



CHOICE POETRY.

Little Children Love One Another.

A little girl with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with velvet and edged with gold;
And its weight was more than the child could hold.
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more;
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother,
It said, "Little children love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,
Which said just as plain as words could say,
The Holy Bible I must obey;
So, mother, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For "little children should love one another."

I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play,
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me,
Will be better shown, if I let him see,
I strive to do what I think is right;
And thus when we kneel in prayer to-night,
I will clasp my arms around my brother,
And say, "Little children love one another."

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant, indeed, was the change it wrought;
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full—he could not speak—
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek;
And God looked down on the happy mother,
Whose "Little children loved one another."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A THRILLING STORY—INCIDENTS OF RUSSIA.

On the 22d of May, 1841, a battalion of the military colony, established at Novogorod, was drawn up on the public ground adjoining the extensive barracks, constructed in the most ancient and solitary portion of the city, near the church of St Sophia.

In front of the ranks stood Gen. L., a tall man of fifty, remarkable for his erect carriage, meagreness, sallow complexion, and large gray, restless eyes. He was known throughout the camp for his bravery, of which he had given many brilliant proofs in the campaigns of Turkey and Persia; it was clear that domestic infelicities had soured his temper, or that his heart had become hardened by the frequent applications of a discipline, degrading in its nature and often horrible in its effects. Gen. L. had become a terror to the soldiers, and scarcely a day passed in which his command was not signalized by acts of such severity as well deserved to be called ferocious.

It was known that this man cherished a profound attachment for a young girl, the daughter of an old companion in arms, killed in battle. He adopted the orphan child, brought her up with care, and never allowed her to be separated from him. And she, though grateful for the kindness of her father, by adoption, was not the less governed by an irresistible feeling of constraint when in his presence, the result of his stern brevity of speech, imperious manner, and cold severity of aspect. She was known among the troops by the expressive name of Solovieva (Nightengale), given to her in recognition of the grace with which she sang the wild pathetic ballads of the Slavonians.

Solovieva, to please the General, appeared at the reviews. One day she was sitting at a window of the General's quarters, in a room on the ground floor, whence her eye ranged along the extended ranks—and a bright flash overspread her features as her glance rested for a moment on the handsome features of a young surgeon-major, Ivan Polovoi, whose manly form was set off to a rare advantage by the simple uniform of his military grade.

Gen. L. passed and re-passed along the front line of the battalion without a single word, but with a frowning brow and an angry expression on his features, for he perceived that some of the men were absent. Suddenly was heard the slow and muffled beat of a drum, and from the extremity of the plain was seen advancing a band of soldiers, each carrying in his hand one of those long rods which are still used in the Russian service as the tool of a hateful punishment. At this sight the General turned in amazement to his aids, and in a voice of thunder demanded who had given the order, and who was to be the victim.

A sergeant conspicuous by his scarred and livid countenance, darted before the General, snatched from him his sword, struck him on the face, and coolly answered, "You?"

At these words an electric shock seemed to pass along the ranks and a gleam of light highlighted the habitually passionless features of the men. By a spontaneous movement, the officers advanced from the line to the rescue of their commander; but in a moment they were seized, thrown to the ground and menaced by half a score of bayonets.

Ivan was alone exempted, for his humanity had won for him the affection of the troops. A grenadier who stood near him, whispered in his ear, "Whether the nightengale sings or remains silent, do not move. A word, a single step, and you are dead."

Recovering from his stupor, Gen. L. grasped with each hand one of the bayonets pointed at his breast, turned them aside with a powerful effort, and cried out, with a ferocious glance along the line, "To your knees, vile brutes, and beg for mercy, or there will not be skin enough on your backs to expiate for your crimes."

A savage chuckle was the answer to this threat and the sergeant, with frightful tranquility, which indicated a settled purpose, said—

"Every one of us knows the doom that awaits

him, and is prepared to sacrifice his life. When your sentence is fulfilled, we shall go before Gen. Susoff, the Governor of Novogorod; we shall lay at his feet your sword, belt, orders and what remains of your body, and we shall say to him, "Gen. L. was a tiger; we have slain him; here are our weapons, we await our punishment." And thus saying, the sergeant tore away the General's epaulettes and trampled them under his feet.

"These decorations belong not to you," he continued; "a knot should be borne by the executioner. Remember the soldier Batskoff, scourged with rods for having been a moment too late in presenting arms. Remember the old subaltern, who, for a spot on his uniform was ordered by you from the ranks, and struck upon the face with your whip until the blood ran down his cheeks. The unhappy man, frantic with rage and pain lifted his hand in resistance, and for this he was flogged, and sent maimed and dying to Siberia."

The sergeant, while he spoke, had continued, with a terrible composure, to strip the General of his belt, his coat, and his under garments.

"That subaltern, like myself, bore the name of Guedonoff; we were born in the same oval—he was my brother!"

"Spite of his indomitable firmness, the General could not refrain from shuddering as he listened to the fearful accusation, so eloquent in its calm simplicity, so passionless in its brevity. As for Solovieva, she had looked on at first with vague wonder, unable to comprehend the scene that passed before her; but when she saw the General deprived of his sword, his uniform torn away, his form exposed—then she began to perceive the purpose of his assailants, and to understand that he was doomed to receive the degrading punishment he had so often inflicted. Seized with horror, she rose to her feet, clasped her hands in supplication and shrieked in terror and despair.

Ivan had till this moment stood motionless and silent, but he could not resist the anguish of her love. He forgot the stern excitement of the loved, the hopelessness of his interference, and made a step forward; but the loud ring of a musket was heard—Ivan threw up his arms, turned on his heel convulsively, and fell to the ground a corpse. The bullet had pierced his heart.

A gigantic soldier stepped forward from the ranks, lifted the body, and bearing it to the window where Solovieva stood, he threw it at her feet, and said, "Nightengale, this belongs to you."

White as marble, she gazed upon the cross of her lover, bent towards it, wiped the bloody forehead with her handkerchief, gave forth one terrible cry, and fell by its side.

Meantime Gen. L. had been bound to a gun carriage, dragged through the ranks, and scourged with rods, the torture of which was but the beginning of his punishment. He had scarcely reached the extremity of the line, when a voice exclaimed, "To the oven!"

The unhappy General, half dead with agony, heard the words, and knew their horrid meaning. One hundred voices repeated, "To the oven!"

A mortal paleness overspread his features; his courage gave way; he groaned and begged for mercy. But the hurrahs of the battalion drowned his voice, and Guedonoff, approaching him once, replied: "I too, begged for mercy, when my brother lying with the blows you ordered."

We will not pursue the hideous details of the scene that followed, only adding that Gen. L. and the superior officers of the battalion, shut up in ovens, which the vengeful soldiers took care to heat slowly, were literally baked alive.

This crime presented a frightful originality, and it was deemed meet its expiation should be likewise. The tidings were borne to the Emperor, and eight days afterwards several battalions of artillery marched through the streets of the ancient Russian capital; they had been preceded by a major-general, who had won for himself in the Polish campaign the title of Warsaw Executioner. One of his aids appeared at the barracks of the mutineers, and ordered them to parade the next morning, in fatigue dress and without their weapons in the small square at the western end of the city. They replied by their invariable KAMACHO, (good), put on their long gray coats and round caps, and oiled moustaches as for an ordinary field day; then, pale, silent, and with white lips, but keeping perfect order in their ranks, they traversed the city between two files of Cossacks, followed by the terrified gaze of the inhabitants. On their arrival in the square, they posted themselves in solemn columns, noiselessly and without confusion.

The drums beat—the bells of the churches pealed forth a solemn clang—and the batteries of cannon, planted in the avenues that led into the square opened upon them a deadly fire of grape shot.—Each discharge was succeeded by a shout, a multitudinous groan, with which were mingled the wild songs of those who prided themselves on dying like men who knew no fear. Three hours the fire was kept up; and when at the close, the executioners of this awful sentence traversed the place through a lake of blood, they found but five whom the grape shot had not reached—among these was the sergeant, Guedonoff. They all perished under the murderous blow of the knout. The sergeant maintained his firmness and composure to the end. Stretched on the fatal plank, he seemed unconscious of the lash that tore his bleeding flesh, and addressing the executioner, he coolly asked if his allotted number of blows would soon be complete.

"They are finished now," said the executioner.

"So much the better," replied Guedonoff, "for I am very hungry."

GENEROUS MAN.—The heart of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the fruits, herbage, and flowers; the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swallows with greediness the showers that fall, but buries them in its bosom and produceth nothing.

Crown the Teacher.

The faithful teacher, on every plan, has much to do and much to endure. He must be contented to labor and be ill rewarded; he must be willing to see his pupils increase while he decreases; and even to see the world, whose movements he has accelerated, leaving him behind. No matter; the school of life lasts not long, and its best rewards are reserved till school is over.

When Jupiter offered the prize to him who was most useful to mankind, the Court of Olympus was crowded with competitors. The warrior boasted of his patriotism—but Jupiter thundered; the rich man boasted of his magnificence—and Jupiter showed him a widow's mite; the Pontiff held up the keys of heaven—and Jupiter pushed the doors wide open; the painter boasted his power to give life to inanimate canvases—and Jupiter breathed aloud in derision; the sculptor boasted of making Gods that contended with the immortals for human homage—Jupiter frowned; the orator boasted of his power to sway a nation with his voice—and Jupiter marshaled the obedient hosts of heaven with a nod; the poet spoke of his power to move even the Gods by praise—Jupiter blasphemed; the magician claimed to practice the only human science that had been transported to heaven—Jupiter hesitated; when, seeing a venerable man looking with intense interest upon the group of competitors, but presenting no claim,

"What art thou?" said the monarch.

"Only a spectator," said the grey-headed sage.

"All these were once my pupils."

"Crown him! crown him!" said Jupiter, "crown the faithful teacher with immortality, and make room for him at my right hand."

From the Portland Transcript.

The Fugitive Bill.

Hornby, October 14, 1850.

Gentlemen—I shall spile! I know I shall, I feel it coming on! Newman nater! what times we live in! After the battles of Montezumny had been fought, it did seem as though this country had risen to its highest climb-axe, but the ways of providence, and the progress of democracy is inseparable. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill is the knee plus ultry of the significant advancement of free principles. Father, Kernel Peabody an others here who used to rave so agin Daniel Webster, callin him a blewitte, federal abolitionist, naevr shoute lozaners to his name—magnifyin him about cherrylines, saraplins, gibralters an new-jewelsalms.

The fact is—this here bill takes in Hornby—wail, it does. Nothing but dedication, independent day, cattle show and general trainin ever went ahead out. A meetin has bin held, at which it was resolved to present Mr. Webster with tew bushels best shesangers, one dittoz dates, one herill syder, and the liberty of the town, as a sort of half-penny token of the respectability we feel for him. Parson Spuggins—our new minister—made about the most feelinist speech at the meetin I ever seed. He said that niggers was the abomination of desecration spoken of in Paul's Epistol to Pentyteuk, an had no more business a breathin the free omnitygated air of liberty, than the divil had in pandymongia or any other good place. He said that now this bill was fully passed, vetowed and become a law of the land, it was the bounden duty of every good citizen to catch as many niggers as he could, more speshally, as government offered a reward of forty-five dollars a head. This here, said he, is something like; says he, whats the crow bill an the bounty on bears or premiums at cattle shows—to this. Verrily, continued the reverend gentleman, this here is a bringin about of Scripser, which says the heitlin shall be given to the lect for a inheritance forever. Amen, seeler!

The meetin broke up with three cheers for the Constitution, General Jackson, and Daniel Webster.

Next mornin, afore it was cleverly light, father an I, who'd laif our plans over night, started after a nigger who lived just over the town line. He was a clever old critter, mor'n half a doctor an a first rate nuss. He'd ollers turn aout at any time a night, in any weather, if anybody was sick and wanted his services—every body liked him, speshally our folks. Many's the time he's come clear over through the deep snow, an watched with me, while I had the rebellious fever. An when father had that great sore on his leg, caused by bein bit by the old sow when he got drunk at Kernell Peabody's treat an fell into the hog pen—then the old nigger tended and nursed him as though he'd been his ownson. He made all sorts of mint jewells an intments, an like to have got drowned over in cedar swamp—where he went arter red willer bark to make arb drink for him. But, as father said, what was all this to the Constitution an the glorious peradium of free interstusans? The General Court said that niggers was unrecumised pagins as didn't belong nowhere, and then lastly, but not leastly, the forty dollars! We'd have catched him if he'd bin our grandfather and grand-mother tew.

When we got to the old man's house, the sun was just a risin over Bethel hill, and the nigger was diggin his taters. I went up on one side of him, an father on 'tother, as still as mice. When close to him father shouted—hoory! and lit on him like a june bug, while I grabbed him by the wool—roarin out—don't you strike, you cussed nigger! Every blow you strikes us hits the constitution an wounds the star-spangled peradium of hevman rights—says I, I pullin away till the old critter yelled like an injine.

We tied him up like a bundle of skrewed hay, brot him home, and shot him up in the tater arch. But now we've got him, we don't exactly know what to do with him or where to carry him to get the bounty. Some says we shall have to wait till the Legislaturs acts, others that we can get it out of

the Custom house, post ofris, or any other public instutooshun. Some says that we will have to carry the nigger on with us agin, others say we only need carry his skulp! Will yew—squire Gould—or squire Elwell—just enquire into this an let me know at onet, because we wants the money powerful bad.

Every body envies father's an my luck in killin' tew birds with one stone—savin the government and aimin the boozery. Every body is excited, too, and nigger huntin is the great staple commodity in Hornby. Eenjest the hull tole of the "Hornby Falanks," is aout on dewty. They've started up a merlataw man and his wife who lived in aout town better than twenty years—an at the last accounts had drov them intew a swamp which the "falanks" had sirrounaded an meant to starve the ongolly lethin aout. Cap'n Wiggan, who commands, swears that if patriotism, grog and valer kin dew it, he's baound tew have the varmints ded or alive, an that he'll stan by Webster an the Costertoshun as long as the supplies hold aout. Jim Kyer and Ephie Linby brot in a prisoner yesterday, which they tuk after a hard battle, in which Ephie lost the better part of his nose, and Jim tew of his teeth. He was a queer lookin nigger. He was black enough, but his hair was strait as a paound of candles. Nevertheless they was offered thirty dollars for him by Deacon Wiggan, on speculation, but wouldn't take it. Afore nigh, however, they was sorry they didn't, for the nigger turned aout to be deacon Wiggan's own son! He had been burnin a coal pit, and was black as the ase of spades, as shake-spier says. Everything is in kermotion! I havn't time to write more. So, "iny deekit, vale addious," as the Sparyards say, and which means "more hime bye."

ETHAN SPIKE.

P. S.—Aour nigger is varmoosed! The door of the tater arch was pad-locked, but the hinges was letther; the cuss cut em off, and streaked, cheatin father an I aout of forty-five dollars we worked hard far. Dew send the paper you puts this in rite on to Daniel, perhaps he'll consider our case is hard and make up part of the loss.—Tell him ever so little won't come amiss, father's gettin old, and there's not another nigger in these parts to kitch.

An Incident at the Battle of Bran dywine.

The hero of the following thrilling story was a stout blacksmith—ay, an humble blacksmith—but his stout frame, hardened by toil, throbbled with as generous an impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of a Lafayette, or throbbled in the heart of mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in the full tide of the retreat, that a follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service, was driving a baggage-wagon from the battle-field while some short distance behind a body of Continentals were rushing forward with a troop of the British in close pursuit.

The wagon had arrived at a narrow point of the by-road leading to the south, where two high banks of rocks and crags arising on either side, afforded just space enough for the passage of his wagon, and not an inch more.

His eye was arrested by the sight of a stout, muscular man, some forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree at the very opening of this pass. He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic. His coat had been flung aside, and with the shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arm, he lay extended on the turf, with his rifle in his grasp, while the blood streamed in a torrent from his right leg, broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The wagoner's sympathies were aroused by the sight—he would have paused in the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout-hearted mechanic refused.

"I'll not get into your wagon," he exclaimed, in his rough way, "but I'll tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry-tree on the top of that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you could lift a man of my build up there? For you see, neighbor," he continued, while the blood flowed from his wound, "I never meddled with them Britsers until they came tramping over this valley, and burned my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces, and I haint got no more than fifteen minutes life in me. But I've got three balls in my cartridge box, and so just prop me up agin that cherry-tree, and I'll give 'em the whole three shots, and then I'll die."

The wagoner started his horses ahead, and then with a sudden effort of strength, dragged the blacksmith along the sod to the foot of the cherry tree surmounting the rock by the road-side.

In a moment his back was propped against the tree, his face was to the advancing troopers, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the wagoner rushed on his way, while the blacksmith very coolly proceeded to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and then raising his rifle to his shoulder, he picked the foremost from his steed, with the exclamation, "that's for General Washington!" In a moment the rifle was loaded—again it was fired—and the pursuing British rode over the body of another fallen officer. "That's for myself!" cried the blacksmith. And then, with a hand strong with the feeling of coming death, the sturdy freeman again loaded—again raised his rifle. He fired his last shot, and as another British soldier kissed the sod, a tear quivered in the eye of the dying hero. "And that," he cried with a husky voice, which strengthened into a loud shout—"and that's for Mad Anthony Wayne!"

Long after the battle was past, the body was discovered propped against the tree, with the features frozen in death, smiling grimly, while the right hand grasped the never-failing rifle.

And thus died one of the thousand brave mechanic heroes of the Revolution; brave in the hour of battle, undaunted in the hour of retreat, and undismayed in the hour of death.

A Conscientious Dog.

My father had a dog of the spaniel breed, whose name was Ponto. Now, Ponto, though decidedly *wagish* in one point, had given evidence of being more religious than many of his less canine neighbors. True, he would never turn "the other cheek"; and consequently, while he had a good character with the Peace Society, he was scouted by the non-resistants. But Ponto was always regular at church, and, in one instance at least, gave evidence that he went there with an idea that honesty and religion had some connection with each other. He was safe enough in this notion, for a more honest dog than he never barked. Ponto always walked into church with the family, though he invariably took his seat on the lower stall of the sacred desk; and none but the oldest in the congregation remembered when his seat was vacant.

I ought to have remarked sooner, that Ponto had but one enemy in the wide world; and who was that, but the deacon of the church, and our next-door neighbor! I forgot the cause—perhaps some slander against Ponto in the days of his puppyhood when, it must be confessed, he was too much addicted to fun to comport with a deaconish idea of propriety. Be that as it may, Ponto growled at nobody but Deacon Drury, and the deacon threw a stone at nothing so furiously as at Ponto. If either exemplified the golden rule towards the other, it was Ponto. So things stood at a certain time when the good pastor was called away for a long journey. But, parson or no parson, the family all went to church, as usual, the following Sabbath; and none with a longer face or more gracious step than Ponto. His accustomed seat was taken; and when the congregation rose for the early morning prayer, Ponto rose with the rest—as he had always done—and stood with closed eyes and open ears, waiting for the first word of supplication. To the utter astonishment of no one but the saucy Ponto, that word came in the voice of his old enemy, the pious deacon! If the

big Bible had fallen on Ponto's tail, he could not have looked for the cause with a more rapid glance than he cast upward to the pulpit. He fixed his eyes on the face of the Deacon, as if to be sure of the sacrilege; and then, with a look of pious horror I shall never forget, and a step as fast as the sanctity of the place would allow, he passed out of the house, and took a by-path home across the field. From that day forth, as long as Ponto lived he could never be flattered or exhorted to enter the church-door again; and, whenever from necessity he passed it on week-days, it was with a look that said, to all that knew him as I did, "If Deacon Drury prays, the church may count Ponto among the backsliders."

Hints to School-Masters.

Under this head a correspondent of the Advertiser has the following remarks, which are well worthy of attention:

"Be not sarcastic. Some teachers have a natural tendency to say things which cut through a boy's heart like a knife. A scholar makes some mistakes; instead of a simple reproof, comes a tone of ridicule. The boy feels wronged. One is stung into revengful passion, another crushed with despair. I do not think a child should ever be mimicked, even for a drawing tone, without explaining beforehand that it is not for ridicule, but to show in what the fault consists; while that scorching sarcasm which some teachers use should be wholly abolished. It tends to call up bad passions, and to engender bad feelings in the child's mind towards the teacher and all that he does."

"A teacher, in order that he may exert a moral and spiritual influence should be familiar and gentle. There is, no doubt, a dignity that is essential in the schoolroom, but it need not partake of arrogance. True dignity must always be connected with simplicity. Children are keen observers and they either shrink from artificial austerity or smile at it as absurd. A teacher who would walk about his school, with a domineering manner, might talk about moral and spiritual truth until he was weary, and do little good. To produce much good, a teacher must win the love and confidence of the children; and to do this, he should, in his manners be natural and gentle.

"So with the tone of the voice. If a teacher is sharp and crabbed in his speech, if he calls out with dogmatical authority, he shuts up the hearts of the scholars, and the spell is broken;—they will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.

"A subdued manner, and a low, kind tone, will work wonders. Some always speak in the imperative mood. 'Fifth boy, second division, bring your book this way.' Another says: 'Master A., will you bring me your book?'

"Now both boys know they are to obey; but one does with some degree of scorn what the other does cheerfully. Who would not rather be asked than ordered?"—Family Monitor.

Dress.

The nether garment was first worn in the bifurcated form by the women of ancient Judah. How far it resembles the modern trousers we have no definite information; but the fact is worth keeping in mind that women were the original wearers of trousers. The exclusive claim which man so pertinaciously maintains to the use of this garment, is founded upon no principle of moral or social policy. It is an arbitrary claim, without a solitary argument to support it, not even that of prior usage. Nature never intended that the sexes should be distinguished by apparel. The beard which she assigned solely to man, is the natural token of his sex. But man effeminates himself, contrary to the evident purpose of nature, by shaving off his beard; and then, lest his sex should be mistaken, he arrogates to himself a particular form of dress, the wearing of which by the female sex he declares to be a grave misdemeanor.

Common sense teaches us that the dress which is most convenient, and best adapted to our wants and circumstances, is the dress most proper for us to wear. Surely a case can be imagined in which the superiority of the male attire is not palpable.—I am cognizant of no reason why women should not wear this dress. If girls were accustomed to it from an early age, we would see fewer delicately formed women, and none with over-lapped ribs.—Miss Weber.

Very Last of the Mohicans.

Joe Scobasin, a Penobscot Indian, not long since was sued for the sum of \$6, by a white man, before Squire Johnson. On the day of the trial, Joe made his appearance and rendered the requisite amount, for debt and costs, and demand a receipt in full.

"Why Joe, it is unusual, it is unnecessary," said the squire.

"Oh yes, we want 'um receipt sartin."

"I tell you Joe, that a receipt will do no good."

"Sartin, Squire, I want 'em."

"What do you want for, Joe?"

"Oh, sp'ose me die and go to heaven—then they say, well Joe Scobasin, you owe any man now?—Then me say not. Very well, did you pay 'um Ben Saunders?" "O yes, me pay 'um." Well, then, show 'um receipt." Then me have to go off down and run all over h—I to hunt up Squire Johnson.

Riddle's Dying Testimony.

Mr. Edward Riddle, an aged Christian in Hull, remarked a few days before his death to one present, "Some may suppose, that a person at my time of life, and after so long making a profession of religion, has nothing to do but to die and go to heaven, but I find that I have as much need to go to God, through Christ, as a sinner, at the last hour as at the beginning. The blood of Christ, the death of Christ, his victory, and fullness are my ground of faith, hope, and confidence; there is the same need of him to be the Finisher of my faith, as there was to be the Author of it."

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Dress.

The nether garment was first worn in the bifurcated form by the women of ancient Judah. How far it resembles the modern trousers we have no definite information; but the fact is worth keeping in mind that women were the original wearers of trousers. The exclusive claim which man so pertinaciously maintains to the use of this garment, is founded upon no principle of moral or social policy. It is an arbitrary claim, without a solitary argument to support it, not even that of prior usage. Nature never intended that the sexes should be distinguished by apparel. The beard which she assigned solely to man, is the natural token of his sex. But man effeminates himself, contrary to the evident purpose of nature, by shaving off his beard; and then, lest his sex should be mistaken, he arrogates to himself a particular form of dress, the wearing of which by the female sex he declares to be a grave misdemeanor.

Common sense teaches us that the dress which is most convenient, and best adapted to our wants and circumstances, is the dress most proper for us to wear. Surely a case can be imagined in which the superiority of the male attire is not palpable.—I am cognizant of no reason why women should not wear this dress. If girls were accustomed to it from an early age, we would see fewer delicately formed women, and none with over-lapped ribs.—Miss Weber.

Very Last of the Mohicans.

Joe Scobasin, a Penobscot Indian, not long since was sued for the sum of \$6, by a white man, before Squire Johnson. On the day of the trial, Joe made his appearance and rendered the requisite amount, for debt and costs, and demand a receipt in full.

"Why Joe, it is unusual, it is unnecessary," said the squire.

"Oh yes, we want 'um receipt sartin."

"I tell you Joe, that a receipt will do no good."

"Sartin, Squire, I want 'em."

"What do you want for, Joe?"

"Oh, sp'ose me die and go to heaven—then they say, well Joe Scobasin, you owe any man now?—Then me say not. Very well, did you pay 'um Ben Saunders?" "O yes, me pay 'um." Well, then, show 'um receipt." Then me have to go off down and run all over h—I to hunt up Squire Johnson.

Riddle's Dying Testimony.

Mr. Edward Riddle, an aged Christian in Hull, remarked a few days before his death to one present, "Some may suppose, that a person at my time of life, and after so long making a profession of religion, has nothing to do but to die and go to heaven, but I find that I have as much need to go to God, through Christ, as a sinner, at the last hour as at the beginning. The blood of Christ, the death of Christ, his victory, and fullness are my ground of faith, hope, and confidence; there is the same need of him to be the Finisher of my faith, as there was to be the Author of it."