#### For the Agitator. Memory's Answer.

BY M. L. DOUD.

"A boon, a talisman, O Memory, give
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
Forevermore.
And Memory answered me—wild wish and vain!
I have no hues the loveliest to detain
In the heart's core."

Himans.

There rose a wild prayer on the still evening air. From a lone and quiet spot;

T was the low, earnest plea—"O let me not be
By the lov'd and the absent forgot!"

"T was the soft pleading tone of one doomed to roam From the scenes of his youth far away, O, never again, over hillock or plain.

Might he hope with those loved ones to stray! There was grief in the thought, that he might be

forgot,
And his name be remembered no more; And to Memory his cry on the lone breeze went by,
That she would his image restors.

That the wind's wildest moan might bring back tone.

And the stream as it marmured along,

Might bear on its breast, which could never know

rest,
His name like a ceaseless song. But did Memory bestow the dear boon ?-Ah, no! To her belongs not the power.

She can weave not a chain which shall faithful re-

Beyond the brief space of an hour. No, his memory will fade from the greenwood and

And his place be remembered no more: His name be forgot in the hearts where he sought To enshrine it forevermore Hyde Park, Pa

#### HUMOROUS SKETCH. From Ballou's Pictorial. 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 bancover's restaurant, after dinner, over their Burgundy, one day "Ha, ha! Capital -upon my word, Josey," continued one of them, louder than the rest: "If you can beat that, Tom, let's see you do n. That was tiptop, though, to be sure "

This recommendation caem from a frolicking, harem-scarem fellow, who enjoyed a joke immensiey, and who had just heard a jest delivered that applied personally and admirably, to some weak point of a young military officer present (attached to the State militia, and who enjoyed the enviable title of Mujorsomebody. These young men were enjoying their wine rather generously, and the mafor seemed to be the butt of the company on this occasion. He observed this, and he did not laugh when the rest dic-

"Come, Tom, have at him," continued he who laughed the loudes.

"Well, Major," said Tom, who had declared he could beat the aforesaid 'capital 10ke." "I had a letter from a friend last night, Ned. inviting me to come up and see him at his shooting box, on the Hudson, a charming ing agreed upon, and the two fighting men spot by the way, which he calls the "Mapies' Now, I'll wager wine for the company that you can't guess in five trials how he contrives to spell the word maples "

"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 maples. And there s no joke included in the wager—is this it. M: 'I om'

"Go on-we understand it." said Tom. "Now then-wine for the company, and spell maples as his friend does, the Maic

"Web-with his mouth, Tom," began the Major triumphant:

"Good, good" roared the company .-Bu. I om said "No, that isn't right. That's

"Well than, m-a-1-p-1-e-

"Wrong again; that's twice "M-a-v-o-p-1-e-s" said the Majo:

"Ha, ha No; that's three times," "Let's sec, then-m-a-p-o-1-1

"No; that's tou:. Now s the last chance All eyes were bent upon the Major, as he

scratched the place where he supposed his their hands, and they were called. brains lay, and said Well, m-al-p-e doub-

you've lost, Major. Here's my friend's

"How, then, does he spell it?" "W ny, m-s-p-1-e-s, to be sure, old fellow. said Tom, triumphantly pointing to the word | second, who approached him. "Tell the correctly spelled in the note. And a roar | Major he must remove his coat. I will not succeeded this that suggested to Bancover, the proprietor of the room, the idea of sending for the city crie;, to read the riot act

among the boys, thes. The Major rose from the table, buttoned

man, sir, and know the use of a pistor at twenty paces. I'm too old a soldier, sirtoo old a soldier to submit to such internal. nonsense as all this comes to You don't moment, the wad of Tom's pistol passing dithat's the word, sir-swindte me, a gentle- ther party was harmed. man and a military office, with no such i si: My friend will wait on you to-morrow. Good night, gentleman. And the Major think that he hadn't got a leaden pill in his bowed out of the room in high dudgeon at lacket,) but he could do nothing, for Tom what he deemed inexcusable and premedita- was bent on another shot at him. ted ths...

or worst of his mate.

and knock some of the starch out of the fan- | could have hit a three cent piece in the star, cied plumes he wear.

I don't mind an exchange of shots with nim, any now,' said 10m, on reflection. - | caller. "Pil bet wine for the company, that, (with all i rest to steady his elboy

Another "na, he" (fainter than the pre- He had swooned—he could bear up no creding ones; succeeded this speech from longer. His courage oozed out, as he enseparated for the night, the student promising, of Tom's pistol a second time; and though

i' called upon, to "stand fire." certain, ne pretended so to be,) for ne sent his "friend" nad chosen to construe into an insult, on the this fact. This was agreed upon between the radish, is now practising on a saddle of mutpart of the merry studen. Tom read his, two seconds, who had no wish to see their ton, without stirrups.

# AGITATOR.

### Devoted to the Ertension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

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WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1855. VOL. 1.

NO. 40.

AN ENORMOUS STORY. New Developments in Ghostology.

SPIRITS TALKING ALOUD AND BAKING SLAP-JACKS.

From the Spiritual Universe.

Hartroad, 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. You are at liberty to make any ways of the Schrift to Make any ways.

erty to make any use of the affidavits you choose.
Respectfully, WM. J. BRIGHT.
State of Ohio, Trumbull Co., es.—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: I am a resident of Pamytumiany township, Mercer County, Pa.; live four miles east of the center of Hartford, Ohio; have lived where I now reside some nine months. About five weeks ago my attention was arrested by a very sharp and loud whistle, seemingly in a small closet in one corner of my house. This was followed by loud and distinct raps, as loud as a person could conveniently rap with the knuckles. The closet door is secured or fastened by a wood-button that turns over the edge of the door. This button would frequently turn, and the door open, without any visible agen-

cv. This was followed by a loud and distinct (apparently human voice, which could be heard perhaps, fifty rods.

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. Those manifestations being altogether unaccountable to myself and family, we searched the entire house, to find, capital, in certain states :if possible, the cause of this new and startling phenomena, but found no one in or about the premises but the family. Again we were startled by a repetition of the screams, which were repeated perhaps a dozen times, when the voice proceeded to inform us that the conversation came from the spirit of two brothers, calling themselves Henry and George Force, and claimed to have been murus what they represented as a history of the tragedy, and insisted that we should call on some of the neighbors to hear the disclosure. John Ranney, Henry Moore, and some dozen others, were then called in, to whom the history was detailed in length. We could

rendity discover a difference in the voice professing to come from the two spirits. About the third day after these manifestations commenced, my wife brought a ham of meat into the house, and laid it on the table, and stepped to the other side of the room when it was carried by some invisible agency, from four to six feet from the table, and thrown upon the floor. This was followed by a large dining-table turning round from its position at the side of the room, and carried forward to the stove, a distance of more than six feet. This was done while there was no person near it. The same table has since that time been thrown on its side without human agency, and often been made to dance about while the family were eating around it. At one time dishes, knives and forks, were thrown from the table to the opposite side of the room, breaking the dishes

to pieces. On another occasion the voice requested Mrs. Richardson to remove the dishes from the table, which was done immediately, when the table commenced rocking violently back and forward, and continued the motion, so that the dishes could not be washed upon it. but were placed in a vessel and set upon the floor, from which a number of them flew from the tub to the chamber floor, over head, and were thus broken to pieces. What crock-The young man spelt the word very dis- ery remained we attempted to secure by placing it in a cupboard, and shut the doors. which were violently thrown open, and the dishes flew like lightning, one after another, against the opposite side, and broke to pieces. At another time a drawer in the table was, while there was no person near it, drawn out and a plate that had been placed there carried across the room and broken against the opposite wall. And this kind of demonstration has continued until nearly all the crockery about the house has been broken and destroved.

At different times the drawers of a stand and at one time carefully placed on a bed. their natural disadvantages, is to be found in amazement. A large stove-boiler has been, while on the their large amount of banking capital-little stove, filled with water, tipped up, and caused Rhode Island having almost as much as with me, we will live together—there is plento stand on one end, and the water was Pennsylvania. turned out upon the floor, and at this time taand often cakes have been taken from the

At one time the voice, speaking to my wife, when the batter (already prepared for baking large. upon the griddle, and turned at the proper sketch, indeed!

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. The conversation, as well as the other demonstrations, have been witnessed almost daily by myself and family, as well as by scores of persons, who have visited my house to witness these strange phe-

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

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.

ELIZA JANE RICHARDSON. 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.

JAMES H. MOORE.

Sworn and subscribed before me, this 8th day of January, 1855. Wм. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace,

#### BANKING.

A correspondent of the North American fur- | andnishes the following table of the comparative number of banks, and amount of banking

Population. Bank. Ag. Capital. Massachusetts, 994,000 Rhode Island, 148,000 137 \$43,300,000 77 53 342 16.000.000 Connecticut, 371,000 New York, 3,400,000 79.000.000 Pennsylvania,

with only 248,000 white inhabitants, possesses \$16,000,000 of bank capital : Georgia, with dered some cleven years since, and hen gave 524,000 white inhabitants, has \$13,000,000; Louisiana, with 217,000, over \$17,000,000; and Kentucky, with 771,000, about \$11.000 .-000. And deduces from these facts the great comparative scarcity of banking capital in Pennsylvania.

banks under charters similar to those existing at present, but would "restrict every bank in any other property whatever, more in their andaggregate than the amount of its capital, and fifty per cent. in addition thereto. This per | centage beyond its capital," he believes, | "would be a fair and sufficient margin to ena- sy cheeks could not but make one love bleja bank, if prudently managed, to pay its expenses, and earn six per cent. per annum, besides retaining in its vaults coin enough to eyes. ensure its safety."

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 i banking system hitherto adopted, more than I overbalance its evils. And that in proportion as the system is made safe and perfect, the tell him his name. multiplication of banks and banking capital is not an injury, but a benefit.

But "there's the rub." The banks do not desire that the banking system should be placed on a secure and perfect basis-because it would necessarily result in lessening their profits. Although, to take a period of fifty or one hundred years, they probably would lose nothing by the operation.

If those interested in banking would be willing to bring down their ideas to a permanent | lodging of his son. There he beheld his old dividend of six per cent, per annum, banking | friend Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner could be gradually placed upon a basis, which would enable it to become a great promoter | showed how unable he was to perform his of the industrial development of the common- | necessary task. His levely daughter, the wife wealth-a blessing to the rich, and an even of Charles, preparing their frugal meal, and greater blessing to the enterprising, industri- I Charles was out seeking employment to supous and economical poor.

In fact, one reason of the marvellous pro-

Let our incredulous readers consider, for a I ken off from the stove, and carried some six moment, the possibilities of good in judicious feet, and set down upon the floor, and this and Christian banking. Suppose a small while untouched by any person. A tea-ket- bank located in every country neighborhood, tle has often been taken from the stove in the managed by the most sagacious moneyed same manner, and thrown upon the floor. At men in the vicinity, who were intent upon one time a spider, containing some collee for getting only sober and honest six per cent. the purpose of browning, was taken from the on the amount of their capital, These men, stove, carried near the chamber floor, and acquainted with every person almost for thrown upon the floor. And frequently, miles around, would be perfectly willing to uries and conquests are the results of laborwhile Mrs. Richardson has been baking buck- loan young, enterprising, honest and econo- we can imagine nothing without it. The nowheat cakes on the stove, the griddle has, in mical poor men, sufficient to start in their blest man on earth, is he that puts his hand the same unaccountable manner, been taken trade or business. For such men are just as | cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. Lafrom the stove and thrown across the house; safe for a small amount, as the wealthiest bor is a business and an ordinance of God. man in the country is for his proportionate | Suspend labor, and where is the glory, and griddle while baking, and disappeared en- sum. And a bank that should thus loan the pomp of earth-the fruit of fields and plafor some distance above him, the means to I Let the labor-scoffer look around him, look said it (the spirit) could bake cakes for carry on a profitable occupation or business, at himself and learn what are the trophies of George, a boy eating at the table. Mrs. would be of inestimable benefit not only to toil. From the crown of his head, to the

from a crock sitting near the stove, and placed credulous smile, "you have given us a fancy the stature and appearance of man. Where time, and when done taken from the griddle bankers come, the heavens will fall, and we have answer. Labor makes music in the mind and placed upon the boy's plate at table. The shall catch larks." We admit the fancy and furrow, and at the force.

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 Embexzlements, Expansions, Contractions, Universal Chestery, and Chaos Come Again, would be an impssible 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 togeth-

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. Mr. Wheatly was a rich old gentleman, and a resident of Boston. He was a fat good natured old fellow, somewhat given to mirth and wine, and sat in his arm chair from morning until night smoking his pipe and reading the news-papers. Some. imes a story of his own exploits in our revolutionary battles filled up a passing hour .--He had two children: the disobedient son, and the beautiful girl before spoken of. The fond girl went on pleading.

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

I think it's likely, said the old man, but don't tease me, and open the door a little, this plaguy room 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 fath. er; a boy! have I a grandchild! Why Ellen, I never know that before! but I think it's He further says that even South Carolina, | very likely. Well, now give me my choco. late, and then go to your music lesson.

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

Well, he went on, Charles was always a good boy, a little wild or so at coilege, but I indulged him; and he was atways good to his old father for all, but he disobeyed me by marrying this poor girl, yet as my old friend He admits the danger of establishin more and fellow soldier Tom Bonner used to say, we must forgive. Poor Tom! I would give all the old shoes I have got to krow what has the Commonwealth from having at any time become of him. If I could but find him or investments in any shape of a character sus. one of his children! Heaven grant that they ceptible of yielding interest or profit, whether are not suffering! This plaguy smoky room. in bills discounted or bills receivable, in real | how my eyes water! If I did but know who estate, or in any species of public, corporate, this girl was that my Charles has married; or private loans, stocks or obligations, or in but I have heard her name. I'll find out

> 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 rohim. Who's that I said the old man, wiping his

> That-that is Charles boy, said Ellen,

As our readers probably have noticed by 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 bos. som, kissed him again and again. After this emotion had a little subsided he bade the child Thomas Bonner Wheatley, said the boy.

I'm named after grandpa. What do I hear I said the old man: Thom-

as Bonner your grandfather ! Yes, lisped the boy, and he lives with me

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 poor, though neat weaving baskets, while his swathed limbs

port his needy family. lt's all my fault, sobbed the old man as he sitting in a bed-room, have been taken out, gress of the New England States, despite embraced his friend, who was petrified with

Come, said Mr. Wheatly, come all of you

ly of room in my house for all. Oh, how happy we shall be ! she exclaimed,

Ellen and her father will love our fittle Thomas so, and he'll be your pet, won't he, fath-

Ay, said the old man, I think very tikely,

HONEST LABOR. - Labor, honest labor, is right and beautiful. Activity is the ruling element of life, and its highest relish. Luxpoor man, and the various struggling grades | ces of fashion for which men strive and war! Richardson stepped away from the stove, those thus aided, but to the community at | sole of his foot, unless he is made as the beast, he is the debtor and slave of toil. The cakes) was by some unseen agency taken "Ah," says many a reader, with an in- labor which he scorns has tracked him into When such Christian | gets he his garments and equipage? Let la-

I find him capable of doing. He can create their honor (?) and courage. a theory in reference to this little affair to

my friend, Joe Stetson, for the rest. I am his place, waiting for him to take his post for ready to meet him, if he has any desire to a third fire, he exclaimed: have a substantial hole knocked in his digni- "I won't! I have been shot twice to-day, ly, or through his waistcoat," continued Tom.

The Major's friend departed, the seconds subsequently met, and had every thing arranged in their own way. "Ned," said Joe Stetson to his opponent's

friend, "you don't want the Major hurt, do Gad! no-upon my word," said the

"Neither do I care to risk Tom's skin, I assure you. A 'ball in the thorax' of either of them would be a very comfortable pill to digest of a cold morning, without doubt-and I can't see that any good comes from this

"I see what you're at, and I fully coincide in your opinion. Tom, I think, is a good

"Excellent! I've seen him snuff a candle at twenty paces, five times out of six, repeatedly," said Joe.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Ned. "Then I can tell you that this idea of shooting is altogether too fast for the Major! He's a military man, but I honestly doubt if he is accustomed to the use of the pistol much;

and you have the advantage of us." "I don't mean to use it, however. Both of these boys are good fellows; and we, their real friends, should see to it that they don't harm each other. This can all be managed without the knowledge of the belligerents,

you know.' "Exactly! Fix it to suit yourself, and I will join in your scheme, any way," said

The ground was named, the hour of meet-"came up to the scratch" in very tolerable condition, finally. Tom was calm and selfpossessed, though he told Joe Stetson that he had a good deal rather not fire at the Ma-

"And why not, Tom?" asked his friend. "Well, I am afraid I shall hit him, that's

"Very true. But he may hit you my

"Yes, I have thought of that, of course; but I have no fears or concern on that score. and the Major ought to back down, Joe."

"O, ves, that is mighty fine talk for you, who have been cracking your merciless jokes upon the poor fellow's head for the past year He won't back down; and you must face the music, or apologize, my boy."

"I am ready," said Tom, "where are the weapons?' "All snug, here," said Joe, producing a

pair of beautiful Mantons. The seconds stepped aside, the cartridges pistols being loaded, they were directed to take their respective stations; twelve paces were measured, the weapons were put into

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" The Major was in undress uniform! His "No. no' screamed 'i om, crazily; | legs were a little shaky, and a cold dampness overspread his features, as he came up and faced his opponent, who was a dead shot sure,

when he was so disposed. "One moment," said Tom, calling to his fire at him in that costume. Do you see that button on his right brest? This is bad; 1] shall drive it right through him certain. I

want no such mark as this!" The seconds conferred together, and the up his coa., saw nothing at al. to laugh at | Major opened his coat and bared his breast with a faltering hand. Tom did the same, "Mr. Student Tom Bowdin, I m a military | and they again stood opposite each other.

"Are you ready, gentlemen? One, two, three-fire Bang! went both pop-guns at the same

swindle me out of wine in this manner, sir - 1 rectly over the Major's shoulder. But nei-The seconds endeavored now to arrange the game, mind you No sit i pay no wine matter. But Tom had no appropry to offer. The Major was perfectly "satisfied" (to

Again the pistols were loaded, and placed and he could give or take a loke with the best I cool and confidently calculated upon winging the Major this time. He was astonished that "No white featners. Iom; that won't do. | he was now standing before him for a second The Major is a loo, to take umbrage thus, shot-for he would have wagered his life, but if he insists upon it, get a dash at him, and all his old boots into the bargain, that he

at twelve paces distance! "Are you ready, gentlemen?" said the

"One, two, three-fire!"

his prowess and talk about military) he can't. The Major fell; and his second sprung to hit a parn at fitteen paces distant, without a his side, as Tom said to himself, "I thought I'd fetch him."

Tom: the bill was paic, and the company countered the carefully pointed pistol muzzle When morning came, I om found that the ped at the report of the Mantons, and fainted Major was really in earness, (or, at any rate from absolute fear! No ball had been put "thinketh no evil."—Coudersport Journal. in the pistols at all? though of course, neiwith a demand for an apology for what he ther of the combatants had any knowledge of

bombastic note and then said to the bearer - | friends maimed or killed for so trivial a cause; "I thought the Major had more real pluck, and the two belligerents had gone thro' with and could appreciate a good thing better than all the necessary performances to sustain

When Tom found that the Major had falanswer his own ideas, but he can't bully ME, len an instant too soon, he was very much if he is a malicious officer; and as to the rejoiced, and asked no questions at the mosupposed insult, I doubt much if he ever felt ment. On coming to consciousness, the Mahimself insulted at all. Be this as it may, he | jor asked if Tom was hurt; and on being ingets no apology from me, and I refer you to formed that he was not, and was standing in

> and I don't care a curse wether his friend spells Maple with an M or an N-but I hope to be in a better place, with a crook in my ear, if I again dispute with a law student about orthography."

"Will you pay the wine?" asked Joe Stetson, firmly.
"Yes, yes," said the Major. "We are satisfied," cried Joe. "Hurrah, Tom, it is all right? No more shots to-day!"

And the parties shook hands all round, and left the ground the best friends alive. Over the Major's wine at Bancover's that vening, the boys met once more in friendly feeling. The joke passed as freely as ever, and Tom was never in better spirits than then. The Major had been cured of his crustiness and tenaciousness, and subsequently took or gave a jest like a good humored man. At a late hour the company were

about to adjourn, and Tom turned to the Major, good naturedly, and said: "Before we leave, Major, I want to ask you one question."

"Go on, Tom."

town!

"How do you spell maples?"

"M-a-p-l-e-s," said the Major, prompt-"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" joined the happy crowd at this termination to the eyening's fun; and from that moment Tom and

Major Tender were the warmest friends in

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. The collegian's attachment to Sally (for that was the name of the old fellow's daughter) was so overpowering that all the logic and philosophy he had learned in the school was, compared to his force of arguments, as chaff in a hurricane. But not having the wherewithal to winter in the country without resort to employment, he intimated to Sally that he should like to keep the school in the district : when the kind hearted girl informed him that her father was committee man, and also informed him what questions would be put to him, and how he must answer them if he expected to gain the good graces of her fa-

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 were carefully examined by both, and the family. Whereupon the old fellow assumed an air of consequence, and asked the same questions that Sally had informed her lover

vould be asked: Do you believe in the final salvation of the

vorld? Yes sir, most certainly, answered the voung man,

Do you believe that God ever made another man equal to Thomas Jefferson ? Certainly not.

Can you spell Massachusetts? Yes sir.

Well, spell it. tinctly, when the father turned to his daughter, and said, Did he spell it right, Sally?

Yes, sir, said the affectionate girl. The young man commenced his school he 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. Human beings have so much to forgive in each other, more than the Divine Being has to forgive in them, that this virtue must be exercised to its utmost extent .-While the Omniscient Eye looks into every soul, and knows the thoughts and intentions thereof, whether they be good or whether they be evil; we, with our narrow vision, see evil where only good was intended, and Now, Tom had no idea of fighting at ah, i in the hands of the two men. Tom was still call out all our Christian principle to forgive acts noble in themselves, and often performed by great self-sacrifice and sense of duty. Not long ago, I heard a young friend express. humbly and sincerely, her thankfulness that she had been able to forgive another, for an act, painful in the performance, but which she (the actor) considered an unavoidable duty, and which, I coubt not, was a duty. To this friend, who forgave her so heroically and yet with such earnest effort to do right, the act appeared to be evil. Thus we have not only to forgive real trespaess, but a great many imaginary ones created only by our own perverted vision; and to live happily with even our best friends, we must trust to their charity to forgive, not alone what wrong we do, but a great deal that we never thought he fired his own pistol at the word, he drop. of doing. This is, it seems, the best we can do until we learn that better "charity" that

THE Boy who undertook to ride a horse-