

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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A Wolf-story. About forty years ago, when I was a little boy of seven years, my father lived in the village of Wellsborough, Pa.

SPIRITUALISM.

From the Spiritual Telegraph. Prof. Hare on Spiritualism. (Extract from a Letter to the Episcopal Clergy.)

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.

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 conjugal 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 conjugal union in the spheres, which I have not been enabled to understand.

Infants, on account of their higher purity here, in this point of view, as much elevation as their relatives who attain great worldly pre-eminence.

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 persuaded 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.

He was of course surprised, nay, terrified; but when he stretched towards the window in order to ascertain that all was real, the scene grew dimmer, and at length disappeared. And no wonder: for the bed was receding to its former place, and did not stop there. He was presently at the door. He might have touched the panels with his hand. He felt his breath come back, and the air grew more confined. He would have got up to ring for assistance but persuaded himself that he was too weak, and would fall down before reaching the bell.

The bed again moved; and this time it took up its position in the middle of the fireplace. This was the sheer frenzy of fever, for the fire place was of course not a fourth part the size of the bed itself. Yet he saw distinctly the walls of the chimney surrounding him; and he even felt that one of the feet of the bed rested upon a dog-rug, so as to disturb its level. But he had no time for more minute observation; for presently the bed emerging from the chimney, began to rise with undulations towards the roof; and there it continued to swing, as he imagined, for hours together, till his alarm sank gradually into a deep though short and unrefreshing slumber.

The next morning the visitor appeared at the breakfast-table, pale, wearied, and dispirited. He was not well. What was the matter? What could be done for him? "Nothing," he replied to all their interrogatories. He had not slept; but the air would revive him. He would take healthful exercise during the day, and that would be better than medicine. He recovered his spirits; he was delighted with his hosts, and they with him; and he was thankful that he had been prevented by shame from mentioning the absurd fancies by which he had been beset during the night.

At the usual hour, he retired again to bed, comfortable in mind and body, but feeling the want of sleep, and looking forward gratefully, by anticipation, to at least eight hours of sound repose.

He did not enjoy one. The same fever, the same fancies, the same inexplicable movements of the bed—these were his portion during the night; and in the morning the same dead eyes, the same colorless cheeks, the same attitudes, betrayed to his sympathizing friend that he had passed another wakeful and wretched night. But he still preserved silence as to the details. He was thoroughly ashamed of his absurdity. The impressions of the first night had doubtless remained to scare him on the second. He had gone to bed, thinking of his former sufferings, and they had been renewed in his imagination. In this way he continued for the continued illusions that had perplexed him; and he determined, at a third trial, to grapple with them manfully, and repose by the aid of reason.

All was unavailing; and on the third morning his entertainer, alarmed by his ghastly looks, determined to force him to an explanation.

"You can no longer conceal it, you have found something disagreeable in the room; and I reproach myself with having allowed you to be put into an apartment which certainly bears a bad name in the house," said his host.

"What do you mean by a bad name?" asked the guest.

"I mean it is famous for its sleepless lodgers, for its walking dreams—and worse than that. There is not a servant in the house who would enter it alone after nightfall for a year's wages."

"That is all very well for the servants but I know you laugh at these ignorant fancies; and you know me too well to suppose that I would treat them otherwise than with pity and contempt. Tell me at once what you believe; but first listen to a narrative of my adventures," and the guest related to his host, at full length the story of his three ill-omened nights.

"I cannot tell you what I believe," replied the latter, after musing for some time; "for in point of fact, I do not know what to believe; but your experience tallies strangely with what I have heard of the subject before, from more than one of my friends. I am more perplexed than ever." It was agreed, however, on the proposal of the architect, that a minute examination of the premises should immediately take place, and the whole family proceeded in a body to the chamber of mystery.

The first thing that struck their attention was that the chimney was choked up with rubbish, so that no current of air could take

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 Kamtschatskins 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 vanity 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—guzziendum; 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.

MR. GREELY'S WOLF.

Horace Greeley is he appeared on the deck and in the main saloon of the ship, looked a little more like Horace Greeley than we remember ever to have seen him before. Yet there was an air, and a blazon about him like that which usually attends a bright pan in a well organized scullery. His mammoth white forehead bulged from beneath a very funny hat, like a snow-drift under the branches of a scrub oak. That hat was a model hat—it was a new hat, and its wearer wore it as if he knew he had a new hat upon his head, or rather the occipital bone thereof. Mendezwick, who used to officiate as door-keeper, when the Circus was in full blast at the Howard, first introduced the fashion of little hats for city. "If it became the rage among gentlemen and fast men of any personal beauty or classical taste, and how the relief of Greeley could take that direction is a marvel—we will leave the Parisians, with whom he is shortly to abide, to explain." In his other apparel, he was exceedingly Greeleyish. His old white coat was there—his unmentionables were there, and they were characteristically shy of his boot tops—his cravat was carefully awry—his vest was beautifully rumpled, and his low ensemble partook of the character of what might be the court dress of a navy with the Greeley accompaniments.

Mr. Greeley was naturally among the passengers the cynosure of all eyes. "Is Mr. Greeley on board?" remarked a charming young lady. "Pray point him out to me."

"That is Mr. Greeley speaking with Professor Longfellow."

"What that big headed man with the white coat, white eyes and white eyebrows? He who looks like an elongated pyramid of blanc mange?"

"The same."

"O, horror! Providence protect the passengers who are compelled to travel with such a whited sepulcher."

"Permit me to introduce you."

"Not for the world. I should be dreaming of phantoms and goblins the whole passage, I know."

A little persuasion overcame the scruples of the lady, and she was introduced to the philosopher.

Mr. Greeley took her kindly by the hand, and after addressing a few words to her it was ascertained that the lady's father and Mr. G. were old acquaintances. A familiar chat ensued, and it was with difficulty that the young lady could be induced to relinquish Mr. G.'s hand to other friends who were pressing round for a good bye shake. The lady discovered that Greeley was not so much of a hobgoblin as she imagined.

A friend asked Mr. Greeley what the Tribune would do without him.

"The Tribune," he replied, is out of swaddling clothes, and can sustain its position and carry out its mission without my aid."

"You have been severe on Mr. Forrest lately."

"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 Nannery 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."

MR. GREELY'S WOLF.

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-fellow 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.

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