

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

BY W. BLAIR.

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## Select Poetry.



### THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the Battle of Life, my boy,  
Go while it is called to-day;  
For the years go out, and the years come  
in,  
Regardless of those who may lose or win,  
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on my boy,  
To the army gone before;  
You may hear the sound of their falling  
feet,  
Going down to the river where the two  
worlds meet;  
They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, boy,  
And duty, too, assigned;  
Step into the front with a cheerful grace—  
Be quick, or another may take your place  
And you may be left behind.

There is work to do by the way, my boy,  
That you never can tread again;  
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—  
Work for the plow, adze, spindle and pen;  
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,  
To lay for your feet a snare;  
And pleasures sit in her fairy bow,  
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers,  
Enwrathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,  
Temptations without and within;  
And spirits of evil, in robes as fair  
As the holiest angels in heaven wear,  
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then, put on the armor of God, my boy,  
In the beautiful days of youth;  
Put on the helmet, breast-plate, shield  
And the sword that the feeblest arm may  
wield  
In the cause of Right and Truth.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### WHAT MRS. GILES DID.

A GOOD STORY FOR EVERY DAY LIFE.

Mrs. Giles stood in the front yard, hanging up her Monday's washing—the last piece had found its place upon the line. "Done at last," said Mrs. Giles, speaking to herself, a habit which she frequently indulged. "Now, if dinner was out of the way, I might find time to finish Leonard's suit, this afternoon; I've had it around so long. If I only had a sewing machine, how much I would accomplish," and picking up her basket, she went into the house. The prospect within was not very cheering; the wash tub to clear away, and dinner to place upon the table. Just as she had begun to lay the table, Mr. Giles appeared at the door, and said: "Put an extra plate; that may will take dinner with us." Dinner was soon ready, and as soon as dispatched, for ceremony was one of the unknown things in the Giles family, Mr. Giles and the stranger retired to the sitting room to discuss the merits of a new reaper and mower, while Mrs. Giles remained and cleared away the dinner table. When she had finished, and made herself ready for the afternoon, she went into the sitting room. The stranger was about taking his leave. Mr. Giles was saying to him:

"If you have any new thing, any thing better, any thing that will make work easier, and do more of it, I am your man! I am in favor of all machinery that will lighten work for man," emphasizing the work man. "Why, bless you, just look around my farm. It's run mostly by machinery." "Profitable? certainly," replied he to an interrogation from the stranger. "More than pays expenses.—Money in the bank," he added, never omitting an occasion of mentioning a small deposit he had in the city bank. The stranger was gone at last, and Mrs. Giles sat down with weary limbs and aching shoulders, to finish a suit of clothes she was making for her oldest son, a lad of fifteen. Slowly and wearily the needle went in and out; stitch after stitch was taken, but to very little purpose; it did seem as if the never would come to the last. But, as stitches progressed slowly, her thoughts flew fast enough. The last words of her husband lingered in her mind, and again they recurred to her. "Yes," said she, at last, breaking forth into soliloquy, her usual habit when much disturbed in mind. "Yes, men can have their burdens lightened, but poor women may drudge. Every year, Giles has added something new to his farm implements, when I have to plod along with hardly sufficient utensils to cook a decent dinner, an old stove, without a boiler or whole griddle, and cracked door. No wonder I cannot bake a loaf of bread decently." Then here I have to sit, and stitch for a week at this suit, when two hours on a machine would complete the whole suit. It is needless to record all of Mrs. Giles' thoughts and words, as she sat stitching the hours away. A dim consciousness of her wrongs, and a faint determination to assert her rights, was entering her mind. She had so long given up her opinions, set aside her needs, and fostered the selfishness of her husband, that it was hard to break through the meshes of habit which his stern will had woven around her. The afternoon wore away, and Mrs. Giles laid aside the unfinished garment to

prepare the evening meal. The next morning at breakfast, she remarked to her husband that an agent for a sewing machine had called the day previous, and wished her to try one of his machines. "I told him," she said, "he might leave one when he came next week." Mr. Giles laid down his knife and fork, and sat with utter amazement depicted on his countenance. "A sewing machine!" he gasped, when he had recovered himself. "He needn't leave any of his new-fangled humbugs here. I've no use for them." "But I have," interrupted his wife. "You!" "You!" interrupted he, "I don't see what use you have for a machine. You could never learn to use it, or if you did, what have you to sew? Only my clothes and the boys. Women, now-a-days, are getting mighty independent, wanting machines to do their work, too lazy to do it themselves. Suppose they want time to gad about and gossip about their neighbors."

"Why, Phillip?" "Woman's work is nothing," continued Mr. Giles, not heeding the interruption. "My mother had not as many conveniences for doing her work as you have, yet she always had her meals regular, and well cooked, and that is more than I can say for you. No, I don't want any sewing machines about my house. God made as good a sewing machine as I want when he made woman." With this ultimatum, he left the table, and taking his hat he mounted his horse and rode away to look at the new reaper he contemplated buying. One by one the members of the family finished their breakfast, and passed out leaving Mrs. Giles alone. She sat with her head resting upon her hand; her thoughts wandered back to the days when in the freshness of her youth, she gave her heart's deepest and best affections to Phillip Giles. "Blinded by her great love for him, she saw not the extreme selfishness coarseness of his nature. She implicitly believed all his promises, and heeded not the warning of his friends. It seemed a long time since then, so many shadows had darkened her pathway; darker yet seemed to grow life's rugged journey. She saw her six sons growing up around her, amidst rough and evil influences, without the ability wholly to counteract them.—Mrs. Giles remained a long time bowed over that breakfast table, praying with a sense of helplessness and a feeling of need, such as she had never before experienced. A loud rap at the door startled her. On opening it, she found Mr. Harris had called to pay off a note which had long been due; a note Mr. Giles had often declared he should never be enabled to collect.—"The poor wretch," he insisted, "will never be able to save enough to pay his honest debts, while his wife spends all his earnings on such foolish things as patent washing machines."

Mrs. Giles informed Mr. Harris of her husband's absence, but said she would attend to the business. When all was satisfactorily settled, and Mr. Harris had gone, Mrs. Giles sat for some time looking at the roll of money in her hand. At length a new thought came into her mind. Carefully placing the bills in her pocket, she went into the kitchen, and hurriedly finishing the morning's work, and then dressing herself she walked down to the railroad station, which was but a quarter of a mile distant. She was in time for the morning train for the city, some ten miles away. It was nearly o'clock in the afternoon when she returned home.—Mr. Giles was still absent; Leonard, the eldest son, stood in the yard with the team. "Heigho, mother," said he, "I was just going to look for you. I thought it was too bad for you always to walk.—" "Well, my son," she replied, "you would not have found me; I've been to the city." "The city? ge-whittaker," and Leonard gave a prolonged whistle. "Yes," said Mrs. Giles, getting into the wagon, "and now I wish you to go to the station with me, and bring me my purchases."

Leonard mounted beside her saying: "And so the old man did shell out for once in his life, and give you a little money, did he?" Mrs. Giles reproved Leonard for speaking thus of his father, but he continued: "Well, I can't help it; I think it a mean shame; he never gives you a cent to spend, but sends you to the store at the station, with the same old order. "Please let the bearer have what she needs." I'd make it convenient to send a great many things, if I were you." It was late when Mr. Giles returned. He hastily dismounted and gave his horse to one of the boys. Entering the house, he called for his supper in no gentle tones. Egotistical supper was just ready. Having satisfied his ravenous appetite, he arose from the table saying, "Come, boys, it's time you were in bed; I'll want you up by daybreak in the morning," and setting the example, he went to bed and was soon sound asleep. About 11 o'clock Mrs. Giles having finished her work, and made preparation for an early breakfast, retired to rest. Being very much fatigued by the day's excitement, she soon slept heavily.

After the first nap Mr. Giles was restless and uneasy; he tossed and turned from side to side, but no more sleep for him. He concluded to get up. Having dressed himself he took the candle and proceeded to the kitchen. The slender tallow dip threw a lurid light around the kitchen. There stood a new stove, with its black and polished face, smiling upon him, a row of bright and shining tinware was neatly arranged on the shelf behind it. Turning, his eyes fell upon a washing machine with a wringer attached; taking hold of the crank, and giving a turn or two, he said: "A sewing machine, by thunder, but how in the name of common sense they set on it, is more than I can tell." Placing the candle on the table, he came in contact with a patent churn. "What, another blasted concern! Polly, Polly!" he exclaimed, seizing the candle

and hurrying back into the sleeping room. In his haste, his foot caught in the frame work of the sewing machine, and he fell full length in the middle of the floor, while the candle found a resting place on the opposite side of the room.

Mrs. Giles, suddenly roused from a sound sleep, started up in a bewildered manner, saying: "What is it, Phillip?" "What's the matter?" "Matter enough," growled he, picking himself up and rescuing the candle from its close proximity to the bedclothes.—"Who has been filling up the house with all that trumpery, and who do you think is going to pay for it? If you think I am you are much mistaken." Mrs. Giles sprang from the bed and assumed an air of dignity. "Phillip Giles," she said, "I have always faithfully endeavored to do my part as wife and mother. I have patiently borne my privations, thinking them necessary to husband our means, while you have used money without stint, to purchase machinery to lighten your work. Now I have resolved upon a change. What modern improvements, these are to facilitate woman's work I intend to have. Nay, do not interrupt me," she continued, as Mr. Giles made an effort to speak. "Those things are paid for, with the money dear old grandfather left me by his will. You loaned it to Mr. Harris, doing me neither the honor nor the justice to have the notes drawn in my name. Yesterday he paid it, I went to the city and made those purchases; they cost less than the mower you have just bought. The rest of the money I placed in the Savings Bank."

"In your name, I suppose?" said Mr. Giles. "Yes, in my name," continued Mrs. Giles, "that I might have the use of it when I wished. This farm was purchased with a part of that legacy, and hereafter I intend to see that my rights are respected, and my legal claims rightly adjusted." And she did.

### A MODERN WIFE.

"You're a pretty girl to be married!" said an aged aunt to her niece. "Why, what do you know about housekeeping—just from a boarding school? I am sure your husband has need of a mint of money?" "La, aunt, I expect to board; you need not think I shall bother my head about domestic affairs. Everybody boards now, who gets married genteelly, the first year." "What shall you pay a week for such kind of living?" inquired the aunt. "Mr. Hyde says that he can get first-class board and accommodations for fifteen dollars, two rooms beautifully situated, and I'm sure that's cheap enough."

"What is Hyde's salary?" "Why, six hundred dollars now, and the promise of promotion—perhaps eight hundred before the year is out." "So you are going to live on perhaps, are you?" Now let me tell you, Susie, you talk foolishly. If your husband is at present receiving six hundred, do you lay by one of them? It's all nonsense to go beyond your means."

"Why, aunt, nobody would respect us if we did not live as stylish as other people. There is a great deal in beginning." "True, child; that is what I am trying to impress upon you." The year passed away. Susie lived in style, paid fifteen dollars for board, received her genteel acquaintances, worked some very fancy netting, drew a few sketches from old paintings, grew tired of boarding, and was just entering upon fashionable housekeeping, when, lo! a defalcation came out. Hyde had taken money unlawfully, was arrested, held to bail, and a prison stared him in the face.

Susie did not believe him guilty; they had always lived so economical, and it could not be. But the trial proved otherwise and he convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for years.

"How came you to do, so Hyde?" asked the good old aunt. "To please my wife's fancy," was the reply. "She wanted to live like other people, and wishing to gratify her, in this way I committed my first breach of trust."

The broken-hearted wife lamented the beginning she had made, when, alas! it was too late to rectify it. She found respectability preferable to gentility.

She now lives at her father's, with a worse than widow's sorrow to harrow her feelings, and takes in sewing for a livelihood.

The plain road to ruin is here clearly marked out. We see what must have been the result of such a course, but are not thousands of others sacrificing their husband's reputations by less obvious but still as certain courses of extravagance. Away with the nonsensical thought that gentility demands such a sacrifice beyond one's ability. If you value the opinions of the truly worthy and estimable, you will find them always on the side of prudent expenditure and economical living.

### How to get on in the World.

A working man some time ago published his own biography, one of the most interesting little volumes that has appeared during the present century. It is as follows: "It may to some appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly if I omitted it.—When filling a cart with earth on a farm I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another workman. I pushed over what I had up to help him; so doubtless he did to me when he was first and I was last. When I have filled my columns of a newspaper with matter for which I was to be paid, I never stopped if I thought the subject required more explanation, because there was no contract for more payment, or no possibility of obtaining more. When I have lived in a barrack room, I have stopped work and taken a baby from a soldier's wife, when she had to work, and nursed it for her, or gone for water for her, or cleared another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so.

When I had been engaged in political literature and traveling for a newspaper, I have gone many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject to its minutest details, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the case, and this, when I had the work, was the most pleasant and profitable. When I have wanted work I have accepted it at any wages I could get, at a plow, in farm draining, stone quarrying, breaking stone, cutting wood, in a sawpit, as a civilian or soldier. In London I have groomed a cabman's horse and cleaned out a stable for six pence. I have since tried literature, and have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—both sought for and offered—ten guineas for.

But if I had not been contented to begin at the beginning and accept ten shillings, I should not have arisen to guineas. I have lost nothing by working, shatever I have been doing, with spade or pen. I have been my own helper. Are you prepared to imitate? Humility is always the attendant of sense, folly alone is proud.—A wise divine, when preaching to the youths of his congregation, was wont to say; "Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen and copper masters." "They only cure for pride is sense; and the only path to promotion is condensation. What multitudes have been ruined by the pride of their hearts!" Here is testimony worth treasuring in mind by everybody.

### Keep the Gate Shut.

An English farmer was one day at work in his field, when he saw a party of hunters riding about his farm. He had one field which was specially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramps of horses. So he dispatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden; but was scarcely at his post before the hunters came up, promptly ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain, one after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result; the boy remained immovable in the determination not to open the gate. After a while one of noble presence advanced, and said in commanding tones: "My boy, do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass thro'." The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass but with my master's express permission." Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said: "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong.—With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French but the world."

And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah, hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do.—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."—*Christian Week.*

SAVE A LITTLE.—Every man who is obliged to work for his living, should make it a point to save up a little money for that "rainy day" which we are all liable to encounter when least expected. The best way is to keep an account with the savings bank.—Accumulated money is always safe; it is always ready for use when needed. Scrape together five dollars, make your deposit, receive your bank-book, and then resolve to deposit a given sum, small though it be, once a month, or once a week, according to the circumstances. Nobody knows without trying it how easy it is to save money when an account with a bank has been opened. With such an account a man feels a desire to enlarge his deposit. It gives him lessons in frugality and economy, weans him from habits of extravagance, and is the very best guard in the world against intemperance, dissipation, and vice.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin forces its way into the sancter part of the soul, and is suffered to dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

### HOPE ON.

When thy life, like cloudy weather,  
Is with darkness overcast,  
And fate whirls thee like a feather,  
Borne upon the wintry blast;  
E'en when darkest skies are lowering,  
Let not hope forsake thy heart;  
Perchance it may, like summer's flowers,  
In glorious radiance start.

Hope thou on, when fate betide thee;  
Hope alone can comfort give;  
While thou hast a friend beside thee,  
Thou must have an aim to live.  
Hope, but not too much in earthly—  
Fleeting things that pass away;  
Ere the anxious hand has grasped them,  
They have mouldered to decay.

Hope, but not for fame or glory,  
Transient meteors, flaring on  
To a gilded name in glory;  
All too dearly are they won.  
Hope thou on, but not to follow  
After titles, rank, or wealth;  
This world's titles oft are hollow—  
Riches cannot give you health.

Hope thou on, yes, hope forever,  
In the trust that faileth not;  
Hope when we've crossed death's river,  
With the just to cast our lot.  
Hope still looking toward the fountain,  
Whence all healing waters flow;  
Hope that in the holy mountain  
We the joys of heaven may know.

### How to Speak to Children.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted upon a child, accompanied with words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language quite objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence.—What is it that lulls the infant to repose? It is an array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one, in letters syllables and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if but read in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence, is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof.—Is the boy growing rude in manner, and boisterous in speech? I know no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the presence of duty we are liable to utter ourselves harshly to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings.

Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.—A PATHETIC PICTURE.—George William Curtis paints the following pathetic picture, which every one could wish less true to nature: "I think of many and many a sad-eyed woman I have known in solitary country homes who seemed never to have smiled, who struggled with hard hands through melting heat and pinching cold to hold back poverty and want that hovered like wolves about an ever-increasing flock of children. How it was scoured in the morning, and scrub at night, and scold all day long!—How care buried the window like a cloud hiding the lovely landscape! How anxiety snarled at her heels, dogging her like a cur! How little she knew or cared that bobolinks, drunk with the melodies below, that the earth was telling the time of year with flowers in the woods above. As I think of these things, of this solitary, incessant drudgery, of the taciturn husband coming in heavy with sleep, too weary to need to talk to think, I do not wonder that the mad houses are so richly recruited from the farm houses as the statistics show."

A man ought to carry himself in this world as an orange tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden, swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.

A celebrated writer says that if one could read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil.

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every talent which a man can possess of.

Affliction fall upon some as the genial showers upon earth's bosom, to call forth air flowers from seeds long sterile.

There may be a hundred geese with all their quills in one pen. Science shows clearly that man has lived upon this earth for more than 6,000 years. If you always live with those who are laze, you will yourself learn to limp. Always on hand—Your thumb.

### Camp Meeting Incident

Some of our readers may remember the story of soaping the signal horn. The story runs that when a certain revivalist celebrity took up the horn, to summon the worshippers to services after dinner one day, he blew a strong blast of soap all over the astonished brethren. It is also said by the chronicler of this "item" that he cried out aloud:

"Brethren, I have passed through many tribulations and trials, but nothing like this. I have served the ministry for thirty years, and in that time never uttered a profane word, but I'll be— if I can't whip the man that soaped that horn!"

Well this is a strong story; but we have from a reliable authority, something a little stronger in the sequel to the same incident. This is given as follows:

Some two days after the horn soaping a tall, swarthy, villainous-looking desperado strolled on the ground and leaned against a tree, listened to the eloquent exhortation to repent which was made by the preacher. After a while he became interested, finally affected, and commenced groaning in the "very bitterness" of his sorrow. The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner he said. Oh, no, there was pardon for the vilest. No, he was too wicked—there was no hope for him.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" said the preacher, "have you stolen?" "Oh, worse than that!" "What! have you by violence robbed female innocence of its virtue?" "Worse than that—oh, worse than that!" "Murder is it?" gasped the now horrified preacher. "Worse than that!" groaned the sinner.

The excited preacher commenced "peeling off" his outer garments. Here, brother Cole!" he shouted, "hold your coat. I've found the fellow that soaped that horn."

### Josh Billings on Jersey Lightning.

Jersey lightning is cider brandy, three hours old, still born, and quicker than a flash. The juice is drunk raw by all old sports, and makes a promontory and hissing noise as it winds down the throat like an old she goose setting on eggs, or a hot iron stuck into ice water. Three horns a day of this licker will tan a man's interior in six months so that he can swallow a live six footed crab, feet first, and not waste a wink. It don't fat a man (cider don't) like whiskey do, but puckers him up like fried potatoes. If a man can survive the first three years drinking Jersey lightning, he is safe for the next 75 years to come, and keeps looking every day more and more like a three year old peppered, hotter and hotter. An old cider brandy drinker will steam, in a sudden shower of rain, like a pile of stable manure, and his breath smell like a bung-hole of a rum cask lately emptied. When Jersey lightning is just born it tastes like billing turpentine and cayenne, half and half, and will raise a blister on a fair old cowhide brogans in 15 minutes, and applied externally will cure rickets or kill the patient, I forget which. The first horn a man takes of this licker will make him think he has swallowed a gas light, and he will go out behind the bar and try to die, but kant.—The eyes of an old ciderbrandist looks like deep gashes about a ripe tomato, his nose is the complexion of a half boiled lobster, and the grizzle in his gullet sticks out like an elbow in a tin header. The more villainous the drink, the more inveterate are those who drink. I can't tell yer whether cider brandy will shorten an old sucker's days or not, for they generally outlive all the rest of the sinners, and die just as soon as the old-tavern stand changes hands, and is opened on temperance principles. One-bottle-or-sasaparilla or ginger pop is as fatal to the old fellers as a rifle ball is to a bed-bug.

SCHOOL TEACHING.—An item is going the rounds of the exchanges, stating that a woman school teacher in Utica, Wisconsin, allows the pupils five minutes to go out and see the railway train when it passes. This is a sensible teacher. In old times the windows of school houses were built so high as to prevent the little prisoners from looking out, and an elephant might pass by and the littleurchins be compelled to keep their eyes on their books, lest they might through the open door catch a glimpse of the animal.

No wonder boys and girls came to hate school hours, and to look upon them as the darkest hours of the twenty-four.—That woman teacher in Wisconsin is sound in her head; she favors "object teaching," she would give a recess were a menagerie to pass or a circus band to go by, and the children would study all the harder for the indulgence.

FELON ON THE FINGER.—Many persons suffer extremely from felons on the finger. These afflictions are not only painful, but frequently occasion permanent crippling of the members affected. The following simple prescription is recommended as a cure for this distressing ailment.—Take common rock salt, soda, as is used for salting down pork or beef, and mix with spirits of turpentine in equal parts; put on a rag and rap around the affected part, and as it gets dry put on more, and in twenty-four hours you are cured. The felon will be dead.

London is the largest city in the world, far surpassing all those of antiquity. According to Gibben, the population of ancient Rome, in the height of its magnificence, was 1,200,000; the population of Pekin is supposed to be about 2,000,000; that of London is over 3,000,000. One-twelfth of the population of the whole United States.

## Wit and Humor.

Why is an old maid like an unseasoned lemon? Sha'n't tell!

Why are the poor like carpets? They are held down by tax.

Many young men are so improvident they cannot keep anything but late hours.

The minister who boasted that he could preach without notes didn't mean bank-notes.

A Toledo young man was quite smitten by his neighbor's wife. She smote him with the rolling pin.

When a man has "no mind of his own" his wife generally gives him a piece of hers.

Who was the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Joseph, because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.

The man who steadily went through the whole bill of fare, and took each dish in succession, may be said to have "dined out."

"Peter," said a mother to her son, "aro you into them sweetmeats again?" "No, ma'am; them sweetmeats are into me."

A Danbury, Connecticut, dog has learned to bring in eggs from the barn, and his delighted owner names him Leg Hunt.

A clergyman asked a sea captain his views about a future state, and was answered that he did not meddle himself with state affairs.

An absent-minded resident of Danbury shut down a window, Monday, and forgot to draw in his head. He was calling for Helen Blazes when discovered.

The latest fashion in trimming bonnets is with four or five small humming-birds on the front, with lace rosettes and ribbons. The next thing will be to have a bird's nest on the top.

At a California Fair, recently, several bottles of strained honey were put on exhibition, when a chap put a bottle of castor oil with the rest. The opinion of all who tried it was, that the bee that made it was a fraud.

"What countryman are you?" inquired an English gentleman of a vagrant. "An Irishman, please your honor." His lordship asked, "Were you ever at sea?"—"Come, your honor," answered Paddy, "d'ye think I crossed from Dublin in a wheelbarrow?"

And Irishman who was reprieved the night before the time set for his execution, and who wished to get rid of his wife, wrote to her as follows: "I was yesterday hanged and died like a hero; do as I did, and bear it like a man."

A couple in Oregon got tired of living together, and mutually signed a paper which they drew for themselves—the wife giving her husband a full divorce, and wishing him all the happiness he could get," and the husband giving his wife a little rat colored mule.

A HARD CASE.—Mr. — had taken into his service, for general utility, a poor lad, for whose spiritual welfare he was of course, bound to look out. Desiring one morning to put in practice his benevolent intent, he called the boy to his study, and with a visage of the gravest sort said: "Sam, do you know you are a sinner?" "Yes," flatteringly replied Sam.

"Do you know what will become of you, if you do not repent?" Receiving no coherent reply, he launched into repentance and redemption encouraged by the evident impression made by his words, and feeling no small compunction the while that he had so long neglected a "subject of grace" promptly responded: "Sam, what is a sinner?" "Imagine the situation when the 'subject of grace' promptly responded: "Sinner, sir? Yes, sir; sinners is strings in turkey's legs, sir."

The snews of the parsons face relaxed.

In Boston, many years ago, there lived (as there do now, we venture to say), two young fellows, rather waggish in their ways, and who were in the habit of patronizing a tailor by the name of Smith.—Well, one day into his shop these two young bloods strolled. Says one of them: "Smith we've been making a bet. Now we want you to make each of us a suit of clothes, wait till the bet is decided, and the one that loses will pay the whole."

"Certainly, gentlemen, I shall be most happy to serve you," says Smith. And forthwith their measures were taken, and in due course of time the clothes were sent home. A month or two passed by, and yet our friend, the tailor, saw nothing of his customers. One day, however, he met them, and thinking it was almost time the bet was decided, he made up to them, and asked how their clothes fitted. "O, excellently," says one. "By-the-by, Smith, our bet isn't decided yet." "Why, I bet that when Banker Hill Monument falls, it will fall towards the south. Bill, here, took me up, and when the bet is decided, we'll call and pay you that little bill."