

Terms of Publication.

THE TIoga COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

AFTER THE BALL. They out and combed their beautiful hair, Their long, bright tresses, one by one,

Then out of the gathering winter chill, All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,

Flashing of jewels, and flutter of laces, Tropical odors sweeter than musk,

For the bride, and robed for the tomb, Braided brown hair and golden tress,

Salem, in the State of Massachusetts, is a quaint old town, abounding in legendary lore.

There lived at that time in Salem a well-known physician, Dr. C., who had been recommended to the parents of the young man.

When the ship which carried him arrived at Salem, Dr. C. received G. with kindness, and treated him with utmost care and attention.

It was not long after making this confession Captain T. breathed his last. The nurse then divulged the dreadful secret.

CHAPTER II. In due time the ship arrived at her port, but without G. The captain informed the relatives of the young man, that he had rapidly declined on the voyage, had died, and been buried at sea.

CHAPTER III. Years passed away. The American colonies had become the United States, and were already far advanced in the march of progress.

# 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, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1859. NO. 51.

**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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## EDUCATIONAL.

**Education in Kentucky.**

BOWLING GREEN, Ky., July, 1859.

Editor of the Agitator; Dear Sir: With your permission I will communicate with some of my fellow teachers in Tioga, through the medium of the Agitator, and thus dispose of my somewhat voluminous pile of "letters unanswered."

Kentucky, though somewhat proverbial for the aptness and dexterity of her sons in the application of the bowie-knife and revolver, of which her school teachers too, have felt the chastisement, is not wholly lost to the nobler passions of the human heart, as is evidenced by her zeal for the education of the rising generation. As a state she has acted nobly. She has organized a very judicious and tenable school system,—instituted on a very judicious plan a Normal School at Frankfort, and disburses annually nearly three hundred thousand dollars for the support of common schools.—The ground work is laid out for a thorough and general system of education. But, as is frequently the case with these admirably devised systems, the "deadener" is the indifference and non-performance of duty in the executive department. The superintendent, whose duty it is to visit every county, annually—dispensing lectures, advice, life and validity to the system, I am told never leaves his "sanctum." The school commissioners of the counties whose business it is to examine teachers and inform themselves of the schools in the counties can seldom be found. The trustees are quite indifferent and frequently inactive. The consequence is that in the more wealthy and sparsely settled districts, very little regard is paid to the system. Subscription schools predominate, and the State appropriation is considered a minor affair.

In the more able sections, people are becoming awake to the interest of education, offering good and permanent locations for teachers.—But they must be teachers that can teach "everything," that is, they must possess a "smattering" of information at least, on all branches; for where they employ a teacher here, they expect him to remain, and hence aim for one who is qualified. The aim of education here, too, is not to discipline but to adorn; to embellish and ornament rather than "lead out" by thought and reflection the latent powers of the mind.—If one has acquired the name and appearance of a scholar, the end is thought to be obtained. Hence thoroughness is not found an invariable requisite in schools and through teachers are not wholly indispensable. Indeed teachers who are advocates of thorough scholarship will find it no easy task to induce the youth of this climate, comparative strangers as they are to any considerable tasks either of body or mind, from childhood, to make the necessary effort to become thorough. As there are teachers from nearly all parts of the Union, I apprehend that there are schools of all stamps, good, bad and indifferent.

The advantages of teaching in the locality where I am, over those of Tioga county are:

1. It is more remunerative; the terms being usually from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per scholar, per month, according to branches.
2. It furnishes one with continuous employment for ten months of the year. Sessions commencing invariably the first of September and February. 20 days constitute a month.
3. The disadvantages are:

1. Generally poor school-houses and poorly arranged.
2. They want schools to "take in" at 8 o'clock A. M., and "let out" at 5 P. M.
3. Children are quite liable to the chills which pervade the Western country, and break in upon the regularity of attendance; and last but not least, the repugnance and deteriorating influence of the "peculiar institution" in society.

J. D. V.

**SELECTIONS.**

In vain you put into the head of the child the elements of all the sciences; in vain you flatter yourself that you have made him understand them. If there has not been an endeavor to develop his faculties by continual, yet moderate exercise suited to the weak state of his organs; if no care has been taken to preserve their just balance, so that no one may be greatly improved at the expense of the rest, your child will have neither genius nor capacity; he will not think for himself; he will judge only after others; he will have neither taste, nor intelligence, nor nice apprehension; he will be fit for nothing great or profound; always superficial; learned, perhaps, in appearance, but never original, and perpetually embarrassed, whenever he is put out of the beaten track; he will live only by his memory, which has been diligently cultivated, and all his other faculties will remain, as it were, extinct or torpid.—James G. Carter.

Children, the most unlike in capacity, are often put together in the same class, and have to learn, each day, a fixed portion of one science or another; and the test of their acquirements is a verbal recitation from a book. The memory is charged with the crudest and most heterogeneous conceptions, without allowing the mind the respite to assort and adjust them, much less the time which it needs to reflect upon them, in order to convert them into part of its own substance. Thus, from the first moment the boy goes to school, until the young man leaves the college, he is harassed and haunted with the variety and unreasonable number of studies he is obliged to pursue, without spirit or inclination; and it is a wonder if his mental powers are, in this way, prostrated or destroyed.—F. J. Grund.

**EDUCATION AND FIGHTING.**—By a law of Prussia, every child between the ages of seven and fourteen is required to go to school and to learn to read and write. In 1845 there were but two persons in a hundred who could neither read nor write. 2,328,000 children of the 2,900,000 between seven and fourteen years, attended school. In the standing army of 126,000 but two soldiers are unable to read. In case of her taking part in the war, Prussia can bring into the field 300,000, in one sense the best educated military force in the world.

len by some one belonging to the ship. If his friends had wished to make further inquiries in Salem, it would have been very difficult to do so while hostile relations existed between the colonies and the mother country. Besides, it would have been useless; for the same story had been told there to the few persons who had become acquainted with him and his affairs, during his stay in America; and the fate which he was said to have met, although in time of peace it would have excited the commiseration even of those who had not known him, was soon forgotten by all but his fond parents, amidst the stirring event of the war. Not long after G's death, Dr. C. suddenly disappeared from among his neighbors, leaving no clue to tell whether he had gone. Of course this incident caused much astonishment at first among his friends, but as time passed on, he like young G. was gradually forgotten; nor was it ever suspected that the death of the latter was in any way connected with the departure of the doctor. Captain T. had never been very well known in Salem, for the greater part of his time was spent on the ocean. He departed on another voyage to some distant place, but not returning as formerly, before long, he too was forgotten.

CHAPTER III.

Years passed away. The American colonies had become the United States, and were already far advanced in the march of progress and prosperity, which they had begun as soon as their independence was acknowledged by Great Britain. One day a ship arrived in Salem harbor, bearing an invalid, an old sailor, whose weather-beaten face showed the traces of long and hard service, wearing at the same time an expression which marked the possessor of a conscience ill at ease. It was Captain T., who had come home with little hope of regaining his health, but wishing, at least, to lay his bones in his native land. He had money and was well cared for. A room and all the comforts possible for a sick man were provided, and an excellent nurse was hired to wait on him. But comforts and care were of little avail to him. He had murdered the young man years ago, placed in his charge, for gold; and remorse, far more than disease, was gradually undermining his life. The voice of conscience would never let him rest. Asleep or awake, by day, and a hundred fold more by night, he was constantly tormented by her "thousand tongues."

Men who have perpetrated horrible crimes sometimes laugh at the idea of a conscience; but afterward, they are the very persons who have been horribly tortured by remorse. So was it with Captain T. The gold for which he committed the deed was worthless to him, and the thought of his crime haunted him continually. In vain he attempted to forget it in the excitement and ever varying scenes of his toilsome profession. He fled from his friends; he fled from the scenes which reminded him of G.; but alas! guilty man that he was, he could not flee from himself! His conscience pursued him everywhere.

CHAPTER IV.

Captain T. was on his death bed. Sometimes he was in a raving delirium, at others in a conscious state. Long afterwards his nurse declared that she never spent such fearful hours as those she passed watching Captain T. At first none knew what disturbed his mind, but it was at last discovered in the following manner by the nurse, who before suspected that he had committed some terrible deed, from the broken sentences which he uttered in his ravings. One night when a fearful storm raged without, beating against the walls of the house, and a solitary lamp flickered in the chamber of the sick man, he was in that half reasonable condition which sometimes intervenes between a state of perfect consciousness and a delirium.

"Do you hear that?" said he, calling his nurse to his bedside.

The wind was howling without and blowing the boughs of the trees against the house, but the nurse terrified by the loneliness and the sick man's awful manner, almost thought she did perceive a sound which was supernatural, and could be attributed to neither wind nor rain.

"Don't mind it," he continued, "it isn't for you, it's for me; and then lowering his voice to a whisper, the conscience-stricken wretch continued, "That's G.'s body beating against the ship! 'Twas just such a night as this when I threw him overboard! He begged and prayed for mercy, but I was deaf to his entreaties.—The storm was loud and no one heard him but me. I shall never forget the last look of his white face. It has haunted me ever since."

"There! there it is now! I heard him strike the ship's side just as he does now. Listen! don't you hear it? I have heard it night and day for years past!"

He raved on. Afterwards he confessed to the nurse the compact with Dr. C. and all the circumstances of the murder. He also explained to her the doctor's mysterious disappearance. His conscience also had been at work and had terrified him with the fear of discovery. He was constantly tormented with the dread of G's parents coming to Salem, to institute inquiries about their son. He had carefully concealed himself in his house for many years, known only to a servant and to Captain T. He had made with great care, a contrivance for close concealment, by means of secret panels in the walls. The place was well stocked with provisions, for he was fearful that the house would some day be searched.—He also had a large chest constructed with apertures for the admission of air, in which he was carried about on a cart, when he wished for exercise, without suspicion.

Not long after making this confession Captain T. breathed his last. The nurse then divulged the dreadful secret. Dr. C.'s house was immediately searched; he was discovered in the place of concealment described by the phrenologist, and arrested, but died in prison it is supposed by his own hand, before he could be brought to justice.

This tale adds another illustration to the number which might be brought to show that wealth or other advantages obtained by crime are never productive of happiness to their possessors; and that all of the ills which can beset mankind, none are so terrible as the chidings of a guilty conscience.

## Steve Alant's Treasure Hunt.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

BY ARTHUR L. MESSERV.

"Well, Uncle Steve, what do you think of the rush to Pike's Peak?" inquired I, of that interesting old gentleman, while he was busily engaged in hoeing his corn, which by the way was completely hid from sight by the tall brakes for which the soil seemed better adapted.

"Wall, I rather guess they will come out of the same end of the horn that I did, when I went a hunting arter a treasure 'mong the White Mountains," replied Steve, ceasing his labor in pulling up brakes and leaning on his hoe handle.

"How was that, Uncle Steve?"

"Didn't I never tell ye? Wall, I guess I never did, but if you will stop and rest awhile under this big maple here, I will tell ye if the skeeters won't eat us up."

I at once agreed to old Steve's proposal and repaired to the tree indicated. He seated himself on a stump and commenced.

"Yes, I guess that the Pike Peakers have got took in bout's bad as I was, cording to all counts, if not a leetle more so; and that was needless, for that jant came awful near being the death of me. You see how we come to go off on that scrape was this. Some of our pesky folks from Bosting, or some other un- heard of place, cummed up here to climb up Mount Washington to see the sun rise. That showed that they had dreadful shallow brains, for they might have seen it rise there as well as to have cummed up here. But if they had been contented in seeing that, and gone back agin, I should have been much bliged to them.— When they started from the top of the mountain, they got lost and tore about in the woods like snakes in the grass for two whole days; but at last old Crawford found them as he was out hunting bars, and brought them safe to his clearing."

"When they reached his cabin they told him that they had found a great treasure way back in the woods that was guarded by an evil spirit in the shape of an awful bull whose horns were ten feet long. There was gold, and silver, and diamonds, and other dreadful valuable things laying all around his feet, but when they went toward him to pocket any of 'em, the critter bowed his horns, and hissed his tail, and belowed like all perssed; and they thinking that it was the old chap that goes up and down the airth searching for somebody to eat, turned and ran from him like blazes."

"They said that they could go back to the same place where they left him, and as old Crawford was never afraid of the devil, he made up his mind to get up a company and go in search of the treasure, and the wonderful bull that guarded it."

"Wall, so he come down to my cabin and told me the whole particulars, and wanted me to go with him, and I agreed to go; but my old 'oman who is alers arter the better end of the bargain wouldn't hear of it until old Crawford had promised that I should fill both of my trowses pockets full of dimons for my share of the spiles. We then got two more to go with us, one, who being so awful bad looking was nick-named after that wicked critter that straddled clare across the road in the Pilgrim's Progress, and the other a very pious minister who went by the name of Daddy Hebleton, who said he had not the least doubt but what he could lay the old chap if he could only get a sight of him. So we four and the two city chaps that made the wonderful discovery composed our company."

"Wall, the next morning, we started bright and airy, chuck full of hopes and New England rum, and my old 'oman gin me a white hancherchief to wave in triumph when we shall come back with our treasures; but she needn't have done it, for we all had flags enough flying, for my trowses and frock were torn all into strips; and I was the best off of any of them."

"Wall, we traveled all that day and all the next, but not a tarnal sign of a bull could we find, nor we could not even hear him roar. For two more days we circumnavigated them mount- ains, then we gin it up and started for home, feeling mighty crest-fallen, I tell you."

"The city chaps were nigh dead, and I was glad of it, for leading us on such a fool's chase."

"When we had got a good piece towards hum, we cum to the top of a sort of slanting ledge, and I told them it was best to slide down as it would save walking. They said they would if I'd go down first and see how it went. So I squat down and away I went. When I reached the bottom I found that I had much less skin than when I started. The rest of them would not try it after they seed how bad I was served."

"I got hum at last, and had larned a lesson, and I tell you what, when you hear of great gold discoveries, jest think of how old Steve got served when he was treasure hunting."

RATHER COMPLIMENTARY.—We have a blind phrenologist in town, who is great on examining bumps. A wag or two got one of our distinguished judges, who thinks a good deal of himself, and has a very bald head, who he generally covers with a wig, to go to his rooms the other day, and have his head examined. Wags and Judge arrived.

"Mr. B.," says one, "we have now brought you for examination a head as is a head; we wish to test your science."

"Very well," said the phrenologist, "place the head under my hand."

"He wears a wig," says one.

"Can't examine with that on," replied the Professor.

Wig was accordingly taken off, and bald head of highly expectant Judge was placed under manipulations of examiner.

"What's this? what's this?" said phrenologist; and pressing his hands on the top of the head, he said, somewhat ruffled, "Gentlemen, God has visited me with an affliction; I have lost my eye-sight, but I am not a fool; you can't pass this off on me for a head!"

"They tell me wine gives strength!" said Fox, one day, "and yet I, who have just drunk three bottles cannot keep myself on my legs!"

## A Reminiscence of the old Park Theatre.

Billy Williams of the Vells, as he was familiarly termed, was an excellent actor of vulgar cockneys, and popular of us all on the stage. He could speak the language of his author tolerably well, but his own diction smacked terribly of Bow Bells. Mr. Abbott, the gentleman comedian, used to relate the following dialogue between Mr. Burton, and Billy Williams, with great gusto. Mr. B. was playing a "star" engagement at the Park, and the green room was crowded with the principal members of the company; Mrs. Wheatly, H. Placide, J. Browne, Fisher, Abbott and his wife, and Billy Williams himself. The conversation was general and lively. Burton, who delighted in quizzing Billy, made some inquiries relative to a horse belonging to Mr. Hamblin, which seemed to arouse Billy, and he said:

"Now, Burton, I'll tell you all about that 'orse; you see when I first arrived, I said to 'Amblin, Tom, I want an 'orse; I 'ave always been used to 'ave an 'orse, and I would like to 'ave one."

"'Billy,' says he, 'you know Mazeppa; he has earned me a great deal of money, and I will not permit him to be misused; but if you want to ride him, you may, and my stage manager, Tom Flynn, will go with you to the stable."

"So down I goes to the stable with Tom Flynn, and told the man to put the saddle on 'im."

"On Tom Flynn?" says Burton.

"No, on the 'orse. So, after talking with Tom Flynn awhile, I mounted 'im."

"What, mounted Tom Flynn?"

"No, the 'orse; and then I shook 'ands with 'im, and rode off."

"Shook hands with the horse, Billy?"

"No, d— it, with Tom Flynn; and then I rode off up the bowery, and who should I meet in front of the Bovey Theatre? but Tom 'Amblin, so I got off, and told the boy to 'old him by the 'ead!"

"What! hold Hamblin by the head?"

"No, the 'orse, and then we went and 'ad a drink together."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and 'Amblin, and after that I mounted 'im again, and went out of town."

"What! mounted Hamblin again?"

"No, the 'orse; and when I got to Burnham's, who should be there but Tom Flynn— he'd taken another 'orse and rode out 'ead of me, so I told the 'ostler to tie 'im up."

"Tie Tom Flynn up?"

"No, d— it, the 'orse, and we had a drink there."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and Tom Flynn."

At this period, the whole assembly burst into a loud laugh—a horse laugh, and Billy, finding himself trotted out, finished thus: "Now look here, Burton,—every time I say 'orse you say 'arse. Now I'll be 'anged if I tell you any more about it."

The following from the Cairo (Ill.) Gazette

was understood and appreciated by any one who has ever spent an hour in the place:

"Whoop! I'm just nat'rally spilin' for a fight!" screamed a somewhat "tosticated" individual in front of Springfield Block, the other night. "I'm the best man that ever wore har. I'm the big dog of the tan yard—the gray wolf of the prairies, so I am! Jerusalem, don't some of these ornary Cairo cusses want to tackle me? I'm the post oak runner—the big boy that's never been backed; I'm a steam engine, fired up, with my safety-valve tied down, 190 pounds of steam, and bound to bust, unless I can work it off lickin' some of these Illinois suckers! I shall die, I know I shall, if I can't find somebody to fight me. Dare any man that ever wore breeches lend me a dollar! Won't somebody here just please to call me a liar?"

Notwithstanding this polite and uncommon request, urged with so much pathos and sincerity, the gentleman made no impression on the minds of our citizens, and found no one willing to make the required assertion. Next morning we saw the youth sitting on a pile of lumber by the river, both eyes bunged up, nose flattened, half his teeth knocked out of his head, and his coat torn into shreds. Upon kindly inquiring after his health, and how he liked Cairo, he remarked, "Stranger, I like Cairo first-rate—it's a lively place, and has the best society in it I've met with since I left home."

A GOOD STORY.—An anecdote, worth laughing over, is told of a man who had an infirmity, as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while enjoying his favorite meal; and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned the honest buyer slipped a cod-fish up under his coat tail. But the garment was too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it.

"Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and paid you up honestly and promptly, haven't I?"

"O, yes," said the merchant, "I make no complaint."

"Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty is the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by."

"And the customer turned to depart.

"Hold on, friend," cried the merchant,—"speaking of honesty," I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a longer coat, or steal a shorter codfish."

The Rev. Mr. —, an eccentric preacher in Michigan, was holding forth not long since in Detroit. A young man arose to go out, when the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go." The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and saying, respectfully, "Wall, I believe I would," went on.

Do not all that you can do; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know.

I WUD KNOTT DYE IN WINTUR, &c.

I wud knott dye in wintur,  
When whistie punches do—  
When peaty gals are skating  
Oar fields of ice and sno—  
When assidge meet is phyring  
And Hicker knots is thick;  
Owe! who had think of dighing,  
Or even getting sick?

I wud knott dye in spring time,  
And miss the turned up greens,  
And the poorty boy by the lootele draw;  
And the ski larks arly skream;  
When birds begin thare wobbiling;  
And taters gin to sprout—  
When turkies go a gobblering,  
I wud knott then peg out.

I wud knott dye in summer,  
And leave the gardin sass—  
The roasted lam and butter milk—  
The kool place inn the grass;  
I wud knott dye in summer,  
When ev'ry thing's so hott,  
And leave the whiski Jew-lips—  
Owe! know! ide rathar knot.

I wud knott die in ortum,  
With peaches fit for eating;  
When the waytorn is getting wripe  
And kandidates are treating,  
Phor these, and other reasons,  
Ide knott die in the phall;  
And sense ive thort it over,  
I wud knott die a tall.

GREELY'S DECENT FROM ARTIFICIAL TO SIMPLE LIFE.—In his last overland letter, Mr. Greely remarks:

"I believe I have now descended the ladder of artificial life nearly to its lowest round. If the Cheyennes—thirty of whom stopped the last express down on the route we must traverse, and tried to beg or steal from it—should see fit to capture and strip us, we should of course have further experience in the same line; but for the present the progress I have made during the last fortnight, toward the primitive simplicity of human existence, may be roughly noted thus:

May 15th—Chicago—Chocolate and morning newspapers last seen on the breakfast table.

23d—Leavenworth—Room-bells and baths make their last appearance.

24th—Topeka—Beefsteak and washbowls (other than tin) last visible. Barber ditto.

26th—Manhattan—Potatoes and eggs last recognized among the blessings that "brighten as they take their flight." Chairs ditto.

27th—Junction City—Last visitation of a bootblack, with dissolving views of a board bedroom. Chairs bid us good-by.

28th—Pipe Creek—Benches for seats at meals have disappeared, giving place to bags and boxes. We (two passengers of a scribbling train) write our letters in the express wagon that has borne us by day and must supply us lodgings for the night. Thunder and lightning from both south and west give strong promise of a shower before morning. Dubious looks at several holes in the canvass covering of the wagon. Our trust is in buoyant hearts and an India-rubber blanket. Good night. H. G.

THE ZOUAVES.—The Zouaves, one of the most efficient arms of the French service, are thus described:

"The dress of the Zouave is that of the Arab pattern; the cap is a loose fig, or skull cap, of scarlet felt, with a tassel; a turban is worn over this full dress; a cloth vest and loose jacket, which leave the neck unencumbered by collar, stock, or cravat, cover the upper part of his body and allow free movement of the arms; the scarlet pants are of the loose Oriental pattern, and are tucked under garters like those of the foot rifles of the guard; the overcoat is a loose cloak with a hood; the Chasseurs wear a similar one. The men say that this dress is the most convenient possible and prefer it to any other. The Zouaves are all French; they are selected from among the old campaigners for their fine physique and tried courage, and have certainly proved that they are, what their appearance would indicate, the most reckless, self-reliant and complete infantry that Europe can produce. With his graceful dress, soldierly bearing, and vigilant attitude, the Zouave at an outpost is the beau ideal of a soldier. They neglect no opportunity of adding to their personal comforts; if there is a stream in the vicinity, the party marching on picket is sure to be amply supplied with fishing rods, &c; if anything is to be had, the Zouaves are quite certain to obtain it. Their movements are the most light and graceful I have ever seen; the stride is long, but the foot seems scarcely to touch the ground, and the march is apparently made without effort or fatigue."

JUDICIAL DIGNITY.—The following conversation is said to have passed between a venerable old lady and a certain presiding judge of this State. The judge was supported on the right hand and on the left by his humble associates, and the old lady was called to give evidence:

President Judge—"Take off your bonnet, madam."

Lady—"I would rather not, sir."

Judge—"I desire you to take off your bonnet."

Lady—"I am informed that in public assemblies the women should cover the head; such is the custom, and of course I will not take off my bonnet."

Judge—"Why you are a pretty woman!—Indeed, I think you had better come and take a seat on the bench."

Lady—"Thank you kindly, sir—but I really think that there are old women enough there already."

HEART HUNGER.—The heart hath hunger as the body hath. Where one person dies of physical want, a dozen perish from starvation of the affections. Men cannot live by bread alone, but the soul must likewise be fed. A pig can subsist on corn, and a horse on hay and oats; but men and women have spiritual natures that require spiritual food. He who attempts to live without sympathy makes a beast of himself.—We have seen a poor puny child, to which neither nutriment nor medicine could give warmth and strength, suddenly ruse and become ruddy and healthy when some large-hearted, elderly, unmarried aunt, with no husband or child of her own to bestow the rich store of her affections upon, came to feed the little thing with her heart's blood and teaspoon. This hunger for love is a divine appetite, and it is folly to attempt to starve it out.

Children, the most unlike in capacity, are often put together in the same class, and have to learn, each day, a fixed portion of one science or another; and the test of their acquirements is a verbal recitation from a book. The memory is charged with the crudest and most heterogeneous conceptions, without allowing the mind the respite to assort and adjust them, much less the time which it needs to reflect upon them, in order to convert them into part of its own substance. Thus, from the first moment the boy goes to school, until the young man leaves the college, he is harassed and haunted with the variety and unreasonable number of studies he is obliged to pursue, without spirit or inclination; and it is a wonder if his mental powers are, in this way, prostrated or destroyed.—F. J. Grund.

**EDUCATION AND FIGHTING.**—By a law of Prussia, every child between the ages of seven and fourteen is required to go to school and to learn to read and write. In 1845 there were but two persons in a hundred who could neither read nor write. 2,328,000 children of the 2,900,000 between seven and fourteen years, attended school. In the standing army of 126,000 but two soldiers are unable to read. In case of her taking part in the war, Prussia can bring into the field 300,000, in one sense the best educated military force in the world.