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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 15, 1860.

### Original Poetry.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)  
JESSIE OF LUCKNOW.

O setting sun! thou soon wilt cease to pour thy golden flood,  
And soon this night thy absent light will weep in tears of blood.  
It is the last, and never more, when the voice of morning calls,  
Will weary eyes behold thee rise o'er these beleaguered walls.  
Ere thou canst fix on town and tower thy long and burning gaze,  
Their land light will gild the night, and o'er the heavens blaze,  
And shriek and groan, and wail and moan, and flames and flitting flashes  
Shall tell where bravest British hearts bled on the smouldering ashes.  
Then haste to lave, in the ocean wave, and when thy rising glory  
Shall brightly smile on Britain's isle, repeat the bloody story  
And bid her sons to vengeance rouse, and round her standard rally  
From every green and eastled hill, and every smiling valley—  
From Scotia's song-enchanted glens, from mountain, loch and moor,  
From Erin's bright and flowery isle their stalwart yeomen pour—  
The wild winds tell their sails to swell, toward the embattled plain,  
While in thy beam their pennons stream o'er the bosom of the main.  
Brave Havelock! how now thy heart for us with anguish yearns,  
And vengeance, like a pent-up fire, within thy bosom burns.  
A fearless few are with thee here, whom death could not dismay,  
But dusky legions swarm between and foes beset the way.  
Oh! wearily, by night and day, we've watched you sultry plain,  
While heavy dragged the cheerless hours, in hunger and in pain;  
But now, brave hearts, 'twill all be past before the morning sun,  
And death and torture close the scene that famine has begun.  
Thus sat and sighed a wasted form, a daughter true of Britain,  
And sadly, brightly beamed her eye, her cheek was hunger-smitten,  
And deeply grieved on her brow a mournful thought was written.  
There sweet to die in other scenes, beyond the stormy billow,  
When father's arms or sister's breast might be her dying pillow,  
And song then to lie and rest beneath the whispering willow.  
She hears no more the clang of arms, the ramparts giving way,  
And the sound of labor's busy strokes, now dying with the day.  
Then Love and Memory, hand in hand, had wandered o'er the deep,  
Till peace came to her 'wilder'd soul as waving shadows creep,  
And in her sad companion's arms, poor Jessie fell asleep.  
She saw, in dreams, her highland home, at the hour so glad and cheery,  
When, with the falling shades, each swain returns from labor weary,  
And sings some sweet and native strain to greet his "bonnie dearie."  
But hark! the Highland battle-cry! the pibroch wild and shrill!  
"Dinna ye hear the slogan ting afar from hill to hill?  
Where am I? did I sleep? alas! but hark! I hear it still!  
We're saved! we're saved! dinna ye hear?" "Ah no, poor Jessie Brown;—  
Sweet thy bewildered dreams of home; then sleep; now lay thee down."  
Thus slumbering and mournfully she bowed her head and wept—  
While her bright and blissful dreams, and sighed that she had slept.  
The starting, cried, "Nay, 'twas no dream! deliverance is near,  
For now, distinct, more loud and clear, the pibroch's scream I hear."  
Each heart grew still, and voices hushed in silence, one and all,  
And every breath was still as death within that circling wall.  
Above the incessant thunder-bursts, and rattle, roll and din,  
The bug pipe's clear and piercing voice thrilled every heart within.  
Then what a rapturous shout arose and echoed far away,  
To cheer their gallant comrades on, and all their foes dismay.  
Brave soldiers wept their thanks, where tongues no language found,  
Nor drops of blood, but many a tear of joy bedewed the ground.  
O hark ye! hark ye! hark ye! those martial notes are swelling;  
The fire below has ceased to glow, the Sepoy's panic telling—  
That coward swarm is in alarm, their guns no longer sounding,  
And heavenly music fills the air, 'mid evening gloom surrounding.  
The pealing drum! they come! they come! those swart myriads braying,  
And banners proud, like sunset clouds o'er plumed heads are waving.  
The gates thrown wide to Albion's pride, 'tis Havelock would enter!  
And loudly shout, till the powers without shall tremble to their center.  
Go save the Queen! God save the Queen! Britannia rule forever!  
All hail our country's deathless sons, ye names forgotten never!  
Now on battlements unfurl the flag of conquering Britain;  
Dinna ye shall cover beneath the power of savage leagued with Satans;  
Nor in the dust shall yet be crushed that black and cursed alliance!  
Now float unrolled each ample fold, and bid our foes advance.  
East Smithfield, Pa.  
C. C. TRACT.

## NEW YORK BY GAS-LIGHT.

(Editorial Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 27, 1860.

I have been sojourning in this vast human hive for several days past, and have fulfilled a long-deferred promise to make a tour of those portions of the city in which the worst phases of poverty and vice are to be witnessed. The task has not been a pleasant one. To see what I have seen, and to bear up in the face of every variety of degradation, required a deal of resolution; but having resolved to go through with it, I did not blench or falter from the hour of starting, about 8 o'clock, last night, until tired and nauseated, I reached my hotel at 2 o'clock this morning, too glad to enjoy the necessary renovation of a bath, and a sleep, refreshing, it is true, but crowded with dreams of the horrid sights and scenes which have just passed before my eyes. Having secured the friendly and necessary aid of two excellent detectives attached to the admirable city police, six of us, making the whole party eight in all, issued forth upon our mission. The first place we reached was the police station-house near the Metropolitan. As we entered one of those sad trials was taking place that are only too common in New York. Two unfortunate girls were arraigned before the lieutenant of police, on a charge of disorderly conduct. The lieutenant, who acted in the double capacity of clerk and judge, first heard the story of the officers who had them in charge. I watched this man's cold, stony eye—his pale, faded face—and soon realized that familiarity with his occupation had wholly blunted his sensibilities. He paid little attention to the defence of the puffed, over-dressed creatures before him, but entered their names and ages on his book, and then, with a hard, metallic voice, directed the officer to take them below, lock them up, and let them have no light. "Oh, for the love of God," said one of the girls, tears in her eyes, as she turned from the impassable lieutenant to the strange spectators—"for the love of God, and below, not down there—I have done nothing but drink a little more than I ought to have done." Her veil was up. She had been handsome once; and a sweet smile had not wholly fled from her face. Perhaps she had left some happy home to hide her shame; perhaps some aching heart was breaking for her, far away; perhaps she had no body to care for her. Alas! if she is now sought, she will be found, probably, "down below," her fortune, like her cell, "dark," and her fate unlighted, save by the mercy of a redeeming God. Her companion was closely veiled, and followed her into the cellar-prison with silent and trembling steps.

We turned from this rather sorrowful opening, got into our carriages, and drove to the lower wards. It is some fifteen years since, under an escort furnished by my excellent friend Mattell, I passed along these narrow streets and stifling alleys. There has been a great change for the better. The Old Brewery has given way to a mission house and a sort of home for children without parents.—Warehouses and granite stores are springing up in new and crowded thoroughfares. But there is yet room, Heaven knows, for still greater changes. More than a year ago, I gave you a short experience of high hotel life in this city, and spoke of the almost exact similarity between the people of that time, in the gorgeous saloons and sweeping halls of those "steambots ashore," and the people who flitted, fed, and flattered in the large hotels of New York, ten years before. And if I had not known that "Death had been busy since my last nocturnal visit to the hamlets of lower life, gathering his human harvest, I could have almost sworn that the faces and figures, the riot and rags, the filth and profanity of yesterday night were the same that had saddened and startled me before. The evening was a lovely one. There was a young moon in a clear sky, and the atmosphere was soft and cool. The close lanes were crowded with a mixed mass of men, women, and children—not those that surged in and swept along Broadway, but another race, probably as indifferent to Broadway as Broadway to them. Music was heard from almost every door; glasses were clinking; and above the din of voices the tones of the gentler sex were heard as the octave flute is heard in the full orchestra.

Let us enter one of these dens. First is the gin-shop, with a stout woman as the presiding divinity, who welcomes us with no pleasant air, but who does not refuse admission when she sees the protecting "stars" that shine benignantly at our side. Next, the ball room! Not a bad copy of other saloons with more pretensions. At the extreme end is a balcony, or box, in which are a violin, a clarinet, and a fife, each with a bloated face behind it, and the trio are producing a sort of drunken cotillon. The set is being formed. The women are first in position, each with her partner, generally invited by herself. The men are generally heavily begrimed and bewiskered; and among them two who do not look to be over eighteen. "Most of these," said our guide, "are known to be burglars; and that fellow, at full length on the side bench, is supposed to have been guilty of at least three murders. That woman has had five husbands—the last is at sea—and she will soon have another; and that young fellow, with the light cap, who dances so gracefully, and is dressed so well, is one of the most expert pickpockets in the country." We left the usual fee; but were informed that the girls could not get *gin* till the ball was over. The tigris at the bar kept them sober on light potatoes till this part of their slavery was performed. These frail sisters are mostly attached to these houses as so many fixtures, paying so much a week for their board, (at least \$5,) which they must earn by the double sacrifice of body and of soul! I heard some stories of the way they are treated by their overseers—who are too often fiends in the shape of men—how they are driven out when they yield to the temptations around them—how they are forced to submit to the most inhuman brutalities—and how, in utter despera-

tion, more than one finds peace in an early grave, a willing victim to the vice she labored to resist, or to that longing for death which is gratified by poison or the knife. But I will not repeat these details; for sooth to say, if they were fit to tell, they would not be believed, familiarly notorious as they are here. In one of these dens, where gin was not prohibited, I saw a child, of not more than six years, stupid with rum—its eyes half closed in drunkenness, and its little face bloated!—"For God's sake, give me some air," said one of our party, "I cannot stand this a moment longer."

Wait, oh over-delicate and squeamish friend! You will cry for "air" presently with a sincerer zeal. We are as yet only in the vestibule of these mysteries. What we have to see lies farther on in the night. Be patient, and do not let thy gorge rise too soon.

"Stoop here, and take care of your watch-  
"This," said our kind policeman, "is the resort of those who get gin at a cent a glass! Enter!" Gracious God! and are these thy creatures? Ranged on benches, in a narrow cave, are the victims of this infernal traffic. They are all worse than idiots.—There is not one of them who has intelligence enough to contend for equality with a monkey. They glare at you with meaningless eyes; they gibber through trembling and quivering lips, and try to arrest you with weak hands as you pass. If they converse with each other, it is like a conversation between baboons.

"This," said our guide, (touching the shoulder of a man who, with hands in his pockets, vacantly gazed upon us,) "is a good mechanic, who can earn good wages if he chooses, but every now and then he breaks out into a frolic, and here is the place he comes to spend his leisure in. I am sorry, Ben," he said, turning to the man, "to see you here again." The poor fellow bowed his head and left the den.

As it was growing late, we were invited by our escort to look at some of the lodging rooms in the neighborhood. With lantern in hand, which served to make his "star" visible, and to show the way to rickety stairs, we descended into a deep cellar. On opening the door, there steamed up such a stench as made us recoil as before a blow, creating indescribable sensations—breathing, it might be, infectious disease.

The first sight that met our eyes was a baby, calmly asleep in its cradle, watched over by a blue-eyed and drunken mother, who greeted us with a laugh, and pointed to the pen of Dickens, or the pencil of a Wilkie, could describe.

The evening was not cold, but the keeper of this airless hole had lit a fire in a dilapidated stove, which seemed to increase the stench that filled the place as with a cloud. Piled on benches, packed upon shelves, lay men—some asleep, some glaring upon us like wild beasts, and all apparently miserable. The proprietor sat between the bunks, smoking his pipe and answering questions.

In another of these catacombs (for so they may well be called; the living bodies exhaling an odor as putrid as if the bodies were dead as the sensibilities they feebly surrounded,) there was a still more hideous sight. Here husbands and wives—for so let us believe them to be—lay together. A sick dog whined in a corner, keeping up an unearthly yell, and making us shudder before the superstition that greets such a sound as the forerunner of death; and between his agonizing wail and the curses of the men and women around me, I thought, for a moment, that I was in a lesser Pandemonium.

"Gentlemen, are you satisfied?" said our kind guardian.  
"Yes, more than satisfied," said a Philadelphia friend by my side, who only stuck to me because I should have upbraided him for his desertion.  
Following our "star," in single file we began to ascend a building of some three or four stories, along dark entries, up creaking stairs, and through gloomy passages, until we came to a room at which the officer knocked loudly. For some moments there was no answer, but at last a gruff voice cried out:  
"Who's there?"  
"An officer."  
"What do you want?"  
"I want to see you. I've got company for you."  
"They shall not come in; you have no business with me. I tell you I'll not open the door."  
The officer turned to us and said: "Here is an old customer who knows his legal rights. I wish I could show you his crib; but I will not break open his door."  
On another story we had less difficulty. At a single rap the door opened, and there stood before us a negro more hideous in his ugliness and more terrible in his appearance than I can describe. A mingling of what one reads of Fagin and Bill Sykes; a combination of craft and of sensuality; a brutalized idea of a vulgar Shylock, and an inhuman bully.

"Well, Tobe," said our guide, "how are you to night, and how are your wives?"  
"Pretty well, thank you sir," he responded, bowing, and pointing to a corner, where, on a single pallet, with an unoccupied space between, lay two *white females* who had once been women, and now were brutes.

It was now verging upon the small hours, and we turned our attention to the station-house of another ward. On our way the officer picked up a little boy, with what seemed to be a cigar box slung over his shoulder—a boy not more than five years old. He was without father or mother, had been peddling his candies and begging his pennies since morning, and seemed to be glad to be captured, because, all guiltless as he was, he might thus secure a resting-place for the night. Our officer informed us that it was no uncommon thing for children, from ten to fourteen, to be accomplished as pickpockets, and to make a business of asking alms; but this little fellow was not of this class. We carried him to the station-house, and made ample

compensation to him for our indifference, because that we had just seen seemed to care for no human sympathy or assistance.

The lieutenant at this station kindly threw open the doors of the lodging rooms, and of the cells for prisoners taken up during the night. In one of these rooms we counted fourteen women—homeless and friendless creatures, who had there sought shelter. Some were asleep, and those who waked drew their shawls over their bare heads to avoid the gaze of the visitors. One held in her arms a child, about two years old, whose little pale face and attenuated limbs indicated that the sands of its life were fast running out, and that Providence intended to rescue it from the fate of the poor wretches around it.

Outside of this small and close cell, on benches, were stretched other women. Not a few of their countenances showed past beauty of no ordinary character. The black, glossy hair of one, her white teeth, and her finely-chiselled features were evidence that, young as she was, she had flouted her brief day as a queen among her class. But she, too, was not long for this life.

At the end of the corridor was a room somewhat larger, occupied by the men lodgers.—Here the degradation was more apparent. The bruised and bloated faces, the shoeless feet, the filth, and the noxious smell that exhaled from their bodies, created a sensation of indescribable nausea. They were packed in like herring, all, without exception, the victims of drink and its attendant vices and crimes.

Down stairs were the cells in which the prisoners of the night were confined—sentenced on various charges; some for drunkenness and others for theft and burglary. On one of the hard pallets a woman was reposing. She roused up at our approach and began to weep and moan in the most heart-rending manner. Next door to her was a mother with a child in her arms. One cell contained three men. My attention was called to one of these, an aged man, who came forward and protested that his companion was killing him. "He has beaten me," said the man, "for the last two hours; I am here for nothing; I have committed no crime; I have seen better days. For the sake of humanity take me out of this place." His appeal was sustained by the appearance of his tormentor—a young and stalwart Irishman, with a hideous face, who poured out a torrent of profane vituperation upon the old man. The officer kindly released the latter, amid the most earnest expressions of gratitude.

The station houses seem to be superior to those of Philadelphia. The accommodations for the officers are neat and convenient; the hall itself large and well ordered; and the whole economy of the place admirable. Most of the lieutenants are men of education and character, and the discipline of the rank and file of the police seems to be exact and severe. A record is kept of all those who are lodged and confined; their ages, sex, occupation and residence. The majority of the guilty and the poor seemed to be males, but the proportion of females was frightfully large.

The adventures of these unfortunates would furnish a startling commentary upon the scarcity of female employment, and the inadequacy of female wages. Attracted to New York, they run a brief career, after as brief a resistance to the allurements of vice, and die an early death.

The history of a young girl from an adjacent village was told to us. She was extremely lovely; but, fond of dress and admiration, was induced on one occasion to pay a visit to New York, by a man who represented himself as a merchant, and proved to be a gambler. She never returned to her happy home, but became an inmate of one of the Mercer street houses, where she remained for some two years. At the end of this time she had contrived to save some fifteen hundred dollars, and then resolved to change her course in life, and to live upon her little fortune. At this moment the tempter again appeared, in the person of her seducer. She loved him ardently, and, with a woman's confidence, surrendered to his keeping her money, on the promise that it should be repaid five fold. She never saw him more, "and now," said the officer, "she is almost a nightly occupant of one of our cells."

Those who have read the works of Dickens will remember how he delineates the mystery of thieving in all its varieties; the skill and dexterity of the London burglars; the utter degradation, even of children of both sexes, reared amid evil associations, and the difficulty of defeating the really guilty. New York cannot, of course, equal London in this respect, but it has many representatives worthy the pen of the illustrious Boz. Anecdotes are related of boys of ten years, who make the circuit of the city, day and night, with violin and tamborine, and return with a considerable harvest, taken from the pockets of their audiences, all of which, in turn, is counted over to their leader, who exercises a brutal tyranny over his youthful followers.

The nationalities of the habitues of the part of New York that we visited are American, German and Irish. Of course, American roidism is there represented in its worst phases, but the fondness for liquor seemed to show itself less among the Germans. Those who resort to the German dens prefer lager beer, while in other quarters we noticed that gin, whisky, and other poisonous decoctions were the favorite beverages.

Our next and last visit was to the negro headquarters. Down stairs a stable, the second floor a coffin warehouse, the third a ball-room and a bar! The contrast was entirely in favor of the colored ladies and gentlemen. The room was cleaner, the females better dressed and better behaved, and the men looking healthier and more alert. A large party occupied the floor as we entered. The music was good, and the dancers more decorous than that we had seen. Among those who participated, we noticed four young white men, apparently clerks from neighboring stores. They seemed to be much consternated at the appearance of the officers and the strangers. But

they worried through the dance, and took the first opportunity to escape.

Leaving a fee with the woman who had charge of the place, we return to our carriages, and reached our quarters tired, jaded, depressed. Philadelphia has its sore spots, like New York. The Press lately published a very faithful daguerreotype of the condition of the degraded in Bedford, Baker, and Spafford streets. But no such sights appal the senses in our city as those which are so common in New York. If time had permitted, we should have given more evenings to the examination of other places. What we saw was but a portion of the city.

When we left our hotel, early in the evening, Broadway, in a bright moonlight, was crowded with foot-passengers. The street was covered with carriages and vehicles of all descriptions. Streams of light poured from gray stores, and joy and comfort seemed to abound. When we returned, that vast thoroughfare was deserted and quiet. The contrast between the close and stifling alleys we had left, and this splendid avenue, stretching for miles through the heart of that great metropolis, was strangely suggestive. How few of those who flouted on Broadway cared for their human brothers and sisters, perishing within five minutes' walk! Beyond, and in the aristocratic portion of the city, in the Fifth avenue—where, for other miles, stretch lordly palaces, crowded with luxurious adornments, and occupied by those whose wants are anticipated and whose tastes gratified by an excess of wealth, there is a criminal indifference to the suffering poor.—Little of the vast revenues coined in speculation and in trade is diverted to their relief. The annual contribution to the fashionable church, the frequent presents to a popular preacher, may be said to be the usual limit of the charities of the over-rich. In their eyes, penury is crime, and one poverty-stricken wretch detected and confined is made an excuse for including the whole class. How much such a man as Astor might do to alleviate the distressed and to rescue the degraded! One month's income set apart every year of his almost countless wealth; devoted to the payment of a volunteer force, instructed to provide lodgings for those who stroll these streets, night and day; expended for the gathering in of the fatherless children, who, having none to care for them, beg and steal that they may live; to the cleansing of the narrow lanes in the neighborhood of the old Five Points; to the removal or purification of the tumble-down tenements, in which hundreds hide themselves—would confer more lasting honor upon his name than all the gifts ostentatiously bestowed for doubtful purposes.

J. W. F.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE ON THE PRINCE'S VISIT.—The Philadelphia Press says that the Duke of Newcastle, speaking on the subject of the Prince's visit to this country, to a gentleman of that city, said:

"I wish it could be stated, upon my authority, that the visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States cannot have other than the very best results. Everywhere he has perceived with what kindness—I might almost say with what affection—his mother, the Queen, is regarded here by all classes, and he has been deeply touched by the consideration extended to him upon her account. He has been able to compare the Canadas with the United States, and mark how different institutions have created different results. Above all, he carries back with him a sense of strong personal obligation for the warm kindness of his reception here, and—for the English are not ungrateful—this will be shared by all classes at home, who feel a kindness rendered to themselves. To the frank with you, this visit will decidedly make England and America better and warmer friends than ever. Should the question of a difference ever arise depend upon it, the Prince will frankly protest against it, and in support of his views, his personal familiarity with the character and inexhaustible resources of a country which rivals England in the arts of peace, and can summon three million of volunteer well-disciplined soldiers to fight for her, if the misfortune of war should arise."

CHRIST'S LOVE TO HIS PEOPLE.—Said a stranger, "while traveling down the Ohio river on a steambot, my attention was called to the pilot, who was a coarse-looking man. The captain informed me that three weeks ago, as the boat was going through the rapids the pilot called him to take the helm. He had just seen a boy struggling for life in the rapid. He sprang into a mere skiff and ventured himself among the boiling waters without an oar, and saved the boy. I went up to the brave man and spoke to him; 'Do you ever see the boy whom you saved?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'at every trip he comes down to the boat to see me.' 'And how do you feel when you see him?' 'More than I can tell,' he replied, 'more intense interest than in any of my own seven at home for whom I have run no such risk! Thus there is joy in Heaven over no sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Thus Jesus will regard those whom he has saved with more interest than the angels.'

BOYS OUT AT NIGHT.—The practice of allowing boys to spend their evenings in the street is one of the most ruinous, dangerous and mischievous things possible. Nothing so speedily and surely marks their course downwards. They acquire under the cover of the night, an unhealthy state of mind, vulgar and profane language, obscene practices, criminal sentiments and a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the street, after nightfall that the boys generally acquire the education and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents, do you believe this? Will you keep your children at home nights, and see that their home is made pleasant and profitable.—Rock Union.

An irritable man is somewhat like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, and pierced by his own prickles.

## Educational Department.

The Teachers Institute for that part of Bradford county embraced in Franklin, Overton, Albany, Asylum, Monroe, Towanda, Wysox, and Sheshequin townships, met pursuant to adjournment, at Monroeton, Oct. 15. Rev. S. W. Aiden was appointed chairman. By an oversight the secretary was not elected until the close of the session.

Every morning during the session, religious exercises were conducted, in which each of the resident ministers participated. During each day, the teachers were thoroughly drilled on the following studies: Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Mental Arithmetic, Composition, Orthography, Geography and Grammar. A committee consisting of one person from each town represented was appointed to draft resolutions. The Institute also voted to close the session on Friday evening.

Tuesday evening.—The following resolution was offered:  
Resolved, That Teachers, and not parents, should direct the studies of scholars. After considerable discussion by members of the Institute and others, the resolution was laid on the table.

Wednesday evening.—Music, Reading by members of the Institute, and then a short discussion on the following resolution:

Resolved, That parents and guardians are under as much obligation, to visit the schools, where their children are receiving an education as they are to visit their work shops or other places of business. The discussion was suspended to listen to Prof. O. S. Dean of Towanda, who delivered a very able and appropriate address on "The relation of teachers to their pupils." A vote of thanks was tendered to Prof. Dean for his address.

Thursday evening.—The resolution under discussion at the time of the address, was called up, and after a full discussion was decided in the affirmative, by nearly, or quite, a unanimous vote. Mr. James Clark delighted the audience by a declamation, after which, Mr. George Cory delivered a lecture on "Geography.—The importance of its study." The lecture evinced not only an acquaintance with Geography, but of extensive reading. It was listened to with great interest, and a vote of thanks tendered to the lecturer.

Friday evening was devoted to a spelling school and declamation by James Clark. At the close of the session the committee on resolutions reported, and the Institute adopted severally the following resolutions:

Resolved, That at every meeting of our Institute we become more and more convinced, of the utility and benefit of such meetings for teachers, and that it is the duty of every teacher to attend it within his or her power.

Resolved, That as teachers we should be thankful to the giver of all good, for every opportunity given us for improvement, and we should endeavor to conduct ourselves on all such occasions, in a manner showing that we realize the responsibility of the vocation we have chosen.

Resolved, That we reiterate the sentiment expressed by this Institute one year ago, at Wysox. That in Mr. Coburn, teachers have a kind and considerate friend, an appreciative and able helper, and a judicious and careful adviser, with this addition, that the convention of directors last May, have placed us under lasting obligation by again putting us in official connection with him.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to the trustees of the Baptist church, for the use of their edifice, for our meetings, to Mrs. Mullen for the use of her musical instrument, and to all the people of Monroe and vicinity, who have, in any way, contributed to our comfort or interest.

Having previously decided, that the next Institute should be held at Monroeton, session adjourned sine die.

ROSELLA CRAMER, Sec'y.

THE MISSION OF THE TEACHER.—Many fine things have been said concerning the mission of teachers; a mission truly important, inasmuch as they are commissioned not only to teach a few elementary branches of knowledge to the children of the people, but to direct their education as men citizens. The best that has perhaps been written on this subject, is to be found in a memorial which the Minister of Public Instruction addresses to them. "Humble as the career of the schoolmaster may be," says the Minister, "and though doomed to pass his whole existence most frequently within the sphere of a small community, his labors are, nevertheless, felt throughout society at large, and his profession is as important as that of any other public functionary. It is not for any merely local interest, that the law demands that every man should acquire, if possible, the knowledge which is indispensable in social life, and without much intelligence often languishes and degenerates; it is for the state itself and the public interest; it is because liberty is certain and steadfast only among people enlightened enough to listen, in every circumstance, to the voice of Reason. Public elementary instruction is one of the guarantees of order and social stability. Doomed to pass his life in discharging the monotonous duties of his vocation, sometimes even in struggling with the injustice or the ingratitude of ignorance the schoolmaster would often repine, and perhaps sink under his afflictions, did he not draw strength and courage from another and higher source than that of immediate and mere personal interest. A deep sense of the moral importance of his duties must support and encourage him; and the austere pleasure of having rendered service to mankind, must become the worthy recompense which his own conscience alone can give. It is his glory to pretend to nothing beyond the sphere of his obscure and laborious condition; to exhaust his strength in sacrifices which are scarcely noticed by those who reap their benefit; to labor, in short, for his fellow beings, and to look for his reward only to God."

The World oftener rewards the appearance of merit, than merit itself.