

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 10, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

(From Vanity Fair.) ALARUM.

Men of America, Up from your slumbers! Dashed the thick mist away, Each soul that tumbler!

Miscellaneous.

AN UNCLAIMED DEPOSIT. A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Formerly country postmasters made quarterly remittances to the general department at Washington, by depositing the amount in some neighboring bank, to the credit of the postmaster general, and sending him thereto a certificate of the depository bank.

tate's estate, and the trifling effects might all be sold in the most expeditious manner. The administrator happened to be a benevolent man, and by advancing some funds of his own, the government was paid the balance due from the deceased, and the family were left in the ownership of their small homestead, with most of its essential furniture—the efforts of the widow suffering to provide a scanty sustenance for herself and children.

Years passed on this way; the subject had originally engrossed the little village, and reached to some of the surrounding parts; but it had long been forgotten by the young, and was only occasionally remembered by the old; when one of the widow's children, a female, just grown into womanhood, asked her mother the use of retaining so many old papers that were lying in a trunk which the young woman had long desired to possess.

The Man who knows Everything.

A mighty knowing man was Caleb Page, who kept the grocery at the fork of the road, near Woodchuck Creek, Sprag Hollow, in the village of Hornville. No occurrence had taken place, of all the particulars of which Caleb did not possess a thorough knowledge in the minutest detail.

The following evening Si and Joe, accompanied by two or three more of the "boys" of the village who were to "help the thing along," and "fill in," proceeded to Caleb's store.

"Yes, Sir, about seventeen minutes after eight." "Well, Joe, how far up the creek was it?" "On a careful consideration, I should say it was about three miles, or three miles and a half up the creek."

Caleb, who had not lost a word of the conversation, dropped his sugar scoop with astonishment and opened his ears, for the boys were talking about a matter in which he was not "posted up."

The conversation continued: "Well," says Si, "that couldn't be a bean far from Deacon Hunt's?" "Jest so," answered Joe, "It was about eighty rods from Deacon Hunt's hog pen, in a slantish way direction."

"Did you hear, Joe," with a face as solid as a grave stone, "how much lie they got?" "Yes, I did," replied Joe, with another face as solid as two gravestones. "I heard that they got nigh about sixty bars of lie."

"Well, Joe, how long was the reptile?" "Well, Si, the insect was about eighty two feet long and twenty-eight odd inches broad—thick in proportion."

"That's a fact, there was two on 'em but they only caught the he one." At this point of the dialogue, Caleb became so desperately excited that he could contain himself no longer, and snappishly demanded to know "what in the thunder they were talking about?"

"Why," said Joe, with well feigned astonishment, "don't you know about their catching that are—?" "That are what?" snarled Caleb. "Why, that are whale!" seriously answered Joe.

"A whale?" exclaimed the bewildered Caleb. "Have they caught that whale up the creek?" "They haven't caught anything else," said the imperturbable Joe.

"And how much lie did they get?" inquired Caleb as he recovered his wits. "Ninety-two bars," said Joe, forgetting the amount he had previously mentioned.

"Well," said Caleb with slow deliberation, and a satisfied look, "I'm glad they caught him, for I heard they were after him."

East Genesee Conference.

The session was remarkably peaceful and pleasant throughout. The preachers seemed to enjoy a visit to Towanda. With many it was probably a first visit, as Towanda, though a large village and a prominent place, lies in the extreme south east part of the Conference, and is at some distance from the great thoroughfares.

hand of cultivation. What is promised to Christian faith is here accorded to industry, the mountains sink down and the valleys are filled up. It is true the hills are still high, and the intervening valleys somewhat deep, but nothing compared to what they once were. The whole country is an aggregation of bluffs, cultivated for the most part from top to bottom, and presenting a landscape of imitable beauty.

Grain, lumber and coal, are not the only products of old Bradford. Patriotism abounds there; nor will this be deemed strange when we remember that the county forms a large part of the district which has given to Congress a McKean, a Wilmut, and a Grow—Towanda is the home of Mr. Wilmut. His health is poor, but improving, and we think he will return to the Senate at the next session of Congress. The Judge opened his house, as did the other leading citizens of the place, with cordial welcome to the Conference; he also attended most of the public exercises, and spoke on the occasion of a grand Union meeting, at which Bishop Baker presided. It is fortunate for the country that Mr. Wilmut is in the United States Senate at this juncture, as his daring, his incorruptible integrity, and his profound acquaintance with the genius of Southern institutions, enable him to act up to the necessities of the times.

We could say much of the country and the Conference, but our limits forbid. Scarcely anything occurred that was not of the kind and in the most commendable manner. There was no exhibition of what is almost as bad as an insane desire to bring everything to the same standard. Things exceptional were allowed their place as exceptional, and none warred against them as though "that which was wanting could be numbered," if he that counted was only persevering.

The SUMMER IS OVER.—We can hardly realize the fact, so short the time seems since buds and blossoms, blue birds and lilacs welcome the return of spring; but the summer is over, "done gone for the season," as the darkey says. The leaves are still green, and ample to afford grateful shade; but in a few days they will wear a yellow tinge, and they will no longer be treated with their wonted respect, when pedestrians seek the sunny side of the street to travel. Although the transition from summer to fall is so silent, and occurs just at a time when the fruits of the earth are so thick upon us, and naturally should confine our thoughts to a channel which would induce us, like Young, to—

—take no note of time, Save by its loss;" yet we see the unerring shadow of coming events—the steady tramp-march of fall. We feel it in the cool, invigorating breeze of morning and evening—we see it in those domestic pests, the flies clinging in stiffened groups to the kitchen ceiling—we see it in the diminishing length of the days; and we feel it—in our most sensibly, gentle reader—when coiled up under a blanket, indulging in pleasant dreams of having been appointed a commissary in the army, or receive a heavy horse contract, and a shrill voice dispels the terrible delusion by shouting from the bottom of the stairs, "breakfast!"

Reader, go down to the bank of the river, and you will receive an admonishing lesson of the flight of time. The blue river rolls on quietly and majestically, as it did a hundred years ago, and just as it will do a hundred years hence. The foliage of the trees are green, apparently, as they were a month ago; but on close inspection, you will detect a tinge—a slight fade. Reflect how long it is since you stood at the same place, and saw the same trees putting forth the foliage now about going to decay. Does it seem but as yesterday? Thus days, months and years hurry by, and it will not be long before we will all be called upon to "hand in our chips"—the game of life will close, and others will take our places and shoulder our cares and anxieties, our troubles and our vexations.

A young lady lately appeared in male attire in Baltimore, and one of the editors says that her disguise was so perfect that she might have passed for a man, "had she had a little more modesty."

A good many presiding officers at public meetings don't know how to put a question. Young ladies think it should be popped.

Why are good husbands like dough? Because women need them.

Prince Napoleon and the old Soldier.

A few days ago there occurred one of those rare incidents in the progress of Prince Napoleon's tour through the United States, which will not soon be forgotten by our illustrious visitor, albeit tender recollections thereof may not be of long duration with one of the parties interested, whose gray hairs will ere long be moistened by the clammy dews of death. Lorenz Harte, a relic of the Grand Army of the First Napoleon, now an inmate of the Cook County poor-house, had an interview with Prince Napoleon. County Agent Hanson, learning the wish of the old man, bowed down with the weight of eighty years, was ushered into the august presence.

The Prince arose to receive his remarkable guest. There they stood for a moment looking each other in the face—the second heir to the French crown and the scarred and bronzed veteran of a score of battles. Advancing, the Prince grasped the old man's hand, and conducted him to a seat, and spoke so kindly that the veteran's heart overflowed, and he burst into tears.

To those at all acquainted with the history of the Napoleonic dynasty, neither the kindness of the Prince nor the emotion of the old soldier will be wondered at. All such well know the remarkable power that the first Napoleon held upon the affections of his soldiers, as well as the wild and uncontrollable idolatry manifested by the latter toward the former, upon all occasions, whether in victory or defeat.

In this interview, the veteran "fought his battles o'er again." The Prince questioned him, and listened with glistening eyes to his recital of those thrilling incidents which ever had as their hero a Napoleon.

The quick eye of the Prince noticed the absence of three fingers from one of the soldier's hands.

"Where did you lose your fingers?" "In the retreat from Moscow. I was attached to the cavalry, and in one of the charges of those villainous Cossacks, a lance deprived me of my fingers. But," and the old veteran's eye shone with the old battle-light, "my sabre finished him, sire. Ah, those Cossacks were the most splendid horsemen that I ever saw, but they were afraid of Murat's cavalry, after all." And the old soldier's mind wandered back to that terrible retreat from the burning capital of the Russians, surrounded by the inflexible rigors of a Russian Winter, and harassed day and night by those furious onsets of Cossack cavalry—those wild and daring children of the plains.

"This, sire, was done at Lodi," exhibiting a terrible scar upon his left shoulder made by a grape-shot.

"And this," baring the calf of his left leg, showing the track of a bullet through and through it, "was done at Arcola."

"This sabre cut upon my head was received at Austerlitz, and so was this sash," tenderly holding up the Cross of the Legion of Honor, bestowed upon him by Napoleon for special service on that bloody field.

And thus the old battle-scarred veteran whiled away two pleasant hours—hours fraught with proud and tender recollections to both Prince and soldier; and when the veteran arose to go he blessed the munificence of the Prince, which had pressed a well-filled purse into his hand, and given him assurance that in the Belle France had not forgotten her veterans, and that a liberal pension should be provided for him.

EXTRAORDINARY DOG.—At Aldershot camp there is a large spaniel, belonging to a sergeant in the Royal Artillery, who has been taught by his master, during tedious days of camp life, to perform tricks that are almost marvellous. The dog is perfect in his drill, marching slow, quick, and at the double, in obedience to the word of command. After he had been put through his paces, his master called him up and asked his opinion of the various regiments on the ground. Were the Plungers the best corps?—no signs of approval. Were the 42d Foot?—silence on the part of the dog. After going over half a dozen names, the master asked, exactly in the same tone as that he had put his previous question, the dog's opinion of the Royal Artillery. He instantly burst out into joyous barking, jumping about, and rolling. The sergeant called three cheers for the King of Prussia—no sounds; three cheers for the King of Naples—a low growl; three cheers for the Emperor of Austria—silence again; three cheers for the Queen of England—such a volley of resounding barks that echoed again.

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, Au-tensville. 17—Springfield, Centre School House. 18—Edgwood, Pennsylvania. 19—Smithfield, Centre School House. 20—Troy & Armenia, Boro' School House. 21—Canton, Corners School House. 22—Franklin & LeRoy, Chapel's School House. 23—Granville, Taylor's School House. 24—Burlington, Boro' School House. 25—Mourne, Borough School House. 26—Wayne & Standing Stone, Myersburgh. 27—Home, Boro' School House. 28—Orwell, Hill School House. 29—Pike, LeZayeville. Nov. 1—Berrett, London School House.

- 2—Wyalusing, Merryall. 3—Tuscarora, Ackley School House. 4—Terry & Wilmut, Terrytown. 5—Albany & Overton, Browns School House. 6—Towanda, Boro' School House. 7—Asylum, Frenchtown Lower House. 8—Shesquin & Ulster, Kinny School House. 9—Athens, Boro' School House. 10—Litchfield, Centre School House. 11—Windham, Keykendall School House. 12—Warren, Bowen School House. C. R. COBURN, Superintendent.

The following resolutions were passed at the Teachers' Institute, held at Columbia X Roads, September 20th. Be it resolved by the teachers of the townships herein represented.

- 1. That teaching is an honorable and responsible calling, and to sustain, promote and elevate the dignity of our profession, we will do all in our power to make ourselves equal to the standard desired by our worthy State Superintendent. 2. That we recommend to every teacher to study carefully some standard work upon the science of teaching. 3. That we will exert our influence to persuade all who intend to teach, and all who are interested in the cause of education, to attend these annual drills. 4. That we recommend township associations, as being of inestimable value to all teachers, and especially so to those who have had but little, or no experience in the business. 5. That we tender our thanks to those who have enlightened our sessions with music; to the trustees of the church for its use; and to all who have aided us in our discussions, and to the citizens of the place for their hospitality. 6. That our thanks are due to Prof. C. R. COBURN, for his endeavors to make our sessions both pleasant and profitable to all who have attended, to H. C. JOHNS, for his instruction in penmanship, and to Rev. Mr. GISSON for his excellent lecture. 7. That our warmest sympathies are with our beloved, but now distracted country. We love its free institutions, and believe that the general diffusion of knowledge by means of common schools is one of the most efficient means of perpetuating them.

The Committee who have listened to the reading of the several teachers of the Institute, would offer the following as their report of criticisms.

In general, we have been gratified, and feel that the teachers do not underrate the very desirable accomplishment of being able to read well. In giving our criticisms on the various readers, we shall be brief, and to the point, considering that "a word to the wise is sufficient," and that each will endeavor to profit by the suggestions we may make. We mention no names of readers, but only the selections read, so that each reader may recognize his own. It is also proper to remark here, that where the readers are many, and the variations in many cases but slight, it follows, of necessity, that in our criticisms there must be a repetition of words, and a sameness in our remarks.

"The School House in the Woods"—Was smoothly and very creditably read, not however without some faults—(who has none?) Rather rapidly, and with a want of emphasis.

"They all belong to Me"—Was well read considering the nature of the selection, for while the young reader may think poetry the more easy to read, thinking so does not make it so. The reading was too hurried, and not sufficiently distinct in enunciation, and was not sufficiently emphatic to express the sentiment of the lines.

"The Last Rose of Summer"—Lacked emphasis, and manifested a slight tinge of the unnatural. If we were not speaking as a critic we would say it was well read.

"Immortality"—Was read under too much embarrassment to be criticised, though the reader manifested the qualifications of a good reader.

"The Inquiry"—Was well studied, and too well read, i. e. the effort was too great, and consequently not natural.

"Our Duties to our Country"—Manifested want of practice in reading; and was read without a feeling of the sentiment expressed.

"Matrimonial Feltivities"—An unhappy selection; and not such as to test the reader's abilities as such.

"Battle Field"—Too hurried, not distinct in enunciation.

"Marriage"—Want of expression of sentiment.

"Thanksgiving"—Well read, distinct and clear, but possessed a tinge of the unnatural in tone.

"Feeling"—Well read, enunciation good. Manifested self possession and also a proper view of the sentiment. Too low.

"A Fragment"—Sweetly read.

"What a Teacher Should Be"—Ordinary well. Entering more into the spirit of the selection would have bettered the exercise.

"Blessings on the Rhine"—Some fault in emphasis, and something of a monotone.

"Active Benevolence of the Gospel"—Want of force and expression.

"Course of Time"—Much the same.

"Sympathy"—Very well read but not with sufficient feeling and expression.

"Dialogue"—Well performed.

"Simplicity of Childhood"—Wanting in force and expression.

"Liberty"—Very well, but not with sufficient feeling and expression of sentiment.

"Washington at Prayer"—In all respects well read. In a word, we would say of this considering the age and experience of the reader, "Excellent."

"Scott and the Veteran"—Enunciation good. A tinge of the unnatural, but with a feeling of the sentiment.

"Phen-a-topia"—Want of emphasis. Too much tone.

"Haste in the Study"—Very well, but scarcely heard.

"How to Cure a Scowl"—Much too hurried, and too low. Respectfully submitted, Committee.

A FATAL OVERSIGHT.—Colonel Berliant's sight over a mimic rifle.