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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, February 21, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

[From the Century.]
A DIRGE!

Mourn for the young!
Mourn for the brave!
Deep in the unquiet sea
The dead lie peacefully,
Without a grave,
And shall be so unsung?

Mourn for the young and brave!
Our hearts cease not complaining
Of the anger of wind and wave;
Cease not arraigning
The mysterious decree
That has removed him hence.
Mourn for the excellence
That was, that would have been, and yet was not to be.

Mourn for the young!
Mourn for the brave!
His death-bed was with tempests hung;
The storm shouted in his dying ear,
And the black wave
Became his bier.
The spirit is with God who gave it,
The body that with floods that lave it,
The memory with us here.

We grieve not for the old,
For when the brain is cold
The limbs may be, as well—
Life's kernel is consumed;
Earth harvests but a shell.
But, with the young,
What heart-wish is entombed!
What joy and love!
What flowers are plucked unblommed!
What songs are hushed unsung!
For them, life marches to a triumph air;
For them, hope conquers everywhere.
Like victors let them move
On to the consecrated ground—
Their temples bound,
Not with mournful wreaths of autumn-brown
But with a laurel crown!

Mourn for the young and brave!
No friend was there
To place the stiffened limbs at rest,
To fold the garments on the breast,
And wring the drowned hair.

Mourn for the young!
Mourn for the brave!
Beneath the throbbing billow
Sleeps he, with ocean for his grave,
His green pall o'er him hung,
He hath water coral
For his coffin pillow,
And seaweed for his crown and laurel!

"WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT."

Through the weary day, on his couch he lay,
With the life-tide ebbing slowly away;
And the dew on his cold brow gathering fast,
As the pendulum-numbered moments passed,
And I heard a sad voice, whispering, say,
"When the tide goes out, he will pass away.
Pray for his soul's serene release!
That the weary spirit may rest in peace,
When the tide goes out."

When the tide goes out from the sea-girt lands,
It bears strange freight from the sailing sands;
The white-winged ships, that long may wait
For the foaming wave, and a wind that's late;
The treasures cast on a rocky shore,
From the stranded ships that shall sail no more,
And hopes that follow the shining sea,
O! the ocean wide shall win all these,
When the tide goes out.

But of all that drift from the shore to the sea,
Is the human soul to Eternity;
Floating away from a silent shore,
Like a faded ship to return no more,
Saddest—most solemn of all—a soul
Forsaken where unknown waters roll,
Where shall the surging current tend,
Flowing dividing friend from friend,
When the tide goes out?

For our parting spirit, O! pray,
While the tide of life is ebbing away,
That the soul may pass o'er sunnier seas
Than clasped of old the Hesperides.
A bark whose sails, by angel hands,
Shall be furled on a strand of golden sands;
And the friends that stand on a silent shore,
Knowing that we shall return no more,
Shall wish us joy of a voyage fair,
With calm sweet skies, and favoring air,
When the tide goes out.

Selected Tale.

My Housekeeper.

A lady who can give the best references as to character and ability, wishes a situation as housekeeper in a gentleman's family. Reference required. Address M. L. Smith, Box 1004.

I was a bachelor. I had plenty of money, but I was thirty-five years old and had never married at a satisfactory way of spending it. I concluded that my error was the want of a home of my own. Conceiving a sudden disgust for hotels and boarding houses, I took a handsome house in a respectable part of the town, and began looking for a housekeeper. The advertisement which heads this narrative had just met my eye as I glanced over the "Wants" in the evening paper. It pleased me.

I was reading it for the twentieth time, when a servant knocked at my parlor door and announced my sister-in-law, Mrs. Eliza Bishop, and her daughter Eliza. Mrs. Bishop was the widow of my oldest brother, and her attention to my comfort was really touching. She followed the servant into the room, leading her pretty daughter, eldest and best beloved of the three. She was a handsome woman, of commanding, imperial order, and she looked her best that wintry afternoon in her furs and velvets, her cheeks crimson with the effects of the keen frosty air and the exercise she had been taking.

"I am very glad to see you, Eliza," I said, as I handed her a chair. "There are some things you women know more about than an old bachelor like me, and I want to consult you. I have concluded to go to housekeeping."

Eliza's face brightened into an expression

even more beaming than the one she had bestowed on me. It never occurred to me that she could be thinking of my future home as a convenient place for herself and three children. She answered warmly:

"An excellent idea, brother Sandie, if you are prepared for all the expenses and trouble it involves. The expense to be sure is not much of a consideration to you. You have been so successful in business that you will not require so much economy in your house as I used to practice in poor Robert's time. He always said I used to make one dollar do the work of three. But there will be a good deal of trouble. In the first place you will have to find a good housekeeper."

"The very thing I was wanting to speak to you about."
"How kind, Sandie."
"Not kind at all, troubling you about my affairs."

"For shame! as if you ever had reason to think that anything I could do for you would be a trouble."
A very just remark, considering that her voluntary services on my behalf amounted to, besides frequent visits, a pair of slippers with a pink-eyed pussy-cat on each toe, and a smoking cap with a green-eyed poodle couchant.

I hastened to place before her the paper in which I had marked the advertisement which heads this article.
"There, Eliza, this is what I have been thinking about. Somehow I fancy I should like Mrs. M. L. Smith; Mary, I imagine her name is. I am going to write to Box 1004."
"But aren't you acting on impulse, Sandie?"

"Perhaps so—I always do—and somehow my ventures have been tolerably fortunate."
"Yes, but this is such an important thing. Of course you know,"—and she laughed rather uneasily—"that you will be sure to marry the lady?"

"Mary? I believe every woman has in her the element of Eve. Here was an apple I never should have seen but for my sister-in-law. It was my turn to laugh."
"Why, no, Eliza. That is an idea of course I never thought of. I don't imagine it would prove to be one with me. I am not a marrying man. Besides she is, without doubt, a widow with children, and—"

I stopped, for I remembered my sister's bereavement and incurableness. Her face turned crimson.

"All men do not think it impossible to marry a widow with children, and you may not when Mrs. Smith has kept house for six months, though to be sure, I don't think some women could ever make up their minds to marry again."

I suppose "some woman" referred to herself, and I was glad of this hint as to her sentiments, for poor Robert had left his family very comfortable, and I did not want to see his children subject to the tender mercies of a second papa. After a few more cautions from Mrs. Bishop, and a few strong expressions of admiration of various articles of feminine adornment for little Eliza, which I extracted from the pocket of the good-natured uncle the customary amount of hush money, my visitors departed, and I wrote my note to Box 1004. In it I stated my residence, the salary I was willing to pay, and the number of my household. I gave her my name and the names of a few of my friends who would be ready to afford whatever information she required as to my means and character. I added a postscript to say that I particularly objected to children, and should make it a point with my housekeeper to leave hers behind. If she liked the terms and stipulations, I requested her to call at my counting room the ensuing evening.

It would be idle to say that I attended very closely to business the next forenoon. The housekeeper fever, the home lodgings, had taken full possession of me. I must confess, besides, to no small curiosity as to the personal appearance of M. L. Smith. I wanted an agreeable housekeeper. Not too young—that wouldn't look well—no toothless, wrinkled crone to sit opposite me at my board, but a pleasant, cheerful woman, enough to make my home lively.

It was about 11 o'clock when my young man ushered the lady into the counting room. My previous favorable impressions were fully confirmed by her appearance. I did not think her handsome, certainly not in the style of my sister-in-law. She was a small woman, light-footed and slender, with a sunny, pleasant face, which might have testified to twenty-five summers, but no winters surely; or if she had met storm and chill, she had borne them with such brave patience that her face reflected only the sunbeam. Her brown hair was put smoothly and simply away from her tranquil face. Her mouth was not small, but winning and smiling. When she spoke, her low, pleasant tones endorsed the expression of her countenance.

"Mr. Bishop, I believe; the gentleman who wrote this letter?"
She drew the epistle from her pocket.
"The same, madam."
"I came, sir, to say that I would accept your propositions, if you still wish it, now that we have met."

I was about to say that I wished it more than ever, since I had seen her, but fortunately recollected in time that compliments to my housekeeper were no part of the programme, and very decorously concluded my engagement in a matter-of-fact and business manner.

The next week she entered upon her duties. I had never known what it was to be so comfortable. My house was a model of convenience and simple elegance, at least my sister-in-law, when she went over it previous to Mrs. Smith's commencing, pronounced it perfect. I had a sort of home feeling that I had never known before—room enough for all my possessions, and a place to welcome my friends to and a very agreeable companion in my house-keeping when I chose to talk to her, and an unobtrusive minister to my comforts when I was silent.

True, Mrs. Bishop found, when she honored me with a visit, that something or other

was not ordered as she managed it in poor, dear Robert's time. Housekeepers, even the best of them, she was wont to say, required a little looking after. They can't be expected to take so much interest in one's affairs as one's own relations—her comments did not give me much uneasiness, however.

I went home one day a little earlier than usual. I thought a little quiet chat with my housekeeper over the dining-room fire would not be unpleasant. I had begun already to take altogether more interest in her than I was prepared to acknowledge to myself. I pictured, as I hurried home, the cheerful room, the table handsomely laid, and Mrs. Smith, in her neat, quiet dress, sitting with book or work, waiting for dinner to be brought on. As I reached my own door, however, I found it open, and in the hall were three children of varying ages, taking a most affectionate farewell of my housekeeper. I had never cared enough for any one before to experience such an emotion as jealousy, but I think no other word would adequately describe my feelings as I walked into the parlor and shut the door.—Presently Mrs. Smith made her appearance.

"I am sorry," she began.

"Not at all, madam."
"Oh, but I am. I remember your stipulations about the children, perfectly. I surely did not intend they should annoy you. I presumed you would have no objections to their coming sometimes in your absence, and I like to see them as often as I can, but they shall not be here again at any hour when you are likely to come home."
She must have thought me an ungracious boor, for I growled out merely:

"No matter—no matter at all."

I was in an ill humor. The pleasant anticipations with which I had hurried home had not been realized. Moreover, I suspected I was becoming too much interested in my housekeeper to like to be reminded that others had stronger claims upon her. That evening I sat on the other side of the bright fire—Mrs. Smith on one side. I abhor furnaces—it is one of my whims. I loved, when I was a boy, to make pictures in the fire, and the habit and I had grown old together. We sat silently for some time; I was watching in the embers two little boats sailing side by side. At length I asked abruptly:

"What was Mr. Smith's business, madam?"
"A merchant. He was in a dry goods firm and able to give us every luxury until he died." So that was it. He had failed and died, and left her all those children to support. I looked in the fire again. The boats had drifted far apart, and were sailing down a flame colored river—

"He on one side—she on the other."

"Perhaps I could have stood the children, if it weren't for thinking she had loved somebody else. She'd be looking back all the while, comparing me with No. 1."

"Sir?"
My voice had attracted Mrs. Smith's attention from her book, but she had evidently not understood what I said, and was looking up inquiringly. Thank fortune for that. I laughed a little nervously, I imagine.

"Nothing—I was not speaking to you; I think I was talking in my sleep."
She looked down again, and I watched her instead of the fire. She was pretty—prettier than I had given her credit for at first. There was a delicate peach blossom on her cheek, an innocent, almost childish expression to her face. Well, cheek and expression were nothing to me. I got up and went discursively to bed.

The next day my sister in law came to see me. As usual she had plenty of suggestions to make to Mrs. Smith, which that lady received in silence, but with a peculiar twinkle in her eyes. At length Mrs. Bishop followed me into my library.

"Well, Sandie," she remarked, seating herself, "since you do not seem disposed to fulfil my prediction, and marry your housekeeper, I suppose I may speak freely. I have thought from the first that she was a very artful woman. I have no doubt that when she came here she meant to marry you. She is very attentive now, but of course she has her own motive. If any trial should come you would find out who your true friends are."

Mrs. Bishop was right in this, for the trial did come and I saw who my true friend was, my own friend.

I was taken ill early in the spring. My sickness came on suddenly. I was attacked with a severe headache and sharp pains in my back. The first two days Mrs. Bishop spent in assiduous care of me; though, to confess the truth, her attentions were unwelcome, and I would far rather have been abandoned to the tender mercies of my housekeeper, who rarely came into the room when my sister-in-law was there. The third morning my physician pronounced my disease smallpox. Even in that moment of terror I looked at Eliza Bishop.—Her face paled, and I could see her hand shake. She spoke in a trembling voice.

"I wish I could stay with you, Sandie; I wish I could. If it was only for myself, I would; but my children!"
"I would not have you stay," I answered.

"I would not have you stay for worlds. I trust you have not endangered yourself. Good-bye, sister Eliza."

She went out of the room, and I turned to Mrs. Smith, who was standing near.
"Now you must go also. The doctor will find some one to nurse me, and you, too, must look out for your children."
"I must look out for you, sir; my duty is here now. Live or die, I shall stay with you while you need me."

The little woman's voice was firm, and her eyes shone with a clear, resolute light. I had not thought she possessed so much resolute will and courage.

"Consider," I said, "do you realize all the risks you run? Of loathsome disease, disfigurement, and perhaps terrible death?"
"I have considered all, sir, and shall die."

Was I selfish to allow it? Perhaps so, but even in the hour of deadly peril, I who had never loved a woman before, longed to have

her at my side, to share my danger—nay, to die, if I died; to live for me, or failing that, for no other.

I need not give the details of the sickness that followed—the weeks of terrible suffering when my soul and body could scarcely cling together. I look back upon it, strong man as I am, with shivering dread. It was owing under God, to her that death, who stood waiting day after day at my pillow, at last passed by me. What a nurse she was! Vigilant, sleepless, untiring. Perhaps it was owing to her calm courage that she did not take the disease. She seemed to be always near me, and yet she found time to make herself look as neat and even tasteful as usual. Everything in my room, after I was able to notice anything, was in scrupulous order. Delicate flowers, as fresh and sweet as herself, bloomed on my table; a pleasant, dreamy half-light filled the apartment. What a change from boarding-house days!

I was thinking of all this glorious care and tenderness as I sat up for the first time at the window, Mary—I had learned to call her so during my illness—was out of the room, but the tokens of her presence were all around me. Presently she came in and sat down at my side.

"Mary," I said, almost involuntarily, "I have been thinking I ought to thank you for saving my life. And yet I do not know as I am grateful. Life will not be of much value unless you will share it. With you for my wife I could be happy; but if you cannot love me, you might as well have let me go by the board."

I had spoken as I felt, seriously and sadly, but a merry twinkle danced in her eyes.

"So you think now you could stand not only the children but my having loved some one else?"

"Then you heard that foolish speech, after all. It wasn't meant for your ear—forgive it. You are too good for me, anyway; I ask nothing better of you, if you can love me, than to take you just as you are."

"Children and all?"

"Children and all; I'll try to be a father to them. Heaven help me."

"I shall be satisfied, sir, if you will be a brother to them, since they are my mother's children and not mine."

"And Mr. Smith is—?"

"My father. He failed in business last year though I am happy to say he is living and well. I wanted to help him, but the only thing I knew how to do was to keep house. It seemed a proper enough occupation for an old maid like me. You see I am not very young, sir. When I found that you thought I was a widow with children, I determined to favor the odd mistake I am not Mrs. Smith, though, but Mary Smith, spinster, at your service in your family, if you like that way of stating it better."

"And you will change your title and retain your situation?"

Her answer is no one's business but my own. Six weeks afterward my sister-in-law was invited to my wedding. She looked surprised, but she forbore any comment save the reminder of her prediction that Mrs. Smith would conquer my prejudices against widows with incurableness. The laugh was against her when I told her that Mrs. Sandie Bishop was to go to the honeymoon after the first time.

I have been married five years. My prejudices have yielded to the fascinations of a bold little Sandie, and a winsome little Mary, and sitting by my own peaceful fireside I bless the day and Providence that first made me known to my house-keeper.

Mr. SPILLMAN had just married a second wife. One day after the wedding Mr. S. remarked—

"I intend, Mrs. Spillman to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Spillman.

"No," quoth Mr. Spillman, "I intend to enlarge my dairy."

"Say our dairy, Mr. Spillman."

"No, my dairy."

"Say our dairy, say our—," screamed she, seizing the poker.

"My dairy, my dairy!" yelled the husband.

"Our dairy, our dairy!" re-echoed the wife, emphasizing each word with a blow on the back of her cringing spouse.

Mr. Spillman retreated under the bed. In passing under the bed clothes his hat was brushed off. He remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a full in the storm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell.

"What are you looking for?" exclaimed the lady.

"I am looking for our breeches, my dear," says he.

THE PRIEST'S ANSWER.—Paddy Malone went to his priest and asked him "what is a *Meride*, your reverence?" The priest asked him several questions, and found he had been to a revival meeting and heard the strange talk. He was very mad and telling Paddy to stand out before him, he gave the poor fellow a tremendous kick in the rear. Did it hurt you?" asked the priest. "To be sure it did," said Paddy. "And it would have been a miracle if it didn't," replied his reverence, with which Paddy went away—answered, but not satisfied.

A PRINTER'S RISE.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Pennsylvania recently visited Portland, Maine, and in noticing his visit, the *Bangor Whig* says: "Thirty years ago, he was an apprentice in the *Argus* office. He entered a Catholic college in Ohio soon after he became of age, and has now been Bishop for six years. Printers can be made into anything."

A negro on being examined, was asked if his master was a Christian. "No sir, he is a member of Congress," was the reply.

Woman.

Mrs. Murray, an English lady, has been a gipsying among the Spanish Islands, and has written a book wherein she enthusiastically describes woman. A London critic takes the lady up as follows:

"These are pretty portraits which the lady has given us; but one bright, brave English-woman with her energy and her courage, her self-reliance and her honor, is worth the whole bevy. The marble skin and languid loveliness of the harem beauty, her glorious eyes, her matchless hair, her bewitching mouth, make her very effective as a portrait; so is the Spanish woman, with her natural flowers braided into her magnificent hair, and her dark eyes beaming so eloquently from under her arched brows. Let the palm of beauty pass: let the fair-haired English girl look pale and expressionless beside these glowing beauties; but at home, who but she bears off the prize before all women of the world? Who so neat, so hourly well appointed, so regular in her habits, so charming in her management?—who so sweet a home companion, so reliable, so truthful, so *mate like* as she? Not the Moorish maiden, ignorant, and to be protected by cage wires and impregnable walls; nor the Spanish woman, who washes the babies on the dining table, trails through the morning dressed like a ragged beggar, and may not even go to mass without her *duenna* and her guardian. For our own part, we would rather pay our homage to such women as we see painted in the Academy, in scarlet petticoats, Balmoral boots, turned hats and gauntlet gloves, with that fearless look of honesty and daring which only exists where there is freedom, self-respect and social esteem, than to all the lights of the harem."

Yes, or to any American woman, who makes home of a cottage, and smiles her gentle sway, a queen in calico. But it so happens that we have a great many ladies and not nearly so many women as we once had; those who grace a frame more than they do a family; good to write poetry too, and sing, "Meet me by moonlight alone" too, and make "Books of Beauty" about, but neither Rachels nor Ruths. A classic nose is a happy accident, and so is a lip fashioned after Appollo's bow, the nether one as if "some bee had stung it newly"; but a sweet spirit and a graceful life are not accidents; they are born of patience and self-denial, and womanly faith.

It is the nonsense of the thing called gallantry, that has robbed the world of many a woman, only to make a lady of her; the stuff about, 'angels in disguise,' and 'kneeling at their feet,' and 'paying homage to beauty' is as absurd to day, as the scene in the yard of the inn where Sancho Panza watched the first night of his errantry. As if it were possible to be anything better on earth than a woman; a woman in its true sense, who like Mary of old is last at every scene of suffering and first at every resurrection of a hope.—*Chicago Journal.*

Carolina Bombast.

The *Charleston Mercury* of the 29th indulges in the following calm reflections:

At this moment, the army and navy are both demoralized; and with half a dozen States to be subdued, the Federal despotism will have its hands full and the Treasury empty!

But the problem is to be worked out, *a la Scott*, by a due reference to Jackson's policy and Webster's speech. Our ports are to be blockaded! The *Constitution*, and the *Accedonian*, and the *Hypocrite*, and the *Brooklyn*, and possibly a score besides, are to hang about our ports, and the duties, which are all our loving brethren want at our hands—money—tribute—not love, nor fellowship—these are to be collected at the entrance of our harbors! We will pay no tribute!

Let the ports be blockaded. Charleston and Savannah, and Mobile, and New Orleans—We will form goodly fellowship when our ports are blockaded. We bid you welcome to the simple fare of an agricultural people. We have provisions enough on every homestead in South Carolina to last a year—hog and hominy in abundance. We will buy no more Northern hickshaws. We will make our own. By next August God will give to our granaries a good corn crop. In September we shall be gathering from millions of acres of cotton.—We have much cotton on hand now, which the world wants. What Great Britain and France will do for cotton, with our ports blockaded, we can't exactly say; but we suspect that they will find a way to bring us English and French cloths and cassimeres, and negro cloths, in place of those rascally, shaggy and worthless stuffs, with which the Yankees have been cheating us year after year. We will wear those cloths, be sure, and Great Britain and France may get our cotton as they can.

The bully programme, for it is nothing more will soon cure itself. Up to the very moment when our shot smote the *Star of the West* in her cheeks, these scoundrelly asses of the Northern press were telling the miserable moonlings whom they have gulled to their ruin that ours was the bullying game; that we were not in earnest; that all they had to do was to hold on, and they would see us, cap in hand, begging to be received to favor. They judged of other people by themselves. They have been playing the thimble-rigging, the bragging, and the bullying game all their lives and as each best measures his neighbor's corn by his own false bushels, so these people would measure ours. But there must be a finish some day to all games; and the thimble-riggers are likely to find themselves at last in the hands of the constable. We shall play out our game honestly, as we begun it, and fling our shot into the faces of the bullies whenever they appear.

"Ah, Doctor, how is my wife to day?" The Doctor shook his head and said:—"You must prepare for the worst."—"What!" exclaimed the alarmed husband, "is she likely to recover?"

"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard."—"La mother; it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

Educational Department.

Visiting Schools by Parents.

This is a hackneyed subject, constantly talked about,—but seldom done, acknowledged by all to be a duty, and yet, a duty neglected by all. Every parent concedes that it would encourage his own children, strengthen the authority of the teacher, assist him in controlling unruly pupils, if he have such, and greatly benefit the whole school; still every parent stays away from the school, from one year's end to another.

All parents are interested in the education of their children, and they feel anxious to have them make the greatest possible progress. Yet they seldom go near the house in which they are to receive their education.—While they give strict attention to their domestic animals, and watch carefully the individuals having charge of them, they pay but little attention to their own offspring, so far as their education is concerned, and seldom if ever go to the school house to see what the person having charge of them is doing with them.

They would immediately dismiss an unfaithful man from their employ in the shop, or store, or farm, but the teacher may wholly neglect his duty to the children, and no parent will know it unless his children enter complaint. The teacher may teach morality, or immorality, he may instruct in the sciences correctly or incorrectly and the parent will not know which he is doing unless he be informed by some of the pupils.

Now why do parents thus neglect an acknowledged duty, a duty too, which they owe to the objects of their strongest affections, to their children whom they love as they do their own souls?

Some say they cannot find time to visit the schools; but, let me ask do they not *take* time for other things not half so important? If their children were at work for them, would they not find time, to at least occasionally see how they were getting along? Even if it does take a little time, should not parents afford it, when the best interests of their children are at stake?

But say others, we do not understand the branches studied, and consequently we cannot tell whether the scholars are doing well or not. If they do not understand all of the branches, they do some of them. They do know when their children read and spell well, if they hear them, they can tell whether they recite readily and promptly, whether they are studious and obedient, or lazy, idle and troublesome.

If they will go to the school occasionally, they will know whether or not, their own children are supplied with books such as they require to make good progress, they will find out too, what many parents seem not to know, whether the school house is comfortable and convenient, or whether their children, whom they are most careful to make as comfortable as possible at home, are obliged to sit all day in rooms so cold that they are in danger, every hour, of contracting diseases that will consign them to early graves; they will ascertain, by going to the school now and then to spend an hour or two, whether seats without backs, stoves without doors, and outside doors without latches are such things as the pupils and teachers ought to be satisfied with.

Others say, it is the business of the Directors to employ the teachers and visit the schools also, and we are thus exonerated from any responsibility in the matter; but is this so?—Because the law requires directors to hire, and superintendents to examine and license teachers, and also, to visit the schools does it therefore free parents from the duty they owe to their children. Shall I neglect my child because the law obliges directors to hire persons to teach him, together with the other children of the neighborhood? Shall I pay no attention to the health of my boy, because a physician has been employed to look to his bodily ailments? No attention to his morals because he has a Sabbath school teacher, selected perhaps, and appointed by some other person?

Well, exclaims another, we have a first rate teacher, all the scholars say so, and I am satisfied that all goes right, and even if it does not, I cannot alter it, so what is the use in my spending time in running to the school.—Suppose you have a first rate teacher, he may not have all first rate scholars, and let me say to you in all kindness, that it takes good scholars, as well as a good teacher to make a good school. He wants sympathy, and encouragement, and perhaps advice, if he is a first rate teacher, and he wants them from you, parents. You have a first rate hand in your store, or shop, or on your farm,—do you therefore neglect him for months, and thereby show to him that you feel no interest in what he is doing. You employ a first class physician when your child is sick, but do you not want to know whether he is killing or curing him? Do you never give any attention to a suit in court, because you have secured the services of a first class lawyer to manage the case?

Parents, if you only knew how glad your teachers would be to see you at the schools, if it were but once a term even, you could not stay away. If you knew how much you would delight your own children, how much you would encourage the teacher, and how much good you could do the whole school by spending an occasional hour with the scholars and teacher, you could not stay away, term after term and year after year.

Will you not go and see what kind of houses your children have to spend their days in, what kind of desks and seats and out-door conveniences they have furnished for them in their young, sprightly, hopeful days. Go among them in their sports on the muddy highway, see how those little dear ones, of whom you are so tender when at home, are obliged to get along and suffer and endure in the houses in which they are to attempt to get an education.

"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard."—"La mother; it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."