

The Juniata Sentinel.
 ESTABLISHED IN 1846.
 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
 Bridge Street, opposite the Old Fellows' Hall,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
 THE JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every
 Wednesday morning at \$1.50 a year, in ad-
 vance; or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid
 promptly in advance. No subscriptions dis-
 continued until all arrearages are paid, unless
 at the option of the publisher.

Juniata Sentinel.

R. F. SCHWEIER,
 [THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]
 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 VOLUME XXIV, NO. 51
 MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., DECEMBER 21, 1870.
 WHOLE NUMBER 1240

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
 All advertising for less than three months
 for one square of eight lines or less, will be
 charged one insertion, 75 cents, three \$1.50,
 and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
 Administrator, Executor's and Auditor's
 Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business
 Cards, not exceeding one square, and includ-
 ing copy of paper, \$8.00 per year. Notices
 in reading columns, ten cents per line. Mer-
 chants advertising by the year at special rates.

One square.....	3 months	6 months	1 year
Two squares.....	4.50	8.00	12.00
Three squares.....	6.00	10.00	15.00
Four squares.....	8.00	12.00	20.00
One-fourth col'n.....	14.00	26.00	36.00
Half column.....	18.00	32.00	45.00
One column.....	20.00	45.00	60.00

Business Cards.
LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
 Collecting and Conveyancing promptly
 attended to.
 Office, second story of Court House, above
 Prothonotary's office.

ROBERT McEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
 Office on Bridge street, in the room formerly
 occupied by Ezra D. Parber, Esq.

ALEX. K. McCLURE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
 PHILADELPHIA.
 oct27-if

S. B. LOUDEN,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
 Offers his services to the citizens of Juniata
 county as Auctioneer and Vendue Officer.
 Charges, from two to ten dollars. Satisfac-
 tion warranted. [nov3-9m.]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
 PATTERSON, PENN'A.
 August 18, 1869-if.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
 Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in
 Bedford's building, two doors above the Cen-
 tral office, Bridge street. [aug 18-if]

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
 Having permanently located in the borough
 of Mifflintown, offers his professional services
 to the citizens of this place and surrounding
 country.
 Office on Main street, over Reider's Drug
 Store. [aug 18 1869-if]

Dr. R. A. Simpson
 Treats all forms of disease, and may be con-
 sulted as follows:—Every SATURDAY and
 MONDAY at his office in Liverpool, Pa.
 At John G. Lipp's residence, Mifflintown,
 Juniata Co., Pa., December 20th, till evening.
 At William Deering's, Johnstown, Juniata
 Co., Pa., till noon, on the 30th of December.
 By appointment.
 Call on or address
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
 Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.
 dec 7

G. W. McPHERRAN,
Attorney at Law,
 601 SANSON STREET,
 PHILADELPHIA.
 aug 18 1869-17

CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY,
JAMES M. SELLERS,
 144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
 PHILADELPHIA.
 Bounties, Pensions, Back Pay, Horse
 Claims, State Claims, &c., promptly collected.
 No charge for information, nor when money
 is not collected. [oct 27-if]

WILLIAM WISE,
 Mifflintown, Pa.
 Agent of the CELEBRATED AMERICAN
 ORGAN for Juniata county. These are
 the best ORGANs made. Satisfactory to all
 circumstances. Prices ranging from \$100
 to \$1000.
 Also, Agent for FIRST CLASS PIANOS.
 All instruments sold warranted for five years.
 aug 2 1870-if.

GEORGE FRYSENGER'S
Cigar and Tobacco Store,
 In Kirk's Room, on Main Street,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
 Is now open. Everybody is invited to give
 him a call. None but the choicest brands of
 Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, &c., &c., kept on
 hand.
 Wholesale to merchants at manufac-
 turer's prices. Orders promptly filled.
 Sept 12-3m

LEBANON MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF Jonestown, Pa.
 POLICIES Perpetual, at low rates. No
 steam risks taken. This is one of the
 best conducted and most reliable Companies
 in the State. The undersigned, agent, will
 visit Mifflintown and Patterson on the second
 Wednesday of each month.
 JOHN SWAN,
 Agent for Mifflintown and Juniata counties.
 Lewistown Aug 17, 1870-17

CLARK & FRANK,
HARDWARE DEALERS,
 OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,
 MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.
 Iron, Steel, Nails, Nail Rods, Horse Shoes,
 Carpenters, Builders, Carriage Makers, Cab-
 inet Makers and House Furnishing
HARDWARE.
 Call before purchasing elsewhere, at
CLARK & FRANKS,
 Mifflintown, Pa.
 aug 18, 1869-if

COAL AND LUMBER YARD.—The under-
 signed begs leave to inform the public
 that he keeps constantly on hand a large Stock
 of Coal and Lumber. His stock embraces
 Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and
 Pennsylvania, Smith Coal and Limestone
 Coal, at the lowest cash rates.
 Number of all kinds and quality, such as
 White Pine Plank, two inches, do 1 1/2
 Pine Boards, 1 inch, do one-half inch,
 Pine flooring, Hemlock Boards,
 Resawing, Joist, Roofing Lath, Plastering
 Lath, Shingles, Striping, Sash and Doors.
 Coal and Lumber delivered at short notice
 Persons on the East side of the River can be
 furnished with Limestone Coal, &c., from
 the yard at Tysons Lock.
 aug 15-17. **GEORGE GOSHEN**

ALL KINDS OF BLANK WORK, &c., done
at this office in the neatest manner and
at low prices.

Sewing Machines.
THE CELEBRATED SINGER
SEWING MACHINE

 The superior merits of the "Singer" Ma-
 chines over all others, for either family
 use or manufacturing purposes, are so well
 established and so generally admitted, that
 an enumeration of their relative excellencies
 is no longer considered necessary.

OUR NEW FAMILY MACHINE,
 which has been years in preparation and
 which has been brought to perfection regard-
 less of time, labor or expense, and is now
 confidently presented to the public as com-
 parably the best Sewing Machine in exist-
 ence.

The Machine in question is simple, com-
 pact, durable and beautiful. It is quiet, high
 running, and capable of performing a range
 and variety of work never before attempted
 upon a single Machine—using either Silk,
 Twist, Linen or Cotton Thread, and sewing
 with equal facility the very finest and coarsest
 materials, and anything between the two ex-
 tremes, in the most beautiful and substantial
 manner. Its attachments for hemming, braid-
 ing, cording, tucking, quilting, felling, trim-
 ming, binding, etc., are novel and practical,
 and have been invented and adjusted espe-
 cially for this Machine.

Its attachments kept on hand at our
 Clothing Store, on Bridge street, Mifflintown,
 Pa., for the inspection of the public, and for
 sale at the most reasonable prices.
D. W. HARLEY & CO., Agents.
 Mifflintown, July 13, 1870-17

GROVER & BAKER'S
SEWING MACHINE.
 The following are selected from thou-
 sands of testimonials of similar character,
 as expressing the reasons for the preference
 for the Grover & Baker Machines over all
 others.

"I like the Grover & Baker Machine,
 the first place, because, if I had any other, I
 should still want a Grover & Baker, and, hav-
 ing a Grover & Baker, it answers the purpose
 of all the rest. It does a greater variety of
 work and it is easier to learn than any other."
 —Mrs. J. C. Crisp, Jersey, Pa.

"I have had several years' experience with
 a Grover & Baker Machine, which has given
 me great satisfaction. I think the Grover &
 Baker Machine is more easily managed, and
 less liable to get out of order. I prefer the
 Grover & Baker, decidedly."—Mrs. Dr. Watts,
 New York.

"I have had one in my family for some two
 years, and from what I know of its workings,
 and from the testimony of many of my
 friends who use the same, I can hardly see
 how anything could be more complete or give
 better satisfaction."—Mrs. General Grant.

"I believe it to be the best, all things con-
 sidered, of any that I have known. It is
 very simple and easily learned; the sewing
 from the ordinary spools is a great advan-
 tage; the stitch is entirely reliable; it does
 ornamental work beautifully; it is not liable
 to get out of order."—Mrs. A. M. Spooner, 26
 Bond Street, Brooklyn.

"I am acquainted with the work of the
 principal machines; and I prefer the Grover
 & Baker to them all, because I consider the
 stitch more elastic. I have work now in the
 house which was done many years ago, which
 is still good."—Mrs. Dr. McCready, No. 43
 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

"More than two-thirds of all the sewing
 done in my family for the last two years has
 been done by Grover & Baker's Machine, and
 I never had a garment rip or need mending,
 except those rents which frolicsome boys will
 make in whole cloth. It is in my opinion by
 far the most valuable of any I have tried."
 —Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine
 Company manufacture both the Elastic
 Stitch and Lock Stitch Machines, and
 offer the public a choice of the best ma-
 chines of both kinds, at their establish-
 ments in all the large cities, and through
 agents in nearly all towns throughout
 the country. Price Lists and samples of
 sewing in both stitches furnished on ap-
 plication to Grover & Baker S. M. Co.,
 115 Market Street, Harriaburg.
 April 27, 1870.

A. B. FASICK, JOHN NORTH
New Firm.
FASICK & NORTH,
BOOT & SHOE MAKERS,
 MAIN STREET, MIFFLIN,
 In the Hotel Building of Mr. Albright.

Having entered into partnership, we are now
 prepared to manufacture and have for sale
 all kinds of
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,
 FOR
GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN.

Our work is all manufactured by ourselves,
 and we warrant it to be made of the best ma-
 terial. Oil work sold at our counter will be
 repaired free of charge, should the sewing
 give way.

Give us a call, for we feel confident that we
 can furnish you with any kind of work you
 may desire.
 Repairing done neatly and at reason-
 able rates. **FASICK & NORTH,**
 aug 18, 1869-if

KOONS, SCHWARZ & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
 AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
MACKEREL, SALMON, HERRING,
SHAD,
AND PROVISION GENERALLY.
 144 North Delaware Avenue, and
 137 North Water Street
PHILADELPHIA, PENN'A.
 aug 18 1869-17

Poor's Corner.

DON'T DRINK TO-NIGHT.
 I left my mother in the door,
 My sister by her side;
 Their clasped hands and loving looks
 Forbade their doubts to hide,
 I left and met with comrades gay,
 When the moon brought out her light,
 And my loving mother whispered me,
 "Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

Long years have rolled away since then;
 My jolly curls are grey;
 But, oh! those words are with me yet,
 And will not pass away.
 I see my mother's loving face,
 With goodness, radiant, bright,
 And hear her words ring in my ears,
 "Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

My mother is now resting sweet
 In the graveyard on the hill;
 But mother's words come back to me,
 And haunt my memory still.
 I've often, often passed the cup;
 Oh! then my heart is right,
 Because I heard the warning words,
 "Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

I've now passed down the road of life,
 And soon my race is run,
 A mother's warning listened to,
 An immortal crown is won.
 Oh, mothers, with your blessed smile,
 Look on your boys so bright,
 And say as you alone can say,
 "My boy, don't drink, to-night."

These words will prove a warning when
 In the thorny paths of life,
 Thy boy is in the tempter's wiles,
 And warning in the strife.
 These words will stop the morning cup,
 And the revelry at night,
 By whispering back a mother's voice,
 "Don't drink, my boy, to-night."

Sold Story.
A NIGHT IN THE OLD BARN ON BEAR
RIVER.
 BY KIT CARSON, JR.

"A regular nor'easter!" said old Sand-
 ers. "We may as well get out of this.
 'Twill be colder than Biter by morning!"
 "U-ugh! No doubt!" exclaimed the
 "doctor," shivering. "But how far is it
 down to the settlement, for a guess?"
 "O, twenty miles, or thereabout," re-
 plied Sanders, laughing grimly.

"Twenty miles to-night! Confound
 moonshining!" cried the doctor, looking
 round to the rest of us, who were much
 of his opinion, as we stood there, with
 the snow sitting down through the bare
 forest branches and rattling inclemently
 on the dried leaves.

"By George!" cried Brown. "This is
 tougher than anything I saw in the ser-
 vice! Twenty miles in such a storm!"
 "No use grumbling; you would come,
 you know; say as well make the best of
 it," said Sanders. "But we've got a long
 tramp; so let us be off."

We were, we judged, somewhere in the
 town of Grafton, Maine, on the head wa-
 ters of Bear River, a tributary of the
 Androscoggin. We had come up the day
 before, with hounds, after a moose report-
 ed to have been seen some miles below.

Yesterday had been a beautiful Indian
 summer day, the last of its race; for
 winter had now burst down upon us with
 hail and snow, driven by the cutting
 northeast wind, which sighed and howled
 with November dreariness through the
 leaden forest.

The moose had fared much better than
 his hunters, for after leading us off stead-
 ily into the wilderness, he had now left
 us to get back the best way we could in
 storm and darkness.

Our party consisted of five; the "doc-
 tor," a young medical student, just out of
 school and never in the woods before;
 Brown, a returned cavalry man, my
 brother Tom and myself, then boys of
 fifteen, and lastly, Sanders, an old back-
 woodsman who, in his younger days, had
 been a river-driver, but latterly a hunter
 and trapper. "Twas a queer party, col-
 lected rather astily, to gratify the doc-
 tor's ill-timed enthusiasm to hunt a moose.
 Sanders was the only one possessing the
 slightest knowledge of woodcraft.

For two or three hours we tramped on
 steadily, following the river, and consol-
 ing ourselves, as best we might, with the
 reflection that, provided we didn't get
 lost, we should get down to some farm-
 house by midnight, possibly. It was
 now past five o'clock, and getting quite
 dark, when we suddenly noticed that the
 forest lightened up ahead, and a few mo-
 ments later we came out into a large
 opening on the stream, containing a big
 building of some sort.

"Hurrah!" shouted the doctor; "there's
 a house!"
 "Not a house exactly," said Brown,
 straining his eyes to reconnoitre. "I
 should call that a barn."

"Hay-farm here, I guess," said Sand-
 ers; "where they cut hay for the log-
 ging-camps. No house here."
 "No light anyway," said Tom.
 "Well, then," cried the doctor, strik-
 ing out across the clearing, "in lack of
 a house, we will try the barn."

We all followed; any sort of a shelter
 a good one on such a night, and we were
 soon stumbling round the corner of a
 good deserted structure of rough boards,
 looming up lonesomely amid the whirling
 snow, with one of its "great doors"

swinging and banging with dismal slams.
 We dodged in, however, and contriv-
 ed to secure the reckless old door by
 standing a piece of timber slanting
 against it on the outside. There was a
 large quantity of hay stored within.—
 The scaffolds and mows were filled up to
 the "high beams," and there was also a
 lot lying loose on the floor.

It wouldn't do to kindle a fire in there,
 and nobody wanted one enough to build
 t out in the snow; so we divided the re-
 mainder of our "cold bit" in the dark,
 and, after eating it, shook down a bed
 of the hay and turned in side by side,
 with a beautiful coverlet of the same
 material. For a long time we lay talking
 and congratulating ourselves in our com-
 fortable bunk, till, after a while, first
 Brown, then the doctor, and soon after
 Sanders began snoring drowsily, Tom
 took up the chorus, and I didn't listen
 much longer.

I don't know how long I had been
 asleep, when all at once I woke with a
 jump and in considerable alarm. Some-
 thing was snuffing and scratching through
 the hay down at my feet. I was sure I
 felt claws on my boot. It took me a mo-
 ment to recollect where I was, and it
 then flashed into my mind that the doc-
 tor was playing off another of his jokes
 (he was always at it) to frighten me.

The scratching and rustling continued,
 working up nearer; but I waited for a
 good chance. "I'll fix you, old fellow,"
 thought I, and lay motionless till I felt
 what I took to be his finger nails pinch-
 ing up my trowser leg; then I kicked
 out at a venture, hoping to pay him for
 his untimely antics.

My foot hit something—pretty hard!
 There was a spit, a growl, and the flash
 of two fiery eyes in the darkness! In
 my fright and surprise I executed a roll-
 ing leap over Brown, who lay next to
 me, and landed plump on the doctor.—
 Up jumped the doctor, pitching me down
 into the hay at his feet. As yet none had
 broken out, but the inquiries instantly
 broke out in the dark:

"Halloo!" from the doctor.
 "What's up?" from Brown.
 "Wildcats! Wildcats!" screamed I,
 sprawling in the hay.
 "Halloo!" from old Sanders, waking
 up.

"What's the matter?" from Tom.
 "Catamounts! Wildcats!" I vociferat-
 ed.
 There was an instant scuffle! Every-
 body was on his feet in no time! Guests
 of hay flew about!

Knowing the creature was on my side,
 I leaped over toward the other, ran
 against Brown, was taken for the wildcat,
 and got a knock which sent me sprawling
 in the hay again.

"Here he is!" yelled Brown. "Here
 he is! Out with your knives!"
 "Hold on! Don't stab!" I shouted.
 "You are wrong, all wrong!"
 "Strike a light! Strike a light!" cried
 Sanders; with "Open the door! Open
 the door!" from the doctor.

Everybody ran toward the door to
 push it open, all together, and actually
 ran square on to the cat, which had also
 started for the door. A tornado of spits
 and snarls arose; the creature bit and
 dug away right and left, slitting open
 pant legs, snapping its teeth, and tripping
 up nearly the whole party in its struggle
 among our legs. The hounds rushed in
 to complete the uproar, while voices not
 identified cried all at once:

"Git it!"
 "Ste-boy!"
 "Don't strike here!"
 "Who are you kicking?"
 "Avast that knife!" from Sanders
 "For God's Sake, keep that gun of my
 head!" from Brown.

All this, with an instantaneous rush
 for the other end of the floor; in fact, an-
 other blind and unintentional run on the
 already maddened animal, which had
 gone there just ahead of us. This time
 the creature sprang at the doctor full
 tilt, knocking him against somebody else.
 Another outrageous panic followed. Ev-
 erybody kicked and struggled at random.
 And amid shouts, barks, growls and spits,
 the beast got through the crowd some-
 how, and escaped up the side of mow.

"Order! Order!" roared Sanders,
 above the outcry. "Now just stand still!
 Stand still everybody, till we get a light.
 Matches were fumbled out and struck,
 but they only seemed to make the dark-
 ness denser, till Sanders found some pine
 splinters on the floor, which he lighted.
 Putting one of these into the muzzle
 of his rifle, he thrust it upward,
 disclosing an animal larger than the
 hounds, crouching on the high beam.

"There he is!" cried Tom.
 "Take your gun, Brown," said Sand-
 ers; "but no, you hold the torch and
 let me shoot."
 Brown took the torch, and Sanders, tak-
 ing up a gun fired. The cat yowled, and
 bounding off sideways from the beam,
 came sailing down toward us with its
 claws spread out. Brown jumped aside
 to get out of the way. The spint fell
 out of the gun, on the floor putting it out;
 and down came the wounded beast, snap-
 ping and snarling in the midst of us.

Darkness reigned, and such a scrim-
 mage as followed there no the narrow

floor! I remember jumping frenziedly
 backward upon some one, who pitched
 me headlong again with my face flat on
 the creature's horrible fur! but it didn't
 move, and I have no doubt was already
 dead.

Meanwhile, somebody had struck out
 at random and laid the doctor flat for a
 moment; and somebody else had hit a
 dog, who was lamenting piteously. But
 order was at last restored, and another
 splinter lighted, when the creature was
 found to be stone dead in the hay.

It was a specimen of what Sanders
 called a "bob-cat," which is the Canada
 Lynx of the naturalists. It had probab-
 ly been in the barn when we went in,
 having gone in like ourselves to get shel-
 ter from the storm. Our noisy entrance
 had doubtless given it quite a surprise,
 and being of an inquisitive mind, it had
 come down after all was quite, to investi-
 gate, with the results beforementioned.

The fur was of a beautiful stone-gory
 color, fading into white upon the under
 parts of the body. The skin was unani-
 mously voted to the "doctor," as he had
 suffered most, to keep as a memento of
 our night in the old barn on Bear River.
 —Ballou's Magazine.

JAMES P. WICKERSHAM,
 SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA
 PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Mr Wickersham was born in 1823, in
 Chester county, Pa., about two miles
 from the house originally built, in 1705,
 by Thomas Wickersham, his fiscal prop-
 ertor. On both his father's and mother's
 sides he descends from the Quaker set-
 tlers of that section, who emigrated from
 England during the proprietorship of
 William Penn. His parents are both
 still living, and are noted for their integ-
 rity and strength of character.

James entered school at the age of
 seven, and though he was prevented
 from attending regularly, he was, while
 there, always at the head of his class.—
 When, in 1834, the question of free
 schools came up, he though but eleven
 years old, took a lively interest in dis-
 cussing it, and even contended with its
 opposers. He was a great reader, and
 at the same time an expert in all the ath-
 letic labors and sports of the day.

He spent some six sessions at the
 Unionville Academy, Chester county,
 where he made great progress in mathe-
 matics, natural science, history, and the
 English, French, and Latin languages.—
 This was all he had of theoretical educa-
 tion. His literary degrees are all hono-
 rary. At sixteen rather than work on
 the farm, he determined to make a move
 for himself, and accepted an assistant
 teacher's position in the Academy where
 he had been a student. In 1841—42 he
 taught a common country school at twenty
 dollars per month, returning to school
 and study himself after his school closed.

This alternation of going to school and
 teaching he continued until 1845, when
 he became principal of the Marietta
 Academy, located at Marietta, Lancaster
 county, Pa.

Mr. Wickersham's success as a teach-
 er was marked from the first. Resolu-
 tions, extra pay, and premiums from his
 employers are the best proofs that his
 services were highly appreciated. As a
 consequence, his promotion was rapid,
 permanent, and profitable. He was
 twenty years of age when he became
 principal of the Marietta Academy. At
 twenty-three he married Miss Emeline
 I. Taylor. In 1854 he was elected
 Superintendent of Schools for Lancaster
 county, and was paid \$500 more salary
 than any other Superintendent in the
 State. 1855 he founded and temporarily
 presided over the Lancaster county Nor-
 mal Institute at Millersville, which form-
 ed the basis of the first Normal School in
 Pennsylvania and was the pioneer of
 Normal instruction in this and other
 States. Resigning the position of prin-
 cipal of this school in 1861 with the
 intention of going to Europe, and complet-
 ing on his return a series of works on
 the "Science of Teaching"—which he
 had already commenced—he was pre-
 vented from carrying out his plan by
 accepting the appointment by Gov. Curtin
 to the State Superintendency of public
 Schools, in which position he served one
 term, and then was reappointed by Gov.
 Geary and unanimously confirmed by
 the State Senate.

Under his administration the number
 of city, borough, and county superin-
 tendents have been increased; thousands
 of children brought into the schools;
 greater interest awakened in Teachers'
 Institute; and, in fact, all possible means
 used to give greater efficiency to our no-
 ble free school system. He has written
 many articles for the newspapers and
 magazines, mostly of an educational char-
 acter. He assisted in organizing the
 Lancaster County Association, and was
 its second President in 1853; assisted
 in establishing the State Teachers' Asso-
 ciation, and was elected its fourth Presi-
 dent in 1855; he assisted in establishing
 the National Teachers' Association, and
 was elected its seventh President in 18-
 65; is now President of the National
 Superintendents' Association, composed
 of the leading educational men of the

nation. His address before the National
 Association in 1865 on "Education as an
 element in the reconstruction of the
 Union," and his address on "An Ameri-
 can education for the American people,"
 delivered at Indianapolis before the same
 body, have been widely published, trans-
 lated into the French and other lan-
 guages, and distributed all over Europe
 and South America.

While at the Normal School, Mr.
 Wickersham prepared two volumes—
 "School Economy" and "Methods of in-
 struction"—which were published in
 Philadelphia, and have had a large sale,
 being used as text-books in nearly all
 our State Normal Schools, and bought
 and read by most teachers and educa-
 tional people.