

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XXII.—NO. 16.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, September 19, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

MISSING.

Not among the suffering wounded;
Not among the peaceful dead;
Not among the prisoners. "Missing!"
That was all the message said.

Yet his mother reads it over,
Until through her painful tears,
Fades the dear name she has called him
For these two-and-twenty years.

Round her all its peace and plenty;
Bright and clean the yellow floor;
While the morning glories cluster
All around the kitchen door.

Soberly, the sleek old house cat
Drowns in his patch of sun;
Neatly shines the cabin dresser;
All the morning's work is done.

Through the window comes the fragrance
Of a sunny harvest morn,
Fragment songs from distant reapers,
And the rustling of the corn;

And the rich breath of the garden—
Where the golden melons lie;
Where the blushing plums are turning
All their red cheeks to the sky.

Sitting there within the sunshine—
Leaning in her easy chair—
With soft lines upon her forehead,
And the silver in her hair—

And to sunshine—dead to fragrance—
The royal harvest morn;
Thinking, while her heart is weeping,
For noble-bred first born.

How she felt her in the Springtime,
With his young heart full of flame,
With his clear and ringing footsteps,
With his little and supple frame.

How with tears his eyes were brimming,
As he kissed a last "Good bye,"
Yet she heard him whistling gaily
As he went across the rye.

Yes, why should he be missing?
He would fight until he fell;
And wounded, killed, or prisoner,
Some one there would be to tell.

Missing. Still a hope to cheer her!
Safe, triumphant, he may come,
With the victor army shouting,
With the cheer of the drum!

So though all the days of Autumn—
In the eve and in the morn—
She will hear his quickening footsteps
In the rustling of the corn.

Oh she will think the household,
When her heart goes leaping high,
Thinking that she hears him whistling
In the pathway through the rye.

Far away through all the autumn,
In a lonely lonely glade—
In the dreary desolation
That the battle storm has made.

With the rest upon his breast—
In the eve and in the morn—
In the rank glory of the fern leaves
Lies her noble-bred first born.

Selected Tale.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

Ghosts and Apparitions.

Apparitions often spring from some physical excitement, which, acting on the sight, cause us to see things which really do not exist, and sometimes to hear sounds which have no reality vibrated. Bodily weakness, a morbid state of health, loss of blood, will produce organic deceptions of this class. A lady friend of mine told me a curious instance of this, which happened to her own self. The young woman, who was subject to attacks of the lungs, had generally to be attended when these attacks came on. Frequently after the loss of blood she would see scenes and things which she knew perfectly well to be unreal. During the Crisis of the war she and her mistress were residing in a hotel in Constantinople, and the maid's room, which was a very small one, was at the top of the house, while the bedrooms were below. The door of this room did not latch very well—no uncommon occurrence in Turkish hotels. She often missed little articles, such as cottons, scissors, and so forth, and naturally wished to discover by whom they were taken. One day, while weak from recent illness and loss of blood, she went up stairs to fetch something for her mistress, and on entering the room perceived a man seated on a corner of the sofa. Her first thought was that she had caught the thief in the act; but the next moment, perceiving the allusion, and determining to overcome it, she walked straight up to the place where the man seemed to be, with his eyes fixed on her. As she approached the figure appeared to glide along the sofa without rising or taking its eyes from her, until, reaching the other corner, it remained stationary there. She then went up to it, and putting her hand where the head seemed to be, brought it violently down on the sofa. Although assured of the deception she looked, pale and trembling, back to her mistress, to whom she recounted the adventure. There are other cases, however for apparitions. The early training of young children has often much to do with them. A child who has been often frightened by threats of spirits will have its mind so filled with a dread of them from supernatural beings, that the child may cling to it in a certain measure, and better sense, and against all reasoning and experience, all through life. The following story, however, has always been a mystery to me. The more I have thought of it, the more unaccountable it has always appeared. It seems impossible to assign a cause for the catastrophe with which it winds

up. It is from a source absolutely incapable of misleading, and exceedingly unlikely to be misled:

"It is about thirty years since the events occurred which I am about to relate to you," writes the friend who has set the story down for me, "but so deep was the impression which they made on my mind that it almost seems to me as though the time should be counted by months rather than years.

"I was then a young officer in one of those regiments which had borne the brunt of the earlier part of the war in the Peninsula, and which, being greatly reduced in numbers, were first formed into provisional battalions, and ultimately directed to return home. We were none of us over well pleased with this arrangement; neither was our great chief, who knew the value of veteran troops, and considered the provisional battalions among the best of his army. But there was no help for it, and so, like good soldiers who know that their first duty is obedience, we received the order with little murmuring, and prepared to obey it.

"It was necessary to convey us for a brief space to the rear, until transports should be ready; and few in number as we were, it was necessary to do so in detachments. I went with several others in the direction of the village which had been pointed out to us on the route, and good fun we made of each other on the way. Among my comrades was a fellow named Harrison, a kind hearted, amiable lad, full of fun and even mischief, but firm and unflinching in principle, and ever an honorable gentleman. As to higher considerations than even these, we were all careless and reckless enough, thinking of nothing so much as how we might best amuse ourselves. Harrison was a prime favorite in our corps. He was young and handsome, well knit, and capable of enduring any amount of fatigue. I loved him as if he had been my brother, and we were inseparable.

"Well, my party and I, after wandering about for a while, reached at length a small and beautiful village. It was situated in a valley, and was surrounded by trees, and shrubs, and plants of many kinds. Orange and olive, pomegranate and fig tree, all filled the air with their delicious fragrance. There were mountains, too, in the distance, adding beauty to the scene, and on a little eminence close to the village stood an old half ruined monastery, partly covered with ivy and wild passion-flower, and adorned by a plantation of beautiful trees. On one side of the monastery lay a lovely little lake, by the margin of which Harrison and I often afterward wandered together in the cool hours of the evening.

"Immediately on reaching the village our attention was attracted to the old monastery, and we all pronounced it to be the place of all others in which to quarter both officers and men. Accordingly the few monks who still inhabited it were with no small difficulty persuaded to move out, and we very unceremoniously took their places. Tired by the toil of day, I had sat down, with one or two others, to rest under one of the large olive-trees, when an old monk, whom I had noticed hovering about the place ever since his companions left, approached us. His silver hair and beard streamed over his brown serge dress; but there was a fierce light in his eyes which age had not quenched. He shook his head gravely as he came near, and holding up his hand, said: "Signor, you will repeat that ever you came here; you will find no rest day nor night in this place. San Francesco guards his servants with jealous care, and you will call down his just wrath for desecrating this sanctuary—None ever offend him yet to go unpunished. Remember my words, Signor; they are not vain words."

"The old man crossed himself two or three times, and then hurried down by the wooded path which led into the valley, leaving us rather surprised, but of course not alarmed. Harrison laughed; we all laughed, finally resumed our conversation, and forgot all about the monk.

"Our next step was to make arrangements for getting supplies from the country people of the neighborhood, and on the whole we considered ourselves snugly and romantically disposed of for some weeks to come. For besides the beautiful rides and walks within our reach, we had the assurance of good fishing in the lake, and shooting in the woods; and what with rides and walks, and fishing and shooting, and occasional dances with the village girls, time was not likely to hang heavy on our hands.

"Matters did not, however, turn out exactly as we had anticipated. It happened one day as I was going round inspecting the rooms, that I noticed that the men were collected in knots of two and three, rather excited, and talking earnestly together; many of them forgot to give me the usual salute as I passed, and the expression on their faces were new and strange and perplexing to me. I said nothing, and pretended to notice nothing unusual, but went round thinking that perhaps the men had some slight misunderstanding with the Spaniards, who, though they received us kindly at first, had shown themselves to be violent and quick tempered. I had finished my rounds, and was returning to my room, when I heard a quick step behind me. The sergeant of our company came up, and touching his cap, begged to say a few words to me when I was at leisure.

"I am quite at leisure now," I said; "what do you want?"

"Well, Sir," he began, with some embarrassment, clearing his throat two or three times, "I am sorry to trouble you, but did you observe, Sir, how odd the men were just now, as you went round the room?"

"I did observe something unusual, but thought it best to take no notice for this once. What is the matter with the men?"

"Well, Sir," continued the sergeant, his embarrassment growing greater, "it does seem rather ridiculous, and yet is true. The fact is, Sir, (for it is no use mincing the matter,) the men declare they have seen a ghost passing through their room for two nights past, and they swear they won't sleep there again."

"A ghost!" I repeated, with a stare of

amazement at the man, half doubting whether he were in his right senses. "What humbug is this, sergeant? Let me hear no more of it. If ghosts were realities—which they are not—I should be ashamed of the men if they could be afraid of ghosts."

"The sergeant said no more, but touching his cap, turned and withdrew, while I slowly pursued my way. I had looked upon the matter as nonsense, I had treated it lightly, and been almost angry at the silliness of the tale; yet it had left a deeper impression upon me than I liked, or chose to admit to myself. Was this a dim, vague presentiment of what was to come? Perhaps it was.

"I was half angry with myself for harboring the feeling, and determined to shake it off. I entered a room where two or three of my companions were assembled, and recounted what had passed between me and the sergeant. They all laughed, and declared that I had done quite right in forbidding any thing more to be said on the subject.

"The monastery consisted of three buildings: one long front building and two wings. The right wing formed the chapel, and the other contained the rooms and cells once occupied by the monks. In the centre of these buildings was a large court-yard, from which you passed into the garden, and thence descended into the valley beneath, planted with trees and shrubs. The court-yard was quite empty, save that a fountain stood in the centre; an arrangement not unusual in southern countries.

"The day passed as other days had passed; some fished, some lounged about doing nothing, Harrison and I wandered away from the rest taking our guns with us, and did not return until late in the evening. We had been more than usually joyous, and I had almost forgotten the occurrence of the morning, when, on entering the court-yard of the monastery, we were surprised to perceive the men's blankets well arranged in order round the yard. Before either of us had time to make a remark, the sergeant who had spoken to me before came up, and without further preface informed me that, the night being extremely hot, the men brought out their blankets to sleep in the open air, as they could not be persuaded to receive another visit in their room from their midnight intruder. I made no objection to their preferring the cool air to the stifling heat of their room, and at dinner it was quietly arranged that a few of us should not go to bed at usual time, but should remain up to watch.

"It was a clear bright night. Beautiful as night can be only in southern climates, I had seldom seen anything more striking than that grim old monastery, with its turrets and bellfries, its grated windows and massive iron portals, and its large surrounding trees, standing out clear and distinct under the rays of a full moon. And beyond it, about a half a mile off, lay the small lake, calm and quiet beneath the branches of the graceful trees which grew on its edge, and bent their slender boughs into its water. Upon its smooth surface the heavens were reflected; each particular star looking down upon its image.

"A few of the officers, including Harrison and myself, had gone into the court yard about eleven o'clock, determined to wait until the clock struck one, and then, if nothing appeared, return quietly to our rooms. The men had all lain down, but I am sure there were none of them asleep; not a light was to be seen any where about the building, for at an appointed hour they had all been put out. Growing tired of waiting for the ghost in vain, Harrison and I walked up and down the yard, the others following our example; and we were already thinking of going in, when, as the clock struck half-past twelve, Harrison suddenly stopped short, touched my arm, and without saying a word pointed towards the chapel. His movement had been noticed by the rest, and all eyes were immediately turned in that direction, when we perceived issuing from one of the windows overlooking the yard a faint greenish light. We said nothing, but drawing to one side, stood still. In a few moments we saw emerging from the same window a white spectral figure, holding in its right hand a small lamp, evidently the source of the strange light which had attracted our notice. The apparition moved slowly along over the beds of the men, though evidently its feet did not rest upon anything, and looked at them all as it passed; then, reaching our group, it turned its gaze upon us for a moment, and disappeared through the left wing of the building.

"A dead silence succeeded; we were all to much astonished to speak, and we looked at one another. Then the silence was broken by a murmur of triumph among the men, and we were obliged to acknowledge that we had seen their ghost, and could not account for it. Various surmises and conjectures were broached, and we determined to discover what the ghost was.

"Next day we were all astir early, and every room in the old monastery was examined; not a corner but was thoroughly searched. Up and down, right and left, above ground, and in the vaults below, not a place but reached the tread of our footsteps; yet nowhere could be discovered any trace of our strange visitor. You may imagine whether we searched the chapel through and through. Seeing nothing that gave the faintest clue to the mystery, we sent for masses from the village, and had the chapel doors walled up. The windows were all barred and bolted, and we hope that we had most effectually shut out, or shut in, the ghost.

"The day past much as usual, except that we awaited the evening with much anxiety, which increased as the time for taking up our watch approached. This time all the officers remained up to keep watch together. Slowly the hours passed over until the great clock struck twelve. Then we stood ready and in tact, awaiting the next stroke. Half-past twelve, a quarter to one, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on having effectually walled up to the ghost when the pale green light of the previous night again became visible. It shone through the same

window as before, and presently, bars and bolts giving way, the window flew open, and the spectral figure, with the lamp in its hand, stepped out into the open air. It followed the same course it had taken previously, and in the same manner; with only this difference, that it paused for a moment in its progress over the beds of five or six of the men, and breathed a sort of infernal hiss into each of their faces. Again it came close to us, and then vanished. We were petrified; all our precautions had availed us nothing, and that this time the dread apparition had emitted sounds sufficiently audible to be heard by us, who were some distance.

"What was to be done next?"

"Whatever this is," said Harrison, while his lips curled slightly with contempt, "I am determined to drive it from this place. We must not allow ourselves to be frightened. Since I was a child I have been taught to reject ghosts. To-morrow night, if this thing appears, we must give chase. You will help me?" he added, turning to me.

"Of course I promised to stand by him, though more than doubtful of our doing any good. It was agreed that on the following night we, the officers, should divide into two parties, one standing at the right wing, and the other at the left; and that we should both rush on to this mysterious appearance at the same time, and by closing in upon it render escape impossible. In this plan the men joined most heartily.

"We were not cowards, yet, I confess it, the sight of this strangely mysterious apparition with its unearthly light, had made my blood run cold, while the looks of my companions had proved that they liked it as little as I did.

"Again night arrived, and again we took post in the court-yard, waiting for the accustomed hour. Our hearts beat faster when we saw the now well known green light appearing at the chapel window. Slowly the white figure passed over the men's beds, holding up its pale lamp; and I remarked, with something like a shudder, that it uttered the same diabolical hiss to the same six men as on the previous night. At a signal we rushed forward from both sides and closed in. The spectre seemed to understand our attempt, gave one of its fearful hisses into Harrison's very face, and then we saw it walking (so it seemed) above our heads; and it vanished over the monastery.

"Without a word from any one—for we were all to much horrified to speak—we re-entered the house, and sought our rooms. Harrison and I occupied a room together, and as we went into it, I remarked that his face and his lips were ashy pale.

"For Heaven's sake," he said, in a voice so hollow that it made me start, "never speak of this thing again, and let me leave this place as soon as possible."

"We went to bed, but did not sleep. The apparitions was constantly before my eyes, while his hiss still seemed ringing in my ears. I could hear, by the restless tossing of my companion, that he, too, shared my vigils. At length, after some weary hours, I fell asleep, and when I awoke, late in the morning, I was pleased and relieved to see Harrison sleeping soundly.

"We all met at breakfast; but as if by one consent, seemed to avoid the subject of the apparition. I had serious thoughts of leaving the village, and seeking for billets elsewhere, only it was difficult, now that all our arrangements were made, to leave the place; not to speak of the embarrassment of the explaining such an unusual proceeding. We agreed to remain where we were for a few days longer, in the hope that the order to march for Lisbon would soon arrive. I do not know that an immediate removal from the monastery would have effected any change in the catastrophe of the story, except, perhaps, in some of its details; but I greatly regretted at the time, and can not but regret to this day, that we did not devise some pretext to escape from that terrible place.

"We kept no more watch for the ghost, and three nights passed by without any report being made from the men of its reappearance.

"One sunny afternoon—it was either the fourth or the fifth day after the last appearance of the apparition—Harrison, and two other officers, set out on horseback for a neighboring point of interest. It was a glorious day, and we were all in capital spirits, which seemed to be shared by our horses, for they carried us lightly and swiftly along. Harrison had a beautiful horse—a noble animal—a light chestnut, and as quiet and gentle a horse as ever man rode. It was the pride of its master and the admiration of the regiment. We had ridden about a mile or more from the abbey, and were passing to look at the view, which was very fine, when we perceived an orderly coming toward us. He wanted to speak to Harrison, and as our horses were impatient we rode on slowly before, leaving Harrison to overtake us when his business was done.

"What on earth can be keeping Harrison?" said one of my companions, after a time; "we shall lose our ride."

"Perhaps he had to turn back," I replied.

"We had better ride on; mounted as he is, he will soon come up with us."

"We rode on, expecting every moment to see him arrive, yet no sound of his horse's feet reached us; and so time passed, and he came not. At any other time I would have thought nothing of it, except that pressing business must have obliged him to return to the monastery; but the disagreeable occurrences of the previous week had rendered me unable to rid myself of a certain dim, vague presentiment of evil to come. Often and often since then have I reproached myself for not having obeyed its warning voice!

"A sudden turn in the road widened the prospect before us, and we stopped again to wait for Harrison, and to admire the spreading country around. About two hundred yards from us, toward the abbey, was the lake already mentioned. We had not reined up many minutes when, in a voice of wonder and alarm, one of my companions exclaimed:

"There's Harrison! Good God! what is he about?"

"We all looked in the direction to which he pointed, and saw Harrison galloping at full speed along the path which girded the lake. The reins were loose upon the horse's neck; the rider's hat had fallen off, and his hair, blown about by the wind, gave a wild appearance to his face. Before many seconds had elapsed the horse gave a sudden snort, and galloped straight into the lake. The waters gurgled for a moment, and then both horse and rider disappeared!

"A few minutes brought us to the monastery, where we gave the alarm, and the men turned out with ropes and poles and such rude drags as they could lay hold upon. Not a trace of Harrison or his horse could be discerned, and for a full hour all our efforts to discover the exact spot where they had sunk proved fruitless. At last one of our drags struck upon some object, and first the horse and then Harrison himself was pulled to shore. Both were dead, of course; but never, to my own dying day, shall I forget the peculiar expression that overshadowed my friend's pale face. It was one of such fearful agony, such intense anguish, that my heart sickened, and though not a word was said by those around me, I could perceive that all were equally struck and confounded by it. More dreadfully painful and mysterious still was the horror depicted over the face of the horse.

"Slowly and sadly the body of Harrison was brought home and laid on the bed he had so lately occupied in life. As we undressed him I found in his bosom a small miniature likeness. It was the picture of a fair young face; I knew whose face, for Harrison had confided his happiness to me. I bent over my friend, and cutting off a lock of his dark hair, I wound it gently round the little picture, and then put them up in paper and laid them carefully aside.

"The evening came. All that remained to be done for our lost comrade had been done, and we—that is, myself and a few of the others—had gathered in his room to look over his effects, and see whether he had left any memoranda of wishes to be fulfilled. In his desk there was a sealed letter to his mother, another to the original of the miniature—nothing else. That night I resolved to pass in his room, with two or three of my companions, keeping watch by his body. A fearful gloom hung over us as we sat there in silence beside our dead comrade, the favorite of every man among us. We were silent, near the window, when, just as the clock struck twelve, the apparition—seen by all of us—passed into the room, glided over to the bedside, bent over the dead form, hissed into the face, and vanished.

"Next day the body of poor Harrison was buried beneath a large spreading tree. I have been at the burial of many officers and comrades, but never in my life have I attended one so sad. That very day we began our march to Lisbon, and before the end of the week embarked on board the transports prepared for us. Of the six men into whose faces the apparition had hissed, or seemed to hiss, not one reached England. One threw himself overboard in a fit of madness, and five died on the voyage.

"I have never been able to unravel the mystery of Harrison's death. It will never be unraveled now, I suppose, until the day when all secrets are revealed."

Educational Department.

Teachers' Examinations.

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

- Oct. 15—Wells & South Creek, Bowley School House,
- 16—Columbia, An-tauville,
- 17—Springfield, Centre School House,
- 18—Ledyard, Pearyville,
- 19—Smithfield, Centre School House,
- 20—Troy & Armenia, Boro' School House,
- 21—Canton, Corners School House,
- 22—Franklin & LeBoy, Chapel's School House,
- 23—Granville, Taylor's School House,
- 24—Burlington, Boro' School House,
- 25—Monroe, Borough School House,
- 26—Wysona & Standing Stone, Myersburgh,
- 27—Borne, Boro' School House,
- 28—Orwell, Hill School House,
- 29—Pike, LeRayville,
- Nov. 1—Herrick, Landon School House,
- 2—Wyalising, Merryll,
- 3—Tuscarora, Ackley School House,
- 4—Ferry & Wilnot, Ferrytown,
- 5—Albany & Overton, Browns School House,
- 6—Towanda, Boro' School House,
- 7—Asylum, Frenchtown Lower House,
- 8—Sheshequin & Ulster, Kinny School House,
- 9—Athens, Boro' School House,
- 10—Littletield, Centre School House,
- 11—Windham, Knyendall School House,
- 12—Warren, Bovea School House,
- Aug. 3, 1861. C. E. COBURN, Superintendent.

Talking.

Phrenologists say that the difference in this respect is partly natural. They say there is a portion of the brain which corresponds with the propensity to talk.

Nature may have much to do with the diversity, but art, or practice, has more. The tongue, teeth, palate and lips, are apt pupils. They gain strength and dexterity by practice as much as the muscles and nerves of the hand. No one can write well who has not trained the muscles of the hand by writing much; nor talk easily and fluently, until practice has made it so natural as to be done without conscious effort. It is not meant that the faculty of speech

always corresponds with the dexterity of the vocal organs. Some are unable to think of anything to say. Others have thoughts enough but cannot shape them into words. But there are very few whose thoughts flow in well-formed sentences, who are prevented from giving them utterance by any unwillingness of the tongue. Although Demosthenes declaimed on the sea shore, with pebbles in his mouth, to overcome an impediment in his speech, yet that was not all he had to do to become a fluent speaker. After the vocal organs were well disciplined, he had to find them something to say. He had to teach his mind by months and years of practice, to hand its thoughts down to the tongue, framed into sentences and ready for articulation.

Talking is not taught as a distinct branch of education, in our common schools, yet in practical importance it is at least equal to some things which are taught there. To talk not only fluently but well, is a rare faculty, and cannot be overcultivated. Like penmanship it cannot be "taught in six easy lessons" but must be learned by continued practice. That this may be done in school is especially the object of recitation. Unless the pupil can tell what he knows, he might as well not know it, for all purposes outside of himself. The recitation is as much a part of the discipline as the labor of study. It is as necessary, and perhaps as difficult, to learn to express as to learn to acquire. The public speaker becomes fluent only by making many speeches, till he has got the faculty of "thinking on his legs" and the scholar becomes ready only by continually expressing his knowledge in definitions and answers to questions at recitations. Recitation is none the less important because previous study is necessary to acquire the principles and facts; nor is the ability to talk less desirable because the mind must first get the ideas with which to carry on a conversation. It is indisputable that to talk sensibly and to interest and instruct the listener, demands knowledge as well as practice, and it is also true that he that keeps his knowledge at the end of his tongue, has to accustom his tongue to using it. The power of telling what he knows is a direct consequence of the habit of telling what he knows. H. K.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted at the Teachers' Institute, held at Athens, during the first week of September.

We, the members of the fifth annual Teachers' Institute, for the townships herein represented, feeling the necessity of more knowledge in the "Theory and Practice of Teaching," and being convinced that teachers' drills as conducted by our highly esteemed superintendent, are among the most efficient means of arousing teachers to the importance of a thorough knowledge of the branches to be taught, as well as the best methods of imparting instruction, do, therefore

Resolved, That we as teachers will put forth our united efforts to sustain these drills, and that we will also continually strive to attain a higher standard of excellence as instructors of the young.

Resolved, That we hereby express our heartfelt thanks to Prof. C. R. Coburn, for his lively interest in our success as teachers, his untiring care and forbearance in teaching us how to teach, in making the rough places smooth and the crooked paths straight, thereby fitting us the better to fulfill our higher duties.

Resolved, That our most sincere thanks are due to Prof. A. J. Long, Rev. Mr. Todd, and H. W. Patrick Esq., for their able, instructive and interesting addresses, and to all who have in any way assisted in our exercises.

Resolved, That we duly appreciate the favor conferred upon us by those who have so highly entertained us with singing, believing that music is an important element in the education of the young; strengthening whatever is noble in our nature, elevating and refining in its influence, and should be encouraged in our common schools.

Resolved, That we tender our grateful acknowledgements to H. W. Patrick Esq. for so kindly granting us the use of his hall, also to the trustees of the Athens Academy, for the privilege of occupying their building, and to the citizens of Athens, for the many kindnesses extended to us during our stay among them.

If riches increase, set not your heart upon them, because they are liable to decrease as fast as they increase; because they cannot satisfy the boundless desires of the immortal soul; because their possession is connected with new anxieties and responsibilities; because their possessor is subject to peculiar and injurious temptations; because they must all be left at death, and death may come at any hour; and because the good things of the present life are of insufficient value, when compared with the treasures of heaven, which he forever forfeits who makes worldly wealth his supreme good.

An intelligent lady whose little boy was beginning to swear, anxious to express to her child the horror of profanity, hit upon the moral plan of washing out his mouth with soap suds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath, which with the taste of the suds, produced desired result. The practice, if universally adopted, would raise the price of soap.

A correspondent from the war says: Our soldiers are charmed every night with the lays of the nightingale. We think they would be a good deal more charmed with the lays of a hen.

Do not expect to be truly happy until you have learned to live honestly, prudently, and without ostentation.

These girls who liked to be kissed best make the most fuss about it.