## Spiritualiam.

That sole itself to rout.

I hear the midnight cook grow wild.

And long for my mother a breast. A. W. H.

Oh God! how long shall the daylight last?
When are the ferrors done?
When shall the shadow, and man be pasted.
The dreamless sleep begun?
As weary as called.
That sake the shall do not be sh

mystery and Beauty of the Inner Life.

A now, sweet voice within me is saying, WEITE. 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.

Life is not all a mere farce or a vain delasion woven in sleep of such materials as Dreams. Here and there a homeless wandreams are made of, and from which we awake with a feeling of disgust, or at best ed streets, and the pale watcher in an upper without any distinct idea of what we are or room keeps her lonely vigil. The world to what issue life is tending. When first we slumbers. By this great repose I am reminare made to realize that human nature has ded that it is Night to those who are of the divine powers of thought and action, that human affections and relations are immortal, that our consciousness in the "Book of Life" wherein the recording Angel traces every impression that Time and all objects make on the senses and the soul, then, indeed, does our existence become a stupendous fact whose full import Gud alone can comprehend and eternity suffice to explain. It, is a pleasing or a terrible reflection—as life has been true or false-that every thought, and word, and deed is registered, and that we can obliterate nothing from the record. We may improve from day to day according to the great progressive law of the universe, but no one can blot out the mystical hand-writing or go back to embellish the record of the Past. That is sealed up and preserved in the archives of that world where all things are imperishable.

I would trace those lines with care, for they are everlasting. Down there in the unex-plored depths of our inmost are great volumes which no eye hath looked upon or shall see unless its possessor holds the golden keys of Paradise. To all the world beside they are sealed books, and only a loving Angel can break those seals and disclose the contents. No mortal may reveal the secrets of the Inner Life, and unvail the glorious forms that recline cut selectial bowers or lave in the crystal waters. Away from human observa- Spirit born. Ignorance and the perversion tion they lightly come and go-beautiful as of the human faculties constitute the night of the morning light and noiseless as the evening shades appear-come in the clear noontide glory or descend from the Starland to consecrate the midnight hour to silence and repose. They hunt the soul's paradisiacal gardens, and softly as delicate performes and melodious sounds move along the avenues of sense, they glide away through the lavelighted arcades and are lost to the vision of

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 mighty river. Our boat at first glides down effort to convert the soul itself into the ele- the narrow channel-through the playful ments or parts of speech. Such thoughts murmuring of the little brook and the windand emotions must remain in the great un- ing of its grassy borders. The trees shed the Spirit, and no presumptuous mortal shall flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves templ the curious by offering a translation to lo our young hands; we are happy in hope, the world. Sometimes the powers of Heav- and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around en-inspired thought and feeling entrance the us-but the stream hurries on, and still our soul with their ineffable tenderness, and anou, hands are empty. Our course in youth and they cause it to tromble-not with apprehension-at the revelations of their strength and majesty. All who are deeply versed in the great, solemn yer beautiful mysteries of the soul-life have experienced all this, and more than language can describe. Privileged to The stream bears us on, and our joys and retire, almost at pleasure from the outer griefs are atike lest behind us. We may be world, and to enter through the sun-lighted portals into the wast realm of Day, they receive constant illumination. The shadows of celestial forms and divine ideas are gathered and the tossing of the waves is beneath our around the Spirit like soft transparent mantles. While I write familiar forms walk before me clothed in soft splendors: they touch me, and I am thrilled with inexpressible delight; they smile serenely, and suns and stars rise in the Soul; where they breathe immortal flowers bloom by the river of life, while every thought is a scintillation of divine love, and every emotion an angel's mel-

This is a haunted chamber! Mysterious powers are here to spiritualize my thoughts and affections. They search out the very aprings of being, and wake strange echoes in the unsearchable depths to which reason can not go. They revive the most sacred memories and kindle immortal fires on deserted altars; they warm the heart, enlighten the understanding and beautify the life .--They give us a mysterious consciousness of the latent yet illimitable powers of human nature, at the same time they open channels and seveal sources of the highest inspiration and the purest joy. My whole being is peryaded by their influence so that I am scarce, ly myself, and yet lam more truly myself than ever before, because all the faculties of the mind have permission to act. There is neither time nor space with me now, and hence no separation of my Spirit from the objects I love. They are with me and I am with them—we are together. I am not conscious of feeling anything, yet I feel a consciousness of all things. I do not look through my eyes alone, but through all my members, not a tissue or fiber of this outer form being impervious to the light. But'a cut." "But," said Charles, "the first out is greater light shines within, as if some gower above had fused a star and powed the ahining flood from Heaven. As daylight streams through the eastern gates of the city that is on the hill, so does the spiritual light flood the avenues that lead to the soul. The wills phy with an Pin We passe for a reply, the of this little apartment; which is not more than twelve by fourteen feet; can not dimit; world; but if there be any that despise the the vision. I look through them and perceive whole of it, is because the other half desthat they are nothing, only as the vailed pises them,

Bevoted to the Ertension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Pealthy Aftorn.

me, though I am in their midst. , Those in

the house think I am there-I am not there-

The great human world is at rest. For a

little season the feverish strife is over, save

where some resiless mortal carries his wa-

king thoughts and pursuits into the Land of

derer moves silently through the dimly-light-

Earth. But the season is fraught with im-

pressive suggestions. The revelations of

Night! are they not significant and glorious?

Only the Earth is visible in the intense light

of mid-day, but darkness reveals worlds in-

numerable. Auroral splendors are kindled

around her shadowy form, and these fall in

nebulous mazes from the starlit brow of

Night. Many suns shine through the great

deep of the silent ether; guardian angels

come with miseless footsteps to watch around

the pillow of the sleeper, or to baptize his

soul in the peaceful waters of the Spiritual

Through that partition-wall I see a mortal

sitting at ease, Passing his hand over his

eyes he says in his mind, "It is nearly mid-night and I must woo the "restorer." His

lips were motionless all the while, but I heard

his thought, or felt his silent utterance. I

know not how. Night belongs to the Earths;

in the Heavenly State darkness is unknown.

To the illuminated Spirit the shadows that

hang in the corners of that apartment are

transparent and luminous as the taper that

burns on the table. In the spiritual realms,

shadows depend on moral states and not on

physical conditions, The natural darkness

conceals ngthing from the spiritual sense, for

the darkness and the light are alike to the

the soul. Its shadows pass away in propor-

tion as the affections are purified, the under-

standing enlightened, and the life of the indi-

Life bears us on like the atream of a

manhood is along a wild and deeper flood,

amid objects more striking and magnificent.

We are animated at the moving pictures and

enjoyment and industry passing us; we are

excited at some short lived disappointment.

ship wrecked, we cannot be delayed; whether

rough or smooth, the river hastens to its

home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears,

feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and

the floods are lifted up around us, and we

take our leave of earth and its inhabitants un-

til our further voyage there is no witness save

NEW ARGUMENT FOR LAZINESS .- A mer-

chant who is noted for his parsimony and his

outward observance of religious forms, com-

pelled one of his clerks, recently, to read the

Bible through, when he first entered his ser-

vice. Soon after he took occasion to lect-

ure the clerk for his indolence, when the

youngster replied that he was afraid to work

very hard in his employ, for fear of losing

his situation. The merchant was struck

agigast at this answer, and demanded. in a

loud voice, that the young man should inform

him instantly how industry could prejudice

his interests with such an employer as him-

"Why," replied the saucy clerk, fit is

plain, from a passage I read in the Bible,

"How, youngster! How does the Bible

Well, it says that he that is diligent in

business shall stand before Kings, ha shall

not stand before mean men. " yes is sufficient in medical that the young man

was looking for a new situation the next day.

working in a saw-mill, "what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do I when

I was of your age I could go with the first

Ignorance and gruelty are as closely con-

nected as Damon and Pythias: Whorever

saw's dug fighter who did not spell philoso-

There are many that despise half the

230 to \$ 41,0

and the spirit of the second

"CHARLES," said a father to his son while

encourage your laziness ! Answer me-

that such would be the case."

the infinite and eternal !"

self 1-3 · · · ·

quick.1"

the slab.

this beautiful illustration:

Paradise.

they gaze at shadows and are deceived.

to destroy the agrant of the factor of the party of the p

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sense gives them sapgibility. Nor am I amyself, dosfised by such material obstacles and mortal restraints. As air and water yield to my flesh so do denser substances restraint the Solution The Deaf Aunt and Deaf Wife .. I had an aunt coming to visit me for the hirst, time since my marriage, and I don't permit the Spirit to come and go at pleasure. Without an effort I stand outside, while my know what exil genius prompted the wicked here: which I perpetated towards: my wife and my ancient relative main and a second day corporeal representative occupies that armed chair in the haudled chamber. The Sun shines on me now, and the wild winds lan my temples. People in the street do not see

before my aunterarrival, "you know. Aunt Mary is coming to mortow rewelt, it 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. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her stay agreeable."

Mrs. S. announced her determination, to make herself heard if possible.

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 bappy.

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 ean 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."

Augt Mary, in the goodness of her heart protested that she rather liked speaking loud; and to do so would give her great pleasure, The carriage drove un-on the steps was my wife,-in the window was John T-

with a face as solemn as if he had buried all his relatives that afternoon. . I handed out my aunt-she ascended the

i**eps.** Joid # "I am delighted to see you;" shricked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite side-

wald 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. Hu-

man 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 there sat John with his sober face.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant jourvidual regulated by the principles of true orney?" went off my wife like a pistol, and der and the love of Divine uses. Thus ris-John nearly jumped to his feet. ing above the earthly plane we ascend into "Rather dusty," was the response in a the Heavens .- "THERE IS NO NIGHT THERE,"

var-whoop and so the conversation contin-

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT .- Shortly be-The neighbors four blocks around must have heard it when I was in the third story of the building heard every word. fore the departure of the lamented Heber for India, he preached a sermon which contained

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me-"How loud your wife speaks, don't it hurt

I told her all deaf persons talked loudly, written yet lucid and sublime language of their blossoms over our young heads, the 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-

"All., how very loud your aunt talks." "Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You're

getting along with her finely; she hears every word you say." And I rather think she did. Elated by their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantle-piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collect-

ing in front of the house. But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife. So-

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not as musical as it was when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shricked my wife. "The why do you do it?', was the answerng scream.

"Because-because-you can't hear if I lon't," squealed my wife.

"What?" said my aunt, fairly rivaling a

railroad whistle this time. I began to think it time to evacuate the

premises, and looking around and seeing ohn gone, I stepped into the back parlor and there he lay, flat on his back, with his feet at right angles to his body, rolling from side to side, with his face poked into his ribs aud a most agonizing expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar artifude, and I think that, from the relative position of our feet and hands, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must have inevitably ensued, if a horrible groan, which John gave vent to in his endeavor to suppress his risibility, had not betrayed our hiding place.

" In Yushes my wife and aunt, who, by this time, comprehended the joke, and such a scolding as I then got I never got before, and I hope never to get again.

I know not what the end would have been if John, in his endeavors to appear respectful and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a groan and we screamed in concert.

We cut the following advertisement from a paper published in the far-West's a sine To rent A house on Melville avenue; located immediately along side a fine plum gerden, from which tan abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during praised for his remarkable softness in blowing. the season: Rent low, and the greater part taken in flumsin bereit sen bes , to

THOSE who blow the costs of others strife

The Yankee and his Turkeys.

"Walk in gentlemen Walk in! Come in, and see the turkeys dance! It's cur'ous-real cur'ous. You won't wish you kadn't if

This was a dialogue which I heard before the door of a 'General Trainin'-an October names on the tablets of fame: yet how few gathering in one of the interior towns of the regard with sufficient difference the true mer-Empire State, in one of its midland counties. it of those who are compelled to toil for their

ferred to, and I disbursed the "two shillin," in enlightened America, who recognize that referred to, and entered, as did many others, who, similarly attracted, followed us into the signed ! How few are enabled to make that shanty.

"Wal, gentlemen," said the exhibitor, who was an out-an-out Yankee, "expect we might as well begin. You see that 'ere long coup est levels of social life to take, occupy, and of turkeys. Wal, I shall feed 'em fust, and adorn the loftiest posts, have irresistably 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 ples with sound knowledge is the only true for a Chrismas or a New-Year's table. Into this coop our exhibitor threw perhaps a peck -or at least half a peck-of corn.

much squabbling and fighting on the part of to be truly virtuous. Teach them that the the feathered recipients who wanted to see development of sentiment, feeling, and prinfair play-that kind of " fair play" meaning ciple, depend upon the culture, direction and which would give to the complainants the larg-

est half of the "provant."
Presently it was all devoured; and the 'nudience" called for the "performance," as promised.

"Yes, yes," said the exhibitor, "don't be Strike up, music-give 'em a lively tewn!" and an "ear-piercing fife" started off with those who have been nurtured in the hot beds to dance, hopping from one leg to another, of human society. What contributes most crossing over, balancing, chasseeing-doing to success in many of the professional purart except " joining hands" and " turning by the influence of friends; some by a mirpariners."

"Well that is curious!" exclaimed the auditors, simultaneously. "I never saw any-

thing like it before!"
"No," said the exhibitor, "expect you didn't li's all in edication," as the poet says. l edicated 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

they do it: now we want you to vacate the you've seen with your own eyes, you'll be

equal pleasure with what you have enjoyed," This was soon done: the audience retired. and another took their place-including how. ever, one who had been an auditor at the last exhibition. The same scene was gone through with; the same feeding, "music and dancing," only it was observed that the motion of the turkeys was even more lively than before.

It struck the twice-observed that just before the music began, a man was seen to leave the room on both occasions; and, unnoticed, he stepped out himself at the last opening beneath the shanty.

The mystery was now out. The turkey cage rested over a slow fire, with a tin floor, and when the music struck up, the fire had become so hot that the turkeys hopped about -first on one teg, then on the other-and changed positions; " seeking rest and finding none," till the fire had gone down, and they were ready for another feed!

It is proper to add that the author of this invention was a Yanker of the first waterthe Orpheus of Turkeydom.

GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS .- We were amused with an affair, says a New York paper, which happened a few weeks since in this city. A young gentleman called upon the leader of a cotillion band, and ordered five musicians for a certain evening. There were but four in the band, including the leader, who informed the applicant that he could not comply with his request. "You must have five," said the young gen-

tleman. "But there are only four of us, air," replied Joe.

"Not less than five," persisted the other. The gentleman was about leaving, when

a barber, well known to our citizens, volunteeced his services, making the number com-

when the gentleman left, "The flute," replied the barber. "The flute!-why you don't know one

note from another. The parts of the second of safe. MYes, but I can put a oork in the mouthhole and go through the motions  $t^{h_{i}} = x_{i_{k}} \cdot n_{i_{k}}$ The plan succeeded, and the barber was

Communications. this the souls with For the Agitator. Advantages of Early Poverty.

you'de see it once, but you will wish you had, thousand times, if you don't see it!"

The advantages of early poverty cannot be fully estimated. Ask the historian—ask the philosopher—ask the statesman—ask the philosopher—ask the statesman—ask the believe it. If 'taint so, you can have back have become so great, so eminent? A management of the philosopher—ask the statesman ask the philosopher—ask the statesman ask the believe it. If 'taint so, you can have back have become so great, so eminent? A management is a state of the philosopher—ask the statesman ask the philosopher ask the statesman ask the statesman ask the philosopher ask your two shillin. Perhaps them other gentle-men that's with you would like tu come in, tew. It's only tew shillin, any heow! was extreme penury, but by dint of perse-tew. It's only tew shillin, any heow! verence and energy they have burst the shackles of early poverty, and inscribed their I was one of them other gentlemen, re- daily sustenance! How few do we see even equality among men that a just God has asworld-wide distinction that exists between the rich block-head and the poor gentus! Individuals rising from time to time from the lowshown 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

Teach the hard-fisted, honest plebians of

of oppression.

our soil that the inculcation of sound princiwere, too, most of them-perfect treasures, 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 This was soon gathered up, not without effort. Teach them that to be truly great is government of the mind. See that bold active, pioneer boy, an imitator of nature, the true prototype of man, as he bounds from monnd to mound on our western prairies, or as he leaps from cliff to cliff in the untamed liberty of backwoods life. Who can doubt in tem big a stew. Give us time if you please. but that boy is the possessor of faculties, which if fully roused by proper culture, At this, a cracked flute, an old black, greasy would rank him among the leading minds of fiddle, "manned" by a thick-lipped negro, the age, for success does not attend upon 'Yankee Dogdle," at very quick time; and of a brainless arislocracy but on the toiling sure enough, every turkey in the coop began millions. nature's true nobility—the support everything in short, known to the salistory suits? Some succeed by great talents; some acle; but the majority by commencing withour 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 man-the most illustrious philosophers and statesmen of the present century? "Wal, you've seen it, and see how natural Sir Humphrey Davy, though the son of a wood-carver, became the first and most darroom, and give them a chance that's on the ing chemist of his age. Herchel, once a outside. There's new customers out there poor filer's boy in the army, has fixed his awaitin," and if you only tell 'em what philosopher, though a humble apprentice to a coin' a service to me, and give to them an 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 benefitted by the numerous discoveries and inventions which have blest our race. The rich who enjoy all the necessaries and convenienencies of life, do not strive to excel in those mental and manual exercises which require great toil, consequently, their minds being time, and saw the man busying himself with emasculated for the want of proper discipline putting some light kindling-wood under an and their bodies enervated for the lack of suffi cient 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 their plans. Necessity begets a spirit of improvement and urges a man on to deeds of noble daring; it causes him to investigate the arcana 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 uppulence 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 millionare. Address yoursel to your business whatever may be your calling. Beware of the influence of fawning 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 sale. tr. Let your watch word be perseverence and you will find that early poverly presents no obstacles in the path of him, who wills to be truly great. The Poughkeepsie Press says :- "Quite

Bap bait to catch a wife-Poverty and roay looking girl from the country, actually red nose. Good bait Brass watch, a few went into a cooper shop in this city recently coppers to sattle in lies of dollars, and a good saked one of the workmen, what he charged may chance to have the sparks fly in their suit of clothes, the bill for the letter being fift booping flocks. Innoconce wished to be own faces. Insect Power.

Dr. Chalmers, in one of his Astronomical discourses, alludes finely, to the microscope, as demonstrating diving wisdom in the lower walks of creation, as conclusively as the telescope unfolds it in the wonders of the heavens. The lamine 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 im-

mense. We once were 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 fable, flie 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 contlaued for some time to perambulate the surface. to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the boitle 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 push-

ing within. "Mr. Newport has given other instances of insect power equally remarkable. Having Having once fastened a small kind of Carabuz, 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 lond, 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 flies— 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 rate 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-Pulix 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 clerk in a store and dresses like a prince, smokes foin ciga's,' drinks 'noice brandy,' attenda 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 1

When a deacon of the church sells strong butter, recommending it as excellent and sweet, I wonder if he don't rely on the mer-

its 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 laces 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 to ! 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 news. paper weekly, and takes great delight in reading them, but neglects to pay for them, I wonder if he has a soul or a gizzard.

THE WAFE. -- It is not unfrequent that a wife mourns over the allegated affections of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which first engaged his beart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. That woman deserves not a husband's love who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labors of the day? who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart! There is not one in a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence and break away from such a home. - 1 31-1

MEN of the noblest dispositions plways think themselves the happiost when oiliers eliere their happiness with thein, gr