

# The Montrose Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

Chase & Day, Proprietors.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, January 12, 1854.

Volume 11, Number 2.

## Select Poetry.

**The Use of Flowers.**  
Sweet human flowers of passing loveliness  
Bloom on life's pathway to its celestial splendour:  
God had them, grow, the pilgrim's soil to bless:  
Use them not roughly—they are frail and tender!

Thou blakest one, to wear upon thy breast:  
To cheer the fragrance is its ever-breathing;  
Of cheerfulness thy bosom's nest;  
Its fragrant tendrils round thy heart-strings  
wrestling!

Twirl flourish early in the light of smiles,  
And from such smiles healthful vigor leavens;  
To smile in turn with soft enchanting willows,  
Thy mind, when darkened by a cloud of sor-  
row.

Let not the cold winds of unkindly skies  
Chill its warm beauty, lest it droop and languish;  
And though thou water it with streaming eyes,  
No life returns to cheer thee in thine anguish!

Showering the sweets of truth and constant love,  
On all thy dear ones, make life ever verdant;  
Untill transplanted they shall bloom above,  
With brighter hues, unfolding and eternal.

## Historical Sketch.

### MARSHAL NEY.

BY J. T. HEADLY.

The blazing towers of Moscow, the turning point of Napoleon's invasion and his fortune, have scarcely crumbled to ashes before the faded army turn their faces homeward. We should like to be made acquainted with the conversations of Napoleon and Ney as they sat together in the Kremlin, and talked over the disastrous issue they had met, and the only way of escape from total annihilation. The fiery and impetuous harangues of the former and the blunt characteristic replies of the latter, while the crackling of the flames and the falling of columns and walls without were borne to their ears must have been in the highest degree dramatic. From the day of the battle of Borodino, the French army was more protracted than the uproar of the storm, Ney was appointed to cover the retreat; and this act of Napoleon alters more distinctly his opinion of that marshal's generalship than language can do. The whole history of Ney's conduct during that memorable retreat seems to be nothing more than a series of errors and blunders. The march was made in the most inexpedient manner, and would not have been successful had it not been for the presence of the evidence was not incontestible. With a more judicious march he placed himself between the French and Russian armies, and by his incredible energy, desperate valor, and unshaken courage, saved a portion of that host which would otherwise have been totally annihilated. That retreat alone would make him immortal. With all the faults found among either the French or allied forces during the whole of the campaign, Ney's conduct could accomplish what Ney performed in that memorable fight. Had he fallen we believe Bonaparte would have fallen also, and the former really saved the army, which the latter never could have done. Without provisions, almost without arms, he battled the well-armed and countless legions of Russia back from his beloved emperor—and over the winter fields of snow, and amid the driving storm with a heart untrammelled and a will unshaken, he hovered like a protecting spirit around the divided and flying ranks of his countrymen. The soldiers, exhausted and despairing, threw their muskets from them into the snow-drifts, and lay down by thousands to die. Cold, hunger, and fatigue-struck, this host of an army struggled on through the deep snow, with nothing but the tall pine waving and roaring mournfully in the blast for landmarks to the glazing eye, while an enraged and well-disciplined army was pressing in the rear. Clouds of ravens, whose dark wings glared like spirits through the snow-filled air, croaked over the falling columns, while troops of dogs, that had followed the army from Moscow, fell on the prostrate forms before life was wholly extinct. The storm howled by the soldiers' ears at night in the snow to rest, man to rise no more, while the morning sun, if it shone at all, looked cold and dimly through the flying clouds of a northern sky. There were long intervals when not a word or trumpet note broke the stillness of the straggling legions. On the rear of such an army, and in sight of such horrors, did Ney combat. Nothing but a spirit unconquerable as fire itself could have sustained him, or kept alive the flagging courage of his troops. Stumbling every moment over the dead bodies of their comrades who had marched but a few hours in advance of them, thousands threw away their arms in despair, and wandered off into the wilderness, or died with cold, or by the hands of the Cossacks. Yet Ney kept up a firm hand around him, that all the power of Russia could not conquer. Now ordering his march with the skill of a general, and now with a musket in hand fighting like a common soldier, the moral force of his example accomplished what authority alone never could have done. At length, the brave and heroic commander seemed to have reached the crisis of his fate, and there was no escape from the doom that hung over him. The Russians had finally placed themselves between the French army and that rear-guard now divided to a few thousand. Ignorant of his danger, Ney was leading his columns through a dense fog to the banks of the Lososna, on which were stretched the dead bodies of his countrymen, when a battery of forty cannon suddenly poured a destructive storm of grape-shot into the very heart of his ranks. The next moment, the light before him on either side opened fire with dense columns of infantry and artillery. Ney had done all that man could do, and here his career seemed about to close. He was ordered to capitulate. He replied, "A marshal of France never surrenders," and closing his columns marched upon the batteries. Vain valor. His noble and devoted followers proved themselves worthy of their heroic leader, but after a loss of half their number they were compelled to retire. Finding the army gradually extending itself on every side to him in, he returned back towards Smolensk for an hour, then, forming a body of four thousand men, turned round towards the Dnieper. Having reached the town in safety, he arranged his fragments of an army so as to march over the ice at a moment's warning, and then waited three hours

before crossing to allow the weak and wounded stragglers to come in. Pressed by the most appalling dangers he still yielded to the dictates of mercy. There on the banks of the frozen river, and during this time of intense anxiety, did this strange indomitable man lie down with his martial cloak around him and sleep. Bonaparte, far in advance, struggling forward on foot with a birch stick in his hand to keep him from falling on the ice, surrounded by his few exhausted yet faithful followers, was pressed with anxiety for the fate of Ney—his now last remaining hope. But the marshal, with only three thousand men, had still a wilderness between him and his emperor, and that wilderness was filled with Cossacks; for sixty miles he struggled with his weary columns amid six thousand of these wild warriors. At one time they got in advance of him, and fell unexpectedly upon his advanced posts, which were immediately driven in, and all was given up as lost. Ney ordered the trumpets to sound the charge and with the cheering words, "Comrades now is the moment; forward they are ours," rallied their courage to the assault, and the Cossacks fled. Thinking their general saw what they did not see, and that the enemy were cut off, the soldiers pressed forward where otherwise they would have yielded and fled. At length, with only three hundred men out of the forty thousand with which he had started, he arrived near Orcha, and near the French army. When Bonaparte heard of it, he exclaimed, "I have three hundred millions in my coffers in the Tuileries, I would willingly have given them to save Marshal Ney." Will he might, and half his empire with it, for without him he had been a throneless emperor.

The meeting of Bonaparte and his brave marshal shows the profound impression on the conduct of the latter had made on him. As his eye fell on the worn yet still proud unconquerable veteran, he exclaimed, "What a man, what a soldier!" But words failed to express his admiration, and he clasped the stern warrior to his bosom and embraced him with all the rapture one hero embraces another.

But Ney's exhausting efforts were not yet over. Bonaparte dared not relieve him from his dangerous and important post. Though the rest of the army had melted away again and again under his command, he still retained his ranks, and presented the same determined front to the enemy. At the awful passage of the Beresina, he stood again between the army and destruction. At length, the scattered remnants of the French Legions reached the Niemen, the boundary of the Russian territory. Ney arrived destitute of troops—the remnants had again melted away. Collecting in haste a few hundred men, whom he found in the town (Wilna), he planted twenty-four cannon on the riverbanks, and kept back the enemy all day, while the army was retreating. The next morning, he continued his defence, but the soldiers, seeing their comrades bending their footsteps towards France, and away from the bullets of the Russians, began to follow after, till he was left almost alone. Still true to his duty, he continued to cover the retreat of the army, and so of the day, he saved the Russian bat-er, playing in the hottest of the fire the popular air, "Ou put on ta robe rouge qu'on a de famille." It was the "unconquerable guard."

From eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon, the battle had raged, while victory perched on neither standard. The heavy French cavalry had charged the English squares in vain. Jerome, Bonaparte's last son, with four hundred men, around Hougomont, the centre of the English line, had not yet been broken. Bonaparte took the rash and desperate resolution of bringing his entire reserve into the field, and with one awful charge broke through the centre, and prevented the threatened junction of the two armies. For this purpose he called up the Old Guard, and placing himself at their head, increased down the slope, and, halting in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, vehement manner. He told them everything rested on their valour. They answered with the shout, "Vive l'empereur!" that was heard all along the British line. He then placed them under Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew that he could not carry that guard so far, nor hold them so long before the artillery, as Ney. The moral power Ney carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being the "bravest of the brave," was worth a whole battalion. Whenever a column, slain in their head, they knew that it was to be victor or annihilated. With the exception of Macdonald, we do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the very face of destruction as he. The whole epic of the struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thromes were falling on the unsuspecting field, and the shadows of night hung fitfully through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith, now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to put Europe on one bold throw. He com-

mitted himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. We at most appalling dangers he still yielded to the dictates of mercy. There on the banks of the frozen river, and during this time of intense anxiety, did this strange indomitable man lie down with his martial cloak around him and sleep. Bonaparte, far in advance, struggling forward on foot with a birch stick in his hand to keep him from falling on the ice, surrounded by his few exhausted yet faithful followers, was pressed with anxiety for the fate of Ney—his now last remaining hope. But the marshal, with only three thousand men, had still a wilderness between him and his emperor, and that wilderness was filled with Cossacks; for sixty miles he struggled with his weary columns amid six thousand of these wild warriors. At one time they got in advance of him, and fell unexpectedly upon his advanced posts, which were immediately driven in, and all was given up as lost. Ney ordered the trumpets to sound the charge and with the cheering words, "Comrades now is the moment; forward they are ours," rallied their courage to the assault, and the Cossacks fled. Thinking their general saw what they did not see, and that the enemy were cut off, the soldiers pressed forward where otherwise they would have yielded and fled. At length, with only three hundred men out of the forty thousand with which he had started, he arrived near Orcha, and near the French army. When Bonaparte heard of it, he exclaimed, "I have three hundred millions in my coffers in the Tuileries, I would willingly have given them to save Marshal Ney." Will he might, and half his empire with it, for without him he had been a throneless emperor.

## Miscellaneous.

### How to Keep or Regain Health.

N. P. Willis, who was supposed, eighteen months ago, to be far gone in consumption, and who has since almost entirely recovered his health, attributes the beneficial change principally to fresh air, careful diet, and exercise. On the point apparently of dying, he removed to the Highlands, and began to ride daily on horseback and work in the open air. The result was a perceptible improvement, which has continued for more than a year, and which has altogether freed him from disease. For part of this time he lived in a rude farm-house, while his cottage was being erected, and though the cold rooms, full of draughts, irritated his lungs while in-doors, he obtained relief by working with his axe in the open air. Occasionally, after participating in parties or rich games, he was worse; but a return to the open air, accompanied with exercise, soon restored him. In a cutting north-west wind brought back bleeding at the lungs, and others of his old symptoms. Since his return to his cottage, however, and his resumption of his outdoor life in the country, he has entirely recovered, and considers himself in better health than he has enjoyed for years.

Mr. Willis lays particular stress on horseback exercise. He has ourselves known physicians to advise it in what was apparently a last stage of consumption. Under our personal observation, it has proved to be exceedingly beneficial to many persons, especially those of a nervous organization, or others to whom the exercise of walking was onerous. Mr. Willis notices the fact, also, that the best English physicians recommend it as more conducive to health than any other mode of exercise. In truth, riding on horseback calls into play nearly all the muscles of the body, besides stimulating a torpid liver, and removing the strain on the spine caused by walking. It unites, moreover, recreation with exercise, a necessary mixture of the exercise is to be made pleasurable, and exercise which is not pleasurable, runs great risk of not being persisted in, and not doing as much good as it should. But, if possible, the ride should be in the open air. Mr. Willis rides daily, from eight to ten miles, whether in his daily or on his horse. Many invalids, especially ladies, consequently ride under cover, or at riding schools, or in rings kept up by subscription. But though exercise is thus secured, the fresh air is lost in a great measure, and the fresh air is half the battle.

Indeed, but a little of the prevailing illness, especially in great cities and among persons of sedentary employments, should be attributed to a neglect of fresh air. People who are shut up, during the summer months, in close and ill-ventilated rooms, or confined, during winter, in apartments where the thermometer ranges from seventy to eighty, and where their perspiration is carefully closed against the access of fresh air, cannot but expect, if they have common sense, to weaken their systems, if not to seriously impair their health. The food of the lungs is air. If that air is inhaled in its natural condition, it gives the proper substance to the lungs; but if it is mixed with deleterious substances, such as

suffer. Or, to put the case in still another aspect, good blood can only be made out of good air. If, therefore, the air inhaled is mixed with carbonic acid gas, the blood immediately becomes more or less impure. Every person who has suffered a vertigo, or even a headache, while sitting in a crowded, badly ventilated church, has experienced these symptoms from having been poisoned, as it were, by impure air. Anybody who has felt the exhilaration of a breezy hill-side in the country, can bear testimony to the invigorating effects of fresh air. The human lungs were never made to be shut up, day by day, in close apartments. They were there as effectually as plants excluded from light, the only difference being that they do it slower, because having more vitality.

We have no doubt that a large proportion of the delicate females, with which all our cities are filled, owe their ill-health to a neglect of exercise and fresh air. Take the daughter of a family in good circumstances, who has been brought up as if she were a princess, in close apartments. They will there as effectually as plants excluded from light, the only difference being that they do it slower, because having more vitality.

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### Duties of Educated Women.

The education of women, like that of men, should tend to prepare them for their duties; the difference of their employment will, however, be the chief element of difference. It is the duty of woman to educate her children, to bring up a virtuous man, and to give the boys until a certain age, and the girls until they are married. How much wisdom is requisite to manage the mind and disposition of each child, so as to guide their intellects, manage their humors; to anticipate the effects of their growing passions; and to rectify their errors. How much prudence should a mother have in order to maintain her control over her children, without losing their friendship and respect. A mother of a family ought to possess a religious, mature, firm mind, acquainted with the human heart. St. Paul attaches such importance to the education of children, that he says it is "by the mothers of the children of Israel saved." It is not at all to be wondered if, in order to educate their children well, to do this, it would be necessary to enter into an entire detail of their studies, but we must not omit the subject of economy. When comes a mother to neglect it, and think it improper only for the lower classes; they young especially who are brought up in idleness and indolence, disdain the detail of domestic life. It is nevertheless the duty of the mother to be economical, and to instruct her children in this art. This mind is of low order which can only speak well, and cannot act well; we often meet with women who are wise in their maxims, yet are nevertheless, as very friends in their conduct.

### Public Opinion.

It is Emerson, I think, who has said no one need be at all troubled lest the public will not place a right estimate upon his character and abilities; but that all men are sooner or later found out.

Few truer sayings have perhaps, ever been uttered than these. You need not think that false pretensions, or a show of false light, will ever be thereby gaining the public eye. No, not a bit of it; the public—these Argus eyes—is not to be great a fool as you may think it to be. You may talk loudly and learnedly, you may affect benevolence, and all the known world—you may put forth a specious show of wealth and importance, or don a gloss of seeming affability and fondness—but unless you really have all these things, it is of no sort of use. This minister of truth, that you are hereby gaining you through and through, and weighed you in the balance, and found you wanting, and henceforth it is "all day" with you.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" asked a Dutch justice.

"Not guilty," answered the accused.

Notes.—Will be sold next Monday, viz. a week, you silver spoon, you musical instrument, and you silver.

### William R. King.

Remarks of Gen. Cass in the U. S. Senate upon the announcement of the death of Wm. R. King, late Vice President of the United States.

MR. PRESIDENT:—Again has death invaded the high places of our land, and has taken from us a citizen distinguished by his talents, his worth and his services, and enjoying the confidence and affection of his countrymen. In the Providence of God, these visitations come to warn us that none are exempt from the decree that, "Life we are in the midst of death," and that "be ye also ready," is a solemn admonition announced to us from the Cradle to the grave, by the mighty and the lowly as they successively fall before the great destroyer. The lesson is the more impressive, the higher is the position, and the more impressive, the more eminent the character of him whose departure we may be called upon to mourn, and when one who occupied the second station in our country is summoned to his duties in this life, to the responsibilities of that which is to come as the loss is a national one, the manifestation of public sympathy and the acknowledgement of the public grief should be national also. Our lamented friend, the late Vice President, has been taken from us, full of years indeed and of honors, but in the midst of his usefulness; and when just prepared to enter upon the high career to which he had been called by the American people. Upon this occasion, I desire to do little more than to express those sentiments of affectionate regard with which an acquaintance of many years had inspired me, leaving to others who have this day well fulfilled the task, to present those features of his character and services, which endeared him to his countrymen in life, and will endear to them his memory, now that the scenes of his life are closed upon him. His career was eminently useful and fortunate, and in the whole range of American statesmen there are few indeed to whom our youth can better look when seeking models of imitation and encouragement, than to William R. King. Firm but courteous, frank and fearless, of high honor and irreproachable morals, he brought a vigorous intellect and varied and extensive information to the public councils; and the ripe fruit of his experience, joined to those qualities, gave conviction to his opinions and authority to his example. We always heard him with attention, for he elucidated every subject he investigated, and brought to our discussions the stores of his knowledge and experience with a manner as unassuming as it was elevating.

While living in the State in which he so long resided, and which had given him so many proofs of confidence and affection, he loved also our common country, and at home and abroad proved himself the true patriot, the able and faithful citizen. In all the relations of private life he was loved and honored, as well from the amity of his manner as from the kindness of his heart, and in the social circle he was the very model of the accomplished gentleman. For almost half a century, he was connected with many of the great events which marked that long and stirring period, and he proved himself equal to all the circumstances in which he was placed, sustaining himself with signal ability among men whose names are written in imperishable characters upon the history of our country. But better than all this, he was a sincere Christian, adding another to the long list of our countrymen who have searched the gospel of Jesus, and have found it the will and the word of God. In which during his last illness, when the world and the things of the world were fast fading before him, he found hope and consolation in the promises of the Saviour, and calmly surveying the approach of death, he looked behind his power to the glorious immortality promised to the true believer. The places that know him will know him no more, but though dead, his memory is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and there it will live, honored and cherished, long after all these who are now taking part in this tribute to his worth shall have followed in the journey, where for a brief space he has preceded us through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

### A Leaf of Memory Lost.

An old man's memory is a queer place—indeed, it resembles an old-fashioned garret, full of odds and ends of the past; the rubbish of today, but the riches of yesterday.

In conversation yesterday with an old man, who has passed a long and useful life, and with whom now it is Indian summer, we were impressed with a remark he incidentally made. He had seen the opening of new security springs; at first, the writers came and by and by, by indolent snobs, they were flung in the gutter, and the writers of the past were left to rot. He said, "I have seen the opening of new security springs; at first, the writers came and by and by, by indolent snobs, they were flung in the gutter, and the writers of the past were left to rot. He said, 'I have seen the opening of new security springs; at first, the writers came and by and by, by indolent snobs, they were flung in the gutter, and the writers of the past were left to rot.'

Those few words, indeed, contain a world of meaning. He did miss the other leaf from his memory's tablet. Two pair of eyes had but one rainbow, but one pair beheld it now. Two hearts had lived over one heart; the past was remembered in an imperfectly now. Who would a man's life little thread extended, and he should be compelled to take up the words and say, "I miss somebody to help me remember."

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### School House Dedication.

BY REV. H. D. MOORE.

Let others wake the beautiful strain  
To sanctify the temple here;  
And bow before the gorgeous fan;  
To pay their worship there;  
But we will raise a nobler song,  
The song of Freedom's hand;  
And sing, while joy the strains prolong—  
The School House of the land!

Let myriad serfs in other lands,  
Adore the conqueror's name;  
And rear aloft with slavish hands,  
The monumental fame—  
But we will rear with honest toil,  
The School House—fruit of Freedom's soil,  
Our Country's pride and boast!

Go, ask of kings to toll you o'er,  
The story of their fame!  
With all the noise of battle-  
Has died away their name.  
But ask, O sons! whose fathers bled  
The price of their life, to see  
Their shades, with meekness will lead,  
To where the School House stands!

Hail! School House: Temple of the Free!  
The shrine where Freedom be held!  
The bulwark of our Liberty—  
Do thou our homes defend,  
And shield our rivers from wrong,  
And hold us from the land—  
Let every heart awake the song—  
"Now let the School House stand!"

### Educational.

#### Susquehanna County Teachers Association.

Pursuant to notice a large number of Teachers convened at the Court House in Montrose, Dec. 31, 1853, for the purpose of effecting the permanent organization of a society to be known by the title of the "Susquehanna County Teachers' Association."

The meeting was called, to order by S. T. Scott of Bridgewater, who, on motion of S. G. Barker, was unanimously chosen Chairman. On motion of E. McKenzie, B. F. Tewksbury of Brooklyn was chosen Secretary. The Secretary having taken his seat, the meeting proceeded to select a committee to draft and present a constitution.

On motion of S. G. Barker, Messrs. C. W. Deans, E. McKenzie, J. Jameson, and Geo. McKenzie were selected as such committee and retired. During the absence of the committee the meeting was addressed by the chairman and several others in an able and satisfactory manner, and much good nature, interest, and enthusiasm, were exhibited by both speakers and audience. The committee now gave notice that they were ready to report through their chairman, C. W. Deans.

The Constitution was then read, as drafted by the committee, and the meeting proceeded to consider it. After a short session of deliberation, during which, some amendments were made to the original draft.

The following Preamble and Constitution were unanimously adopted.

Preamble.—Whereas, the proper education of youth is, and ought to be an object of paramount interest and importance with every true philanthropist, furnishing the surest safeguard against the dissemination of those vicious practices, and giving to succeeding generations men and women that shall be ornaments to the domestic circle, lights in the path of virtue; and a blessing to the world.

And Whereas, the common school teacher, the proper medium through which this education is to be transmitted, is (in this country at least) in a condition, mentally, far below what it should be, and that, by neglecting, performing, in many cases what he terms the drudgery of the school room, as he would account himself of the most menial task merely for the consideration.

### Thoughts for the Young.

The possession of high estimable principles signifies but little, unless they are employed for the advantage of society. In vain have the young been taught to discipline their minds, in any way, if they relax, henceforward, in pursuit of knowledge. It is in vain that a foundation been laid for the future eminence and usefulness of the young, if no generous ambition prompts them to erect the superstructure. It is not sufficient to possess good principles, or merely refrain from the perpetration of ignoble deeds. No dominant quality can constitute an Element of human greatness. Man is or ought to be active. He is not only an individual but a member of society. He was not formed to drain away his life, however pure or innocent it may be, but to devote the energies of his mind, and the virtues of his heart, to the discovery and the advancement of the public good. The whole institution of civil society is but a system of reciprocal dependencies.

Individuals depend upon society for protection and security; and society depends upon its component parts for its own stability and welfare. Every man, therefore, has duties to perform, and precisely to the extent to which he does perform them, is the useful and commendable citizen. The importance of these duties, moreover, and the consequent obligation to discharge them, is intimately connected with the spirit of the age, and the general condition of the country in which we live.

Mr. Swipes, the just kicked you William out of doors.

Well, Mr. Tyler is the first man you footed this many a day.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Association the means of effecting a thorough reform are Teachers Associations and Institutes.

Resolved, That we recommend Directors and others having charge of Common Schools to classify their teachers and pay them according to qualifications.

Resolved, That a county Superintendent is greatly needed, whose duty it shall be to examine Teachers, deliver lectures and visit the schools.

Resolved, That the deplorable state of District school-houses in this county is a great barrier to the promotion of Common Schools.

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Association, if some of the fostering care bestowed on schools termed "High Schools" and "Academies" were given to the interest of the Common Schools they would be in a much better condition.

Resolved, That the profession of teaching is second to no other calling, in its important relations to the welfare of mankind.

Resolved, That we will use our best endeavors to elevate the standard of our profession.

Resolved, That we kindly urge the attention and co-operation of Teachers and all friends of education in this county, and elsewhere.

Resolved, That we believe our Common School system a glorious one in its objects and aims; and only fails of its desired effects when not fully carried out, or thoroughly organized.

And on motion of Mr. E. McKenzie the Association further

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in each county paper and in the "Peninsula School Journal."

On motion the meeting then adjourned, to meet on the evening of Saturday, January 28, 1854.

S. T. SCOTT, Pra.

B. F. TEWKSBUARY, Sec'y.

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