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THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. VI. WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1899. NO. 1.

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For the Agitator.
GROW BETTER.
Grow better! let each shining sun
Still find thee upward tending;
Remember life has just begun,
But it will have no ending.
Be thoughtful, resolute and strong
To give the Right assistance,
And oh! when tempted to the wrong
Grow better by resistance.
Oh moaner! sorrowing o'er the truth
And trust of days departed,
The pride and promise of thy youth,
Which left thee broken-hearted—
Look up! for there remaineth still
One glorious assurance,
The soul that calmly bears with ill
Grows better by endurance.
Then with one sigh for errors past,
One tear for by-gone sorrow;
Turn to the Now, for duties fast
Are crowding, and to-morrow
Yet more await the earnest soul
Requipped with grief's immersion;
Still faithfully perform the whole,
Grow better by exertion.
And oh! we all are marching to
The Kingdom of God's glory;
The angel hosts almost in view
No sea of death that realm shall bound
Fond hearts and hands to sever,
But there we may as time rolls round,
Grow wise and good forever.
VIRGINIA.

came to give notice, that by right they should have belonged to him on that day, but a fifty years' respite was granted, and when that period had expired, he should visit them again. He then walked away, and the moon, and the stars, and the waters regained their natural appearance. For the next fifty years every thing passed on as quietly as before; but as the time drew nigh for the appointed advent of Death, Jan became thoughtful, and he felt no pleasure at the idea of the anticipated visit. The day arrived, and Death came, preceded by the same horrors as on the former occasion.
"Well, good folks," said he, "you now can have no objection to accompany me; for assuredly you have hitherto been highly privileged, and have lived long enough."
The old dame wept, and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided after passing away from the earth on which they had dwelt so long and so happily together. Poor Schalken also looked very downcast, and moved after Death but slowly. As they passed by Jan's garden he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to Death and said, "Sir, allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions; I am too infirm, or I would climb yonder pear tree, and take a stock of its best fruit with me; you are active and obliging, and will, I am sure, sir, get it for us."
Death, with great condescension complied, and ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to old Schalken and his wife. At length he determined upon descending, but, to his surprise and apparent consternation, discovered that he was immovable; nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree until he had given them a promise of another half century.
They jogged on the old way for fifty years more, and Death came to the day. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Schalken had put upon him, offended his dignity and hurt his pride not a little.
"Come, Jan," said he, "you used me securely the other day, (Death thinks but very little of fifty years!) and I am determined to lose no time—come."
Jan was sitting at his little table, busily employed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the pen trembled in his hand, as he thus addressed him, "I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame, but I have done with such knavery now, and have learnt to know that life is of little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still, before I quit this world I would like to do all the good I can, and was engaged when you arrived in making a will, that a poor lad who has been always kind to us, may receive this hut and my boat. Suffer me but to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead—Pray sit down; in a few minutes my task will be ended."
Death, thus appealed to, could refuse no longer, and seated himself in a chair, from which he found it as difficult to rise as he had formerly to descend the pear tree. His liberation was bought at the expense of an additional fifty years, at the end of which period, and exactly on their birth-day, Jan Schalken and his wife died quietly in their bed, and the salt water flowed freely in the little village, in which they had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all its inhabitants.

Pat and the Wedded Pair.
"Last month Gen. Sampson Dove, of Winepus, married the darter of the American Keonuss (consul) to Dublin, Miss Jimena Fox. Did you ever see her, stranger?" "Never," I said. "Well, that's a cruel pity, for you would have seen a peeler, I tell you—a real corn fed gal, and no mistake. Just what Ero was, I guess, when she walked about the garden, and angels come to see her, and weren't so everlastin' thin and vapory-like sunbeams. Well they first went to Killarney on a wedding 'tower, and after they had stared at the lovely place till they hurt their eyes, they came down here to see the Groves of Blarney, and what not. Well, the general didn't want folks to know he was only just married, for people always run to the winders and doors to look at a bride, as if she was a bird that was only seen once in a hundred years. It's inconvenient that's a fact, and it makes a sensitive, delicate-minded gal feel as awkward as a wrong boot. So says the general to Pat, 'Pat,' says he, 'don't go now and tell folks we are only just married; lie low, and keep dark, will you? that's a good fellow.' 'Bedad, never fear, yer honor, divil a much they'll get out of me, I can tell you. Let me alone for that; I can keep a secret as well as ever a priest in Ireland.' Well, for all that they did stare in a way that was a caution to owls; and well they might, too, for it ain't often they saw such a girl as Miss Jimena, I can tell you; though the Irish gals warn't behind the door when beauty was given out—that's a fact. At last the general see something was in the wind, above common, for the folks looked amazed in the house, and they didn't seem half pleased either. So says he, one day, 'Pat,' says he, 'I hope you did not tell them we were only just married, did you?' 'Tall them you was only just married, is it, yer honor?' said he; let me alone for that! They were mighty inquisitive about it, and especially the master—he wanted to know all about it, entirely—'Married, is it?' says I; 'why they ain't married at all, at all; the divil a parson ever said grace over them! But I'll tell you what—for I was determined it was but little truth he'd get out of me—I'll tell you what,' says I, 'if you won't repeat it to nobody, they are going to be married in about a fortnight, for I heard them say so this blessed day, with my own ears.'—'If the general wasn't raving, hopping mad, it ain't no matter. In half an hour he and his wife were on board the steamer for England, and Pat is in bed here yet from the licking he got.'—*Dublin University Magazine.*

It is the opinion of a western editor that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

A Victim of Circumstantial Evidence.
Joe Brace was a farmer's son in the town of W—, and by his tricks and pranks caused his watchful "parient" no little trouble sometimes. It happened on one occasion, that Master Joe was caught in some misdemeanor, and as a punishment for the same, had been compelled to hoe in the cornfield until such time as the said "parient" should judge proper that he should be released. Joe, like a dutiful son, took his hoe, and straightway commenced sad havoc among the weeds which obstructed the growth of the corn. Dinner time came and passed, and still no call for poor Joe, who began to think his punishment "greater than he could bear; but still he toiled on, expecting every moment to hear the summons which would release him for a time at least from his task. But there was no such good luck for him. The old man determined that he should "sweat it out," as he termed it; and stretching himself on the lounge in the back room, was soon fast asleep. Joe labored faithfully until near three o'clock, when hunger getting the better of duty, he resolved to obtain something to stay his "stomach" at all hazards. So, dropping his hoe, he steered cautiously for the house; and entering the back door unobserved, succeeded in reaching the pantry without detection—the old man being asleep, and the other portion of the household being engaged with some company in the front part of the house, who had arrived a few moments before. On entering, he commenced an attack on a mince pie, that had been set before the window to cool, being just from the oven. When he had about half demolished the pie, and was thinking of some means to escape detection, his meditations were disturbed by something coming in contact with his limbs. On looking down, he saw the favorite pussy, who had stolen in at the door, and was rubbing herself, and purring, as if expressing her entire satisfaction at the proceeding. On perceiving her he thought of a plan which he put into immediate execution. Grasping her fore-legs, he dabbled her fore-feet about in the remaining part of the pie, and placing her on the shelf, left the pantry, the cat jumping to the floor, and following him, leaving her tracks, of course, both on the shelf and on the floor.—Joe now made immediate haste for the field, much refreshed by his "bit," and was soon diligently at work.
He had been hoeing but a short time when, hearing a noise in the rear, he looked up and saw the old man coming, with tabby under his arm, and his gun over his shoulder. Neither spoke; the old man passing by, and proceeding round behind a knoll which hid him from Joe's view.
Joe leaned on his hoe for a moment, listening, when the silence was disturbed by the report of a gun and the screeching of a cat, plainly intimating what had been the fate of poor pussy. In a moment more the old man reappeared with his gun in his hand, the smoke still curling from the barrel; and as he passed by his laboring hopeful, if he had not been a little hard of hearing he might have heard: "There goes another victim to circumstantial evidence."

MARRIAGE.—In the pressure that now weighs upon all persons of limited fortune, sisters, nieces, and daughters, are the only commodities that our friends are willing to bestow upon us for nothing, and which we cannot afford to accept, even gratuitously. It seems to have been the same, at a former period, in France. Maitre Jean Picard tells us that, when he was returning from the funeral of his wife, doing his best to look disconsolate, such of the neighbors as had grown-up daughters and cousins came to him, and kindly implored him not to be inconsolable, as they could give him a second wife. "Six weeks after," says Maitre Jean, "I lost my cow, and though I really grieved on this occasion, not one of them offered to give me another." It has been recorded by some anti-conjugal wag, that when two widowers come consoling together on the recent bereavement of their wives, one of them exclaimed, with a sigh, "Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with the dear deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first." "There I surpass you," said his friend, "for the last day of mine was happier!"

GENIUS AND LABOR.—Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius that I have lies in just this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."
Mr Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance: "The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time. There Sir," pointing to a huge pile of letters on his table, "is a pile of unanswered letters, to which I must reply before the close of the session, (which was then three days off.) I have not time to master the subject so as to do it justice." "But, Mr Webster, a few words from you would do so much to awaken public attention to it."
"If there be such weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject till I have imbued my mind with it."

Long-winded persons can gather a hint from the following:—
"Here, John," said the gentleman to his servant on horseback, in the rear, "come forward, and just take hold of my horse while I dismount; and after I am dismounted, John, you dismount, too. Then John, ungrate the saddle of your horse, and put it down; then you will please ungrate the saddle of my horse, and put it down. Then John, take up the saddle of your horse and put it on your horse. Afterwards, John, take up the saddle of my horse and put it on your horse. Then, John, I will seat myself in your saddle, and you can seat yourself in mine, and we will resume our journey."
"Bless me, master," said the man, "why couldn't you have simply said let's change saddles?"

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Agitator.
Old Stiles at the Dinner Table.
I.
The "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," has earned for himself a name worthy to rank with the best authors of our country. Besides this he has had an opportunity to have his say on almost every imaginable subject, a piece of luck which does not present itself to everybody in this world; and when the editor of the AGITATOR invited me to a place in his columns, I took care to stipulate as a condition of my compliance, that I should say just whatever I please. I will confess in the outset that my object in writing is not to gain a name in the "world of letters"—for alas! how small a space is one county in that great world!—but just to have my say for a few months about matters and things in which we all take an interest. If you choose to sit down with me and hear me talk, why all the better for you; if not, you need not say anything against me, or take exceptions to my conversation.
Now some person, naturally inclined to find fault—and there are lots of such persons in the world, and they deserve our pity instead of our censure—may say "Old Stiles takes a good deal of a load upon himself, in trying to imitate the 'Autocrat,' and he will certainly fail." No sir; you are wrong. I don't intend to give you learned or philosophical disquisitions on anything. I will only imitate him in so far as I talk at the table. Unlike the "Autocrat" I am a married man. I have a wife, my own, and two children (and nobody ought to have more than two, even if John Rogers had nine small children and—I mean ten; but that was when the world was younger than it now is, and more room for them), and a cousin and a mother-in-law—only six of us in all. We live in a little town up town—you needn't mind what town it is—and we generally have enough to live on.
I am a middle aged man. If I hadn't been, you would never have seen this article, and I will tell you why. When I was a young man, I used to write poetry for the papers—the county papers you know—and one day I called upon the editor of the *Gimlet Eyed Argus*, and asked him if he didn't consider "The Soldier's Grave," and "Lines on the Death of Mary Jane Pyle," and "Napoleon's Lament," (these were pieces I had sent to him,) worth at least a dollar a piece! He was a queer old fellow, was the editor of the *Gimlet Eyed Argus*, and he went into convulsions of laughter at my speech. When he recovered sufficiently to talk, he said to me: "Young man, I have charged your father sixteen dollars for putting your 'poems' as you call them, in my paper, as that is just the amount of space they took up; but, look here! if you will agree never to inflict upon me any more such stuff, I will accept the bill." My feelings on that occasion are more easily imagined than pleasant to describe. Shame and indignation struggled for supremacy in my young heart, and I wondered if everybody thought me as great a fool as the editor did. With shame uppermost in my mind, I arose to leave the office, when he stopped me with, "Don't be in a hurry Mr. Stiles, I have a few words more to say to you. There is the receipt. You are a young man of promise. You have ambition, and—though I say it to your face, genius. Now take my advice. I have published the *Gimlet Eyed Argus* forty years, and know something about what I am talking. A great many young people think if they can only make verses or rhymes, that therefore they are born poets. There was never a greater mistake. They are born fools, sir, and their folly is only equal to their vanity. Let me state a case in point, sir." (Here the editor pulled out a drawer and took from it a manuscript.) He continued: "Now here, sir, is a poem 'written expressly for the *Gimlet Eyed Argus*, by Miss Amelia Sweetly'—that's the way it is headed. It is an account of an accident which occurred in Washington township down into rhyme. The friends of the bereaved liked it; Miss Sweetly's friends liked it; they were astonished at her talent and advised her to send it here to me, supposing no doubt, that they were conferring a great favor upon me. I will read you the third verse, sir, so you can see what it is, and judge for yourself:

The tree it struck him on the head
And mashed out all his brains
And now he's numbered with the dead
Free from all care and pain

There, sir, that's what some folk think is the result of genius! Take it and read it for yourself, and remember, never write a line of poetry till you are forty years old." Thus saying the editor bowed me out of his office. I took his advice, and for twenty years I never wrote either poetry or prose for the papers. But I couldn't help writing both, and I have lots of doggerel laid up to dream over in my old age, and lots of essays whereover I may at any time remind myself of the visions of my youth. But the vanity and vexation of spirit, the restless nights, and the sometimes gloomy and sometimes joyful days on which these brain children of mine saw the light, were known only to myself. No envious sneer, no turned up nose, no laugh of ridicule ever greeted my productions; neither did words of praise from those who knew not how to judge, ever lead my mind astray by tickling my vanity, for the very best of reasons, namely, nobody ever saw them but myself.
But as I said, I am now a middle aged man. My son is nearly man-grown and is at present studying law in Foxtown. I gave him a name when he was a child—Ezekiel—and he was the means of giving me a name which I will probably be known by till I die. When he grew up, our neighbors, of the more vulgar and disrespectful among them, called me "Old Stiles" to designate me from him. I have been told so by members of my own family, for no man ever dared to speak it to my face. I adopt it here, so that my son may not be blamed with these articles, my own name being like his—Ezekiel. My daughter's name is Letitia, but we call her Letty for short. She is younger than Ezekiel, and is at present at a boarding school. My cousin, Jimena Short is a single female, and says she is only twenty-eight years old—was never married, and lives with us because nobody else can

bear her; and Mrs. Bright is the name of my mother-in-law. Having thus introduced the family, (all except my wife who will introduce herself in due time), next week I may tell you a few talks we had at the dinner table.

MEMENTO.
My son, be this thy simple plan:
Serve God, and love thy brother man;
Forget not in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience, come what may;
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
With hand and brow and bosom clear,
"Fear God—and know no other fear."

EDUCATIONAL.

PRIZE ESSAY.

The Duties and Responsibilities of the Common School Teacher.
BY VICTOR A. ELLIOTT.

The duties and responsibilities of the common school teacher are many. They cannot be recounted and described in a short essay of this kind; therefore, this must be considered a mere compend of facts, with few comments, and with little or no embellishments. Duty and responsibility seem to me to be inseparably connected. I cannot conceive a duty with which there is not linked a responsibility, either great or small, accordingly as we possess power to perform that duty, and wherever power ceases, there responsibility ends; for as we are not required to perform anything but what is within our power, so we shall not be held responsible for what is beyond our control. Hence it follows that an essay upon the duties and responsibilities of the common school teacher will be nothing more than an enumeration of his duties, with a few comments and conclusions. To this, then, I proceed:
The first duty of the common school teacher is his duty to himself. Not that this is his highest or greatest duty; for that would seem to convey the idea of selfishness, which should form little or no part of the teacher's qualifications, as little at most, as the extreme selfishness of human nature, which has declared that "self preservation is the first law of nature," will admit; but the common school teacher should educate himself for the high profession which he intends to follow. He should prepare himself by thorough mental and moral discipline for the responsible station which he expects to occupy; and he should not offer himself as a teacher of the young, until he has undergone such a course of training. He who disregards these obligations not only violates a plain duty which he owes to himself, but he brings untold injury upon his scholars. Experience and observation have shown that those teachers who succeeded best in teaching, who have fortified their minds with the best moral principles, and have stored them with the greatest amount of available intellectual knowledge.
The teacher should cultivate a good disposition. No person is properly fitted to become a teacher of the young, whose temper is easily ruffled, or who is cross, peevish, or fretful. A sudden outburst of anger in the school room, would endanger the bodies and even the lives of the scholars; while cross, fretful words would be likely to spoil their dispositions, ruin their reputations, and perhaps injure their moral characters. The teacher should be careful to guard against tattling, envy, malice, or hatred; for he may be assured that if such evil passions are allowed to corrode his spirit and to corrupt his character, they will soon find their way into the hearts of his scholars, and destroy everything that is lovely and amiable there. Such is the power and influence of example, that the teacher is teaching when he least expects it, and the scholar is learning what he most desires to conceal. The teacher who uses profane or obscene language, or makes use of low slang phrases before his scholars, or indulges in the use of intoxicating drinks, has not rightly performed his duty to himself before entering upon the duties of the school room. The teacher should cultivate good manners in himself; he should be polite and gentlemanly in his conversation, neat in his personal appearance, punctual in performing his labors, and faithful in fulfilling his promises; in short, he should be a gentleman in the truest and best sense of the term; he should be moral, upright, refined, and accomplished; and he should so conduct himself that the scholars under his charge may be led to "shun the very appearance of evil."
Again, the teacher should possess the art of pleasing. The cultivation of this art forms one of the many important duties which the teacher owes to himself; and that teacher who neglects this necessary accomplishment must expect to fill very short of accomplishing the good he otherwise might do in his sphere of usefulness. There are certain persons in whom there seems to be an inherent natural attractiveness which draws us instinctively toward them, teaches us to love them, to put confidence in them, and to imitate them. What in them we attribute to genius, is nothing more than the result of cultivation; it is the result of a desire to please practically carried out. If the teacher would win the love of his scholars, gain their confidence, and teach them by precept and example what is right and good, he must cultivate this art of pleasing; thus he will have the good will and hearty cooperation of his scholars, which will be found the most powerful auxiliaries in accomplishing his object, and without which all his efforts will be a miserable failure. A person cannot consistently become a teacher if he neglects this art of pleasing; for that alone can ensure success. He can acquire this art by open-hearted, manly conduct, by being generous in his conversation, and obliging in his manners; by manifesting an interest in the affairs of others—joy in their prosperity, and kindness even in their adversity. But in this he must be most sincere, for nothing is more offensive than affected kindness, or affection of any kind.
The next great duty of the teacher is his duty to his scholars. And here, I think, is where his great responsibility lies. Responsibility attaches itself to all his duties, but here it rests most heavily. The great prime object of the teacher should be to benefit and improve his scholars, to train up their young minds to use-

fulness, to develop their latent powers, to cultivate their mental faculties and to mold them into proper form by a plastic though firm and steady hand, and to give shape and direction to the future action of the entire man. For the accomplishment of these desirable objects, the scholars are placed in the school-room at his disposal. Here he rules supreme. His power is unlimited, save by the Directors of the town, who seldom exercise their authority, but trust implicitly to his judgment; and thus he is made the sole arbiter of his own will and of that of his scholars. Here, then, we have the extent of the teacher's responsibilities, which are as great as his power is boundless. Who would thoughtlessly, and without due preparation, place himself in the position of the common school teacher, attempt to perform his duties, and willingly bear his responsibilities? Here before him are his scholars—bright, blushing boys, and bonny, blue-eyed maids—the darling objects of many a mother's love and father's pride; they are entrusted to his keeping; and he must watch over them, protect them, and instruct them in wisdom's way, and teach them to feel and know its truth. Whatever attractions the school-room may possess for his scholars, the teacher must create; he must create the interest in their studies while in school, and the harmony in their plays while out. Whatever is done here, the teacher sees and hears, guides and controls, and must answer for its consequences and bear the responsibility; in short, he is the great central light of the school-room, the dispenser of joy and happiness, or the source of grief and sorrow; the power around which all revolve; ruling over, controlling and governing all. It is unnecessary to further point out his duties; they are as plainly manifest as the sun in the canopy of heaven, which sheds its refulgent light on the lesser orbs; guides, controls, balances, upholds the solar system, and sustains the universe.
Behold the faithful teacher, as he enters upon the discharge of his daily duties. With subdued, but firm and manly voice he reads a portion of God's word as his morning devotion, and as a thank-offering, he brings a smiling countenance and a kind and cheerful heart.—He talks to his scholars of the things that are good for this life and for the life to come. He teaches them kindness to their companions, and urges upon them the necessity of industry and untiring perseverance in their daily studies.—He next proceeds to the regular exercises of the day. With one hand he points the way of science; with the other he waves a gentle token of submission to the disobedient pupil; with the one he lifts up the unfortunate and discouraged, inspiring them with confidence by his kind assistance and cheerful words; with the other he inflicts deserved punishment upon the head of the willful transgressor. He moves like a guardian angel among his scholars; setting disputes, preventing quarrels, and rendering them happy by the radiance of his own genial and illumined spirit, while he teaches them to be both good and wise. I can trace the scene no farther. My space is short. These are some of the duties, though faintly delineated, of the common school teacher to his scholars.

The third and last duty of the common school teacher which I shall enumerate, is his duty to his country. This duty comprehends all others. When the teacher is discharging his duty to himself, by disciplining his intellectual and moral nature, by cultivating a good and amiable disposition, by acquiring the art of pleasing, and by forming proper habits of life, he is at the same time performing his duty to his country; for the reason that he is making of himself a good and honest man. When he is discharging his duty to his scholars, whether by sowing the seeds of morality in their hearts, by developing the germs of intellect in their young minds, or by walking before them an example of righteousness, love, and truth, he is performing his duty to his country, because he is making of his scholars good and honest citizens. But the duty of the teacher does not end here. It has a more extended application. It is not confined to the narrow sphere of self, nor is it circumscribed by school house walls; nor is it yet limited to his scholars, nor bounded by the circle of his own immediate neighborhood; but it is a duty that goes with him wherever he goes; it is the duty of the patriot citizen, and it should be faithfully discharged wherever his lot may chance to be cast. The teacher should become a missionary to benefit and improve the community in which he resides; and wherever he is acquainted. He should be a civilizing agent, not only for the development of the moral and intellectual condition of man, by teaching him virtue and intelligence; but also for the improvement of his social condition, by making him more useful and obliging to his fellow man. By this means, he would be elevating the standard of society, and advancing the cause of civilization; he would be bettering the condition of his fellow mortals, and would thus be discharging that highest of all duties, his duty to his God.

Very intellectual women, we find, by observation, are seldom beautiful.—The formation of their features, and particularly their forehead, is more or less masculine. Miss Landon was rather pretty and feminine in the face, but Miss Sedgwick, Miss Pardee, Miss Leslie, and the celebrated late Anna Maria and Jane Porter, the contrary. One of the Miss Porters had a forehead as high as that of an intellectual man. I never knew a very talented man who was admired for his personal beauty. Pope was awful ugly; Dr Johnson was no better, and Mirabeau was the ugliest man in all France, and yet he was the greatest favorite among the ladies. Women more frequently prize men of sterling qualities of the mind, than men do women. Dr Johnson chose a woman for a wife who had scarcely an idea above an oyster. He thought her the loveliest creature in existence, if we judge by the inscription he left on her tomb.
A young Miss, having accepted the arm of a youth to gallant her home, and afterwards fearing that jokes might be cracked at her, if the fact should become public, dismissed him about half way, enjoining secrecy. "Don't be afraid, said he, 'of my saying anything about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do,