

Fill high the bowl with generous wine— Let Mirth to-night and monarch reign!

HISTORICAL SKETCH. DANIEL MORGAN AND HIS RIFLEMEN.

The outposts of the two armies were very near each other, when the commandant desirous of obtaining particular information respecting the position of his adversary, summoned the famed leader of the Riflemen, Colonel Daniel Morgan, to head quarters.

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charger's neck, with spy glass reconnoitred the American lines. The troops closed up their files, and were either caressing the noble animals they rode, adjusting their equipments, or gazing upon the surrounding scenery, now fast brightening in the beams of the rising sun.

Morgan looked at Long and Long at his superior, while the riflemen, with panting chests and sparkling eyes, were only awaiting some signal from their officers to "let the rifle fly."

At length the martial ardor of Morgan overcame his prudence and sense of military subordination. Forgetful of consequences, reckless of everything but his enemy, now within his grasp, he waved his hand, and loud and sharp rang the report of their rifles amid the resounding echoes.

While the smoke yet canopied the scene of slaughter, and the picturesque forms of the woodsmen appeared among the foliage, as they were re-loading their pieces, the colossal stature of Morgan stood apart. He seemed like a very genius of war, and gloomily he contemplated the havoc his order had made.

discovered a party of horse coming out from the enemy's lines. They came up immediately to the spot where they were concealed in the brushwood. There they halted, and gathered together like a flock of partridges, affording me so tempting an opportunity of annoying the enemy, that, please your excellency, flesh and blood couldn't refrain.

At this rough, yet frank, bold and manly explanation, a smile was observed to pass over the general's suit. The chief remained unmoved, and waving his hand, he continued—"Col. Morgan, you will retire to your quarters, there to await further orders."

Hamilton, about whose strikingly intelligent countenance there always lurked a playful smile, now observed:—"Colonel Morgan, his Excellency has ordered me to—" "I know your errand, so be short, dear fellow, and put me out of my misery at once. I know that I am arrested; this is a matter of course. Well, there is my sword; but surely his Excellency honors me indeed in these last moments of my military existence, when he sends for my sword by his favorite aid, and my most esteemed friend. Ah, my dear Hamilton, if you knew what I had suffered since the accursed horse came out to tempt me to my ruin."

The noble, the generous souled Hamilton, could no longer bear to witness the struggles of the brave unfortunate; he called out—"Hear me, my dear Colonel; only promise to hear me for one moment, and I will tell you all."

Morgan sprang from his camp bed, upon which he was sitting, and seizing the hand of the great little man in his giant grasp, wrong it, till the aid-de-camp literally struggled to get free, then exclaimed:—"Am I in any senses? But I know you Hamilton—you are too noble a fellow to sport with the feelings of an old brother soldier."

Morgan entered the pavilion of the Commander-in-chief, as it was filling with officers, all of whom, after paying their respects to the General, filed off to give a cordial squeeze of the hand to the Commander of the rifle regiment, and whispered in his ear words of congratulation. The cloth removed, Washington bid his guests fill their glasses, and give his only, his unwavering toast of the days of trial, the toast of the evening of his time honored life amid the shades of Mount Vernon, "All our Friends." Then, with his usual old-fashioned politeness, he drank to each guest by name. When he came to "Col. Morgan, your good health, sir," a thrill ran through the manly frame of the gratified and

again favorite soldier, while every eye in the pavilion was turned on him: At an early hour the company broke up, and Morgan had a perfect escort of officers accompanying him to his quarters, all anxious to congratulate him upon his happy restoration to rank and favor, all pleased to assure him of their esteem for his person and services.

Curious Eastern Tale. There lived in Bagdad a young man of such extreme beauty that he was surnamed "The Brilliant." He had also the gift of poetry. Omen-el-Ceine, the wife of the Caliph, El-Ould-ben-Abd-el-Melik, was so much in love with this young man that she felt sick.

One day the Caliph received a present of a collar of gold garnished with precious stones, with which he was greatly pleased. "I will reserve this for my wife," said he, and immediately he ordered one of his eunuchs to carry the collar to the sultana.

The enraged slave went to his master and said: "My Lord, to-day I found a man in conversation with your wife in such a chamber. At my approach, the Sultana hid him in precisely such a coffer." He then described the piece of furniture.

When the execution was over, the Caliph rose, put on his slippers, and went to his wife's apartments. She was occupied in arranging a head-dress. He entered and sat facing her upon the coffer indicated by the slave. He said to her in the course of conversation, "How happens it that you have such a liking for this chamber?"

After a moment's stupor, the Sultana said to him, "Very well, it is yours." At signal from the Caliph, two blacks appeared. "Take this coffer into the Hall of Council, and wait for me."

Curious Blunders. Columbus sailing to America, thought he was discovering a passage to China, or Cathay. Even after it became known that a new continent had been discovered, instead of an old one revisited, geographers labored under many curious and erroneous impressions.

THINKS I to myself, a man may be a President, and no great shakes either, for, after all he is only the lead horse of a team. He has got the go in him, and that's all; but he can't hold back, which is a great matter, both in statesmen and horses. For if he slacks up, he is rid over by those behind him, and he gets his neck broke—he must go or die.—Sam Slick.

Brady's Leap.

Captain Brady seems to have been as much the Daniel Boone of the northeast part of the valley of the Ohio, as the other was of the south west, and the country is equally full of traditional legends of his hardy adventures and his breadth escapes, although he has lacked a Flint to chronicle his fame, and transmit it to posterity in the glowing and beautiful language of that distinguished analyst of the West.

Brady's residence was on Chartier's Creek, on the south side of the Ohio. Being a man of Herculean strength, courage and activity, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their excursions into the Indian territory North of the river. On this occasion which was about the year 1780, a large party of warriors from the falls of the Cuyahoga and the adjacent country, had made an inroad on the South side of the Ohio river, in the lower part of what is now known as Washington county, but which was then known as the settlement of "Catfish Camp," after an old Indian of that name who lived there when the whites first came into the country on the Manongahala river.

When he reached the Hall of Audience, he found the coffer upon the floor. "Raise the carpet," he said to his slaves, "and dig a hole the size of a man." The pit being dug, he made a sign to place the coffer on the brink. Then planting his foot upon the piece of furniture, he pronounced the following words: "News has come to me; if it is true, thy vestment shall be thy shroud, this box shall be thy bier, and it is God that immolates thee. If this news is false, I enter a coffer, and lose only a few planks." He then pushed the box, which descended rapidly to the bottom of the pit.

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Dr. Beeswax, in his "Essay on Women," remarks, with some truth, that "beauties generally die old maids." "They set such value on themselves," he says, "they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties who have come out within the last eighteen years, eleven are still single, and they spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool, while their evenings are devoted to low spirits and French novels."

"the elephant" has been extensively seen in this country.

But by degrees, as geographical knowledge improved, America was discovered from Asia, Japan kept on the march to the West, and the Tartars, Chinese and elephants were dismissed to their several homes.

It is a curious fact that maps of the world, made before the discovery of America, a fabulous island, called Antilla, is put down, in which may be seen the first dawn of America itself. On some old maps a bridge is drawn between the Strait of Gibraltar, and the continent of America. Over this bridge, the first tribes marched from Asia to America.

The Arab geographers styled the Atlantic ocean the "Waters of Darkness." From this darkness how much light has been evolved in the course of a few centuries.—Portland Transcript.

Marriage Under Difficulties.

A few days since I was present at a marriage which had some things about it so new and romantic that I am tempted to give you a short description. For a day and night preceding the appointment, there had been an incessant fall of rain, which, added to the deep snow in the mountains, caused a rapid rise of the water. Parson B. of Bath County, had been invited to perform the ceremony. Anticipating difficulty—and, perhaps, remembering defeat in days of yore, he set out from home early in the morning, with the hope of passing the water-courses before they were too full. Vaip hope. When he reached the neighborhood, he was told that the river was swollen beyond any possibility of crossing with any safety. It is often hard to start a wedding, but when started, it is a great deal harder to stop it. The parson having secured the company of a friend in the neighborhood, determined to make every effort to accomplish his mission, and if there must be a failure, let it be after a fair trial.

SOUND OF BELLS.—The nearer bells are hung to the surface of the earth, other things being equal the farther they can be heard.—Franklin has remarked, that many years ago, the inhabitants of Philadelphia had a bell imported from England. In order to judge of the sound it was elevated on a triangle in the great street of the city, and struck, as it happened, on a market day, when the people coming to market, were surprised on hearing the sound of a bell at a greater distance from the city than they ever had any bell before. This circumstance excited the attention of the curious, and it was discovered that the sound of a bell struck in the street, reached nearly double the distance it did when raised in the air. In the air, sounds travel at the rate of from 1180 to 1140 feet per second. In water, 4703 feet per second. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water that they are on land.

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FRIENDSHIP has a noble effect upon all states and conditions. It relieves our cares, raises our hopes, and abates our fears. A friend who relates his success, lifts himself into a new pleasure; and by opening his misfortunes, leaves part of them behind him.