

SQUANDERED LIVES.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The fisherman wades in the surges, The sailor sails over the sea; The soldier steps bravely to battle, The woodman lays axe to the tree.

[How many a parent's heart will thrill with the agony of lacerated and undying affection for dear little ones loved and lost, as they read such lines as these! We know not the author's name, but the lines go straight to the heart of every bereaved parent.]

ADDRESS*

REV. SAMUEL J. NICCOLLS,

Delivered at Chambersburg, May 22d, 1863, before the 126th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers.

FELLOW CITIZENS.—It is custom alone which makes words necessary upon this occasion. These gathered multitudes proclaim beyond the power of expression the interest we all take in the glad event of to-day.

Brave Comrades! I salute you; and while I thank my fellow citizens that they have thought me worthy to be their representative on this occasion, I think myself most honored that I am in a measure identified with you and your history.

There have been times when citizens at home looked with apprehension and dread for the return of their armies from the wars. Hardened by rapine, inflamed with lust of conquest and demoralized by plunder, the fierce, restless soldier was but ill prepared to mingle in the quiet and peaceful scenes of civil life.

When the mail-clad legions of Rome returned from their wars of conquest and rapine, the imperial city became delirious with joy. And when the long "triumph" rolled through the shouting streets, bearing its trail of weeping captives and trophies, snatched from sacked cities and plundered empires, her citizens, their hearts swelling with Roman pride, vied with each other in honoring the soldiers who had fought for the glory of Rome.

Rev. S. J. NICCOLLS, CHAMBERSBURG, May 27, 1863. Received by the undersigned committee on behalf of the Local Citizens of Chambersburg, would most respectfully and earnestly solicit from you, for publication, a copy of your welcome address, to the 126th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, delivered May 22, 1863.

with that chivalry of the dark ages which delights in the bloody trade of arms; but it is as the soldiers of our country, as the heroic defenders of liberty and the sacred cause of constitutional government that we extend to you a welcome warm and feebly express.

Our hearts are filled with gratitude to God that so many of you have been permitted to return to us, for such lives as yours can but illy be spared in times like the present. He who shapes alike the destiny of men and nations, and whose watchful providence numbers the very hairs of our heads, has been merciful to you and good to us.

But there are none so base as is among us. All join in welcoming the returning soldiers of our country. Venerable age and blushing beauty, youth and manhood, fathers mothers and sisters have come forth to honor the brave. How shall I express this welcome? Where are the words aservient as the silent pressure of the hand, or eloquent as the glances that flash from eyes dimmed with tears?

My COUNTRYMEN.—It was in Rome rang with shouts of welcome to returning legions that her youth, intoxicated with the scene and fired with a love of glory, devoted themselves to the service of empire.

There have been times when citizens at home looked with apprehension and dread for the return of their armies from the wars. Hardened by rapine, inflamed with lust of conquest and demoralized by plunder, the fierce, restless soldier was but ill prepared to mingle in the quiet and peaceful scenes of civil life.

When the mail-clad legions of Rome returned from their wars of conquest and rapine, the imperial city became delirious with joy. And when the long "triumph" rolled through the shouting streets, bearing its trail of weeping captives and trophies, snatched from sacked cities and plundered empires, her citizens, their hearts swelling with Roman pride, vied with each other in honoring the soldiers who had fought for the glory of Rome.

Rev. S. J. NICCOLLS, CHAMBERSBURG, May 27, 1863. Received by the undersigned committee on behalf of the Local Citizens of Chambersburg, would most respectfully and earnestly solicit from you, for publication, a copy of your welcome address, to the 126th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, delivered May 22, 1863.

right from the stern arbitrament of sword and commit it to the tender mercies of scheming politicians; it was in vain to disband our armies, beg pardon of our foes, and recognize them or submit them as they might elect. Had we done so, then indeed might we dread your dogs, for how could we face the wrath of militant patriots whom we had thus outraged.

Our hearts are filled with gratitude to God that so many of you have been permitted to return to us, for such lives as yours can but illy be spared in times like the present. He who shapes alike the destiny of men and nations, and whose watchful providence numbers the very hairs of our heads, has been merciful to you and good to us.

But there are none so base as is among us. All join in welcoming the returning soldiers of our country. Venerable age and blushing beauty, youth and manhood, fathers mothers and sisters have come forth to honor the brave. How shall I express this welcome? Where are the words aservient as the silent pressure of the hand, or eloquent as the glances that flash from eyes dimmed with tears?

My COUNTRYMEN.—It was in Rome rang with shouts of welcome to returning legions that her youth, intoxicated with the scene and fired with a love of glory, devoted themselves to the service of empire.

There have been times when citizens at home looked with apprehension and dread for the return of their armies from the wars. Hardened by rapine, inflamed with lust of conquest and demoralized by plunder, the fierce, restless soldier was but ill prepared to mingle in the quiet and peaceful scenes of civil life.

When the mail-clad legions of Rome returned from their wars of conquest and rapine, the imperial city became delirious with joy. And when the long "triumph" rolled through the shouting streets, bearing its trail of weeping captives and trophies, snatched from sacked cities and plundered empires, her citizens, their hearts swelling with Roman pride, vied with each other in honoring the soldiers who had fought for the glory of Rome.

Rev. S. J. NICCOLLS, CHAMBERSBURG, May 27, 1863. Received by the undersigned committee on behalf of the Local Citizens of Chambersburg, would most respectfully and earnestly solicit from you, for publication, a copy of your welcome address, to the 126th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, delivered May 22, 1863.

which stand idly by to scorn and criticize the efforts a nation is putting forth to preserve its own life, and with a generous sympathy or helping hand proffers its aid. Let us all then rally around the flag of our country and our lawfully constituted authorities.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has just made the following highly important decision, covering the whole ground of the income tax:

The income tax must be assessed and paid in the district in which the assessed person resides. The place where a person votes, or is entitled to vote, is deemed his residence. When not a voter, the place where tax on personal property is paid is to be held the place of residence.

Profits realized from the sale of property during the year 1862, which property was purchased before the Excise law went into effect, should be returned as income for the year 1862.

Profits realized from the sale of property during the year 1862, which property was purchased before the Excise law went into effect, should be returned as income for the year 1862.

Profits realized from the sale of property during the year 1862, which property was purchased before the Excise law went into effect, should be returned as income for the year 1862.

Profits realized from the sale of property during the year 1862, which property was purchased before the Excise law went into effect, should be returned as income for the year 1862.

The profits of a manufacture on his business are not exempt from the income tax in consequence of his having paid an excise tax imposed by law upon articles manufactured by him.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has just made the following highly important decision, covering the whole ground of the income tax:

The income tax must be assessed and paid in the district in which the assessed person resides. The place where a person votes, or is entitled to vote, is deemed his residence. When not a voter, the place where tax on personal property is paid is to be held the place of residence.

Profits realized from the sale of property during the year 1862, which property was purchased before the Excise law went into effect, should be returned as income for the year 1862.

Profits realized from the sale of property during the year 1862, which property was purchased before the Excise law went into effect, should be returned as income for the year 1862.

Profits realized from the sale of property during the year 1862, which property was purchased before the Excise law went into effect, should be returned as income for the year 1862.

Profits realized from the sale of property during the year 1862, which property was purchased before the Excise law went into effect, should be returned as income for the year 1862.

What an immense amount of heroism among this class passes unnoticed, or is taken as a matter of course; not only in this most righteous war we are waging, but in those of all past time. For the soldier, he has his comrades about him should he shoulder; he has a wife if he falls nobly striving; but alas! the soldier's wife! Even an officer's wife who has sympathizing friends, who has the comforts and many of the luxuries of life; whose children's future is provided for if their father falls, what hours of dreadful suspense and anxiety she must pass, even in these favorable circumstances! How hard for her. But for the wife and the poor soldier, who in giving his husband to the country, has given every thing; who knows not whether the meal she and her little ones are eating may be the last for many a hungry desolate day; who has no friend to say, "well done" as the lagging weeks of suspense creep on, and she stands wearily at her post, keeping watch and starting at every sound, imagination busy among the heaps of dead and wounded, or traversing the wretched prison pens and shuddering at the thought of their demagogic keepers; keeping down her sobs as her little daughter trustfully offers up her nightly prayers; for papa dear to come home; or when her little son just old enough to read, traces slowly with his fingers the long list of the killed and wounded, "to see if father is there;" shrouding her eyes from the possible future of her children should her strength give out under the pressure of want and anxiety; no friend to turn to, when her hand is palsied with labor; nor waving banners, nor martial music, nor one procession to chronicle her valourous deeds; none but God and her own brave heart to witness her noble unaided struggle; when she thinks of these solitary words scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, "my heart warms towards them; and I would fain hold them up in their silent struggle, for all the world to admire.

When the history of this war shall be written (and that cannot be now) let the historian, what else soever he may forget, not to chronicle the sublime valor of the heart-throb, all over our struggling land.—Fanny Fern.

REBEL ACCOUNT OF VALLANDIGHAM'S RECEIPTION.

The Chattanooga Rebel of May 27, has the following account of Vallandigham's arrival in the rebel lines.

Mr. Vallandigham has just arrived in the rebel lines by a flag of truce, but the commander of the outpost refused to recognize it for any such purpose. The Federalist, becoming alarmed, retired, leaving Mr. Vallandigham, with his baggage, upon neutral ground. When our officers approached him he proposed delivering himself as a prisoner of war.

There was no demonstration, but everywhere he passed, those who had heard of his coming greeted him kindly and with silent tokens of sympathy and respect.

Mr. Vallandigham looks cheerful and seems to breathe easy on escaping from the Lincoln despotism. He very properly desires to avoid public demonstrations, and only asks that he may find a quiet refuge in our midst until such time as the voice of his people, relieved from a despotic government, shall call him again to their midst.

ABABIAN MAXIMS.—"The eye is nearer to the man than the eyelid is to the deed." "The little which suffices, is better than the much which disturbs us." "The best possession is a sincere friend." "The eulogium made on the spot is to incline our hearts to the presence of the best riches is contentment." "Labor for this life as if thou wert to live forever; and for the tier as if thou wert to die to-morrow." "Desire not the wise man or the fool for thine enemy, but guard thyself equally from the cunning of the wise man and the ignorance of the fool." "The man who contents himself to-day with that which he has, will content himself to-morrow with that which he may have." "There is no to-morrow, which can not be converted into to-day."

A SOUTHERN BOAST.—The Richmond Whig said some time previous to Stonewall Jackson's death: "Lee is the exponent of southern power; Jackson the expression of its energy, faith in God and in itself, its terrible courage, its enthusiasm and daring, its unconquerable will, its contempt of danger and fatigue." "Well, as we have destroyed the confidence of the 'faith in God and in itself, its energy, its enthusiasm and daring, its unconquerable will, and its contempt of danger and fatigue,' we need not be much afraid of the 'exponent of southern power,' unless he 'exponent of power' is a good deal stronger than 'his faith in God.'"—Nashville Union.

A FRIEND tells a story of a witness who makes a very nice distinction in the shade of lying. Being questioned by a lawyer as to the general reputation of another witness for truth, the witness was asked whether the individual was not a notorious liar.—"Why," said he, rolling an immense pipe of tobacco in his mouth, "not exactly so; but he is what I call an intermittent liar."

"WHAT'S that ar picture?" asked a man in a print store the other day, of the proprietor, who was turning over some engravings. "That, sir, is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still." "Dat'll which is Josh and which is his son?"

A LADY being asked what business her husband followed, said he was engaged in "finishing." Farther explanation was necessary and after a brief hesitation she continued—"finishing his time in the State Prison."

If a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time she would be a good deal said on both sides.

To all men the best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

When should a lovely young man, deserve to remain ever green? When he pines to become spruce.

To see if a girl is amiable—step on her dress in a ball room.

Worth has been under-rated, every since wealth was over-rated.

There is nothing dear than honesty—nothing sadder than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These things are in one piece, form the purest, sweetest, warmest, brightest and most steadfast happiness.