

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 17, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY G. LINNEUS BANKS.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
To emulate their virtues,
To emulate their piety,
To emulate their courage,
To emulate their charity.

I live to love communion,
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union,
Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by all I can,
To profit by all I can,
To profit by all I can,
To profit by all I can.

I live to do that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—Dixie University Magazine.

Selected Tale.

Scene in a Jury Room.

I once had the extreme felicity of leaving my business to serve upon the "jury," but I did in all manner of ways for a release, but to no effect. I could not swear that I was not, nor blind, nor yet *non compos*, but did them that I had formed an opinion. I was asked me if my opinion would prevent me from receiving the testimony in good faith, rendering a verdict according to it. I replied that of course I should weigh the evidence carefully, and be governed by it. I was then informed that I "would do."

The case to be tried was one of arson—on a capital offence—and the prisoner at the bar was a young man, named Charles Ambolt, whom I had known from childhood, and who was naturally one of the finest youths in the town where he resided. He had a devoted mother who depended upon him for support, and his circle of friends were large and choice. I was mutually certain that he did not commit the crime, and hence, I am sure, those who were friendly to him got me on the panel, and had me retained.

The trial commenced, and we twelve men took our seats in the jury box. I had a very respectable set with me—only there was one man whom I didn't like to see there. This man was Moulton Warren. He was a dark-eyed, snarling-looking fellow—at least to me. I knew that young Ambolt had one fault. He had recently been addicted to drink, and had been known to visit disreputable houses. It was one of those houses that had been burned by setting fire to which he had been apprehended.

Now I had often tried to persuade Charles Ambolt from the course he was pursuing—He had repeatedly promised me that he would reform, and as repeatedly had he broken his word; I had often talked to him of his poor mother until he wept like a child; but the effect was not lasting. There was a power of temptation more effective than any influence I could wield. He would fall away into his evil companionship, and for a while his manhood was going. One or two abandoned women had gained great power over him, and upon them he wasted much his substance.

And I knew that this very man who was now upon the jury—this Moulton Warren—was the one who had done more than all others to lead the poor youth away. It was Warren who had drunk with him, and who had led him away to those more abominable haunts of sin and pollution. Why was he upon the jury? I could only account for it upon the ground that Charles still supposed him to be his friend. The poor scorching insect was still ignorant of the flame that scorched him. He really believed that Moulton Warren was his friend.

The trial commenced. The indictment set forth that Charles Ambolt had "with malice aforethought," and with all sorts of wicked and felonious intents, set fire to a certain dwelling house, thereby endangering human life. This dwelling was I have already intimated, was a low sink of iniquity, where the abandoned of both sexes were wont to congregate, and where the youthful prisoner had spent much of his time.

The evidence for the prosecution came on and I was startled. One after another gave in their testimony, some of them very reluctantly, and I was frightened when I saw how plainly it all pointed to the prisoner as the guilty party. Several credible witnesses swore that they had heard him threaten to burn the house down; and others had heard him say repeatedly that he wished it was burned down! Then came several witnesses—three of the prominent citizens—who saw him lurking about the premises on the night of the fire.

With regard to the provocation on the prisoner's part for such a deed, it was proved upon his own admission, that he had been ill-treated there, and that he had sworn to have revenge. And furthermore, it was proved that he had been heard to say that his salvation of soul and body depended upon the destruction of that house. Next came more testimony stronger still.

The fire had been set in a back basement room where shavings and other stuff for kindling were kept. Entrance had been gained through a back window, which had been partly pried open with a stout knife. This basement wall was brick, and beneath the sash was the blade of a knife which had been broken off in trying to raise the sash. The blade was recognized as belonging to the prisoner's knife! A maker of cutlery had made knife to order for Ambolt a month previous, and he knew the blade at once, and swore to it.

But this was not all. The fire had been evidently set first to the shavings which lay upon the stone floor, but piled up against a wooden partition. The floor was damp, and some of the outer shavings, even, were not wholly burned up. But just at the edge where the fire commenced, by a piece of paper rolled up, and about half burned, and from the manner in which it lay, it was very evident that the fire had been ignited with a match, a number of which were scattered around, and as soon as it was on fire it had been laid upon the floor, with the burning end just in the shavings. Of course, these shavings were in a blaze instantly; but the paper torch being upon the damp stones, had not burned wholly up.

And this paper was found to be a part of a letter belonging to the prisoner! A letter which he received from a friend of his (and a friend of mine) only a week before! That friend had to come forward and swear that piece of charred paper was a part of a letter he had written to the prisoner! The friend's name was Stephen Grant. He was a young merchant. The letter had been written for the purpose of inducing Ambolt to reform. Stephen tried hard to avoid testifying, for he knew as did others, that the fire must have been set with that identical paper; but he was summoned, and he could not deny his own choreography.

The case looked dark. Many witnesses were willing to testify to the prisoner's good qualities, but no one could swear that he was not dissipated and degraded. That those had been to him, indeed, a region infernal. His destruction cried out for his bodily life; and his existence had long been eating away his soul. Poor Charles! I had before been sure of his innocence; but now I could only shake my head and pity him.

Finally he was allowed to speak for himself. He said he was innocent of the crime imputed to him. He said he had threatened to burn that house down—that he had said about all that had been sworn to. And, furthermore, that he was round the house on the night of the fire. He was not ten rods off when the flames burst forth, and he was one of the first to give the alarm. He had uttered one cry of fire when he noticed that the flames must have originated, and the thought came to him, if he were found there, he might be suspected of having set the fire, so he ran away. He also said that three hours before the fire, he had been robbed in that house. His pockets had been emptied of everything in them, and his pocket book, containing forty dollars in money, and some valuable papers, had been taken. He had gone there on the night of the fire to try and persuade them to give him back his money and papers—or at least to get what he could. When he got there, he saw a man go in whom he did not wish to see, so he had hung around waiting for him to depart. He was around by the back of the building—and that was an hour before the fire broke out. He knew nothing—nothing. He clasped his hand with his tearful eyes, towards heaven, he called on God to witness that he was innocent.

I have told you that I knew him well. I knew him so well that, from that moment, I knew him to be innocent! I knew his very soul—I knew how free and open it was—ah, how suitably so! I knew there was no falsehood in the story he told us.

"My boy is innocent! My boy is innocent!" I heard the cry and saw an old woman sink back into the arms of a male companion. It was his poor mother. Her heart was well nigh broken. Yet I saw that all this had had but little effect upon the mass of spectators. The prisoner's course of dissipation—his many threats against the house—and the very fact of his having been robbed and abused there were heavy against him.

The counsel for the prisoner made his speech which was labored and hard. He was foolish enough to intimate that if his client was round at the back part of the house more than once, he must have been intoxicated. In short, his plea had better been left out. The evidence he could not shake, and he did all he could to suppose evidence, some of it most absurd and ridiculous. I afterwards learned that Moulton Warren engaged the lawyer for the youthful prisoner! The Government attorney made his plea. It was plain, straight forward and very conclusive.

The judge finally gave his charge. He was fair and candid. He reviewed the evidence carefully, and pointed out such as bore heavily upon the case. He told us if there was a lingering doubt in our minds we must give the prisoner the benefit of it. But I could plainly see that there was no doubt in his mind.

We—the jury—were conducted to our room by an officer, and there locked up. A silence of some minutes ensued. Moulton Warren was the first to speak.

"Well," he said, "I s'pose there's no need of being here a great while. Of course we all know that the prisoner must have set fire to the house."

There was something in the manner of that man, as he said this, which excited my curios-

ity—I won't say it was suspicion then—only curiosity. He spoke with a forced effort at calmness, which I at once perceived. The more I looked at him, the more I became strongly nervous and uneasy, wondering why he should be so anxious to get rid of the case, and have Ambolt convicted. I knew that he frequented that evil house, and that he had done much towards tempting Charley to dissipation. I knew that he was in the house on the night on which the prisoner was robbed—for Charley had told me so when I visited him in his cell. I had then asked the unfortunate youth if he was sure Warren was his friend. Oh! he was sure of it. He should have hunted him up on the night of the robbery, only they told him Warren had gone.

By and by, the foreman proposed that we should each take up a piece of paper and write down our opinion, and then compare notes. I went to my hat, which I had placed upon a table with a number of others, and took out a sheet of paper, I had got half way back to the table when I found I had made a mistake. I had got part of a letter from another man's hat. I was about to turn back when the name of the writer of the letter arrested my attention. I looked more closely, and read—"Stephen Grant." Next I caught this sentence:

"And now, dear Charles, if not for your own, yet for your mother's sake, let me hope you will do better."

I started as though a shot had struck me. I held in my hand the other half of the sheet which had been used to fire the burned house! I went to the table and found it was Warren's hat! I looked to see if I had been observed—and I had not. I put the paper back, and then took a piece from my own hat, which was of the same pattern as the other, and by its side.

I returned to the table and sat down. Warren was by my side. He had written his opinion, and took a knife from his pocket to cut it from a large sheet.

"Let me take your knife a moment, if you please," I said to him.

Without hesitation he did so. I took it.—It was Charles Ambolt's knife—the large blade was gone. With all the power I possessed, I restrained my deep emotion, and having cut my paper, I handed back the knife.

Why should he have that knife so boldly about him. I afterwards learned. He had not worn those pantaloons before since the night of the fire; and now he used the knife probably without the least remembrance of the loss it had sustained during a very peculiar piece of work, to the execution of which it was made sub-erivient.

We talked for some ten minutes, and I found that eleven of the jury were bent on rendering a verdict of guilty; though most of them were in favor of recommending the prisoner to mercy. Moulton Warren was decided. He had no mercy at all.

Presently I started up, and pretending to be faint, I said I must go out for a few moments. I kicked at the door and the deputy sheriff came. He heard my plea and let me out. As soon as we had gained a safe distance, I told him all. He was astonished and went away. When he came back he brought the district attorney, the district judge, and sheriff. I told him again what I had seen—I assured him that I knew that it was no mere suspicion.—And I explained, too, Warren's manner in the jury room, and his former connections with the prisoner, and his known character.

The officers went away, and at the end of ten minutes they returned with a constable added to their number, and this constable had a freshly written instrument in his hand. The sheriff bade me point out the hat to them as soon as we entered the room.

The door of the room opened, and I pointed them to the hat. The sheriff took it and asked whose it was. Warren leaped to his feet and seized it, but was held back.

Word was instantly sent to the judge that the jury could not agree. They were discharged, and then Moulton Warren was searched. The knife found upon him, and his behavior at once exposed his guilt. The presence of that letter was accounted for by him in a dozen different ways, within an hour.

A new jury was empanelled, and Charles Ambolt was acquitted. Shortly afterwards Warren was tried. I was plainly proved that the woman who kept the house was to be burned up in it, as he contrived to lock her into her room shortly after setting the house on fire. She had incurred his displeasure in various ways, and this was his revenge. Not only she, but two of her girls had suspected him from the first, but they dare not complain for fear he would not be convicted, and would be sure to murder them.

The hardened villain confessed his guilt, after he had been condemned, and then it was that he told how he happened to be so careless in regard to the paper and the knife. It was he who had robbed Ambolt, and when he took the old letter from his hat to use it for a torch in starting the fire, he did not notice what it was, and even when that partly burned half had been exhibited in court, he had entirely forgotten that he had torn off the other half and put it back in his hat, as he must have done. The letter had been found in Ambolt's pocket-book, and he had kept it because in it the youth was warned against his influence.

He confessed that he held a slight idea of calling the writer to an account when it should become convenient. With regard to the knife, it was as I before stated. He took that also from Ambolt's pocket, and put it in his own; and on the night of the fire, he used it to pry up the sash, and when he had broken it he put it back in his pocket and forgot it.

This was Charley saved—and saved from more than ignominious death, too. He was saved to be a noble, virtuous man, and his mother once more took ample delight and joy in the love and tender care of her only child.

When Charles Ambolt knew that Moulton Warren had expiated his crimes upon the gallows, he sat down and pondered upon his past life. The thoughts of his old companion being hanged, sent a strange thrill through his frame.

But he was able to trace out, clearly and logically, this terrible result from the course of life the ill-fated man had pursued. He shuddered as he remembered how far he had gone in the same course path; and he was able to see the only safe path for any youth.

Not only must he shun temptation—not only keep clear of even the appearance of vice—but, above all, must he shun evil companionship. A youth may make all the good resolutions thought can afford, but if he continues one evil companionship he is not safe!

Letter from Washington.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, Washington,
October 2, 1861.

I cannot tell you, my dear H., what a delightful ride we had down, although we did so much regret losing your company. We could not have had a better day if we had wished for it, nor more agreeable fellow passengers—one of whom I had met before in Elmira, by the name of KAPP, residing in Northumberland. He was, I should think, acquainted with everybody on the route from Washington to Baltimore, and seemed perfectly willing to communicate. He would inform us of a "Dutch settlement here," a "Yankee settlement there," and a mixture somewhere else; and before we were aware, we were in Harrisburg, where we left our new made friend. The train pounded on and arriving at York at 4:30 p. m., we were detained by an accident, six miles below, occasioned by two freight trains running upon each other, till 10:30 p. m., which gave us a chance to "look around." York, as you know, is an old town, little public spirit, which is evident to Yankee go aheadiveness, in passing through the streets. Some of the houses of which are ready to fall to pieces, through age and neglect, and others would vie in elegance with a Fifth Avenue mansion. It is a great manufacturing town, especially iron implements and *Leiger Bier*. The first Michigan Cavalry, which was also detained, availed themselves of the opportunity to see and be seen, and try the good quality of the latter named article.

We arrived in Baltimore at 2 a. m., found a detachment of five companies of the 19th Massachusetts at the depot, waiting to escort the said Cavalry, and had remained in the one position since 7 o'clock, the previous evening—p or fellows!

The peace element seems prevalent. You know that is another form of "Seotch," and in reality more malignant. I say prevalent because the first man we met in conversation was a *peace man*, and when the first one is, I am "on guard" for more of the same type.—Am I not right?

We arrived in Washington at 11 a. m., and to give a description of the War spirit, noise, and human beings, contained herein, would be impossible. I will only attempt it and leave you to suppose the rest.

First, the War Spirit. Every man, woman and child is eager for the first inkling of news, good, bad or indifferent, which will aid in affording the least light on the state of the great Army, on which depends our Nation's life. And then the incessant hurrying of army wagons, stages, hacks, the roll of drums, the music of brass bands, the bugle notes of the Cavalry, the screaming of the little news boys and the *organ grinders*, altogether make a din sometimes intolerable to quiet uninitiated ears—but when I consider the number that are here (I am told it is 350,000), and regiments constantly arriving.

I am silent to complaints. I tell you, my dear H., when I see regiment after regiment of splendid Infantry, and of more splendid Cavalry and Artillery march by, I cannot but ask myself, "Are these men, with these death implements to become cowards, and is there a possibility of their annihilation?" No, it can't be! And now that they have a commander who dare stand firm for right, irrespective of time and place, it will not be! Let us trust in a higher power.

THURSDAY EVENING.—The day has been a varied one, dear H. Scenes have presented themselves which, a year ago, the longest head would not have thought possible. I suppose war, in its most favorable light, has been viewed by us and now it remains for us to see it in its "horrors." I hope the "horrors" may be long coming.

When you come to Washington do not neglect to see a Regiment on evening parade.—We have just returned from witnessing the 10th Pennsylvania performing this act, and I can assure you it is indeed splendid. The Regiment (10th), is encamped on a hill two and a half miles from the city, with a number of other Pennsylvania regiments; among them the 12th, in which is Capt. GUSTIN, of the Troy Guards, and a little further on, is the Pennsylvania 6th, in which is Lieut. and Adj. McKEAN. We regret we did not start early enough to call upon the Lieut., but night closed in upon us, and we missed our anticipated visit. We could distinctly hear the 6th Regiment's band from where we were. I should have told you that the 10th returned to their quarters from the parade to the music of "Coming Through the Rye," which sounded beautifully among the hills. They are from Pittsburgh, Pa.

In our return to the city we had a view of the tented cities with their camp fires. Imagine us on a rise of ground, overlooking the different camps of, I might say, hundreds of Regiments, and you cannot turn your eye but you will behold the cheerful and dim fires, (dim because of the distance)—and think, too, of the living human beings contained therein, why these things are? and you can have a faint conception of my feelings as I passed along.—We could see the fires from Arlington Heights. O! I almost wished myself an old soldier instead of the poor thing that I am.

We visited Company F, Captain CALKINS, 4th Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the course of the day, and saw our own town boys. The Captain, who has been ill for some time, is now recovered, able to attend to duty. They are encamped in a pleasant grove, one and a half miles from Willard's, which, I am told, was the property of a "seotch." The boys have felled many of the beautiful old trees for fire

wood and have thoroughly tramped in the timothy seed. Corporal ASPINWALL informed me milk was very cheap, only ten cents a quart, sold on the ground. Bugler BORDEN, of Toga, attended us to the Quartermaster's department, and we had a squint at what the Pennsylvania 4th live upon. Everything looked good, especially the bread, which looked best.

This morning we went up to Gen. McCLELLAN's head quarters. Saw Duc de CHARTIERS, the General's right hand man. The Duc is a tall, wiry looking man, apparently not more than nineteen years old, a splendid horseman. I do not think the pictures latter Gen. Scott very much. He does not look half as savage as they represent him. (We had the heads of the Departments pointed out to us in procession of the funeral of Com. Gen. GIBSON.) When you see him next time, think the picture is not correct.

FRIDAY EVENING.—I left off rather abruptly last night for want of ammunition, but we have been a new direction and collected enough to make an attempt. This morning, before breakfast, went direct to Washington Monument. Saw a block of Granite from Tennessee, designed for the Monument, with this inscription:—

"TENNESSEE.
The Federal Union! It must and shall be preserved."

At 9 a. m., we obtained passes over the Long Bridge, which we availed ourselves of, but the bridge which needed repair, prevented us from crossing that way, so we went by ferry, proceeded directly to Fort Corcoran, which is strongly built, but the interior not as nice as Fort Albany. We were guided around by a Captain of the 2d Maine Regiment, now occupying Fort Corcoran. Fort Albany was like a garden, so clean and nice, the grass growing over the Magazine, and little mounds here and there inside as well as on the outside of the earth works. You know these different Forts are constructed for immediate use, consequently are built of earth. The gates and all the wood inside were newly whitewashed. It is occupied by the 12th Massachusetts Regiment, Arlington Heights, the encampment of Gen. BLENKER's Brigade, is a delightful place, overlooking the Potomac and City. You know this was the residence of Col. LEE, son-in-law to G. W. P. CURTIS, now rebel Gen. LEE.

The houses all along the way to the Heights are vacated, in expectation of "LINCOLN's hordes," most of them are farm houses (tenants) and are used for stabling. We went to Gen. BLENKER's tent, the Gen., and two of his staff came out to meet us with the expression "The Ladies!" We introduced our selves, and then turning he introduced his staff, Prince SALM SALM, and Colonel. The Prince is a small man, rather shrewd eyes, but deep thinking. Gen. BLENKER is commanding in appearance, light and sandy mustache and hair, polished manners. He is a German. Coming back down the hill we could look over into Fort RUYON, see all them manoeuvring, it seemed to me would be an advantage to the rebels. We found the fences, throughout the entire line were taken, posts and all, for fire wood, and the great fields for drilling ground. I am tired and will close this, and will tell you the rest when I see you, next week. R member me to Affectionately Yours,

Training Artillery Horses.

The Fortress Monroe correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says:—

It requires considerable time to mount the guns properly for an advancing army, to supply the right kind of harness. The horse is a curious, shy, inquisitive animal, and when first taken from the stable or pasture, for the strategic purpose of war, demanded to be handled with care and patience. He must be gradually accustomed to the sudden and marked change in his status—the gleam of arms, the roll of drums, the flaunting of banners, the flash, the smoke and roar of cannon. It is remarkable however, that when the practical war horse is thus drilled and disciplined, his proficiency in wheeling with guns and caissons, at the critical moment of limbering and unlimbering, artillery is wonderful. Without a word, without a touch, without a sign from man, he wheels, advances and retreats with almost miraculous rapidity—at times compelling riders and gunners to spring to keep their saddles or escape his lightning like evolutions. Such war-horses as these are intended to be, having been practising before the window of four correspondent on the parade ground of the Fortress this morning. Some few of the more recent comers reared and sprang a little at the first flashes and thunder of the cannon, while the others stood as firmly as the adancet trees, and looked on as calmly as if they were feeding from a rack.—At the close of the firing, some of them were marched to the muzzle of the still hot and smoking gun, and made to put their nostrils close to the metal, feel the heat and inhale the smell of "the powder." They are thus taught to become on familiar terms with their new and strange acquaintance and fellow soldier, to measure his length with their eyes and that his touch at their rider's command, is rendered harmless."

Educational Department.

Teachers' Examinations.

The annual examinations of teachers for this county, will be held in accordance with the following programme. In three or four instances two townships have been put together, in order that the inspections may all be held before the winter schools commence. Examinations will commence precisely at 10 o'clock a. m., none will be inspected who do not come in before 11, unless the delay be unavoidable. Each teacher must bring Sander's fifth Reader, one sheet of fool cap paper, pen, ink and led pencil. All who intend to teach during the year must come forward and be examined.—None will be examined privately unless an

attendance upon the examination was impossible, old—certificates will not be renewed.—Directors and others interested, are earnestly invited to attend.

- Oct. 15—Wells & South Creek, Bowley School House,
- 16—Columbia, Antietamville
- 17—Springfield, Centre School House,
- 18—Ridgely, Pennsylvania,
- 19—Smithfield, Centre School House,
- 20—Troy & Armenia, Boro' School House,
- 21—Canton, Corners School House,
- 22—Franklin & LeRoy, Chapel's School House,
- 23—Granville, Taylor's School House,
- 24—Burlington, Boro' School House,
- 25—Monroe, Borough School House,
- 26—Wyaco, & Standing Stone, Myersburgh,
- 27—Roma, Boro' School House,
- 28—Orwell, Hill School House,
- 29—Pike, Lehighville,
- Nov. 1—Herrick, Loudon School House,
- 2—Wyalusing, Merryll,
- 3—Tascara, Ackley School House,
- 4—Terry & Wilnot, Terrytown,
- 5—Albany & Overton, Browns School House,
- 6—Towanda, Boro' School House,
- 7—Asylum, Frenchtown Lower House,
- 8—Sheshequin & Ulster, Kinny School House,
- 9—Athens, Boro' School House,
- 10—Litchfield, Centre School House,
- 11—Widham, Keykendall School House,
- 12—Warra, Bowen School House,
- Aug. 3, 1861. C. E. COBURN, Superintendent.

To Teachers.

As the time has now arrived when many of you are commencing winter schools, will you permit a few plain and practical suggestions from one who has been more than twenty years in the service. During all that time I am not conscious of ever having left my school room fully satisfied with what I had been able to accomplish, and I have seldom entered it in the morning without a kind of confident hope that I might make some improvement on the previous day's efforts. I shall not, therefore, be charged with vanity in this communication, but shall be grateful for the result of the observations of others in return.

Every teacher who feels the responsibility of his station will be anxious to leave no means untried for promoting the best interests of his pupils. Nor will he forget the extent of his duties—reaching not only to the intellectual, but the physical and the moral nature. I will venture to say that there is no profession that needs more eminently every good qualification than this. On their hearts there should be written the law of love, and "on their lips the law of kindness." Even in the needful severity sometimes unavoidable, there is no necessity for any other feeling but kindness, and there certainly can be no truer friendship than that which leads us in a right manner to point out the faults of others, and to aid in teaching them correction. In relation to the physical welfare of our pupils, we should endeavor to have the school room always comfortable and well ventilated, and as far as our influence extends, to have the seats so constructed that the symmetry of the human frame be not marred or the health injured. Of their moral improvement too, we are never to be unmindful. High intellectual attainments would avail but little, if the habits were bad and the heart vicious.—Nothing sectarian should be introduced into the school room, but from the broad fields of christian principle, we may gather everywhere garlands of immortality. Though I have always used the Bible in school, I know of no instance where objection has been made to it. Nor would I object to teach where it was prohibited. As a nation we acknowledge the Divine government and the sanctions of the Divine law; and when we remember that the plants we cultivate are immortal, why should we not bring to our aid the pure precepts of the Law of Love?

I have thought we might benefit each other by brief descriptions of our own schools. I have seldom visited a school without receiving some hints worth carrying away, and such hints may be reciprocated through this excellent medium provided for us.

Our school is divided into two departments, according to grade of studies. This arrangement, though not generally practicable in country districts, will always be found beneficial in large villages and cities, as it enables the teacher to classify to so much better advantage. And it should be borne in mind that it is not so much the number of scholars as the number of classes that diminishes a teacher's ability to devote much time to each. The department under my charge contains about 100 scholars, under the care of two teachers. The smallest can read readily and learn lessons.—The roll is called precisely at 9 and at half past 1, and all who are then present have a mark for punctuality set to their names, which together with every correct recitation, and various other exercises, furnish materials for a monthly report, sent home to parents. This method affords a good substitute for taking places in class, and operates much more fairly on scholars. As vocal music has been taught in the school during the year, we frequently commence by singing. Sometimes too, amidst the school exercises, starting a song gives a pleasing variety, soothes the wayward, and rouses the dull.

The morning hours are devoted to recitations and reading, and the hours of the afternoon mainly writing and arithmetic. Spelling exercises are varied, sometimes by writing on slates of which every scholar has one, and sometimes from books. Much advantage has been derived from the library, which consists of a well selected series of more than 500 volumes.—These are given out on the first and third Wednesday of each month, to all who do not forfeit the privilege by misconduct, and aids essentially in promoting self-control. The habit of self-control is so highly important, and has a tendency so to secure every other attainment, that too great effort cannot be made to secure it. Kindred to this and absolutely necessary to good scholarship, is the habit of attention. To do one thing at a time, and to concentrate the powers of the mind on that, is an attainment greatly important.

But after all our exertions we shall find much to exercise our patience, and if we continue long in the business, we shall be in great danger of acquiring a dictatorial spirit, which will often manifest itself in our intercourse with men.

X H.
Troy, December.