

# 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. V.

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**CHANGED.**  
For the Agitator.  
BY MISS W. L. DOUGLASS.

Changed, changed? Yes changed—the bright, en-  
chanting dreams,  
Which glow'd my life-path through their radiant beams,  
Which slowly faded out upon my way,  
Which golden mist flew at the noon-day ray,  
Which early kisses from the earth and air,  
The dreamy beauty morn has scattered there.

Yes, sadly changed! those visions come no more,  
Whose cheering presence in the days of yore  
Went with me, even in the gloomy night,  
Was to my shadowed path a beaming light,  
Was a precursor of a coming dawn,  
For which my weary heart has waited long.

Years, how weary has the waiting been,  
But of the dawn no one ray is seen;  
No voice but duty lures me on the way,  
Love brings no sunshine, sympathy no ray,  
Love brings no fainting heart toward the right,  
And lone I walk, by faith and not by sight.

Yes, life is changed, and much I marvel now,  
That hope its blinding radiance erid did throw  
Over the future, and such visions bring  
As only from the untaught heart can spring.  
But now, world-wise, the stern, cold real I know;  
Life's bright ideal faded long ago!

Yes it has vanished—naught is left me now  
But a cold seeming from my throbbing brow;  
A hiding of the spirit's restless pain,  
As memory brings those childhood-hopes again,  
Which brooded my spirits many a toilsome day,  
Dazzled—then faded from my life away.  
Greencastle, Iowa.

## Wonders of the Human System.

Paley applauds the contrivance by which everything we eat and drink is made to glide on its road to the gullet, over the entrance of the wind-pipe, without falling into it. A little movable lid, the epiglottis, which is lifted up when we breathe, is pressed down upon the chink of the air-passage by the weight of the food and the action of the muscles in swallowing it. Neither solids nor fluids, in short, can pass without shutting down the trap-door as they proceed. But this is only a part of the safeguard. The slit at the top of the wind-pipe, which never closes entirely while we breathe, is endowed with an acute sensibility to the slightest particle of matter. The least thing which touches the margin of the aperture causes its sides to come firmly together, and the intruding body is stopped at the inlet. It is stopped, but unless removed, must drop at the next inspiration into the lungs. To effect its expulsion, the sensibility of the rim at the top of the wind-pipe actually puts into vehement action a whole class of muscles placed lower than its bottom, and which, compressing the chest over which they were distributed, drives out the air with a force that sweeps the offending substance before it. The convulsive coughing which arises when we are choked is the energetic effort of nature for our relief when anything chances to have evaded the protective epiglottis. Yet this property, to which we are constantly owing our lives, is confined to a single spot in the throat. It does not, as Sir Charles Bell affirms, belong to the rest of the wind-pipe, but is limited to the orifice, where alone it is needed. Admirable, too, it is to observe, that while this sensitive to the utmost insignificant atom, it bears without resentment the atmospheric currents which are incessantly passing to and fro over its irritable lips. "It rejects," says Paley, "the touch of a crumb, or a drop of water, with a spasm which convulses the whole frame; yet, left to itself and its proper office, the intromission of air alone, nothing can be so quiet. It does not even make itself felt; a man does not know that he has a trachea. This capacity of producing with such acuteness this impalpable of offense, yet perfect rest and ease when let alone, are properties one would have thought not likely to reside in the same subject." It is the junction, however, of these almost inconsistent qualities, in this, as well as in other delicate parts of the body, that we owe our safety and our comfort—our safety to their sensibility, our comfort to their repose.

Another of the examples adduced by Bell is that of the heart. The famous Dr. Harvey examined, at the request of Charles I. a nobleman of the Montgomery family, who, in consequence of an abscess, had a fistula opening into the chest, through which the heart could be seen and handled. The great physiologist was astonished to find it insensible. "Then brought him," says he, "to the king, that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive as I did, that unless when we touch the outer skin, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we touched the heart." Yet it is to the heart that we refer our joys, our sorrows and our affections; we speak of a good-hearted, a hard-hearted, a true-hearted, and a heartless man. Shielded from physical violence by an outwork of bones, it is not invested with sensations which could have contributed to its preservation, but while it can be grasped with the fingers, and give no intimation of the fact to its possessor, it unmistakably responds to the varied emotions of the mind, and by the general consent of mankind is pronounced the seat of our pleasures, griefs, sympathies, hatreds and love. Persons have frequently dropped down dead from the vehemence with which it contracts or expands upon the sudden announcement of good or bad news—its muscular walls being strained too far in the upward or downward direction to enable them to return—and one of the purposes which this property of the heart is probably designed to subserve is to put a check upon the passions through the alarming physical sensations they excite.

The brain, again, is enclosed in a bony case. All our bodily sensations are dependent upon the nerves, but even the nerves do

## A Volunteer Bull Fight.

I remember once seeing, when at school, a fight between two bulls. Although I could not have been more than eight years of age, I shall never forget the spectacle. It happened in this wise.  
Close by the school house—a very unpretending edifice it was—ran a deep and rapid river. Across it had been thrown a high wooden bridge the hand-railing which time and the winds and the weather had entirely destroyed. The land on the opposite sides of the stream was owned by different persons and farmed by them respectively. One bright summer day—I remember it as it were yesterday—the hour of noon had arrived, and a frolicsome, fun-seeking troop of school boys were let loose for an hour's recreation.  
All at once the bellowing and roaring of two bulls that had broken out of their enclosure on each side of the river attracted our attention. The animals were not yet in sight of each other, but were approaching along the highway at a rate of speed which would cause them to meet near the centre of the high bridge which I have described, and beneath which, at some thirty feet, ran the river, between steep banks. The more daring of us gathered near the bridge lining it, to see the anticipated fight. We were not disappointed. Nearer and nearer approached the proud, pawing combatants. Bashan never produced two brutes of fiercer aspect. They lashed their sides with their tails, they tore the ground with their feet. Occasionally they knelt down, trying to gore the earth with their horns. And as yet they were concealed, each from the other, by the ascent of the bridge at either end. Presently, as they simultaneously ascended the respective abutments, they came full in sight of each other. The roar was mutual and actually tremendous. Every urchin of us sprang into the fields, and ran. Finding however, that we were not pursued, we hastily retraced our steps. There they were, quite as sensibly employed as some of their human imitators. Front to front their horns locked, every muscle strained, they were fighting as only bulls can fight. It seemed an even match. Now one would press back his opponent a few paces, and presently you would hear quick, sharp, short steps, and his adversary would be pressed back in return. The struggling was hard, was long, was savage. For a while neither obtained an advantage.  
Hitherto they had been pushing each other lengthwise of the bridge; suddenly they began to wheel, and in a moment were facing each other crosswise. They were at right angles with the length of the bridge, which shook, and creaked, and rocked again with their trampling and their terrible strife. It was the beast—I could not tell which one of them, however made a desperate plunge forward and pressed his antagonist back, back, till there was but another step of the plank behind him and nothing. The moment was one of intense interest to us juvenile spectators. Never was the amphitheatre of Rome the scene of a more exciting combat. Another step backward, yes, the unfortunate bull was forced to take it! Back he is pressed and over he goes!

## Spanish Beauty.

The Spanish women are very interesting. What we associate with the idea of female beauty is not perhaps, very common in this country. There are seldom those seraphic countenances which strike you dumb, or blind, but faces in abundance which will never pass without commanding admiration.—Their charms consist in their sensibility.—Each incident, every word, every person, touches the fancy of a Spanish lady and, her expressive features are constantly confuting the creed of the Moslem. But there is nothing quick, harsh, or forced about her. She is extremely unaffected, and not at all French. Her eyes gleam rather than sparkle; she speaks with vivacity, but in sweet tones, and there is in all her carriage, particularly when she walks, a certain dignified grace which never deserts her, and which is very remarkable.

The general female dress in Spain is of black silk, a *basquina*, and a black silk shawl, a *mantilla*, with which they usually envelop their heads. As they walk along in this costume on an evening, with their soft, dark eyes dangerously conspicuous, you willingly believe in their universal charms.—They are remarkable for the beauty of their hair. Of this they are very proud, and indeed this luxuriance is equalled only by the attention which they lavish on its culture. I have seen a young girl of fourteen, whose hair reached her feet, and was as glossy as the curl of a Contessa. All the day long, even the lowest orders are engaged in brushing, curling, and arranging it. A fruit woman has her hair dressed with as much care as the Duchess of Ossuna. In the summer they do not wear their mantilla over their heads, but show their combs, which are of very great size. The fashion of these combs varies constantly. Every two or three months you may observe a new form. It is the part of the costume of which a Spanish woman is most proud. The moment that a new comb appears, every servant wench will run to the melter's with her old one, and thus, at the cost of a dollar or two, appear the next holiday in the newest style. These combs are worn at the back of the head. They are of tortoise shell, and with the very fashionable, they are white. I sat next to a lady of high distinction at a bull-fight at Seville. She was the daughter in law of the Captain General of the province, and the most beautiful Spaniard I ever met with. Her comb was white and she wore a mantilla of blonde, without doubt extremely valuable, for it was very dirty. The effect however, was charming. Her hair was glossy black, her eyes like an anemone's, and all her other features deliciously soft. She was further adorned, which is rare in Spain, with a rosy cheek, for in Spain our heroines are rather sallow. But they counteract this slight defect by never appearing until twilight, which calls them from their bowers, fresh, though languid from the late siesta.

The only fault of the Spanish beauty is, that she too soon indulges in the magnificence of embonpoint. There are, however, many exceptions. At seventeen, a Spanish beauty is poetical. Tall, lithe, and clear and graceful as a jennet, who can withstand the summer lightning of her soft and languid glance! As she dances, if she does not lose her shape, she resembles Juno rather than Venus. Majestic she ever is, and if her feet be less twinkling than in her first bolero, look on her hand, and you'll forgive them all.—*B. Disraeli in Contarino Fleming.*

**NOBLE SENTIMENTS.**—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason of persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him, leave him to God, the Judge of all.—*John Wesley.*

## Communications.

### Familiar Letters on Geology, Etc.

MY DEAR MARY; Will you be so good as to open Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks" at page 141. You will there find the bold declaration (bold for that time) of the youthful Chalmers, made in 1804: "The writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe." The whole christian world was startled by the "bold infidelity" of the young preacher, and ten thousand pulpits and a thousand pens were ready to defend that religion which had been so daringly attacked in one of its strongholds.  
Men were so accustomed to the old fossil interpretation, that it had become to them a part of self-evident truth, and as much entitled to respect as the doctrine of witchcraft in the palmy judicial days of Sir Matthew Hale. It would have been almost infidelity previous to that time to have even examined the Scriptures to see if there could be any other than the commonly received interpretation—rather, the *universally* received interpretation. And yet now no scientific or even intelligent christian finds in the first chapter of Genesis, anything to justify the old interpretation. The world may have been in existence millions on millions of years for aught that appears in the Bible of our holy religion. Nay, more, the intelligent student of the Bible alone finds it difficult to make all things in that book plausibly consistent with the six-thousand-year theory. The old system of the earth's chronology has been entirely discarded. Geological science has opened to the world a new data from which to compute the age of the globe.  
It is time that when the christian entered the bowels of the earth and examined the record written there by the finger of God, he was startled by the new truth revealed, and being perhaps of weak faith, was ready to exclaim, "the Bible must be false." Sadly and tearfully he was about to relinquish that path which has been to his soul an anchor sure and steadfast, when the angel of his hope pointed him away from commentaries and fossilized opinions, to the Bible itself and bid him "pray and examine." He did pray and examine, and a new light sprang up in his soul; and his Bible was dearer than ever, and he pressed it closer to his heart, for he found that He who had written the volume of nature had written also the volume which had been the ground-work of his faith.  
"Science is the handmaid of religion."—The deeper we go down into the earth, or the higher up among the stars, the stronger is our faith in the great Creator; and at every step we take we are ready to exclaim, "Wonderful! wonderful are thy works, oh God!" and to cry out, "the book of Nature is indeed the revelation of the God of Nature!" Human volumes may have truth written within them, but that truth can only be made sure to our minds by its correspondence with the book of God. Everything that has been subject to the care and supervision of man, may have error; but the great book of God never tells an untruth; in that there have been no interlineations, or erasures, or additions, or suppressions, or mistranslations.—It is the record of God's doings, written by God himself, with his own materials, and on tablets of his own manufacture.  
Hence, my dear Mary,—and do not be startled, for the christian's Bible, as science advances, becomes dearer to him, and every step of science but adds new proof that that book too is the book of God—hence if the Bible should be contradicted by God's great book of Nature, I should discard the former and cleave to the latter. But science never shook the faith of the intelligent christian, for he finds in science itself additional proof of the divine origin of his religion, though at times science may point him to errors of interpretation, and even errors of translation.  
And now, as Dr. Chalmers was a little in advance of his times when he announced the new and startling truth that "the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe," so I may be deemed ahead even of these times, and may like him be denounced as "infidel," when I announce as my firm belief that "the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the creation of man."  
Read the third and fourth lectures in the "Testimony of the Rocks" and you will get at the line of argument to show that this globe must have existed more than six thousand years, and of the geological evidence of the immense periods of time occupied by the third, fifth and sixth days of the first chapter of Genesis—the day or period of "grass and herb and fruit trees"—the period of "winged fowl, the great monsters, and every living creature that moves in the waters"—and the period of "cattle and creeping things and beasts of the land," and how Hugh Miller reconciles these immense periods with the "days" of creation.  
Read carefully the fourth lecture—"The Mosaic vision of Creation"—and read also in connection with that lecture the prophecies of Isaiah and Daniel and others, and see how in all the prophetic visions, days and weeks and months and even years are made to represent, not those periods literally, but vastly longer periods of time. See also how in the prophetic writings, a name is of use to signify a whole nation—"Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone"—and how in prophetic language a name is used to signify, not only the nation, or race or family, but the whole duration of that nation, or race or family; and then take up Genesis and read the first eleven chapters carefully, and ask, "Is this a veritable record of just sixteen hundred fifty-five years from man's creation to Noah's deluge, and of four hundred twenty-eight years from the deluge to the death of Terah, Abraham's father, drawn from au-

## Western Lawyer's Plea Against the Fact.

"Gentleman of the Jury; The Scripture saith, 'Thou shalt not kill;' now, if you hang my client you transgress the command as sick as grease, and as plump as a goose egg in a loafer's face. Gentleman! murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen or by a humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man, but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentleman; you may bring the prisoner in 'guilty;' the hangman may do his duty, but will that exonerate you? No such thing; in that case you will all be murderers. Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? Who, freemen—who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word, not one of you has a bowie-knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentleman, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfumes of cigars and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of animal viscera, until the spinal vertebrae of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair. Gentleman, beware of committing murder! Beware, I say, of meddling with the eternal prerogative! Gentlemen, I adjure you, by the unmanipulated ghost of temporal sanctity, to do no murder! I adjure you by the name of woman, the mainstream of the ticking timepiece of time's theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the love you have for the excellent and condimental gusto of our native punkin, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the stars set in the flying ensign of your emancipated country, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the American eagle that whipped the universal game cock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear store-made coats—if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you—if you ever expect to wear bobs made of the free hide of the Rocky Mountain buffalo—and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally, cut-throated, braided small ends of humanity, whittled down into indistinguishability, acquit my client, and save your country."  
The prisoner was acquitted.

## A Little Difficulty in the Way.

An enterprising traveling agent for a well-known Cleveland tomb stone manufactory lately made a business visit to a small town in an adjoining county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him and offer him consolation and a grave-stone, on his usual reasonable terms. He started. The road was a frightful one, but the agent persevered and finally arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting rails, "over" pasture, about two miles. The indefatigable agent hitched his horse and started for the "pasture." After falling into all manner of mudholes, scratching himself with briars and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear of it and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiable archer, and shot down all, both of high and low degree. He informed the man that what was his loss was her gain, and would be glad to sell him a grave stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was "a little difficulty in the way." "Hav'n't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent. "Why, yes I have," said the man, but no grave stone ain't necessary; you see the critter ain't dead. She's scooted with another man!" The agent retired.—*Cleve. Plaindealer.*

## Life appears too short to be spent in nursing animosities, or registering wrong.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.

## TEACHER'S COLUMN.

### School Teaching.

It is a lamentable fact that few teachers succeed well. Many things spring up which are a continual source of annoyance. Far be it from me to attempt a justification of those teachers who labor only for the "almighty dollar"—those that are laboring only for the completion of a sinister object, but it is a fact well known, that many a well meaning, and faithful teacher has been forced from his school, because of difficulties, that existed before his term began.  
How few, that have never assumed the teacher's vocation know anything about the cares, and responsibilities, belonging to it! By many his office is thought to be one of idleness and ease. Many think it much easier to "keep school" than to do anything else, and think it outrageous that he should receive as much for "sitting in the house" as for working out of doors, looking beyond the fact that it may have cost him years of study to properly prepare himself for his business!  
I said many teachers failed to give satisfaction, and though many times it may be through their fault, yet such is not always the case. We will, if you please, look into a district school, on the morning of commencement. At the appointed hour, delegations pour in from every corner of the district, and as scholars always carry out the instructions they receive at home, the teacher soon finds that the good folks of A—, have not always been on the most friendly terms. Soon he learns, that a deadly feud, has long existed between the hill folks and the hollow folks, that the teacher that offends the one is sure to please the other, that for many and divers reasons, the people of one end of the district have a sore jealousy of the other, and as the scholars leave home in the morning, they are especially cautioned to see if the "schoolmaster" is "stuck up"—if he is not a member of the fraternity of "two and six aristocracy." And lastly, though not least, the hill folks caution their young ideas to keep a sharp look-out and see if the new teacher is not partial to the hollow folks, and to duly report progress, and their children start for school, more intent upon finding fault, than upon drinking in the principles contained in their text books. In every part of the district the pupils are duly cautioned. A watch is kept of his every act. Spies in shape of fifty pupils are upon him continually. If he speaks kindly to the hollow pupils, the hill folks receive it as a direct pointed insult, and if he in his weakness sees fit to gently rebuke a self-willed miss of fifteen, who belongs upon the hill who has seen fit to willfully break an established rule of school, because of the act of kindness exercised towards her rival, in tears she goes home, and repeats the thrice told tale, that the new teacher is just like the old ones—always using partiality—always abusing with a vengeance those that happen to live in their particular locality. This is a grievous shame. It is an outrage too heavy to be borne.—Submission longer, ceases to be a virtue. Revenge under such circumstances is the essence of sweetness. After comforting the deeply outraged child, her tender hearted parent, by a ten-fold reward of presents, and hopes of revenge coaxes her once more to wend her way towards school. On her way she unfolds her grief to her friends—their parents are duly informed that there is trouble in school, and they take sides for, or against the teacher according to their animosities.—The school begins the next morning, and the teacher for the first time finds that something is wrong. Being in profound ignorance of the causes that have been operating to "spring such unnumbered woes" upon him, he is naturally at a loss as to the cause of the strange actions which present themselves before him. The seed which has been sown during many preceding terms is now being ripened into fruit, and the storm which has been long gathering has reached a culminating point. The school is arranged into two divisions and before he is aware is placed between two fires. If he punishes one, the faction to which he belongs is duly wrathful and injustice of the teacher is duly reported back to the respective families. The children once more are sent back and told to resist the insolence of the teacher. By their parents, they are told to take the law into their own hands, that self-defence is the first law of Nature. Such honest reader, is no fancy sketch. Any teacher, of a half dozen terms experience can tell something like the above from his own personal observation. When we fully consider that every school is made up of pupils from twenty different families—that they are all governed differently at home—that some are brought up and some come up—that in school these sixty pupils of opposite training at home, must be brought subject to one set of rules and order enforced, when they are taught insubordination at home, and a dozen branches taught in a single day, under such circumstances it is singular that but few teachers succeed. In my opinion the success of every school depends greatly upon the aid and comfort given it by the heads of families. In order to have a *line* school, there must be a hearty co-operation between both parent and teacher—both must be moved by an object elevated above neighborhood disturbances—both must look upon the education of the young mind as a thing worthy of the best energies of the human heart—as the secret to the future happiness and progress of the human race, and as of inestimable value to the pupils themselves, both now and hereafter—in short of both parent and school master heartily join hand in hand, there is no such thing as failure. T. T. T. T. T.

**Rates of Advertising.**  
Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising—

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