

THE HOME PICTURE.

One autumn night when the wind was high,
And the rain fell in heavy splashes,
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

MARCH 5TH, 1770.

On Friday, the 2d day of March, 1770, a soldier of the twenty-ninth asked to be employed at Gray's ropewalk, and he was refused in the coarsest words.

There was an end of the affair at the rope walk, but not at the barracks, where the soldiers inflamed each others' passions, as if the honor of the regiment were tarnished.

The colonel deliberating on Monday, seemed of opinion that the town would never be safe from quarrels between the people and soldiers, as long as soldiers should be quartered among them.

Evening came on. The young moon was shining brightly in a cloudless winter sky, and its light was increased by a new fallen snow.

A band which rushed out from Murray's Barracks, in Brattle street, armed with clubs, cutlasses and bayonets, provoked resistance, and an affray ensued.

The street soon became clear and nobody troubled the sentry, when a party of soldiers issued violently from the main guard, their arms glittering in the moon-light.

The citizens whom the alarm set in motion came out with canes and clubs, and, partly by the interference of well-disposed officers, partly by the outrage of Crispus Attucks, a mulatto and some others, the fight at the barracks was soon over.

A body of soldiers came up Royal Exchange lane, crying "Where are the crowds?" and brandishing their arms, passed through King street.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

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SELECT MISCELLANY.

What is a Minie Rifle?

Every account received from the war in the Crimea is loud in praise of the "Minie Rifle."

These are, in the hands of good marksmen, certain destruction at an immense distance, and the wholesale slaughter of the Russian gunners at the batteries of Sebastopol, has won for this weapon the sobriquet of "King of Fire Arms."

The barrel of a rifle has, running the length of its inner surface, spiral grooves or channels—hence the name of rifle, which means a rifle or grooved gun.

The great object therefore to be obtained, is a perfect fit to the barrel by the ball, thus to give the rotary motion, and to save the powder.

A French gunsmith invented a rifle which had its breech pin project wedge shaped, about two inches into the barrel.

The ball is oblong with a conical point, in its base it has a conical hollow running half or two-thirds the length of the ball.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune, some months since, was witness to experiments made by Major Minie himself with his ball, and saw the officer plant three balls in succession in a target the size of a man's hat at the distance of three-fourths of a mile.

Effects of Saleratus.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune: Six:—In a former number of this paper I alluded to the use of Saleratus in modern cookery.

Some individuals have doubted the truth of my suggestions. They have seriously questioned whether Saleratus is really poisonous.

In the year 1835 an indigent female, who was desirous of trying to earn an honest livelihood for herself and her family by keeping boarders, rented a house in Williamstown.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

A "Literary" Review.

BY JOE, A JERSEY RUTE.

LETTER OF LIZZIE, WRITTEN TO MR. JOSEPH MOUNT, JANUARY 25TH, 1854.

This is the production of a deaf and dumb lady, who lives among the mountains of Pennsylvania. It occupies four pages, written in a delicate hand, and consists of—well, I don't know how many lines.

Much pleasure! My letter gave you much pleasure! I'm glad of it.

She goes on to say: "I did not get the letter and paper on Tuesday morning, as the mail did not come up till at 10 o'clock."

"I am glad that your health is improving. You must take care of your health, as the weather is very variable."

"I'll see about it, dear Lizzie."

"When I wrote to you some time ago, I advised you not to write much for the papers, for I feared that your health might be injured."

"Did you ever read 'Ruth Hall'?" It is Fanny Fern's. I did not read it much.

"I saw it, but did not examine it; yet I intend to buy it. I admire everything that comes from her pen."

"By Jove, your 'thousand kisses' are worth more than copper, silver and gold put together."

Cure for the Toothache.

Beauty has charms. So it has, almost equal to music. It may soothe a savage or a savage breast.

A DEEP FURROW.—Judge Coulter, of Virginia, when first appointed to the bench, had jurisdiction over one of the mountain counties.

Flour is falling.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

Early Courtship in Ohio.

If you can't get them that you want, you must take them that you can get, and that is how I came to marry Patsy.

Well, accidents will happen, folks will laugh—the world is more fond of fun than logic—and they might as well laugh at me as any body.

So I agreed to tell you about my courtship. I want Patsy, but my first sweet heart was a proper handsome gal.

Well, I was twenty-five years old just about, and in love with boss's daughter but always thought she felt a little about me, for I was not quite as tall as she was anyhow.

Well, I bought this blue coat when I married Patsy, thirty and five years ago, I never wore any but that, and if it was Sunday to day, I should have it on, for I despise extravaganza and new fangled flummeries and tingumbob noodles round yer' houses.

I was in love thirty five years ago, head over heels, and never dared to say a word about it.

Her name was Jerusha. I longed to tell her how my heart swelled and burnt for her, as it thumped against my chest; but I never screw my courage up to the pint—but thought I would some day; I'd been alone with her many times, and had resolved on popping it right out, but the stillness was awful on them casions as the roar of the Niagara, and my heart would feel all over like your little finger when you hit your elbow gin a thing accidental, a tarral tingling fullness.

Cuss my luck, said I to myself. One Sunday night I cum hum from the mill after a three days ride, and Jerusha had a benu dressed as smart as a dancing master. My heart jumped into my gullet the very minute I see him.

I felt down in the mouth, for I knew I was a gone fellow. He had on broadcloth.

Talk of your new fangled Gossip and Gresham houses now, but folks in them days didn't have but one room down stairs, and a ladder to go up stairs; a punchbowl floor was good enough below; and on thinkers split off by hand kivered the chamber floor.

It was so in boss's house, and I slept up in the chamber. I want you to remember my tow shirt, and I want you to imagine my feelings

and the sweet face that smiled—was it at or for him?

"Oh, yes, certainly, in your company any length of time—if he should not come till night or morning."

The lady led the way to the parlor. Both were seated on the sofa, and time went off on the wings of love! Well, he thought so. He thought that every woman that smiled upon him was made to love.