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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. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1859. NO. 3.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The highest rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:			
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For the Agitator. THE SUMMER BREEZE. Now 'tis morning through the elm trees With an ancient melody, Waking such sweet spirit music As almost enchanteth me. Talking of the murmuring brooklet— Whispering of sweet fragrant bowers, And the earth's bright emerald mantle And sweet Summer's patterning showers. Flinging the bright glossy ringlets Over the brow and neck of snow; Singing a sad song of sorrow To the ones oppressed with woe. Singing through the tangled grasses— Of the nestlings hidden there; Stealing o'er the brow of manhood, Softly through the raven hair. Moaning loudly through the elm trees; Dying in a whisper low; Waking up a thousand memories Of the days of long ago. Irv.

The Tale of a Tadpole. FROM "ONCE A WEEK." A blade of grass is a world of mystery, "would man observingly distil it out." When my erudite friend, Gerunds, glancing round my workroom, arrested his contemptuous eye on a vase abounding in tadpoles, and asked me with a sniffing superiority: "Do you really mean to say you find any interest in those little beasts?" I energetically answered, "As much as you find in Elezevirs."

"H'm!" grunted Gerunds. "Very absurd, isn't it? But we have all our hobbies. I can pass a bookstall on which I perceive that the ignorance of the bookseller permits him to exhibit an edition of Persius among the rubbish at "one shilling each." The sight gives me no thrill—it does not even slack my rapid pace. But I can't so easily pass a pond in which I see a shoal of tadpoles swimming about, as ignorant of their own value as the bookseller is of Persius. I may walk on, but the sight has sent a slight electric shock through me. Why, sir, there is more to me in the tail of one of those tadpoles than all the poems of that obscure and dreary Persius. But I won't thrash your Jew unless you thrash mine."

"Why, what on earth can you do with the tail?" "Do with it? Study it, experiment on it, put it under the microscope, and day by day watch the growth of its various parts. At first it is little but a mass of cells. Then I observe some of these cells assuming a well known shape, and forming rudimentary blood vessels. I also observe some other cells changing into blood cells. Then the trace of muscles becomes visible. These grow and grow, and the pigment cells, which give their color to the tail, assume fantastic shapes."

"Very interesting, I dare say." "You don't seem to think so, by your tone. But look in this vase; here you see several tadpoles with the most apologetic tails—mere stumps, in fact. I cut them off nine days ago."

"Will they grow again?" "Perfectly; because, although the frog dispenses with a tail, and gradually loses it by a process of resorption as he reaches the frog form, the tadpole needs his tail to swim with; and Nature kindly supplies any accident that may deprive him of it."

"Yes, yes," added Gerunds, glad to feel himself in the region of things familiarly known; "just like the lobster, or crab, you know. They tear off their legs and arms in the most reckless manner, yet always grow them again."

"And would you like to know what has become of these tails?" "Not at all. Alive and kicking." "Alive after nine days? Oh! Oh!" "Here they are in this glass. It is exactly nine days since they were cut off, and I have been watching them daily under the microscope. I assure you that I have seen them grow, not larger, indeed, but develop more and more, muscle fibres appearing where no trace of fibre existed, and a citrate forming at the end."

twenty months without any food, except such as it might have found in the small quantity of dirt water in which it was kept."

"Really I begin to think there is more in these little beasts than I suspected. But you see it requires a deal of study to get at these things."

"Not more, than to get at any of the other open secrets of nature. But since you are interested, look at these tails as the tadpoles come bobbing against the side of the glass. Do you see how they are covered with little white spots?"

"Look closer. All over the tail there are tiny cotton like spots. Take a lens if your unaccustomed eye isn't sharp enough. There now you see them."

"Yes; I see a sort of stuff scattered about." "That stuff is an immense colony of parasites. Let us place the tadpole under the microscope, and you will see each spot turn out to be a multitude of elegant and active animals, having bodies not unlike a crystal goblet supported on an extremely long and flexible stem, and having round their rim or mouth a range of long delicate hairs, the incessant motion of which gives a wheel like aspect, and makes an eddy in the water which brings food to the animal."

"Upon my word this is really interesting! How active they are! How they shrink up, and then, unwinding their twisted stems, expand again. What's the name of this thing?" "Vorticella. It may be found growing on water fleas, plants, decayed wood, or these tadpoles. People who study the animalcules are very fond of this Vorticella."

"Well, I never could have believed, such a patch of fluff could turn out a sight like this; I could watch it for an hour. But what are those small yellowish things sticking on the sides of these parasites?" "Those, my dear Gerunds, are also parasites."

"What parasites living on parasites?" "Why not? Nature is economical. Don't you live on beef and mutton and fish? don't these beefs, muttons, and fish live on vegetables and animals? don't these vegetables and animals live on other organic matters? Eat and be eaten is one law; live and let live is another."

"Gerunds remained thoughtful; then he screwed up his one side of his face into frightful contortions, as with the eye or the other he resumed his observations of the Vorticella. I was called away by a visitor to whom I didn't care to show my tadpoles, because to have shown them would have been to forfeit his esteem forever. He doesn't think very highly of me as it is, but had a misty idea that I occupy myself with science; and science is respectable and respected—our Prince Consort and endless bishops patronising the British association for the Advancement of Science—the misty idea that after all I may not be an idiot, keeps his contempt in abeyance. But were he once to enter my workroom, and see its bottles, its instruments, its preparations, and above all, the tadpoles, I should never taste his champagne and claret again."

From the New York Evening Post. How the French Army is Disciplined. The French army is certainly one of the best developed bodies of men that the world has ever seen. Formed almost entirely of conscripts, the sons of honest families, it draws its strength from the best blood of the nation. For seven years they are kept circulating through France, except when each regiment takes its turn in Algiers. Thus the entire country is known to the entire army, from the thronged capital to the most quiet provincial town. The ideas of the most ignorant are enlarged, and their minds expanded, as they are drawn away from the contracted circles of their little communes; and the sons of the poorest villagers enjoy the pleasures and reap the profits of travel.

forms, were standing just as motionless upon the highest platform, waiting for the next command. At the word they descended in the same way, and stood once more upon the ground.

In a yard attached to this gymnasium, I noticed a jumping ditch, some two feet deep and about four feet wide at one end, spreading out to about nine feet at the other. It was about ten feet long, so that the widening was sufficiently gradual.

Here was also a strong plank fence, with a roof on top, forming a sort of shed, with the back toward you, and about fifteen feet high. The roof did not lap over the fence, but was securely fastened to it, as was also a strong iron rod running along the fence at its junction with the roof. Slats of inch plank were nailed on this fence, about three inches apart, and the whole fence sloped out from the bottom to the top, so that when a man caught hold of the slats with his fingers, his feet would swing clear, and he could thus get no assistance from them in climbing.

The same three soldiers who had scaled the platforms were placed in front of this fence. At the word of command each jumped at it with fingers hooked like claws, and, having no hold but what the slats gave them, they crawled their way up quickly to the top. There, catching hold of the bar, they doubled themselves up in a most curious way, turning a back somersault and lying at full length on their backs upon the roof, with their arms against their sides. At the next command they stretched out their arms, caught hold of the bar, threw up their legs so as to turn a reverse somersault, and so clawed their way down again.

Besides this they are taught to perform all their evolutions on a run, a style which has been adopted at West Point. They are taught to swim holding the musket and the cartridge-box above the water: to jump from a height upon a ledge where there is barely standing room, with their muskets in their hands and all their accoutrements upon their backs; to walk in the same way along beams, both square and round, or along the irregularly shaped trunks of trees across ditches or ravines; each man is taught to use his musket and bayonet as a vaulting pole; and to climb up his comrade's shoulders so as to scale a wall twenty-five feet in height.

In the recent accounts of the Zouaves we are told that they also employ in battle the *Sabatote*, or the art of kicking. Having often heard of this, I one day asked our teacher in the gymnasium at Paris if he knew it. "Oh! yes," "Well, give us a specimen of it." "Very well; place yourself in a position as a boxer."

I did so, and he advanced towards me with his hands a little out from his sides, like a wrestler ready to take hold in any way. "Now I can kick you on your forward leg, and break the bone or hurt you. While you are disturbed by that, or in case you draw it back, I can raise my foot to your stomach or your chin."

"Well, suppose you should kick at my chin, I would catch your foot. Then what would you do?" "Well, try it." He kicked and I caught his foot, but while I held it firmly he turned, threw both hands on the ground to support his body, and instantaneously brought his other foot so near my nose that I let go of his feet in a moment.

"That is very clever. Is there any parry to that?" "Oh! yes. It is very simple. You do what I did and I'll show you." I kicked; he caught my foot; I turned, threw myself on my hands, and thought of course to kick him with my other foot; but he simply put one foot firmly against the thigh of my other leg, and I was powerless. There was in his movements also this same startling rapidity. The kicks were like flashes of lightning, and the hands constantly ready for a grapple or a blow. From what I saw I have a most respectful dislike to *la Sabatote*, or as we would say in English, the Old Shoe.

SWIFT'S HATRED OF FOPPERY.—Dean Swift was a great enemy of extravagance in dress, and particularly to that distinction and ostentation in the middling classes, which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had an esteem, the following instance has been recorded:—When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a bagged wig and other fopperies. Swift received him as a stranger. "And pray, sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?" "I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to await on you immediately on my arrival from London."

"Pray sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the printer, sir." "You George Faulkner, the printer! Why you are the most impudent, barefaced scoundrel of an impostor I have ever heard of! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and will never trick himself up in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone your rascal, or I will immediately send you to the house of correction. Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress he returned to the Dean, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," says the Dean, "I am glad to see you return safe from London. Why, there has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a lace jacket, and he would fain pass himself for you, but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear."

From the Knickerbocker. ROMANCE AND REALITY. Art thou not happy since love's words Fell on thy heart like hail? "Well now, I do n't know as I am, And do n't know but I am."

Did not sweet thoughts thy bosom thrill When first thou hearest his vow? "I think it's very probable, But can't remember now."

Then long and ardently he sued Ere thou didst answer him? "Well, no, considering every thing, I thought my chances slim."

And so thou gavest thy fond young heart To joy and hope elate? "So far as what I gave's concerned, He did n't get 'no great'."

Does not the draught of happiness O'erflow the brimming cup? "Times, when he's 'setting up' with me I kind o' feel set up."

Does not thy fond thought follow him, Even when thy lip is dumb? "Yes, when he takes me by the hand, I feel drawn towards him, some."

Has he not vowed to do for thee All that affection can? "He seems, from what he promised me, A promising young man."

When evening brings thy fancies sweet, Is he not ever nigh? "To tell the truth, he is a man I set a great deal by."

When he is thine, will not thy heart Dismiss all care and doubt? "I think 't will be a handy thing To have a man about."

Didst ever think, death's night alone, Thy wedded day can dim? "Sometimes I think of that, and then I almost pity him."

Henceforth your happy lives will blend As mingled currents run; "They do n't begin to yet, but then I hope 't will all be one."

nauseating. Fishing! good Sportsman, there are many kinds of fishing. There is the coaxing of half grown shiners and scared bass, and stunted black-fish and dwarfish trout from "played out" country streams, and the turbulent waters of filthy docks. There is the sublime fun of sitting an hour or two waiting for a nibble, and baiting and rebaiting, with worms, clam, and other devices to entice the impoverished and scanty subjects from their dread abodes. This is the agonizing kind of fishing which makes one feel to say the least, unamiable. But the true sport is when you cast your line six or eight fathoms, the hook armed with a 'fiddler', and ere it is down a minute, your pole bends as if old Ned himself was seeking to pull it from your hand; how you reel in, then the pulling becomes a jerk and you pay out. Again you reel in, and in a moment or two you land in your boat a large, shining black fish of seven pounds good weight, a loyal fellow, who has roamed at will and undisturbed through the clearest water ever since he was a minnie. This you do again and again, hour after hour; now and then losing a hook, or a fish by haste or mismanagement. This is fishing, and in this, I, with three friends who came up from New York with me, for the purpose, participated. It is sport, indeed, and well repays the trip from Tioga to Plum Island, the fishing ground of this region.

A Squinting Jury. The Washington News records the following amusing reminiscence:—Once upon a time, or to be a little more particular, nearly half a century ago, there dwelt in the town of—, in old England, a remarkable oddity, in the person of an attorney-at-law, who, although not fair to look upon, [for he was in truth one of the homeliest specimens of humanity ever beheld by mortal man,] was withal a person of sound judgment, great benevolence, varied learning, a poet, a painter and a wit of no mean order.

It so happened that the aforesaid gentleman G— G—, Esq., was appointed High Sheriff of the town of—. He was a man of fortune, and had a kind heart, as many a poor prisoner could testify who partook of the good cheer with which the prisoners were liberally supplied at Christmas and other well known festivals from the private house of the High Sheriff.

It was of course the duty of the High Sheriff to summon a Grand and Petit Jury, to attend at the Quarter Sessions, of which the Recorder, Mayor and Alderman of the borough composed the court. In the performance of his official duty in summoning the Petit Jury, our High Sheriff indulged in some of the strangest and drollest freaks that have probably ever been heard of in any other town or country. In the first place, he summoned for the October court a jury consisting of twelve of the fatest men he could find in the borough, and when they came to the book to be sworn, it appeared that only nine jurors could sit comfortably in the box! After a good deal of sweating, squeezing, and scolding, the panel was literally jammed into the box, and when seated they presented to the eye of the court, the barristers and audience, "the tightest fit" of a jury that was ever seen in a court room. Literally they became, much to the amusement of the court and its robed advocates, "a packed jury," and no mistake!

For the January term, our facetious High Sheriff (in consequence, it was said, of some hint from the Recorder that there should be no more fat panels summoned to his court,) went to the opposite extreme. He summoned twelve of the leanest and tallest men he could find in the borough: and when they took their seats in the box, it appeared comparatively empty—there was indeed room enough for twelve more of the same sort and dimensions.

For the April term of the Court, our humorous functionary summoned a jury consisting of twelve barbers! Now it happened that among the latter were the very perruggiers who dressed the Recorder's and Barristers' wigs, and some of the latter, arriving late at the bar, had to appear that morning in court with their wigs undressed or half dressed, so as to cut a very ridiculous figure, amidst the smiles and half suppressed laughter of the bystanders. The High Sheriff enjoyed the fun amazingly, but looked "grave as a judge," while he tried to keep silence in the court room.

But the crowning joke of this waggish functionary, occurred at the summoning of his fourth and last jury at the summer sessions in July. For that term of the court the High Sheriff, not having the fear of the Recorder, the Mayor, and the Aldermen before his eyes, actually summoned a squinting jury; twelve as queer looking bipeds as ever took their seats in a jury box—a jury that was probably more looked at and laughed at than any of the appointed twelve that ever were sworn to "well and truly try, and true deliverance make, between their Sovereign Lord the King and the Prisoner at the bar."

But the scene was so irresistibly droll that the learned Recorder could not maintain his gravity. The Mayor and Aldermen followed suit. The barristers laughed while their wigs became bald, powderless; nay, even the poor prisoners in the dock, who were to be put upon their trial, and some of them undergo transportation, could not refrain from joining in the general chagachination! And when the learned Recorder commanded the High Sheriff to bring the court room to order, and intimated, with a half suppressed laugh, that the latter ought to be ashamed of himself for summoning such a jury, the drollery of this court scene was considerably heightened by the quick, ready, and sonorous response of the High Sheriff, who, looking at the same time at the squinting jury, exclaimed—"All good and lawful men, your honor."

But our humorous functionary has long since "shuffled off this mortal coil."

He is no mean philosopher who can give a reason for half of what he thinks.

He that hath no money needeth no purse.

EDUCATIONAL. From the Independent Republican, Boarding Around. The question—"how shall we board the teacher?" has of late been a great annoyance to School Directors and the friends of education; a few urging a reform on the old system of boarding around, while the majority (like the man balancing his grist with a stone because his grandfather did) are in favor of the teacher's boarding from place to place, as he is welcomed or rejected by the parents of the district in which he labors.

One reason urged by many for this subjecting the teacher to this barbarous practice of "boarding around," is that it is cheaper, which in their opinion is so much gain, while in fact they lose an incalculable amount of school training for their children that they might receive if the teacher were provided with a permanent boarding place.

They cannot appreciate the fact that if the teacher is supplied with a room, he can prosecute his studies, and devise plans to promote the best interest of his school; but seem to be of the opinion that he has arrived at the summit of perfection in his profession, and all that is necessary is to enter the school room and go over the same routine of studies, day after day, until the three months have passed away.

It is an erroneous idea of the tax-payers of this county that boarding at one place is more expensive than boarding around, for while they save a few shillings in an immediate pecuniary point of view, they lose a vast amount in the mental culture of their children; which Solomon says "is better than fine gold."

We have often heard people remark that "they had rather board the teacher than not." Wise financiers indeed! We would recommend them to apply for some responsible office; perhaps Secretary of the Treasury would be best suited for their great powers of financial calculation. If they succeed, we doubt not that the finances of our country would at once be restored to their wonted equilibrium.

Why should the teacher have a permanent boarding place? We answer, first, that he, like others, is a progressive being, and needs not only the cultivation of his own mind, but untiring application to his profession, that he may be able to do the best to promote the interest of his school; these objects he cannot attain while boarding from place to place.

Second, that he is responsible to God and his fellow man how he discharges his duties in the schoolroom, in training the youthful mind along the rugged paths of science, and therefore must be master of his profession in its various departments.

The greater share of the people think that the teacher is impervious to the chilling blasts of Winter, and the driving rains of Summer. Many a teacher has brought "pale death upon him" while in the morning of life, in thus being forced to trudge through mud and rain to his boarding place. "His face is pale; his cheek is blanched; and the spring of life wastes away, and he dies."

Shame! shame to the people of Pennsylvania. It is a bore upon the common schools of Pennsylvania, and will never enable them to rise to that high degree of perfection that is requisite to the advancement and prosperity of the rising generation.

There is another idea among the parents that the teacher's duties require a small amount of labor—"only staying in the schoolroom six hours a day"—this is a mistake. If the teacher is worthy of the name, and labors in his duties as his profession requires, he must necessarily labor incessantly from morn till night; and during the silent night, bright visions of the prosperity of his school are brought to bear upon his mind.

Few people consider the responsibility of the teacher. Through his labors nations may rise or fall. By him impressions are made upon tender hearts, that follow them through the ceaseless cycles of eternity. Friends of education, abolish this uncivilized practice, this old fogysm forever, and substitute in its stead in the school law a provision that no qualified teacher shall be required to board from place to place. Instead of strewing briars and thistles along his pathway, encourage him in his Godlike mission, raise him to a rank due to his vocation, and may the day soon come when the common school teacher shall occupy a station with other professions of the age. This done, the teacher will have an incentive to prompt him in his labors; the common school system will awake from its lethargy; the masses will become educated; and we shall stand foremost among the catalogue of nations. Great Bend, Pa., July, 1859. A. K. J.