

Oh beneath thy gentle preaching, Visions from the dreamland come, Of parsondom's slumbers touched and weeping...

PIERCING LINES.

Behold the man whose thoughts and wishes Are bounded by the leaves and fishes. Who walks with cringing aspect—bent On office and the spoils intent...

Thrilling Sketch.

HOW FREMONT RAN IN '47.

The following sketch is from the pen of one of the many who were fascinated by the brilliant and daring career of Col. Fremont as the deliverer of California...

FREMONT.

OR, THE RIDE OF ONE HUNDRED.

In the early part of the year 1847 business called me to Alta California. Having been long a resident on the Pacific coast, and being familiar with the language and customs of the people...

The native Californians, who had long groaned beneath the imposts of a distant Government and venal Governors, had themselves invited our overtures...

The rout was a complete one; and had not Fremont's men been utterly exhausted, none would have escaped. So ended the Ride of the One Hundred.

I would state that the Government, with their usual speed in such matters, passed an appropriation to satisfy General Vallejo and others for their losses, six years after.

This put a virtual end to the war, for though they again made a stand at the San Paeval, headed by Pico, still they were dispirited, and Gen. Kearney with his mounted men defeated them with great loss.

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THE AGITATOR.

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

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1856.

NO. 50.

astonished at this raid, to wonder if we were yet awake, or whether it was an unsubstantial dream.

"Los diablos," exclaimed the General, "they have even taken my wife's saddle-horse!"

From Sonoma to Yerba Buena, the little hamlet where now stands the queen city of the Pacific, San Francisco, he augmented his stock to the number of fifteen hundred, completely clearing the country...

As their exhausted beasts dropped under them they tore off the saddles, and, placing them on others, hurried on, leaving the poor animals to be devoured by the coyotes, or recover, as chance might bring about.

Through San Pablo, and Monterey, and Josepha they dashed like the phantom riders of the Hartz Mountains, startling the inhabitants, and making the night-watcher cross himself in terror as their band flew on.

"Forward, forward!" cried he, and dashed in himself; the struggle was a fierce one, but his gallant mustang breasted the current, and he reaches the opposite shore in safety.

With ninety men on the last of his caravan of horses, he fell like a thunderbolt on the rear of the Mexicans. The day was with them; the little band of stout hearts guarding the presidio, taken by surprise, and not having the advantage of the Mexicans in regard to horses, were beginning to waver.

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A Glance at the History of Firearms.

It is not certainly known when gunpowder was invented. The Chinese, and other nations of the East, among whom most of the arts originated, were probably acquainted with its properties long before they were known in Europe.

The first experiment in the manufacture of cannon naturally resulted in the production of awkward and unwieldy instruments. They were of enormous size, often throwing balls of one hundred pounds weight, and could only be dragged before the walls of a besieged town at a very great expense of money and labor.

Towards the latter part of the fifteenth century, the cavalry were gradually provided with firearms, the French being among the first to introduce mounted marksmen, armed with pieces two and a half feet long.

In the sixteenth century the bore of the arquebus was diminished from that of a four ounce ball to that of a two ounce ball, and then was introduced into use the double arquebus, whose barrel was four feet long and carried an eight ounce ball.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, it was found that the calibre of the pieces might be reduced without diminishing their utility, and the French accordingly set the fashion of carrying muskets carrying as many as fourteen bullets to the pound.

In the commencement of the eighteenth century, Gottfried Hanech, of Nuremberg, introduced the method of making the touch-holes funnel shaped, so that the powder upon being rammed into the barrel would itself

prime the piece, and thus increase the speed of loading. At this period also, the grooved or rifle barrel began to come generally into use.

In 1807 two explosive mediums were discovered, the one being chlorate of potash, and the other detonating quicksilver. Forsyth took advantage of these discoveries, and obtained in England a patent for percussion fire-locks, by which he produced the ignition of little detonating balls, composed of potash, brimstone and lycopodium, by means of a smart stroke from a hammer.

Of late years much more attention has been devoted to the subject of fire-arms than ever before. The result is visible in the compact and elegant fowling pieces, rifles and revolving pieces which are displayed in our shop windows, as well as in the many marvellous engines of destruction which have been brought into use since the commencement of the present European war.

Topsy on bringing up Children.

[Mothers, hear our earnest friend Topsy, for a moment, on a subject which is much more important than it is hackneyed.]

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—Of many wise sayings of modern philosophers, we have none wiser than this—and it would be well if some of the parents of the present day would read it again.

Compare the present generation of young wits and mothers, to those who lived in the days of our grandmothers! Then, as I am told women were rosy cheeked at thirty, quite handsome at forty, endurable at fifty, even. A natural waist and good health were not considered so unfashionable as to be classed among the deformities of nature.

But enough of these false measures. Let me say that we have divided. And such a report as rarely falls to my lot to partake of.—At the thought of such an entertainment, your city gourmand would dance in a paroxysm of delight.

How BUCHANAN LEFT THE HOUSE.

A venerable citizen of Washington (Mr. A.) related to us on yesterday the following incident in Mr. Buchanan's career. Mr. A. in the year 1813, was the head of a gang of shipcarpenters who went from Kensington, near Philadelphia, to Erie, for the purpose of building Commodore Perry's fleet.

The first vote of the campaign.—We learn from an old Democrat, himself a passenger, that on the down trip of the steamer Queen of the West, Saturday morning, a vote for President was taken in the saloon, which resulted as follows: For Fremont, 18; Buchanan, 4; and Fillmore none!

The following humorous and eccentric letter has been received in reference to St. Marys and lands in Elk county:

MANHEIM, Lancaster Co., Pa.

Messrs Editors:—There has been much excitement and inquiry in our neighborhood as to the lands of the "Ridgeway Company" located in Elk county, Pa.

Advertisement seem to have gone abroad in every direction, where John Gutemberg's ointment is used, and even within the quiet shades of our own pleasant village that same printer's ink has held up to view the wondrous attractions and belongings of these Western Pennsylvania Lands.

During the whole of this trip I observed no roughness in the roads, nor had I any occasion to regret my hurried exodus to the settlement, now for the first time looming upon our sight.

Many of my friends endeavored to dissuade me from going upon the trip, and condemned the whole thing as a humbug; but in spite of all opposition or obstacle I went, and now I can snap my fingers and whistle at them, or their want of faith, and leave the old fogies to take care of themselves as best they can.

We have all just alighted from our conveyance, and are in the good keeping of the worthy and industrious proprietor of the Washington Hotel, St. Marys. But hark!—the dinner-bell—how delightful to the keen edge of appetite, a sound argument for its clangor—

Much disturbed by hungry phelinks, Dreaming now of apple-dumplings, Of the smoking venison haunches, In the land of the Benjamins.

Very pleasant was the dinner, Like the starlight or the moonlight, Or a gleam of early sunshine— In the land of the Benjamins.

But enough of these false measures. Let me say that we have divided. And such a report as rarely falls to my lot to partake of.—At the thought of such an entertainment, your city gourmand would dance in a paroxysm of delight.

Bless me, what a healthful look every man seems to have that you meet here. They are so robustuous, that dang me if I don't believe they have got the constitution of the United States, and the women too, bless them. I never believed that diseases were contagious, until I sat alongside one of these Elk County Blue-eyed dandies, and caught the palpitation of the heart.

Let me say to my friends, that in addition to a glorious rich soil, with its wealth of timber and minerals, and a home, there is also to be found a wife to grace that home, and make its fireside happy.

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consumption—except of corn. They are the true help-meets, who will rough it and tough it through the world with willing hearts and unsmiling lips.

I have hardly begun to say all I want, but I must not forget to allude to Mr. Schultz, who kindly piloted me over the Ridgeway Co.'s lands. The scenery, of gently sloping hill and dale, with its majestic timber, formed a grand picture for the sight.

Twelve dollars an acre is a small price for this land. From my inquiries, I find out the lands in the vicinity are much higher. I intend to give another letter shortly.

Yours very respectfully, DAVID LONG.

About those Boots.

Recalling an old laugh the other day, and trying to remember what caused it, we be-thought ourselves of an adventure that poor B—(dead now) was very fond of relating in years past.

"What's the matter?" said a quizzical looking gentleman in green glasses. "Matter?—matter enough, I reckon!" said the Yankee.

"I'll settle him! I ain't goin' to throw away a pair of twenty-two shillin' bates no how." It afforded much amusement to the man in green glasses and his cronies to see the Yankee shuffling and scuffling about the cabin in his yellow slippers, dodging every darky and examining his feet.

So up he went, and the cabin passengers could hear his heavy tread, and the scuff, scuff of his slippers all over the deck. By and by he came down again, just then a shifty African, with a pair of polished boots in his hand, went towards 93, the Yankees berth.

"I've cotched you, you double distilled essence of Day and Martin bled down to the spirit of darkness, and mixed up with the hyper-phate of rascality! After my wallet was you! Come along with me!" "Let me go!" said the indignant darkey, struggling to get free from the iron grip of his antagonists.

"Not as you knows on, you rambunctious wool grower!" said the indignant Yankee. "I've handled severer colts than you be." And he dragged the terrified black up the cabin stairs, followed at a safe distance by the gentleman in green glasses and his companions.

Good.—A poor Irishman who applied for license to sell ardent spirits being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust replied: "Ah, sure it isn't much character a man needs to sell rum."

WHAT animal has the most quantity of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a hoghead full.