



By W. Blair.

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NO. 45

SELECT POETRY.



FOR GOD AND LIBERTY.

UNION BOND.

Hail freemen—brethren—sturdy sons
Of patriots true and brave,
Who sank in Glory's crimson field,
To fill an honored grave;
Arouse, and let the watch-word ring
Wide o'er land and sea;
Our glorious Union, now and e'er—
For God and Liberty!

What would you blot one peerless star
From our banner's blue?
Our blood-cemented compact rend?
You know not what you do!
Stand by the Flag, true hearts and bold!
Let this your watchword be:
Our glorious Union now and e'er—
For God and Liberty!

Hark! hear ye not that direful sound?
'Tis wild Disunion's cry!
Arouse!—before fair Freedom's hosts
The phantom dread shall fly!
Stand by the Flag! long may its folds
Wave o'er land and sea!
Our glorious Union now and e'er—
For God and Liberty!

THINGS TO CHERISH.

The eyes that look with love on thee,
That brighten with thy smile,
Or mutely bid thee hope again,
If thou art sad awhile;
The eyes that, when no words are breathed,
Gaze fondly into thine—
Oh! cherish them, ere they grow dim;
They may not always shine!

The faithful hearts around thee,
That glow with love and youth,
That find in thee a friend and guide,
Nor ravished of their truth;
The hearts whose beatings ye have heard,
When throbbing near our own—
Oh! cherish them; those beatings hushed,
Earth's dearest tones are gone.

The days when there are hearts and eyes,
That throbb and beam for thee;
The few brief hours when life doth seem
Bright as a summer sea;
The thrilling moments, when to speak
The full heart's joy is vain—
Oh! cherish them! once gone, alas!
They ne'er return again!

SELECT MISCELLANY.

MARCIA ANDERSON'S REWARD.

BY BELLA FRENCH.

It was a cold day in November in the city of —. The wind sighed mournfully, and the sleet rattled against the windows, making a dismal sound. All nature seemed to be mourning the death of the flowers, and even little Marcia Anderson sighed as she looked out of a window of her grand home and thought how long it would be before summer would come again. And, as she gazed out upon the warring elements, she noticed that a little boy, bare foot and ragged, sat upon the stone step in front of the house. He was crying bitterly. In an instant she had sprung from her chair. The next was beside the lad, with her little arms around his neck.

"What ails you, poor little boy?" she asked.

"O, I am so hungry, and we have nothing to eat. Mother and sister are starving, too. Mother can't get any work, nor I can't neither. O, I wish I could die!" sobbed the boy.

"Marcia! Marcia!" called a voice from within.

"There's mamma calling me," said the child; "she don't like to have me talk to ragged children; but papa says they are as good as we are."

"Marcia! Marcia!" was called again.

"There, I must go. But I'm sorry you are hungry, and I ain't got anything for you to eat. Oh, you shall have that bright silver dollar Uncle Joe gave me this morning. Here it is."

"Marcia, come in this instant!"

"Oh, you are so good!" exclaimed the boy. "I will never forget you—never!"

He raised his great melancholy eyes to her pitying ones as he spoke, and Marcia never forgot what volumes of gratitude was spoken there. A fashionably-dressed lady now made her appearance at the door.

"How dare you disobey me!" she asked of the trembling child, giving her a stinging slap upon her white shoulder. Then, catching her by the arm, she dragged her into the house and closed the door, leaving the boy with throbbing heart and flashing eyes standing outside.

Fifteen years had passed, and Marcia Anderson was alone in the world. Her fashionable mother had found an early grave, and her father had become a bankrupt, and had died with grief. Friends that once had smiled on her knew her not. She was truly alone.

One of her friends, a little more generous than the rest, had offered her a home until she could find another; but after a few weeks she received hints that she was no longer wanted, and, one day when she went out in search of employment, she determined not to return to that household. "But no one seemed to have anything for her to do. Night was coming on cold and dreary. Old friends passed her without the slightest nod of recognition; and even he who was to have been her friend and protector bowed coldly to her."

"And this is the world," she murmured. "When I could charm them with my gold they were all smiles; but now, that my gold is gone, they know me not. And Ar-

thur, too, is like the rest. Oh, Heaven, sustain me in this trying moment!"

At that moment a tall, handsome gentleman stepped up to her, and asked,

"Have I the honor of addressing Miss Anderson?"

"That is my name," she replied.

"Are you in search of a home and employment?" he asked.

She looked up into his face. It was a frank, manly one; she was not afraid to trust him, and she answered,

"Oh, yes. Can you tell me where I can find them?"

"Yes. Yonder white cottage, with the green blinds, is not a stylish house, but it is a quiet comfortable one. And there is a loving mother, a gentle sister, and a sweet little cousin ever waiting to greet me with a smile and a kiss as they are now waiting to greet you."

She looked up in astonishment and said,

"I do not think I understand you rightly."

"Miss Anderson," he went on, with enthusiasm, "once a very little girl gave a silver dollar to a starving boy, and was punished for so doing. The food and fuel that money purchased revived a starving family; and the next day they went out in search of employment, and found it. Gradually, as the boy neared manhood, their circumstances changed, until, at last, they found themselves in a happy home, surrounded by all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. But deep in the heart of each is enshrined the memory of that angel child; and her name is there a household word, 'too sacred to be mentioned before the rude world.' Miss Anderson, the boy is here, the mother and sister are waiting for you in the cottage yonder. Will you be my sister?"

"I remember you," she said looking up into his face with a happy smile. "Heaven has indeed raised me up a friend; I will be your sister, but I will work with you and not be a burden to you."

"Well, if you must have employment, I have a little cousin whom you may teach when you have learned to love her for her own sake."

A few moments later Marcia found herself clasped in the arms of Walter Wayland's mother, who welcomed the orphan with true affection, and called her daughter. But when the bright-eyed maiden, April came, dropping flowers at every step, and whispering sweet songs in the ears of the birds, Marcia had indeed found a mother, as well as a noble husband, upon whose marble bosom she might lay her head, and say that she was truly blessed.

The Heroes that Have Died.

The papers have done their full share toward honoring Gen. Baker down to fame. It is well that they should do so; he was worthy, and his name and his fame will be cherished and remembered in future time. So has it been with Ellsworth, so with Winthrop, and so with the noble Gen. Lyon. They have been the subject of frequent and well deserved eulogy and eulogy. The nation has felt their loss and mourned over their death, even though, in dying, they became doubly famous. We would not have had it otherwise and would not detract one iota from the merit, gallantry, or nobleness of either of them. Would to God they were living to-day, to take part in the great struggle which must still go on though they have died.

But while remembering and cherishing, the noted ones who have yielded all upon the altar of their country, and yet bequeathed a legacy of honor to their posterity, we would not forget the unnoted brave, who have died and made no sign. Just as noble, just as brave, in all the elements of true manly nobility and heroic bravery, as General Baker, fell out of the ranks of common soldiers at Ball's Bluff, and died for their country. The blood that they shed, the lives that they gave, the sacrifice that they made, were just as noble, precious and priceless as his. Yet they are among the unnoted and unrecorded brave.

So of Big Bethel, so of Wilson's Creek, so of Bull Run, and wherever lives have been lost and blood has been shed. The same noble purpose, the same patriotic sacrifice was made by the common soldier as by the famous to whom we have referred. What tongues shall tell and what pen record, the heroism—heroism in its highest sense—which has been displayed in Western Virginia, in weary march, in dismal camp, on lonely guard, in battle or in hospital, by a multitude of brave men who left all the treasures of home and affection, and rounded their days by a sacrifice of their lives? To the world they are all unknown save as so many "killed," so many "dead in hospital," so many "picked up shot," but not to the smaller circle of which they formed a part. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, neighbors, will guard just as jealously the relics they have left and their memory, as a nation will those of Baker and Lyon.

But let them all be treasured by the great popular heart alike entitled to honor and fame. If Baker or Lyon were important to the nation, if their loss was a calamity to the country, yet as far as they were each concerned they have no more than each man of the rank and file who has died. They only gave their lives and could do no more. So their brave men did also and had they possessed a Baker's genius or a Lyon's military ability, they would just as readily have made the sacrifice. Alike noble, alike brave, alike worthy of the nation's tears, the humblest soldier in the ranks, as the noble general in the land.—Sandusky Register.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF HON. GEORGE A. CRAWFORD.

Delivered at Leavenworth, Kansas October 19, 1861.

[Phonographically reported for the Conservative.]

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The position which I occupy before you to-night in not one of my own choosing. By representatives of the Republican and Democratic Parties I have been asked to make a canvass on the basis of a Union of parties for the sake of the Union. DEMOCRATS OFFERED ME THE NOMINATION ON A DISTINCTIVE PARTY PLATFORM AND I DECLINED IT. I told them that until the war was ended, I could take no party position. Republicans said that one who had been a Democrat would better harmonize the conflicting elements in the State; that to nominate one of their own party would only be to perpetuate the old war between Gen. Lane and Gov. Robison. I appear before you to-night to harmonize, not to disturb. Not that the next Administration of your State shall be Democratic or Republican; that was not asked of me and would not have been granted by me. They took me upon character, took me as I am. A Democrat heretofore, I deem it my duty to discourage party organizations. If I had encouraged a Democratic organization in your State there would have been men found who were on the alert to find fault with President Lincoln's Administration; men who would have arrayed public sentiment against the President when he was spending sleepless nights and days in prosecuting this war. I know but one party—the party of the friends of this Government, irrespective of past antecedents. [Cheers.]

Republicans, in a fair fight on the Presidential question, won the day. They are in power in the General Government and in every Northern State, and at such a time it is magnanimous in them to recognize such Democrats who are true to the Constitution and the Union. And it is not less magnanimous in Democrats to turn out by thousands upon thousands to defend an Administration to which they were politically opposed. Democrats who go to the field and fight side by side with Republicans are anxious that their friends at home should work together as brothers. The citizens of New York, Ohio and other Northern States, have pledged themselves to forget past differences in support of the Stars and Stripes. [Applause.]

To those of our friends in the East, at our old homes, who have known our former enemies, to them it will seem strange that we of Kansas have at last harmonized in one combination. But when they remember that on the field of battle our soldiers stood shoulder to shoulder; that at Springfield—made immortal by Kansas valor—Republicans and Democrats fought and fell together, [cheers] they will not be surprised that we at home have come together as have our brothers on the glorious field of battle. When Col. Deitzler lay bleeding upon the field who asked whether he was a Republican or Democrat? When Col. Mitchell, exhausted from loss of blood, was tearfully resigning the command of the gallant Second to Col. Blair, with the injunction that he should "see that they sustain the honor of Kansas," who thinks of tarnishing the glory of the soldier by any halting inquiry into his political antecedents? Or when Col. Blair, all through the storm of bullets, perilled his life the better to shield his heroic boys from death—or when the gallant Major Cloud made himself present wherever dangers came thickest—who hesitates to honor them—never once knowing or caring whether they are Democrats or Republicans. When Major Halderman was told by Gen. Sturgis to dismount or he would be killed, and he replied "a man might as well die for his country on horseback as on foot"—we all admire the soldier's spirit of self-sacrifice—and nobody I hope is base enough to turn the heroic deeds of Springfield to party account.

No, gentlemen, these questions are not asked in the presence of the foe. I recollect having read an account of two soldiers, Union and Secessionist, who, having fought a desperate hand to hand encounter, lay expiring upon the field; in that dying moment the Secessionist turned and said: "We have been enemies; let us die together. My friends, it is the nature of danger to harmonize enemies. At such a time as this, when the rebels dug a deep grave into which they are trying to drag you and me and our common country, at such a perilous moment, it is natural that men who love their country should act as one man."

If I am elected to the position of Governor of Kansas, I stand not as a partisan Governor. I shall recognize men of ability and integrity whatever has been their past antecedents. I shall upon the Union platform on which I have been nominated. I do not think it necessary that we should quarrel upon old issues. The Republicans said, Slavery must be voted out of the Territories by Congress, the Democrats said, let the people there in decide it for themselves. Now, my friends, who of us knows that when this war is ended there will be a single slave left to legislate over. [Great cheering.] It is the arrogance of Slavery that has built up the conspiracy which seeks to overthrow the best Government ever framed. [Renewed applause.] And the people are determined that this Government shall be preserved even if the last shackles is struck from the last slave.—[Cheers.]

I deem it our duty to perpetuate this Government though every letter shall be broken and the head of every rebel (all upon the block of the executioner. [Applause.] I think with Judge Douglas, that this is the most baseless rebellion, the most wicked conspiracy in the tide of time. Common thievery it is not, common robbery it is not, but it is all these combined. It is more. It is wholesale robbery and murder. It strikes at the life of a nation, knowing that in all history a nation once dead has not lived again.

My friends, what harm had this Government done to any man? It protected, it sheltered. Our courts were open to the humblest as well as the highest. We gave postal facilities to every man who now strives to strike us down. Their very strength in war proves the beneficence of the Government under which they were nurtured.

Within the lifetime of a single man we have grown from three millions to thirty millions. Beginning without a navy we now float more vessels than any other nation on earth. You have all over the country the evidence of the greatest prosperity and the largest individual happiness that has been presented since the world began. So prosperous had our country become that our nation began to attract the attention of the whole world. Hither did they come from the Rhineland, from old Ireland, from all Europe, that they might rear their families in comfort and in opulence, and enjoy that protection which the strong arm of one of the first powers of the earth is able to throw around the cottages of the poor and the palaces of the rich.

Why, a few years ago, in the Turkish waters, the Austrian Government seized an adopted citizen of this country. The American officer numbered the minutes by his watch within which Austria should give up the prisoner, and prepared his guns to give them a broadside if the demands were not complied with. The world soon resounded with the shout, "Martin Koza is free." The Austrians knew our power, and Koza realized that to be an American citizen is a surer passport in every distant port and island of the sea than ever Rome knew.

And yet here a conspiracy springs up simply because a political party succeeded in obtaining power in a fair and open contest by an appeal to the ballot-box. They broke up the Democratic party in order to have the Republican elected, and thus the easier break up the Government.

Now they confiscate the Government property, they have taken your Forts, your arsenals, your dockyards, your mints. Nay, they have gone further and warned every man who is true to the Government to leave their States. They have stolen the property of every man who is domiciled in the North. AND SHALL THIS GOVERNMENT HESITATE TO CONFISCATE THE PROPERTY OF THE NEGROES, ALL THE PROPERTY OF THE REBELS? I would enact, were I in the Legislature, the confiscation of all the Rebel property, and if I could not touch their sympathies or their hearts, I would touch their pockets. The deaths, the distresses of battle are as much of war as we should share with them. I propose that the rebels foot the bill. [Applause.]

Fellow citizens, I deem it important that the State of Kansas should be a unit upon the war question, for a vigorous persecution of the war, will save the effusion of blood, save taxes, fields, firesides, country!

When the enemy is at our doors it ill becomes us to be warring among ourselves. As a citizen of Kansas I shall not consent to a peace compromise until Missouri is like us. [Great cheering.]

There is a broad strip of country that lies between us and our old homes and the graves of our fathers, and I do not propose that it shall be an enemies' country. ["Good," "Good."] As General Lane aptly said, "a single enemy in a single night can destroy your telegraph and your railroad communication and cut you off from your Government."

I do not propose that this war shall end until Missouri is secure, and if you elect me Governor I shall act with Governor Gamble—the Union-Governor of Missouri—in driving every rebel from her borders. [Applause.] I would visit, if necessary, the Governor of Illinois, of Wisconsin, of Iowa; I would combine the influence of the Northwest so that no proposition of peace should reach the ear of the President until Missouri was secure. [Prolonged cheering.]

I don't propose to have your wives and children shot down on the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad; nor little newboys way-laid as they stand on the platform of the cars. I don't propose to have men like Lieutenant Shaw, who made himself, and helped to make Kansas, immortal at Springfield, mashed up in cars and killed at Platte River Bridges.

Let us have a new Western Department, for Missouri has proved to be as much as one man can attend to. Let us appeal to the loyal States till we have twenty thousand men here, and it won't be long till every rebel is banished into Dixie. [Applause.]

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At this time the President is often obliged to call into council the Governors of States, and if I am called upon I shall see to it that Kansas has a voice at Washington. I shall put forth every exertion to give aid and comfort to our brothers who have gone to the field of battle, and see to it that they receive proper attention in the way of clothing, arms, pay and promotion.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT—LABOR.—Why, man of idleness, labor reared you in the cradle, and has nourished your pampered life; without it, the woven silks and wool upon your back would be in the fold.—For the meanest thing that ministers to human want save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air, by God's ordination, is breathed with labor. It is only the drones who toil not, who infest the hive of activity like masses of corruption and decay. The lords of the earth are working men, who can build up or cast down at their will, and who retort the sneer of the "soft hand," by pointing to their trophies wherever art, science, civilization, and humanity are known.—Work on, man of toil! thy royalty is yet to be acknowledged as labor rises onward to the highest throne of power. Work on and in the language of a true poet, be:

"A glorious man and thy renown shall be
Born by winds and waters through all time—
While there's a soul to carry it on the sea
From clime to clime,
Or God ordains that illness is crime."

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—Don't overlook their importance because they are writing for Children. Children's books, little though they be, are the GREAT Educators of the people. In darker ages the ballads of the people were the germs of their laws, much more now are children's books the basis of the body politic, for they are really at the foundation of national intelligence. And of all books for children, the Reading Books used in the schools, exceeding all other juvenile books in number, exert the greatest influence in educating the people, and in moulding national character. How important, then, that the Reading Books should combine all possible excellencies.

The remark was well founded which Crater, the Theban, was accustomed to make that if it were possible, he would stand on the highest place in the city, and cry out, with all his power: "What are you thinking of, you people, that you are devoting all your industry to the acquisition of riches, but take no care at all of your children, to whom are you going to leave them?"

I might add, that such a father behaves like one who bestows all his care on the sandal, but neglects the foot above it.—Plutarch.

"My friend lives three miles from the post-office; and one stormy night last winter he told his new help to harness the horse to go down to the office, and see what was down in his box, giving him the number in due time Jerry returned, and putting up his horse made his appearance at the library door of Mr. C., who sitting in gown and slippers, was impatiently waiting the arrival of the mail.

"Well, Jerry, what was there for me?"

"Two letters and a paper, Sir."

"Well hand them to me! What are you standing there for?"

"Indeed, Sir, and you didn't tell me to bring them, at all at all!"

"Mr. C., finding that Jerry had the best of it, asked him what he went to the office for."

"You told me to go to the office and see what was in the box, and haven't I done it sure!"

"Jerry had to harness up again, and take another ride in the cold; muttering as he went that he wished his Honor would be after manning what he said next time."

There is an effected humility more unsufferable than downright pride, as hypocrisy is more abominable than libertinism. Take care that your virtues be genuine and unostentatious.

Learning, it is said, may be an instrument of fraud; so may bread, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death. Each may be equally effective for evil.

Words are nice things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power.—Fifty spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and the summer rain—but when unfeeling, like the frost, the hail, and the desolate tempest.

The cup of patience is carved by angel hands, set around with diamonds from the mines of Eden, and filled at the eternal fount of goodness.

Nothing is nobler than the aristocracy instituted by God; few things are poorer than that set up by men.

First infancy, dies then childhood, then youth, then manhood, then old age, and then we make an end of dying.

Our customs and habits are like the ruts in the roads. The wheels of life slide into them; and we jog along through the mire, because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

Riches and prosperity will either kill with care, or suffer with delight.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail and mankind the vessel.

broken and the head of every rebel (all upon the block of the executioner. [Applause.] I think with Judge Douglas, that this is the most baseless rebellion, the most wicked conspiracy in the tide of time. Common thievery it is not, common robbery it is not, but it is all these combined. It is more. It is wholesale robbery and murder. It strikes at the life of a nation, knowing that in all history a nation once dead has not lived again.

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At this time the President is often obliged to call into council the Governors of States, and if I am called upon I shall see to it that Kansas has a voice at Washington. I shall put forth every exertion to give aid and comfort to our brothers who have gone to the field of battle, and see to it that they receive proper attention in the way of clothing, arms, pay and promotion.

HUMOROUS.



If a man is doomed to a stake, he would generally prefer that it should be beef or venison.

If you wish to have a writer's praise take especial care to write a little worse than he does.

The law should clench its fists when it finds rogues slipping through its fingers.

Difficulties and strong men, like strap and razor, are made for each other.

Respectability is a thing that many people are willing to run in debt for.

Treat your family kindly, but put your horses and cattle nightly to the rack.

A due bill puts an additional pair of wings to the back of Time.

He who knows his ignorance is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

In the end all men find the devil's work the hardest they ever undertook.

The hatred of those who are the most nearly connected is the most inveterate.

We are commanded to let our light shine before men; the man with a red nose keeps his light shining before himself.

Almost every young lady is public spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

It is fortunate for fortune that she is blind, else she might blush to behold the fools she patronizes.

Cincinnati Pork Merchants!—Wholesale cut-throats for the fore quarters of a pig doom!

Cause and Effect.—Take a pinch of snuff, and most likely it will bring out a chew.

What will be the final signal for a gambler to give up his tricks? The sound of the fast trump!

"BRED TO BE TRAVED."—The Miller produces the "grub," and the grub makes butter fly.

What two birds will a person get, if in jumping after a boat, he should miss and fall in the water? A duck and a swallow!

"Queen Elizabeth, who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop we sink."

Without plenty of cavalry, we need never expect to have a stable Government.

Why is money like the letter P? Because it makes an ass pass.

"Marriage," says an unfortunate husband, "is the church yard of love." "And you men," replied the not less unhappy wife, "are the grave diggers."

Many pride themselves upon being wild young men, who are only wild beasts.

Man and Wife, like verb and nominative, should always agree.

The first love song in Paradise was a new ditty, and the first fashion in regard to dress, was the Fall style!

The smallest are nearest God, as the smallest stars are nearest the sun.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends in.

It makes a very material difference to a lamb whether he is gathered into the fold by a shepherd or a snake.

Be not proud of riches but afraid of them lest they be as silver bars to cross the way to heaven.

"Is that bell ringing for fire, Davy?" inquired a youth from the Green Mountains. "No, they have too much fire somewhere down town, and they ring that bell for water."

To undertake to reason a girl out of love is as absurd as would be the attempt to extinguish Vesuvius with a syringe. The only thing that will break a love fit is hard work and mutton chops. Good advice and indolence only makes things worse.

A shiftless, but romantic young fellow, borrowed five dollars from a lady, and of course forgot to pay it. After waiting several months the lady dunned him for the money. "Pardon my neglect," said he; "the fact is, you yourself are the cause of your not being paid."—"How so?" asked the lady. "Because, when I see you I forget all worldly matters—in short, I forget myself in Heaven!"