the school houses among the directors, each to employ a teacher, for his school, and send an order with him to the president to enter into an agreement with him?"

ANSWER.—"This practice is not in accordance with the school law which provides that the board of Directors shall have the appointment of all the teachers of the district, and the appointment by one director is therefore irregular. If, however, the board as such, afterwards formally ratify these appointments, they are binding on the district. These appointments by one director are objectionable, also for the reason that they do not command that general confidence, which the act of the whole board would be likely to receive."

There is still another very good reason why the directors, as a board, should appoint the teachers instead of the inhabitants of the neighborhood, or one director. The president is obliged to state under oath, that no teacher has been employed during the year, who had not at the time, a legal certificate from the county superintendent. Now, if any body and every body hires the teachers, how can the president know this fact, to which he has to testify? Directors by the law are required to provide competent teachers in the schools in their respective districts, and if they do not, the state appropriation is to be withheld for the next year. If they do not see the certificates of the teachers, or do not know even whether or not they have certificates, how can they conform to this requirement of the law.

It is not merely a fanciful supposition, that teachers may get into the schools who have avoided an examination, and consequently have no certificate. It has been done in several cases and if more care is not exercised will continue to be done. Presidents of school boards, have found, when required to take the oath attached to the four months certificate, that they could not safely do it, because they did not know with certainty that one of the teachers had a certificate, and have consequently resigned.

If the teachers of the township were all hired at the same time, at a regular meeting of the board called for that purpose, much time would be saved to directors and teachers both. Let the directors give the requisite notice stating that at a specified time, say on the day of the public examination, the teachers of the district would be employed and written contracts entered into with them. The whole business can, in this way be done in a few hours. The teachers will have their certificates with them, and directors can the better judge of the qualifications of the candidates for particular schools. All the schools in a district, seldom, if ever, require precisely the same qualifications in the teachers, but the way our teachers are too frequently employed, a good grammarian is as likely to be sent to a school in which this branch is not studied, and a person quite deficient in the science, engaged in one where several of the pupils are good grammarians, as that the right teacher should be appointed to the right school.

It is to be hoped that for the coming winter teachers will be selected with greater care than they have sometimes been. That the matter be done legally, but always with reference to the wishes of the people if possible, where their wishes are known. Directors should know who their teachers are, and should know the teachers personally if possible, and should know what the contract with them is for; it should always be in writing.—*School Law*, Page 100 No. 361. "Teachers' engagements with the board of Directors should invariably be reduced to writing, and signed by the teacher and the president of the board, before the Teacher takes charge of the school."

No man is wise or safe, but he that is honest.