

# Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

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## POETICAL.



### NATIONAL HYMN.

My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country!—thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees,  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
To sound the prolong.

Our fathers' God to thee,  
Author of liberty!  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

### A NATIONAL SONG.

BY HORACE B. DURANT

Oh land of the Free, o'er the toning sea,  
The bark of the pilgrim came,  
And Plymouth's strand, by a fearless band,  
Was lit with a sacred flame.  
Above, to the skies, with their eyes,  
They turned them in fervent prayer,  
And Liberty smiled o'er the boundless wild,  
And dwelt with the exile there!

Oh land of the Free! Oh land of the Free!  
Built up by the hand of God, (brave)  
Thy banner shall wave o'er the home of the  
And float o'er the world abroad!

Our fathers are dead, and their noble tread  
Has passed from the valley and hill;  
But the deeds they have done, and the prize they  
have won.

Shall hold them in memory still!  
The stars shine as bright, thro' the azure night,  
O'er river and vale below,  
As they shone down then, on those iron men,  
A hundred long years ago!

We cherish the soil that our fathers trod,  
Each mountain, and stream, and plain,  
With the lines that sleep on the marge of the  
deep.

All links in one mighty chain,  
Each object love—all around—above—  
From earth to the heavens blue:  
We'll crush out the wrong with our arms as strong  
And cling to the Right and True.

Our navies shall ride on the heaving tide,  
And bear to the world afar,  
Our banner of night, bathed in Freedom's light,  
Unshorn of one stripe or star!  
God prosper us in the gaze of men,  
For Freedom and truth we'll stand.

While our loftiest song ever floats along—  
For God and our native land!

## MISCELLANY.

### BROWNLOW'S SPEECH.

The Cincinnati Gazette gives a lengthy account of the reception of Parson Brownlow in that city, on Friday last, together with his speech. The speech was delivered at the Merchants' Exchange, during the afternoon, in response to an invitation of a select committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Brownlow was introduced to the members by the president of the Chamber, and then addressed them as follows:

I am sorry, gentlemen and fellow citizens, that I am not in a condition to make you even a short speech. I have been accustomed for thirty-five years to make public speeches, and have only failed in the art during the past three years, while suffering from a bronchial affection of the throat. I am getting better, however, and although for two years past I could hardly speak above a whisper, I can now make myself heard at the distance of a few feet, particularly when I am talking about Disunion—for I never get on that subject that God, in his providence, does not increase the volume of my voice.

In addition to my other sufferings, I have been incarcerated in a damp, gloomy jail, shut out from the fresh air and free exercise, for three months. This has been hard on me, who was always accustomed to jump higher, fall flatter, and squall louder than any other man in Tennessee. [Cheers.] Always saying what I pleased, going where I pleased, and coming when I pleased. For three months I have been kept in close confinement, and the only favor allowed me was that my little son should bring me my meals three times a day. The food that was given to my fellow-prisoners by the officers in charge of the jail was of the foulest offal from the hotel. No true Virginian would give such food to his dog. My food was prepared by my wife, and was brought to me by little son in a little basket.

The officers in charge used to take this basket, lift off the napkin, examine between the plates and watch all my movements to see that some little bit of paper containing information from my friends was not concealed in the basket, and when I had finished my meal, the same examination was made to see that I did not communicate with them. The only information I obtained was from my little son, who would whisper to me that a fight had occurred here, or an engagement there, but no details whatever were given me, for they charged that in the absence of Governor Johnson and Horace Maynard, that I was at the bottom of the conspiracy

and the leading spirit in opposition to the Southern Confederacy.

I, however, entered into a learned diplomatic correspondence with a little miserable Jew, named Judah P. Benjamin, the so-called Secretary of War in the bogus Confederacy. In that correspondence I have the vanity to believe that I got the better of him.—This correspondence has never been printed, although, now that I am at the North, I shall take the opportunity to lay it before the public.

In that correspondence he stipulated to let me out. He said I was a bad man, and a dangerous man to the Southern Confederacy; and said he, "I have directed Major George B. Crittenden to send you through the lines to the people you serve." Agreed, said I; "I propose to do for the Southern Confederacy what the devil never did—quit the country." [Cheers.] About the time I was ready to start, an inferior officer came in with a warrant for my arrest. Holding in my pocket the passport of the Secretary of War to the bogus Government of the Southern Confederacy, and the order for my removal signed by Crittenden, I declined to notice the warrant. This officer, a little upstart named John C. Ramsey, seized upon me, and swearing to his own warrant, the perjured villain, that I had committed treason against the State of Tennessee in writing a certain editorial which was published in the Knoxville *Whig*, and which, mark you, was printed May 24, one month before the ordinance of secession was passed, and Tennessee had passed into the Southern Confederacy, and yet this was treason to the State. I was taken out of the hands of the military authorities, denied a trial, and thrust into jail on the affidavit of this miserable, debauched little puke.

The brigadier general commanding at Knoxville came in to see me one day. The prisoners all rallied around to hear what was said. He said: "Brownlow you ought not to be here." "I think so too," said I. "Now," says he, "come along with me and we will make it all right. We will go up to Judge Humphrey, at the court house, and you can take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy." I turned round to him at this insulting proposition. "Sir," said I, "before I will take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, to obtain my freedom, I will not in jail with disease, or die with old age. Nay, more—I deny that you have a Government; I deny that you are authorized to administer the oath of allegiance to your rotten mob Government, which no Power on earth will ever recognize. Before I will do so, I will see the entire Southern Confederacy in hell, and you and I on the top of it." [Great cheering.]

That little valley 40 miles wide and about 60-miles long, of which Knoxville is the centre, is full of such Union men and women. When I came away, the jail of Knoxville was full of Union men. I was there in jail when they took my companions out and hung them. I did not see them hung, because this was done over the hill; but I saw them go out with the black poplar coffins, and the soldiers would turn round, and pointing to Brownlow, would say, "You will swing next." My reply was, "I'm ready to be hung, and all I want is one hour under the gallows, to give the pedigree of these men."

I expected to be hung, and had made up my mind to it. I was told that the drum-head court-martial lacked but one vote of confirming my doom, and that was a vote of a Secessionist. No man ever became so near being hung and was not. One of my companions, A. C. Hawn—the gallant Hawn, one of the most moral and upright men in Knoxville, with a wife and two small children—was sentenced to be hung by this court-martial, and he had but one hour's notice to prepare himself. He asked for a minister of one of the churches in Knoxville to be sent for, but the reply of the jailer was: "No—a traitor in the South has the right to be prayed for, and God does not hear such prayers." Poor Hawn was placed on the scaffold, and a miserable, drunken chaplain of one of the Southern regiments was sent to attend him.

Just as they were about to launch Hawn into eternity, the chaplain said, "This poor unfortunate man desires to say that he was led into committing the acts for which he is now to atone with his life, by the Union men, and he is really an object of pity."

Hawn rose, and in stentorian voice replied, "I desire to say that every word that man has said is false. I am the identical man that put the torch to the timbers of that bridge, and I am ready to swing for it—Hang me as soon as you can." He said he would do it again if he knew this was to be his fate for it.

The jails in the South are literally full of Union men, many of them taken from East Tennessee. Never was a people so broken down. The Government owes it to the people, if they never go anywhere else, to take care of East Tennessee. They have stood firm.

There are no Union presses left in the South, and not a Union editor but one and that is myself. They have all been bought up. They offered me large sums of money, but my reply was, "They may perish with thee. I will see you to the devil first."

They took my paper, my press, and my type, and gave me notice that I should not publish any more papers. I took my friends' advice and my family, and stopped the *Whig*. It was the only time in my life that I ever gave in, for, like Collins' ram, I always had a head of my own. [Laughter.]

And this was not all. An Alabama Regiment came along one Sabbath day and stole from me my only nigger, a young man of whom I thought very much. I might have expected this from the Northern army, if I had believed all that was said of it, but I did not expect that the chivalry and flower of the South would be guilty of such an act after all their boasting.

I tell you to-day, upon the honor of a man, that the southern army and its hangers on have stolen more negroes in Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky during the past six months, than the Abolitionists have enticed or aided away in the last forty years, and to-day, so help me God! one-half the soldiers in the South never owned a slave or were ever related by the ties of consanguinity with any one, that ever did. [Cheers.] They are the offscourings of the lowest orders of society, the meanest set of cowards on the face of the earth. Look how they run at Fishing Creek, and everywhere else when the Union army got after them.

This is my first effort at speaking in four months, and I find I am getting hoarse and must stop. Thank God! I can now see daylight. This wicked rebellion is about played out all that is needed to finish the work is a little more grape, Capt. Bragg.

### An Honorable Man.

Talking of such concerns, it is a theory of ours—based upon experience—that a man's character may be read if we ascertain how he conducts himself in reference, especially, to his little indebtednesses—leaving the larger ones to take care of themselves. In politics, Jefferson's formula is comprehensive enough—"is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the Constitution?"—but in private affairs, if you can, "whether he pays his debts if he has the money" and you will perhaps know enough for your guidance. He does not, it is certain, at least, that there is a screw loose somewhere; and it is for you to determine how far such looseness affects the whole fabric.

But if, on the contrary, a debt unpaid is a discomfort and an uneasiness, from which spontaneously he is disposed to relieve himself, fear not to place yourself in such hands. The axis of this man's revolutions is true, and it may be inferred, we think, that all the mechanism works well; for when there is a disposition to go wrong, in almost any direction, it is generally shown early in the axis of the wheel.

Have no faith in that species of goodness which is unwilling to pay its debts—"fine fellow," "good fellow," "whole-souled fellow," and that sort of thing—it is all nonsense, and worse than nonsense, leading to a belief that honesty and honor may be dispensed with, and that affection and esteem may be secured without them. Is he a "good fellow," for instance, who frolics and enjoys himself upon money which really belongs to other people? And is that a "whole soul" which, while the washer-woman piles and suffers for want of that which is due her, the individual with the "whole soul" goes flaunting about in gay attire from carousal, and from one place of enjoyment to another? Have no faith in it; and neither suffer yourself to think well of those who have fine houses; fine furniture, and parties, and are slow to pay for them, and slow likewise in paying for other things. Depend upon it that this openheartedness, as people call it, and would have you admire, is all selfishness, narrowness and dishonesty—the most intense—so intense that when its own gratification is concerned, it can deny itself nothing, no matter how duty may remonstrate. He is a much better fellow than all these, who goes through bare and refuses indulgence until he can stand square with the world, though reckless profusion may deride him as mean; for you may rely upon it that he assumes no responsibilities except from a well founded belief that he is able to meet them. He is the man that pays his debts, if a possibility exists of paying them; and we strongly incline to the conviction that a debt-paying man is one of the best members of society, and that he should thus be honored. Let us all, then, "pay our debts."—J. C. Neal.

### Horrible Deed.

The Norfolk Day Book states that a most horrible deed was committed recently by a widow lady of Appomattox county, Virginia named Mrs. Sinclair, while laboring under a fit of derangement. Conceiving as she said, that herself and little boy, aged about five years, would die in a short time from starvation, she carried the boy to an upper room of her house and hung him by the neck from a joist, and then attempted to cut her own throat with a razor. She, however, was prevented by the timely presence of some member of the household from taking her own life, but not until she disclosed it herself, was the hanging of her little boy made known—she making the request that some one should go up stairs and see if her boy had not been hanging long enough. Upon going up stairs it was found that the little boy had been hanging at least an hour, his feet a short distance from the floor, and that life was entirely extinct. The poor demented mother, it is said, appeared delighted when informed of the fate of her child, and only regretted that she had not succeeded in taking her own life.

BARBARIETY.—At Manssard our troops found a skull in the camp of a Mississippi regiment. Carved on it were the words, "All that is left of a free Zouave." In several places in the woods, bones can be seen bleaching on the top of the ground, and we hear of knives, spoons, and other articles being made of the bones of our dead. Several hundred rebels had sent home skulls; these being considered the best trophies that could be found. To procure them, the graves were plundered day after day.

Supposing a man to count out \$100 of silver in a minute, and to count one day and night without stopping, it would take him 6 days, 22 hours, and 40 minutes to count a million; 19 years to count a billion; and 19,000 years to count a trillion! What a limited idea we generally entertain of the immensity of numbers!

Be shy of jesting with your friends.

### Gen. Buell and Mrs. Polk.

A Nashville correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says the following is told by an eye-witness to the scene.

One day last week General Buell and all the Brigadiers of the department, who were present, went in a body to call upon Mrs. James K. Polk and her niece, daughter of the Ex-Rcv. General Leonidas. Mrs. Polk seemed determined that no doubt should be entertained as to her sentiments in regard to our unhappy difficulties. The gentlemen present, as they were severally addressed, simply bowed in silence, until Gen. Mitchell, who was standing somewhat away from the party, was singled out. To him Mrs. P. remarked, "General, I trust this war will speedily terminate by the acknowledgement of the Southern independence." The remark was the signal of a lull in the conversation, and all eyes were turned upon the General to hear his reply.

He stood with his lips firmly compressed and his eyes looking fully into those of Mrs. Polk as long as she spoke. He then said: "Madam, the man whose name you bear was once the President of the United States; he was an honest man and a true patriot; he administered the laws of this Government with equal justice to all. We know no independence of one section of our country which does not belong to all others; and judging by the past, if the mute lips of the honored dead, who lie so near us, could speak, they would express the hope that this war might never cease, if that cessation was purchased by the dissolution of the Union of States over which he once presided." It is needless to say, the effect was electrical, made, as the remark was, in a calm, dignified tone, and with that earnestness for which the General is noted; no offence could be taken. Southern independence was not mentioned again during the interview.

### He Got Agoing and couldn't Stop.

This is the way a great many boys get into difficulty—they get agoing and can't stop. The boy that tells lies began first to stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story, to relate an anecdote with a little variation, till he came out a full grown liar.

Those two boys that you saw fighting, began by bantering each other in fun. At length they began to get angry and call each other names, till they got agoing and couldn't stop. They will separate with black eyes and bloody noses.

Did you hear about the young man stealing from his master's drawer? He came from the country, a promising boy. But the rest of the clerks went to the theatre, and he thought he must go too. He began thinking he would only go once. But he got agoing and couldn't stop. He has used up his wages, and wants more money. He cannot resist the temptation when he knows there is money in the drawer. He has got agoing—he will stop in the prison!

Some young men were, some years ago, in the habit of meeting together in a room at a public house to enjoy themselves. One of them as he was going there one evening, began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself, "Right about face!" He turned on his heel and went to his room, and was never seen at the public house again. He has become rich. Six of the young men followed his example. The rest got agoing and could not stop till they landed, most of them, in a drunkard's grave. Beware then, boys, how you get agoing. Be sure before you start that you are in the right way, for when you are sliding down hill it is hard to stop!

ADVANTAGES OF LABOR.—There is a very false notion in the world respecting employment. Thousands imagine that if they could live in idleness they would be perfectly happy. This is a great mistake. Every industrious man and woman knows that nothing is so tiresome as being unemployed. During some seasons of the year we have holidays, and it is pleasing on this occasion to see the operative enjoy himself; but we have generally found that, after two or three days' recreation, the diligent mechanic or laborer becomes quite unhappy. Often he sighs over the wretchedness of being idle. The fact is, we are made to labor, and our health, comfort and happiness depend upon exertion. Whether we look at our bodies or examine our minds, everything tells us that our Creator intended that we should be active.—Hands, feet, eyes and mental powers show that we were born to be doing. If we had been made to be idle, a very large portion of our bodily and mental faculties would be redundant.

GUARD FOR THE MEASLES.—As the measles are still quite prevalent in this neighborhood the following from an eminent physician will not come amiss:

"As there is a great deal of the measles among children throughout the country, I wish to make known a plan that will speedily cure and keep the disease on the surface of the skin until it turns, and will bring it out when it has turned in or struck in. 'The simple, it is sure: Take a pint of oats and put them into a tight vessel; pour on boiling water and let it stand for a short time; then give it to the sick person to drink. It must be pretty warm. In fifteen minutes you will see a change for the better."

REBEL IGNORANCE.—The St. Louis Democrat of Friday last says:—Out of the sixty-eight Confederate prisoners, taken by Capt. Oliver at the Blue Springs settlement in Jackson County, Missouri, only fourteen could write their names. The written vouchers for this fact are in the city, and can be exhibited. The male proportion of the prisoners from Fort Donelson, who cannot read is notorious.

What is that which makes every person sick but those who swallow it? Knavery.

### THE MUDDY PENNY.

When I was a boy, a circumstance happened which I never shall forget.

As I was playing in the streets of the large city where I lived, I saw a little boy, younger than myself, who seemed to be in great distress. His eyes were much swollen by crying, and his loud sobs first attracted my attention.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Why—why, I've lost my penny, and mother will whip me," he replied, and burst anew into tears.

"Where did you lose it?"

"It dropped out of my hand, and rolled right there into the gutter."

"Poor little fellow!" I thought, as I really sympathized with him, and offered to help him to find the lost treasure.

The boy brushed away the tears with his arm, and his countenance brightened with hope, as he saw me roll up my coat sleeve, and thrust my hand into the gutter. How intently did he watch each handful, as it came out freighted with the mud, and pebbles, and pieces of rusted iron! Perhaps the next would bring out his penny. At last I found it.

"O, I am so glad!" I hear the little reader say. "And how glad you must have been too! Now you could dry up the little boy's tears, and make his face bright, and his heart happy. And he would skip and run all the way home without the fear of his mother's displeasure."

But, dear children, listen to the end; and, while I know it will make you sad, and perhaps bring a tear to your eyes, it may do you good for a lifetime: I kept the little boy's penny!

As soon as I felt it in my hand, all covered with mud as it was, I forgot all the lessons I had learned at home and in the Sunday school. I forgot about God, that his eyes were looking right down on me. The wicked ones entered right into me, as you know he once did into Judas, when for money he betrayed the blessed Savior. I sold my honor, my good feelings, and my veracity, all for a penny.

I searched a little longer, after I had washed it and contrived to hide it; and then putting on a sad face, told the little boy that I could not find it; that there was no use in looking any longer for it.

O, how big the tears ran down his face, as with disappointed look he turned away! How mean I felt! I felt guilty, and well I might; for I had already broken three of God's commandments. I had coveted; that led me to steal; and then came in regular order the lie, to cover up all. Alas! what one sin leads to!

Many years have gone by since that wicked act. Since then I have asked God to pardon me for that and a good many other sins I have committed; and though I love my Savior, and hope that in his mercy the sins of my youth and of my after years will not be remembered against me, yet I can never blot out of memory's page the dark spot which that muddy penny has imprinted upon it.

### A Colored Falstaff.

A Western correspondent on one of the Mississippi gun-boats gives the following account of a spicy conversation with a philosophical colored man—

"I noticed upon the hurricane deck to-day an elderly darkie with a philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding upon inquiry that he belonged to the 9th Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavily losing regiments at the Fort Donelson battle, and part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him upon the subject.—His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory serves me:

"Were you in the fight?"  
"Had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"  
"No, sa, I run."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"  
"Yes, sa, and would hav run soonna, had I knowed it war-comin."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my porfishum."

"Well you have no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin ta me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis wuld—more dan a million ob dollars, sa, for what would dat be to a man wid de drof out of him? Self-praise-bashum am de fast law wid me."

BORN A CHARMED LIFE.—It is narrated as one of the incidents of the Fort Donelson fight that the youthful Capt. Henry Wilson, of the Illinois 18th, was shot down three times without receiving a scratch! First a ball struck the pistol in his belt, prostrating him. He jumped up and rushed on when he received another diagonally across his breast, striking a pocket of papers in his breast-pocket. He was carried back senseless from the effect of the blow, but speedily recovered, and was again at the head of his company when another ball struck him across his waistcoat plate, and he was again flattened out, and carried of this time for dead; but what was the astonishment of his comrades, a short while afterwards, to see the little fellow rushing and picking up again, and bravely doing his duty to the end of the fight, coming off without a bruise upon him, but a little sore about the ribs.

Why is a bad dollar like a good one?—Because it is hard to pass.

### HUMOROUS.

The way to break the back of the rebellion is to break the backs, or heads, of the Rebels.

The Rebels compare the Monitor to an enormous cheese-box on a plank. We don't think they will care to nibble much around it.

Why is a newspaper like a tooth-brush? Because every man should have one of his own, and not be borrowing his neighbors.

What is that which we wish for, and often obtain, yet never know when we have got it? Sleep.

The Rebels have made a great many infernal machines that won't explode. Their rebellion is an infernal machine that will.

A man recently hanged into a neighboring state, confessed upon the gallows that his first commencement in crime and villainy, was stopping a paper without paying for it!

The "Persimmon county debating club out in Indiana, are debating the question;—Which is the proudest, a girl with her first beau, or a woman with her first baby."

De Quincy somewhere tells an anecdote of a man who, being threatened with an assault by eighteen tailors, cried out, "Come on both of you."

A Western editor has been shown a shanghai hen weighing between 15 and 16 lbs.—She must be mamma to the rooster that kicked a boy and fractured his skull.

A dozen of high breasted girls, just beginning to burst their corsets, will do more towards filling a party with sentiment and inspiration, than all the wine that ever was squeezed. Fact.

The other day our little boy saw a "colored lady" in the house for the first time. After contemplating the strange phenomenon a moment, with his little hands behind him, he went up to her, and looking into her face exclaimed with a countenance indescribable: "How dirty you are!"

Oh! DEAR.—The clergy it seems have commenced a war upon the "hoops"—the women hoops we mean. One of the most celebrated divines of Paris is reported to have declared that the dresses of the ladies had become swollen with their iniquities. Plain talk, that.

Letters from Havana state that Jeff Davis, within the past six weeks, has had a large amount of money deposited in the banks of that city. If this is reliable, it indicates that the chieftain keeps a bright look-out for the main chance, and is preparing for contingencies.

An exchange paper says there are hundreds of people who become religious when danger is near, and adds:

"We know of a man who fell from a bridge across a certain river, and just as he found he must go, and no help for it, he bawled out at the top of his voice, 'Lord have mercy on me—and quick too.'"

A queer looking customer inserted his head into an auction store, and gravely inquired:

"Can I bid, sir?"  
"Certainly," replied the auctioneer.

"Well, then," said the wag, walking off, "I bid you good night."

Two gentlemen were lately examining the breast of a plow on a stall in a market place: "I'll bet you a dollar," said one, "you do not know what it's for."  
"Done," said the other, "it's for sale."  
The bet was won and the dollar was paid.

A shameless cotemporary, a bachelor, says: The reason why women do not cut themselves in two by tight lacing is because they lace around the heart, and that is so hard that they cannot affect it. He ought to be kicked to death by female butterflies.

We hope the United States' troops will closely scrutinize every nigger apprentice passing through their lines, to see he isn't Floyd or Pillow in disguise.

A Married man in Winstead, Ct., in reply to a note from an unknown lady, met the writer of said note at a place named in the document, last Sunday evening. He found the lady to be none other than his wife, who had put him on trial. The scene that followed, etc.

A TOAST OF THE TALLEST KIND.—At the last celebration of the fourth of July, in the parish of Caddo, Louisiana, the following toast was given. It may be called the romance of the confectionary shop.

Woman—Heaven's best gift to man—his Pandora or casket of jewels—his confectionary shop, or stick of rock candy—his, otto of roses, or sugar coated pill—her presence his best company—her voice his sweetest music—her smiles his brightest moment—her kiss the guardian of his innocence—her arms the pale of his safety—her lips the most faithful counsellors—her bosom the softest pillow of his woes.

Girls d'ye hear that? "Hianto of roses!" Oh Moses!

The times are hard with me, and I had it difficult to keep my nose above water. You could easily keep your nose above water, husband, if you didn't keep it so far above brandy.

A common arm-chair is a worse one than a throne, and a common lighter and more pleasant seat than a crown.