

Our forces amounted to eight hundred strong. When we first reached Lawrence, not a human being could be seen. In about an hour we were in the streets, in front of the hotel, some hundred and fifty men.

It is a legend, half legend, half a legend, half legend. All to the right hand. Rode the Right Hundred.

No cannon to right of them. No cannon to left of them. No cannon in front of them.

Flashed all their brass here, Flashed all their guns in air. The gallant squadron, led by Charles Taylor like fury.

No cannon to right of them. No cannon to left of them. No cannon in front of them.

Honor the brave and bold, Long shall the tale be told. Yes, when our babes are old, How bravely they plundered.

Thrilling Sketch.

JOHN TAYLOR.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the Court House at Lewisburg, Conway county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1836.

The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and beautiful girl, on an indictment for murder.

Here is his portrait! a figure, tall, lean, sinewy, and strait as an arrow; a face, sallow, bilious, and twitching incessantly with nervous irritability; a brow, broad, massive, seamed with wrinkles, but not from age.

Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparently unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone.

The contrast between the outlandish garb, and disdainful countenance of the stranger, excited, especially, the risibility of the lawyers; and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew louder, and soon swept around the circle.

It was the growth of a red tiger in the hiss of a rattlesnake. The general gaze, however, was diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who then came in, surrounded by her guard.

Such is a brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither their names nor their arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genus, they about equally partitioned their howling eloquence between the prisoner and her leather-robed counsel.

When the proper time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, touched the bar, and took his stand almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so wild, so clear, so unutterable strong and distinct, as to fill the hall from floor to galleries.

The judge turned to the prisoner, "Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick, have you employed any other?"

THE AGITATOR.

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

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of the sky lark—My enemies have bribed all the lawyers—even my own to be silent; but God will defend the innocent!

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause, and the rest wept.

On the instant, however, the stranger whose appearance had previously excited such merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek, and then stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from eternity.

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending the lady."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger, with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was her answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart strings.

The case immediately progressed; and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we will epitomize the substance of the evidence.

About twelve months before, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a room connected with her shop, and all alone, she prepared the articles connected with her highly respected and honorable trade.

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When a young man arrived at marriageable age, the girl of the village assemble by consent on a given night at the gallery of the chalet in which the fair one resides. This creates no surprise in the mind of her parents, who not only wink at the practice, but are never better pleased than when the charms of their daughters attracts the greatest number of admirers.

After the family in the house has been aroused (for the scene usually takes place at midnight, when they have all retired to rest), the window of the room prepared for the occasion, in which the girl is first alone, is opened. Then a parley commences, of rather a boisterous description; each man in turn urges his suit with all the eloquence and art of which he is possessed.

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She answered in a voice sweet as the song of the sky lark—My enemies have bribed all the lawyers—even my own to be silent; but God will defend the innocent!

Keep Watch on the Tongue. People are often subjected to extreme mortification by indulging in disparaging remarks of strangers, and learning subsequently that the persons themselves, or some of their intimate friends, were within hearing of the remarks.

As Dr. Dwight was traveling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at a stage hotel, in one of the populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same night arrived, also, at the inn, Mr. Denie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his bed were well paired with lodgers, except one, occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight.

"Denie, the editor of the Portfolio, (says the doctor in a rhapsody,) is the Addison of the United States—the father of American Belles Lettres. But, sir," continued he, "is it not astonishing that a man of such genius, fancy and feeling, should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl, and to bacchanalian revels?"

"Sir," said Denie, "you are mistaken, I have been intimately acquainted with Denie for several years, and I never knew or saw him intoxicated."

"Sir," says the Doctor, "you err; I have my information from a particular friend; I am confident that I am right, and you are wrong."

Denie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking that Doctors Abercrombie and Mason were among our most distinguished divines; nevertheless, he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, the most learned theologian—the first logician—and the greatest poet that America has ever produced.

"Sir," said the Doctor, "you are grossly mistaken. I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and know to the contrary."

"Sir," says Denie, "you are mistaken. I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, who, I am confident, would not tell me an untruth."

"No more slander," says the Doctor, "I am Dr. Dwight, of whom you speak!"

"And I, too," exclaimed Denie, "am Mr. Denie, of whom you spoke!"

The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.

A PLEASANT PREACHER.—There was once a poor pastor who supplied an equally poor congregation up somewhere in the woods, under a contract to have so much rye for his year's preaching, if they saw fit to retain him a year.

"Brethren," said he, anxiously, "just tell me frankly how you like it, let me know what doctrine, and if you don't like it, let me know what doctrine I shall preach to please you; for I must have that rye."

The following curious advertisement appears in the New Orleans Picayune of a late date: "Wanted, by a person who has a hundred thousand dollars and no heir, to adopt from birth, a child. It must be of American parents, and from one hour to ten days old; sex immaterial. Any person having a child they wish to dispose of, can thus secure it a good home and a fortune; or any lady about to become a mother and willing to part with her child, can have a respectable physician to attend her and no questions asked or answered. Applications must be made within ten days. Address 'A. B.,' through the post office or the Picayune office."

CURIOUS INSTINCT OF PLANTS.—Horace, in his treatise on the vine, gives a striking exemplification of the instinct of plants. A bone was placed in the strong but dry clay of a vine border. The vine sent out a leading or tap root, directly through the clay to the bone. In its passage through the clay, the main root threw out no fibre; but when it reached the bone, it entirely covered it, by degrees, with the most delicate and minute fibers, like lace, each one sucking a pore in the bone. On this luscious morsel of marrow bone would the vine continue to feed as long as nutriment remained.

Communications. Letter from the Mill-Pond. I have not been fishing at the pond. I can't bait the hook, nor take the fish of should I catch one, as I did once. I watch the children that go fishing there when released from school, for it is just back of the house, and in sight from my windows—and wish them the success their patience deserves.

The noise of the village hardly reaches me here,—now and then a loud rumbling wagon, or the Court house bell ringing for a lawsuit or caucus, the clatter of the mills or the sharp filing of the saw, now and then break upon my reverie, but so gently tempered by the distance, that I weave them into my dream undisturbed. Oh! these delightful, dreamy, June days. The only fault that I can find with them, is in not being more numerous.

I have another seat when I want to read or write, from which to tease my friends with unreadable epistles.

COLONEL FREMONT being in New York city, one of the Republican War Clubs waited on him with an address, thanking him for his exertions to make California a free State, and for his sympathy for the oppressed people of Kansas.

A WONDER.—This is an age of wonders; but there are some things that are a great deal more wonderful than others. We have found one which causes us to marvel greatly. Perhaps some may ask what it can be? and I will tell. Out of some three or four thousand envelopes that have passed through our hands since the first of March, we have found one that had the name of the town, State, and month, with the date thereof, so distinctly stamped on it that every letter was legible. Postmasters, take notice.—Life Illustrated.

BULLY BROOKS CHALLENGED BY A GENTLEMAN OF HIS OWN KIND.—Copy of the City of New York, to Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina!

I challenge Preston S. Brooks to meet me on any spot on "Mason and Dixon's" line, named by himself, weapons to be gutta percha canes—I having the privilege to take him sitting with his legs under a desk with his cane half a mile from him.

J. L. HOLMES.

There is no greater instance of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments, and not dare to be what he thinks he ought to be.

The Battle of Franklin. LAWRENCE, Thursday, June 5, 1856. In my last I gave a hasty account of an attack made upon the town of Franklin; but gave no particulars, and the outline was not exact. It happened yesterday morning an hour and a half before daylight.

Franklin lies four and a half miles south-east of Lawrence, near the Wakerusa. It has on more than one occasion been used as a camp by the Border Ruffians, and is the base of operations against Lawrence by bands coming from Westport or Independence, Mo. During the Wakerusa war last December Franklin was in point of fact Pro-Slavery headquarters. At the recent sack of Lawrence it was the seat of a mischievous camp, which formed a rallying point for those who came from Missouri, and at that point the Lawrence supplies were intercepted, and arms, provisions and goods taken. Since the Pro-Slavery parties began to muster during the past week on Wakerusa; Bull Creek and other points south, Franklin has again been made a military station. Some of Buford's men and some Missourians have been there for nearly a week in martial array, and were evidently in full communication with the other parties that were coming into the Territory and forming in it. They had a brass six-pounder and a large quantity of ammunition and camp provisions. They had been taking prisoners, and had a Free-State man in their guard-house when the attack was made.

To attack this point, take the ammunition and the cannon, make the place a dangerous one for those who had thus taken possession of it, was the policy of the companies of Free-State Rangers.

Of course, no one knew anything about the design but those few who contemplated it. The affair was badly planned, but was not without effect. A company was to come up from the Wakerusa, numbering forty, and fifteen went from Lawrence and the vicinity. The recent battles and skirmishes had put the Pro-Slavery men on their guard. There were 23 Pro-Slavery men partly Missourians, partly Georgians and Alabamians, in the guard room where they were posted. Sam Salters was with them. Besides these, there was a pretty fair sprinkling of Pro-Slavery residents of the town.

It was dark as Erebus, and a little before three in the morning of the 4th, when the little party of fifteen defiled by the ridge on which the town stands, and entered the streets of Franklin. The other company had got a guide and were to be at the point at the same hour, but owing to the darkness, had lost the way and were stumbling in the ravines to the south of town, down to the Wakerusa. The first-mentioned little party, as gallant fellows as ever stood before a breach, calmly walked up the street to the spot where they heard the cannon was, for the purpose of taking it and the ammunition without firing, if possible. In front of the guard-house they were halted; and the leader of the Free-State Rangers demanded that they surrender. Again they were halted—again the demand to surrender was made, when the guard fired on them. The Rangers poured in a volley—it was returned. At this stage of the game something occurred which, with better gunning, might have been serious; that it passed without killing several Free-State men, is almost marvellous. These were just across the street from the guard-house, and but few shots had been fired, when the six-pound howitzer, the muzzle of which was pointed out of the guard-house, was discharged. It was fired rather obliquely, and missed the party, being also a little too high. What it was loaded with, Heaven only knows; likely shingle nails, horse-chains, or the debris of a blacksmith shop, for such an infernal noise has not been heard since the siege of Sevastopol, as the missiles went whistling by. This was the only discharge of the piece, as they dared not come out again to load it. The firing from both sides continued with great rapidity, the bullets whistling about like hail. The Pro-Slavery men in the other houses commenced firing on the Free-State men, who had assailed or wanted to assail nothing but the guard-house. The fifteen, finding it pretty hot, lay down flat in the streets, and the fire continued for nearly an hour, they hoping their friends would come up, when they would make an attack on the guard-house.

Guided by the firing, the Wakerusa men found the way to Franklin; but although the vivid flashes lit up the streets of Franklin, this latter company having had no proper understanding or concert of action, as the balls were whistling in all directions and as they were as likely to be shot by their friends as their enemies, they scarce knew how to advance. One thing, however, they did know—the Buford men had most of their stores in a place near where they came up. From this they obtained a large quantity of powder, shot and caps, a lot of provisions and a few Sharp's rifles, and some of the old breech-loading alligator guns that had been taken at Franklin previous to the burning of Lawrence. A wagon was loaded with these, and as day was approaching and the United States dragoons might possibly interfere, being within hearing, this company made off toward the Wakerusa on the road to Palmyra.

The firing in the streets of Franklin ceased. Day was beginning to twinkle in and reveal the shady outline of timber on the Kaw. The Pro-Slavery men did not surrender, but dared not return the fire, and the others had ceased. They would have taken the brass howitzer with them, but they had nothing to take it with; besides, the dragoons were camped close to the way they must return, and they wished merely to enter Lawrence as quietly as they had left it, and had no desire to take the gun there. Under these circumstances they evacuated the place.

One Pro-Slavery man died of his wounds at Franklin yesterday. Another is badly wounded, and one or two others wounded, but not badly. The Free-State prisoner made his escape from the guard-house in the morning; his clothes had been cut by the bullets of his friends. A Free-State man was even wounded, which, from the nature of the engagement, is almost incredible.

The Pro-Slavery camp on Bull Creek is receiving daily accessions. Whitfield is said to have come up with a company of seventy from Westport to-day, but the correctness of this I doubt. The Westport News has issued another flaming extra, giving a ridiculously inflated account of the battle of Palmyra, exaggerating the numbers of the Free-State