

THE TIOPA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp "TIME OUT," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped, and a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the publisher. The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post Office within the county limits, and to those most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County. Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$4 per year.

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. WELLSBORO, TIOPA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1859. NO. 38.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 14 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 14 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
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Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and township BLANKS: Notes, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Declarations and other Blanks, constantly on hand, or printed to order.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?
By M. L. DORN.

When shall we meet again? Not till the passing years have silver'd o'er our heads, and dimmed our eyes with tears;
Not till a thousand flowers, which now around our path
Are blooming, have faded, and their petals up and withered in the tomb.
When shall we meet again? Not while our hearts are free,
And hope is singing in our ears her songs of minstrelsy;
Not while youth's bloom upon our cheeks, its light within
The heart, may we hope to meet again, though now in faith
We part.
When shall we meet again? Oh, oft when sad and lone,
Will memory bring bright faces back; and the well-remembered tone
Of friends, whose accents were more dear than music's
Witching strain, will wake the longing wish to look on them yet once again.
When shall we meet again? Oh! could we draw the veil
Which hides the future from our eyes—how might our spirits quit!
For broken ties, and blasted hopes, and eyes whence
Light has fled, might be the way-marks in the path our several feet
Must tread.
If here we may not meet,—Oh, in that glorious Heaven
Where pure affections chain is linked, to never more be
Riven, may our freed spirits find the bliss to mortals here denied,
And drink from life's eternal fount, where death cannot divide!

From Dickens's Household Words.
The Haunted Bed.
By MARK LEMON.

"Why, Betty, if there isn't Mr. Ponsonby at the door with his baggage, I'll be whipped!" cried the head waiter at the hotel, on the evening preceding the regatta.

"Mr. Ponsonby, you don't say so! and I'd give him up, and just put that weak-minded gent as come at ten o'clock in Forty-two—Mr. Ponsonby's room as I call it; and there's not a bed to be had in Cowes for love or money."

"What's that, you say, Betty?" said the new comer, "not another bed but mine, eh?"

"That's it, sir," replied Betty; "I kept it for you till the last train; now as that has been in an hour, I gave you up, sir. What will you do?"

"Awkward," exclaimed Ponsonby; "the old clock in the room will break his heart; but I must sleep on a sofa."

"Not one disengaged," said the waiter.

"No, sir," added Betty, "not one, sir. There are four small children put to bed in a chest of drawers now in Twenty-four. We let every thing before we would let Forty-two."

"That's the gent that's got your room," whispered John, as he ushered Mr. Ponsonby into the coffee-room.

The person alluded to was a very mild, milky-looking young gentleman of twenty-one. His present position was evidently a new one, for he was constantly employed in pulling up his shirt collar and using his toothpick.

"John," said Ponsonby, "I must have a bed. Bring me a bottle of brandy and a glass of brandy and water, and put them on the table next to the young gentleman, whilst I speak to Betty."

"What the nature of Mr. Ponsonby's communication to Betty was I don't mean to reveal; but she laughed comely, and was shortly afterwards seen entering No. Forty-two with a warming-pan, and then returning without it.

The brandy and water were duly served, and Mr. Ponsonby, took his place at the table. The mild gentleman pulled his collar up as frequently and plied the toothpick with increased energy.

"Water," cried Ponsonby, "Here—take this thing away."

"Capital, sir," said John, somewhat astonished.

"Don't tell me a capital bone!" exclaimed Ponsonby. "The bus driver was complaining of the mortality among his horses. Take it away."

The mild gentleman looked alarmed, and pined in the act of pulling up his left collar.

"Wretched house, this, sir," said Ponsonby, confidentially; "never come here if I can avoid it; but at regatta time glad to get in anywhere."

"Yes, sir," said the mild one.

"I shall never forget it. I wonder who sleeps in that room to-night—poor devil!"

"May I inquire what the trick was, sir?"

"Oh! certainly," said Ponsonby, "though I hardly like to tell the story, in case you should doubt my veracity."

"Oh! sir—"

"Well, it seems absurd to talk of haunted chambers in the nineteenth century; and Ponsonby said no more.

"But that there is one in this house I am going to swear," exclaimed Ponsonby; "a room with a large, old-fashioned clock in it."

"No. Forty-two!" gasped the mild one; "what's your room?"

"Heaven's sake!" said Ponsonby; "I know that, I wouldn't have said a word for the world."

"Dear sir, don't say that; pray go on, sir. I'm not superstitious, neither am I foolishly incredulous," and the mild one wiped his forehead, and emptied his tumbler at a gulp.

"Well, as you desire it, I will narrate my story," said Ponsonby. "It was exactly three days ago this very day, that I and my luggage and ourselves in No. Forty-two, the last room, the chambermaid told me) unless in the night."

"Exactly what she told me—a cockatrice!"

"I was tired by my day's journey, and went to bed exactly as the clock struck twelve. Though fatigued I felt no disposition to sleep, so I placed my candle on the bed-steps and began to read. I had read about five minutes, when suddenly I received a most violent blow on the stomach, and the clock struck a quarter. I started up; there was no one—nothing to account for the phenomenon. At last I concluded that I must have had a fancy. I read on for another quarter of an hour, when I received two blows of greater violence than the former one. I jumped out of bed, resolved to secure

my assailant. No; there was no one!—the clock chimed the half-hour."

"Another glass of brandy and water!" cried the mild one.

It was brought and Ponsonby proceeding; "I seized the bell-rop, but a sense of shame would not let me proceed. I therefore resolved to keep watch for a short time. As I sat up in the bed my eyes fell upon the face of the old clock in the corner. I could not help thinking that was in some way connected with the annoyance I had suffered. As I looked the minute-hand gradually approached the IX on the dial, and the moment it arrived there, I received three distinct and particularly sharp raps on the crown of my head. The clock struck the three quarters. I was now convinced that there was something wrong. What was I to do? If I disturbed the house and told this story, I should be laughed at, and set down as drunk or dreaming. I resolved to brave the worst. I got out of bed, and, gently opening the clock case, stopped the vibration of the pendulum.

"Come, that must prevent the striking," thought I, and laid myself down with something like a chuckle at my own brilliancy."

"A chuckle!" murmured the mild one.

"I had not been in bed above five minutes," resumed Ponsonby, when I heard the door of the clock-case open slowly. I felt, I confess, a tremor."

"I should think so!"

"And I saw the pendulum throw a somewhat on the floor, and deliberately hop—hop—hop—towards the bed. It paused for a moment, and bending its round, brazen face full upon me, said—"

"Spoke?" gasped the mild one.

"Said," (continued Ponsonby; not heeding the interruption,) "Sir, I am very much obliged to you for stopping my labors. People think I never want any rest, but that I can stand being perpetually wound up and kept on the go.—With your permission, I'll get into bed; and without waiting for an answer, into bed it got."

"I suppose," continued the pendulum, "you are not aware that this is our room."

"Our room!" said I.

"Yes; mine and the rest of the works. The man who made us, died in this bed, and left it to us as a legacy. You found something rather unpleasant, didn't you?"

"Yes," I answered, "very unpleasant."

"Ah! that was the striking-weight; he always serves intruders that way when we are going. When we are not, and I come to bed, he is quiet enough. But as I am likely to be set going again in the morning, and it's now nearly half-past one, I'll wish you a good night."

"Good night, sir," I replied, quaking from head to foot. So, thought I, whoever sleeps in this bed must either submit to be thumped black and blue by the striking-weight, or accept of this horrible monster for a bed-fellow. At this moment the pendulum, I suppose, fell asleep, for it commenced an innocent "tick-tick," "tick-tick," that rendered all attempts at forgetfulness on my part impossible."

"Another glass of brandy and water!" cried the mild one.

"No, no," said Ponsonby, "I would advise you not. Have your chamber candle and go to bed."

"Go to bed in No. Forty-two!" exclaimed the mild one. "Never!"

"My dear fellow, matters may have changed since the period I have been talking of. Go to your room, and if anything occurs it is easy to ring the bell. Come, I'll see you to the door."

And taking their candles, the pair proceeded to No. Forty-two.

"Here we are," said Ponsonby; "good night." The mild gentleman could only wave his head in valediction as he entered the haunted chamber. In a moment he uttered a shrill cry, and rushed into the lobby, his hair literally on end with terror.

"What's the matter?" said Ponsonby.

"It's there!—in bed—fast asleep—I've seen it—the pendulum!—I'd not sleep there for a thousand pounds!"

"Good gracious! What will you do?"

"Sleep on the stairs—If I had but my carpet-bag out of the room!"

"I'll fetch it for you. I don't mind the pendulum; he's an old friend of mine."

And in another minute the mild one was traveling down to the coffee-room, bumping his carpet-bag from stair to stair, to the probable disturbance of the whole house.

"Betty! Betty! said Ponsonby in an under tone, "tell the porter to bring my baggage to No. Forty-two. Ha! ha! Capital, Betty!"

roared Ponsonby, as he saw the cause of the mild one's terror.

It was the brazen warming-pan comfortably put to bed in No. Forty-two, and which the M. G. in his terror had taken for a pendulum.

In the morning the mild gentleman did not show himself. He had drunk three bottles of soda water, paid his bill, and gone off by the first train.

FORGIVENESS.—Amongst all the proverbs, maxims, and apothegms, which the poets have furnished, there is none more useful than the familiar line,
"To err is human, to forgive divine."
The context of this conveys such admirable advice, that it deserves equal familiarity, running, as it does, thus:
"For every trifling fault to take offence—
That always shows great pride or little sense:
Good nature and good sense must always join—
To err is human, to forgive divine."
We commend this string of pearls to our readers. Its truths cannot be too familiarly or strongly impressed upon their minds. There is nothing more beautiful than forgiveness of real injuries. And, as for imaginary ones—the trifles spoken of by the poet—it should require no effort to overlook them in our erring fellow-beings.

THE Rev. Sydney Smith, whilst preaching a charity sermon, frequently repeated the assertion that, of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for the love of their species. The collection proved inferior to his expectations; and he said that he had evidently made a mistake, for he should have said that they were distinguished for a love of their "specie."

In a Balloon with a Madman.

A French paper tells the following relative to the last balloon ascension of M. Goddard: Monsieur Goddard took with him on that day, as his *compagnon de voyage*, a wealthy, private gentleman, who paid 1,000 francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of the expedition. The weather could not have been more propitious, and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude.

"What effect does that produce upon you?" asked M. Goddard of his companion.

"Nothing!" said the latter, laconically.

"My compliments to you," said M. Goddard.

"You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude without betraying some emotion."

"Keep on mounting," said the traveler, with a gravity supreme.

M. Goddard threw over some ballast, and the balloon ascended some 500 feet higher.

"And now," added M. Goddard, "does your heart beat?"

"Nothing yet!" replied his companion, with an air which approached closely to impatience.

"The devil!" explained M. Goddard; "you have really, my dear sir, the most perfect qualifications to be an aeronaut."

The balloon still ascended; when 1,000 feet higher M. Goddard interrogated a third time his companion.

"And now?"

"Nothing, nothing; not the shadow of a fear whatever!" answered the traveler, with a tone positively discontented, and like a man who experienced a profound deception.

"Goodness me! so much the worse, then," said the aeronaut, smiling; "but I must renounce all hopes of making you afraid. The balloon is high enough. We are going to descend."

"To descend?"

"Certainly; there would be danger in mounting higher."

"That does not make the slightest difference to me; I do not choose to descend."

"You what?" asked M. Goddard.

"I say I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given 1,000 to experience some emotion; I must do so, and I will not descend before I have felt some emotion."

M. Goddard commenced to laugh; he believed at once that it was all a joke.

"Will you ascend, once more?" demanded the traveler, seizing him by the throat and shaking him with violence. "When shall I feel some emotion?"

M. Goddard relates that at this moment he felt himself lost. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him in regarding the strangely dilated eyes of his *compagnon de voyage*; he had to do with a madman!

If even the unfortunate aeronaut had had any defensive weapon he would, after all, have been capable of defending himself; but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not dream of meeting with a warlike encounter in the stars. The earth was five thousand feet beneath—most horrible depth; and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to capsize.

"Ah! ah! you are mocking me, my fine fellow," continued the madman, without loosening his grip. "Ah! you think to rob me of 1,000 francs, as well as emotion. Very well, be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. It's you now who are going to cut a caper."

The madman was possessed of prodigious muscular force.

M. Goddard did not even attempt to defend himself.

"What do you wish from me?" asked he with a calm tone and submissive air.

"Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a summersault," answered the madman, with a ferocious smile. "But first (the madman appeared to bethink himself) I have my idea. I wish to see if I can't find some emotion up there. I must put myself astride on the semicircle."

The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon. Just in speaking he commenced to climb along the cords which held the car attached to the balloon.

M. Goddard who had not before trembled for himself, was forced to do so now for the madman.

"But miserable man, you are going to kill yourself. You will be seized with vertigo."

"No remarks," hissed the madman, seizing him again by the collar, or "I will at once pitch you into the abyss."

"At least," observed M. Goddard, "allow me to put this cord round your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon."

"Be it so," said the madman, who appeared to comprehend the utility of the precaution.

This done, furnished with his cord of safety, the madman commenced to climb among the ropes with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the semicircle, as he had said. Once there, he rent the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" asked M. Goddard, who feared that he might have the idea of ripping open the balloon.

"To make myself comfortable forthwith."

Uttering these words, the madman cut slowly the cord of safety which M. Goddard had attached to his body. With a single puff of wind to shake the balloon, the miserable creature must roll over the abyss!

"And now," yelled forth the madman, brandishing his knife, "we are going to laugh. Ah, robber, you thought to make me descend! Very well. It is you who are going to tumble down, in a moment, and quicker than that!"

M. Goddard had not time to make a movement or put in a single word. Before he was able to divine the infernal intention of the madman, the latter, still astride of the semicircle, which suspended the car to the balloon. The car inclined horribly—it only holds by two.

"A word, a single word," cried M. Goddard.

"No, no pardon," vociferated the madman.

"Do not ask for pardon, on the contrary."

"What is it you wish, then?" said the madman, astonished.

"At this moment now," continued the aro-

naut, hurriedly, "we are at a height of 5,000 feet."

"Stop," said the madman, "that will be charming, to tumble down from such a height."

"It is still too low," added M. Goddard.

"How so?" asked the madman, stolidly.

"Yes," said M. Goddard; "my experience as an aeronaut has taught me that death is not certain to ensue from a fall from this elevation. Tumble or no tumble, I must prefer to fall from such a height as to be killed outright, rather than to risk being only lamed—have the charity to precipitate me from a height of 9,000 feet only."

"Ah! that'll do!" said the madman, whom the mention of a more horrible fall charmed amazingly.

Mons. Goddard follows heroically his purpose, and throws over an enormous quantity of ballast. The balloon makes a powerful bound, and mounts 500 feet in a few seconds. Only—and whilst the madman surveys this operation with a menacing air—the aeronaut thinks to accomplish another, in a sense quite contrary.

The quick eye of M. Goddard had remarked that among the cords spared by the madman figured the one leading to the valve. His plan is taken. He draws this cord, it opens the valve fixed in the upper part of the balloon for the purpose of allowing any excess of the hydrogen gas to escape, and the result which he hoped for was not long in making itself apparent.

Little by little the madman becomes drowsy, asphyxiated, and insensible by the vapors of the gas which surrounded him. The madman being sufficiently asphyxiated for his purpose, M. Goddard allows the balloon to descend slowly to the earth. The drama is finished.

Arrived on terra firma, M. Goddard, not bearing any hatred to the author of his perilous voyage, hastened to restore him to animation, and had him conveyed, hands and feet bound, to the neighboring station.

Speak Gently to Each Other.

"Please to help me a minute, sister."

"O, don't disturb me, I'm reading," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

He was a bright boy of ten years, and "my only brother." He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill, and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheel-barrow, kites and all sorts of things, such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and jack-knife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it—and his only sister refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of all this in the fifteen minutes after he left me and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother and was generally kind to him; still, I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him and afforded the assistance he needed, but I knew he had found some one else. But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour they came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up, just see how it goes!" His tones were joyous and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him and sure enough, on the roof of the woodhouse was fastened a miniature wind-mill, and the arms were whirling round fast enough to suit anybody. I praised the wind-mill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy and entirely forgetful of my unkindness, and I resolved as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and my merry boy lay in a darkened room with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of those deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your headache?" I asked.—

"Shall we take it down?"

"No," replied he, "it seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

He used a moment, and then added; "Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me fix it, and you were reading and told me you could not? But it didn't make any difference, for maana helped me."

O, how sadly those words fell upon my ear, and what bitter memories they awakened!—How I repented, as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his cough, hope growing fainter, and fainter, and languish deeper, until one week from the morning of which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed his eyes once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old woodshed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving I remember the lost little Frank—and I remember also the thoughtless, unkind words!

Brothers and sisters be kind to each other. Be gentle, considerate, and loving.—*Examiner.*

Time's Changes.

O, swiftly each passing moment glides away! How soon are all life's golden dreams and bright visions of earthly bliss forever flown! Time, ever rolling time, writes the fadeless impress of change everywhere, and reposes everything we behold in this beautiful world of ours. There is nothing of earthly beauty, or of earthly grandeur that can bid defiance to the storms of time; nothing too sacred or holy to elude the destruction of his fatal blast.

"I saw him grasp the oak, it fell; the tower, it crumbled; and the stone, the sculptured monument, that marked the grave of fallen greatness ceased its pompous strain."

As time came slowly by:

Flowers that fill the ambient air with sweet odors and ambrosial incense, bloom, fade, die! Our earth at one season of the year is clad in her beautiful dress of living green, and the bright rays of a vernal sun enrich, expand and beautify every scene in nature. The soft, warm air is filled with sunshine and perfume; the woodlands are gay and beautiful; the bright stream dances and ripples along, or curls with its silver eddies glad, sparkling in the sunbeam; and all nature shines forth in unrivalled beauty and splendor. But how soon does the withering breath of a few revolving months, rob the fields of their blooming verdure and loveliness; the forest and trees of their magnificent foliage and drapery, and cause the green clad earth to "lay her glory by."

In youth's rosy morn, life seems a fair, unsullied page, with but here and there a sentence which hope has traced in golden letters. We believe life, love and friendship, then, to be what we wish them. But by and by there falls suddenly or perhaps steals slowly o'er the page a darkening stain. Yet, cheerily live on. The page is not all black; the golden letters still beam forth, bearing more brightly for the shadows. To hearts full of hopes yet unlighted, how real seemeth earthly bliss. But when adversity blights our fairest prospects, and the cold frowns of the world sink deep into our souls, when friends that are nearest and should be still the dearest, change and turn from us, how it wrings the bleeding heart. Yet youthful dreamer, dream on; there is much to love still. But let thy fancy take heaven for its field; it may be that earth will therein wear a heavenly hue.

FRANK HARPER.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Leaves by the Wayside.

What excruciating pictures of paradisaical bliss are poked under the nose of the old bachelor! White arms encircling his neck—warm lips meeting his own—pleasant good-mornings over cosy breakfasts—blissful reunions at noon—provident meetings at night, where the slipper, dressing-gown, books, sewing, apples, nuts, pug-nosed baby and wife await his coming.

What seraphic forbearance is pictured to him of angels in calico, who with bumping hearts and smiling brows sit by their own fireside listening to the clock which tells of the small hours of the night, as their delinquent spouses lean against lamp-posts, with their eyes fixed upon shining stars which seem all moons to them.

What diplomatic whisperings among "the friends" as some day he meets a feminine visitor at their houses. How indifferently it is mentioned that she is an angel (awaiting the wings that the tailors make to waft her through life) good, pure, seraphical—a very General in the culinary department—a Solomon in bringing up young children—a nightingale in singing away dull care—an angel in mercy in propping up sick heads, and making hot broths.

At noon, at night—at concert, at play—in daily promenades—in carriage rides—at church, at home—by moonlight, by starlight—in temper, in sunshine—in hours of occupation, in moments of leisure—in joy, in grief—at all times is our bachelor made the companion of "our visitor."

But all things in this mistaken world of ours have an end. The day of parting comes, a gloved hand lies within his, "good-bye" is said, he is left alone.

As he stretches his feet out before his own fireside, and smiles the cat in the face, feels of old Pluto's silken ears, admires his boot-jack in the corner, which has never yet been put in some dark closet, out of the way; he yawns, and feels like a released cat from a dangerous trap. But as his eye falls upon the newspaper why does the blood forsake his cheek? Why starts he in mortal terror? Look at the denunciations of wrath and indignation which are poured upon him by enraged feminines and disappointed friends.

Here flies a murderous missile, striking away the white arms that they once wished might encircle his neck; another weapon flies striking away the lips that they once wished might press his moustache. Then comes a host of wishes, that no hand of gentleness may smooth his brow when racked by pain and sickness—that he may starve for a drop of porridge—that the sun may put his eyes out—no sweet flowers to meet his gaze as he feebly looks around his den. Again, that his neck-ties may strangle him, shirt buttons desert him, his food be always sautty, dust and mice embellish his house,—lightnings, tempests and hailstones demolish him entirely.

"There was one very dear to me who died."

How quiet, how white, and cold gleam those grave stones. I love to go among them, and dream of those whose hearts once beat as wildly as our own; who laughed, toiled and hoped as fondly as we do; who grieved and faltered and despaired as we sometimes do. Now they sleep! so shall we!

Whose grave is this, and who now kneels by its side? It is "one who although in the crowd, walks alone in life; who in early youth pledged his vows to a maiden beneath the harvest moon, as all earth filled with the song of gladness, and full cups of blessings for him, glowed in rich beauty. "Trust not to earth! upon whose sharp point peace bleeds and hope expires."

The moon is shining now, but his night of brightness is gone. The thrill of music is felt in the whisperings of nature, but his heart is hushed to silence.

AGNES.

EDUCATIONAL.

ANNUAL REPORT
Of the Superintendent of Tioga Co. for 1858.

SCHOOL HOUSES.—1st class, none; 2d class, improvable, 131; 3d class, unfit, 59.

Material of School House.—Brick, none; stone, none; log, 5; frame, 185.

School Furniture.—1st class, none; 2d class, medium, 54; 3d class, unfit, 136.

Schools.—1st class, graded, 6; 2d class, classified, 193; 3d class, neither graded nor classified, 20.

TEACHERS.—Ages of Teachers.—Under seventeen, 47; between seventeen and twenty-one, 166; between twenty-one and twenty-five, 110; between twenty-five and thirty, 50; between thirty and forty, 21; between forty and fifty, 2; over fifty, 4.

Birth-place of Teachers.—Born in Pennsylvania, 283; born out of Pennsylvania, 111.

Experience in Teaching.—Taught less than one year, 219; from one to three years, 140; from three to six years, 27; from six to ten years, 11; from ten to twenty years, 3; over twenty years, none.

Professional Reading.—Number who have read books or periodicals on teaching, 165; number who have not, 235.

Permanent Teachers.—Number who intend to make teaching a permanent business, 107; those who do not, 203.

Grade of Teachers.—1st class, qualified, 54; 2d class, medium, 251; 3d class, unfit, 95.

In marking the "Experience in teaching," I have called three terms of actual teaching, one year. This will probably account for the difference between the above report and that of the preceding year.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The statistics of this report have been made with great care, and I think are correct. There is some disparity between them and those of last year. This is in part only apparent, and in part beyond my comprehension.

School Houses.—During the past year thirty-five new school houses have been built. They are mostly substantial, and on improved plans. This is what I call progress. At this rate in four years the old houses will all be removed and their places occupied by new ones. This progress is much greater, however, in some townships than others. Rutland, Tioga, Middlebury, Richmond, Gaines, and some others, have now a good proportion of new houses; while Brookfield, Deerfield and Nelson still hold to the wretched policy of building by subscription. They cannot or will not see that this policy has been in operation for thirty years without furnishing even one good school house. Deerfield is the wealthiest township in the county in proportion to its population, and yet retains in a conspicuous and central position a log school house built thirty-five or forty years since, a house worth less by half than the pig pens of many of the patrons of the school.—The fact is it is impossible to furnish good schools on the voluntary plan, and the sooner it is abandoned the better.

School Furniture.—No house is yet furnished with suitable apparatus, as maps, globes, &c. Many, however, lack only these to bring their furniture into the first class. There are not ten houses in the county destitute of blackboards, pail, cup and broom. Most of the houses recently built have well arranged seats, desks and closets. The one at Dart settlement, Charleston district, is perhaps the best of those built during the last year.

Schools.—Pupils have always been classified in reading and spelling. Three years ago but few were classified in orthography, arithmetic, geography, grammar, alphabet, &c. But now there is scarcely a school in the county where they are not classified in all these.

Teachers.—Those teachers who are marked in the first class as regards "grade," are such as would have received county certificates if I had granted any. The ninety-five marked as those whose service had better be dispensed with, are such as received trial or one term certificates, with the promise of a refusal on a re-examination if there was not strong indications of improvement.

Tioga district has the honor of securing the best teachers for the very good reason that they receive the best pay. Charleston, Delmar and Union furnish the greatest number of teachers at the regular examination.

There is not a more wide awake and enterprising set of teachers and directors in the county than those of Union. The township institute has been carried on during the entire year, vacation and all, with a regular attendance of from twenty to thirty teachers.

The one hundred and seven who are marked as intending to make teaching a permanent business were many of them young girls.—There may be, perhaps, thirty-five of the number who will live up to their intentions in this respect.

I regret exceedingly to report so few who have read works on education. I hope in the next report this item will look a little better.

Institutes.—Our county institute organized last fall was highly successful. The teachers returned to their homes with gladdened hearts, and a higher appreciation of the responsibility and dignity of their profession. The time and the weather were unfavorable in the spring, and many of us anticipated a failure, but were happily disappointed. So large a number of teachers never before assembled in the county.

Township associations have been organized and conducted by the teachers themselves, in some ten districts, with marked success.

School Visitation.—During the winter session I visited nearly every school in the county.—The order of examination was as follows:—To sit quietly and watch the movement of the school for ten or fifteen minutes, then request the teacher to call the most advanced class in reading. The teacher conducting the recitation as usual, except that the pupils read only once. Having previously taken the names of the class in a large book, I mark the quality of the reading opposite each pupil's name, and the merits and demerits of the teacher on the opposite page. Then the next lower class is called and examined, and so on down till I have heard every pupil of the school read, and have marked his degree of advancement, by which I mean how far the pupil has been, and how well his

When shall we meet again? Not till the passing years have silver'd o'er our heads, and dimmed our eyes with tears;
Not till a thousand flowers, which now around our path
Are blooming, have faded, and their petals up and withered in the tomb.
When shall we meet again? Not while our hearts are free,
And hope is singing in our ears her songs of minstrelsy;
Not while youth's bloom upon our cheeks, its light within
The heart, may we hope to meet again, though now in faith
We part.
When shall we meet again? Oh, oft when sad and lone,
Will memory bring bright faces back; and the well-remembered tone
Of friends, whose accents were more dear than music's
Witching strain, will wake the longing wish to look on them yet once again.
When shall we meet again? Oh! could we draw the veil
Which hides the future from our eyes—how might our spirits quit!
For broken ties, and blasted hopes, and eyes whence
Light has fled, might be the way-marks in the path our several feet
Must tread.
If here we may not meet,—Oh, in that glorious Heaven
Where pure affections chain is linked, to never more be
Riven, may our freed spirits find the bliss to mortals here denied,
And drink from life's eternal fount, where death cannot divide!