The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, } EDITORS.
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, }

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1855.

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TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at he following rates:

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And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

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☞ All letters on business must be POST PAID to secure attention. ☜

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1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*

2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.*

4. *If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.*

5. *Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers and as such, equally responsible for subscription, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the publisher's books.*

6. *The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.*

☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Original Poetry.

For the Journal.

THE DEPARTED.

When the quiet, dusky twilight
Spreads its mantle o'er the hill,
When the toils of day are ended
And labor's arm is still,
How sweet it is to listen
To the whisperings which say—
Face to face we'll meet hereafter,
The loved ones—pass'd away.

QUAILS.

Miscellaneous.

ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH RUSSIAN.

There dwelt at Orleans, some forty or fifty years ago, a worthy young couple named Jean and Marie Lejeune. They were poor in worldly goods, but rich in the insouciance of youthful life. As the time went on, they became wealthy in sons also; but these were not destined to be the stay of their parents in advancing life, for as each of them grew up to manhood, he found himself, either from choice or necessity, enrolled in the service of Napoleon the Great. One only boy remained to cheer the parental home; he was still a child, and the darling of his mother, who fondly hoped to keep him always by her side, and with this view she labored hard to instil into his mind a love of peace and a hatred of war. Vain, however, were poor Marie's endeavors, for Francois, even in his early boyhood, listened with avidity to tales of war and glory; and when the note of preparation sounded throughout France for the great Russian campaign, his imagination became so inflamed by a love of military adventure, that he flung himself into the vortex of that gigantic enterprise, and soon found himself in the midst of the Grand Armee, serving as drummer in a distinguished regiment. The position of Francois was not, truly, a very distinguished one, but he already regarded himself as a hero: for did he not serve "l'Empereur," and was he not one of the Grand Armee, by whom Russia was to be overrun and conquered? Now and then a thought or a sigh would be given to his good mother, who had wept so bitterly at his departure; but he was a gay hearted boy, and soon became favorite of his comrades, so that each graver thought vanished from his mind, and he dreamt only of the glories that lay before him.

On the entry of the French into Moscow no one held his head higher than Francois Lejeune, and he beat his drum with an air of as much importance as if the success of the whole expedition depended on the flourish of his drumsticks. But now a new leaf in the pages of his life was about to be opened. Moscow was burnt, and the French army began its disastrous retreat amid all the inclemencies of a Russian winter. Francois was obliged, like his comrades, to set out on his homeward way amid the combined miseries of war, famine and ice. His fingers soon lost their power; his drum became silent; and before he reached Smolensk, this favorite companion of his march had dropped from his fingers, and sank into the wintry snow.

At Smolensk, our hero's strength failed him; and pinched alike with cold and hunger, he fell out of the ranks, and was made prisoner by some Russian serfs, who shut him up in a dreary mill, where he lay more dead than alive during a night of intense cold. He was aroused from this state of stupor on the following morning, by finding himself once more in the clutches of his barbarous captors, who dragged him along a causeway, one side of which was bordered by a frozen river. Some of the party began to dig a hole in the ice, while others gave him to understand, by very intelligible signs, that it was intended for his accommodation. The terrified youth besought them to spare him, and asked their pity for his mother's sake—"so tender a mother, that she would break her heart if he did not return to her."—This piteous appeal had no effect upon the peasants, who, of course, did not understand a word he was saying. Some laughed at the strangeness of his language; some mimicked his impassioned gestures; and one of them had just collared the unhappy Francois, with the intention of plunging him into the river, when suddenly he heard the merry tinkling of bells, and there came dashing along the causeway a large and handsome sleigh, drawn by three beautiful little Viatkan horses. Seated in the sleigh, wrapt up in costly furs, was a stout, hale-looking gentleman.

'What are you about there, my children inquired he of the serfs.

'We are only drowning a Frenchman.'

'Oh! is that all?' rejoined he.

'Monsieur, monsieur!' cried the unhappy drummer, as he struggled to free himself from the hands of the serfs.

'Very fine, indeed!' muttered the furclad gentleman, in an angry and supercilious tone. Very fine, indeed! Here is a fellow who comes among us to do all the mischief he can—sets fire to Moscow; tears down the cross from the cupola of Ivan the Great; and now, forsooth it is *Mossie! Mossie!* (Monsieur! monsieur!) Ah! ha! we are crest fallen now; but death and destruction to the scoundrels! Come, let us get on, Filka,' continued he, addressing his coachman, and throwing himself back in his comfortable seat.

A touch of the whip is given, and the fiery little steeds are darting forward when suddenly some new thought seems to have occurred to the nobleman, who calls out: 'Stop, Filka.'

'Pray, sir, do you understand music?' inquired he, in Russian, of the trembling drummer.

'Sauvez moi, mon bon monsieur, sauvez moi!'

'Save me, my good monsieur, save me!' cried out Lejeune in an agony of terror, as he felt that his existence was hanging as by a slender thread upon the good offices of the stranger.

'Good heavens! what a strange people these French are!' observed the nobleman.

'Half a million of them come into Russia and not one of them can, I believe, speak a word of our language—the barbarians!' And then turning with an air of self-complacency and conscious superiority to Lejeune, said in barbarous French, 'Meousique, meousique, save meousique vous? Eh bienn, repondonn vous, France! sur forte piano, joue save?' [Monsieur, monsieur, save monsieur, you? Very well, reply you, Frenchman! on piano forte, play, save?']

At any other time, Francois would have smiled at this jargon, but at the present moment it sounded like the sweetest music to his ears, for it gave him hope. He quickly perceived the drift of the inquiry, and immediately replied. 'Yes, sir, I am a musician, and if you only save my life, I will play all day and all night too for you, if you please.

'Well, you may thank your stars for it!' said the gentleman, laughing. Come, children, let him go. There! I give you twenty kopecks to drink.'

'Thank you, sir, there he is for you.'

So saying, they loosed their hold upon poor Lejeune, who, on finding himself safe in the sleigh was so bewildered with joy, that he laughed and cried, and bowed to all around him. His gratitude was so expansive, that he not only thanked the nobleman, but also the coachmen, and the very moujicks, too, who had been on the point of drowning him five minutes before. A moment more, and he found himself whirling along by the side of his preserver, who, observing that he was quite blue and shrivelled with cold, kindly wrapped a fur mantle around him. In a short time they drew up before a large house, and were received at the door by several servants, to whose care Francois was consigned. They conducted him into a warm apartment, chafed his half-frozen limbs, and clothed him in a suit of comfortable garments. Then they sat food before him of which the poor boy gladly partook, as he was quite exhausted with hunger. His benefactor now appeared, and addressing him in his own peculiar dialect of French, "Mosaie, mossie, beckoning the youth at the same time to follow him.

Lejeune obeyed and soon found himself in the presence of two young ladies, who were seated at work, in a large drawing room. "Here my children," said their father, "is a gentleman who will instruct you in music and French. He will teach you the true Parisian accent.—You have long been teazing me for a master, and I have just been so lucky as to pick one up for you at Smolensk." Then advancing towards an old spinet, that stood at one end of the apartment, he turned to Lejeune: "Allonn, allonn, fese vous a nous voir votre talent; joue, joue; save pas honteer" [Go, go, make us to see your talent; play, play; be not ashamed.]

Poor Francois was nearly at his wits' end on receiving this command; for the drum was his only instrument and never in his life had he even touched a pino-forte. However he felt that his life was probably hanging on the result of this moment and so, assuming an air of confidence, and bowing low to the ladies, he seated himself before the instrument. At first he placed his hands gently upon it, and moving his fingers like drum sticks in time with some favorite regimental air, he began to hum the tune while he swayed his head and small body from right to left, with all the importance of a first-rate professor. He was wont in after life, to describe the whole scene very humorously.—"I expected every moment," said he, 'that my preserver would have called in a couple of lackeys, and ordered them to pitch me out into the snow; but on casting a furtive glance towards him, I perceived that he was nodding significantly towards his daughters, as if to make them remark what a treasure he had procured for them; so I took courage, struck the instrument more boldly, sang more emphatically, and took still greater airs upon myself, whereupon the worthy gentleman clapped his hands with delight, cried out bravo, and in a few minutes came over and clapped me amicably on the shoulder saying: "Tre bienn, tre bienn, je vois que vous save; vous alle couche, alle." [Very well, very well, I see that you know; go to bed, go.]

Never was an order more rapidly obeyed; for poor Francois was worn out with fatigue and excitement so that he needed not to "woo soft slumbers to his drooping limbs."

About a fortnight afterwards, Lejeune's patron received a visit from a nobleman of higher rank than himself, a man of talent and education, who took so great a fancy to the young drummer, that he asked his host if he would consent to yield to his protection. This was granted; and Lejeune now found himself placed under very favorable circumstances, for his new friend not only treated him kindly, but gave him a good education. Some years latter, he married him to a young lady, a portege of his wife, and the marriage proved prosperous and happy one. Lejeune in accordance with the desire of his patron entered the Russian service, and through the influence of this nobleman he acquired personal, and subsequently hereditary nobility. In after life, he became allied by the marriage of his only daughter with a distinguished nobleman named Lebysanief, who was high in power of the government of Orel; and for the sake of being near his child, whom he tenderly loved, Francois Lejeune—or as he was now called, Frantz Invanoviteh Lejeune—came to reside in that part of the country. It was here we first met him and made his acquaintance. We remember him well—a lively, courteous little man, with dark eyes and gray hair. His usual attire was a black velvet surtout.

Most probable the ci devant drummer still dwells in the far east of Russia, among his adopted countrymen; but when he hears of the gallant deeds of his true *compatripts* upon the heights of Sevastopol, who knows but that the spirit may be changed beneath the bondage of Russian despotism, and that he may long to find himself once more serving under a name he once reverred and idolized—L'Empereur Napoleon!

The Soldier to his wife on the Eve of Battle.

We accustom ourselves to consider the horror of war in groups, in masses. "Five thousand killed and ten thousand wounded it was a glorious victory!" We read the announcement, we watch the advance and retreat, we see the pomp of "glorious war,' we hear shouts of victory and forget those who fall crushed and mangled, and listen to the united groans of those who strew the field. Let imagination run over the history of each one of those weak and bleeding ten thousand men, who at their countrys call have marched forth to slaughter; let it go to the weary couch where no hand is present to feel the clamy brow or administer comfort and relief by its touch; let it follow the surgeon through his terrible duties; let it behold the manly form shrunk to the bone and huddled into the earth; let it go to the unhappy fireside of the widow and fatherless in one "Merry England" or sunny France, and note, if it can, the bitter drops that gush from their lonely and broken hearts, and its material will be at hand for making up a just view of the "glories of war." It is by merging the individual identity of the thousands that form the "fiery mass of living valor" into one common totality of humanity, and thus considering it, that we forget individual suffering, and forgetting the noble die or suffer more than death, shut with the victors and crown the conqueror with the wreath of glory. Let us bring the matter home. When a dear friend, led by the hand of disease, is descending the road humanity must travel, with what assiduity does affection watch around the pillow of suffering! How hushed the chamber of distress, how soft the thread, how gentle the voice, how kindly the sympathy! How love delights to visit the grave when all is over, and plant upon it the flowers of remembrance!—But in that great field of death—red since Abel lay in blood—worth and nobleness and beauty go down in multitudes to their last home, torn and shattered by deadly missiles, their memories lost in the recollection of the visitors success, their names forgotten save at the once happy fireside of home. Borne faint and bleeding from the spot where they fell, some hard couch the best at hand, recieves them, where through feverish hours they toss away their little remaining life, and welcome death comes to close the scene. Such is the contrast.

These reflections, trite but true, (says the Pittsburg Commertial Journal,) were awakened by reading a letter of Colonel SHADFORTH, of the English army, written to his wife and children at 9 o'clock on the evening of June 17, just previous to the attack upon the defensive works of Sevastopol. That such men should perish thus, that such glorious lives should be thrown away and no good come of it, is one of the most repulsive features of war. Here is the letter:

"BEFORE SEVASTOPOL, JUNE 17—9 P. M.

"MY OWN BELOVED WIFE AND DEARLY BELOVED CHILDREN: At 1 o'clock to-morrow morn I head the 57th to storm the Redan. It is, as I feel, an awfully perilous moment to me; but I place myself in the hands of our gracious God, without whose will a sparrow cannot fall to the ground.—I place my whole trust in Him. Should. I fall in the performance of my duty, I fully rely in the precious blood of our Saviour, shed for sinners, that I may be saved through Him. Pardon and forgive me, my beloved ones, for any thing I may have said or done to cause you a moment's unhappiness. Unto God I commend my body and soul, which are His; and should it be His will that I fall in performance of my duty, in the defence of my Queen and country, I most humbly say, 'Thy will be done.' God bless and protect you, and my last prayer will be that He, of His infinite goodness, may preserve me to you. God ever bless you, my beloved Eliza and my dearest children; and, if we meet not again in this world, may we meet in the mansion of our Heavenly Father, thro' Jesus Christ! God bless and protect you! And ever believe me

"Your affectionate husband and loving father,

"THOMAS SHADFORTH."

It was his last farewell to those he so dearly loved. Six hours had not passed, his letter was yet but a few miles on its way to his family, and the noble man had passed away from earth.

Crocket's Death.

Colonel Crocket surrounded and closely pursued by a number of the enemy, retreated into a church, and stationed himself in a niche in the corner, felling them as they approached. When some eight or ten of them were laid before him, a feeling of awe seemed to seize hold of the assailants. One of them would speak a little broken English, probably prefering the single honor of capturing so noble a specimen of American valor to present to his dear master, said to Crocket, "surrender! senor." A flash of the most sovereign courage darted from the fiery eye, and as it pierced that of the enemy, he seemed to be transfixed, In a voice of thunder, Crocket answered, "surrender! No! I am an American," and as he spoke he sent a ball through the paralized foe. He appeared for a moment like a wounded tiger, strengthened and buoyed by every additional wound; now hewing them down with his well-tried sword—next dealing death with his fire-arms. His person now literally drenched; must soon yield to its losses. Yet such physical power wrought to the highest degree of excitement can perform incredible progidies. This was the last concentrated energy of a powerful man aroused, animated and guided by one of the noblest attributes of man—love of liberty. He knew for what his life was about to be sacrificed; that devastation and butchery would follow the footsteps of his heartless foes, that he would be sacrificed to satiate the desires of the conqueror; and, feeling the holy inspiration of a dying patriot, he fought manfully till the loss of blood and the approach of death stayed his up raised arm. His rifle was broken to pieces, his pistol fell to the floor, and nought but his faithful sword was left. In the agony of death, with a terrible grasp, he brought his last weapon upon the head of the nearest assailant, and fell victoriously across his body in the arms of death. In this corner of the church there were twenty-six dead Mexicans, and no other American having fought or fallen at that point, it is considered beyond all reasonable doubt that all of them fell by the hand of Tennessee's favorite son!

A Little Too Ripe.

As many of our readers are doubtless aware, it is the custom for planters at the South to purchase clothing for their slaves by the wholesale; and as, of course, they have not the opportunity to examine closely every article they are sometimes swindledby a few badones being thrown in among the good. An acquaintance of ours tells us that, on one occasion, he had laid in a box of shoes, and distributed them among the negroes. A few days afterwards, 'old Bob," a favorite servant, found that the shoes that had fallen to his lot, were bursting out. So going to his master, he said: "Massa, where you buy dose shoes? I bought them in New Orleans, Bob," responded our friend. "Well, where did the New Orleans people buy 'em?" "They bought them from the people up North—they bought them from the Yankees."—"Well, where do de Yankees get 'em?" persisted the negro. "The Yankees? why, they pick them off of trees, Bob." "W w-well," responded the darkey, hefding up his shoes, "I reck'n de Yankees didn't pick these soon enough, massa; I reck'n he waited till—till—*day was a little too ripe!*

Railroad Poetry.

A correspondent of the Broome County Republican describes his jaunt over the Syracuse and Birmingham Railroad from Cortland, in the following poetical strain:

So much I wrote in Cortland's bounds
—and would have finished there, had not
the down train's whistle loud resounded
through the air. So, shaking Fairchild
by the hand, who said come up again, I
bid farewell to every fear, and jumped upon the train. Rushing round the hill side,
darting o'er the plain, over the rivers, under roads, Van Burgen drove his train.—
The moon threw bright effulgent rays on
each small ripple's crest; the river seemed
a ribband stretched across the meadow's
breast; the evening wind came stealing
through the car with gentle sigh, and
brought a cinder from the engine, spang
into my eye. Few and short were the
prayers I said, and I spoke not a word of
sorrow, but I rubbed at my eye till I made
it red, and knew 'twould be sore on the
morrow. We soon got home at the rate
we ran, at an hour just right for retiring,
and down from his post came the engine
man, and the fireman ceased his firing.—
And thus I too will cease with this, a moral to the tale—be always sure to "mind
your eye," when riding on a rail!

Look on this Picture, Then on That.

I have subdued the nations of the earth
—is there no other world for me to conquer? *Alexander the Great.*

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. *St. Paul.*

My life is in the sere and yellow leaf,
The fruits and flowers of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.
The fire that on my bosom burns,
Is lone as some volcanic isle,
Nor torch is lighted at its blaze,
A funeral pile.

Lord Byron.
Written the year he died.

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in thee, Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. *Habakkuk.*

I am taking a leap in the dark.
Hobbs, when dying.

Though I walk through a valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.
David.

O! God, if there be a God, have mercy on me. *Tom Paine, when dying.*

For I *know* that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

Job, in view of death.

Egyptian Lighthouse.

Have you ever read dear children, about the beautiful lighthouse built of marble, that stood many centuries ago at Pharos in Egypt? It was erected at great expense, and on the summit of the tower, which was several hundred feet above the ground, was a great fire kept burning every night. So as the sailors passed over the Mediteranean sea, and came near the city of Alexandria, they saw far away in the distance the beacon light, by which to steer their course.

Now the Bible is the same to you as the lighthouse is to the sailor. It is "a lamp unto your feet, a light unto your path."

How earnestly does the pilot gaze to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the bright beacon light that shall guide him safely over the dark sea.

So should you make the Holy Bible your guiding star, giving heed, "as to a light that shineth in a dark place."

"It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven."

Ancient Music.

The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Grecian lyre had only seven strings, and was very small, being held in one hand; the Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down, was only rams' horns; their flute was the same as the Egyptian, they had no other instrumental music, but by percussion, of which the greatest boast made was the psaltery, a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sackut was something like a bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine; and the dulcimer was a horizontal harp, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like a psaltery. They had no written music; had scarcely a vowel in their language; and yet (according to Josephus) had two hundred thousand musicians playing at the dedication of the temple of Solomon. Mozart would have died in such a concert in the greatest agonies?

Stopping Newspapers.

A certain man hit his toe against a pebble and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed, and under the influence of anger and active self-sufficiency, he kicked old mother earth right saucily. With imperturable gravity he looked to see the globe dissolve, and come to naught. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was hurt in the encounter. This is the way of man. An article in the newspaper touches him in a weak place, and straightway he sends word to stop his paper. With great self-complacency he looks on to see a crash, when the subject of his spleen shall cease to be. Poor fool, he has only hit his toe against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures to no extent any one but himself.

☞ Week doses of wash boards are recommended to young ladies troubled with dyspepsia.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

Pursuant to previous notice, and a call from J. S. Barr, a large number of teachers and friends of Education met in the School House at Spruce Creek, August 30th 1855.

The meeting was called to order by the County Superintindent, J. S. Barr, who stated its object, give his views on the utility of such institutes, with advisory remarks, and invited a free expression from others present.

The subject of penmanship was taken up and discussed, which, with miscellaneous business occupied the afternoon.

On motion the Institute adjourned to meet at 7 o'clock in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order by J. S. Barr, who stated his necessity of leaving in the next train and his intention to be present at the morning session; and John S. Isett was called to the chair.

On request, A. W. Benedict of Huntingdon, addressed the meeting, and was followed by remarks from Mr. Brigham, of Altoona. On request Mr. Albert Owen, of Huntingdon then addressed the meeting.

On motion the meeting adjourned to 8½ o'clock in the morning.

SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.

J. S. Barr, Chairman of the Institute called the meeting to order.

Mr. Brigham lectured on the study of Geography, advocating the Outline Map system of instruction. The subject was further discussed by the Superintendent. Mr. Owen then lectured upon the same study and opposed the common use of the Outline Maps, but thought them an excellent auxiliary, and necessary in a proper course of class instruction. Mr. Tussey gave the method of teaching Geography in the Lancaster county Normal School.—Messrs. Brigham, Owen, and Barr desired a rehearsing and further discussed the subject.

Miss C. T. Benedict gave an interesting description of her method of teaching geography in her school at Huntingdon.

The alphabet and orthography was then introduced for discussion, by D. F. Tussey. The subject was further discussed by Mr. Owen, ably, and in an interesting manner; orthography was also discussed by Messrs. Brigham, Brown and Barr who were followed by Mr. Owen.

On motion adjourned to meet at 1½ o'clock in the afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Meeting was called to order, J. S. Barr presiding. On request from the chair Mr. Owen lectured on reading. Mr. D. F. Tussey then entertained the Institute with his plan of teaching reading. The same subject was further discussed by Messrs Barr, Rev. Ward, Rev. Lane, Brown, Brigham, Tussey and White.

On motion of Mr. Brigham, the subject of English grammar and composition was called up and discussed by Mr. Owen.

On motion the Institute adjourned to meet at 7½ in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order, and by request of the Superintendent, Mr. S. Keith took the chair. On motion it was resolved that a committee be appointed to prepare the proceedings of the Institute for publication.

On motion it was resolved that a committee be appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiment of this Institute.

On motion the subject of school government was taken up and discussed at length, and with marked ability by Messrs. Barr, Lane, Ward and others.

Mr. Owen was then called for to continue the same subject. He expressed his willingness to dwell upon that subject if it was the desire of the Institute, but as the time was approaching when he must leave, he desired to hear Rev. Lane and Rev. Ward on the subject of grammar and composition. The subject was resumed and ably discussed by Messrs. Lane, Ward and Tussey.

On motion adjourned to meet at 9 o'clock to morrow morning.

THIRD DAY—MORNING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order, and the subject of grammar and composition resumed and further discussed by Messrs. Ward, Lane and Barr.

Some general remarks were then offered by members of the Institute, on our educational interests.

The committee on resolutions then reported the following which were adopted:

Resolved, That we return our thanks to the people of Spruce Creek for their kindness and hospitality during the sessions of the Institute.

Resolved, That we return our thanks to A. W. Benedict for his able addresses before the Institute.

Resolved, That we appreciate the services and visits of our County Superintendent in our midst.

Resolved, That in view of the responsibility and high degree of usefulness of the teacher, we use all proper means within our power to elevate the character of our respective schools.

On motion adjourned.

G. P. ELDREDGE, } Secy's.
SAMUEL KEITH. }