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Wellsborough, Thos. County, Pa. Thursday Morning, April 17, 1856. No. 38.

Communications.

Spiritualism.

Friend Cobb: permit me through the medium of the Agitator to convey a few remarks to the public on the subject of Spiritualism, and especially to skeptics; those who call themselves such—who allege that Spiritualism is worthy of the devil—and that class of men who want to live on the credulity of others, or who are willing to risk their eternal welfare on some faith or creed, because their fathers and grand-fathers did the same.

No Gloom at Home.

Above all things there should be no gloom at home. The shadows of dark discontent and wasting fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their large black shapes, like funeral pall, over the happy young spirits gathered there. If you will, your home shall be heaven, and every inmate an angel there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne, and be the presiding household deity. Oh faithful wife, what privileges, what treasures, greater or purer than these?

A Young Man's Character.

No young man who has a just sense of his own value, will sport with his own character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth will be of inestimable value to him in all the remaining years of life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment, he should ask himself, can I afford this? Can I endure hereafter to look back upon this?

A Darling Dead of Horsemanship.

If you feel disposed to risk a doghopper, I am but a poor, vulgar, and cannot place more—I shall attempt what a much ado about nothing, would consider a feat perhaps. And what may that be, Senor Cibolero? asked the officer, sneeringly. I will check my horse at full gallop on the brow of yonder cliff! Within two lengths—less—the same distance that is traced here, on the banks of the sequoyia! The surprise, created by this announcement held the bystanders for some moments in silence. It was a proposal of such wild and reckless daring that it was difficult to believe that the maker of it was in earnest. Even the two officers were for a moment staggered by it, and inclined to fancy the cibolero was not serious, but mocking them.

The Dutchman who had the Small-Pox.

The writer sat alongside of the driver one morning, just at break of day, as the stage drove out of Blackberry; it was a stage passenger to Squish Point. It was a very cold morning. In order to break the ice, for a conversation, he praised the points of the off horse; the driver thanked him. "Yass, she's good horse, and I knows how to drive him!" It was evidently a case of mixed breed. Where is Wood, who used to drive this stage? "He's laid up mit ter rumatiz, sence yesterday week, and I drives for him, Senor." I went on reading the newspaper. A fellow passenger, on a back seat, not having the fear of murdered English on his hands, coaxed the Dutch driver in a long conversation, much to the delight of a very pretty Jersey Blue-Belle, who laughed so merrily that it was contagious; and in a few minutes, from being like unto a conventicle, we were as wide awake as one of CHARLES' audiences. By sunrise we were in excellent spirits, up to all sorts of fun, and when a little later, our stage stopped at the first watering-place, the driver found himself in the center of a group of treaters to the distilled juice of apples.

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