

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS:

VOL. 2.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1856.

NO. 27.

Mr. Carr: If the following lines are worth an insertion, please publish and oblige the author. We have many men of the character described below, some of whom are almost dead when they die and leave a part of what they have wrung from the poor, to churches, &c.

Are you bright in the constantly striving? Are you blameless in your daily living? While head, brain and spirit are striving With science, strength and industry, Forgetting those who are struggling? Then hurry! take a moment of time! Give over to the poor, the weak and the old, And the spirit of the Devil below! And those who are struggling for a better world gain worldly position and gather wealth. Recognize the worth of the joy above, The smile of the orphan, and the blind and dumb, But count your cost—right on your way, In life's track, 'tis crowded—above! The grade is downward and may. Don't like the landing? trust your skill To cheat the Devil; make your will, Of every dollar beneath a fall! In aid of the Church, 'twill your conscience still, To doubt would be to be crazy. Moreover, bless your—shall I say? Your heart of soul, or spirit? nay, Your moneybags! you'll make display In pious pride, and priests will pray St. Peter said to Adam you: 'Tis true that your's may not be all, Like priest, like people—such may not fall, But stocks in bank or jail, With aye of the Devil, and sword or Yale, Must make a heaven to be tall. Yet where to place it I'm puzzled to, Tho' under a gold mine would do quite well; Then your thoughts would be upward, for eye in faith, The joy of the poor may not be all, 'Twill be passed with souls so small. Little space will be needed, for millions of such, Might cling to one nigger, and growling clench The coveted joy of the gold you touch, And 'your joy will be full, 'tho' it won't be much, Wheat down to your place you crawl.

Interesting Narrative.

The Ozole Slave Betrayed.

Let us again introduce the reader to Nicholas, as his fine manly figure, marked with impressive features, stands before us in Grabug's work-shop. Tall and finely formed, he has grown to manhood, retaining all the fiery impulses of his race. Those black eyes wandering irresolutely, that curl of contempt that sits upon his lip, that stare of revenge that scowls beneath those heavy eyebrows, and that hate of wrong, that ever and anon pervades the whole, tells how in his heart burns the will that would break the oppressor's lash—that would embrace death rather than yield to perfidy. He here tells us:

"I came here sold—so they told me—by God's will. Well, I thought to myself, isn't this strange that the curious God—they tell me he loves everybody—should sell me? It all seemed like a misty waste to me. I remembered home—I learned to read myself—I remembered mother, I loved her, but she left me, and I have never seen her since. I loved her, dear mother! I loved her—but they said she was gone far away, and I mustn't mind if I never saw her again. It seemed hard and strange, but I had to put up with it, for they said I never had a father, and my mother had no right to me, (his piercing black eyes glare, as fervently he says mother!) I thought at that it was true, for every body had a right to call me nigger—a blasted white nigger as wouldn't be worth nothing. And then they used to kick me, and cuff me, and lash me, and if nigger, was nigger, I was worse than a nigger because every black nigger was laughing at me, and telling me what a fool of a white nigger I was—that niggers was nobody, could be nobody and was never intended for nobody, as nobody knew where white niggers came from.

But I didn't believe all this; it wasn't sensible. Something said—Nicholas! you are just as good as anybody; learn to read, write and cypher, and you'll be something, too. And this something—I couldn't tell what it was, nor describe it—it seemed irresistible in its power to carry me to be that somebody it prompted in my feelings. I was white and when I looked at myself I knew I wasn't a nigger; and feeling that everybody could be somebody, I began to look forward to the time when I should rise above the burden of misfortune that seemed bearing me down into the earth.

And then Franconia, like a sister, used to come to me and say so many kind things to me that I felt relieved and resolved to go forward. Then I lost sight of Franconia, and she seemed so pretty and loved me so affectionately. How long it seems since I have seen her. She dressed me so nicely, and parted my hair and kissed me so kindly and said good by when I left her, so in regret, I never can forget it. And it was then they said I was sold. Mr. Grabug said he owned me, and owning me was equal to doing what he pleased with me. Then I went home to Mr. Grabug's; and they told me that Mr. Grabug owned me just as he owned his dog, the foreman said he paid a democratic ten dollar dog piece for him. They used to say the only difference between me and the dog was that the dog could go where he pleased without being lashed, and I couldn't. And the dog always got enough to eat, and seemed a great favorite with everybody, whereas I got more kicks than cucumbers, didn't get to be liked by anybody, and, if I got enough to eat I had nobody to thank but good old Margery, the cook, who was kind to me now and then, and used to say, "like you, Nicholas!" And that used to make me so happy! Old Margery was coal black, but I didn't care for that—the knowledge of somebody loving you is enough to lighten the pathway of life, and make the heart feel contented. In this manner my thoughts went here and there and everywhere; and the truth is, I had so many things that I got completely bewildered in thinking how I was to better myself, and to be like other folks.

Mr. Grabug seemed kind to me at first—said he would make a great mechanic of me, and give me a chance to buy myself. I didn't know what this great buy myself meant at first. But I soon found out—he tells us that we must speak with caution—that I must pay so many hundred dollars afore that I can be like other folks. The kindness Mr. Grabug first exhibited to me didn't last long; he soon began to kick me, and cuff me, and swear at me. And it appeared to me as if I never could please anybody, and so my feelings got so embittered I didn't know what to do. I was put into the shop among the men, and one said, nigger get here! and another said, nigger get there! and they all seemed to be inclined not to help me along. And then I would get into a passion, but that never made things better. The foreman now and then said a kind word to me, and whenever he did, it made my heart feel so good that I seemed a new being with brighter hopes. Well, Mr. Grabug put me to turning the grindstone—the men

used to throw water in my face when they ground their chisels, and their plane irons, and axes and adzes—I learned to saw, to plane boards, and then to mortice and frame, and make mouldings, and window-sash and door frames. When I could do all these master used to say I was bound to make a great workman, and, laughingly, would say I was the most valuable property he ever owned.

About this time I began to find out how it was that other white folks owned themselves and master owed me; but then, if I said anything about it, master might tie me up and lash me as he used to do; and so I remained quiet, but kept a thinking. Bye-and-bye I got perfect at the carpenter's trade, and I learned engineering; and when I got engineering perfect, I took a fancy for making success work and images. And people said I learned wondrously fast, and was the best workman far or near. Seeing these things, people used to come to me, and then end by wanting me to make them specimens of success. I seemed liked by every body who came to see me, and good people had a kind word for me; but Mr. Grabug was very strict, and wouldn't allow me to do anything without his permission.

People said my work was perfect, and master said I was a perfect piece of property; and it used to pain my heart when master spoke so. Well, I got to be a man and when the foreman got drunk master used to put me in his place. And after a while I got to be a foreman altogether; but I was a slave, they said, and the men wouldn't follow my directions when master was away; they all acknowledged that I was a good workman, but said a nigger should never be allowed to direct and order white people. That made my very blood boil as I grew older, because I was whiter than many of them. However, I submit was the word; and I bore up and trusted Heaven for deliverance, hoping the day would come soon when its will would be carried out. With my knowledge of mechanics increased a love of learning, which almost amounted to a passion. They said it was against the law for a nigger to read; but I was raised so far above black niggers that I didn't mind what the law said, so I got "Pillgrim's Progress," and the Bible, and "Young's Night Thoughts," and from them I learned great truths; they gave me new hopes, refreshed my very soul and made me like a new clothed being, ready to soar above the injustice of this life. Oh, how I read them at night and re-read them in the morning, and every time found something new in them, something that suited my case.—

Through the excitement which had been in my mind, I saw freedom hanging out its light of love, fascinating me, and enticing me to make a death struggle to gain it. One day, as I was thinking of my hard fate, and how I did all the work and master got all the money for it—and how I had to live and how he lived—master came in looking good natured. He approached me, shook hands with me, said I was worth my weight in gold, and asked me how I would like to be free. I told him I would jump for joy, would sing praises and be glad all day long.

"Aint you contented here, Nicholas? he inquired. I told him I did not dislike him, but freedom was sweetest. Give me a chance for my freedom, master, and yet you may know me as a man, said I, feeling that to be free was to be among the living; to be a slave was to be among the moving dead.—To this he said, he always liked me, was proud of me, had unbounded confidence in my directions over his men, and always felt safe when he went away from home leaving things in my charge.

In view of this case, Nicholas, says he, I have come to the conclusion—and it's Mrs. Grabug's conclusion too—to let you work evenings on over time for yourself. You can earn a deal of money that way if you please; just save it up and let me keep it for you, and in consideration of your faithfulness I will set you free when you get a thousand dollars put into my hands. Now that's generous—I want to do the straight thing, and so does Mrs. Grabug; and what money you save you can put into Mrs. Grabug's hands for safe keeping. She is a noble-minded woman, and will take good care of it.

This was to me like entering on a new life of hope and joy. How my heart yearned for the coming day when I should be free like other folks! I worked and struggled night and day, and good Mr. Simons befriended me, and procured many little orders, which I executed, and for which I got good pay. All my earnings I put into Mrs. Grabug's hands, and she told me she would keep it for me safe, till I got enough to buy my freedom. My confidence in these assurances was undivided. I looked upon Mrs. Grabug as a friend and mother; and good Mr. Simons, who was poor but honest, did many kind things to help me out. When I got one hundred dollars in missus' hands I jumped for joy; with it I seemed to get over the first difficult step.

was glad to Jerusha, and let her buy her time at four dollars a week, which having learned to make dresses, she could pay, and have a small surplus to lay by every week. Jerusha knew I was struggling for freedom, and she would help me to buy that freedom, knowing that if I was free I would return her kindness, and, struggle to make her free and our children free.

Years rolled on—we had placed nearly five hundred dollars in missus' hands; but how vain were the hopes that had borne us through so many privations for the accumulation of this portion of our price of freedom! Master sold my children—yes, sold them! He will not tell me where nor to whom. Missus will neither see nor hear me; and master threatens to sell me to New Orleans if I resent this act. To what tribunal can I appeal for justice? Shut from the laws of my native land what justice is there for the slave where justice makes its law oppression? Master may sell me, he cannot vanquish the spirit God has given me; never will I yield to his nefarious designs. I have but one life to yield a sacrifice to right, I care not to live for wrong!

Thus he speaks as his frenzied soul burns with indignation. His soul's love was freedom and he asked but justice to achieve it. Sick at heart, he has thrown up his zeal for his master's welfare, which bore him onward—summoned his determination to resist to the last—to die rather than again confront the dreary waste of a slave's life. Grabug has forfeited the amount deposited by Nicholas as a part of the price of his freedom—betrayed his confidence.

He tells us his simple story as the workmen with fear on their countenances, go heedlessly about the room. As he concludes, Grabug with sullen countenance, enters the great door at the end of the building; he is followed by three men in official gait, two of whom bear manacles in their hands.—Nicholas' dark eyes flashed upon them, and with an instinctive knowledge of their errand, he seized a broad axe, salutes them, and defiantly cautions their advance. Grabug heeds not; and as the aggrieved man slowly retreats backward to protect himself with the wall, still keeping his eye set on Grabug, two negroes make a sudden spring upon him from behind, fetter his arms as the officers rush forward, bind him hand and foot and drag him to the door, regardless of his cries for mercy; they bind him to a dry, and drive through the streets to the slave pen of Grasupum. We hear his pleading voice, as his ruffian captors, their prey secure, disappear among the busy crowd.

Where's the Squire?

Not long since, when the cars drew up at one of the stations on the New York and Erie road, a curious looking man was seen to peer anxiously through the window at the different persons on the platform. Presently he beckoned to an individual, who came up to him and putting his head out of the window, he whispered in the man's ear in a cautious tone, but loud enough for those in the vicinity to hear him.

My friend, can you tell me if there is an officer of justice near here?

No, I cannot, replied the man, I am a stranger here myself. By gracious! that's bad! exclaimed the inquirer, I'm sorry for that—the cars'll be off again in five minutes. I'd like to know if there's one around—what'll I do? and out of the car he bounded, and was soon upon the platform, running first to one end and then to another, inquiring if there was an officer around. Very soon the rumour got abroad that an immense robbery had taken place and the news flew from mouth to mouth till it reached the ears of an old resident, who, anxious for the honor of the town, rushed off after the squire who lived hard by, and just as the cars were about starting, they arrived on the ground together, breathless with haste.

Where's the man that wanted an officer? inquired the squire, when he could get breath. Here he is! shouted twenty voices at once in an excited tone, pointing out the individual who made the inquiry.

Are you an officer of justice? said the latter, looking at the squire intently. Yes, yes, was the reply, what have you been robbed of, and where's the man you wish to have arrested?

Then I'm satisfied, said the man, without answering the interrogatory—and he was about entering the cars again. But where's the man who has been robbed? again asked the squire with some impatience, and where's the thief? why don't you point him out at once!

I didn't say nothing about no man being robbed, replied the inquirer—and didn't want you to arrest nobody neither—I only wanted to know if you was around, and now I'm satisfied. The steam whistle uttered a shriek just then, and the train started.

GIVE YOUR CHILD A PAPER.—A child beginning to read, becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads the names of things which are familiar; and will progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family being one of the heads, and having more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructor. A mind occupied, becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency.

The intercourse of friendship is a cordial to the heart. It beguiles the hour of grief; gently weans the thought from the selfishness of sorrow, and gives the mourner to feel that earth is not a wilderness.

Voting Under Difficulties.

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker furnishes to the editor of that journal, the following amusing sketch of the purity of the elective franchise in the State of Ohio:

In the north-western portion of the State, in the county of Anglaize, there is a township, the citizens of which are principally German, and notwithstanding their "sweet accent," they are all Democrats of the regular stripe. From the time of the erection of the county up to the year 1852, there had never been a Whig vote cast in the township spoken of, although there were over six hundred voters; but at the fall election of that year, upon counting the ballots, it appeared that there was one Whig among them.—There was the proof, a regular straight-out Whig ticket, and they dare not pass it by.—This caused great commotion; their excitement was dimmed; there was a Whig amongst them; that blot must be wiped out, and with their courage—Duch of course—up to fever heat in the shade, they went to work stily to find the man who had dared to vote the "Vig dicket"; but their labors were unsuccessful. In the mean time another year rolled round, and the good people were again assembled at the election precinct. It had not been forgotten, however, that at the last election some one had voted the "Vig dicket"; and it was now the subject of open remark and wonder.

While they were having an out-door discussion of the subject, Sam Starret, a late immigrant from the eastern shore of Maryland, came along, and demanded the cause of the commotion.

"Well, we was wondering who it was who voted de Vig dicket at last election," said an old Dutchman.

"It was me," Sam said, "and it wa't no body else!"

"I dinks not," said the old Dutchman, and the balance shook their heads incredulously.

"I tell you it was I though," said Sam, pulling out a Whig ticket, "and may I be chawed up if I aint going to do it again. I'll let you know that I am an independent American citizen, and will vote just as I please, and you can't help it, by Jerimiah!"

So in he went to deposit his ballot. There sat the three old Dutch judges of election, "calm as a summer morning;" and true to his word, Sam handed over his ticket, open. One of the judges took it, and scanning it a few seconds, handed it back toward the independent voter, and said: "Yaw, dat ish a Vig dicket."

"Vat you say?" said the old Dutchman, his eyes big with surprise; "put him in de box!"

"Yes-sir-ee, put it in the box! I'm going to vote it!"

"Oh! no! nix goot, nix goot, dat ish a Vig dicket."

"Well, I reckon I know it's a Whig ticket," said Sam, "and I want you to put it in the box danation quick too!"

"No, no! dat ish not good; dat is a Vig dicket; we not take 'em any more," said the judge, turning to receive "good dickets" from some of his German friends.

Sam went out and cursed till all was blue—said he had come there to vote, and he'd be flabbergasted if he "want goin' to vote in spite of all the Dutch in the township." So after cooling off a little, he again went in and tendered his ticket, very nearly rolled up. The old judge took it again, and notwithstanding Sam's demurring, unrolled it and looked it over; then turning to Sam in a manner and tone which could not be misunderstood said:

"I tells you dat ish a Vig dicket, dat ish nix goot; and dat we not take 'em any more!"

Sam again retired, cursing all Democrats generally, and the Dutch particularly, and assigning them the hottest corners of the brimstone region; and was going on to curse every body that didn't curse them, when he was interrupted by an old Dutchman in the crowd, with:

"Sam Starret, I tells you vat it is, if you will vote der Dimegrat dicket, and leave der gootry, we gifts you so much monish as dakey you vato cum'd from."

Sam scratched his head, studied awhile and then said that as he had come there to vote, and wa'n't going away without voting, he gessed he'd do it.

Again Sam made his appearance before the judges, and tendered his vote. The same old judge took it, and looking it over quietly, turned to Sam and said:

"Law, dat is goot; dat ish a Dimegrat dicket! and dropped it in de box.

It is only further necessary to say that Sam went back to the eastern shore at the expense of the township; and that, at that election, and ever since, that German township has been O. K.

That is what I call "preserving the purity of elections."

Communications.

EFFECTS OF KINDNESS.

BY JOE, A JERSEY MUTR.

I saw recently in the AGITATOR, the decision of a learned Judge in relation to the use of the rod in school, and cannot help thinking that it is based on the principle of truth and justice. Teachers are liable to be prosecuted and fined or, if not fined, sent to prison, in order to satisfy the parents of the pupils. Thus the teachers are at the mercy of the pupils. If a pupil dislikes his teacher he goes home and tells his parents that his teacher out-herods Herod, and the result is, the arrest and imprisonment of the teacher all on the evidence of one pupil, which is equivalent to the testimony of a woman who swears to the criminal conduct of more than one man. I know of a man who, though innocent, was tried, convicted and committed, on the oath of a woman, who was notorious for her lying propensity.

When I commenced teaching school, I framed for myself a law known as the "law of kindness," and strove to act up to its very spirit. With this law kept in my mind, I tried to initiate my scholars into all the secrets of the school philosophy, but the endeavor well nigh cost me my health and life. I asked the wisest of my pupils how Massachusetts was bounded. "Massachusetts," was the reply, "is bounded on the north by the Baltic Sea, on the east by Turkey, on the south by Prussia, and on the west by Asia." My dander was raised; but I put on a smiling face, and pointed out the errors into which the inglorious blockhead had fallen. I inquired what was the capital of Massachusetts. "London," replied the pupil, laughing. "No," said I in a gentle manner, "Boston remember." The pupil laughed on. I said, "24 from 310 leaves how many?" The stupid feigned not to know my question. I repeated it. The scholars answer is what follows: 4:26. I was vexed, but my manner was gentle, and I said, "No, it shall be 276." On, on, on, I laughed the pupil.

I told my class that the sun is 95,000,000 miles distant from the earth, and that it is the earth which turns over, day after day. A few days afterward I inquired what was the sun's distance from the earth. One said, "100,000,000 miles." Another said, "15 miles." Up popped a third, and exclaimed, "500,000 miles." I blushed for the ignorance of these children. After telling them that the sun's distance from the earth was 95,000,000 miles, I asked which the sun or the earth turned over. The scholars were of one mind that it was the sun which moved around the earth.

One of my scholars was offended with me, and told me to my very teeth that I was a tyrant. I lifted up my finger in a reproving manner, and the little rascal went on abusing me. Kindness is cruel, especially in such cases as the above. Severity of manner, though painful to behold, is useful in correcting the foibles of scholars. Disagreeable, but beneficial. A necessary ingredient of school discipline. Important to ensure good scholars.

Methods which would be cruelly personified for me to pass over the faults of my otherwise agreeable pupils without correcting them. My manner of teaching must be altered. I will be a little severe if severe I must be.

My austere-ty had the desired effect; the attention of my scholars was aroused, and therefore he prevailed. While he feared, he seemed to love me. I had no difficulty in making them acquainted, (to a greater or less degree according to their mental powers) with the general principles which govern the structure of language. One of my boys, who is endowed with a good deal of energy and good judgment, composed a short piece about the earth, which, considering his condition, certainly did considerable credit to his mind.

The following dialogue which occurred between me and one of my scholars, whom I call Mary, though in many points calculated to provoke mirth, may give the reader an idea of the beneficial effects of the course which I pursued in teaching my class:

Mary inquired of me if my parents were both living. I replied, "My father is dead, but my mother is still alive." Mary asked, "Is your mother clothed in mourning?" I answered, "Not now. My father has been dead many years." Mary said, "My mother is clothed in mourning for the death of my father." I was silent. She continued, "Is your mother fat?" "Not very," I replied. "Is she pretty?" asked Mary. "She has some pretensions to beauty of face," I replied. Mary said, "How old is she?" I told her. She said, "Is she pretty?" I nodded my head affirmatively. "Was she ever sick?" inquired she. "Yes, often," responded I. "Do you love your mother?" said she. I replied in the affirmative. "Why do you love her?" demanded she. I answered, "Because she is a kind mother." "The lit le girl said, "Did you often kiss her?" "Quite often," said I. "Do you pray for her?" said she. "Always," replied I. She put to me the startling question; "If she dies, will you cry?" I was silent; would not tell the juvenile query.

Mary is now in her tenth year. She is far above her older classmates, in point of mind, as the sky is above the earth. She learns quickly, but to tell the truth, she seldom attends to her night studies. So young a child, perhaps, ought not to make a task of her studies until she is a little older. But I am strict with her, when a regard for her intellectual improvement, demands it, even at the expense of her good will.

Away with the blind love which sets its face against the punishment due to a way-

ward child! I repeat, away with it! Blessed be the teachers who manage their scholars with firmness in the face of the long prejudicial war.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATIONS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

Among the means which our experience has commended to us, and among the most prominent for the elevation of our schools are Teachers' Mutual Improvement Associations. These are different from Teachers' Institutes. By the latter is intended, as good a substitute for Normal schools as can be devised in such counties as have no special school for the education of Teachers. The most experienced teachers of Teachers, have recommended the holding of one Institute in a county, once or twice a year. But that we might meet as many of the teachers as possible, we appointed last fall three places in this county as centers as could be selected, for the drilling of teachers. We were happy to meet in these places upwards of one hundred teachers, but were grieved that not one half of the working teachers of the county, saw proper to avail themselves of either of these places of preparation for the responsible duty of a teacher. We are discovering very plainly by our observation of the winter schools, that those teachers who were found in the Institute are teaching our best schools. And we are prepared to caution Directors against employing teachers who take no pains to qualify themselves for their business, if they would have a good school. Teachers who think they have grown into the profession by instinct, and can teach a good school extempore, show too much presumption or ignorance to merit the confidence of the guardians of children. Of the same general design are Teachers' Associations for Mutual Improvement.

We desire in these, to group all the teachers of two or three contiguous townships into an association, to meet once a month from place to place, to spend the day in relating each others' experience, discussing the various questions that pertain to school government, different modes of teaching the different branches, listening in the evening to an address from a clergyman, or other friend of education selected by themselves for that purpose. To encourage teachers to vitalize these associations, we have recommended and still recommend Directors of our various districts to imitate the example of Directors in some of the best school counties in the State, to allow the teachers who attend these associations, their time, the same as though they taught school. We are happy to learn that the Directors of a few districts, and especially Liberty have the noble generosity which their name implies, of encouraging their teachers to improve themselves and their schools, by meeting one day in each month for this purpose. The consequence is they have there, a corps of five teachers, and though the association met on the cold Tuesday of this winter, yet every teacher of that district was there, and a more interesting and profitable session of teachers we have rarely attended. In a few of the places where such associations have been appointed, the teachers have failed to come to them; and these are the districts where the complaints of the people are the loudest against poor schools. Just as might be expected.

When we can not get ambition enough in our teachers to carry on the progress of their profession from the footfall degradation where it has been kicked about years ago. Let not the teachers complain of low wages or a low appreciation of their calling. We desire to meet such teachers' conventions in all the Districts of this county. We pledge ourselves to stand by the teachers who will assemble for their own improvement and the elevation of the schools. We have more faith in this way of improving our schools, than in almost any other resource that is committed to our hands. We know that already it has galvanised a healthful pulse into a few districts and schools. We are looking hopefully to it, among other means to magnify our office and make it honorable only as it is useful to the county. We bespeak in this, as in every effort, the co-operation of Directors and Teachers. At several of these associations, resolutions, highly commending this plan of creating a deeper interest in these schools have been passed, showing a just appreciation of our efforts in this direction, by which we have felt encouraged. In pursuance of this plan we earnestly invite the teachers, whether of public or private schools, to meet as follows for mutual improvement. The exercises we believe will abundantly pay for a journey of from five to ten miles, the farthest that any will have to travel.

Westfield, Monday Jan. 28 2 o'clock P. M. Knoxsville, Tuesday " 29 " " Elkland, Wednesday 30 " " Keeneville, Thursday 31 " " Discussions in the afternoon. An address in the evening. J. F. CALKINS, Co. Supt.

STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.—The editor of the St. Joseph Cycle, who was one of the proselytizing troops sent to subdue Lawrence, gives the following history of the campaign: Warriors numerous—seven hundred at Lawrence—seven hundred and fifty at Wakarusa—the first above and the second below Lawrence—scouting parties scouring the country—prisoners brought in daily—pale, scared, miserable—surgeons solicitous—Gov. and staff negotiating in Lawrence—expresses passing hourly—warriors panting for battle—spirits up—spirits down—snoappes—weather cold—storm rages—hail, rain, snow wind—tents blown down—sheets and blankets blown up—fires blown out—ardor cooled—warriors shivering—no sleeping—much complaining—action desired—impatience growing—powder scarce—corn for one horse—stolen for another—officer tried for petit larceny—fined oysters—prosecution to furnish liquor. Various skirmishes—an editor warded an official corner—snoappes—guns firing—warriors drilling—patience exhausted—going to charge—express arrives—peace declared—ordered home—scattering—Gov's red with glory—victory—an end.

When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion; instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose to neglect; and improve those excellencies which command attention and respect. "The world may not love you, but they cannot withhold their respect, when you continue to deserve it.