

A bill for the sale of the Main Line has passed both Houses of the Legislature. It will probably be signed by the Governor.

The opening of the District School in this village was postponed to enable the teacher to attend the Institute. It will commence next Monday morning.

The closing exercises of the Teacher's Institute will be held at the old Court House on this (Thursday) evening. Address by Rev. J. B. Pradt. The public are earnestly invited to attend.

Read the letter on the outside from N. W. Goodrich, then the one on the inside written by a man in the Louisiana State Prison, and then say what you think of the peculiar institution.

There was a case of hydrophobia in town on Tuesday last. The dog was immediately killed, but we advise caution in the case of these animals, as others may take the disease in the same way.

Although the public exercises of the Institute will close this evening, we are requested to say that a review of the studies will be had to-morrow (Friday) and the County Superintendent will make an official examination of the Teachers, giving a certificate to such as may be entitled to one.

Spiridion, by the author of "Constelo," will soon be translated by Mrs. C. H. Dall and published in the *Una*, "a paper devoted to the elevation of woman," by S. C. Hewitt, 15 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., at one dollar per annum in advance. "Constelo" is an intensely interesting story, and it is said *Spiridion* surpasses it in beauty and attractiveness. We are glad this work is about to appear in the *Una*, and we trust it will secure a host of subscribers to that paper, as it is edited with good taste and great ability.

The Teachers' Meeting at the Court House on Monday evening last, was an exceedingly interesting one. Charles H. Allen, of Smethport, delivered an address on "The Power of Mind," which was creditable to him, and instructive to his audience. Miss Emma Lewis read an essay on the "Future of Potter County," which evinced good taste and clear ideas. Miss Daniels, one on "The Present Age," which brought down the house. We trust the members of the Association will increase in numbers, and persevere in efforts, till all shall feel its beneficial influence.

We renew the appeal to farmers to plow and sow with a liberal hand. Be sure that you raise your own breadstuffs the present year, and that you eat your own pork. Should you happen to have some to sell, there will be no difficulty in obtaining for your surplus a good price. If you have no wheat growing, make up the deficiency with corn and buckwheat, beans, peas, and potatoes. Remember that dry as last season was, there were good crops of corn wherever an effort was made. We have heard several farmers say their corn crop had saved them from ruin. Then is it not the part of wisdom to cultivate more freely the generous crop?

It gives us much pleasure to converse with our farmers from the different townships, and we learn from them that the wheat crop is in a promising condition. There is more of it growing than ever before in this county, and it never looked better at this season of the year. This is cheering intelligence, but we hope no man will rely entirely on his wheat crop, no matter how well it looks, to bread his family. Plant a couple of acres of corn, then sow a patch of buckwheat, and Heaven will bless your store. Should this be generally done the present season, every farmer will have money in his pocket next spring, and the Western fever will have disappeared.

Temperance consists in the moderate use of things useful, and total abstinence from things hurtful.

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

This is an era in the educational movement of this county, of very great importance to us all, and indicating a fixed purpose to make virtue and intelligence chief among our desires and pursuits. This is well. It is hoped the Institute is now a fixed fact—one of the permanent Institutions of the county, to be held semi-annually; and that no teacher will hereafter think of entering upon the responsible duties of instructor, without having received the benefit of a thorough drilling at the Institute.

The one now in progress in this village, under the supervision of Mr. Pradt, our efficient County Superintendent, has been entirely successful. True, the number of teachers in attendance is small, averaging about twenty-five, but the exercises are highly instructive, so that these twenty-five teachers will go to their several homes, living examples of the usefulness and necessity of the school for teachers. We know those present have received a large amount of valuable information, for their exercises were so interesting we could not keep away from them, and every visit to the Lectures proved their usefulness.

The young ladies who have thus spent two weeks of their time, and two weeks more of wages in preparing themselves for their profession, will be worth much more as teachers, than they would have been without these thorough drillings, and we hope they will receive an increased compensation in consequence. Mr. Charles H. Allen of Smethport, has sustained the efforts of Mr. Pradt with tact, energy, and skill, and is entirely at home in these exercises. His cheerful, hopeful appearance could very ill be spared. Mr. Smith of Oswayo, has also given a helping hand, and shown his devotion to the good cause.

Mr. Bloomingdale, Principal of the Coudersport Academy, has devoted all the time he could steal from his other arduous duties to the teachers, and has rendered valuable services. With such a corps, success is certain. The closing exercises will be held on this (Thursday) evening, at which time Mr. Pradt will deliver his charge to the teachers, and it is hoped the entire community will be present to receive instruction and give encouragement to those engaged in this noble work.

We call attention to the letter on the outside from N. W. Goodrich, Esq. We would gladly speak a kind word to him and his companion on the loss of their loved one, were it in our power. We would also say to him, that his determination to do what he can to make Kansas a free State, will endear him to every friend of freedom among his old acquaintances, irrespective of former political opinions.

We trust this letter will open the eyes of those in this county, who have been induced to believe there was no danger of slavery extending to Kansas. And now, let us ask if you will hereafter use your political influence so as to sustain Mr. Goodrich and others who are endeavoring to make Kansas free, or will you vote and act so as to sustain the slaveholders in their violent subjugation of our Western Territories. One course or the other is unavoidable.

The *Eric Chronicle* has been merged in the *True American*, with Henry Catlin for Editor. The consolidated paper will be published by J. P. Perley and H. Catlin. The new paper makes a fine appearance, and is filled with that kind of information which good Republicans like to see. We hope it will receive a liberal support. The following brief apology from the last number tells the whole story as to its position:

By our combination this week we find a couple of petitions for tavern license entailed on our fourth page. But we have got them out of sight, as much as possible, and we hope no reader will be able to find them. We promise to knock them into pi, hoping fervently, that the "aforesaid petitioners" will never obtain a license to sell liquor while the world stands.

The aggregate circulation of the *Tribune* is now 176,510 copies. This circulation is distributed among its several editions as follows:

Daily Tribune	28,350
Semi-Weekly	13,950
Weekly	127,000
European	500
Special for California	7,000

It must be great consolation to the apologists of slavery extension, to see the *Tribune* declining in this way.

WHO ARE THE DISUNIONISTS?

Pro-slavery men, North and South, have heretofore made considerable capital out of the unfounded charge that opposition to Slavery was opposition to the Union. The defenders of slavery have proclaimed themselves the peculiar champions of the Union, with the same zeal and self-glorification, as the leaders of sham democracy have displayed in extolling their own claims as the peculiar friends of the people. It is becoming pretty generally understood that both of these claims are unfounded. Anti-slavery men have asserted these ten years, and proved their assertions, too, that the aggressions of slavery would one day dissolve the Union of the States, if not successfully resisted. The state of public feeling throughout the free States at the present time, vindicates the sagacity of the early friends of freedom. Take the following extract from an article in the *Pittsburg Gazette*, commenting on the late foray of the Missourians into Kansas, as a sample:

One thing is pretty certain, that the success of the Kansas outrage hastens by many years the death-knell of the Union, and we think there is no reason to believe that the South is not averse to such a result. Be this as it may, it is now evident that in the North the old-fashioned reverence and attachment to the Union is nearly extinct. In a large class of minds the Union is looked upon with careless indifference while in others it is viewed with aversion. Ten years ago, a disunionist could hardly be found North of Mason and Dixon's line. Now it is a common occurrence to hear respectable and sober thinking men express their desire for a peaceable disunion. You hear it on the streets, in railroad cars, in public assemblies, and the sentiment usually meets with the hearty concurrence of all who hear it expressed. If the South really does not desire disunion, she is pursuing a most dangerous game, and one which promises in its results to bring ruin upon herself. The North once did love and deeply reverence the Union. It was the most profound political sentiment in the public mind. Now it is exchanged. The *New York Courier*, an excellent Union-saving paper, admits the change, in the following extract from an article on the Kansas question:

"A powerful movement will doubtless be made for the restoration of the Missouri Compromise. Whether it succeeds or not, it is certain that Kansas cannot be admitted into the Union as a slaveholding State without a desperate struggle—a struggle made the more desperate by the fact that the North as a body have become utterly insensible to all fear of the dissolution of the Union. Threats which once intimidated them, are now heard with supreme indifference. Whether this fact is to be regretted or not, it is a fact which cannot be denied, and it will have its marked effect in the conduct and sequel of future sectional controversies."

What has produced so great a change in so short a time? The question is easily answered. The change commenced with the annexation of Texas, and has kept pace with the series of outrages ending in the Kansas case, and the admission of Kansas as a slave state will seem to help on, and may suddenly precipitate a dissolution. What then?

We hear of more than the usual number of serious accidents on the water this spring. A young man named Simpson Furman was knocked from a raft while going over a dam on Pine Creek, and drowned. Another, whose name we have not heard, was drowned by the staving of his raft somewhere near the county line on Pine Creek.

On the Allegany, as we learn from the *Olean Journal*, Col. Barnes, who was going down the river with his family on his way to a new home in the West, in trying to land, caught his foot in a coil of rope and mangled it so that amputation was necessary, and his life, at last accounts, was in great danger.

THE BURNS RIOT TRIALS.
Boston, April 12.
In the Circuit Court this morning, Judge Curtis delivered an opinion in the case against Theodore Parker and others, to the effect that the indictments were void on the ground that the process was not sufficiently set forth in the indictments; that it was not alleged the Commission on the Burns case had legal cognizance. All the accused were therefore ordered to be discharged. The result was received with tokens of applause by the spectators.—*N. Y. Ec. Post.*

So Theodore Parker no longer enjoys the honor of being under indictment in the slaveholders' Court of Boston. We condole with him on this loss of honor.

PRETTY WELL DONE.—During the past year we have received, for publishing marriage notices, gold dollars sufficient to buy a barrel of flour at the present rates. Let the good work continue.—*Olean Journal.*

That speaks well for the young men of Cattaraugus county. We have not yet had the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of a single mint drop for publishing these interesting notices.

"Temperance, cleanliness, and exercise are the three great requisites for the preservation of bodily health, and the corresponding vigor of the mental faculties."

"There are but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, and the first step out of business is into vice and folly."

KNOW-NOTHINGISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

A few over-zealous anti-Catholics in the Massachusetts Legislature, have got themselves into a very ridiculous scrape by their visit to a nunnery near Boston. The following extract from a letter to the *Evening Post* will explain the feeling upon this and other matters connected with the Order in New-England:

The doings of the Nunnery Committee are attracting universal attention. No one doubts that the charges of the *Daily Advertiser* are substantially well-founded. The nuns themselves confirm them under oath. The affair has damaged the Know-Nothings a good deal, and in their wrath, some of the leaders of the party talk of attempting to put down the newspapers—to break them down by a systematic attack upon their subscription lists and advertising patronage. They boast that through the lodges, by means of speeches made and documents read there, they can command a public, or rather a party opinion which is independent of the newspapers, and enables them to dispense with and even to defy the press.

There can be no doubt that the newspapers, have, from this cause, lost a good deal of their influence, which has been superseded or counteracted by that of the secret councils. But the power of the press is not yet wholly gone, and a general combination of the leading journals of Massachusetts against the Know-Nothings could hardly fail to overthrow the party.

The anti-slavery branch or off-shoot from the Know-Nothings, the Know-Somethings, is multiplying rapidly, and bids fair to eclipse in New-England, at least, its parent stock. It has been organized in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and, in short, in nearly all the northern tier of states. In Massachusetts alone it has nearly a hundred Councils in operation. A number of men of distinction and influence, who have steadily kept aloof from Know-Nothingism, have joined more liberal than the other, and does not proscribe foreigners at all. Among the members to whom I allude, are some of the most prominent democrats and free-soilers in the State.

Yesterday the new order held its quarterly State Convention in Stacy hall in this city. It was a numerous and highly respectable looking body. I saw a State officer of high rank from Worcester county presided. Eleven delegates and as many substitutes, one from each congressional district, were chosen to the Know-Something National Convention, which is to meet in Cleveland in June next. Deputies were also appointed to organize the counties of Massachusetts. After a harmonious session, the Convention adjourned to meet in Worcester in July next.

Three fugitive slaves, who had had a long and perilous journey, and were once retaken by their masters, arrived at this place a few days since on their way to the land of freedom—Canada! Barber Jim "gub' em" a dollar piece and sent them on their way rejoicing. He is a kindly fellow, opposed to "Union saving." A benevolent man at Franklinville gave them \$5. Ere they are beyond the reach of the slave-hunter. Is anybody sorry?—*Olean Journal.*

Isn't that a beautiful commentary on our vain-glorious boasting that ours is the land of the free, *slaves fleeing from a Republic to a monarchy to obtain their freedom!* And nobody sorry that an act of Congress was violated, in order that they might get there. Truly this is a great country.

TRIBUNE ANNIVERSARY.

The completion of the fourteenth year of the *New York Daily Tribune* was noticed yesterday afternoon by the "Tribune Club," consisting of most of the Proprietors, Editors, and Reporters of the establishment, a large number of whom dined together at the Irving House. Although absence from the city and imperative business within it prevented the attendance of a dozen or more, there were still thirty-seven persons at the table, of whom thirty are directly employed in editing and reporting upon this sheet. Beside the very agreeable ceremony of inaugurating the fifteenth volume of the paper, the occasion was one of additional interest from the fact that the Editor-in-Chief, HORACE GREELEY, leaves this morning for Boston, whence he will, on Wednesday, sail for Europe to join his family, attend the opening of the World's Fair in Paris, and perhaps spend some months on the Continent. The gathering, therefore, served the purpose of a general leave-taking, and Mr. Greeley was entertained as a guest. After a very excellent Maine-Law dinner, Mr. G. made a short speech, indicating some of the leading characteristics of the *Tribune*, and presenting the ideal of what he hoped the daily journal—and this in particular—would be a few years hence. Six or seven of the Assistant Editors were successively called up, and after a pleasant session of three hours, the Club adjourned to the "never ending, still beginning" labors of pencil, pen and scissors.—*Tribune, April 10.*

It is a curious result of human sequence, that the class of fogies who were, three or four years ago, so over anxious lest somebody should obey the laws of God rather than the mandates of the slave power, and preached such wo-begone homilies about the "powers that be," are now plotting a systematic scheme of disobedience to the recent enactment for preventing intemperance, pauperism and crime. It makes a great difference whose bull it is.—*Syracuse Ec. Chronicle.*

"Every school boy knows, or should know, that there is an intimate relation between an overloaded stomach, and an aching head."

Navigation will not be open at Buffalo, probably, before the 10th of May.

St. Joseph, Texas Parish, Louisiana, Sept. 22, 1854.

Dear and well-beloved brethren and sisters: Allow me (perhaps for the last time) to address you by that endearing title. It is with feelings of the deepest melancholy that I improve this opportunity of acquainting you with my present situation and future prospects, and of begging an interest in your prayers. It has always been a satisfaction to me in my exile (on account of ill health) to think that I was remembered by you at the throne of Grace. This being Sabbath evening, my heart yearns to be with you in your prayer-meeting; but as I cannot, my spirit shall be there, and I feel confident that you will pray for me, at least, sinner as I am, when you read this. I confess, brethren and sisters, that I have not at all times lived as a Christian should. When I turn my eyes within my heart, I can see nothing but wickedness; and yet I feel that the greatest sin of my life is the burying of the little talent God gave me. But I at length resolved, after years of toil, to amass wealth, to return like the prodigal son, and if possible dig up the buried talent. To this end I settled my business in Louisiana, and had been waiting two days (in consequence of contrary winds) to cross the Mississippi, intending as soon as possible to return North, offer myself to God, and the remainder of my days to His service. But as I left the house of a friend on the 19th to go for my horse, which was in a pasture in the lower part of the town, I was met by a slave-hunter and his dogs. He immediately drew a revolver, threatening to fire at me if I stirred or made a noise. Others came, and I was marched off the constable's office. The whole town was soon assembled, and the procession marched to the school-house, where I was informed by the magistrate that I had been charged with aiding slaves to escape from their masters. After a brief examination, in which many witnesses were sworn, all of which had seen me talking with, or known of my hiring negroes on Sundays or evenings, though this is a common practice for the people of this country; but the difference is, I am from the North. Written passes were found in my hand-writing; ink and paper like mine. With this kind of evidence I was committed to jail, no one daring to speak in my behalf but a petty lawyer from Mississippi. The citizens of Waterproof, fearing the evidence not sufficient to condemn me, formed themselves into a mob, threatening if I got clear that lynch law should be called upon. Some said, Hang him; some Shoot him; and some said, Give him a thousand lashes on the bare back. A native of Ireland was arraigned on a similar charge; but three days were given him to procure counsel. His trial goes off this morning. If he is cleared he will be obliged to leave the country.

The cause of my being arrested, as stated by Mr. Perkins, the negro hunter, is: A man in Mississippi, having discovered a trail of runaways, sent for him to come with his dogs and catch them. He went, and caught them, after running them thirty or forty miles. Upon overtaking them, they all ran up the fence to get away from the dogs. He asked them who they belonged to. They gave him a fictitious name, at the same time presenting passes, which he read; but being a villain at heart, Perkins took them down one at a time, and set his dogs on them. The negroes, after being torn in a shocking manner, promised if he would desist they would tell the truth. The dogs being taken off the negroes made the following confession: "We belong to Mr. Dunkin, of Louisiana, and the overseer, Huggins, whipped us nearly every night, because, being new hands, we could not pick cotton enough. We stood this as long as we could, and then ran away. We went to Mr. Davis's wood-yard and told him our complaint. He let us hide in the wood, carried us bread and water until last Saturday night. He baked us some bread, gave one of us a pair of shoes, another a hat, another a shirt, a quilt for us to sleep under, some money, these passes, set us across the river in a canoe, one at a time, and told us to go towards sunrise." But getting entangled in the swamp, they were overtaken. Each negro, after

being torn by the dogs the same way, confessed the same. I was conducted on the 20th to this place through a heavy rain, where I was loaded with irons, my feet being put in iron stocks, my hands coupled together with iron handcuffs, closely fitted, with a chain about three inches long. My handcuffs were taken off this morning to eat my breakfast, and have not been replaced; so I improve my time in writing to you. In this condition I await my trial. The Court sits the first Monday in October; but unless things look a little more favorable, I shall try to have it adjourned. My attorney, Thomas Farres, examined the papers and the testimony of the witnesses, yesterday, and remarked, that if it was for murder or grand larceny, there might be hope; but as it is, it is doubtful.

Sabbath morning, Sept. 23.—My heart yearns to be with you, but I cannot. On examining my heart, I find a sort of cold indifference pervading my whole soul. I fear my heart is not right in the sight of God. I read my Bible, yet it is with an abstract mind. My thoughts seem to be all bent on getting away from this place; for I cannot feel that I have done anything worthy of imprisonment. My attorney says it will be a hard case, on account of prejudice existing against abolitionists here; if convicted, that I will not get off with seven years' imprisonment, he thinks.

And now, after hearing what I have written, I ask my brethren and sisters in the fear of God, if a man should come to you presenting a lacerated back, exposed to the rays of a Southern summer's sun for want of a shirt, feet bleeding from having been torn by snags and briars, hungry and faint, whose crime was, he failed, after straining every nerve to perform the labor appointed him, I ask, would you—could you—turn him away without assisting him? No, brethren, I think I know you too well—I think you would hand him a loaf of bread, part with some of your surplus clothing, or if you had no surplus, buy some as I did—help them across the river, point them to the star of Liberty, and bid them God speed. But either of these—even to give him a piece of bread—subjects you to a prosecution, the penalty of which is not less than four or more than seven years in the State prison.

If you could be on the plantation near where I have lived, and at night, when the cotton is weighed—out of two hundred not less than twelve are whipped every night. O! could you hear the shrieks, cries, groans, prayers—yes, if you could see that victim on his knees pray with all the earnestness a man is capable of, to that brutal overseer, and promising to strain every nerve on the morrow to pick more cotton—it is enough to melt the heart of any one. Who can look on such scenes as these and not be moved? Brethren, I cannot. And now what more can I say? Have I done wrong? Have I done more than any man ought to do? Dear brethren, I leave you to judge, and am willing to be governed by your decision. I wait with the greatest anxiety to hear from you, to know whether I shall receive your sympathies and prayers, or whether I have done wrong, and am considered a heathen. If the former, I can bear my affliction with fortitude; but if the latter, I feel that my life hangs by a slender thread—that my days are numbered. In the meantime, brethren, pray for me. Sisters, remember me in your prayers.

I would far prefer the grave to slavery; not all the gold in California could procure of me five years of slavery. I may get rid of these chains, but this depends on the skill of my attorney, or neglect of my opponents. I must cease, for the last paper in my possession is nearly covered over. And now, brethren, when you meet to pray for heathen lands, remember, O! remember our own country. Watch over the declining steps of my parents; 'tis the greatest boon I can ask, for I fear that this intelligence will bring the gray hairs of my loving father and affectionate mother near the grave. Comfort them with the thought that we may meet in heaven, and all be free.

I wait with the greatest anxiety to hear. My love to you all,
PARDON DAVIS.
To the Berlin Church.

I would further add, that he had his trial