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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 11, 1860.

Selected Poetry.

A MEMORY.

She is sleeping death's dreamless slumber,
Far away 'neath the church yard mould,
And my spirit grows weary with sorrow,
As I think of the bright days of old.
Of those bright, joyous days, when we wandered
The hills and the valleys among;
Of the streams which so gently meandered,
And the songs which together we sung.

I remember how death—fell destroyer,
On her cheek breathed his pestilential air;
I remember the smile that passed o'er her,
And the glory that shone round her there;
I remember the promise I made her,
To meet her in mansions above;
Oh! my heart is weary without her—
There is no one to cheer me, or love.

I remember the spot where they laid her,
And though 'tis leagues distant away,
I can see the bright flowers that bloom o'er her,
And hear the birds sing every day.

In that spot where so sweetly she's sleeping,
My feet ne'er wander again,
And in silence afar I am weeping,
With no one to calm my heart's pain.

On the banks of that beautiful river,
Where the waters of life ever flow,
Her spirit now dwells with its Giver,
While in grief I still wander below.

But soon there will come a brighter hour,
When my pilgrim soulward way shall cease,
And my soul will go up to Heaven's bowers,
To dwell with my darling in peace.

Letters from Europe.

Correspondence of the Bradford Reporter.

GENEVA, Switzerland, Aug. 30, 1860.

DEAR OLIVER:—During the negotiations which terminated a few months ago in the transfer of Savoy to France, the city Geneva, taught by experience to look to the south and west for signs of evil presage, naturally apprehended some danger to her own independence. Fortunately the absorbent propensities of the Napoleonic policy were satiated for the moment, by the disintegration of the territories of Savoy; the Protestant city remained undisturbed amidst these little vicissitudes of empire.

But while these apprehensions, well or ill-founded, were agitating the hearts of the patriotic Genevese, their neighbors of the allied Cantons, and especially the officials of the Federal Army, were prompt in tending to this city, ancient bulwark of Helvetic Freedom and independence, the most cordial assurances of their protection and support.

An acknowledgment of this generous engagement, whose worth may have been felt in the counsels of the Tuilleries, as well as in the homes of this great city of the mountains, Geneva invited a few weeks ago the military officers of the twenty-two Republics, to a three day's festival of grateful hospitality.

On Saturday, the 4th inst., the city was shrouded with streaming standards, gay with garlands and festoons, typical as a page of Beranger, with patriotic and festal devices. In the newer portions of the town the handsome hotels and elegant shops were decorated with the standards of a score of foreign nations; our own stars and stripes floated in sunshine over many a balcony; the Union-Jack of England crested many a height; the double-headed eagle of Austria thought not scorn to honor the gathering feast of these firm and haughty mountaineers, who have so many times and so triumphantly, defied its talons and crippled its aggressive flights. But it was among the narrow and crooked thoroughfares of the old city that the features of the occasion were the most characteristic and picturesque.

Many of these ancient streets are mere winding alleys, sometimes steep and difficult of passage, steep for pedestrians. They have usually a look of cleanly discomfort; its small windows are fresh and curtained, flowers smile from the ledges, or the little balconies beneath; sometimes a drooping drapery of vines, or a little chapparral of cuttings makes gay the front of some old unpainted building, which would otherwise suggest only ideas of gloom and decay. But on these "high days of the feast" all this shallow portion of the town was aglow and astir with gracious sentiment and tasteful decoration. Festoons of flowers and evergreens spanned the narrow ways, arches leaped across the sunshine, flags fluttered from almost every window, and words of grateful salutation welcomed at every turn, the city's internal visitors. The banner of Geneva, lifting its fine device, the key of Independence and the eagle of liberty, waved from many of the gabled and discolored roofs. In friendly fellowship with this, flowed the divers cantonal ensigns; in special courtesy towards the temporary guests of the respective mansions. Of these I counted the Black Bear of Berne; often the Bull of Uri, the Double Keys of Underwald, home of Arnold de Winkelried; here shone the triple stars of Argovie, and there the starry words of the Vaudois' legendary shield, "Freedom and Fatherland." Over the towers of the cathedral, from which look down the memories of six hundred years, floated the white cross banner of the Swiss Confederation; it floats there still, and it is but to cast your eyes from the window where I write, across the valley to the northward, across the blue and "arroyo Rhone," and the city reached upon its two shores, towards Jura, lifting its rugged heights beyond, and you encounter on the way, the yellow gleam of those metal-roofed towers, and catch the white and crimson splendor of that "meteor in the sky" above them.

In the elegant modern squares called the Place Neve, they had erected a beautiful military trophy; a terraced pyramid of cannon, surmounted by ancient and modern weapons, muskets, battle-axes and glittering spears, their horror disguised and beautified with flags and

garlands. Painful and revolting as is the thought of war, in any case, it would be difficult to look on this beautiful structure, symbol and pledge of the mutual faith and help on which rests the safety of these brotherhoods of the mountains, without a heart-throb of sympathetic emotion. War, here in Switzerland, has been so often undertaken in behalf of rights and principles which a people cannot surrender without deadly moral loss, and has been ennobled by so many instances of individual heroism and devotion, that in spite of the most cordial assent to the principles of non-resistance, one is sometimes fascinated by the moral splendor of its accomplishments into a momentary forgetfulness of the inseparable wrong and horror of the "trial by battle." Thus also, when in my walks to the city, I pass the little companies of citizen soldiery exercising on the intervening commons, I am conscious of a sentiment of respect and sympathy which more imposing military displays, even at home, do not always awaken. We have, it must be owned, fallen into some bad habits of sentiment and expression on the subject of national mis-undertakings; we talk too lightly of the terrible attainments of peace and war; I think it is that we are grown so numerous a people that each little human life counts cheaply with us.

There, where the arm of Tell was the arm of a thousand, and where the one heroic heart of Arnold de Winkelried blighted the spear-points of a phalanx, conquering in death a "path for Liberty," one awakens to the perception of the worth and dignity of the Individual; to a deeper and more loving recognition of the confraternity of human society, and of the nobility of personal use and personal sacrifice.

It is the lesson I have won from my journeyings among the mountains and mountain streams of Switzerland, and which the grave and simple severity of Genevese manners, and the noble and enlightened patriotism which distinguishes the teachers of the people, in the pulpit and the lecture-room, has enhanced and deepened.

In another letter I will tell you something of Chamouni and the journey thither, of the beauties of the Lake Lemman, and the glory of "the mountains which are round about" Geneva, as well as of those soft English foregrounds, which the cunning crayons of our friend P. C., would so well love to copy, sleeping in their verdure at the feet of these bare and ledgy steeps.

For this time, good bye. Imagine for yourself the glow of the thousand lamps, doubled by the waters of the lake and river, which closed the Sabbath day festivities; the stirring music; the state of the torchlit processions, along the noble quays; the quiet and cheerful animation of the city's many guests; the ancient and picturesque costumes of the mountain women, the proud and tranquil confidence of the young men and maidens, old men and children, met in this sort of indirect and passive defiance of their traditional enemies and tyrants, of Savoy and Burgundy.—It was a truly popular festival; it made many an exiled heart warm towards the home-land far away; many an eye grow dim with tears of love and longing. But more than this, my young and patriotic friend, it made a little group of your countrywomen, gathered from our north and south, upon a stately balcony of the Quay de Mont Blanc, overlooking the water;—the beloved standard of our common country floating protectingly above them;—it made us feel and own, that dear and prophetic as we deem these clustering constellations of the west, they glow not yet, as sung the most unimpassioned of our native poets, upon the

"Flag of the free heart's ONLY home."
H. C. H.

Written for the Reporter.

The Pennsylvania State Fair.

The State Fair held on the Wyoming Battle Ground last week, deserves more than a passing notice because of the interesting historical associations clustering around the sacred spot where it was held. Those who are familiar with the details of the stirring events which followed the first settlement of the Wyoming valley—who can picture to themselves the plots, and counter-plots, the spirited contests and the bitter feuds that followed, between the Yankee and the Pennsylvanian, for the possession of the soil, and the subsequent conflict with the common enemy, will agree with the writer hereof, that the idea of holding the state fair on ground made memorable by the bold deeds of a whole ancestry, was a happy one. It was right that Farmers of the State should hold a jubilee on this spot. It was right that the sons and daughters of the time honored combatants should shake hands over their buried bones, and buried strife of their fathers. This was in accordance with the spirit of liberality which actuated the state to donate much of the land that was in dispute. It was due to those hardy pioneers, who came so far through trackless lands, to find homes, and found a new republic, thus to honor their memories, and it was due to the magnanimity which prompted acquiescence in the final compromise.

It was pleasant to see the descendants of the Butlers, the Denisons, the Hollenbacks the Franklins, the Swifts, the Satterloes and other prominent actors in the Wyoming history contending for supremacy in the products of the field, the garden, in horses, in cattle, in handicraft, and the fine arts, with the followers of Ogden, Patterson and Armstrong. And to contrast the condition of the country, and the handful of bold spirits, who gathered around the old forts, and their stinted allowance of the necessities of life, with the broad, and now well tilled fields, and the thousands upon thousands who poured into the Fair Ground, from the surrounding hills and valleys, and mountains and plains, with the overflowing abundance of all the essentials, and luxuries of life, which were there exhibited, was well calculated to arouse sentiments of gratitude to the Giver of all good, for casting our lot in pleasant places, and for allowing to us such unbounded prosperity.

It is by comparison that we ascertain the value of all things around us. Our true progress in all our social and civil relations, can be best learned by contrasting the past, with the present condition of the country, and of agricultural progress, as of all the rest.

Perhaps the noble herds of cattle which the Haldemans, the Drinkers, the Kapps, the Jessups, the Dorrances, and others, brought to our State Fair, at the Wyoming Battle Ground would not appear so greatly superior, when compared with herds brought to other state fairs; but when contrasted with the cattle of the early settlers, and even with these now common among our farmers, the improvement which has been made in this kind of farm stock, becomes very manifest, and the amount of credit due to those who are laboring so earnestly, and are bestowing so lavishly their means to advance this branch of agricultural interest, becomes equally discernable, and it needs but to be seen to be cheerfully awarded.

The same may be said of the magnificent specimens of the horse—the noblest of the brute creation, and man's greatest convenience and greatest luxury—which were exhibited at this fair. No animal has been more serviceable in advancing civilization, and none has been more abused. The striking evidence of the good treatment he is receiving, and the attention which philosophical training is calling out, shows that social and agricultural progress is overcoming the brutality of past in the management of the horse.

So with the Reapers, and the Mowers that were so conspicuous among the farming implements at this fair, when compared with the sickles and broad sythes of other days, their value can be appreciated; and in no department is there greater efforts made by inventive genius, and in mechanical skill to produce a really serviceable machine. The indications are that great improvements will still be made in reapers and mowers.

And how the old "well sweep" looks along side of the easy working, and highly finished pumps, and the marvelously convenient well-curbs & buckets, displayed at the fair; & one is led to wonder that washing clothes was ever done with hands and soap, when the various, and ingenious washing-machines, that were exhibited are seen.

Then how the admirable Kitchen ranges, the elaborately worked cooking, and parlor stoves throw into the shade the fire-place arrangements, and the ten-plate stoves, of former times. The show in this line was creditable. But in nothing was astonishment, and admiration more visible among the visitors, than in the wondrous working sewing machines, of which there was a fine display. The neatness of the stitching, and the rapidity with which this was executed, by all the machines, accord for the revolution they have effected in this department of human industry; and unless garments come "ready made" from the hands of the worker in wood, in cotton, and in silks, which is not improbable—a greater change is still in prospect in this ancient act of woman.

The display in wagons, carriages, portable cider-mills, great hay and straw cutters, various patterns of ingeniously constructed plows, harrows, cultivators, seed sowers, grain drills, smut-machines, wheat cleaners, hydraulic ram, hay-forks, hay-scales, and a great variety of other machinery, and implements, designed to lessen the labor of the farmer, were scattered around on the fair ground, and attracted attention.

Monstrous cabbage heads vied with monstrous pumpkins and squashes, for precedent in size; and beets, carrots, and parsnips, respectively, seemed equally certain of being pronounced the biggest. Red peppers as large as modern coffee cups, and egg plant fruit the size of Douglass's head, were in the vegetable tent. Great quantities of beautiful wheat, and corn; and flour and meal, were also there, and were highly lauded.

Su-quehanna, Bradford, Luzerne and Chester were the chief competitors in dairy products; and very fine specimens of butter and cheese were sent in from these respective counties.—There is great art in making a fine quality of butter, and many think they possess it, yet there is not probably, more than one in fifty, who has the true art. But knowledge in this point is spreading, and there is now more good butter than formerly, thanks to agricultural fairs and remunerative prices.

In the Artists' Temple, pictures of various kinds, drawings and paintings, hung in profusion around the walls, displaying landscape scenery, cattle, horses, men, women and children, var'ously grouped, and houses and spires, in different forms, interspersed with handiwork in sea-shells, acorns, and pine-barrs, Daguerian galleries, and the skillful penman's placards were there too. Then followed a grand display in carpeting, quilting, and rich specimens of needle-work wrought with wool and cotton; and the silver smith came next, with gorgeous pitchers, coffee and tea-sets, goblets and trays, marvelously embossed, and highly worked finishing. Then the lamp man made all light with his candle-sticks, and lamps, of brass, of glass, and of silver.

The Floral Hall was quite tastefully arranged. The running fountain, surrounded with rough moss-covered stones, and old wood—the tiny pond with its margin over run with mod-st inches, and gay flowers, creeping to the waters edge—the varied assemblage of exotic and native plants, with their delicately striped, and spotted leaves, and deeply colored petals, interspersed with evergreens and festooning, evincing much taste. But this handsome grouping of buds and blossoms, of living water, and wild wood scenes, was more than equalled by the mellow apples, the melting pears, and luscious plums, piled on the tables around nearly the entire hall. Conspicuous among the fine specimens of the different varieties of the apple were the Baldwin, pippin, swart, greening, northern spy, belle and gilly-flowers, lambo and vanderere; and among the pears the seekle, the burllet, flemish beauty, sheldon, d'Angouleme, doyenne, madeleine, vicar-of-Wakefield, and louis-bonne, stood out prominent, of plums the blueken gage, the golden drop, green gage, Monroe,

Washington, and purple fruit, with other varieties, were present.

The best things however, of the State Fair, were the horse and cattle parades, and in nothing was there more general interest manifested. The horses seemed to enjoy it, while the Durhams, Devons, Herefords, and Alderneys, appeared proud of the distinctive features of their respective families, and well they might be, for noble specimens of each were present.

That which conduced materially to the pleasure of the visitors at the State Fair, was the affable, and obliging deportment of the officers of the society, who, from the President down, were ever assiduous in their efforts to satisfy, and make the fair pleasant to all.

Story of an old Settler.

The snows of many winters have left their whiteness upon my head, but many events of the war are still fresh in my memory. During the long bloody struggles for independence I was compelled to witness many horrors.

My father was one of the earlier settlers of the Kennebec. I was the oldest of four sons. Before the commencement of the war, my father had built him a cabin, quite comfortable enough for his purpose, and commenced clearing—converting the savage wilderness into a garden, to team with corn and grain.

I and my brothers of course assisted him in his labors. The war broke out the second year after our settlement on the Kennebec. At first we apprehended but little danger from the savages, as they had hitherto manifested a friendly disposition. But we were conscious of danger. The Indians commenced their depredations.

Tales of blood were borne to our ears. We went to our daily labor with our weapons in our hands. At the close of a summer day we were seated in our comfortable cabin as usual. A knocking was heard at the door. My mother turned pale and looked at my father, as if entreating him not to open it until he was certain who was without. I immediately acted upon this hint, & stepping softly to the entry, was enabled to reconnoitre the premises through a small crevice. My mother's fears were not without foundation. An athletic savage stood at the door. His face was painted in the most hideous manner. Instead of enduing the fastenings, I proceeded to add to their strength.—I reported the discovery I had made.

"But one, did you say?" said my father.

"Only one," I replied.

"Now see what you can discover on the other side of the cabin."

I did so, and to my surprise saw three more of the rascals, crouched like serpents in the grass. I reported this also.

The knocking continued until became furious. My father of course turned a deaf ear to his entreaties for admission. Finding that artifice would not answer, he was joined by his companions, and together they made a more furious attack upon the door. In truth we were but little alarmed, for there were but four savages, and we felt able to contend with them. The fact was they supposed that the male members of the family had not yet returned from work; consequently they had only to deal with females. The savages now brought a large stick of wood, and, with their united strength used it as a battering ram. The door began to yield.

In the cabin were loaded muskets. They were already in hands skilled to their use. We knew a disagreeable surprise was in store for our foes, and this knowledge gave us strength and courage. The door yielded and they rushed in. Poor fellows! it was the last rush three of them ever made, for they fell dead upon the threshold, beneath our well directed fire.—The fourth one fled in consternation. We pursued him far into the forest, but he was swift of foot, and baffled pursuit.

"He will bring down more of the red skins upon us," said my father, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

Indeed the escape of the Indian was unfortunate. After this, we were kept in continual alarm. We were fired at in the fields by unseen foes, and were obliged to take the greatest precaution to guard against surprise by night. One of the Indians slain was a brother to him who was so fortunate as to escape, and we knew that to avenge his death would henceforth be the greatest object of his life.

Once we were attacked in the middle of the night. After a hard battle we succeeded in driving them away, with the loss of several of their number.

Finding our situation growing more critical every day, we began to think about leaving our solitary cabin, and seeking some white settlement. Before our dwelling stood the stump of a tree, which had been broken off by a strong wind, about four feet from the ground. This stump was hollow. One morning as my father opened the door to go to his work, I heard the report of a gun, and almost immediately another, while simultaneously with the first report a ball struck the chimney near me, I ran to the door.

"Go look in that hollow stump," said my father.

I did so, and to my astonishment saw an Indian in the agonies of death. I recognized him instantly as the one who had made his escape. He had secreted himself there during the night, in order to shoot my father as he left the cabin. Fortunately his aim was bad. The ball passed within an inch of the intended victim's head.

Before he had time to escape, he received the contents of my father's rifle.

With our united strength we dragged him forth. We now relinquished the idea of leaving our home, thinking that after this event we might live in comparative safety.

Soon after this I joined the ranks of my countrymen, encountered much hardship, and saw real service. It so happened, once upon a time, that I was sent out on a scouting party. In our zeal we went so far that we were obliged to pass the night from camp. There was not a dwelling near and we were in the vicinity of our savage foes, whose cunning we

had reason to dread. We made arrangements to pass the night thus:—

We were in a small clearing which had been made before the war broke out, and afterwards abandoned as untenable, on account of the Indians. Near the middle of this was the trunk of a large tree which had been blown down, and whose roots had taken from the soil whereon it grew an enormous quantity of earth. I placed myself on one side of this rampart of earth, and my friend on the other, with the understanding that we should watch each other during the night. By making a small opening through this natural fortification I was enabled to thrust my gun through and watch the approach of an enemy towards my friend, and he, by a similar operation, could do the same favor to me.

The night was not very dark, and objects could be seen at a considerable distance. Having arranged matters in this manner, we felt apprehension in regard to a surprise. The hours rolled on. I felt very sleepy and could hardly keep my eyes open.

About midnight my attention was arrested by a bush which I did not recollect seeing in the early part of the night. At first I gave but little heed to so slight a circumstance but at length I began to fancy that it came nearer. Still I strove to persuade myself that the appearance was to be attributed to my eyes rather than reality. After watching it for half an hour, I could no longer doubt that the bush was in motion.

I waited, with breathless anxiety, until it was within gun shot. Taking deliberate aim, I fired into the bush. It fell instantly, and I heard a heavy groan.

"What have you done?" asked my companion.

"We will see in the morning," I replied.

We kept our position until sunrise, for fear of surprise. Upon examination, we found the body of a stout Indian lying in a pool of coagulated blood under the bush. He had taken his method to reconnoitre. It proved fatal.—I have passed through many scenes, but I never shall forget the hollow stump and the moving bush.

On Friday, at half past two, the teachers accepted the invitation of Mr. JAMES OLMSTED to visit his grove, in which he had put up several swings and other accommodations. The afternoon was pleasantly and we trust profitably spent. The forenoon of Saturday was occupied by several gentlemen in making remarks to the teachers, and by the Superintendent in a familiar talk with them about school arrangement and school management. Rev. Messrs. PRUF and CARPENTER assisted in conducting the opening exercises of Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. On Tuesday evening after the reading by two of the class, Mr. COBURN spoke about forty minutes upon the principles of the school law and the objections that are frequently urged against it. Doctor Bliss, of LeRoy, gave a lecture on Thursday evening, upon school and family management. Friday evening was wholly occupied by a spelling school, for which the teachers had previously made preparation. Although the house was well filled each evening, still upon the night of the spelling school, there was a perfect jam, yet good order was maintained and the "spell" passed off satisfactorily to all, and much to the credit of the teachers who participated in it. The exercises of each session were interspersed with singing, conducted most of the time by Mr. P. BLISS, of Rome, assisted by his lady.

On Saturday the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, Teachers' Institutes are highly beneficial to teachers, and they should be sustained and encouraged by the friends of education everywhere.

Resolved, That we tender our grateful acknowledgments to Prof. C. R. COBURN, for his excellent instruction and his untiring efforts in our behalf.

Resolved, That we present our sincere thanks to the citizens of Windham Centre, and vicinity for their many kind attentions extended to us during our stay among them—to the Trustees of the Union Church, for its use—to Mr. P. Bliss and his lady, and the singers of the place for their assistance in making our sessions pleasant, and to Mr. JAMES OLMSTED and his family for the invitation to their grove thereby affording us an opportunity for pleasant recreation and healthful exercise.

Educational Department.

The annual examinations for Teachers for 1860, will be holden at the following times and places, viz:—

- October 24, at the Milan School House, in Ulster.
- Oct. 25, at the borough house, Athens.
- Oct. 26, at the center house, Litchfield.
- Oct. 27, at the Kuykendall house, Windham.
- Oct. 29, at the Bowen Hollow house, Warren.

- Oct. 30, at the Orwell Hill house.
- Oct. 31, at the Academy, LeRaysville.
- Nov. 1, at the Black house, Tuscarora.
- Nov. 2, at the Merryll house.
- Nov. 3, at the Ingham house, Wilmot.
- Nov. 5, at the McGuyre house, Terry; also at the Frenchtown house, Asylum.
- Nov. 6, at the Brown school house, for Albany and Overton; also at the Stevens house, Standing Stone, (at which last named place the examination will commence at 11 o'clock, a. m.)
- Nov. 7, at the borough house, Monroe; also at the Herrickville school house.
- Nov. 8, at the borough house, for the Townshands; also at the Academy at Rome.
- Nov. 9, at the Gore house, for Sheshequin.
- Nov. 10, at the Myersburg house, Wyocon.
- Nov. 12, at the Varney house, Franklin; also at the borough house for Burlingtons.
- Nov. 13, at the Taylor house, Granville; also at the center house, Springfield.
- Nov. 14, at the center house, LeRoy; also at the Burnham house, Ridgbury.
- Nov. 15, at the Corners house, for Canton and Armenia; also at the Gillett house, South Creek.
- Nov. 16, at the borough house, Troy; also at the Rowley house, Wells.
- Nov. 17, at the Academy, Smithfield; also at the Morgan Hollow house, Columbia.

The examinations will commence precisely at 10 o'clock, A. M. No candidates will be examined who do not come in before 11, unless the tardiness be unavoidable. No person will be inspected who does not intend to teach in the county during the year, neither will any be examined that have attended inspections in other townships. Private examinations will in no case be granted, except in accordance with the provisions of the school law, as found on page 51. Each teacher will bring a Reader, one sheet of Foolscap Paper, pen and ink.

Directors and teachers are earnestly invited to be present at the examinations in their respective townships.

C. R. COBURN, Co. Supt.

Towanda, September 4, 1860.

The Teachers' Institute for the north-eastern townships of the county, met at the Union Church, in Windham, at 2 o'clock on Monday, Sept. 10, and was opened by reading the scriptures and prayer by Rev. Mr. BARTHOLOMEW, after some remarks by the Superintendent, Miss H. L. PEASE, was elected Secretary and Miss MARY ANTHONY assistant. Monday evening was occupied by reading, declamation and discussion of the question relative to the comparative wages of male and female teachers. Compositions were read during the meeting by Miss LUCY MORTON, Miss RACHAEL TERASH and Mr. SYLVANUS DENHAM. A critic was appointed each day whose business it was, to note all the errors in pronunciation and in the grammatical construction of sentences, which criticisms were read at the close of the evening sessions, and as they were read the individual criticised was required to rise and correct the error.

Session opened Tuesday by Rev. Mr. SIBLEY drilling in reading. Orthography, geography, grammar, intellectual and written arithmetic, spelling, analysis and intellectual algebra, occupied the most of the day, with the exceptions of an occasional half hour spent in discussion upon some question which was brought out during the drill. The whole

class was frequently exercised in calli theoria besides the severe exercise in which most of the members engaged during the recesses. The exercise in Intellectual Arithmetic was conducted by JAMES P. COBURN, of Warren, and in grammar by SHELDAN CHUBBUCK, of Orwell. Other teachers were frequently called upon to assist in the different exercises of the day sessions.

On Friday, at half past two, the teachers accepted the invitation of Mr. JAMES OLMSTED to visit his grove, in which he had put up several swings and other accommodations. The afternoon was pleasantly and we trust profitably spent. The forenoon of Saturday was occupied by several gentlemen in making remarks to the teachers, and by the Superintendent in a familiar talk with them about school arrangement and school management. Rev. Messrs. PRUF and CARPENTER assisted in conducting the opening exercises of Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. On Tuesday evening after the reading by two of the class, Mr. COBURN spoke about forty minutes upon the principles of the school law and the objections that are frequently urged against it. Doctor Bliss, of LeRoy, gave a lecture on Thursday evening, upon school and family management. Friday evening was wholly occupied by a spelling school, for which the teachers had previously made preparation. Although the house was well filled each evening, still upon the night of the spelling school, there was a perfect jam, yet good order was maintained and the "spell" passed off satisfactorily to all, and much to the credit of the teachers who participated in it. The exercises of each session were interspersed with singing, conducted most of the time by Mr. P. BLISS, of Rome, assisted by his lady.

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Resolved, That we present our sincere thanks to the citizens of Windham Centre, and vicinity for their many kind attentions extended to us during our stay among them—to the Trustees of the Union Church, for its use—to Mr. P. Bliss and his lady, and the singers of the place for their assistance in making our sessions pleasant, and to Mr. JAMES OLMSTED and his family for the invitation to their grove thereby affording us an opportunity for pleasant recreation and healthful exercise.

LAW SUITS AND THEIR LININGS.—The experience of Hon. Mr. Elmoro, in law suits, is given in a speech "on the abolition of laws for the collection of debts;" before the Wisconsin Legislature:

"He had little experience in the law, and that was rich. (Laughter.) He would give a history of it. The speaker then related how he had purchased a yoke of oxen about 15 years ago—paid fifty dollars for them. A few days after, the son of the man of whom he bought the oxen came to him and said the oxen were his. He insisted on having pay over again, and commenced a suit before a justice. The jury didn't agree. Finally, through the blunders of the Bushwood justice of the peace, the case went against him. He appealed it to the Circuit Court of Milwaukee. There I lost again, and said to my lawyer, 'I will give you ten dollars to quote the Pennsylvania law to Judge Miller, and have a new trial ordered.' (Great laughter.) He took the ten dollars, and performed the duty. A new trial was then granted, and venue changed to Walworth county. Judge Irwin was then the judge. Any man who wanted to gain a case in his court had either to go hunting with him, and let the judge claim all the game that was shot, or else pat his dog. Well, I patted the dog. (Laughter.) I fed that dog with crackers. (Renewed laughter.) The case was decided in my favor. When I heard the decision, I thought to myself the dog had followed me about long enough—I turned around and gave him a kick. (Laughter.) The yelp of the dog had hardly subsided ere I heard the judge say—"Mr. Clark, this judgment is set aside and a new trial granted." (Great laughter.) Mr. Speaker, that kick cost me two hundred dollars. (Convulsive laughter.)"

REV. JOHN HENSEY.—This venerable though excellent Methodist minister thus describes his personal habits:

I have endeavored to circumscribe my wants by living in a plain, self-denying way, having used no animal food of any kind, (except when in Africa,) neither tea nor coffee, for nearly forty years, always rising at four o'clock winter and summer, and yet few men have enjoyed better health than I have been blessed with, and not many in modern times have preached oftener or used more physical labor.

Murat one day complaining to Nansouty that the cavalry had not vigorously executed a charge, Nansouty replied, "The horses have no patriotism; the soldiers fight without bread, but the horses insist on oats."

We think a man carries the borrowing principle a trifle too far when he asks us to lend him our ears.

Dr. Barton, on being told that Mr. Vowel was dead, exclaimed, "What! Vowel dead? Let us be thankful it was neither u nor i."

Never refuse to pay the printer, when you have read his paper for a year or more.—A man who does this, is mean enough to steal acorns from a blind pig.

A country parson was addicted to using the phrase, "I flatter myself," instead of "I believe." Having occasion to exhort his congregation, during a revival, "he flattered himself" that more than one half of them would be damned.