

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

MARKER, Editor and Proprietor.
HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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VOLUME 7.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1866.

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at 6:25 o'clock, P. M.

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Daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Mails from Newmarket's Mills, Car-
roll, arrive on Monday, Wednesday
and on every week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays
and on every week, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

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CRESSON STATION.
Balt. Express leaves at 9:15 A. M.
Phila. Express " 9:55 A. M.
Fast Line " 10:35 P. M.
Mail Train " 9:05 P. M.
Via Erie M. " 7:45 A. M.
Altoona Accom. " 4:35 P. M.
Phila. Express " 8:31 P. M.
Fast Line " 8:21 A. M.
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Tuesday of each month, at 6½ o'clock,
and on every Saturday evening.

O. F. C.—Highland Lodge No. 428 I. O.
in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg,
on every Saturday evening.

7—Highland Division No. 84 Sons of
in Temperance Hall, Ebensburg,
on every Saturday evening.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
TO
"THE ALLEGHANIAN."
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE,
\$3.00 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Over the River.

Over the river, they beckon to me,
Loved ones who have passed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there,
The gates of the city, we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands ready to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale,
Carried another—the household pet;
Her bright curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Mamie, I see her yet!
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the other side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idols are waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman, cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
We catch a gleam of the snowy sail.
And lo! they have passed on our heart:
They cross the stream and are gone for aye!
We cannot sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their bark no more
Shall sail with ours on life's stormy sea!
Yet somehow on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the Spirit Land!
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me!

THE HORSE-THIEVES.

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

For some months, there had been a pair
of desperate characters prowling about the
country, doing all sorts of evil deeds, but
making horse stealing their especial busi-
ness. It was said (and the report had a
good foundation) that they were escaped
convicts—villains who had once been sent
from London to South Wales, and who
had contrived to make their escape and
reach this country. That they were de-
sperate characters, was evident from some
of their deeds, they having repeatedly
attempted to kill those who thought of
molesting them. But the precious rascals
were at last caught, and brought be-
fore a justice for examination and com-
mitment. I was engaged as prosecuting
attorney, and made my appearance accord-
ingly, being determined that a case
should be made strong enough to hold
them.

I certainly never saw two more inhu-
man looking fellows who could lay claim
to a fair share of intelligence. They gave
the names of Job Gilbrand and Luman
McGargan as theirs. The first was a
short, broad-shouldered, bull-necked, low-
browed man, with an ugly, vengeful look,
and a sort of tiger-like restlessness in all
his movements. The second had all his
companion's brutality of expression, with-
out the same look of intelligence. He
was taller than Gilbrand, but not so mas-
sive. As they gazed around upon the
assembled multitude, they seemed to be
animated by but a single feeling, and that
an intense desire to exterminate the whole
of us. Blood-thirstiness was written as
plainly upon their faces as it ever was in
the glaring eye of the caged panther. In
short, they seemed to have no moral per-
ceptions at all. They were creatures of
lust and fear, and knew no other govern-
ing principles.

Of course, it became my duty to have
them committed, if possible, and I deter-
mined to probe their characters and ear-
ners as deeply as possible. I had wit-
nesses enough to swear directly to their
horse-stealing; but I was not satisfied
with this. They had engaged a lawyer
for the defense, and he set up the claim
that we nothing against their characters
previous to the making of the present
charge. Here I opened my battery, and
fired away. I had my witnesses present,
and what they could not swear to I easily
arrived at in my introduction. I held
the two men up to the gaze of the multi-
tude as the cold-blooded villains they
really were; I raked up their former life
in England; I brought to light their
transportation to Post Jackson; I told of
their escape hence; and wound up by
fastening upon them many dark crimes
since their arrival in this country. I
knew that they had sworn to kill any man
who should arrest them, and that they
had, on more than one occasion, tried to
take life. These things made me more
bitter than I otherwise might have been.
Ever and anon, as I brought up some
strong point of rascality, I would turn my
eyes upon the prisoners, and I must admit
that, even then, with all the zeal of my

cause to fire my soul, I could not help
shuddering at the glance which Job Gil-
brand gave me. It was not a look of
hate, nor anger; but it was an expression
of malevolent, demoniac triumph, which
seemed to imply that he was perfectly
satisfied—I was having my own way now
—after a while, in his own good time, he
would have his way.

The result of the trial was just what
everybody had known it would be. The
prisoners were fully committed to await
the action of the grand jury. I rose from
my seat, when I saw Gilbrand beckon to
me with his finger. I went to him, and
he whispered in my ear—
"I'll have your life as sure as there is
a God in heaven! There ain't a prison
on earth strong enough to keep me in
from you!"

The manner of his speaking at first
startled me some, but I looked upon what
he had said as only a threat—not that he
might not have the will to do the deed,
but I did not believe that he would have
the power. However, I saw the jailor,
and hinted to him that he had better look
rather sharper after these prisoners than
was usual with him, for they were old
jail-birds, and up to all the tricks of evad-
ing bolts and bars and stone walls. He
told me that I need be under no appre-
hension of their escape; he would put
them in a place from which no mortal
man could escape.

I went away about my usual business,
and two weeks had passed from the time
of the trial before the justice's court.—
The excitement consequent upon the ar-
rest of the horse-thieves had mostly died
out, and people began to let their horses
run without fear of having them swooped
up. One evening, just as I was leaving
my office, a man came to me and informed
me that the horse-thieves had made their
escape. They had left the jail some time
during the previous night, and all day
various parties had been in search of them,
but unavailingly. The villains had con-
trived to remove the heavy stone sill into
which the iron bars of the window were
fixed, the cement having been displaced
by some iron instrument which they had
slyly concealed about them. I asked
if any traces had been found of them, and
my informant told me that two men an-
swering their description had been seen,
about ten miles off, that morning, making
towards the sea-coast.

I had been all day on business and had
just returned, when this information was
given me, or I would have heard of it before.
However I knew that every possible
means were being employed to recapture
the rascals, and I went home with strong
hopes that they might yet make the ac-
quaintance of our superior court. At first
the thought occurred to me that Gilbrand
might make an effort to carry out the
bloody purpose he had sworn against me;
but I was not under much apprehension,
for I did not think he would risk his own
neck. I believed he had placed as great a
distance as possible between me and him-
self, and that he would not again visit our
town except upon compulsion.

My wife had heard of the escape of the
two prisoners, but she knew nothing of
the threat which had been made against
me. I did not tell her of it at that time,
for I feared she might worry over it, and
of course, I meant that it should be kept
from her now. My house was near the
centre of the village, but some way back
from the main street, upon a gentle emi-
nence, and surrounded by trees, my gar-
den and park separating it entirely from
other buildings.

During the evening I thought the mat-
ter over, and finally made up my mind
that the idea of Job Gilbrand's coming to
put his threat into execution was simply
ridiculous. I knew—I knew very well—
that he had just the will and the disposi-
tion to do it, and I believed that it would
have afforded him sincere satisfaction to
put a knife to my heart; but I did not
believe that he would risk his own life,
under any circumstances, for any such
purpose. Yet when I went up to my
chamber, I examined the pistol which lay
in the bureau drawer. My business, as
collecting agent for several houses in dis-
tant parts of the country, required that I
should at times have large sums of money
by me, and as many people are aware of
this fact, I knew that my premises might
hold out golden inducements to daring
burglars; so I had, some two years before,
purchased a good revolver which I had
kept loaded in my chamber. I never sup-
posed I should shoot anybody; but, in
case I should hear the footsteps of intrud-
ers, at night, upon my premises, I would
not only feel safe with such a weapon, but
the possession of a "six-shooter" gives
a man a wonderful advantage in an argu-
ment under such circumstances. He can
persuade an interloper to leave when mere
words might be ineffectual.

On the present occasion I thought I
would just examine my pistol, to see if it
was all right, for there was no knowing
what might happen. If any one should
enter my house, I felt sure that my wife
or self must be awakened, and then the
weapon might be an agreeable companion
if nothing more. I saw that the barrels
were all loaded, and the caps all sound,
and then I put the pistol back into the
drawer, and went to bed. My wife asked
me what I meant to do, and I told her I
had considerable money in the house, and

the circumstances had merely reminded
me of my weapon. We laughed over
the idea of killing a robber and went to
sleep.

It must have been not far from mid-
night when I was awakened from a some-
what uneasy slumber; I had no sense of
being aroused by anything in particular,
only I felt uneasy, and wanted a new po-
sition for my body. The moon had been
up an hour or more, and was shining di-
rectly upon the door-way on the opposite
side of the room; I turned my eyes rest-
ing upon the door-way, and I saw a man
standing there. He had, apparently, just
crept to the spot and the moonlight lay
full upon him. It was Job Gilbrand!
Had I met him in the broad blaze of noon-
time, I could not have distinguished his
form from any features more plainly. And
I saw, in his right hand, a long bladed
knife. Behind him, in the hall, I saw
the outlines of another man, whom I took,
of course, to be McGargan.

The discovery operated on me like the
shock of a powerful galvanic battery.
There was a horrible, deadly fear thrilling
through me, and depriving me of both
sense and reason for a moment; but the
very weight of the terrible circumstance
served to nerve me up, and in a very brief
space of time I was as calm as need be.
I mean my thoughts were all collected
and my instincts sharp and clear. My
wife slept on, for as yet there had been
no noise, save that something which must
have awakened me.

My chamber was a large square room,
and the bed was in one corner. The win-
dow through which the moonlight came
was close by the foot of the bed and the
door that led to the hall directly opposite.
This room was in one corner of the main
building, so there were two more windows,
one near the head of the bed and another
piercing the same wall, only a few feet off.
Between these two windows stood the bu-
reau, there being only the space of one
window between it and the bed.

Of course, I knew there could be but a
few moments for reflection. My motion
had caused the assassin to hesitate, but he
would not hesitate long. He had come to
put his threat into execution, and I knew
the man well enough to know that he
would do it without the least compunc-
tions, and that no occurrence would deter
him. If I had only given importance
enough to previous circumstances to have
been thoroughly on my guard, I should
have had my pistol beneath my pillow;
but I was wholly unarmed, and a success-
ful stratagem could alone save me. With
this grim presence before me my thoughts
of succor—my hope of safety—was in my
pistol. I must get that at some rate. I
knew enough of human nature to know
what even an assassin would be most likely
to do under certain circumstances. Gil-
brand did not know that he was discovered,
and yet a slight motion of my body
had caused him to hesitate. He evidently
felt sure of his game, and he could do
his work with the least noise. It was a
clear, cold night, and this circumstance
helped me to a valuable thought.

"Mary," said I, speaking to my wife,
in a whispering tone, as though I were not
wholly awake, "I'm cold."

My wife awoke and asked me what was
the matter.

"I'm cold," I replied. "Isn't there
an extra quilt in one of the bureau draw-
ers?"

She said there was, but did not seem
inclined to be very wakeful.

As I had anticipated, as soon as I spoke,
the lurking assassin crouched away out of
sight in the hall, and I believed he would
remain so while I got up and got the quilt.
If he did not suspect my knowledge of his
presence he would certainly prefer to
let me arise quietly, and then get to bed
again, than to attack me when I might
make resistance; for he had reason to sup-
pose that my wife and self would be asleep
again very soon. And then I could not
leave the room to give any alarm without
passing directly by him, so he would feel
safe on that score.

I leaped out of bed and went to the
bureau. I may have trembled some at the
thought of a death blow while I stood
there with my back to the door, but I felt
pretty well assured that all would be safe
until I got into bed again; and so it proved.
I opened the upper drawer first and grasp-
ed my pistol. I muttered something about
not finding things where they belonged,
and then opened another drawer, from
which I took the desired article. As I
returned to bed I allowed the pistol to
drop by my pillow, and then I proceeded
to spread the quilt in proper order, never
once allowing my eyes to turn towards the
door. After this I crept into bed again.
I grasped my pistol and snuggled down,
reassured that I should now sleep with
some comfort. By lying upon my left
side, my face was turned towards the hall,
and when I had so arranged the bed clothes
that I could see in that direction without
my eyes being seen in return, and my
right hand was where it could be free in
an instant, I was prepared for the result.

My wife slept soundly again. As soon
as I judged it judicious, I commenced to
snore. The sound had barely left my na-
sal organs when Job Gilbrand again made
his appearance in the door, and close be-
hind him came McGargan. They had re-
moved their shoes, and their tread was
noiseless. Gilbrand clutched his knife in

his right hand, and it was half raised as
he crept forward. Not a muscle in my
body moved—not even my heart—and my
nerves were like steel. I waited until I
could catch the cat like gleaming of the
villain's eyes—until I could hear his quick,
deep breathing—until his murderous knife
was lifted for the death stroke—and then
freed my right arm and raised my pistol.
The movement was instantaneous, and my
aim sure, for the muzzle of the weapon
was within two feet of his bosom. I fired,
and he started back with a sharp groan.
In a moment I was upright in my bed,
and more quickly than I can tell, I fired
two shots at McGargan, who had stopped
as his companion reeled back, but who fled
towards the door as I fired at him.

My wife was awake but I paid no at-
tention to her cries. Quickly as possible
I leaped out of bed and rushed towards
the hall where McGargan had disappeared,
for Gilbrand had fallen to the floor, and I
considered him safe. I found him upon
the hall floor, almost lifeless. He could
not speak, and believing that his weak-
ness was real, I hurried back to my room
and struck a light, and in a few words as
possible I informed my wife of what
had happened. I told her that one of the
villains lay upon the hall floor so
that she could not leave the room with-
out passing over him, and she had the
good sense to hide herself under the bed
clothes.

At this point my man servant, a stout
Irishman who did the duties of groom
and gardener, came stumbling over the
passage, and wanted to know what was
the matter. I called him in and told him,
and together we held an examination.
Gilbrand must have died almost instantly,
for the ball had gone directly through his
heart. When we found McGargan he was
just breathing his last. One of the bullets
I had fired at him had entered his bosom,
immediately below the sternum, and the
other had passed through his neck, sever-
ing the right carotid artery.

By this time the household was all
aroused, and for a few moments we had
a strange time of it. But I managed to
get my wife calm, and when I made them
understand that the danger was all over,
the others became quiet. Michael moved
the bodies down into the lower porch,
where we found, upon examination, that
the villains had gained their entrance by
prying off the hump of the back door with
a crow-bar. As soon as it was daylight I
sent for the jailor, bidding him bring a
man along with him. It so happened
that the jailor had also the office of the
deputy sheriff and coroner, so that he was
just the man for the business. He came
in due time; the bodies were removed
from my premises, and he assured me, as
he took them away, that he would much
rather act a coroner than as jailor upon
such customers.

The Cambria Iron Works and a Protective Tariff.

The New York Tribune states that the
Cambria Iron Works paid in three years
for salaries, wages and contract work as
follows: 1860, \$907,058 91; 1864, \$1,-
399,890 82; 1865, \$1,535,380 24. Near-
ly all this money went to laborers and
their families, and the direct interest far-
mers had in it may be inferred from the
reply of the Superintendent of the works,
to the interrogatories of the Internal Re-
venue Commissioner. He said:

"The population sustained by the op-
erations of our company, consume annually
about 2,000 head of beef cattle, 3,000
head of sheep, and the product of not less
than 4,000 hogs. Our whole consump-
tion of wheat flour is about 20,000 barrels.
Johnstown is one of the best markets in
the country for all kinds of food. Large
quantities of the more perishable kinds,
such as garden vegetables, butter, eggs,
fruits, &c., are brought from Pittsburg,
and other Western markets, as the pro-
duction of the surrounding country is un-
able to supply our demand."

Farming land within two miles of the
works is worth from \$150 to \$300 per
acre, without improvements. If these
facts do not show how deeply interested
our farming classes are in the develop-
ment of manufactures, we would be puz-
zled to know what sort of reasoning or
evidence would convince them. A sound
protective tariff is useful in developing
our minerals and staples, in relieving agri-
cultural industry from the pressure of too
much competition, in giving farmers a
home market for their products, in supply-
ing a useful and ingenious laboring class
with employment, in obtaining revenue
for the government and reducing taxation,
in making us independent of foreign na-
tions for articles indispensable for general
use, and in really enlarging our national
wealth. When we have fairly established
our manufactures, we might prudently
consider the subject of low tariffs.

"What ugly, carroty-headed little
brat is that madam? Do you know his
name?" "Why—yes—that is my youngest
son?" "You don't say so—indeed!—why
what a dear!" This is the fashionable,
scientific way of backing right square out.

"I see him on his winding way,"
said Mrs. Jenkins, as she saw Mr. Jen-
kins, corkscrewing his way home, just as
the shades of twilight were creeping over
the landscape.

Educational Department.

[Prepared for The Alleghanian.]

In supplying teachers for primary
schools, as also for such as are usually
styled "backward," it has been a very
prevalent practice to select those who,
from lack of qualifications, or from want
of success, or from inexperience, are least
worthy of a place in the ranks of educa-
tors. Directors have in a great measure
been compelled to adopt this course from
a necessity caused by a constant scarcity
of competent teachers. During the few
years just past, this necessity has been
increased, owing to the entrance of many
of the profession into the National ser-
vice, and the abandonment of it by others
for some more lucrative employment. At
this time, the schools throughout the
State, and, we may add, throughout the
entire country, are suffering in no in-
considerable degree from being presided over
by persons who, whatever they will be by
experience, are not at present the equals
of their predecessors of five years ago.—
The presence of adepts at the business of
teaching in many of our more advanced
schools, causes in turn the appointing to
many primary and backward schools of
persons who are scarcely worthy of certifi-
cates. Such at any rate is the testimony
of our County Superintendents. A few
years of diligent application on the part
of these novices, and of bestowment of favor
by directors only upon those who show a
desire to improve, will afford much relief
from the existing evil. But what we wish
at this time more especially to combat is
not a fact, but an idea—the idea that a
poor teacher (one not apt to teach) or a
person with poor educational qualifications
can be assigned to a backward or a pri-
mary school without serious detriment to
such school. The evils resulting from
appointing such persons are too numerous
to be put into the limit of a single col-
umn, and we therefore divide them into
the following paragraphs:

Lack of ability to teach. The primary
school is a sort of half-way house between
the nursery and the school-room in earnest.
In the primary room, the juvenile mind
receives its first bent, is first started in the
way of educational knowledge. The sweets
of study have not been tasted, nor is there
to be supposed any antipathy to it that
may not be overcome. The simplest of
all elementary knowledge is for the first
time to be presented to the little learner;
and whether or not that learner will take
hold of his task with avidity, depends al-
most altogether on the teacher's "aptness
to teach." Of all knowledge, that which
is purely elementary is the driest and
most insipid even to the advanced stu-
dent, and if so to the advanced student,
how much more to the little child. The
primary teacher's province, then, is to
make that attractive and interesting which,
of itself, is devoid of all interest. The
infant scholar has before it the task of
memorizing letters and words that to it
are completely arbitrary, conveying no
meaning, but whose signification is yet to
be acquired.

That primary teacher, then, is most
successful, who most quickly and thor-
oughly wakens up the young mind, and
causes it to recognize symbols of intelli-
gence in characters hitherto meaningless.
But this work requires either an acquired
or an intuitive knowledge of dealing with
the mind, if there is such a thing as in-
tuitive knowledge. Why, then, should
any one not having that "aptness to
teach," as Page so well says, be put into a
primary school? If ability to impart
knowledge is required in a teacher of
advanced pupils, then ten times more in
a teacher of small children.

Habits of study and deportment.—
But no more in respect to imparting
knowledge is it essential that a primary
school should have a first-class teacher,
than with reference to habits of study and
of deportment. Some experienced and
nearly, if not quite all, novitiates in teach-
ing, are continually prompting the pupil,
or suggesting the required answer, or
pursuing one course or another by which
to relieve the scholar of his own proper
work. "They are so young," is perhaps
the excuse, "they are so young, it can
hardly be expected they can get along
without help." Thus "helped," but
more properly effeminated, they pass from
the lower room to a higher one, to fall
below what is required of them, to become
discouraged with their studies, perhaps
averse to their new teacher. The true
teacher discerns with a quick eye that the
benefit of the school-room is in the disci-
pline given to the mind, and every partic-
le of the scholar's work that is done by
another is a direct, positive injury to the
scholar. With a second or third-rate
primary teacher, the more advanced one
receives into his hands potters' clay that
has been falsely molded, and that instead
of receiving its true, comely shape, has
been deformed into a image of no beauty.

THE Department of Common Schools
of Pennsylvania has decided that scholars
whose parents have a legal residence in
one district, cannot attend the schools of
another district, by merely going into
that district and working for their board,
with the intention of returning to the
residence of their parents when the school
has closed.