

I heard a cack cry in the night... The midnight hour... I heard a cack cry in the night... The midnight hour...

Spiritualism.

From The Spiritual Telegraph.

Mystery and Beauty of the Inner Life.

A low, sweet voice within me is saying... I obey its promptings, but should the curious reader desire to know what Spirit inspires me to-night, I can only say that no name is given, and names can add nothing to the significance of ideas.

There are thoughts too mighty for expression and feelings too deep for utterance... Even the attempt to represent them by outward forms and sounds were as vain as an effort to convert the soul itself into the elements of speech.

This is a haunted chamber! Mysterious powers are here to spiritualize my thoughts and affections... They search out the very springs of being, and wake strange echoes in the unsearchable depths to which reason can not go.

THE AGITATOR.

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

COBB, STURROCK & CO., PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS. VOL. 2. WELLSBOROUGH, TIoga COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1856. NO. 36.

The Deaf Aunt and Deaf Wife.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated towards my wife and my ancient relative.

"My dear," said I to my wife, on day before my aunt's arrival, "you know Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow, well, I forgot to mention rather an annoying circumstance with regard to her. She's very deaf, and although she can hear my voice to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard."

"I then went to John T., who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of and told him to be at the house at 6 P. M., on the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

"I went to the railroad depot with a carriage next night, and when on the way home with my aunt, I said—

"There is one rather annoying infirmity that Anna (my wife) has, which I forgot to mention. She's very deaf, and though she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I am very sorry for it."

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite sidewalk started, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," howled my aunt, and the hall lamp clattered and the windows shook as with the fever and ague. I looked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage and went into strong convulsions.

"When I entered the parlor my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape; and thereat John with his sober face. Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response in a war-whoop, and so the conversation continued.

"The neighbors four blocks around must have heard it when I was in the third story of the building," heard every word.

"How loud your wife speaks, don't it hurt her?"

"I told her all deaf persons talked loudly, and that my wife, being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that Aunt Mary was getting along very nicely with her."

"Presently my wife said, softly—

The Yankee and his Turkey.

"Walk in, gentlemen; walk in! Come in, and see the turkey's dance!" It's curious—real curious. You won't wish you hadn't if you didn't once, but you will wish you had, if you don't see it!

"Turkey dancing?" Fact and no mistake! "Sartin!" Come in, and see; if you don't believe it, if I taint so, you can have back your two shillin'.

"This was a dialogue which I heard before the door of a 'General Train'—an October gathering in one of the interior towns of the Empire State, in one of its midland counties.

"I was one of 'them other gentlemen,' referred to, and I disburbed the 'two shillin' referred to, and entered, as did many others, who, similarly attracted, followed us into the shanty.

"Wal, gentlemen," said the exhibitor, who was an out-and-out Yankee, "expect we might as well begin. You see that 'ere long coop of turkeys. Wal, I shall feed 'em first, and pretty soon arter, when they begin to feel their oats (but that's a joke, 'cause we give 'em corn), you'll see 'em, as soon as the music strikes up, you'll see 'em begin to dance."

"The coop, which ran along the end of the shanty, farthest from the door, was about fifteen feet long, and must have contained some twenty or thirty turkeys; happy fellows they were, too, most of them—perfect treasures, for a Christmas or a New-Year's table. Into this coop our exhibitor threw perhaps a peck—or at least half a peck—of corn.

"This was soon gathered up, not without much quabbling and fighting on the part of the feathered recipients who wanted to see fair play—that kind of 'fair play' meaning which would give to the complainant the largest half of the 'provant'.

"Presently it was all devoured; and the 'audience' called for the 'performance,' as promised.

"Yes, yes," said the exhibitor, "don't be in too big a stew. Give us time if you please. Strike up, music—give 'em a lively tune!"

"At this, a cracked fute, an old black, greasy fiddle, "manned" by a thick-lipped negro, and an "ear-piercing fife" started off with "Yankee Doodle," at very quick time; and sure enough, every turkey in the coop began to dance, hopping from one leg to another, crossing over, balancing, chaeasing—doing everything in short, known to the salutory art except "joining hands" and "turning partners."

"Well that is curious!" exclaimed the auditors, simultaneously. "I never saw anything like it before!"

"No," said the exhibitor, "expect you didn't! It's all in education," as the poet says. I educated them turkeys; and there ain't one on 'em that hasn't a good ear for music."

"Here upon he turned to the audience, and added:

Communications.

For the Agitator.

Advantages of Early Poverty.

The advantages of early poverty cannot be fully estimated. Ask the historian—ask the philosopher—ask the statesman—ask the skillful mathematician, why it is that they have become so great, so eminent? A majority will tell you that their only inheritance was extreme penury, but by dint of perseverance and energy they have burst the shackles of early poverty; and inscribed their names on the tablets of fame: yet how few regard with sufficient difference the true merit of those who are compelled to toil for their daily sustenance!

"How few do we see even in enlightened America, who recognize that equality among men that a just God has assigned! How few are enabled to make that world-wide distinction that exists between the rich black-head and the poor genius! Individuals rising from time to time from the lowest levels of social life to take, occupy, and adorn the loftiest posts, have irresistibly shown that there is no depression in society which the favors of God will not reach. Men have learnt more accurately to know and more powerfully to feel the genius and spirit of oppression.

Teach the hard-fisted, honest plebeians of our soil that the inculcation of sound principles with sound knowledge is the only true source of elevation. Teach them that the ordinance of God which decrees that man by the sweat of his brow shall eat the fruit of his labor, does not prevent high intellectual effort. Teach them that to be truly great is to be truly virtuous. Teach them that the development of sentiment, feeling, and principle, depend upon the culture, direction and government of the mind. See that bold active, pioneer boy, an imitator of nature, the true prototype of man, as he bounds from mound to mound on our western prairies, or as he leaps from cliff to cliff in the untamed liberty of backwoods life. Who can doubt but that boy is the possessor of faculties, which if fully roused by proper culture, would rank him among the leading minds of the age, for success does not attend upon those who have been nurtured in the hot beds of a brainless aristocracy but on the toiling millions—nature's true nobility—the support of human society. What contributes most to success in many of the professional pursuits? Some succeed by great talents; some by the influence of friends; some by a miracle; but the majority by commencing without a farthing. Who are the most noted counsellors of the law—the most skillful physicians—the most eminent divines—the most critical and rhetorical writers? You will find that they have almost invariably sprung from the laboring classes.

Who have been the most distinguished self-made men—the most illustrious philosophers and statesmen of the present century? Sir Humphrey Davy, though the son of a wood-carver, became the first and most daring chemist of his age. Herchel, once a poor fifer's boy in the army, has fixed his name among the stars. Franklin the great philosopher, though a humble apprentice to a printer, acquired the first honors of his country. Sherman, the poor shoemaker, was honored with a seat in Congress, and then among the wisest and best of his compeers, proclaimed that America must be free. Were it not true that some persons through a wise dispensation of Divine providence have been born poor, we could never have been benefited by the numerous discoveries and inventions which have blessed our race. The rich who enjoy all the necessities and conveniences of life, do not strive to excel in those mental and manual exercises which require great toil, consequently, their minds being enervated for the want of proper discipline and their bodies enervated for the lack of sufficient exertion, they suffer themselves to live stupid slaves to Mammon, and finally die as they have lived unhonored and unwept because they have lived for themselves alone, unmindful of the high responsibilities which are enjoined upon them. But the poor who are compelled to toil for their maintenance, are driven to the necessity of creating means to improve their condition, and consequently it behooves them to become ingenious and ingenious and industrious in the consummation of noble daring; it causes him to investigate the arena of nature, and explore the hidden mystery of mind. If you have been so fortunate as to inherit poverty, rest assured, you must depend upon yourself if you ever expect to be ranked among the great and good as an exponent of true principles. You must expect to be opposed by the emissaries of upulence and ignorance because you are poor. You must expect to be ranked with those groveling herds who scarcely know they have a soul within, but remember, that you are yet a man bearing the impress of a Deity though you are not a millionaire. Address yourself to your business whatever may be your calling. Beware of the influence of flattery sycophants who flatter the people. Fix your eye on the pole-star and don't forget your reckoning. You may encounter wrecks and icebergs on the broad ocean of life, but you will ultimately reach the destined port in safety. Let your watch-word be perseverance and you will find that early poverty presents no obstacles in the path of him, who will be truly great. J. W.

The Foughkeepsie Press says:—Quite a rosy looking girl from the country, actually went into a cooper shop in this city recently and asked one of the workmen what he charged for hopping frocks. Innocence wished to be in the fashion.

Insect Power.

Dr. Chalmers, in one of his Astronomical discourses, alludes finely to the microscope, as demonstrating divine wisdom in the lower walks of creation, as conclusively as the telescope unfolds it in the wonders of the heavens. The lamina of a microscopic insect proclaim the existence of an all-wise and omnipotent Creator. The following extract from the Excelsior, an English journal, gives an insight into some of the marvels of the insect world:—"The muscular strength of insects is immense. We are once surprised by a feat performed by a common beetle in the United States. We had put the insect, for want of any box at hand, beneath a quart bottle full of milk upon the table; the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to our surprise, the bottle began slowly to move, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half; while that of the beetle was about half an ounce, so that it readily moved a weight many times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey, will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 12,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within."

"Mr. Newport has given other instances of insect power equally remarkable. Having once fastened a small kind of Carabus, an elegantly formed ground beetle, weighing three and a half grains by a silk thread, to a piece of paper, he laid a weight on the latter. At a distance of ten inches from its load, the insect was able to drag after it, upon an inclined plane of twenty-five degrees, nearly eighty-five grains; but when placed on a plane of five degrees inclination, it drew after it one pound and twenty five grains, exclusive of the friction to be overcome in moving its load, as though a man were to drag up a hill of similar inclination, a wagon weighing two tons and a half, having first taken the wheels off."

According to the same excellent authority, the stag beetle—Lucanus cervus—has been known to gnaw a hole, an inch in diameter, through the side of an iron canister, in which it was confined, and on which the marks of its jaws were distinctly visible, as proved by Mr. Stephens, who exhibited the canister at one of the meetings of the Entomological Society.

Let us look at the powers of insects exercised in the act of flying. The house fly—Musca domestica—that wheel and play beneath the ceiling for hours together, ordinarily move at the rate of about five feet per second; but if excited to speed, they can dart along through thirty-five feet in the same brief space of time. Now in this period, as Kirby and Spence observe, "a race-horse could clear only ninety feet, which is at the best of more than a mile in a minute." Our little fly, in her swiftest flight, will go more than one third of a mile. Now compare the immense difference of the size of the two animals—ten millions of the fly would hardly counterpoise one racer—and how wonderful will the velocity of this minute creature appear! Did the fly equal the race-horse in size, and retain its powers in the ratio of its magnitude, it would traverse the globe with the rapidity of lightning. Some of the flies that haunt our gardens shoot along so rapidly that the eye cannot follow them in flight.

Nor are these tiny creatures less masters of the art of running and leaping. DeLisle mentions a fly so minute as almost to be invisible, which ran nearly six inches in a second, and in that space was calculated to have made one thousand and eighty steps! This, according to the calculation of Kirby and Spence, is as if a man whose steps measured only two feet, should run at the incredible rate of twenty miles in a minute.

Every one has occasion to observe, not always without an emotion of anger, the leaping powers of the flea—Pulex irritans. A bound of two hundred times its own length is a common feat, as if a man should jump twelve hundred feet, or a quarter of a mile! What a pity that insects were not allowed to be competitors in the athletic games of old!"

I WONDER.—When a young man is clerks in a store and dresses like a prince, smokes 'foin-cigs,' drinks 'noice brandy,' attends theaters, balls, and the like, I wonder if he does all upon the avails of his clerkship?

When a young lady sits in the parlor all day with her lily white fingers covered with rings, I wonder if her mother don't wash the dishes and do the work in the kitchen!

When a deacon of the church sells strong butter, recommending it as excellent and sweet, I wonder if he don't rely on the merits of Christ for salvation.

When a man goes three times a day to get a dram, I wonder if he will not by and by go four times?

When a young lady looses her waist a third smaller than nature made it, I wonder if her pretty figure will not shorten life some dozen years or more, besides making her miserable while she does live?

When a young man is dependent upon his daily toil for his income, and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread, or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere, say towards the top, for instance?

When a man receives a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading them, but neglects to pay for them, I wonder if he has a soul or a gizzard.

When a man receives a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading them, but neglects to pay for them, I wonder if he has a soul or a gizzard. When a man receives a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading them, but neglects to pay for them, I wonder if he has a soul or a gizzard. When a man receives a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading them, but neglects to pay for them, I wonder if he has a soul or a gizzard.