

THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL 'MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN' SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28, 1863. NO. 24.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL buyers of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Hats and Caps, &c., can make money by making their purchases at

J. A. PARSONS' CHEAP CASH STORE.

His stock is now in first-rate shape, consisting of all kinds of Domestic Goods, which will be sold at less than

NEW YORK PRICES.

We have full lines of

Brown Sheatings and Shirtings, Bleached Do., Denims, Tuckings, Striped Shirtings, Checks, Blankets, Linens, Towelings, Yarns, Hosiery, Cotton Batting, Gloves &c., in as great variety as ever.

DRESS GOODS.

In this stock we cannot be beat. Having on hand a large stock of Plain and Figured Red, Brocades, Mohairs, Plain Alpacaes, and Plain Merinos, Parametta, Cashmeres, DeLaines, &c., from the rich goods to the lowest prices in market.

SHAWL AND CLOAK STOCK.

BROCHE SHAWLS, SINGLE & DOUBLE, BLANKET

FANCY WOOL

Cloaks, Sacques, Coat Cloths, Trimmings &c., in this stock we can suit every one.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

Black and Fancy Cassimeres, Melton's Black Broadcloths, Overcoatings, Suitings, Cashmeres, Parametta, Jeans, Fancies, and Mechanical Cassimeres, Cottonades and in prices as low as can be found in the county.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's Double Sole Kid Boots, Men's Double Sole Kip, Mens Stoga do, Boys do, Youths do, Womens Call Custom made Shoes, Ladies Kid and Morocco Dalmora Boots, Ladies Kid and Lasting Dalmora Gaiters, Ladies Kid and Lasting Congress Gaiters, Fine Morocco Boots, Childrens Shoes, all kinds. We can suit all calls at as low

KINDS AND SIZES.

and will guarantee the prices as low as the lowest.

Butter, Eggs and other Produce,

taken on favorable terms.

An Early Call is Solicited!

JAMES A. PARSONS,
No. 3 CONCERT BLOCK,
CORNING, N. Y.

Oct. 15, 1862.

BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

DR. FRANKLIN SAYS:

"When you have anything to advertise, tell the public of it in plain, simple language." "I am manufacturing good custom made Boots and Shoes which I will sell at fair prices, and only for READY PAY. Such work cannot be sold at as low rates per pair as eastern made stop-work, but it can and will be sold at such a price which will enable the purchaser to protect his feet with good substantial boots more cheaply than a poor stop-work article, which, even if it changes not to fall in pieces with the first weeks service, is but a doubtful protection in wet and cold weather. Try me."

Buck and Dogskins Wanted,

in the red and short, blue for which I will pay cash and a good price.

Beef-Hides and Calfskins Wanted,

for which I will also pay cash.

Sheep Fells Wanted,

for which I will also pay cash and the highest market price.

An assortment of sole, upper, calfskins and linings, pegs, thread, nails, awls, knives, shoe-hammers, &c., &c., kept constantly on hand, which I will sell cheap for cash. Shop on Main Street between Weller's and Bullard's.

G. W. SEARS.
Wellsboro, August 27, 1862.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

No. 2, Union Block.

JEROME SMITH

HAS returned from New York with a splendid assortment of

DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, GLASSWARE, GROCERIES, DOMESTICS, WOODENWARE,

ENGLISH GOODS, FURS, LADIES' DRESSES, SATINS, FRENCH CASSIMERES, FINE CLOTH, TWEEDS AND KENTUCKY JEANS.

Attention is called to his stock of Black and Figured Dress Silks, Worsted Goods, &c.

Morocco Black and Figured DeLaines, Long and Square Shawls, Ladies' Cloth, Opera Flannels, &c.

Purchasers will find that

No. 2, Union Block, Main Street, is the place to buy the best quality of goods at the lowest prices.

JEROME SMITH.
Wellsboro, Nov. 5, 1862.

Notice to Bridge Builders.

PROPOSALS will be received at the Commissioner's Office in Wellsborough, on Thursday, the 5th day of February next, for the building of two spans of seventy five feet each, to complete the bridge at Lawrenceville. The spans to be of the same kind of material, the same height, width and of the same length as the bridge at Academy Corners in Deerfield. Also for the building of a bridge across the Cowanesque at the mouth of Jamies creek, to be one span of seventy five feet, and of the same height, width and of the same length as the bridge at Westfield. Plans and specifications may be seen at the Commissioner's Office; said bridges to be completed by the first day of July next. Per order of Commissioners: Wellsboro, Jan. 14, 1863.

Q. W. WELLINGTON & CO'S. BANK,

CORNING, N. Y.,
(LOCATED IN THE DICKINSON HOUSE.)

American Gold and Silver Coin bought and sold. New York Exchange, do. United States Money, do. United States Demand Notes "old issue" bought. Collections made on all parts of the Union at current rates of Exchange.

Particular pains will be taken to accommodate our patrons from the Tioga Valley. Our Office will be open from 7 A. M. and close at 7 P. M., giving parties passing over the Tioga Rail Road ample time to transact their business before the departure of the train in the morning, and after its arrival in the evening.

Q. W. WELLINGTON, President.
Corning, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1862.

Tavern Licenses.

The following named persons have filed their petitions in the court of quarter session of Tioga County for license to keep public houses and eating houses, in their respective townships, and notice is hereby given that their applications will be heard on Wednesday the 28th day of January, 1863, at 2 o'clock P. M.

PUBLIC HOUSES.

Westfield—J. O. Thompson.
Lawrenceville—William H. Slosson.
Hess—A. L. Bodine.
Liberty—Joseph Reed, L. L. Constock, C. A. Constock.
Knoxville—L. C. Insko.
Middlebury—R. P. Willson, Geo. W. Llord.
Covington—Perley P. Putnam, Thos. B. Putnam.
Mansfield—John Hillier.
Wellsboro—B. B. Halliday, Thomas Graves.

EATING HOUSES.

Dloss—John A. Martin.
Wellsboro—Bullard & Co., L. M. Bullard,
George Hastings, D. P. Roberts, Wm. T. Mathers.

TO SELL BY THE QUART.

Tioga—E. M. Smith.
J. P. DONALDSON, Clerk.

J. CAMPBELL, JR.,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
KNOXVILLE, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

Prompt attention given to the procuring of Pension, Back Pay of Soldiers &c.

Jan. 7, 1863—5m

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read a volume of the Law, in which it said "No man shall look upon my face and live." And as he read, he prayed that God would give His faithful servant grace with mortal eye To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page, And lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age, He saw the Angel of Death before him stand, Holding a naked sword in his right hand, Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man, Yet through his veins a thrill of terror ran, With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?" The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near, When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree, Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee." Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look." Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book, And rising, and uplifting his gray head, "Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said, "Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way." The Angel smiled and hastened to obey, Then led him forth to the Celestial Town, And set him on the wall, whence gazing down, Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes, Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord The Rabbi leaped with the Death Angel's sword, And through the streets there swept a sudden breath Of something there unknown, which men call death. When the Angel came without, and cried, "Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied, "No! in the name of God, whom I adore, I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the angels cried, "O Holy One, See what the son of Levi here has done! The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence, And in Thy name refuses to go hence!" The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth; Did I ever the Angel of Death break his oath? Let him remain; for he with mortal eye Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath, "Give back the sword, and let me go my way." Whereat the Rabbi paused and answered, "Nay! Anghuish enough already has it caused, Among the sons of men!" And while he passed, He heard the awful mandate of the Lord Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer; Then said he the dreadful Angel, "Swear, No human eye shall look on thine again; But when thou hast away the souls of men, Thyself unseen and with an unseen sword, Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."

The Angel took the sword again, and swore, And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

Atlantic Monthly for January.

THE MYSTERY OF THE LIBRARY.

No searching eye can pierce the veil That o'er my secret life is thrown; No outward sign its tale, But to my bosom known, Thus like the spark whose light is hid In the dark flint it hid from sight, It dwells within, alone. (Mrs. Hemans.)

"What have you concealed here?" I said, taking hold of the heavy silk drapery attached to a rose-wood cornice, and falling in graceful folds to the floor.

"Lillian! Lillian, don't raise it!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, springing from the easy chair in which she had been reclining with the listlessness of a dreaming child, and darting to my side she pressed so heavily against the veil that I could discern the outlines of a picture frame.

"A picture!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I must see it, for I can never rest where there is anything mysterious."

"But this you cannot—must not see."

I did not reply, for having been an inmate of the house only a week, and this being my first visit to the library, I did not give utterance to the thoughts which rushed through my mind. Perhaps Mrs. Thornton divined my thoughts, as after a moment's silence she said:

"You are to have access to this library at all times, even to rummage the drawers and pigeon holes of the desk, if your curiosity demands it; but you must not look beneath the veil that hides this picture?" and her pale lips trembled, her dark expressive eyes were fixed upon mine.

"Just one glance," I said pleadingly; but she moved her head negatively, and I went on:

"How can I study with that mystery ever before me, and then too I shall never sleep soundly again, but dream the livelong night of this mystical veil, and that it hides some strange, weird image; or worse, become a somnambulist and frighten every servant (who happens to fear shots) from the house by my midnight explorations and wanderings."

"No eye but mine ever looks upon this veiled picture. It is sacred, for it is the only relic I have preserved of my past life; all that I have to remind me of happy days too bright to last—of a brief period when life's pathway was strewn with flowers, and I dreamed not that beneath those fair, perfumed-flowers petals, sharp, piercing thorns were hidden." Her face was pale as death, and those deep, dark eyes moist with poorly tears.

I saw that her heart was deeply pained; that swelling from memory's fount came painful remembrance, and truly penitent I said, "Forgive my thoughtless words, and I promise never to raise the veil from this picture, nor pain you by my questions."

An intense smile stole over her pale features, and kissing my cheek, she murmured, "Dear child, perhaps some day I may lift the veil and tell you all."

Then turning away to hide her tears, left me standing before the veiled picture.

It was rather curious how I came to be a dweller in the house of Mrs. Thornton. Two years before, when but fourteen years old, I came to New Haven to attend school, and soon after my father leaving home for Europe, where he expected to remain three years, entrusted me to the guardianship of Mr. Howe, an old friend of his college days. It was at the house of Mr. Howe that I first met Mrs. Thornton. She went but little into society, and my guardian was one of the few families she visited. Her pale, expressive face attracted me, and then, too, there was an indefinable something in her dark, liquid eyes, now so sad, and glowing with an intense smile, that awoke an answering echo in my young heart. She always called me to her side to ask me about my studies; and when a new book was announced which she thought would be suitable for me to read, she placed it in my hand with my name engraven on the fly leaf in her hand-writing,

and I was going, without the mystery of the library being solved; so I ventured to hint that, when I came to visit her the next year, I hoped to see the veiled picture unveiled. She did not reply, but taking my hand led me to the library. "She would tell me all, she said, for perhaps we might never meet again."

Mrs. Thornton told her story briefly. She was the only child of wealthy parents, and married at the age of nineteen. For three years she was happy in the pleasant home which her husband took her; then a cloud of midnight darkness overshadowed that home. Some one envying her, circulated reports injurious to her reputation, and these coming to her husband's ears, he being naturally of a jealous disposition, believed them. The wife loved her husband devotedly, and being innocent, how could she bear patiently his taunts and uncalled for surveillance? So she proposed returning to her parental home, and the husband said, only she must leave her child. She did go, and three years after, her parents being dead, she went to Europe, where she remained eight years. Returning to America, she came to New Haven, where, under the assumed name of Thornton, she had since resided. Once she had visited the home of her husband during his absence, and bribing the housekeeper by the present of a well filled purse, procured his portrait; and in all her wanderings, it had been her companion; though closely veiled, her early home could recognize it, and thus her story become food for idle gossip. Then, too, she had seen her child, and for a brief moment pressed it to her bosom; but words could not express the agony of her breaking heart as she turned away from her child.

"Your husband's name," I said, sinking at her feet and gazing wonderingly into her pale face and the dark liquid eyes, bent so lovingly upon me, for a strange hope made my heart throb wildly.

"I cannot repeat his name, but you may look upon his counterpart," she said, rising.

Slowly, almost reverently, she put back the folds of that silken veil, while I stood half breathless beside her: "Was it a dream, or was it reality? There was no mistaking that likeness; and involuntarily the words 'My Father' burst from my lips. Then, like a swift-moving panorama, it all passed before my mind, and throwing my arms around her neck, I called her:

"My mother, my long lost mother! My father told me all yesterday," I said, when I had become more calm. "He learned the reports were without foundation, and hearing you had gone to Europe, for three years he has sought you there, and now his heart is sad because he has not had trace of you. What you see him?"

She did not reply, but I read her answer in the beaming eye, and hastily donning bonnet and mantle, ran to the hotel, and surprised my father by rushing breathless into his room.

"Come with me; Mrs. Thornton will see you now," I said, nervously clutching his arm, and pulling him toward the door; but he, resisting, asked, what had occurred to excite me so. It was not there that I would explain, so he followed my rapid footsteps along the street and up the shaded walk; and then I threw open the door leading to the library. She had risen; how lovingly she looked then—her pale brow, her bright eye, and a crimson spot burning on either cheek. One moment my father stood chained to the spot; then advancing, he exclaimed:

"Flora my wife?"

"Herbert," was the soft reply, and she was clasped in his arms.

"Forgive and forget the past," I heard a manly voice murmur; and then my name was repeated in soft accents. I went to my mother's side, and the happy husband and father, pressed his wife and child to his heart as in reverent tones he implored God to bless our reunion.

The veiled picture was unveiled, the mystery of the library solved; and returning to our Western home, once more a happy family group dwelt beneath its roof. A gentle, loving wife and mother was the guiding star of that home.

My hand was on the knob to open the door, but I hesitated. It was late, and the house was still. How easy it would be to solve the mystery, and Mrs. Thornton never know it. For months that veiled picture had haunted my waking and sleeping visions, why should I longer perplex my mind with vain conjecture; and crossing the library, I placed my lamp so its light would fall directly upon the picture. Was it the rustling of the silk or the faint echo of gentle footsteps that startled me; but listening intently, I found all silent within and without. Ah! it was the whispering of the still, small voice, and should I heed its promptings? She would never know it, curiosity whispered; so I raised the veil; but as my eye caught a glimpse of the gilded frame the drapery fell from my hand! I remembered my promise never to raise that veil, and I turned away wondering why so easily a frame was hidden beneath those dark folds.

From that night the mystery of the library deepened. I had a nervous dread of being left alone with that veiled picture, and my imaginative mind pictured a scene of horror that would thrill every nerve and freeze my heart's blood!

My father returned, and when I told him how kind Mrs. Thornton had been, he called to thank her in person, but she was ill and could not leave her room. Wondering what could agitate her so, I returned to my father, saying she would be better in a day or two, and he must not leave the city until he had seen her. But he was firm in his decision to leave the next day, and I must accompany him. Then I expressed a wish to visit my mother's grave. He drew me to his side, and with his arm encircling me, and my head resting upon his bosom, told me of my mother. To him the memory of the past was painful, and I mingled my tears with those of my father's, while again I seemed to hear that strange voice, and see that strange face peering into mine.

In two hours I would leave my kind friends

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Gen. Butler's Reception at Boston.

Boston, January 13, 1863.

Gen. Butler had a great and most enthusiastic reception to-day. The route of the procession was lined with multitudes of people, and Faneuil Hall was overflowing. He spoke with great feeling and emotion. He announced his readiness to go wherever his duty called him. In his judgment he had exhausted conciliation, and there should be no peace till the rebels were content to receive it as part of the Union. His plan for paying the war debt was the introduction of free labor at the South, whereby labor would become honorable, and by which more abundant crops of cotton could be raised with profit, at less cost than by slave labor. Cotton could be raised with profit at less than ten cents per pound. We are now paying fifty-six cents per pound for it. Put a tax of ten cents per pound upon cotton, thus bringing the market price at twenty cents, and we have an internal revenue from that source alone enough to pay the interest on a war debt twice as large as that we now have. Besides, England and France, who have done so much to prolong this war, would thus be obliged to pay a large proportion of the debt.

Gen. Butler, in concluding, presented the city of Boston with an elegant Confederate flag, taken from the city of New Orleans, not as a trophy, but as a memento of the evils of Secession.

The cheering at the close was most enthusiastic. A public dinner was tendered him, which he declined, as well as a serenade to be given this evening, and he left in a special train for Lowell.

Mr. SPENCER (who has been fasting the last vintage)—"Yes; and it's oily; too! I've read about oily vines, but you can fairly see the oil dripping on the surface!" Miss Spangler: "Oh; but I and no wonder, Mr. Spangler! may I never get out of this chair, if you haven't been drinking out of the glass from which my little brother takes the cod liver oil."

GEN. BUTLER FOR THE EXTERMINATION OF SLAVERY.

The New York Times gives the following report of remarks made by Gen. Butler to a Committee of citizens of New York, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on Thursday evening, Jan. 8.

With reference to the slavery question, his views had undergone a radical change during his residence at New Orleans, and while entertaining no prejudices against his old political associates, who found fault with him on that score, he would only say to them that if they had gone there with the same sentiments that he felt, they would have come away with the same sentiments that he felt [laughter]. He thought he might say that the principal members of his staff, and the prominent officers of his regiments, without any exception, went out to New Orleans Hunker Democrats of the hunker sort, for it was but natural that he should draw around him those whose views were similar to his own, and every individual of the number had come to precisely the same belief on the question of slavery as he had put forth in his farewell address to the people of New Orleans. This change came about from seeing what all of them saw, day by day. In this war, the entire property of the South was against us, because almost the entire property of the South was bound up in that institution. This was a well-known fact, probably, but he did not become fully aware of it until he had spent some time at New Orleans. The South had \$163,000,000 of taxable property in slaves, and \$163,000,000 in all other kinds of property. And this was the cause why the merchants of New Orleans had not remained loyal. They found themselves ruined—all their property being loaned upon planters' notes and mortgages upon plantations and slaves, all of which property is now reasonably worthless. Again, he had learned what he did not know before, that this was not a rebellion against us, but simply a rebellion to perpetuate power in the hands of a few slaveholders. At first he had not believed that slavery was the cause of the rebellion, but attributed it to Davis, Slidell and others, who had brought it about to make political triumphs, by which to regain their former ascendancy.

The rebellion was against the humble and poorer classes; and there were in the South large numbers of secret societies, dealing in cabalistic signs, organized for the purpose of perpetuating the power of the rich over the poor. It was feared that these common people would come into power, and that three or four hundred thousand men could not hold against eight million.

The first movement of these men was to take and hold the reins of political power; and that was not enough, for land could not be owned by many persons. Then they annexed land to slaves and divided the property into movable and immovable.

He was not generally accused of being a humanitarian—at least not by his Southern friends [laughter]. When he saw the utter demoralization of the people, resulting from slavery, it struck him that it was an institution which should be thrust out of the Union. He had, on reading Mrs. Stowe's book—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—believed it to be an overdrawn, highly-wrought picture of Southern life, but he had seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, many things which go beyond an ordinary school-girl's novel. He related an instance of the shocking demoralization of society at New Orleans. There came into his office a woman 27 years of age, perfectly white, who asked him in proper language if he would put her in one of her father's houses. Her history was this: Her father had educated her in the city of New York until she was between 17 and 18 years of age, and taken her to one of the metropolitan hotels, where he kept her as his mistress. Not relishing the connection, and desiring to get away from him, she went to New Orleans—be followed her, but she refused to live with him, at which he whipped her in the public street and made her marry a slave. She afterward resumed the unnatural relation, going to Cincinnati, but was brought back by her husband or father with a child belonging to somebody. Her father fled from the city at this time of its occupation by the United States forces, leaving her in a state of destitution. She wanted to live in one of her father's houses, but her story was not credible, and he determined to investigate it. To his surprise, it was found to be well known, and testimony of its truth was obtained from A, B and C, without difficulty. Notwithstanding this fact, widely known as it was, this man could be elected in Louisiana, in the city of New Orleans, a Judge of one of the Courts.

On one occasion one of his aids brought before him a young woman, almost white, who had been brutally whipped and turned out of the house of her father. For this outrage the man had been made to pay a fine of \$1,000, and give the woman a deed of emancipation [applause]. These were the kind of charges which had been brought against him [cheers, cries of "Good!"]; Yes, no right-minded man could be sent to New Orleans without returning an unconditional anti-slavery man, even though the roofs of the houses were not taken off, and the full extent of the corruption exposed.

All the lower class of the people of New Orleans were loyal. During the first fourteen days after the Union forces entered the city, fourteen thousand took the oath of allegiance; and when he went on board the steamer, on his return to the North, at least one thousand laboring men came down upon the levee, and uttered no words except those of good will to him as the representative of the government.

Gen. Butler continued, by saying that the war could only be successfully prosecuted by the destruction of slavery, which was made the cornerstone of the Confederacy. This was the second time in the history of the world that a rebellion of property-holders against the lower classes and against the government was ever carried on. The Hungarian rebellion was one of that kind, and that failed, as must every rebellion of men of property against government and against the rights of the many. One of the greatest arguments which he could find against slavery was the demoralizing influences

it exerted upon the lower white classes, who were brought into secession by the hundred because they ignorantly supposed that great wrong was to be done them by the Lincoln government, as they termed it, if the North succeeded. Therefore, if you meet an old Hunker Democrat, and send him for sixty days to New Orleans, and he comes back a Hunker still, he is merely incorrigible [laughter].

There was one thing about the President's edict of emancipation to which he would call attention. In Louisiana he had accepted from freedom about 87,000 slaves. These comprised all the negroes held in the Lafourche District who have been emancipated already for some time, under the law which frees slaves taken in rebellious territory by our armies. Others of these negroes had been freed by the proclamation of September, which declared all slaves to be free who owners should be in arms on the 1st of January. The slaves of Frenchmen were free because the *code civil* expressly prohibits a Frenchman holding slaves, and by the 7th and 8th Victoria, every Englishman holding slaves submitted himself to a penalty of \$500 for each. Now, take the negroes of secessionists, Frenchmen and Englishmen out of the 87,000, and the number is reduced to an infinitesimal portion of those excepted. This fact had come to his knowledge from having required every inhabitant of the city to register his nationality. After all the names had been fairly registered, he exploited these laws to the English and French Consuls, and had thus replied to demands which had been made by English and French residents of Louisiana upon the government for slaves alleged to have been seized [applause].

To Directors and Teachers.

A few inquiries have been made as to the propriety of establishing District Institutes.

I can only say that the supplement to the school law, passed the 11th day of April, 1862, makes it the duty of each Board to establish an Institute, and of each teacher to attend such Institute every alternate Saturday. If the district be very small the directors of two or more adjoining districts may unite, as is frequently convenient for borough and surrounding townships.

The County Sup't., *ex officio*, has no authority over these Institutes. Yet I have assumed the liberty of attending a number in the county, and am gratified to learn that Institutes are in successful operation in most Districts.

The State Sup't. has requested me to notify him of all districts in the county that fail to comply with the requirements of the law in respect to Institutes, with a view, as I understand it, of withholding the State appropriation from such delinquent districts. I hope we shall have none in this county.

I have been requested to give some advice and directions as to how district Institutes should be conducted to render their meetings most efficient and profitable.

May I venture to offer a few suggestions: I apprehend district Institutes will be a success or failure according to the interest taken in them by teachers. If every teacher feels that it is as much his duty to attend the district Institutes as to teach the other prescribed days in his school; and if all teachers shall come together with the determination of making them a matter of work, they must, then, be a success; and the object of the Legislature in establishing them will be realized. Otherwise they will be a waste of time and money, and will soon incur the disapproval of the people. As the teachers are allowed this day as a part of the teacher's month, the directors have a right to demand prompt and efficient action on the part of teachers.

I conceive that the object of these meetings is of a two-fold nature:

1. More improved methods of teaching; and
2. Daily class drills.

The more experienced members of the Institute can give valuable information to the younger and more experienced members as to the theory of teaching and general school arrangement and government. All teachers may be more or less benefited by class-drills. If any teacher has questions of difficulty in any branch, he may be teaching, it would be very proper for such teacher to submit the difficulty to the Institute for solution.

I should recommend that a programme be made out at each meeting of the Institute, assigning to different members certain duties; as for instance, discussion of common fractions, or decimal fractions to A. Some portion of Grammar to B. Geography to C. An essay to D, &c., &c.

A few subjects for essays and discussions, viz:

1. Is it necessary that the laboring classes in a nation should be educated?
2. Should a military spirit be encouraged among the pupils of our common schools?
3. In what way can a teacher impart moral instruction in a school?
4. Ought the teacher to attempt to instruct his pupils in good manners?
5. Should singing be one of the regular branches taught in the common school?
6. What disposition should a teacher make of his time out of school hours?
7. What is the best method of governing a school?
8. What motives and incentives to study ought to be appealed to?
9. Are public school examinations and exhibitions advisable?
10. What is the best method of teaching by the use of object lessons?
11. By what plan can a teacher best succeed in keeping his pupils employed?
12. Should prizes and rewards be offered as a reward or incentive to study?
13. What rules ought the teachers to make at the opening of his school?
14. What are the prominent causes of failure in teaching?
15. How can the cordial co-operation of parents be best secured?
16. What is the best order of time for arranging the classes for recitation?
17. Can teaching be reduced to a science?
18. Does the pecuniary prosperity of a nation depend upon its intelligence?
19. Does the stability of a nation depend upon the universal diffusion of intelligence?
20. Do the good morals of a community depend upon its intelligence?

H. C. JOHNS, Co. Sup't.

"When you send round the festive deceiver, my convivial friend," said Orson to Valentine, "it's little you think that if John B. Gough saw you in the act he would probably liken you to a noxious, if not fabulous tree—the Yon pass, you know."

We observe that an inventor has lately taken out a patent for an improvement in "operating swells in musical instruments." Should the thing take we may soon expect to see some of our young men of fashion grinding barrel organs in the street.