and he goes. He can direct him into a job of dirty work, and he straightway undertakes it. He can tempt him into any indulgence which may suit his vicious whims, and, regardless of wife, mother, sister, who may be shortened in their resources so as legitimately to claim his protecting hand,—regardless of honorable father and brother,—he will spend his money, waste his time, and make himself a subject of constant and painful anxiety, or an unmitigated nuisance to those alone who care a straw for him. What pay does he receive for this shameful sacrifice? The honor of being considered a "Good Fellow," with a set of men who would not spend a cent for him if they should see him starving, and who would laugh over his calamities. When he dies in the ditch, as he is most likely to die, they breathe a sigh over the swill they drink, and say, "After all, he was a Good Fellow."

The feature of the Good Fellow's case which makes it well nigh hopeless, is, that he thinks he is a Good Fellow. He thinks that his pliable disposition, his readiness to do other good fellows a service, and his jolly ways, atone for all his faults. His love of praise is fed by his companions, and thus his self-complacency is nursed. Quite unaware that his good fellowship is the result of his weakness; quite unaware that his sacrifice of honor, and the honor and peace of his family, for the sake of outside praise is the offspring of the most heartless selfishness; quite unaware that his disregard of the interests and feelings of those who are bound to him by the closest ties of blood, is the demonstration of his utterly unprincipled character, he carries an unruffled, or a jovial front, while hearts bleed or break around him. Of all the scamps society knows, the traditional good fellow is the most despicable. A man who for the sake of his own selfish delights, or the sake of the praise of careless or unprincipled friends, makes his home a scene of anxiety and torture, and degrades and disgraces all who are associated with him in his home life, is, whether he knows it or not, a brute. If a man cannot be loyal to his home, and to those who love him, then he cannot be loyal to anything that is good. There is something mean beyond description, in any man who cares more for anything in this world than the honor, the confidence, and love of his family. There is something radically wrong in such a man, and the quicker, and the more thoroughly he realizes it, in a humiliation which bends him to the earth in shame and confusion, the better for him. The traditional good fellow is a bad fellow from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He is as weak as a baby, vain as a peacock, [illegible] as a pig, and as unprincipled as a thief. He has not one redeeming trait upon which a reasonable self-respect can be built and braced.

Give us the bad fellow, who stands by his personal family honor, who sticks to his own, who does not "treat" his friends while his home is in need of the money he wastes, and who gives himself no indulgence of good fellowship at the expense of duty! A man with whom the approving smile of a wife, or mother, or sister, does not weigh more than a thousand crazy bravos of boon companions, is just no man at all.—*Scribner's.*

LORD CHANCELLOR ERSKINE.

Back to England in 1772, he figured for a season in society in London, was introduced to Dr. Johnson, and, as Boswell tells us, had the honor of wrangling with that incomparable gossip and disputant. In 1773 he was promoted to be a lieutenant in his regiment, and again was kept on the move from town to town. This idling away of existence, as he felt it to be, was irksome and hopeless. He could not buy steps in the service. Was he to live and die a lieutenant? No; something better must be thought of. Meditating on the awkwardness of his position, he one day, by way of a little recreation, entered a court-room in which the town assizes were held. This was in August, 1774. He was dressed in his regimentals, and attracted the attention of the presiding judge, Lord Mansfield, who, on learning that he was a son of the late Earl of Buchan, invited him to sit on the bench beside him and, further, took some pains to explain to him the nature of the case that was being tried. This was the turning-point in Erskine's fate. He suddenly grasped at the idea of studying for the law, and from what he saw and heard, felt assured that he could have little difficulty in excelling the barristers to whose pleadings he had just listened.

A new chapter now opens in the life of Erskine. He had tried two means of livelihood, and they had failed. A third was now to be attempted. The hazard was considerable. His brothers were uneasy at his resolution; but his mother, with a consciousness of his abilities, had no fears as to the result.

There were several difficulties to be encountered. He would, in the first place, require to study three years for the degree of M.A. at Oxford or Cambridge; then he must be admitted as a law student at Lincoln's Inn. How was all this to be accomplished while he was still in the army, and where was the money to come from to pay his fees? These untoward obstructions were successfully overcome. He procured leave of absence for six months from his regiment; and, as regards the routine of study at the university, we believe he derived some privileges in virtue of his birth. He got through his terms at Cambridge, and at last he sold his commission for a sum which gave him a lift onward. It needed it all. He had a wife with an increasing family. They were stowed away in lodgings at Kentish Town, one of the north-west suburbs of London, and the whole, as well as himself, practised the most rigorous economy. Looking at the position in which he was placed, with absolutely no friends to aid in his advancement, we can scarcely picture anything more lonely or depressing. Erskine, however, had in him the right stuff, out of which great men are buoyed to the surface. All he needed was a lucky chance to bring himself into a blaze of notoriety.

In July, 1778, he was called to the bar, and for some months he underwent certain private discipline as a pleader. In November, the lucky chance came, and it did so in a way so curious and unforeseen as to deserve special notice. Being invited to spend the day with a friend, Mr. Moore, he was on his way to do so, when, in leaping across a ditch in Spa Fields, he slipped his foot and sprained his ankle. In much pain he was carried home, and the engagement at his friend's house was necessarily broken off. Towards the evening, he felt himself so much recovered that he resolved to join a dinner-party for which an invitation had been received in the course of the day. He went—the inducement to dine at home not being particularly great. It happened to be a large dinner-party. There was much lively conversation, with sallies of wit, in which Erskine shone with his accustomed brilliance. He made a favorable impression on Captain Baillie, an old salt, whom he had never seen before. Baillie was full of his own story. It was a case of oppression. For having, in a printed statement, shown up certain gross abuses in the administration of Greenwich Hospital, he had, through the influence of Lord Sandwich, the First Lord, been suspended by the Board of Admiralty, and a prosecution for libel now impended over him in the Court of King's Bench. Discovering that Erskine had been a sailor, and was now called to the bar, he, without saying a word on the subject, determined to have him for one of his counsel.

Next day, while sitting in a despondent [illegible] mood, Erskine heard a smart knock at the door. An attorney's clerk enters, and puts into his hand a paper along with a golden guinea. It was a retainer for the defendant in the case of the King *v.* Baillie. Any one can imagine his delight at the unexpected circumstance. The guinea, his first fee, was treasured as a family keepsake. At first he was not aware that there were to be along with him four senior counsel, each of whom would speak before him; and a knowledge of the fact was rather discouraging. Still he studied and mastered the case, his acquaintanceship with sea-affairs and seamen adding zest to his mode of treatment. Before the case came on, three of the seniors were for a compromise. Erskine resolutely stood out. He saw his game. At the debate in court, before Lord Mansfield, these seniors were dry and prosy. The fourth, Mr Hargrave, began to speak, but he was compelled to leave by indisposition. It was too late to do any more that day, and the case was adjourned, which was fortunate, for the court would next day listen unjaded to Erskine's line of argument.

On the day following, 24th November, 1778, the great day of Erskine's triumph, the case was left to his guidance. He stepped forward modestly, and, in a pleasing tone of voice, stated that he appeared as junior counsel for the defence, and begged to be heard. He was unknown to every one, except, it might be, to Lord Mansfield, who, on a former occasion, had shown him some polite attention. Warming as he advanced in his argument he, in a flood of forensic eloquence, in bitter but just terms pointed out the infamy of Lord Sandwich's proceedings, and besought the court to do justice to the object of his oppression. Instead of deprivation of office, fine, and imprisonment, poor Baillie deserved the highest approbation. "The man," he said, "deserves a palace instead of a prison who prevents the palace built by the public bounty of his country from being converted into a dungeon, and who sacrifices his own security to the interest of humanity and virtue." The force, the truth of this eloquent harangue, produced an impression almost unprecedented. The court, crowded with men of distinction, was mute with astonishment. The speech was without rant, or mouthing, or any indecorum. It was fervid, elegant, and convincing, for it came from the heart, and was free from any of the hackneyed arts of a practised barrister. As the best tribute to so much eloquence, the case against the defendant was discharged. Baillie cam off victorious. Erskine's fortune was made. As he left the court, and walked down Westminster Hall, attorneys pressed around him with briefs and fees. In the morning he was poor and comparatively unknown. In the evening he was famed, and in the way of making several thousands a year. Some one asked him how he had the courage to speak with such boldness to Lord Mansfield. The answer he gave has been immortalized. He said: "Because I thought my little children were plucking at my gown; and that I heard them saying, 'Now, father, is the time to give us bread.'"

After this, Erskine pursued a successful career at the bar, without, as was remarked, incurring either envy or detraction. His good temper and geniality of manner made him a universal favorite. In 1779 he was employed in defence of Admiral Lord Keppel, who had been wrongfully accused of misconduct at the battle with the French fleet off Ushant. He was successful in getting a verdict of acquittal; and, full of gratitude for his zeal and industry, Keppel presented him with a thousand pounds.—*Chambers' Journal.*

INTELLIGENT DOGS.

Jim is a large brown-and-white mastiff, with an intelligent face, short, alert ears, wide-awake eyes, and a general air that seems to betoken that he considers himself master of the situation. Somewhat, perhaps, on the "love-me-love-my-dog" principle, he has been much petted by the family across the way. Whenever the young gentlemen of the house called upon Miss Ida, Jim went also, and in summer watched proceedings through the lower parlor window from his position on the piazza, and in winter from the warmest corner of the hearth-rug. When the family were invited to dinner, Jim was included as a matter of course, and was regaled with many dainty bits from the table as he sat behind the hostess's chair. Although usually very chary of making new friends, Jim was on excellent terms with the gentle, pale-faced lady, who never passed him without some kindly notice, and when she ran in for a call invariably escorted her home. When she sickened and died, the other day, Jim shared in the general sorrow, and lay on the porch for hours regarding the house opposite with an unwonted look of grief on his grave face. The morning of the funeral he went to the house, and during prayers [illegible] stood in the most dignified manner near the casket that contained all that was mortal of his lovely friend; then followed decorously behind the procession to the church, where although he had never been inside the door before, he walked gravely up the broad aisle and took his place in the pew with his master, where he sat wide awake through the service, and then walked beside the mourners to the grave, seeming by his demeanor to realize fully the solemnity of the occasion. After the burial he trotted gravely home, with the self-satisfaction of the dog that had done his duty.

Nig is a large, handsome fellow, without a white hair to mar the beauty of his shining black coat; and Tige is a black-and-white water spaniel, that lives next door, and with which Nig is very intimate. You have heard the old saying that "dogs never trade bones," but these dogs are a living illustration of the falsity of that statement. One day, when a beef-bone had been given to Nig, he laid it down behind the garden fence and ran off up the street, presently returning with Tige. They both examined the dainty morsel, tasted and smelt of it; when Nig lay down beside it, while Tiger ran home and came back immediately with a large pork-bone, with which Nig expressed his satisfaction by commencing to gnaw, while Tige took the beef-bone and trotted complacently homeward. They not only trade, but frequently make each other presents of food, and they sometimes gnaw the same bone, first one and then the other regaling themselves.

Pinto is a proud little English coach-dog, living up the street, and, being rather smaller, the two cronies seldom condescend to notice him. The other day, however, Tige and Pinto walked out together around some of Pinto's favorite haunts, and, wishing to show off, I suppose, he dug up a bone which he had laid by for a rainy day, looked at his companion boastfully, as much as to say "Don't you wish it was yours," and ran off to hide it in a new place. Tige elevated his nose as if such puppish actions were entirely beneath his dignity, and went prospecting for woodchucks in the bank near by. Pinto hid his bone, and, giving his companion the slip, ran for home across the orchard. Tige watched him out of sight, very coolly unearthed the prize and trotted proudly home with it, where I have no doubt he shared it with his friend Nig.

I know of a Newfoundland dog which rocks the cradle, and is thus of great assistance to his mistress; and of a St. Bernard dog which takes the baby out to ride, drawing the carriage back and forth a beaten path as carefully as a child. Several years ago there was a black-and-tan, called Ned, which lived on Emery street, in Springfield. His master worked for Wason, and Ned always went to the corner of the street to meet him at noon and night. He would lie and sleep quietly, not regarding the whistles of the numerous locomotives and manufactories in the least, until Wason's car-shop whistle sounded. Then Ned would spring for the door, and, when let out, would run to the corner and wait till his master came, never venturing on Main street alone.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

Care should be taken in the selection of the site to have it central, not in too public a place, in a dry locality, neither marshy, nor yet sandy. The *lot* should be oblong in shape, say 8 rods front and 10 deep, the schoolhouse should be placed about two-thirds of the way back from the road. The *building* should face the south, if possible, having windows on the sides only, and a blank wall at either end. This secures a good arrangement of *light*, each pupil having it on his right hand in the fore noon, and his left in the afternoon, and the blank wall in front of him to relieve his eyes. *Desks and seats* for two each, arranged in rows with aisles between and set in an oblique or diamond-shaped form, facing the front door, will be found the most convenient and most in conformity with anatomic and hygienic principles. *Blackboards* should be made in the wall, and should be entirely across the end of the room, behind the Teacher's desk, as well as additional ones for the memoranda on either side. For the practical and successful teacher there cannot be too much black board. It has been invariably my experiance that where there is a lack of practicality in arithmetic or grammar, and a want of style in putting down work, I could trace it to the neglect of the use of this most indispensable article of school-furniture. Were I, as a teacher, to have the choice of putting out of the school the Blackboard or the text-books on arithmetic and grammar, I would unhesitatingly sacrifice the latter and feel satisfied that I had retained the most practical means of imparting instruction. *Heat and ventilation* are very important particulars to be taken into consideration in the erection and management of our schools. No scientific fact is more surely demonstrated than that the constant breathing of impure air is a prolific cause of pulmonary and other diseases. In an ill-ventilated room, such as is the case in most of our country schools, the physical and mental powers become languid, the face flushes, the head burns, the blood becomes feverish, and nausea and fainting are most likely to ensue. Under such circumstances mental activity and energy are impossible. The remarks of Mr. Newton Bateman, the superintendent of Schools for the State of Illinois, are so pertinent to the objects with which I am dealing that I cannot do better than quote an extract. He says:—"When disease invades our herds, State legislatures and national conventions make haste to investigate the cause and remedy the scourge, and they do well—gigantic pecuniary interests are involved. And yet, consumption no more surely visits ill-ventilated and over-crowded stock-yards and cattle-trains, than it does our schoolhouses when subject to the same conditions. Keen-eyed self-interest watches the progress and ravages of the cattle plague, counts the beasts it destroys, and with loud voices tells the public of its loss. But who notes the insidious forms of disease which makes victims of our children in the very places where physical education, as well as intellectual, should be realized? or who counts the little graves, or tells the people of their danger? Many a parent lays his little darling in the dust, and in desolation of soul muses on the ways of Providence, when the stifling terrors of the place which for weary months or years had been silently sapping the pillars of the little one's life should have suggested more earthly themes for meditation to the sorrowing father. There is no excuse for unventilated or badly ventilated schoolhouses. Other accomodations and comforts are more or less expensive; this one is not. Every schoolhouse, large or small, humble or elegant, costly or cheap, may have a plentiful supply of pure fresh air, almost without money and without price. If provided for in the original plan of the building, good ventilation may be had, with very little if any additional cost; and even in most existing buildings the consequences of neglect upon this vital point may be remedied, partially at least, with but a small outlay. But be the cost what it may, pure air is a necessity of health, both mental and physical, and no Board of School Directors in the State should be allowed to neglect it with impunity."

—*From report of H. L. Slack, Esq., M. A., Inspector, Lanark.*