

Last week the "Cranktown Dances Sewing Society" held their annual meeting, and on motion, it was voted...

"The next day the person called on Tony, senior, and informed him, respecting the object of his visit, to which he replied...

"Now, see, I'll call him." And raising his voice to the highest pitch, he shouted—"Tony!"

The response was quick and equally loud—"Sir!"

"Do you hear that, parson?" said the old man. "Don't you call that manners?"

"That is all very well," replied the parson, "as far as it goes."

"What do you mean by 'as far as it goes'?" That boy, sir, always speaks respectfully to me, when I call him; then raising his voice he again called—"Tony!"

The response, "sir," was equally loud and prompt. Again the old man called—"Tony!"

The boy dropped a half-dressed fish, and shaking his fist at his sire, yelled out—"You miserable, black, old, drunken snob, I'll come in there in just two minutes, and maul you like blazes!"

The parson was astonished. The old man was disconcerted for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, he tapped the parson on the shoulder, saying:

"You see, parson, my boy has got grit as well as manners. This chap will make an ornament to your society one of these days."

I need not add, that the parson incontinently mizzled.

Riding at West Point.

A correspondent of Life Illustrated, gives the following as a portion of the experience of a Cadet at West Point:

When I came back from Furlough, my class had ridden for a year; I only for a week or two. I was not in the least daunted, however, by this, and blindly trusting to fortune and my own powers, I buckled on a pair of rusty spurs, bound myself securely to an enormous sabre, with a prodigious iron scabbard, and sallied forth.

Dragon brought me a raw-boned, vicious-looking animal, which, after some preliminary difficulties, I succeeded in mounting.

"Trot!" Horse started; so did I, half off my saddle. I had never been taught to keep my heels well out, and accordingly my spurs went in. Horse "went in" too.

Began to think I was losing my balance. Sabre flew out and hit the horse on the head. In plunged my spurs deep among his ribs. Another jump. Sabre flew back and hit him on the flanks. Spurs worked convulsively among his bones—jump, thump, spur; horse reared; seized his mane; kicked up; caught his ear and saved myself.

It began to grow exciting. Finally, horse started off.—Such a race! Pulling on his mane had no tendency to check his mad career; rather seemed to irritate him. Had a good hold with the spurs, but did not consider myself perfectly safe. Sabre flew up and hit me in the face. Blind for a moment, and I heard something drop. Looked up into the saddle and saw I was not there. Concluded it must be me on the ground. Horse standing near, eating grass and looking at me with a quiet twinkle in his eye, adding insult to injury.

STRIKE ON.—How much like a rock in the ocean, against which the waves have beaten for centuries, is the man of sterling truth and robust integrity! To the waves of unholiness passion—to unsanctified popular applause, he cries, "Strike on, I shall not be harmed." The seductive influence of vice is all around him; but he is unmoved. Wealth is at his command, if he will but swerve from the path of duty. No—you could as soon remove the sea.

When the great and good Algernon Sydney was about to be executed, he calmly laid his head upon the block. He was asked by the executioner, if he should rise again? Not till the general resurrection—strike on," was the remarkable reply of Sydney.

When unholiness power would remove you on account of your virtue, say calmly, strike on, but do not yield to sin. Be firm in your principles, even though death should stare you in the face. Be this your motto, whenever assailed by wealth or power, and glorious will you triumph—if not in this world, in that which is to come.

THE AGITATOR.

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COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

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WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1856.

NO. 40.

For the Agitator. THE AGED GRANDMOTHER. She sits by our cheerful hearthstone, For her own domestic now...

Interesting Narrative.

From the Spiritual Telegraph, April 17th. Loss of the Steamship Pacific.

Through a great number of media the spirits have predicted or affirmed the loss of the Pacific—and the fatal disaster, with its terrible details, has been represented with terrible distinctness, in presence of many witnesses.

MR. BRITTON'S STATEMENT.

On the evening of December 23, 1855, while the writer was engaged, in conversation with several friends who had assembled in the rooms of S. B. Britton, at the Tremont House in this city, Mrs. Harriet Porter was also present, was employed at the time in making magnetic passes over one of the editor's daughters, with a view to remove a neuralgic pain in the head.

There were present on the occasion, Mrs. S. L. Britton, Emma Frances Jay, E. Virginia Britton, Mrs. Wells, Mr. and Miss Vail, the medium and myself, any of whom will verify the truth of the foregoing statement.

Some time after the occurrence of the circumstances already described, and when the arrival of the Pacific was beginning to be looked for, I again visited Mrs. Porter at her residence 209 West 24th street.

At a still later date, the writer called on Mrs. P. early one Saturday evening, when the Pacific had been out thirty days and the Atlantic seventeen days from Liverpool.

When six days out, the Pacific struck an iceberg, at 11 o'clock on the evening of Jan. 29th, and very soon went down stern foremost. As the vessel sank, three persons escaped from the wreck and found a temporary resting place on the ice, but they were subsequently frozen to death.

Let's Die Together.

A very amusing scene occurred a few days ago, in a neighboring city, not a thousand miles from this, where a number of the actors, about which we have laughed off a threatened attack of winter fever, and thro' the same means, have lost a number of buttons from our jacket.

REMARKABLE PRESENTMENT AND STRANGE APPEARANCE.—The Boston Times relates the following singular story, in connection with the supposed loss of the Pacific.

We have always been averse to feeding the popular appetite for marvellous things, especially those which may be said to have their origin in a supernatural latitude, and only calculated to create a thirst for further revelations which can never be satiated this side the grave.

Among the passengers in the Pacific is, or was, Mr. K.—w, of this city, a gentleman who has crossed the Atlantic several times, and always left in happy spirits, and always returned in excellent health.

About the time Mr. K. appointed to be home, Miss—, his betrothed, was one night startled from her sleep by the figure of Mr. K. appearing before her!

ANGELS IN PETTICOATS. A funny correspondent of the Portland Transcript says: "I have recently given up all idea of women folks, and come back to perihelical life, I am more at home in this line than in hunting the fair sex."

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A Touching Story of Filial Love.

The following most remarkable and beautiful instance of filial affection appeared in the Herald of Lima, (Peru), to which it was communicated by the Alcalde of Callao.

GENTLEMEN—There having passed in my office (Justice of the Peace) a scene of great interest, and most rare at any time and place, I cannot refrain from communicating the same to you, believing that you will concur with me in the opinion that an act so humble, and worthy of the best qualities of human nature deserves to be commemorated by means of the press.

About eight o'clock this morning a tumultuous assembly of people invaded my house, bringing in with them a venerable looking man. They inquired for the justice.

Mr. Alcáde, having buried my wife, the mother of these four lads, I ordered this one, named Jose Maria, to take charge of the other three, who have already made choice of their elder brother's profession.

The young men unanimously rejected this proposition, because they said, their father would lead an errant, unquiet life. I then proceed to write on separate pieces of paper the names of the sons, and let the decision of chance settle the question.

Such a scene as this melted all those who witnessed it, among whom were the lieutenant of police, the Alcalde don Alfaro, and other friends. The brothers then retired with a fresh demand—which was that I should command that since Atanacio had been favored by lot with the charge of the father, they should not be deprived of the pleasure of taking out the old man to walk by turns in the afternoon, which order I gave magisterially, in order to gratify these, simple, honest, people and they then retired contented.

A horse, incorrigible way, who lent a minister a horse which ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he would have some credit for his aid in spreading the gospel.

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