

I have drawn from the veins of the earth... The blood of the early dead...

They are singing hymns in their hearts... That which is good, and true, and just...

HISTORICAL SKETCH. PETER FRANCISCO.

THE BARRON OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

As late as the year 1834, there lived in Western Virginia, a man whose strength was remarkable, as to win him the title of the "Western Samson..."

One day while reconnoitering, he stopped at the house of a man by the name of W. to refresh himself. Whilst at the table he was surprised by nine British troopers...

Putting his sabre under his arm, the soldier stooped down to take them. Francisco seeing the opportunity, which was too good to be lost, seized the sword, and drawing it with force from under the arm of the soldier...

Francisco was a powerful built man, standing six feet and one inch in height, and weighing 268 pounds. His muscular system was extraordinarily developed...

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personal prowess. At Cavalry, where General was defeated, he returned, and after fighting along some distance, he set down to rest himself...

One day while working in his garden, he was accosted by a stranger, who rode up to the fence and inquired of him if he knew "where a man by the name of Francisco lived?"

"I can't tell you, stranger, where you'll find that man, I don't know such a man," said Francisco, regarding his work as a hint to the other that the conference was ended...

"My name is Big Bill Stokes, all the way from Old Kentuck. I am the Kentucky game chicken, I am. I can out-run, out-hop, out-jump, knock down, drag out, and whip any one in all them diggins..."

Francisco was a powerful built man, standing six feet and one inch in height, and weighing 268 pounds. His muscular system was extraordinarily developed...

Notes and stories of the war, of which he possessed a rich fund, rendered him a welcome guest in the first families of the State...

One day, however, in the early part of autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon going to open it, I found a pedlar. Now pedlars are a great vexation to me...

"How long have you had that cough?" "I don't know, ma'am." "Does it hurt you?" "Yes, ma'am."

"You don't ask me to take a cent less," said he, after hesitating a minute, "think you must be rich."

"I felt very big in my throat, and thought I was choked, but I didn't try a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for a while; but I am glad she's up there now."

From the "Littell" (N.) Boston. A MARRIAGE WEEKY. We are about to indulge our readers with a very singular, but a very true relation of an affair, which happened some years since, in the city of Providence...

It happened, after a few years had elapsed, that the husband was obliged to leave his lovely bride, being called into a foreign country, in order to adjust some family affairs...

For some time they corresponded, but the husband being obliged to cross several tempestuous seas, did not receive such frequent answers to his epistles as he had reason to expect...

When she had paid every tribute consistent with reflection, to the memory of her departed lord, a gentleman was proposed by her parents for her approbation, and the good old people were so prejudiced in favor of the person they had introduced...

As he was unwilling to surprise her whilst she combated with sickness, he had employed a trusty person to make him acquainted with such particulars of her case, and the instant the news of her death reached his ears, a frantic wildness seized his soul...

her in the same manner, no account was taken of the particulars, than he attempted to force her to live with him. The prior claims of a recently deceased husband, in keeping her in himself, about a law suit was commenced...

In the town of Manlius, ten miles from Syracuse, Mr. Morgan owned, some time since, a wonderful lake, situated in the bottom of a high hill. The entire crater is about 500 feet in perpendicular depth, and is filled to within about 200 feet at the top...

The Crossian Chief, has had restored to him his son, who was taken captive by the Russians about eleven years ago, when he was but a child. From the time he was captured Schamyel had not heard from him...

IMPORTANT TO SPORTSMEN.—Not long since a youthful friend of ours accidentally swallowed a lead bullet. His friends were, very naturally much alarmed, and his father, who no means might be spared to save his darling boy's life, sent, post haste, to a surgeon of skill, directing the messenger to tell him the circumstances, and urge his coming without delay.

"At a camp-meeting, last summer, not more than fifteen hundred miles from Boston, the trumpet had called the congregation together, but a crowd of idlers and rowdies stood outside the range of seats, and would not come in. The presiding elder invited them twice with no effect. Then, after singing a hymn, he turned to the crowd and said: 'As many of you as have not got the ick, or small pox, or any other contagious disease, all shall be glad to have come forward. All others will remain outside.'—None were left outside."

WHISTLING AT FALLENWOOD.—A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearer never to call one another liars, but when any one said what was not true, they ought to whistle.

On Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of leaven and fishes, and being at a loss to explain, he said that the leaven were not like those now a days, they were as big as the hills of Scotland. He had carefully pronounced the words when he heard a loud whistle.

MARRY A WOMAN.—Some young men marry dimples, some ears; the mouth, too, occasionally is married; the chin not so often. Only the other day, a young fellow fell head over heels and ears in love with a braid—braid, I believe, young ladies style that mass of hair that, descending from the forehead, forms a sort of a mouse's nest over the ear. He was so far gone in his infatuation, that he became engaged to this braid, but the Eugenic mode of hair dressing came in just then, the charm was dissolved, and the match was happily broken off, and there is no present appearance of its being renewed.

A little boy of six years when dressing for bed one night, with his night dress on the back of his neck, was heard musing aloud as follows: "I can beat Tom Tucker; I can write my name in writing; I can spell Nebuchadnezzar; and I can tie a double bow-knot."

In North Carolina it is frequent among her forests of fat pine, for a lover in distress to send the fair object of his affection a bit of its staple vegetable production, with an eye painted upon it. It signifies 'I pine.' If favorable to him, the young lady select from the wood pile the best and smoothest specimen of a knot—this signifies 'pine not.' But if, on the other hand, she detests him (there is no middle ground between detestation and adoration with young women) she burns one end of his message; and this generally throws the young man into despair, for it means 'I make light of your pining.'

A widow lady took an orphan boy to raise, quite small, and when arrived at the age of eighteen she married him, she then being in her fiftieth year. They lived many years. They lived many years together, happily as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. This fall the old lady died, being ninety six years of age, and in seven weeks after, the old man married the girl they had raised, he being sixty-eight years of age and she eighteen.

A LADY paying a visit to her daughter, who was young widow, asked her why she wore the widow's garb so long. "Dear mamma, don't you see?" replied the daughter, "it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband, as every one can see that I for sale by private contract."

Of all learning, the most difficult part is to glean; drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient seldom thanks the operator.