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Select Poetry.

Song for the New Year.

BY LILLIAN.

"A happy New Year for the loved ones at home."

"A happy New Year for the loved ones at home,"
Is the choicest wish of my spirit to day,
As around the bright hearth-stone together we come,
To gladden the hours as they hasten away.
Oh! joyful the time when our loveliest song
Rejoices the heart with its echoing cheer,
And we are the merriest, happiest throng
That ever delighted to hail the New Year.
Oh! my heart wish shall be, wheresoever I roam,
"A happy New Year for the loved ones at home!"

But partings will come to the children of earth,
And the eye be moistened with many a tear,
As one bids adieu to the place of his birth,
With its beautiful scenes and loved ones so dear!
And sadly that sorrow my spirit has known,
For I look for those loved ones; but they are not here,
Yet in spirit I'm with them, and gladly I own
Their influence with every returning New Year.
And my heart-wish shall be, wheresoever I roam,
"A happy New Year for the loved ones at home!"

The cares of life's journey my pathway may throng,
Dark shadows of gloom o'er my spirit may steal,
But mem'ry shall breathe on my sadness a song,
The sunlight of glory again to reveal!
Or if zephyrs e'er breathe on the sunlight of life,
And never awaken its billowy foam,
Or flow'rs always gladden the field of its strife,
I e'er shall remember the loved ones ones at home.
For my heart-wish shall be, wheresoever I roam,
"A happy New Year for the loved ones at home!"

Miscellaneous.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Of what can Mary Gray be thinking, as she sits gazing so intently into the cheerful blaze in the old-fashioned fireplace, unheeding the *storm* that rages without! The *blooming* cheek is resting upon one white hand, an open book lies unread in her lap. What can it be that has banished the playful smile that ever nestled upon her rosy lip? It cannot be love, for the boy-god decks the youthful cheek with dimpling smiles, but her face wears a thoughtful and perplexed look.

She is thinking of her Pastor, pshaw! a strange subject for a fair young girl like Mary Grey to cogitate.

We will speak of the absent one, who now occupies her mind. No silver hairs mingle with the raven locks that wave around his broad unwrinkled brow. Age has not yet bent the tall, manly form, or dimmed the lustre of the flashing eye. He had been a friend of Mary's ever since he settled in Glenwood. He had stood by the bedside of her dying father, administering the consolations of holy religion to the suffering man; and when Mary herself had been stricken down by the same disease, and a malignant fever was drinking the life-blood, and parching the fevered lip, her Pastor stood by her suffering couch ministering to every want, and pointing the afflicted one to Him, who is mighty to save; praying that her life might be spared to cheer the declining years of a widowed mother—that prayer was answered. And now, while all the bitter loneliness of an orphan's fate pressed upon her spirit, she turned with a yearning for sympathy to one who could guide by his counsel, the youthful footsteps in the untried path of life.

And Rev. Charles Elliott was well fitted to be a second parent to the orphan girl. Thirty five years had but lent new vigor to his cultivated mind and refined intellect, and added rich stores of knowledge, so useful in his profession, his rare eloquence and affable manners, won him friends in every circle of society. Afflictions deep and poignant, had thrown their melancholy shadows over an excessively sensitive spirit, but their depressing influence was softened by the companionship of an amiable wife, and three lovely children.

With every quality calculated to win the esteem and confidence of all who approach him, why is it Mary sighs as she sees him walking along the path that leads to the house? Alas, to err is human! and with all his virtues, and endearing qualities, Mr. Elliott has *one* sad failing, which though scarcely perceptible now, might crown his declining years with bitter disgrace. At more than one social meeting where the time honored (?) custom of drinking wine still prevailed, Mary had observed her beloved Pastor drain cup after cup, of what to him was a poisonous beverage; though unnoticed by others, this artificial stimulus gave a keener edge to his wit, a more fascinating eloquence to his conversation, a brilliant originality of expression that held his hearers spell-bound, while varied themes were discussed. She saw it all with pain, for she trembled for the future; she longed to warn him of approaching danger, but she knew his sensitive nature and none but a delicate hand could draw him back from the fatal precipice.

Feeling sure of a welcome, he entered the little room where Mary was sitting unannounced, as she rose to meet his extended hand, she noticed an unnatured brilliancy in his dark eye, a restless, unsettled expression so foreign to his calm, collected countenance. Should she believe it? she knew it!—he had been inhaling a draught of liquid poison, the tempter had placed the ruby wine cup to his lip, and whispered "taste it," and against his better judgment he had yielded to the alluring temptation.

He felt degraded in his own estimation, for he avoided the gaze of those calm, clear eyes bent so earnestly, yet sorrowfully upon his flushed face. The conversation was constrained and formal, so unlike the easy and familiar interchange of thought and feeling which had always characterised their intercourse. It was a severe blow for poor Mary, her confidence was shaken, she felt already what must be his disgrace, if his failing were known to a gainsaying world. His call was a short one and when his last footsteps died away, Mary hid her face in her hands and burst into tears, and then falling upon her knees, she besought a throne of grace, for mercy and help for the erring one. And we trust her prayer of love was not unheeded, for it reached the ear of him who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, one who has been tempted like unto us, and knoweth our weakness.

She rose with a smile, for she felt all would yet be well with her friend.

A few evenings after the above occurrence, Mary was invited to the house of an acquaintance, to meet a few friends in a small social party. Mr. Elliott was there, with all traces of the stimulus vanished from his expressive face.

The hours flew unheeded by in the reciprocal intercourse of friendship, in the interchange of mind, and intelligent converse.—Fashion was banished, to more brilliant, but less cheerful scenes, and care seemed, at least for a time, to be forgotten.

Supper was brought in and this most sociable meal was soon dispatched. Many saw Mr. Elliott step to a side board and pour out a glass of wine, Mary's heart throbbed, but in an instant she was by his side, and extending her hand, imploringly exclaimed "Give that to me if you please, do not drink it Mr. Elliott."

"Why Mary, what reason can you give, do you wish it for yourself?" said he laughingly.

"It is poison!" she answered.

He thought it but a playful jest, and smiled as he placed it beyond her reach; but as he gazed upon her earnest, and almost tearful face, the truth flashed like lightning through his mind and with an impulsive movement, he dashed the cup to the floor, and left the room. This gesture was unobserved by all save Mary, for the company were adjourning to the next room to hear one of their number play on the piano.

She trembled at the step she had taken—would her beloved Pastor be offended? she could not bear the thought, and oppressed by her feelings, she moved silently to the window that overlooked the lawn; it was a beautiful moonlight evening, and she stood gazing entranced upon the snow robed earth, so placid and gentle, yet gloriously beautiful in its wintry robe, of sparkling ice gems, and glittering frost work, she started, for she saw some one standing beneath the shadow of the leafless elm that stood in part of the mansion. It was he—it was her friend, her noble form bowed, as if stricken by sudden illness, oh, how her heart ached for him, perhaps she had wounded his sensitive spirit,—and she longed to beg his forgiveness for her impulsive words; but he soon returned to the house, and though his face was pale, very pale, it bore a look of determination, of calm resolution it seldom wore.

The hour soon came for retiring, and, as Mary Grey turned to speak the parting words Mr. Elliott pressed her hand, and whispered in a tone that thrilled her heart with joy, "Mary you have saved me."

He was indeed saved, and that night the increase of praise went up from two grateful hearts.

He had never before fully realized his danger, it must be great or it would not have been observed, and his heart warmed toward his young friend, who had so delicately, yet startlingly reminded him of his condition.—The wine cup had no more charms for him, and its ruby nectar sparkled unheeded and untasted.

Years have rolled by, and Rev. Charles Elliott still remains the beloved Pastor and friend of Glenwood. "A word in season, behold how good it is!"

Lucy Stone.

Mrs. Swisshelm's opinion of Miss Stone's abilities as a lecturer, is not very favorable, judging from the following:

"If any woman has the gift of public speaking, she has a right to speak; but we have never yet heard one who displayed any more than ordinary ability in this line. We have never yet heard a woman deliver a speech that would have been more than tolerated from a man, and it does appear to us that in a proper distribution of the world's work, there would be very few women to spare for public speaking. There is a particular propriety in women lecturing to persons of their own sex on the subject of health; but quite a number of men deliver very good lectures on general subjects, and are good for little else. We would be in favor of leaving the profession to them until some woman appears who is so gifted as to take a high position. We should like to see the dispensation of women's right to the forum, established by a female John the Baptist. It is painfully humiliating to see a woman place herself in this position, and then fail to sustain herself triumphantly. We thought less of ourself and less of our sex, and less hopefully of the future, when listening to Miss Stone, and were compelled to acknowledge that if a man had said the same things, in the same way, and in the same place, he would have been hissed."

A Night at a Gaming Table.

AN EPISTLE OF REAL LIFE.

In the year 185—, a party were seated around a table in the social hall of a steamboat on the Mississippi, playing cards. They had played from about nine o'clock in the evening till near midnight. The party consisted of four persons, two were notorious gamblers and the other unsuspecting countrymen, who had been to New Orleans to dispose of produce, and were returning home.—At near midnight one of the countrymen arose from the table, and said to his partner—

"Luck's against us Bob! Might as well try to beat the devil himself as these fellows!"

"Oh, for God's sake don't quit yet!—Give me some chance to get back my money!"

"No use Bob—I'm near busted! Pretty near clean swept out."

Despair seemed written on every lineament of Bob's features when he found that he could not persuade his friend to play.

At last, he said to several who had been watching the game, "won't some of you gentlemen take my partner's place?"

There was a pause for a few minutes—then a young man, scarcely one and twenty, took the vacant seat, saying—

"If you have no objections, I'll try my hand."

"Agreed!" was the reply.

"Here, bar-keeper, give us another pack of cards," said the young man.

Another pack was brought—the stranger opened them and handed them back, saying—

"I want a pack of another color. These are the same color of those they have been playing with. We might as well change the color just for luck."

The gamblers exchanged glances.

Another pack was brought—the game commenced—and the gamblers won. Bob grew uneasy.

"Come, let us double the stakes?" said the stranger, whose turn it was to deal.

"Just as you like," said the gamblers.

The stakes were doubled—and the stranger and his partner won. A gleam of sunshine illumined Bob's countenance. Another game played—Bob and his partner were again successful. The stakes increased—the gamblers lose.

"Bar-keeper, bring us another pack of cards of another color from these," said the stranger who was about to deal.

One of the gamblers looked at his partner, while a dark, despairing frown overspread his features.

Three more games were played, and Bob had retrieved his losses. The stranger again called for another pack of cards. At this one of the gamblers exclaimed—

"No more changing! We play with these!"

"You can play with what you please," replied the young man, as an almost imperceptible simile passed over his features, "but if my partner and myself play, we must have another pack."

Bob looked at his partner, and then at George.

"Stick to what your partner says, Bob.—He's the right stripe and will come out head horse, or I'm a nigger!" exclaimed George slapping Bob on the shoulder.

"I agree to what my partner says," said Bob, in reply to the gambler's looks of enquiry.

The gamblers exchanged looks, and then consented to the arrangement.

Four more games were played, and each time Bob and the stranger won.

It was again the stranger's deal. One of the gamblers watched him closely, and suddenly exclaimed—

"You——young villian! Cheating, are you?"

"Playing with you at your own game. I have watched you all night, and saw you cheat my partner, and his friend. Even now you have got a dozen cards in the sleeves of your coat. I never play on a square with thieves!" replied the stranger, hastily, as a deadly paleness stole over his features.

A knife gleamed in the gambler's hand, and, as the blow aimed at the stranger descended, a dozen cards fell from his sleeve on the table. This was noticed by all the by-standers. The stranger avoided the blow, and with a rapid movement caught the assailant by the throat, giving his cravat a twist—and they both rolled on the floor.

While this was taking place, the spectators prevented the other gambler from interfering, and in the struggle a number of cards dropped from his coat. The social hall was now a scene of confusion.

"Game! clear grit, by thunder!" exclaimed George, as he with others separated the combatants.

The gambler's face and breast were covered with blood, as was also the young stranger's hand.

"Has the white-livered thief stabbed you my young hickory?" said George, as he pulled the young man towards the light.

"No, I guess not."

But the blood dropped fast from the young man's hand, and upon washing off the blood, it was discovered that his right thumb was nearly severed. In the scuffle he succeeded in disarming the gambler, and this probably saved his life. The wound was dressed and bound up, and the stranger returned to the social hall. The gambler, who was chafing with rage, eyed him with a demoniac look, then shaking his fist at him exclaimed—

"I allow no man to call me a thief, and you must give me satisfaction!"

"I'll give you any satisfaction you want, you cowardly cut-throat," was the reply.

"And if you can't I'm the chap that will!" exclaimed George, throwing off his hat and coat.

"Stop my friend, this is my quarrel, and I'll allow no one to take my place in it."

"Good! my young Davy; but that fellow is big enough to swallow you."

"Yes; but may be he can't digest me."

"It wouldn't be a fair fight," interposed several by-standers.

"Well, there is something that nullifies brute force, and places all on an equal footing."

"That's the talk, Davy. You're my man," exclaimed George, slapping the stranger on the back.

"He's right!" said one of the by-standers, a man about forty years old stepping forward.

"The young man is right, and I'm his friend in the matter. It's as clear as day, and the affair can be settled."

This speaker had been a Major in the Texas Revolution, and he led the stranger down the cabin toward his state-room, telling the gambler to have the matters arranged within fifteen minutes. When they reached the state room, the Major said—

"How is it that a person of your age understands so much about cards as to beat these old gamblers?"

"Curiosity led me to study them, but I never play but for amusement. Most, if not all the tricks, I learned of a fellow boarder who had yearly spent a great part of his time at the gaming table. I noticed that those honest countrymen had been swindled, and thought that it would be an act of charity to beat gamblers with their own weapons, and recover the money for my partner and his friend. Every time I noticed the gamblers secrete cards. I call for another pack of cards of a different color; and watched too closely to give them a chance at me in deal. They did not suspect until the finish of our play. You know the rest."

"Pretty good! but do you think you could face that fellow's fire? He is an old hand at the business."

"But he's a coward, or he would not have drawn a knife at me. Yet if it can be avoided, I would rather not meet him. I would not like to sacrifice my own life for so unworthy a person."

"It is too late to back out now."

"Can it be settled?"

"Now! if you refuse to meet him, every one of the witnesses will pronounce you a coward."

"Well, if it must be I suppose it must—I have no weapons."

"Never mind that; I have a pair of dueling pistols, and so if you have any arrangements to make, be about it, for the time is short, and the affair should be settled before it gets noised about the boat. I'll see to other matters."

"Stay! make the distance short."

"Only the breadth of the boat."

So saying the young man went to his own state room, but soon returned and seated himself by a table in the cabin and commenced writing. His face was pale—deadly pale—but there was a fixedness of features, which at once told that his mind was made up. A tear coursed down his cheek as he wrote—but probably that tear was for those far away, yet still to memory dear. Strange thoughts flitted through his mind—so young and yet to stand on the brink of death—to make one fearful plunge into that dark unknown current out into the ocean of eternity, to return home no more. A lifetime passed in review in a moment. Yet the genii said, "Go on—too late!" To die or kill—either was a dreadful reflection. It must be done, and the sooner it is over the better—so reasoned passion, and passion triumphed. When he finished his writing, he gave it to the Major, requesting him to follow the directions which he would find in a note addressed to himself, in case he should fall. Also to give his winnings to George to make up for the loss he had sustained.

Then they went upon the upper deck of the boat. It was a calm still night, the moon shone forth in all its pale splendor. As far as the eye could reach, nothing but forest and water met the gaze. The boat had just rounded for the purpose of wooding; and when she was again under way, the young stranger, his second, and three other persons anxiously awaited the approach of the gambler. Scarcely a word was spoken—none felt disposed to disturb the silence that reigned. Half an hour passed, the gambler came not. It was now suggested that some one should go in search of him. The messenger soon returned and reported that both gamblers had left the boat at the wood yard. When the young man heard this, a fervent "Thank God" escaped his lips, and the party retired to seek repose in sleep.

Napoleon's Grave.

It may not be generally known that for several years preceding the removal to France of the remains of Napoleon, there was kept at the grave, or in the guard house near, at St. Helena, a book for the purpose of registering the names of the visitors to the tomb of the illustrious conqueror.

Such was the case, however, and not a few whose names from time to time have been known to fame, have therein not only left their authographs but in several instances, contributed a line or two of poetry, a sentiment, to the hero of one hundred battles.—Among the most conspicuous of these, stands boldly forth the name of a person, whom for our present purpose we will call John Smith, of Rotten Row, London.

This gentleman, for charity sake, had never in his life before trusted himself beyond the sound of his native "cow-bells," and finding himself among such goodly company, conceived the idea of honoring the dead, with a specimen of his genuis; and undoubtedly feeling for a moment, that the whole weight of the talent and liberality of feeling of the John Bull nation, was vested in his proper person, after scratching his head and racking his brain, produced the following beautiful, pathetic, and patriotic effusion:

Bunny was a great mum, a soldier brave and true,
And Wellington he licked him on the field of Waterloo.

The next gentleman who wrote his name, was apparently so thoroughly disgusted with his countryman's want of modesty and common decency, that he placed his signature on the opposite page—thereby leaving a large space unoccupied, and informing such as might follow him, that he had no connection with, and repudiated the "concern over the way." Time passed on, and no one seemed desirous of sharing the glory with John Smith, by filling the space, until a Yankee whale ship dropped anchor in the harbor, and the skipper, (as was customary with many of his class) went up to the register for the purpose of seeing who of his acquaintances had been recently in the port, and his eye by chance alighted on Mr. Smith's effort, he very coolly added the following:

But Washington was a great man, and tougher than shoeleather;
And just about the only man, who could lick them both together.

If any of our readers doubt the truth of the above, they can satisfy themselves by referring to the book at St. Helena; or if it should not be kept there now, they will undoubtedly ascertain what has become of it.

☞ The selfishness of man can be seen everywhere; even on the Tomb stones

The Evening Hearthstone.

Gladly now we gather round it,
For the toiling day is done,
And the gray and solemn twilight,
Follows down the golden sun;
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wander past the dusky casement,
Creep around the fire-lit room,
Draw the curtains!—close the shutters!
Place the slippers by the fire!
Though the rude wind loudly mutters,
What care we for the wind-sprites ire.

What care we for our outward seeming?
Fickle Fortune's frown or smile,
If around us love is beaming,
Love can human ills beguile!
'Neath the cottage roof and palace,
From the peasant to the King,
All are quaffing from life's chalice,
Bubbles that enchantment bring.
Grates are glowing—music flowing
From the lips we love the best,
Oh, the joy—the bliss—of knowing
There are hearts whereon to rest!

Hearts that throb with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo to our own—
While from care and haunting sadness
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.
Care may tread the halls of Daylight—
Sadness haunt the midnight hour—
But the wierd and witching Twilight
Brings the glowing Hearthstone dower
Altar of our holiest feelings!
Childhood's well remembered shrine,
Spirit yearning—soul-revealings,
Wreaths immortal round thee twine.

Susq'a Co. Teachers' Institute.

The Susq'a Co. Teachers' Institute met pursuant to notice in the Chapel at Harford University on Monday evening, Nov. 13, 1854. The president took the chair and called the Institute to order, and opened the exercises with prayer. There being no one of the lecturers present who were expected from abroad, the President was called upon and proceeded to address the Institute in an able and interesting manner upon the responsibilities of teachers, and gave his experience in the Common School Teacher's capacity:—Said he considered government an important requisite in a teacher. He had met with many trying cases, and always found that the first thing necessary was to govern himself—never punish a child rashly or when in anger,—better let a night pass between the committal of the deed and the infliction of punishment, and take care to sleep soundly too, that you may be the better prepared to coolly and candidly discharge your duty to the offender.—He was listened to with attention and interest, at times being grave, then convulsing the audience with laughter by some happy reference.

Prof. W. Richardson was then called upon—said he was happy to see so large a number of the teachers of Susquehanna County in attendance upon the Institute. They have heretofore borne the reputation of being among the most intelligent and able class of teachers in the State, and this unusually large gathering only [illegible] established fact. They are noted for free and independent thought, uncontrolled by mere book authority, as such; which of itself has done much toward giving them the reputation they now enjoy.

He had heard it remarked that we were behind New York in our educational system and mode of preparing teachers, but he tho't it was not so from all he could learn of the Institute and Teachers, said he would like to hear from some one who had been at Institutes, and was acquainted with their doings &c.

B. F. Tewksbury was then called upon and said, he had been charged with attending an Institution in New York, and he plead guilty to the charge, but hoped they would defer sentence till he had been fairly heard. So far as he was acquainted he could say that some of the schools of New York were very good, but New York, like all other States, had many schools that were very poor; but this proved, he was not ready to condemn the New York Common School system and her schools. He did not think, as a general thing, that the teachers of New York were taught to think and reason for themselves independent of book authority, as much as in Susq'a Co. and there are few places where they are, hence the reputation of our teachers. We *export* teachers while other counties *import* them. Nearly half of our teachers are annual exiles, and almost the first question that falls upon the ear of the itinerant as he travels south, is, "did you come from Susq. Co.?" Gave his experience in teaching; always told his scholars that there were those who never wrote books, as learned as those who had; taught his scholars to reason for themselves, and took every method in his power to bring out thought, &c.

Rev. L. Richardson was then solicited, to take charge of the department of Mathematics, on Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock, provided Prof. Stoddard did not arrive meanwhile. Prof. W. Richardson to take charge of Grammar, Orthography, and Reading, and M. S. Town to have charge of Geography.

Tuesday Morning, 8 *o'clock*.—President Richardson took up Mathematics. Said it was necessary to have a definite idea attached to a particular definition, especially in Mathematics. To illustrate, when we speak of a farm we do not mean to be understood as having reference to a particular house, barn, meadow, or garden, taken separately, but to all of them combined. When we teach a child to count, we must let him know the application of the abstract characters, that he may attach some ideas to them. Be sure you teach him to think and reason for himself. If we look abroad in community, we will find the most marked difference in persons to be that some draw their own conclusions, while others take conclusions already drawn. Should explain to pupils how the value of figures depends upon their location; gave examples &c. Spoke of Fractions; how considered by early authors &c. that they had been for years gradually coming from the last, to the first part of the book. Illustrated how they could best be taught, &c.

Prof. W. Richardson took up Grammar.—Said he would not teach books only, there is a written and unwritten Grammar, and the written if taught correctly, would point to the unwritten. All grammars are fallible—do not take the grammar as an infallible guide, but only an assistant. Authors should have our respect, but not our individual confidence. Took some exercises in parsing, &c.

M. S. Town, conducted the exercises in Geography upon outline Maps according to Pelton's system, &c.

Afternoon Session.—Prof. W. Richardson took up Orthography; asked the members many questions—gave some examples, and conducted it, throughout in such a manner as to render it very interesting, and instructive. During the exercises Dr. Samuel A. Richardson of New Hampshire came in and at the close of a department, he was called to the stand, introduced to the Institute, and greeted with almost unbounded enthusiasm. He spoke for a few moments in a happy and humorous manner, and like a good Musician touched the many and varied keys with wonderful accuracy, proving most admirably that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole loaf."—He left them convulsed with laughter, aroused in spirit, and feeling much better than before he addressed them.

Prof. W. Richardson then took up Reading, said he considered good reading a most important accomplishment in a teacher. He knew of no branch so poorly taught in the Common Schools as this; Thought the rules laid down by Prof's. Porter, Parker, and Sanders, for reading direct and indirect questions &c. somewhat erroneous! Tho't Prof. Mandeville most correct in this respect. Marked out some examples on the blackboard for exercise, asked the Institute to read an extract from one of Mrs. Caudle's lectures: Thought it was read very well, &c.

Evening Session.—Dr. Samuel A. Richardson delivered a lecture on the subject of CHANGE. It is almost wholly impossible to give any one not present, any adequate conception of this novel and instructive production. Its richness of thought and beauty of language and imagery, made a deep and lasting impression upon all present, and voices were unanimous in its praise. As introductory he remarked that he had seen the babe in all its lovely innocence, folded on its mother's bosom—had watched its gradual development till it reached the period of childhood's charms—thence to active manhood, when it rejoiced in the fullness of its strength and agility—then pass along the rugged paths of time, gathering one by one the deep furrows on the once rounded cheek; exchanging the raven for the hoary locks, the nimble footsteps, for the measured tread—and at last this once lovely, blushing, God-like being, hurried, by the press of advancing years and groaning under the weight of decrepit age, beyond the bounds of time. This picture had suggested to him the subject of the address which he now proposed to read to the auditory.

Just as Dr. Richardson was closing his address, Prof. J. F. Stoddard of Wayne county, came in and was heartily welcomed by the Institute. He was called upon the stand, and in a beautiful and eloquent manner, spoke of the necessity for Teachers' Institute, their influence upon the profession, and their adaptation to the teacher's wants. Also spoke of the lack of thoro' instruction in our schools at present, but thought everything foretold "a better day coming."

The subject of "which exerts the greatest influence upon the child, the mother or teacher," was then taken up and briefly discussed by several members of the Institute.

Wednesday Morning Session.—8 o'clock.—Prof. Stoddard said, in teaching Mathematics, he taught principles and not rules.—There are few who are intimately acquainted with Arithmetic. Their imperfect knowledge is easily traced to the imperfect mode of teaching; the pupils are hurried through the book without acquiring knowledge of principles. Arithmetical problems should not be solved by the machinery of rules, but by the employment of plain, reasoning common sense. If he had not so frequently seen it, he could hardly be brought to believe that a scholar could *do* all the problems in a large Arithmetic from memory alone, and not once, during the whole process, appeal to the reasoning powers. This is not as it should be. Such a mode of study is very detrimental to the pupil; for as soon as he is drawn from the track he has beaten, he is lost, the simplest problem being sufficient to puzzle him. He then solved some problems, and required the class to do the same. He impressed upon the Institute by practical demonstration the necessity of correct discipline of mind in thinking and reasoning. His remarks were highly interesting and instructive.

Prof. Stoddard then took up Grammar, and made some very appropriate remarks in regard to the study, urging the necessity of systematic order in pursuing it, and also required the Institute to parse several examples.

M. S. Town then took his stand by Pelton's splendid outline maps, and gave us a pleasant exercise of the vocal organs in the way of chanting Geography, which served to enliven the members and add to the zest of the exercises.

Afternoon Session.—After the exercises in Orthography and Reading, which passed off with their usual interest and benefit, being interspersed with much valuable instruction by Profs. Richardson and Stoddard, a recess of half an hour was taken by unanimous consent; then came introductions, social chats, a casting off of all undue restraint upon the risible muscles, and a commingling of all the members generally—and when the time arrived for quiet and labor, all agreed in saying that the time had been very agreeably spent.

Dr. Richardson then took the stand and delivered a lecture on the Osseous or Bony system of Man, treating the subject in a masterly manner, and leading the minds of the auditory to reflect on the vast importance of a well directed knowledge of Physiology, to persons in all avocations of life, and especially to the teacher.

Prof. W. Richardson made some worthy and appropriate remarks on the character of teachers, and the necessity of their having an unblemished reputation.

Evening Session.—Prof. J. F. Stoddard addressed the Institute at length upon the subject of school government. He said, first govern yourself, be kind, gentlemanly and courteous, be thoroughly and earnestly interested in the welfare of your pupils,—show them that you have regard for your feelings,—place confidence in them—give them to understand that they have a character to sustain—govern them by the power of kindness. Corporeal punishment should not be resorted to until demanded by peculiar circumstances and the strictest necessity. Gave several instances where kindness had reclaimed the individual when corporeal punishment had failed.

Dr. S. A. Richardson then delivered another of his course of lectures on Physiology, treating of the [illegible] system, its formation, &c. He dwelt upon it with attention and ability, and gave entire satisfaction to his hearers.

Thursday Morning, 8 *o'clock*.—Prof. Stoddard said he could hardly tell where to commence or where to close his remarks on Arithmetic; he could but glance at it, at best, in the short time now remaining, and must leave the rest to teachers at their leisure. He then gave some examples illustrating concise and beautiful principles, which were given at length in his Books.

A bundle of Stoddard's Arithmetics sent to the Institute by the publishers, Lamport, Blakeman & Law, of New York, to be sold to teachers for examination, were now presented, and in a few moments all had vanished, and not one half of those who desired were supplied. Dr. S. A. Richardson was also busy during the recess distributing the works of Dr. Calvin Cutter and Mrs. E. P. Cutter, treating of Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene, and the result indicated that the Dr., too, had misjudged the appetite of the Institute, for in a short time all of the liberal supply which he brought had disappeared, and still there was call for more.

Prof. Stoddard spoke in explanation of some principles found in his books, to aid teachers in their examination of them.

Prof. W. Richardson then spoke of the necessity of having something for the small scholars in school to do. He said that teachers were commonly required to perform the difficult task of teaching to do *nothing*, which most teachers found to be an unpleasant business; and he thought to give them a slate and pencil, and a Juvenile Arithmetic, then let them manage their own "accounts" as far as may be with propriety, would be decidedly an improvement upon the general system. There is far more mismanagement in the manner of educating small children, than in that of larger and more advanced scholars. Some remedy should be applied—let teachers look well to this part of their task.

Prof. W. Richardson took up Grammar and proceeded with the definitions and explanations in a very critical and accurate manner.

Prof. Stoddard took up Geography, and said that the reason why children were no oftener interested in this study, was because of the very inappropriate manner in which it is generally taught. He would never spoil an elevating and comprehensive idea, by whittling it down to the capacity of a child, but would endeavor to expand the pupil's mind till it was ready to receive it in all its beauty and nobleness. Tell a child how the earth keeps its place—how a person can stand upon its surface—illustrate with a magnet and needle—illustrate the form of the earth and its situation of countries upon an apple or some familiar object—give all definitions a comprehensive explanation, but never spoil the idea you intend to convey. He would have pupils taught drawing while studying Geography, and require them to draw the outlines of all the natural and political divisions upon the black-board. In this manner their lessons would be thoroughly impressed upon their minds, and a knowledge the relative size, situation and shape of countries gained, which could be obtained in no other way.

Afternoon Session.—Dr. B. Richardson of Brooklyn, Pa., took the stand and addressed the Institute upon the subject of teaching the art of writing. He showed that the elementary strokes necessary to form letters were few and simple, that scholars should learn these, and bear in mind that there is, or should be a mathematical exactness in the form and proportion of the different parts of letters.—His remarks were very instructive and entertaining to the audience.

Mental Arithmetic.—Prof. Stoddard said in teaching mental Arithmetic he would require the pupils to stand up and go through the solution aloud, and be careful to have them tell the whole process,—have no running across the corners—allow them to have no books in the class—and read the question to them but once. This course will tend to strengthen their memories, and produce a habit of close, regular and systematic thinking and reasoning which will be invaluable to the pupil. It is very frequently the case that ladies who complain of having very bad memories, can remember the kind of ribbon upon the bonnets which their acquaintances wore at church last Sabbath, or last year.—This is probably because their attention is earnestly directed to that particular point; and the same earnestness directed to other subjects would produce the same effect.

Recess of half an hour.

Dr. S. A. Richardson then delivered a lecture on digestion. He imparted much valuable instruction, which we would be glad to give at length, but our memories and time are insufficient to properly arrange it.

An exercise in chanting Geography closed the labors of the afternoon.

Evening Session.—Prof. Stoddard delivered an address to Parents and Teachers.—This address being in manuscript is handed in for publication.

Dr. S. A. Richardson then delivered his fifth lecture on Physiology, treating of the circulation of the blood, &c. He gave much valuable information as to how *life could be saved* many times when accidents occur, which is lost for want of proper knowledge on the part of those who happen to be present. This lecture was highly interesting.

After the lecture a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the Institute was called for and the following persons appointed; S. W. Tewksbury, A. J. Gerritson and Julius Tyler. Ordered to report on Friday evening.

Friday Morning.—*Arithmatic*.—Professor Stoddard made a few brief remarks, and gave many examples and illustrations involved in the application of the principles he had previously given. His labors before the Institute well sustained the reputation he has as one of the most thorough and able teachers.

Prof. S. being now called upon to speak of the School Law, said:—The greater part of the opposition to the present School Law, was caused by the introduction of the office of County Superintendent; but he had been led by mature reflection upon all interests involved and its bearing upon them, to give it his sanction as a wise and just measure. He tho't it would awaken an interest and give a thoroughness and efficiency to the system of public instruction which would not be realized in its absence. There was some features of the law which failed to meet his approbation. He tho't that requiring the Directors to devote so much of their time to the promotion of public interests without due com-

Concluded on Fourth Page.