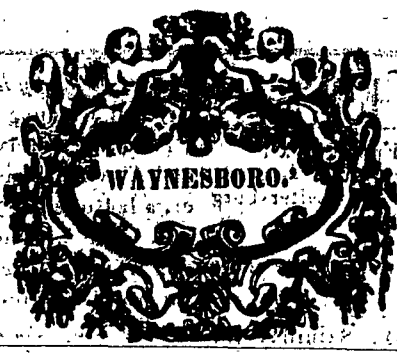


# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.]

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$1.50 Per Annum, in Advance

VOL. XV.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1862.

No. 47

## SELECT POETRY.



### OLDEN MEMORIES.

Olden memories of my childhood,  
When in joy I roamed the wildwood,  
Come again on fairy pinions,  
Lure me out of grief's dominions,  
Drive away my pain and anguish,  
Let me not in sorrow languish,  
In my dreams, oh! hover o'er me,  
Light the gloomy path before me.

Bring again my angel mother,  
And my darling little brother,  
Bring the once familiar faces,  
Olden haunts and olden places,  
Bring the cot amid the roses,  
Where my heart in bliss reposes.  
Olden memories, come to cheer me;  
Ever, ever, be ye near me.

### FLAG OF OUR UNION.

Beautiful flag! of earth so bright,  
Fall thy radiant beam of light,  
As thou floatest o'er land and sea—  
Flag of our Union! flag of the free!

In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,  
"Guard me ever from treason's sway!  
Keep my color and stars as true,  
As the sun and stars in the sky so blue."

Wave on, oh flag of truth divine,  
And may our souls' affections twin  
Around thee as thou wav'st afar—  
Flag of our Union! flag of our war!

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

### THE WHITE SPARROW.

#### A Lesson for Men of Falling Fortunes.

"Sleep is the worst of thieves—  
He steals half of our lives."  
In most parts of Germany there passes  
current among the people this proverb:

"He that would thrive  
Must the white sparrow see."  
The meaning of this proverb is not at  
first sight so apparent as that of some oth-  
ers, but it circulates among us, such as "Early  
habits make the man" and "Honesty  
is the best policy." I will, therefore, re-  
late the story connected with its origin:

There was an old farmer, with whom  
everything appeared to grow worse from  
year to year. Scarcely a week passed by  
that either the tax gatherer or the pawn-  
broker did not come to his window, and  
address him with a courteous bow, say-  
ing, "I am really very sorry, Herr Buck-  
wart, to be compelled to put you in an in-  
convenience, but I am obliged to do my duty."  
The old friends of Herr Buckwart also  
tried to do their duty to him. They ad-  
vised, they entreated, and they helped him;  
but all in vain; and so one after another  
gave him up in despair, declaring, with a  
sigh, that as for Buckwart, there was no  
use in trying to help him—he was past  
being helped.

He had one friend, however, whose  
heart was in the right place, and he was  
not only a good man, but a very clear  
sighted one. This friend thought he would  
give Herr Buckwart up altogether  
without making one more attempt to save  
him. So one day he led the conversation,  
as though accidentally, to the subject of  
sparrows—relating many anecdotes of  
these birds, and observing how greatly  
they had multiplied of late, and how very  
cunning and voracious they had become.

Herr Buckwart shook his head gravely  
in answer to this observation, and said:  
"They are, indeed, most destructive  
creatures. For my part, I have not the  
slightest doubt that it is mainly owing to  
their depredations that my harvest has  
of late years been unproductive."

To this conjecture his old friend made  
no rejoinder; but, after a moment's pause,  
he continued the conversation by another  
interrogation.

"Neighbor, have you ever seen a white  
sparrow?"

"No," replied Buckwart; "the sparrows  
on my fields are of the common grey sort."  
"That is very probable," too," rejoined  
his friend. "The habits of the white spar-  
row is peculiar to itself. Only one comes  
into the world every year; and being so  
different from its fellows, the other spar-  
rows take a dislike to it, and peck at it  
when it appears before them. For this  
reason it seeks its food early in the morn-  
ing, before the rest of the feathered tribe  
are astir, and then goes back to its nest,  
where it remains for the rest of the day."

"That's very strange!" exclaimed Buck-  
wart. "I must really try and get a sight  
of that sparrow; and, if possible, I will  
catch it, too."

On the morning following this conver-  
sation the farmer rose with the sun, and  
led forth into the field. He walked around  
his farm, searched his farm yard in every  
corner, examined the roofs of his garrets  
and the trees of his orchards, to see whether  
he could discover any traces of the won-  
derful white sparrow. But the white spar-  
row, to the great disappointment of the  
farmer, would not show itself or stir  
from its imaginary nest. What vexed the  
farmer, however, still more, was that, al-  
though the sun stood high in the heavens  
by the time he had completed his round,  
not one of his farm laborers were astir;  
they, too, seemed resolved not to leave  
their beds.

Herr Buckwart was reflecting on the  
disadvantages of this state of things, when  
suddenly he perceived a lad coming out of  
the house carrying a sack of wheat on his  
shoulders. He seemed to be in great haste  
to get out of the precincts of the farm; and  
Herr Buckwart soon perceived that his

steps were not bent toward the mill, but  
toward a public house where Casper had  
a long score to pay. He hastened after  
the astonished youth and quickly relieved  
him of his burden.

The farmer next bent his steps to the  
cow-house, and peeping to see whether the  
white sparrow had perchance taken refuge  
there, he discovered to his dismay that the  
milk maid was handing a liberal portion  
of milk through the window to her neigh-  
bor.

"A pretty sort of housekeeping this is!"  
thought the farmer to himself, as he has-  
tened to his wife's apartment, and aroused  
her from her slumbers. "As sure as my  
name is Ruckwart," he exclaimed in an  
angry tone, "there must be an end to these  
lazy habits. Everything is going wrong  
from the want of somebody to look after  
things. So far as I am concerned," thought  
the good farmer to himself, "I will rise ev-  
ery day at the same hour I rose this morn-  
ing, and then I shall get my farm cleared  
of those who do not intend to do their  
duty properly. Besides who knows but  
some fine morning or other I may succeed  
in catching the white sparrow."

Days and weeks passed on. The farmer  
adhered to his resolution; and he soon  
forgot the white sparrow, but only looked  
after the cattle and his corn fields. Soon  
everything around him wore a flourishing  
aspect, and men began to observe that Herr  
Ruckwart (Backward) now well deserved  
to be called Herr Vorwart (Forward). In  
due course of time this old friend again  
came to spend the day with him, and in-  
quired in a humorous tone,

"Well, how are you getting on now?—  
Have you succeeded in catching a glimpse  
of the white sparrow?"

The farmer only replied to this question  
by a smile, and then, holding out his hand  
to his old friend, he said, "God bless you  
Herr! you have saved me and my family  
from ruin."

Often in after years, when Herr Ruck-  
wart was a prosperous man, he was wont  
to relate the history of his early life; and  
thus, by degrees, the saying passed into a  
proverb—

"He that would thrive  
Must the white sparrow see."

### Precautions.

1. Never sleep in a room where there  
is any green paper on the walls, as this  
color is made of arsenic or lead; the former  
is by far the most dangerous, being schieles  
green, and is known positively by a drop  
of muriatic on the green, leaving it white.

2. White glazed visiting cards contain  
sugar of lead, and will poison a child who  
is tempted to chew them from the slight  
sweetish taste.

3. Green glazed cards used for concert  
tickets are still more poisonous; a single  
one of them contains a grain and a half of  
arsenic, enough to kill a child.

4. Never put a pin in the mouth or be-  
tween the teeth for a single instant, because  
a sudden effort to laugh or speak may con-  
vey it into the throat, or lungs, or stomach,  
causing death in a few minutes, or requir-  
ing the windpipe to be cut open to get it  
out; if it has passed into the stomach it  
may, as it has done, cause years of suffer-  
ing, ceasing only when it has made its way  
out of the body through the walls of the  
abdomen or other portions of the system.

5. It is best to have no button or string  
about any garment during the night. A  
long, loose night gown is the best thing to  
sleep in. Many a man has facilitated an  
attack of apoplexy by buttoning his shirt  
collar.

6. If you wake up of a cold night and  
find yourself very restless, get out of bed,  
standing on a piece of carpet or cloth of  
any kind, and spend five or ten minutes in  
rubbing the whole body vigorously and rap-  
idly with the hands, having previously  
thrown the bed clothing toward the foot of  
the bed so as to air both bed and body.

7. If you find that you have inadvertently  
eaten too much, instead of taking some-  
thing to settle the stomach, thus adding to  
the load under which it already labors, take  
a continuous walk, with just enough activ-  
ity to keep up a very slight moisture or  
perspiration of the skin, and do not stop  
until entirely relieved, but end your exer-  
cise in a warm room, so as to cool of very  
slowly.

8. Never put on a pair of new boots or  
shoes on a journey, especially on a visit to  
the city; rather wear your earliest, oldest  
pair, otherwise you will soon be painfully  
disabled.

9. A loosely fitting boot or shoe, while  
traveling in winter, will keep the feet  
warmer without any stockings at all than a  
tight pair over the thickest, warmest hose.

10. Riding against a cold wind, immedi-  
ately after singing or speaking in public, is  
suicide.

11. Many public speakers have been  
disabled for life by speaking while laboring  
under hoarseness of voice.

12. If you happen to get wet in cold  
weather, keep on foot with a rapidly suffi-  
cient to keep off a feeling of chilliness un-  
til you get into the house, and not waiting  
to undress, drink instantly and plentifully  
of hot tea of some sort then undress, wipe  
dry quickly and put on warm, dry clothes.

13. Never go to bed with cold feet, if  
you want to sleep sound.

14. If a person faints, place him instant-  
ly flat on a bed, or floor, or earth, on his  
back, and quietly let him alone at least for  
ten minutes; if it is simply a fainting fit,  
the blood flowing on a level will more  
speedily equalize itself through the system.  
Cold water dashed in the face, or a sitting  
position, are both unnecessary and pernicious.

15. Never blow your nose, nor spit the

product of a cough, nor throw a fruit peep  
upon the side-walk.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

[Published by Request.]

### A YOUNG TEACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

An Essay read by A. B. Wingert, before  
the Teacher's Association, held in Cham-  
bersburg, December 25, 1861.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—That Teach-  
ing is a Profession cannot be denied, since  
we are told that what men follow, as a  
means of subsistence, and profess to under-  
stand is a Profession. Regarding Teaching  
as a Profession, it essentially follows that it  
has a bright side and a dark side, as other  
Professions have. Yet, we are not quite  
willing to yield concession to the doctrine  
that the repellent charms of the bright  
side of this Profession are of the same de-  
gree as those of other Professions; nei-  
ther do we believe that the disheartening effects  
of the dark side are of the same degree as  
those of other Professions. The nobles-  
sness of the course which engages the mind,  
and there realized only in the second stage  
of man's existence, will greatly improve the  
splendors of the bright side; while the very  
nature of all things around us, assays to  
teach us that an equal effect will take place  
in increase of the obstacles met with on  
the dark side. These begin when the  
first thoughts of becoming a Teacher be-  
gin. Is the business a respectable one? is  
a very natural question for a young man to  
ask, before enlisting in it. To determine  
this point the young enquirer must give no  
heed to what the people say of it, or even  
his professed friends. One good friend,  
will approach you with, "don't go to that  
business, it don't pay; can't get school  
keeping more 'n half the time, any how;  
and what little money you do make you'll  
spend for books for school masters think  
they must have all kinds of books." An  
other meets you with, "I heard you're go-  
ing to commence to teach school, (and put-  
ting on a face of impressive honesty,) now  
I wouldn't do that, it's a mean business;  
it robs the townships; it takes money out  
of people's pockets who has no children to  
send to school; and more 'n that, it makes  
young women and young men proud and  
independent and too lazy to work. I  
wouldn't like that; I'd work for my living,  
as all honest people do." Yet still deter-  
mined to try, and encouraged by a few  
friends of education who entertain hopes  
of his success, and more than all, charmed  
and elated by the thoughts, that he shall  
act the *Monarch* of forty of fifty pupils,  
holding the kingly scepter in his own hands  
with nothing to do, but to tell them when  
to study and when not to study, and fully  
convinced that the profession is a respect-  
able one, the would-be-teacher tells him-  
self into the cause with a whole heart.—  
The road to the wished for destination of  
all experimenters is strewn over with dif-  
ferent kinds of obstacles; and the young  
tyro experimenting in the preliminaries of  
the Teacher's Profession, finds one of no  
small magnitude, in his sight, embodied in  
a personage, under a respectable looking  
hat; with a commission in his pocket, to  
examine teachers, and having Superintend-  
ant attached to his name, which is a long  
word, and has the full effect to impress the  
belief on the mind of the young candidate  
that he must have long questions to ask,  
to correspond with his long name. Wishing  
to know something of this he visits the  
oldest Teacher with whom he is acquainted,  
(and who perhaps not knowing the  
meaning of progress as well as old loggism  
finds the Superintendent a severe thorn in  
his side,) and inquires of him; the descrip-  
tion that this old and tried veteran gives  
the young applicant, of the Superintendent,  
will depend much on the expressive features  
of the last certificate received from him.—

Mustered courage on the morning of  
the examination he goes; makes the ac-  
quaintance of this long named character,  
and contrary to all former impressions  
finds him not only a man "like unto other  
men," but at the time his best friend; and  
goes from the examination with a higher  
opinion of the Profession than he had when  
he came there, and with some thing in his  
vest pocket, which he pulls out, and re-ex-  
amines at every corner of the street. In  
order to become still further initiated into  
the mysteries of his newly adopted career,  
the applicant must now appear before the  
Hon. board of School Directors; here some  
very important points are to be settled;  
foremost among which is, the stipulation  
of the amount of pocket (for teachers sel-  
dom have any other), which he shall be  
permitted to exhibit at one time. If no  
wealthy taxpayer accidentally meets the  
members of the board as they pass along  
the street to their place of meeting, and  
by way of conversing on the topics of the day,  
just reminds them of the fact that "every  
thing is coming down," and "it is to be  
hoped that the Teacher's wages will be  
made to accord with the general decline of  
things; or if no war or rebellion is going  
on in the country, causing a rise of gro-  
ceries, cotton, &c., which, serves a re-  
spectable excuse for reducing the salary of  
the young applicant; if none of these in-  
terfere he may do quite well, get from 10  
to 25 dollars per month; but if such things  
do interfere the would-be-teacher of course  
has nothing to say; but he does feel a lit-  
tle surprised, and to some extent chagrin-  
ed, when on taking a stroll through his  
district to find a place to eat and sleep, he  
becomes aware that the very same cause  
which produced the decrease in his salary,  
also produces a corresponding increase in  
the price of boarding. (We are now follow-  
ing the country teachers), not quite satis-  
fied with the first few farmers he accepts  
about boarding, he seeks another a d

thinks to settle the affair by offering a cer-  
tain price per week; the farmer, stops his  
plow, and after thinking a little, tells the  
applicant to go with him to the house, and  
he'll "talk to the old woman about it;"  
the good natured dame on being inter-  
rupted, drops her work, and as she fits  
down her sleeves, listens attentively,  
to the proposal as the old man repeats it  
to her; and after surveying the applicant  
from hat to boots, with a penetrating scruti-  
nizing eye, she tells him very kindly they are  
only "common folks and keep such a table,  
as people must that works, I know," says  
she "that school misters, and some other  
folks, that don't work, like to have better  
eating; but if you think you can be satis-  
fied with us as it is, you may come a month  
at that rate, anyhow." The young teach-  
er now feels, somewhat easier, and ap-  
points a day for opening his school; the  
morning comes, and brings a few dozen of  
the material on which he is to make his  
impressions; they seem shy and backward  
at first, yet if the teacher observes closely,  
he will see that they watch and study ev-  
ery look, word, and action of his more than  
their books; no doubt with a view to find  
out if there are any soft spots, about him,  
and if so, where they are, and how to  
get at them. Our young tyro kindly talks  
to them, of the importance of attending to  
their studies, how he thought to arrange  
his school, &c., and perhaps makes an at-  
tempt at a short lecture on education; but  
with this he cannot long engage his pupil's  
attention; they soon weary, and become  
restless; and one of the larger boys, lean-  
ing over to his nearest mate, whispers,  
(unintentionally loud enough for the teach-  
er to hear), "did the master bring a rod a  
long?" Seeing this the teacher thinks it  
time to stop talking, and makes an effort  
to classify his pupils. In this the great  
deficiency of books, is an obstacle often  
hard to overcome; the teacher urges the  
children to tell their parents to buy for  
them proper books; while the parents on  
being repeatedly urged, and not wish-  
ing to be annoyed any longer, send word  
to the teacher to the effect that he shall  
get the books for the children, and they  
will see him about it sometime. He, of  
course, thinks his duty calls him to do so,  
and go to them; feeling sure that at some  
future time at least he will have the cost  
retained, by those parents.

Yet, strange to say, the teaching of the  
human mind develops itself nearer to per-  
fection in this, than any other of its re-  
sponsibilities. Being at last obliged to  
make an effort to collect those small book  
bills, the teacher finds these parents taken  
by surprise, as they had forgotten all about  
it. And in turn they surprise the teacher  
by insinuating in rather expressive terms,  
that he "urged the children to take those  
books in order to make money on them."  
Yet a teacher must not take this as an in-  
sult, merely because he is a teacher. The  
kind hearted young instructor is, of course,  
a warm friend of moral exhortation, and  
means to practice it, and does so, till one day  
he painfully learns that nothing but an ef-  
fective operation of corporal punishment  
will prove that he has a right in the school  
room, on equality with some of the farmer's  
sturdy sons. But before performing this  
operation, it is well enough for the teach-  
er to have attended to the development of  
the physical powers or muscular depen-  
dencies; as the parent of the boys who are  
whipped, some times meet the teacher with  
very awkward demonstrations of bodily  
violence. It might also be no unwise  
precaution to bolt the door (if it has a bolt)  
before beginning the performance of a pun-  
ishment, as the parents of the offender may  
happen to pass along at that time, and drop  
in, and carry corporal punishment to a  
very unpleasant degree, by transferring it  
from the offender to the party first offend-  
ed; these, however, are only inside affairs;  
of outside reports the teacher has not the  
pleasure of knowing anything, till long af-  
ter they are repeated, and repeated to ev-  
ery citizen in the district; and although or-  
iginal reports were holy untrue, and the  
exaggeration very apparent, yet some of  
the people try every available means to  
make themselves believed they are true re-  
ports; so that the victim of these social  
conversations must seem cool and unan-  
nyed, when one meeting a friend from a dis-  
tance, he is asked whether it is true that  
he makes the boys stand on the hot stove  
barefooted, or stand on one foot an hour  
& a half, holding the broom in their teeth.—  
Sages tell us that all things have their bit-  
ters and sweets; and so the aspiring young  
teacher thinks; but taking a retrospective  
view of school affairs, he is half inclined  
to think that the sweets not being con-  
nected with the school room, they must be  
somewhere else, and the County Institute  
soon meeting he expects to find there at  
least some of the pleasures that should be-  
long to the Profession; in this, for once, he  
is not disappointed. To meet and com-  
mune with his fellow-laborers, in the cause  
must be truly pleasant to any one. And  
emphatically, but one cause should justify  
a young teacher, if well for being ab-  
sent from any meeting of the convention,  
and that is too low a cash mark in his pocket;  
as teachers do exercise no control in  
the replenishing of their purses it would,  
in our opinion, be unjust, to debar an ab-  
sente without first enquiring into the na-  
ture of the circumstances.

In all worldly joys there is a secret  
bitterness.

How sweet is his smile in whose counte-  
nance heaven lingers.

Afflictions are as needful for our souls, as  
food is for our bodies.

### GOOD MORROW.

Shine brightly through her casement, sun!  
Thou gale, soft colors bring her!  
Ye birds that hail the dawning day,  
You sweetest music sing her!  
Smile, nature, on her as she wakes,  
And hide all sights of sorrow,  
And have no sounds but those of joy  
To bid my love to morrow.

Good morrow to those lustrous eyes  
With bright good humor beaming;  
Good morrow to those ruby lips,  
Where smiles are ever teeming;  
Good morrow to that happy face,  
Unfathom'd by cloud or sorrow;  
Good morrow, heart that clings to mine,  
Good morrow, love, good morrow.

### A Loyal and a Rebel Father

Corporal Merrell, a New York soldier  
recently released from imprisonment at  
Richmond, is writing for the Rochester  
Express a series of sketches entitled "Five  
Months in Rebeldom." In his last he  
tells this story:

"Several of Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves  
were among the wounded, and I observed  
that they were regarded by the Confed-  
erate soldiers with a feeling of aversion  
which they were at no pains to conceal. One of  
their number (the Zouave) was a young  
Virginian named Brown, who had long re-  
sided in New York. Shortly after his ar-  
rival at the hospital he was visited by his  
father, who is a resident of Richmond. The  
interview was not characterized by any  
display of tenderness on either side,  
but was one of those scenes, rather, which  
are best calculated to illustrate the implac-  
able hatred with which the rebels regard  
all who have not proved faithful to the  
government. The father was a stubborn  
rebel and the son a patriot soldier.

"The scene may be better imagined and  
described. After exhausting every argu-  
ment and expostulating upon the unrelen-  
ting enmity the old man disowned and de-  
clared that he would disinherit him. To this  
the young soldier replied that his only  
hope was that he might recover from his  
wounds, get back into the Union army,  
and fight again for the Stars and Stripes!  
And thus they separated. The gallant  
soldier was among the released prisoners  
on the 3rd of January, and upon placing  
his foot upon the Federal steamer was the  
very first to propose 'three cheers for the  
Stars and Stripes.' I regret to add that  
he is not yet fully recovered from his  
wounds, and was at last accounts confined  
in the military hospital at Baltimore."

### The Indian Heaven.

The deceased Indian has a long journey  
to take toward the West until he comes to  
a deep, rushing river, which separates him  
from the happy hunting grounds. The  
two shores of the river are connected by a  
long pine trunk, stripped of bark and pol-  
ished, which must be used as a bridge.—  
The good man passes with a firm and se-  
cure step across this slippery bridge,  
reaches the hunting grounds, and enters  
on the possession of eternal youth and  
strength. His sky is always clear, and a  
cool breeze is perpetually blowing for him,  
and he passes his time in sailing, hunting,  
dancing, and boundless felicity. The bad  
man when he steps upon the bridge, sees  
two over-hanging shores tottering; he at-  
tempts to escape, and falls into the abyss  
below, where the water is rushing with the  
sound of thunder over rocks, where the  
air is poisoned by the exhalations from  
dead fish and other animal bodies, and the  
water, whirling round and round, brings  
him always back to the same point, where  
all the trees are withered, where it swarms  
with lizards, snakes and toads, where the  
dead are hungry and have nothing to eat,  
where the living lead a diseased life and  
cannot die. The shores are covered with  
thousands of unhappy beings who climb  
up to get a glance into the happy hunt-  
ing grounds, which they can never enter.

RETROSPECTION.—Look back upon the  
path that you have trod from the day that  
God brought you into being, and say  
whether you do not as it were, see all the  
road set thick with marks and memorials  
of divine goodness! Recollect the place  
where you have lived, and the persons  
with whom you have most intimately con-  
versed; and call to mind the mercies you  
have received in those places, and from  
those persons. Survey also all your cir-  
cumstances in relative life; how many kind  
friends are surrounding you daily, and  
studying how they may contribute to your  
comfort. Reflect on those remarkable  
circumstances in Providence which occa-  
sioned the knitting of some bonds of this  
kind. Forget not in how many instances  
when those dear lives, have been threaten-  
ed, God had given them back from the  
borders of the grave; nor also in how gra-  
cious manner he hath supported some oth-  
ers in their last moments, and enabled  
them to leave behind a sweet odor of piety,  
which hath embalmed their memories, re-  
served you when ready to sink under the  
sorrows of separation, and on the whole  
evade the recollection of death de-  
lightful.

While the Union troops were marching  
through Elizabethtown, Kentucky, the oth-  
er day, a venerable daughter of Ham was  
so enchanted with the music and the ap-  
pearance of the troops, that, pacing up and  
down, she cleared a space of about ten feet,  
by swinging her arms, shouting,  
"Dar comex de Unionists! Bless de Lord  
for de Unionists! I jes know de Union-  
ists gwine to gain de day! Glory to de  
Lord!"

Never allow yourself to be seen with a  
worse face than you wear for the painter.

### HUMOROUS.



Can never be blackened by traitors—  
The White house.

Two can make love, but it takes three  
to make a wedding.

What day in spring is commanded to go  
ahead? March fourth.

Snook's wife loves to make bread, be-  
cause it cleans her hands beautifully.

What grows less tired the more it works?  
A carriage wheel.

What is that which looks like a cat, is  
not a cat and yet is a cat? A kitten.

Why is a regular defaulter like some  
mountains in Mexico? He slopes towards  
Texas.

How does a young man of genuine in-  
tegrity resemble a thief? He is difficult to  
find.

A German writer observes that in A-  
merica there is such a scarcity of thieves  
they are obliged to offer a reward for their  
discovery.

A PROBLEM.—Two gentlemen entered a  
room, and one of them, looking at a portrait  
said:  
Sisters and brothers I have none.  
But that man's father is my father's son.  
What is the relationship, or in other  
words, whose portrait was it?

There is one redeeming trait about ter-  
magants, and that is, they are always tidy.  
The more women scold the harder they  
scrub—a fit of woe incess always terminates  
in a breaking out of sloop pails and white  
wash brushes.

Mr. Grimes, the usurer, to whom a six-  
pence always looks as large as a cart-  
wheel, is in the habit of holding his breath  
while the tailor measures him, so that his  
garments will require less cloth.

The late eccentric Dr. Aberneshy silenced  
a loquacious woman by the following  
expedient—  
"Put your tongue out, madam." The  
lady complied. "Now, keep it there un-  
til I am done talking."

Friend Meek had a very good horse and  
a very poor one. When seen riding the  
latter it turned out that his better half had  
taken the good one.

"What, said a bantering bachelor, how  
comes it that you let your wife ride the  
better horse?"

The only reply was "Friend, when thee  
beest married thee'll know."

"Rub, did you see Miss Smiley?"  
"No."  
"How do you know she is handsome,  
then?"

"Because the women ate all the while  
running her down so!"

WANTED.—The cow that gave the milk  
of loving-kindness.

The westons to sharpen the water's  
edge.

A few hairs from a tail of woe.  
The hen that laid the good egg.  
The newspaper borrower who is willing  
to admit that there is published now a  
days one worth reading.

An "Old Maid's" farewell to her Mirror,  
taken from the French:  
"Venus, take my looking glass,  
Since I am not what I was!  
What, henceforward, I may be,  
Venus, let me never see!"

RATHER LOW-NECKED.—The following  
outside touch is related by Mrs. Tiozli, in  
a letter from Bath, in 1846:

A gentle young clergyman in our up-  
per crescent, told his mamma, about ten days  
ago that he had lost his heart to pretty  
Miss Prudeaux, and he must absolutely  
marry her or die. The mother gravely  
replied:

"My dear, you have not been acquainted  
with her above a fortnight; let me recom-  
mend you to see more of her."

"More of her!" exclaimed the lad, "why  
I have seen her to the fifth rib on each  
side already!"

The letter writer adds a joke of her own  
that our British belles outstrip those of  
any other nation.

Some of the medical journals are much  
distracted about the custom of lying in  
bed; the habit of lying out of bed is, we  
think, a great deal more to be guarded a-  
gainst!

For one-half of the human race, says  
Mrs. Reed, the highest end of civilization  
is to cling like a weed to a wall.

No doubt honesty is the best policy,  
but those who do honest things merely be-  
cause they think it good policy are not  
honest.

Spare that you may spend fast that you  
may fast labor that you may live and  
you that you may rest.

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