

The Silent Prayer.

She knelt alone, that lady fair,
Her hands clasped in silent prayer,
She prayed a Father's guardian care.

THE AGITATOR.

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

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SPiritualism.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.
Prof. Hare on Spiritualism.

To the Reverend Clergy of the Episcopal Church:
The offer which I recently made to you, of submitting the evidence recently afforded to me of the existence of the Spirit-world, has not been accepted.

In a publication which I am preparing, an effort will be made to submit the evidence in question to the public, of which you form a highly respectable portion.

Meanwhile, however, as a delay of two months may take place, I deem it expedient to give a sketch of some of the information derived from my Spirit friends by communications received from them during the last twelve months, through the same medium.

According to the Spirits above mentioned, there are seven spheres recognized in the Spirit-world. This terrestrial surface forms the first or rudimentary sphere.

At the distance of about 80 miles from the terrestrial surface, the Spirit-world commences. It consists of six bands or zones, designated as spheres surrounding the earth, so as to have one common center with it, and with each other.

Supposing the earth to be represented by a globe of thirteen and a half inches in diameter, the lower surface of the lowest of the spiritual spheres, if represented in due proportion to the actual distance from the earth, would be only one-tenth of an inch from the terrestrial surface.

The bands observed over the regions in the Planet Jupiter, which correspond with our tropical regions, agree very well in relative position with those which are assigned to our spiritual spheres.

The interval between the lower boundaries of the first spiritual and the second is put at thirty miles as a maximum, but this interval is represented to be less, as the spheres between whose boundaries it exists, are more elevated or remote from the terrestrial center.

Each sphere is divided into six "circles" or planes; more properly these may be described as concentric zones, occupying each about one-sixth of the space comprised within the boundaries of the sphere.

These boundaries are not marked by any visible partition, but Spirits have in this respect a peculiar sense, which makes them feel when they are passing the boundaries of one sphere in order to get to the next.

Both the Spirits and spheres are represented as having a gradation in constitutional refinement, so that their station is intuitively manifest. Their elevation is determined by a sort of moral specific gravity, in which merit is inversely as weight.

It is plain that between the lowest degrees of vice, ignorance and folly, and the highest degrees of virtue, learning and wisdom, there are many gradations. When we are translated to the spheres, we take a rank proportional to our merit, which seems to be there intuitively susceptible of estimation by the law above alluded to, of the grossness being greater as the character is more imperfect.

Another means of distinction is a circumambient halo by which every Spirit is accompanied, which passes from a darkness to effulgency, as the Spirit belongs to a higher plane.

Even mortals are alleged to be surrounded with a halo visible to Spirits, although not to themselves; intuitively from the extent and nature of this halo, Spirits perceive the sphere to which any mundane being belongs. The effulgency of the higher Spirits is represented as splendid.

As soon as emancipated from their corporeal tenement, Spirits enter the spheres and are entitled to a station higher in direct proportion to their morality, wisdom, knowledge and intellectual refinement.

My brother and sister are in the fifth sphere, my father and mother are in the sixth, Washington is in the highest sphere.

In the spheres diversity of creed has no influence excepting so far as its adoption indicates badness of heart and narrowness of mind, and has been of a nature to injure the moral and intellectual character.

Degradation ensues as an inevitable consequence of vice, and as the means of reform, not as a vindictive punishment. God is represented as all love, and is never named without the most zealous devotion.

Spirits in any sphere can descend into any sphere below that to which they belong, but cannot ascend above this sphere. They are surrounded by a halo, which is brighter in proportion as their sphere is higher.

They have an intuitive power of judging of each other and of mortals. Attachments originating in this life are strengthened, while hatred passes away. The Spirits in the upper spheres have "ineffable" happiness. The sufferings of those below are negative rather than positive. They are made to feel shame at a degradation which is rendered intuitively evident to themselves and all other Spirits.

But all are capable of improvement, so as to have elevation and happiness within their reach sooner or later. The higher Spirits are always ready to assist them by sym-

THE CHAMBER OF MYSTERY.

An architect at Vienna, having occasion to visit the country-house of a nobleman of that city, accepted the hospitable invitation he received and determined to remain as a guest for several days.

The first day was passed in business, and he retired to bed somewhat exhausted, but his thoughts still occupied with the improvements in the house that were contemplated. He could see, however, that the room allotted to him was handsome and commodious, though not large; and at length he suffered his head to sink upon the pillow, with the sigh of satisfaction with which we take leave of the world for the night.

And draw around a worried breast
The curtain of repose.

But when he was just sinking to rest, an uneasy sensation, he knew not of what nature, stole over him. He perceived himself that the air was close—that he perceived a faint smell; and he lay for some time considering whether he was not suffering from fever.

The question was speedily answered: for the bed began to move. Presently it was near the window—so near that he could see trees in the garden below, and could observe the outline of a summer-house, which had attracted his attention by its classical proportions in the forenoon.

It ought also to be explained, that after Spirits reach the highest plane or circle of the seventh sphere, they are represented as being entitled to enter the supernal heaven, and to become the ministering angels of the deity.

Another feature is, that whether the connubial tie formed in this world endures or not, is optional. Hence, those who have not found their matrimonial connection a source of happiness here, are at liberty to seek a new hymenial union in the Spirit-world.

Where there have been a plurality of husbands or wives, those unite who find themselves happy in doing so. But as if to indemnify mortals for the crosses in marriage, or in love, or for the dreariness of mundane celibacy, all are destined in the spheres to find a counterpart with whom they may be happy; there being peculiarly ardent pleasurable emotions attached to connubial union in the spheres, which I have not been enabled to understand. Infants, on account of their higher purity have, in this point of view, as much elevation as their relatives who attain great worldly pre-eminence.

A Stump Speech.

The following specimens of quaint humor we find in one of our exchanges under the head of "California Correspondence." They purport to be delivered by a stump candidate at San Francisco:

Fellow Republicans and Fellow Sufferers. I am a plain honest man, born at a very early period of my existence—which occurred at home one night, my mother was out. I have struggled from the obscurity to which an unlucky star has doomed me, till I have risen like a bright exhalation in the evening, to the very summit of human greatness and grandeur. Gentlemen, I profess no principles—unfortunately I have none. On the unhappy occasion of my birth, a dismal and melancholy man, clothed in the sombre hues of mourning swapped me away for another baby, and subsequently lost me at a raffle. Sad event! but who can control his fate? We are the creatures of destiny. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

I was intended by nature for a great Statesman. Had I lived in the days of Hannibal I should have beaten the great chieftain in crossing the Alps, and it is a dead certain thing that I could have distanced Cortez in crossing the Isthmus; he never performed the feats that I did; he never came up the Chagres in a canoe, with a deaf and dumb hombre, without a red cent or a change of summer apparel. "But a light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes merrily through the world."

Sir, every man who has come here is a Columbus. He comes to discover new diggings. I am a Columbus! I was dead broke at home, as Columbus was, and I have come here to strike a new vein. But I am not going to the mines. Oh, no! You don't catch me up to my waist in ice water, with a juvenile pick axe and an impatient crow bar, laboring under a heat of 100 degrees in the shade to dig out the filthy lucre. No sir! I am not on that lay—I hate labor—it was an invention to vex mankind. I prefer an office—one that is lucrative, and not laborious; what you call a sinecure. And if I can get one myself, I will go in for any one who will divide on a dead level, and no splits.

Sir, where will you find a country like this? Talk not of the oriental gorgeousness of eastern countries. Tell us not of the fairy scenery which poets who revel in the great warm path of heavenly imagination paint with golden pens on leaves of satin. The description of this glorious country should be written with the golden wing of an angel dipped in the softest rays of the sunbeams upon the blushing surface of a rose-leaf. Excuse me, gentlemen, I except the rainy season and the time when the dust flies.

We love our native land—we honor her flag, and would not rob the custom-house if we had a fair show. But Congress must not put on any airs, or we will take charge of the Custom House and Post Office, and make a mass generally. These are my sentiments, gentlemen; if they don't admit us into the Union we will burst open the custom house, and admit all liquors free of duty. And now, with a parting blessing on the girls we left behind us and the boys who are coming after us, we will adjourn and take a drink.

THE FAMILY OPPOSED TO NEWSPAPERS.

The man that don't take a newspaper has been in town lately, as we learn from a contemporary. He brought the whole family in a two horse wagon.

He still believed that General Taylor was President, and wanted to know if the Kamtschatskians had taken Cuba, and if so where had taken it. He had sold his corn for twenty-five cents, the price being thirty-one—but upon going to deposit the money they told him it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had, was some three cent pieces, and these some shared had run on him for half-dimes.

His old lady smoked a cob pipe, and would not believe that any other could be used. One went to the blacksmith's shop to be measured for a pair of shoes, and the other mistook the market house for a church—After hanging his hat on a meat hook, he piously took a seat in a butcher's stall, and listened to an auctioneer whom he took to be a preacher. He left before meeting was out, and had no great opinions of the sarmint.

One of the girls took a lot of seed onions to the post office to trade them for a letter—She had a baby which she carried in a sash, stopping some times to rock it on the side-walk. When it cried, she stuffed its mouth with a stocking and sang Barbary Allen. The oldest boy had sold two coon skins, and was on a bust. When last seen, he had called for a glass of soda and water, and stood soaking ginger bread and making wry faces. The shop-keeper mistaking his meaning, had given him a mixture of sal soda and water, and it tasted strongly of soap. But he'd heard tell of soda and water, and was bound to give it a fair trial puke or no puke. Some town fellow came and called for a glass of lemonade with a fly in it, whereupon our soaped turned his back and quietly wiped several flies into his drink.

We approached the old gentleman and tried to get him to subscribe, but he would not, he was opposed to improvements, and he thought laffins was an invention, and cultervation nothing but wanity and vexation. None of his family never learned to read but one boy, and he taught school awhile and then went to studying divinity.

Good Advice.—There is no country in the world where people are so addicted to the medicine eating propensity as the United States. It has grown to be a perfect mania—a disease of itself. The fact is nature never designed the human body to be such a receptacle of medicine. If men would but study the laws of nature, diet properly instead of excessively, be regular in their habits instead of regular in their doses, use common sense, and cold water freely, and use the doctor as little as possible, they would live longer, suffer less, and pay little for the privilege.

LAW IN SIX DIVISIONS.

First, the beginning, or—incipiendum;
Second, the uncertainty—dubiendum;
Third, the delay—quiescendum;
Fourth, the replication without—endum;
Fifth, monstium et borragendum;
Sixth, remuneratum fiddlerdum.

Is our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls.

THE WOLF STORY.

About forty years ago, when I was a little boy of seven years, my father lived in the Province of Canada. He had a large estate, and the wolves were very numerous. My father had bought a new farm, cleared up some of the land, and planted some trees on the new ground, which had just been cleared, some distance from the house. In the field a large quantity of rails had been shot, which my father wanted to draw to another place, a distance of three or four miles.

It was in the middle of the summer, the cattle were running in the woods, and the man who was drawing the rails with the cart and sled, over the leaves through the woods, got me to watch the gap of the fence, to keep the cattle out of the growing corn. While the man was gone with the load of rails, I sat down by a large stump on the side of the fence toward the woods. I had got to be about the middle of the afternoon, and the sun shone warmly and beautifully into the side of the woods, where I was sitting partly in the shade. I had nearly fallen asleep, when I thought I heard something near me in the leaves; it was not that of cattle, cracking the brush under their hoofs, but it was a soft, cautious, creeping step. I immediately thought of some wild beast, and sprang upon my feet, on turning myself around to see what I could discover, I perceived a little more than a rod from me, a very large wolf, close beside the log, which had been felled from the very stump, where I was standing. The wolf was looking directly at me, and had evidently been watching me, and endeavoring to spring upon me before I could discover him; but the sky below had not quite succeeded. I was nearly half a mile from home, and most of the way through the woods, and the man drawing the rails was nearly as far off; I knew that an attempt to run would be an evidence of cowardice to the sagacious prowler, and would not enable me to escape the murderous cruelty of the famishing wolf; but I found deliverance and safety in the following extraordinary manner: A few days before, my father had brought home for the children two or three small primers, one of which he gave to me. It had a story of a Hottentot and a lion, in which the Hottentot was pursued by the lion until it was nearly dark, and the lion was nearly upon him. The man perceived that his escape by running was impossible, so he turned and faced the lion until the beast ran back. Remembering this, I thought that if I looked the wolf steadily in the eye, I should be safe. I stood, and placed my hands upon the stump that was before me, and fixed a steady, piercing gaze upon the fierce flashing eyes of my antagonist; and there we stood. The wolf, however, soon sprang upon the log, with his head toward me, advancing several slow steps, but I fully believed that if I did not turn my eye from his, I should be safe! Yet the struggle was an awful one. For half an hour we stood face to face and eye to eye, with only about six feet to separate us. The bright sun shone in upon us, with its dazzling light on the one side. I saw no living object but my deadly foe, and heard no sound but the faint and distant reverberations of the oxman's careless voice. But now this kept growing louder and louder; and at last I heard the driver turn around after unloading his rails. My heart beat violently, and a prayer to God trembled on my lips, but my eye was fixed, and the wild beast remained motionless. At last my deliverance came. I was set free, and the wolf was shot! I can never be grateful enough to my Almighty Preserver for shielding me on that day from so great a peril.

Nothing more than naturally arises from a desire to inculcate a correct theatrical sentiment. Neither Mr. Forrest, nor any other actor has any right to complain of a just and well tempered criticism.

What is your opinion in regard to the war in the Crimea?
That its execution might have been better entrusted to your Nunnery or Mummy Committee.

An ex-Senator and a custom House officer here winked and smiled significantly. Greeley observed them.

There may be something of good in this Know Nothing movement, continued the pale-face sage,—"but my friend Longfellow will agree with me that it is of a nobler and a higher nature than a committee foully penetrating into the privacy a sick girl's bed-chamber, like so many starved jackals at a new-made grave."

When shall we have Cuba?
When we deal fairly by Kansas and Nebraska.

Will the prohibitory liquor law be enforced in New York?
We have faith in Mayor Wood. If he falters, and the law suffered to become a dead letter, the great temperance movement will receive a deadly shock for years to come.—Wood is an able man—as severe and as successful an executive officer as there is in the country. If any man can enforce the law in New York city, Fernando Wood is that man.

You made a great Pageant at the death of pugilist Poole?
Fiddlerstick! Poole's murder was as atrocious an act as was ever traced in bloody characters upon the annals of crime but if his murderer does not go unwhipped of justice, then there's no rascality in blind officials, or virtue in determined friends. It would not surprise me to see in time, a monument to Baker in Greenwood Cemetery, side by side with that of Poole. But the reign of Bully Terror in New York is dead for a time.

The cry of "all Ashore" here interrupted the conversation with Mr. Greeley, and after wishing him a pleasant passage, this remarkable specimen of Yankee human nature was permitted to betake himself to his berth and enjoy a few hours cogitation upon the beauties of sea-sickness without the benefit of Cogniac.—Boston Times April 12.

The Six Degrees of crime are thus defined: He who steals a million is only a financier. Who steals a hundred thousand is a swindler. Who steals a hundred thousand is a knave. But he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched.

MEAN THINGS.

It is a mean thing to borrow your neighbor's paper, when you are too stingy to take one of your own.

It is a mean thing to subscribe for a newspaper and never pay for it.

It is a mean thing to steal the Exchanges from an Editor's sanctum.

It is a mean thing to look over an Editor's shoulder when he is writing.

It is a mean thing to ridicule an editorial when you have not two atoms of brains in your own skull.

It is a mean thing to read what you may find in a Newspaper Office.

It is a mean thing to look over the compositor's shoulder and read his copy.

The individual who is found guilty of all of the above indictments, should be sentenced to the Penitentiary for ten years and then transported for the balance of his life to some lonely island, where he might in silence atone for the commission of such horrible crimes.

Editors and printers not unrequently sell their customers very summarily. The shape of a man who looks over our compositors, may receive such impressions as will prove indelible for some time. Theirs our laws as applied to loafers.

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