

Memory's Answer.

By M. L. DODD.

A boon, a tallman, O Memory, give To shrine my name in hearts where I would live

HUMOROUS SKETCH.

THE STUDENT'S DUEL.

BY EDWARD OSGOOD.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared a bevy of young fellows, who sat in one of the private rooms of Bancroft's restaurant, after dinner, over their Burgundy, one day.

"Well, Major," said Tom, who had declared he could beat the aforesaid 'capital' toke.

"Done!" said the Major, promptly. "You understand the proposal, gentlemen? Student Tom proposes me wine for the company, that I don't tell in five guesses, how his friend spells manes."

"Well then—wine for the company, and spell manes as his friend does," continued the Major.

"Web—with his mouth, Tom," began the Major triumphantly.

"Good, good!" roared the company. "Bu, Tom said 'No, that isn't right. That's our

"No, no," screamed Tom, crazily; "you've lost, Major. Here's my friend's

"How, then, does he spell it?"

"Wny, m-a-p-i-e-s, to be sure, old fellow," said Tom, triumphantly pointing to the word correctly spelled in the note.

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THE AGITATOR.

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

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

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

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VOL. 1.

WELLSBOROUGH, TOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1855.

NO. 40.

AN ENORMOUS STORY.

New Developments in Ghostology.

SPIRITS TALKING ALOUD AND BAKING SLAP-JACKS.

From the Spiritual Universe.

HARTFORD, Trumbull Co., Ohio, Jan. 8, 1855.

S. W. SMITH, Esq.—Dear Sir: The facts given in the enclosed affidavit of John Richardson are of public notoriety here, and can no doubt be sustained by any amount of evidence.

State of Ohio, Trumbull Co., ss.—Before me, Wm. J. Bright, a Justice of the Peace in and for the county aforesaid, personally came John Richardson, who being duly sworn, deposes as follows:

After repeating a very loud and shrill scream several times, the voice fell to a lower key, and in a tone about as loud as ordinary conversation, commenced speaking in a plain and distinct manner, assuring the family that we would not be burned, and requesting us to have no fear of any injury, as we were in no danger.

"Go on, Tom."

"How do you spell manes?"

"M-a-p-i-e-s," said the Major, promptly.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" joined the happy crew at this termination to the evening's toke; and from that moment Tom and Major Tender were the warmest friends in town!

The Will and the Way.

A young collegian, itinerating in the State of Vermont, fell in company and also in love with a very pretty girl, the daughter of an old curmudgeon, whose brains were made of saw dust, hog's lard and molasses, but who upon account of the spaciousness of his farm, had been for many years at the head of the school committee in the district.

Accordingly, on Sunday evening the young man of classical lore informed the old ignoramus that he would like to take charge of their school for the winter, and board in his family.

Do you believe in the final salvation of the world?

Yes, sir, most certainly, answered the young man.

Do you believe that God ever made another man equal to Thomas Jefferson?

Certainly not.

Can you spell Massachusetts?

Yes, sir, said the affectionate girl.

The young man commenced his school the next day. How he and Sally made out is another story.

Forgiveness.

Here is a virtue most expressly and carefully enjoined upon us, and lately I have thought much of the reason, it is so particularized.

At different times the drawers of a stand sitting in a bed-room, have been taken out, and at one time carefully placed on a bed.

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voice then proposed to bake a cake for Jane, my daughter, who was then at work about the house. The cake was accordingly baked in the same manner as before stated; and carried across the room and placed in the girl's hand.

During all these occurrences, the talking from the two voices and others has continued, and still continues daily, together with such manifestations as I have detailed, with many others not named.

I will only add, that the spirit (the voice) gave as a reason for breaking crockery and destroying property, that it is done to convince the world of the existence of spirit presence.

Eliza Jane Richardson, being duly sworn, says: I am the wife of John Richardson, who made the above affidavit. I have witnessed all the manifestations given by my husband in his affidavit, and many others, such as singing by the voices, and writing without human agency.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of January, 1855.

Wm. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

James H. Moore, being duly sworn, says: I have witnessed many of the occurrences given by John Richardson in his affidavit, such as conversing with the voices, seeing the table move about, &c.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of January, 1855.

Wm. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

BANKING.

A correspondent of the North American furnishes the following table of the comparative number of banks, and amount of banking capital, in certain states:—

Table with columns: Population, Bank, Ag. Capital. Rows: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania.

He further says that even South Carolina, with only 248,000 white inhabitants, possesses \$16,000,000 of bank capital.

He admits the danger of establishing more banks under charters similar to those existing at present, but would "restrict every bank in the Commonwealth from having at any time investments in any shape of a character susceptible of yielding interest or profit, whether in bills discounted or bills receivable, in real estate, or in any species of public, corporate, or private loans, stocks or obligations, or in any other property whatever, more in their aggregate than the amount of its capital, and fifty per cent. in addition thereto."

As our readers probably have noticed by this time, we are neither an especial friend, nor a violent enemy of the present banking system. We think that experience has fully proven to most men who are not mere theorists, that the advantages of almost any banking system hitherto adopted, more than overbalance its evils.

If those interested in banking would be willing to bring down their ideas to a permanent dividend of six per cent. per annum, banking could be gradually placed upon a basis, which would enable it to become a great promoter of the industrial development of the Commonwealth—a blessing to the rich, and an even greater blessing to the enterprising, industrious and economical poor.

In fact, one reason of the marvelous progress of the New England States, despite their natural disadvantages, is to be found in their large amount of banking capital—little Rhode Island having almost as much as Pennsylvania.

Let our incredulous readers consider, for a moment, the possibilities of good in judicious and Christian banking. Suppose a small bank located in every country neighborhood, managed by the most sagacious moneyed men in the vicinity, who were intent upon getting only sober and honest six per cent. on the amount of their capital.

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character of our picture, dear, incredulous reader—but the impossibility of one age, may be the probability of the next. Now, the insane desire for gain, for a high rate of interest, is the bane alike of business and banking. Capital, forgetful that it has its duties, as well as its rights, is now bent only upon securing as large a share as possible of the profits resulting from its employment by labor. Until the wealthy men of our nation really, on week days, and not theoretically only, on Sundays—begin to look upon themselves somewhat in the light of stewards of the Lord's treasure, and perceive that something else is required at their hands, than grinding twelve to thirty per cent. out of the industry of the struggling classes yearly, for its use, it is all idle to talk about good banks, judicious management of business, wise settlement of the Tariff, or almost any other financial and commercial question. Given as a problem, Universal Greediness, supposed to be the Great Law of Commerce, and Highest Christian Rule of Financial Right, to educe anything from it but Embellishments, Expansions, Contractions, Universal Cheating, and Chaos Come Again, would be an impossible operation.

A Pretty Story.

Well, I think it's likely; but don't tease me any more. Your brother has married a poor girl, one whom I forbade him to marry, and I won't forgive him if they starve together.

This speech was addressed to a lovely girl scarcely eighteen, beautiful as the lily that hides itself beneath the dark waters. She was parting the silvery locks on her father's handsome forehead, of which her own was a miniature, and pleading the cause of her delinquent brother, who had married in opposition to his father's will, and consequently been disinherited.

Dear father, do forgive him; you don't know what a beautiful girl he has married and—

I think it's likely, said the old man, but don't tease me, and open the door a little, this playroom smokes so.

Well, continued Ellen, won't you just see her now—she is so good, and the little boy looks so innocent.

What did you say? interrupted the father; a boy! have I a grandchild! Why Ellen, I never knew that before! but I think it's very likely. Well, now give me my chocolate, and then go to your music lesson.

Ellen left him. The old man's heart began to relent.

Well, he went on, Charles was always a good boy, a little wild or so at college, but I indulged him; and he was always good to his old father for all, but he disobeyed me by marrying this poor girl, yet as my old friend and fellow soldier Tom Bonner used to say, we must forgive. Poor Tom! I would give all the old shoes I have got to know what has become of him. If I could but find him or one of his children! Heaven grant that they are not suffering! This playroom smokes so, how my eyes water! If I did but know who this girl was that my Charles has married; but I have heard her name, I'll find out and—

I think it's likely, said the old man.

Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy, about two years old. His curly hair and rosy cheeks could not but make one love him.

Who's that? said the old man, wiping his eyes.

That—that is Charles boy, said Ellen, throwing one of her arms around her father's neck, while with the other she placed the child on his knee.—The child looked tenderly up in his face, and lisped out:

Grandpa, what makes you cry so!

The old man clasped the child to his bosom, kissed him again and again. After this emotion had a little subsided he bade the child tell him his name.

Thomas Bonner Wheatley, said the boy, I'm named after grandpa.

What do I hear? said the old man; Thomas Bonner your grandfather!

Yes, lisped the boy, and he lives with me at—

Get my cane, said the old man, and come Ellen, be quick, child.

They started off at a quick pace, which soon brought him to the door, though neat lodging of his son. There he beheld his old friend Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner weaving baskets, while his swathed limbs showed how unable he was to perform his necessary task. His lovely daughter, the wife of Charles, preparing their frugal meal, and Charles was out seeking employment to support his needy family.

It's all my fault, sobbed the old man as he embraced his friend, who was puffed with amazement.

Come, said Mr. Wheatley, come all of you with me, we will live together—there is plenty of room in my house for all.

Oh, how happy we shall be! she exclaimed, Ellen and her father will love our little Thomas so, and he'll be your pet, won't he, father?

Ay, said the old man, I think very likely.

HONEST LABOR.—Labor, honest labor, is right and beautiful. Activity is the ruling element of life, and its highest relief. Luxuries and conquests are the results of labor—we can imagine nothing without it. The noblest man on earth, is he that puts his hand cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. Labor is a business and an ordinance of God. Suspend labor, and where is the glory, and pomp of earth—the fruit of fields and places of fashion for which men strive and war! Let the labor-scorcher look around him, look at himself and learn what are the trophies of toil. From the crown of his head, to the sole of his foot, unless he is made as the beast; he is the debtor and slave of toil. The labor which he scorns has tracked him into the stature and appearance of man. Where gets he his garments and equipage? Let labor answer. Labor makes music in the mind and furrow, and at the forge.