

# Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

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## POETICAL.



### TO THE FALLEN.

Oh! mourn for the vanquished,  
Oh! mourn for the slain,  
Who for the brave,  
Now redden the plain!  
See! the legions of darkness  
Are trampling them down,  
On the fields that have echoed  
Their father's renown!

Oh! mourn for the vanquished,  
Oh! mourn for the slain,  
Who for God and for freedom  
Have gone to the grave!  
See! they sink all despairing  
On the far distant plain,  
Where now they are bleeding,  
And bleeding in vain!

Oh! mourn now, my country,  
Thou chosen of earth!  
For the tears that are pouring  
Is red on thy heart;  
And the wail of bereavement,  
The shriek of despair,  
From thy heart broken daughters,  
Is filling the air!

One prayer for the dying,  
One tear for the slain,  
Then strike, O my brothers!  
For the heroes that bleed!  
Arise in your fury,  
Arise in your might,  
And down with the tyrant  
O God and the Right!

### KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

Keep the heart young, though the sands eld low,  
And the silver cord be passing;  
Through the wrinkles come, and the roses go,  
And the first gray hairs are starting.

Smooth, if you can, the furrowed cheek,  
And the brow where years are written;  
Dye if you wish those locks so sleek,  
Till your age be young hidden.

But the heart may be young, though the foot grow old,  
All its inner life revealing,  
And its pulses leap, though the blood run cold,  
Like the brook through yon dingle stealing.

As the pearl keeps fair in its sunken shell,  
Though the tide be ebbing far,  
And the sea-gull gush in the daily dell,  
While the dying day-beams quiver.

As the leaves fade not on the ivy green,  
With the rest in autumn weather,  
Let the links keep bright, in their golden sheen,  
That bind us all together.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE WIFE.

"A home to go to."—Mrs. Ellis.  
Beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful, definition, suggestive of gentleness, affection, rest! Yes, rest and home.

Even I—who have been a wanderer all my life long—who have never had a fireside all my own—mine to be sat by with a second self, dearer, if possible, than the fireside—even I, lingering over that phrase, can scarcely reconcile myself to the fact, that I am not, to some fond and faithful heart, that being "to go home to." Even I can shut my eyes and dream of that which would be a blessed reality.

I can see a cottage which love has made holy, nestling away in the sunny summer leaves where the golden glory of sunset lingers, and the shadows latest reach. I can see the gentle wife, with her soft, sweet face, gazing out of the open door, and down the lane to the turnpike, where he is momentarily expected to appear. I can hear the hum of children's voices, and feel the pleasure of cool, fresh kisses, which come only from childhood's lips. I can read in the sudden flashing of her eye that there is a step not far distant for her impatient ear to distinguish; and now I can see him, that impetuous worldly man leaving the world and its cares behind him to meet the being that he has "to come home to." There is a loving wife in his arms; there are children clustering his knees for kisses; there is peace, quietude home, and all around him, and the worldly man, with the dust of city life on his spirit, with the knowledge of city cares and city speculations teeming in his brain, turns from them all to find rest and repose in the little nook he has set apart for love! God bless him and God bless her—imaginary they are; for, while I witness their perfect love and content, I am remembering that I am still a wanderer—a wanderer, with the knowledge that, had fate been more propitious, I, too, might have had my loving heart, my sunny home, and my loving children. But fate was inexorable, and where all this happiness might have been, lies stark and bare before the panorama of two wasted lives. God help us all; we are not the architects of our own destiny; let moralists say what they will.

I know that the world is full of homes that are no homes, of wives whose are social hearts no true husband could call for sympathy, or mothers upon whose bare, jeweled necks there is no room for childhood's fondling arms. I know all this, yet I cannot realize that it is so! Love seems to me so sacred, marriage so holy a tie, that man or woman's life should not be complete without it. Not the wild, fierce persistent love which burns itself out in its own fire—not the marriage of circumstances or convenience to which so many lives are devoted, but the true, pure, lasting love—the wedding of souls that have grown indissolubly to each other—the uniting of hearts that neither time, nor distance, nor misfortune can effect—a union of soul, some said spirit, some said, and lasting as eternity. Ah! oh, most pitiful, that the world is so full of such unions.

"A being to go home to!" Only the heart of man can tell how truly, in every life such a being is needed. No matter how self-centered, nor preoccupied—no matter how hardened down with cares and perplexities of life, there come yearnings for that rapturous human love, dreamings of fond lips and warm loving arms, and anticipations of a time to come, when one heart, out of the great wilderness of hearts, shall beat for him, and him alone.

Lucky for him who, amidst the unreal and artificial glare of life, gathers to his bosom this pearl of greatest price. Lucky for him who, when the tempest of care and worldly responsibility rage most fiercely, can feel that when the tiresome toil is over, and the day is done, he has "a being to go home to," who can minister to his comfort and sympathize with his cares. The man who has a wife that he truly loves, and a wife who truly loves him, can make up his mind that he has anticipated the millennium, and commenced his paradise on earth.—Exchange.

### Heroism of Sigel.

The efforts of the enemy at Pea Ridge, on the first day, to cut off Sigel's little band of 800, with a view to capture our whole force, were almost superhuman. An advance of 2,600 rebel cavalry seemed certain to crush the little band. For two hours the strife went on with great ardor on both sides, but it seemed as if the federalists would soon be compelled to yield. They must become exhausted, and doubtless they must have done so had their destiny been in less powerful and expert hands than Sigel's.

The combat was hand to hand. Horsemen were dismounted, and struggled with the infantry, while the officers were sometimes seen defending themselves against the advancing bayonets of the common soldiers. A superhuman effort on the part of the enemy and the third time the federalists were surrounded.

Firmer and firmer were the rebels closing round the five or six hundred braves, who were evidently going to the wall. The sun of hope seemed sinking, though that of nature was shining clear from out the quiet sky.

Sigel saw the smile of heaven only and would not despond. His eye flashed, and his form expanded, as the shout of the enemy rose above the din of the struggle. Only one way was left.

"Follow me!" thundered Sigel, and his proud steel trampled an approaching rebel under his haughty foot.

A deep, strong, earnest cry from the Unionists, and they met the foe with the rush of determination and the energy of despair.

The secession line could not endure the shock. It recoiled, was thrown into confusion, and retired from a position that was as immovable as an Alpine rock.

And Sigel was victorious, with the sun still beaming clearly out of the quiet sky. The train was saved. The first day was won. The prestige of success was established, and the future looked blue with hope as the violets of the early year.

### Robin Redbreast.

This famous singer of the feathered tribe, after an absence during the snows of winter, has again made his debut among us, and in the "early morning" his musical and varied note may be heard from the topmost branch of some tall tree. Redbreast is a choice singer, none of your monotonous warblers which have not the power of altering their pipes to as many varieties of pitch and volume as the best musical instrument. Robin imitates all the other forest singers, and performs his lays in a way better than they do themselves. He is a legendary hero, and many stories of mythological authenticity are told of him. He has from time immemorial enjoyed a freedom from persecution which other birds may envy. It is a popular belief in many places that it is unlucky to kill a robin. The following rhyme shows the prevalence of this idea in England:

The robin and the redbreast,  
The redbreast and the wren,  
If you take out 'o' their nest,  
Ye'll never thrive again.

The robin and the redbreast,  
The martin and the swallow,  
If ye touch one to their eggs,  
Mad luck will surely follow.

REBEL OUTRAGES ON OUR DEAD.—The committee on the conduct of the war have been taking the testimony as to indignities and outrages perpetrated upon our wounded on the battle field at Ball Run, and upon the dead at subsequent periods. The testimony is full and reliable, and confirms all that has been published. Several surgeons, Captain Ricketts and others, have sworn to acts committed by rebels on our wounded soldiers that would disgrace a nation of savages.—The malignant hate and fiendish depravity are almost incredible. Several Rhode Island officers and others testified to the treatment of our dead—skulls made into drinking cups, bones made into drum sticks, rings, etc., were produced. Alderman Schale, of Brooklyn, has been for four days trying to rescue the remains of his son who was killed on the memorable Sunday, and who had been buried by his comrades. But the body had been dug up and the bones taken away. In many instances the bones had been pried out of the shallow graves by the rebels and the buttons, clothes, bones, all taken away as trophies.—Testimony has been taken from the people residing near there which shows that the atrocities were mostly committed by the Louisiana Tigers and Colonel Bartow's Georgia Regiment. The testimony is being prepared for a report to Congress on this subject, and will be ready for publication in a week or ten days.

To preserve your health, drink water and get married early. Putting off matrimony has broken down more constitutions than ever consumption did.

### Be Patient With the Little Ones.

Be patient with the little ones. Let neither their slow understanding nor their occasional portness offend you; to provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight task, to grasp with their untried intellect the mass of facts and truth that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength, through years of experience; and it ill becomes you to fret a child who fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently as God teaches you, "line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." Cheer him on in his conflict of mind; in after years his ripe, rich thought shall rise and call you blessed.

Be patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the rising spirit of free inquiry with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary, a long instructive reply to every casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest inquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to no more. Happy thou, if, in giving the child the molecule of truth, he asks for you, can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so will thou send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pedant, into the world.

Bear patiently the childish humors of those little ones. They are but the untutored pleadings of the young spirit for care and cultivation. Irritated into strength, and hardened into habits, they will haunt the whole of life like fiends in despair, and make thy little ones curse the day they were born, but corrected kindly and patiently, they become elements of happiness and usefulness. Passions are but fires that may either scorch us with their uncontrolled fury, or may yield us a genial and needful warmth.

Bless your little ones with a patient care of their childhood, and they will certainly consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Bless in their hearts the seed of perennial blessedness; its ripened fruit will afford to you a perpetual joy.

PARSON BROWNLOW AT THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN, IN CINCINNATI.—Parson Brownlow, by appointment, met some thirty Methodist ministers at the Methodist Book Concern Cincinnati, on Monday morning a week, and made a brief address, of which the following is a synopsis:

He knew only three Methodist preachers who were loyal. Bishop Soule, condemned the rebellion; he did dare not do more, because he would be hung, old as he is. The Bishop would be sworn to support the Confederacy. Mr. Brownlow said the Southern Churches were ruined for good. Union people would not hear Secession preachers, nor Secessionists those who were loyal.

He (the speaker) owed his escape to the protests of his friends in Tennessee (which is Union free to one), and to the political ability of leaders of Tennessee, saying if he (Brownlow) was kept, twelve of their leaders would be sacrificed. His wife and children were detained as hostages for his "good conduct." He told his wife to make up her mind to be executed, as he should certainly speak and write against the Confederacy.

The worst men, he remarked, in the Southern Confederacy are Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal preachers. They drink and swear week days and preach Sundays. When they became Secesh, they bid farewell to honesty, truth and decency. The Confederacy originated in lying, stealing, and perjury. Floyd did the stealing, the common masses the lying, and fourteen Senators from the Cotton States the perjury—the latter class while still retaining their seats in the United States Senate, and making a pretence of observing their oaths, but at night, till twelve o'clock, holding secret meetings, sending despatches to their respective States, and passing Ordinances of Secession, to seize forts, &c., &c.

Among other instances illustrating the spirit prevailing among the Southern clergy, Mr. Brownlow said that the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Knoxville called a Union prayer meeting to pray that Burnside's fleet might sink and the blockade be raised. The same minister had said that he would rather use a Bible printed and bound in hell than one from the North. Also, that Jesus Christ was born on Southern soil, and that all his apostles were Southern men, except Judas Iscariot, who was a Northern man.—This was said openly, from his pulpit on Sunday.

Mr. Brownlow is of opinion that there are better men in the place where the Presbyterian parson looked for his next edition of the Bible than the Southern leaders. He had seen good men taken out of his prison in knots, and one by one, and hung—fathers and their sons. He was of the opinion that it was time to hang on our side.

CONTENTIBLE.—If there is one thing meaner than another—or a person who is lower and viler than another—it is the anonymous abuse of a neighbor, and the person who indulges in this despicable propensity. Straight forward, outspoken abuse looks as though it was honorably intended, and it can be met with silent contempt and some degree of allowance; but the serpent-like slanders, who spits venom in the dark, in worse than the depraved spirits who congregate in the rooms of the devil and rejoice over the downfall of Christianity. Such people are undeserving a place in society or in the confidence of the lowest humanity, and thus they are looked upon by all thinking people who hear their tales and by all those who are made the victims of their malice.—We have known one of those people that was not so wicked at heart that he would not hesitate to go lower, dive deeper into the pool of infamy and come up with more malicious and more venomous abuse than any other.

Never accuse others for your own faults.

### THE THREE WREPPERS.

Sorrow weeps  
And drowns its bitterness in tears  
My child of sorrow  
Weep out the fullness of thy passionate grief,  
And drown in tears  
The bitterness of lonely years.  
God gives the rain and sunshine mild,  
And both are bliss, my child!

Joy weeps  
And overflows its banks with tears;  
My child of joy,  
Weep out the gladness of thy pent up heart,  
And let thy gleaming eyes  
Run over in their ecstasies;  
Life needed joy, but from on high  
Descends what cannot die!

Love weeps  
And feeds its silent life with tears;  
My child of love,  
Pour out the riches of thy yearning heart,  
And like the air of even  
Give and take back the dew of heaven;  
And let that longing heart of thine  
Feed upon love divinest!

### Impregnable Positions.

No position that our armies have yet taken ought to have been captured, the Rebels being judges. Hatteras Inlet, Hilton Head, Fort Henry, Roanoke Island, Fort Donelson, New Madrid and Newbern, were all pronounced by their authorities utterly impregnable. But when the Union forces moved seriously forward to the work, they took them, all the prophecies to the contrary notwithstanding. Manassas, Bowling Green and Columbus, Winchester and Fort Clinch, were said to be so strongly fortified that they could laugh at all the forces of the world. But they have been ingloriously left for us to occupy at our leisure, without the firing of a gun or the loss of a man. Yet the same kind of boasting is still kept up by the Rebel press.—Every old position which they occupy—every new position to which they retreat—is pronounced impregnable. Like the Bourbons, it would seem that they can never learn and never forget anything. They have been so long accustomed to this vain-glorious boasting that they will continue it even in that famous last ditch in which the last of the chivalry is to die.

But what will be the effect of this on their own people by and by? Twelve of their impregnable positions have been taken by force, or have been evacuated from a military necessity just in time to avoid a forcible capture. Will not the deluded masses at the South at last begin to open their eyes to the real weakness of the Rebel cause, and to the shameful mendacity of the Rebel leaders? They have already a dozen good reasons for doubting the impregnability of any position which they may occupy. It will scarcely require another dozen to convince them fully that our forces can take any of their positions when they really want it, and bend their energies to its capture. Each impregnable position taken adds new lustre to our arms. It fills the hearts of our forces with hope, and the hearts of the Rebels with dismay, on each new advance. Thus it makes new conquests more easy, and foreshadows the inevitable end.

### Affecting War Incidents.

#### THE DYING FATHER AND SON.

I saw an old gray-haired man, mortally wounded endeavoring to stop with a strip of his coat, the life-tide flowing from the bosom of his son, a youth of twenty years. The boy told his father that it was useless; that he could not live; and while the devoted parent was still striving to save him, who was perhaps his first-born, a shudder passed through the frame of the would-be-preserver; his head fell upon the bosom of the youth, and his gray hairs were bathed in death with the expiring blood of his misguided son. I saw the twin half an hour after; and the youth and age were locked, lifeless, in one another's arms.

#### THE BIBLE AND LOVE OF FAITH.

A dark-haired young man, of apparently twenty-two or three, I found leaning against a tree his breast pierced by a bayonet. He said he lived in Alabama; that he had joined the rebels in opposition to his parents' wishes; that his mother, when she had found him that he would go into the army, had given him her blessing, a Bible, and a lock of her hair. The Bible lay half-opened upon the ground, and the hair, a dark lock tinged with gray, that had been between the leaves, was in his hand. Tears were in his eyes, as he thought of the anxious mother, pausing, perhaps, amid her prayers, to listen for the long-expected foot-steps of her son, who would never more return. In the lock of hair, even more than in the Sacred Volume, religion was revealed to the dying young man; and I saw him lift the treasure again and again to his lips, and his eyes looked dimly across the misty sea that bounds the shore of Life and Death; as if he saw his mother reaching out to him with the arms that had nursed him in his infancy, to take, alas! fighting against his country and her counsels whose memory lived latest in his departing soul.—[Western Correspondent.]

SINGULAR CASE OF POLYGAMY.—The Kilsdall, (Mich.) Democrat says:—A young man aged about twenty-four years, married a Miss Smith, of Coldwater, in this State, in November, 1859, and in a few months after he married a young lady in "Kalamazoo." During this fall he married another young lady in Constantine, St. Joseph county, and in four months thereafter, he was again wedded to a Miss Rowley, of Goshen, Indiana, the daughter of a wealthy citizen, which he induced to elope with him. The father, becoming enraged, sent for him, and a few days ago, became aware of his elopement, whereupon he sent his villainous son-in-law to be lodged in the County Jail. The last news I have is that he is still in the jail, and is being looked after by the authorities. He is a well-to-do citizen, and has a good many friends.

### The Sick in Bed.

With a proper supply of windows, and a proper supply of fuel in open fire places, fresh air is comparatively easy to secure when your patient or patients are in bed.—Never be afraid to open windows then.—People don't catch cold in bed. With proper bed clothes, and hot bottles, if necessary, you can always keep a patient warm in bed, and well ventilate him at the same time.—Never allow a patient to be waked intentionally or accidentally in a *sine qua non* of all good nursing. If he is roused out of his first sleep, he is almost certain to have no more sleep. It is a curious but quite intelligible fact, that if a patient is waked after a few hours' instead of a few minutes' sleep, he is more likely to sleep again; because pain, like, irritability of brain, perpetuates itself. If you have gained a respite of either in sleep, you have gained more than the mere respite. Both the probability of recurrence and of the same intensity will be diminished, whereas both will be terribly increased by want of sleep. This is the reason why a patient, waked in the early part of his sleep, loses, not only his sleep, but his power to sleep. The more the sick sleep, the better will they be able to sleep. A good nurse will always make sure that no door or window in her patient's room shall rattle or creak; that no blind or curtain shall by any change of wind through the open window, be made to flap; especially will she be careful of all this before she leaves her patient for the night. If you wait till your patient reminds you or tells you of these things, where is the use of his having a nurse!—*Florence Nightingale.*

### A Young Man's First Lesson.

Timothy Titcomb is guilty of uttering many very blunt truths, and here is one from his letters to the young:

"I take it that the first great lesson a young man has to learn is that he is an ass. The earlier this lesson is learned, the better it will be for his peace of mind and his success in life. Some never learn it, and do so long accustomed to this vain-glorious boasting that they will continue it even in that famous last ditch in which the last of the chivalry is to die. But what will be the effect of this on their own people by and by? Twelve of their impregnable positions have been taken by force, or have been evacuated from a military necessity just in time to avoid a forcible capture. Will not the deluded masses at the South at last begin to open their eyes to the real weakness of the Rebel cause, and to the shameful mendacity of the Rebel leaders? They have already a dozen good reasons for doubting the impregnability of any position which they may occupy. It will scarcely require another dozen to convince them fully that our forces can take any of their positions when they really want it, and bend their energies to its capture. Each impregnable position taken adds new lustre to our arms. It fills the hearts of our forces with hope, and the hearts of the Rebels with dismay, on each new advance. Thus it makes new conquests more easy, and foreshadows the inevitable end."

A STORY OF GEN. SIGEL.—On the return of Gen. Fremont's army from the southwest, Sigel commanded the division that came by Lebanon to Rolla. A few miles this side of Lebanon the army encamped over night on the farm of a man who was in sympathy with the rebellion, and his fence rails were all burned for fire wood, and his farm stripped of whatever was useful and necessary to sustain the troops and horses of the train. In the morning the farmer came with a large bill of damages, and asked for payment. The Quartermaster came to General Sigel to know what should be done about it. Col. Warmoth was present; and the General asked him whether the man was a loyal citizen. The Colonel replied that he was a conditional Union man at first, but that he had afterwards sympathized with the rebellion. Turning to the Quartermaster General, Sigel then replied, "Mr. Quartermaster, then you sympathize with the Government." It is hardly necessary to add that the secesh farmer did not obtain what he came for.

KEEP THE BIRTH-DAYS.—Keep the birth-days religiously. They belong exclusively to and are treasured among the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so slight, that it is remembered. Birthdays are great events to children. For one day they feel they are heroes. The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket or trousers with pockets, or the first pair of boots are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Charlie," who is "six to day," and is soon "going to be a man."

Fathers who have half-a-dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birth-days; they come too often—sometimes when they are busy, and sometimes when they are nervous, but if they only know how much such souvenirs are cherished by their poor Susy or Harry's afterwards, when, away from the hearth stone, they have none to remind them that they had added one more year to the perhaps weary round of life, or to wish them, in the old-fashioned phrase, "many happy returns of their birth day," they would never permit any cause to step between them and a parent's privilege.

One of the immediate fruits of the rebellion was to close up all the common schools South. Its duration for a few years would consequently have the effect of entirely suspending the progress of education, and reducing the slave States to a condition bordering on barbarism. One of the first results of the occupation of Nashville by the Federal troops, was the re-opening of all the public schools there, which was a great blessing to the South. The school children were allowed to go to school, and the teachers were allowed to teach. This was a great step towards the civilization of the South.

### HUMOROUS.

A woman always keeps a secret, what she does not know. Why is an andiron like a yardstick. Because it has three feet.

Speaking of the merits of a watch. Abel says he had one once that gained enough in three weeks to pay for itself.

Useful to ladies learning to skate.—Strapping Fellows.

When a wise man plays the fool, a woman is generally at the bottom of it.

In the heart of every man eminently great the lion and the lamb dwell together.

The more a bad man sleeps the better; his sleep is the next best thing to death.

The most recent invention in England is a new seat for tailors, to obviate the necessity for their sitting cross-legged.

A contemporary says, the Board of Health ought to offer a premium to any lady who will wear the thickest shoes.

Dr. Dewey says that everything is of some use. We should like our clerical friend to tell us of what earthly use brains are to a dandy.

"Plattery is the bellows that blows up vice." Persuade a girl that she is an "angle" and you can persuade her to become anything you wish, after that.

Why should marriage be spoken of as a tender tie, when it is so tough that nothing but death (or the Legislature) can cut it?

Men, like roosters, were made for protectors. Let an accident happen on a railroad, and in less than a minute every woman in the cars will be hugging the breath out of some masculine or other.

LADIES AT CHURCH.—Somebody says that females go to meeting to look at each other's bonnets. That's downright scandal! They go to show their own.

A man, boasting of the smartness of his children, said the youngest was so smart it would take its hand off a hot stove without being told.

There is a male near Billingsburg, Ireland, that is fifty-nine years old. The reason of his living so long, is the fact that he is too "stubborn to die."

That California is certainly a great place. A correspondent writes us at San Francisco that he has seen boots as big as lamp posts, while the commonest kind "measure as big" as New York carrots, and are sliced up for tea like our white radishes. That young gentlemen has either seen a great deal, or else "he's some" on lying.

Dobbs says the first scandal that attempts to dissolve this glorious Union, ought to be ground to death in a bark mill without the privilege of hollering.

Mrs. Stanton says that "what men can do, women can do." She should have added—with the exception of straddling a fence gracefully.

An orator holding forth in favor of women concluded thus—"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, there's nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," said one of the female auditors, "a drunken husband does."

An old almanac, among other domestic receipts, has one to convert a "calm" into a hurricane, which is as follows:—"Help a good looking chambermaid chord a bed, and let your wife catch you at it."

RECIPE FOR THE SEASON.—A lady up town cleared her house of flies by putting honey on her husband's whiskers: when he was asleep. The flies stuck fast, and when he went out of the house he carried them off with him.

A little boy hearing his father say, "there is a time for all things," climbed up behind his mother's chair, and whispering in her ear asked, "When was the time for looking sugar out of the sugar-bowl?"

A printer, setting up the line which is so often placed under a wedding notice: "It is not right that a man should live alone," carelessly left the *o* out of the word live, which made the bride blush.

The young ones catch the spirit of the times. Col. B. writes home daily, and his letters are read by his wife to the children. Little six-year-old Sam was missing one night at supper-time. "The house was searched in vain. They had been examined, and in one corner he had put up some boards, for a shelter on the ground he was lying. Just as he was about to go to bed, he called out, 'Leave me alone, will you? I'm Colonel B.'—camped out."

A Dutchman thus describes an accident: "Once a long while ago I went into a fine apple orchard to climb a bear tree to get some beehives to make wine from a blue pudding and, yes I got on to the topmost branch I yall down from the lowest limb but one leg on both sides of the fence and like to stove mine outside it."

At a Sunday School meeting in Ohio, the subject of the slave attendance of pupils at the school was under consideration. A prominent young man offered the following proposition: "I will give \$100,000 to the cause of the slave, provided the schoolmaster will not allow any more colored children to attend the school."