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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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MY SISTERS. For the Agitator. One by ties of nature, And one by friendships spell, And even in affections wreath, And I love them well!

Life-What is it? In a late number of the Agitator an interesting and well-written article on "Life," appeared.

Such is life on earth; and far too many limit the term to the few short, changing years that we spend here. Has the doctrine, or rather the great truth, of immortality, been taught so long, and taught in vain?

Let us think less of the gains and losses of mortality, and more of our glorious inheritance. Life eternal! A life spiritual, not material; with higher hopes, holier duties, and faculties and powers purified and developed.

What We Live For. "We live for those who love us—For those who are kind and true; For the Heaven that smiles above us, And the good that we can do."

So sang the Hutchinsons in one of their touching heart-songs. The thought may for a moment arrest the attention of a few who listen to its utterance in melody, but the mass hear and heed it not. They seem to live as if life has no great purpose—no higher aim than the gratification of self.

Neighbor Wilson caught a cooper stealing some hoop-poles which he had just got ready to market. The cooper was astounded, and offered farmer W. ten dollars not to mention the fact, which proposition duly backed by the money, was accepted.

"Did I ever tell you, neighbor Jenks, that I caught the cooper here stealing my hoop-poles?" The cooper betrayed his guilt by blushing crimson, and the party addressed declared in reply: "Yes, never did."

Artemus Ward, the Showman, Goes to See Ficolomini.

Artemus Ward, the Showman, Goes to See Ficolomini. GENTZ: I arrived in Cleveland on Saturday P. M. from Baldinsville just in time to fix myself up and put on a clean billed rag to attend Miss Picklehomony's great musical soiree at the Melodion.

It was a sad thawt to think that in all that rare acquaintance Scarcely a Sole had the honor of my acquaintance "at this ere," said I bitterly, "is Fame! What sigeerly my wax figgers and livin' wild beasts (which have no ekals) of these people? What do they care becawz a site of my Kangaroo is worth dubble the price of admission, and that my Snakes is as harmilis as the new born babe—all of which is strictly true?"

Now you know, gentz, that I don't admire opry music. But I like Miss Picklehomony's stile. I like her gate. She suits me. There has bin a greater singers and there has bin more bootiful wimin, but no more fascinatin young female ever longed for a new gown or side to place her agin a vest-pattern that Maria Picklehomony. Fassinatin people is her best holt.

When she bowed her head I bowed mine. When she powid her lips I powid mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her head back and took a larfin survey of the audience, sendin a broadside a sassy smiles in among em, I tried to unjint myself and kol-laps.

In conclusion, Marie, I want you to do well, I know you air a nice gal at hart & you must get a good husband. He must be a man of brains and gumshun & a good provider—a man who will luv yu just as much in your old age, when your voice is cracked like an old tea kettle & yu can't get one I of your notes discounted at 50 per cent a month, as he will now, when you are young and charmin & full of music, sunshine and fun.

I shall set in Cleveland a few days & probably you will hear from me again ear I leave to once more becum a losser on life's tempestuous pil-lers, meanin the Show Bisis.

Very Respectively yours, ARTEMUS WARD

POET'S HEADS.—Sir Walter Scott's hat was always the smallest in any company he happened to be in—the head was pyramidal. Byron's was the same. Sir Charles Napier in his "Diary" thus mentions his meeting with Byron: "Lord Byron is still here—a very good fellow, very pleasant always laughing and joking. An American gave a good account of him in the newspapers but said that his head was too large in proportion, which is not true. He dined with me the day before the paper arrived, and four or five of us tried to put on his hat, but none could; he had the smallest head of all, and one of the smallest I ever saw. He is very compassionate and kind to every one in distress."

The customers of a certain cooper in a town out west caused him a good deal of vexation by their saving habits, and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old bung-hole to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the business in disgust."

Sayings from Dow, Jr.

ON ASTROROLOGY. "My hearers, what is an astrologer but a mere mortal, after all? He can no more burst open the iron-barred doors of the future, than he can see through a mill-stone. He may feel the pulses of the stars to find out the why and the wherefore of corns, cholera, head-ache, tooth-ache, dyspepsia, and the sprue; he may tell how city lots and lands of individuals will turn out; he may pretend to do all this, but he knows no more about it than a pewter dog. There is just as much dependance to be placed upon his predictions as there is upon the signs of a coming storm, when an old ram stands with his tail to the north-east. Study your-selves, my hearers: pursue carefully your hearts, and their inclinations and let all astrologers pass to spring fodder; in other words, go to grass!"

SLEEP TO THE WILLY. "The man who backbites his neighbor; who acts dishonestly, lives immorally, and votes spuriouly; who lounges lazily, judges rashly, and condemns instantly; who throws a quid of tobacco into the contribution box, and takes out a three-cent piece to buy more; such a sinner cannot coax sleep to his bedside. She won't do it; he may fall into a snooze; he may partake of the first section of a 'nat cap'; but ere he's awake a skeleton nightmare looks in at the window, and gives a horse-laugh at his misery!"

SLEEP TO THE INNOCENT. "On the other hand, my hearers, look at the man who goes to bed with a sense of having done his duty to his Maker, his neighbor, and himself. He falls calmly asleep in the arms of Somnus, who beckons his friend Morpheus, while reason slumbers, to come and guide his wandering fancy over the blissful world of dreams. Is he a business man?—the banks pay specie, and discount freely. Is he a lawyer?—clients are all wealthy, and full of suits. Is he a preacher like myself?—his sheep yield good fleeces, and are content with such fodder as they get. Oh! my hearers, it is a blessed thing to lie down at night with a light stomach and conscience! You ought to see me sleep sometimes!—fourteen mile a 'our, and surrounding objects rendered invisible by the extreme velocity with which I snooze!"

LOVE. "Man, my hearers, is the fretful babe of trouble and care. He often frets because he can't find anything to fret about. You give him his own way, and he don't like it; he wants his own way of having his own way. I know the world; nobody has looked sharper than I have, for a chance of honest happiness in it; but the bubbles that rise on the stream of Time are all vanity. I've been down the stream, and I've watched the blubbers; and I tell you, my hearers, that all along by the margin of said stream, nests of young humbugs are continually being hatched."

THE HOUSE OF THE HUMAN BODY. "I liken the human body to a house. The big bones are the main timbers. The ribs, are laths, well plastered—or rather rafters, that run into the ridge-pole, or backbone. The mouth is the door, and the nose is the chimney especially for smokers. The throat is the entry, that leads to the kitchen of the stomach, where all sorts of food are cooked. The lungs are the bellows, that blow the flame of life, and keep the pot of existence always boiling; and the heart is the great chamber, where a great variety of goods are stored: some good, more mid-dle, and many bad. My hearers, if you have any rubbish in that chamber, clear it out, and make room for goods which are saleable in the markets of the virtuous. The chambers of some hearts present an awful dirty appearance. Take the bran-new broom of decision, brush out the dirt of sin, and sand the floor with virtue."

UPON EGOTISM AND DANDIES. "I detest egotism and vanity as a cat does a wet floor. There are some vain persons in this world, who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from the hot-bed of pride a sickly brood of fuzzy ideas, and then go strutting along in the path of pomposity, with all the self-importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken. I have an antipathy to such people."

WE'LL MARRY THIS FALL.—I gave her a ross and I gave her a ring, and asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back insensible thing, and said she had no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods, tried to frighten her with a growl, but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a beggar, and every thing bad; I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like a sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and all; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child and exclaimed, "We will marry this fall."

Out in Calhoun county, Ill., a body with a head severed from the trunk was found recently. A corner's verdict was empaneled, and rendered the following verdict: "Kerner's Ver-dick.—Wee, the jurors, finde the deceased um to his death by the Hands of sum Pارسن un-non with unlawful weeping named ax."

Mistakes of Printers.

Some people are continually wondering at the "carelessness" of editors in allowing so many errors and blunders to appear in their columns to mar the print. Some people know very little of the difficulties—we had almost said impossibilities—of keeping them out.—The most careful attention to these matters will not prevent errors from creeping in, even when professional proof-readers are engaged expressly for the purpose. And when it is borne in mind that in most papers such an expense is necessarily dispensed with, and the proofs, on that account, are often hurriedly examined, the fact no longer will appear strange. In connection with this subject, the following anecdote is not inappropriate:—

A Glasgow publishing house attempted to publish a work that would be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. After having been carefully read by six experienced proof-readers, it was posted up in the hall of the University, and a reward of fifty pounds offered to any one who should detect an error. Each page remained two weeks in this place, and yet, when this work was issued, several errors were discovered, one of which was in the first line of the first page.

The very best sewing machine a man can have is a wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, at once in motion will go on unintermittedly for hours, without the slightest trimming, or the smallest supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores, and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little, from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigor than ever. Of course sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest of a wife—one for instance, that sings while working, and never seems so happy as when the husband's linen is on hand—the sewing machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no makeshift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these sewing machines in the house!—Punch.

We have often heard of the ruling passion strong in death; and here we have a letter from a friend in Rhode Island that gives us an example of the same principle, not in death but in debt, and we copy it: "The now retired John B.—, once, senior partner of the respectable firm of B.— & Co., of this city, during his business career was unfortunate enough to sell quite an amount to one Jones, on time, of course.—Now Jones was an exceedingly polite man; in fact, as it afterwards proved, that weakness was about the only capital he ever did have. Shortly after the purchase, Jones failed, in the direct sense of the term, showing nothing to satisfy his creditors, among whom was Mr. A.—, aforesaid. Notwithstanding Jones's misfortune he continued the use of his favorite weapon—saluting Mr. B.— as often as they met, with all the airs of a Brummel. When Mr. B.— could endure this no longer, he met Jones one day, and taking him by the button hole, said, 'Jones, you owe me a large sum, and your politeness annoys me. Wa'k into my store and I will give you a receipt in full, on condition that you never speak to me again.'"

Imagine B.—'s feelings when Jones struck the old attitude—that extended in the left hand, right hand on his heart—saying, "Couldn't think of it, Mr. B.—, I would not forego that pleasure for four times the amount!"

FRETFUL PEOPLE.—"Men make themselves uncomfortable, destroy the peace of their families, and actually make themselves hated, by fretfulness," Beecher says: "It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acid, but love and truth are sweet juices."

We know a man with a patient, good Christian wife, and we never heard him speak a kind, pleasant word to her, and doubt if he ever did in the half century they have lived together. He is always in a fret. Everything goes wrong. You would think that he was made of cross-grained timber, and had always been trying to digest a cross-cut saw. He is certainly cross; and always thinks that his wife and children, hired hands, and all the domestic animals have entered into a combination to worry him to death. He is not only rusted but fairly crusted over with it. He is incased in a shell of acid secretions, through which no sweet juices ever distill. Friction has literally worn him out, and he will soon worry himself to death. Of course he never worked to any advantage to himself or any body else. With him everything always goes wrong. He superstitiously believes it is "because the devil has a spite against him," when in truth it is nothing but his own fretfulness.

Many persons have a particular ambition to seem exactly what they are not. We know a rich man, who bought a most splendid library, and signed the contract with his mark.

EDUCATIONAL.

ADDRESS To the Teachers of the "Toga County Teachers' Institute." Delivered at Toga, on Wednesday Eve. May 6th 1859. BY VICTOR A. ELLIOTT.

FELLOW TEACHERS:—I shall proceed in a very brief manner, to show "The kind of school discipline necessary to success in the teacher's profession." The word discipline, according to Noah Webster, is the latin disciplina, from disco, I learn; and it is defined by that eminent philologist as follows:

- 1. "Education; instruction; cultivation and improvement, comprehending instruction in arts, sciences, correct sentiments, morals, and manners, and due subordination to authority.
2. "Instruction and government, comprehending the communication of knowledge and the regulation of practice; as, military discipline, which includes instruction in manual exercise, evolutions, and subordination.
3. "Rule of government; method of regulating principles and practice.
4. "Subjection to laws, rules, order, precepts, or regulations.
5. "Correction; chastisement; punishment intended to correct crimes or errors; as, the discipline of the strap."

These definitions seem to embrace all the various and peculiar relations which the teacher sustains to his pupils. They are broad and comprehensive, as indeed, they need be, to meet all the exigencies of the school room, where characters of every description are to be found; where errors, not only in Geography, Grammar and Arithmetic, but also in manners and sentiments, and not unfrequently in morals, are to be met, and overcome by the most rigid system of discipline. In order that this may be effectually accomplished, it is necessary that a teacher should be well versed in the various kinds of school discipline.

Now my friends, the subject which I have chosen, naturally, and very properly divides itself into five parts according to the definitions quoted; namely, the kind of mental discipline necessary for the student; physical discipline; method of regulating principles and practice; rules to be obeyed; and punishment to be inflicted. But for the sake of brevity, and for the want of opportunity, I have resolved it into two propositions, viz: How to make scholars learn; and, How to govern a school.

How many young teachers have been disappointed in their expectations, and have failed of success in their first attempt at teaching, for the want of some proper plan to make scholars learn. They may have been well versed in such literary attainments, as pertain to the common schools; and perchance they were fully awake to the great advantage to be derived from an education, and fully aroused to the great importance of educating the young. They may have entered the school room with the most joyful anticipations of the pleasure of teaching. They may have possessed sufficient ambition to have made them the most successful teachers, had their efforts been directed in the right channel, and aided by the right kind of school discipline. Inspired with all the zeal and enthusiasm so characteristic of young hope in a new sphere of action, they spread out before their scholars all the benefit of a good education, and painted them with all the varied hues of their own imagination, thinking that all that was necessary, was to give their scholars a chance to progress, and they would do so, without other means being resorted to by the teacher, to accomplish the work. They probably succeeded in organizing their schools and by their own earnestness managed to infuse sufficient energy into their scholars to last them through the first week. Things went on swimmingly for a time, the teachers acting as the bellows to fan their scholars, brain into a flame.—While they kept up a constant blowing their scholars were kept alive, but when over the puffing ceased the fire gradually died out.

By degrees the scholars lost their energy, and they soon began to lag. They were urged and coaxed, but all to no purpose. These teachers soon found that they were doing absolutely nothing in their schools and that their scholars were doing less than they. Their fault was, they did not institute the right kind of discipline in their schools. They possessed sufficient knowledge to be the best kind of teachers. Their interest for their scholars' welfare was unbounded. Their will was good enough; but they did not take the right kind of means to be successful in making their scholars learn; or more probably, they took no means at all. The great fault with many of our teachers is, that they think they can teach, and teach successfully, without resorting to any means to make their students learn. But this is a mistaken idea. It is in opposition to the constitution of human nature which inclines to indolence in a majority of cases.—Most teachers must have learned this fact by their own experience. Scholars must feel under obligations to study, or in other words, they must be compelled to get their lessons by the discipline of the school, or they will make little or no progress. Some teachers finding it a hard matter to get scholars to work patiently for themselves, have concluded that it is the best or the easiest way, for the teacher to do it all. And hence they have originated the practice of commencing school with a great deal of glorification, telling the scholars that it is an easy matter to get an education, if they will only listen to the instruction of the teacher, and try and remember it. And thus they manage to keep up an excitement by this novel way of teaching, which is generally very much liked by the scholars, who think it is very nice and pretty for the teacher to recite all the lessons, only, perhaps, requiring them to repeat after him. Such kind of discipline in teaching is an absolute curse to the scholar, and a mind-killing practice to the teachers. It is false in theory, and dangerous in practice. It throws all responsibility from the scholars, and makes him a mere passive recipient. It destroys his independence and self-reliance, if he has any. It destroys the necessity of study, affording no exercise for his intellectual faculties, which is the great prime object of study. If he acquires ever so much knowledge by such means he will not be sufficiently educated to use it properly;

and his name will furnish another example of that peculiar character, the learned fool.

Another class of teachers, in order to avoid the evils of such kind of discipline, have adopted the plan of making the student do it all; while they remain entirely inactive.—They offer no word of encouragement, no look of kindness, and positively refuse to help their scholars in their lessons. They give out a lesson which must be learned by the student without any help, and recited to the letter; and if he fails, he is called either a drone or a fool.—This method is scarcely better than the other. Though right in one respect, it fails essentially in another. Where it makes the student feel the necessity of getting his lesson himself, it is right; but where it reproaches him, after severe and long-continued study and toil, it is manifestly wrong. Such discipline is, also, at variance with the constitution of human nature. A child must feel that his efforts are appreciated, before he can work with a cheerful heart, and with indomitable courage and energy. He requires the sympathy and encouragement of the teacher, while he strives to master the many perplexing problems of Arithmetic, or abstruse sentences of Grammar. Both ways taken together, then, are right. The teachers and scholars should work together. The teacher should be led to perform his part from the principle, from a deep and abiding interest in the cause, and he should institute such discipline in his school as will make the scholars perform theirs. The teacher should not attempt to advance his scholars by his own exertions, unaided by their efforts; if he does, he will fail. Nor should he compel them to perform their work alone, without giving them proper instruction and encouragement afterward. He should not attempt to teach them Grammar, Arithmetic, or Geography, without requiring of them sufficient study in return; if he does, he will only succeed in giving them a very superficial and useless knowledge of them. Nor should he think of making them acquire a correct and thorough knowledge of those intricate branches, without giving them a thorough drilling himself. He should not attempt to transform his mind into theirs by the plastic hand of his genius, without requiring them to do their own moulding; if he does, he will find to his own sorrow, at the close of the term, that he has labored much to little purpose. Nor should he require them to transform their minds into his alone, without assisting them by the finishing stroke or touch. Men are dependent beings, dependent upon each other.—But in no case is their dependence more forcibly illustrated than in the relation of scholars to the teacher. They are dependent upon him for instruction; and it should always be his object to instruct them to be independent. While they should depend upon him for advice, and place implicit confidence in his judgment, they should, at the same time, be disciplining their own judgment by his counsels, and thus acquire confidence in themselves. On entering the school-room, a teacher should understand what he is required to teach. No superficial imperfect knowledge should be considered sufficient. He should be thorough. He should then give to his scholars lessons of sufficient length to occupy their time. He should require these lessons to be well learned, and recited by the scholars at the regular recitations. Then everything that is hard or difficult about their lessons should be explained and the reasons given. The teacher should assist when it is necessary, and he should endeavor to make everything plain and clear. He should show to the scholars, by his earnestness, that he is interested in their studies, and that he is willing to give his whole mind to them while in the class. This will inspire them with confidence, and rouse their ambition, and ultimately crown them with success. I firmly believe if this plan of teaching was faithfully carried out, that it would result in great good to our schools. But it must be carried out, in order to be a benefit, and the teacher should take such means as will enable him to carry it out. No school discipline is complete, unless it corrects transgressions whenever and wherever they occur. There is no use in having a rule that scholars are to get lessons, unless there is some way to compel them to obey that rule. The power to make a rule pre-supposes power to enforce it. And having made the rule that scholars shall get their lessons, teachers should be prompt in taking means to enforce it. I certainly feel that there is a lack among the teachers of this county in this respect. Scholars have got the very dangerous idea that at the common school, they are not obliged to get their lessons unless they have a mind to. And feeling under no obligation to get their lessons, they are very apt to neglect them for something of less importance. The fault is not so much in the scholars, as in the very easy and lenient discipline adopted by our teachers. This is not the case in high schools and Academies. There the most rigid system of discipline is established. Scholars are compelled to get their lessons, or they are expelled from school. Let teachers resort to some such practice in common schools. Let scholars understand that directors will uphold teachers in such kind of discipline, and we should soon see a remarkable change for the better, in the common schools of our land. Then there would not be such a remarkable difference between the common school and academic student; for very many go to high schools to study the same branches that might be taught equally as well at the common school, if the discipline were the same. I trust that my remarks upon the delicate subject of teachers' and direct.' authority over pupils, will not be misinterpreted and misrepresented. And I hope they will not be thought impertinent on this occasion. I thought that it might profitably engage your consideration at this time; therefore I presented it. Much more might be said about the kind of discipline necessary to make scholars learn; but my time is short, and I must say something of my second proposition:—How to govern a school.

It has been customary to rank the government of a school of the first and primary importance. And for this cause many teachers have fallen into the error of commencing to exercise their powers of government before they commence to teach. This is bad policy, for