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By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 5.

POETICAL.



LET'S TAKE THE WORLD AS ONE WIDE SCENE.

Let's take this world as one wide scene,
Through which, in frail, though buoyant boat,
With skies now dark and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But Time flies swift with his flying oar,
And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the show'ry
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And smiling, wait a sunnier hour,
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
But happy, while 'tis 'tine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall-
Down which life's current all must go—
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the void below.
Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,
If, side by side, still fond we keep,
And calmly, in each other's arms,
Together link'd, go down the steep.

THE OLD CLOCK.

It stood in the corner—grim and tall,
With its back to the white-washed kitchen wall,
And its sinner's ticking seemed to say,
"Time is flying on wings away."

My grand-mother loved to watch its face
As its hands moved slowly on space;
And she gave the time-piece to me,
When she passed away to eternity.

She told me a tale of days gone-by,
One night when a storm was in the sky;
Of her only son who had left his home,
On the "heaving breast of the sea" to roam.

"I watched the clock as the time flew by,
And the hour for his return drew nigh,
But a night like this—a night of storm—
Embossed in ocean his much loved form."

She has passed away to join her son,
And many a day has come—and gone,
But still the old clock seems to say—
"Time is flying on wings away."

It stood in the corner—grim and tall,
With its back to the white-washed kitchen wall,
But in my chamber it stands to-day—
A memento of those who have passed away,
Wm. R. Kiso.

MISCELLANY.

An Incident of the Embargo.

A very touching incident of conjugal affection was manifested on the Nashville railroad, a few months ago, when the embargo on contraband goods was first put in force, which I will hasten to make known:

A gentleman dressed in mourning was seen to drive up to the Louisville depot in a hack and take from thence a coffin, which he placed in the car. He seemed to be in the greatest distress. His eyes were suffused with tears, and his face showed signs of the deepest grief. As soon as the cars started, he took his seat upon the coffin, and burying his head in his hands, commenced sobbing and groaning in the most heart rending manner. The sympathies of the bystanders were immediately enlisted, and they crowded around the bereaved mourner. From his passionate outbursts of sorrow, they learned that the coffin contained the remains of his dear wife—the mother of his children—the pulse of his heart—the joy of his prosperity, and the only solace of his misfortunes. Her dying request was to be buried in the land of her nativity, the South, and he was accordingly carrying her thither. Thus he continued for miles, when the passengers, seeing that he was exhausting himself, tried to persuade him to leave the coffin and take some refreshment. But he repeatedly declared that nothing should separate him from his beloved—that he would never leave her, and then he would clasp the coffin to his breast and cover it with kisses. Just at this moment the conductor came up, and all the facts were soon explained by one of the bystanders. Public corporations are said to "have no souls," and it seemed on this occasion that their representatives were equally devoid of that necessary article, for the officer alluded to not only failed to manifest any sympathy for the sorrowful fellow mortal, but even had the effrontery to order that the grief stricken husband should be forced away from the body of his wife, and that the coffin should be opened—at the same time muttering something about traitors, hypocrisy, contraband, &c. When the husband heard this cruel order, he burst into fresh paroxysms of grief, and declared that he would die before he would leave the body. But, finally, in spite of his outcries, he was dragged away—the bystanders crowded around beheld—not the "remains of my wife"—but—pistols, packages of opium, military buttons, lard, and innumerable other contraband articles. It is, perhaps, needless to say that all proper care was taken of the tender hearted "better half" and his "beloved"—the "mother of his children," &c., altho' it pains me to chronicle the fact that no attention whatever was paid to her "dying request," but the body was taken back to Louisville, and decently interred in the custom house—Correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post.

One day, last week, a young man in Bethlehem, concluded to practice pistol-shooting. For this purpose he put a mark on the pig-pen and fired away. He had fired but a few shots, when a bullet passed through the pen and lodged in the head of a pig, killing it as dead as a rebel. The porker weighed about 150 pounds. Aggravating fun, that!

Don't hesitate upon a pig resolution.

The Dead Soldier.

Who mourns with the mothers of the soldier slain in battle? Who condescends with them at the humble fire-hearth—who has sympathy for those mothers in their widowhood, unprotected as they weep for the loss of their country; full of hope, full of ardor and full of patriotic ardor to do or die for their country? The loyal states are full of these mothers. They totter along the high and byways. Some of them are homeless and friendless—cheerless and homeless to the world. Yet their hearts are full of sorrow, and they are utterly bowed down with grief. Humble though these mourners are, they are still American matrons—equal to those in any station, however exalted it may be for the present—the mothers of those who have died in battle, or who are still arrayed against the enemies of the Union. We must not forget them in their sorrow or their loneliness.

They do not ask that the Senate must adjourn, or that Cabinets must pause in their work to pay respect to their sorrow. They do not desire that a whole nation shall repress its joy or the feelings of victory, because their victory has been an insufferable loss of so many heart jewels. They have the right to ask the gratitude of the Nation, and this we bespeak for them richly garnered in the hearts of the American people. It will come to them in such a shape as will be the most acceptable because not prompted from sympathy or controlled by desolating self-interest. It will come in the offerings of honest and christian sympathy, such sympathy as mothers feel for mothers who really love their country, and who lost sons whose death was signaled by a rifle crack or a sabre thrust. It will be increased and encouraged by that God, who, to His approbation of a just cause, gives His approval of those who die for Truth, Liberty and Justice may survive. Let none of us, then, forget the mothers of those who are daily dying in battle.

The following article, from one of our exchanges, is full of truthfulness, and will repay thoughtful perusal:

THERE WAS BUT ONE REMEDY.—When we look abroad over this once peaceful land, and see the sorrow and misery brought upon thousands of innocent people, we may well express our horror at the war in which we are now engaged. But sad and terrible as it is, no man can look back over the historical period of the United States, included in the last twenty years, without coming to the solemn conclusion that only war—desolating and devastating war—was competent to cure the festering ulcers in our political system.

The question resolved itself into war, or no Government! The trading and money making North was fast selling out its own manhood for gold. It gave into the hands of rowdy politicians the best gifts of a free people. It permitted Southern bullies to bluster on the floor of Congress, and sent men there to crawl at their feet and lick their boots. We compromised away the holiest principles of the fathers for the sake of a temporary peace. We permitted a nest of slavholding tyrants to dictate humiliating terms, and when the policy or propriety of these terms were honestly questioned, the bludgeon, the Bowie-knife, and the revolver were the arguments used to enforce the despotic decrees. No wonder it went down deep into the Southern heart that Northern men would not fight. They had so long played the braggart, and so often witnessed the humiliating submission of our wretched political leaders, that it would have been a matter of wonder if they had thought otherwise. When the Star of the West was fired on in Charleston harbor, the Northern eye flashed, but it was only for a moment. It required the booming guns battering at the walls of Sumter to rouse up our people. It required the disasters at Big Bethel and Bull Run to teach us our duty and show us our perils. Forts Henry and Donelson, Roanoke, Pea Ridge, New Madrid, Newbern and Winchester, are teaching us our power when we choose to exert a little of it.

Nothing short of the war which is now upon us could have given us any position as a people. We should have become a scorn to ourselves if we had continued to let insolent and overbearing despots lord it over us. Henceforth the power of this nation is located. We are proving to domestic traitors and foreign foes that ours is a Government strong and stable. We are healing our own infirmities. We are fighting again the battles of free institutions.

The night of trial and terror is passing away, and the day dawn springs up in our political orbit. With a firm reliance on God who has watched over and protected us in the past, it will require the peering vision of an inspired seer to say what we may yet be in the vast hereafter.

SENSITIVE PEOPLE.—There is no help for being sensitive, but it ought to teach a person tenderness towards others. It does not however. A great many people who pride themselves upon their "frankness," and who "speak their mind," are often the very persons who will hear the same things from anybody else. They never are untrue to their convictions—not they. They mean to be faithful and do their duty, and so they are always flaring up for faults in the most offensive manner. But go to one of these people and say to him: "Mr. Hetchell, I feel it to be my duty to tell you that your temper is not the sweetest, that your children believe bad at school, that they like pinch, play truant, and are dirty, they like to bargain"—and lo! you have disturbed a whole wasp's nest of evil passions, and probably your family and the Hetchells will be put in non-intercourse all the rest of your life. Speaking one's mind with these people, means their privilege of sticking needles into every one's feelings they choose, whereas all the neighborhood must be sweet as summer towards them.

Footprints of the Dead.

In the history of our lives there is one touching domestic experience associated with the solemn mystery of Death, which is familiar to us all. When the grave has claimed its own; when the darkened rooms are opened again to the light of heaven, when grief rests gently on the weary head, and the tears restrained through the day fall quickly in the night hours; there comes a time at which we trace the farrowed journey of the dead over the familiar ways of home by the household relics which the lost and loved companion has left to give us. At every point of the dreaded pilgrimage from this world to the next, some traced remains that appeals tenderly to the memory, and leads us on from the day when the illness began to the hour that saw the sad separation. The sofa on which rested the dear one so tenderly, when the first warning weakness declared itself; the bed never slept in since, which was the next inevitable stage in the sad journey; all the little sick room contrivances for comfort that passed from our living hands to the one beloved, which shall press ours in gratitude no more; the last place marked where the weary eyes closed forever on the page; the little favorite trinkets laid aside never to be taken up again; the glass, still standing by the bed-side, from which we moistened the parched lips for the last time; the handkerchief which dried the deadly moisture from the dear face and touched the moistened cheeks almost at the same moment when our lips pressed them at parting—these mute relics find a language that fills the mind and softens the heart, and makes the sacred memory of the dead doubly precious, a language that speaks to every nation and tells, while the world lasts, the solemn story that exalts, purifies, and touches us all alike.—*American Revue.*

Running Down Money.

There is no use in running out against money and its possessors, as many people do, for it betrays more envy than anything else, and is a pretty sure symptom that the growler is unable to do what he simply envies other persons for doing. Money is a very good thing, in its way; in fact, we do not exactly see how men and women could get along without it. It serves as a medium of exchange, to begin with, and saves the transportation of a great many cumbersome articles, that would obstruct social movements, if not the railroads. Why envy a person because he is reported to be possessed of a certain amount of money? If he came by his accumulations fairly, that is his own matter, and he is to be commended; but if unfairly, what is there about it to excite envy? Such men ought rather to be pitied, or else scorned and despised. We cannot but think that all this haranguing against wealth proceeds from a crude idea of the good it is made to do in the world's progress. No rich man can eat or drink any more than a poor man, nor wear many more clothes. His surplus he is obliged to spend on others, either directly or indirectly, and thus it is made to go into general circulation. Money, we say again is an excellent thing, and, on the whole, possessed of a good many real conveniences.

President Lincoln has sometimes a very dry way of "putting the question." For example:

A clergyman recently gave the President his views of conducting the war; and, after talking five minutes, drew up to hear what the President had to say.

"Perhaps you had better try to run the machine a week," quietly remarked Old Abe. Another gentleman, after pouring out his views of wrath upon a government officer, was surprised to hear the President quietly remark:

"Now, you are just the man I've been looking for. I want you to give me your advice and tell me, if you were in my place and had heard all you've been telling, and didn't believe a word of it, what would you do?"

This was a poser.

TERRIBLE WARNING.—We see it stated in an English paper that Miss Burt, of Glasgow, recently broke her neck in resisting the attempt of a young man to kiss her. This is a fearful warning to young ladies, especially pretty ones. Why will girls peril their delicate necks in absurd endeavors to avoid the application of that delicious and soothing "two lip" salve, which is an universal cure the worst form of palpitation of the heart. No ladies of taste or sense will conduct themselves in a manner reprehensible and fraught with so much danger. Besides, they well know that kissing, like charity, blesses both alike. "It blesses he that gives, and her that takes."

In the town of Richmond, in Indiana: "A wealthy Quaker, whose four beautiful horses were the admiration of the place, was asked to aid peculiarly in the formation of a regiment of cavalry. He replied: 'Friend, thou knowest that I cannot give thee money or horses for the war—war is wicked—but as for my four horses, it is true that two will serve my needs; and, friend, I will say this to thee, that my stable door is not locked; and if I see thee, or one of my horses, and thy friend James on another, I will keep the peace toward the both.'"

A good story is told of a Quaker volunteer who was in a Virginia skirmish. Coming in close quarters with a rebel, he remarked, "Friend, 'tis unfortunate, but thee stands just where I'm going to shoot," and blissing away down came old secessh.

The greatest charm of books is perhaps that we see in them that other men have suffered as we have. Some sorrow we ever find who could have responded to all our woes, only be it what it may. This at least rolls away the loneliness of our life.

COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTISS.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh come to me soft,
When the light wings of sleep,
On my bosom lie soft.
Oh come when the sea;
In the moon's gentle light,
Beneath the eaves,
Like the pulse of the night—
When the sky and the stars,
Wear their loveliest blue;
When the dew on the flower
And the star on the dew.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh come and we'll stray,
Where the whole year is crowned
With the blossoms of May—
Where each sound is as sweet
As the echo of a dove.
And the gales are as soft
As the breathing of love;
Where the beams kiss the waves,
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our warm lips may catch
The sweet lesson they teach.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh come and we'll fly,
Like two winged spirits
Of love, though the sky;
Whispering in hand
On our dream wings we'll go,
Where starlight and moonlight
Are blending their glow;
And on bright clouds we'll linger
Through long dreamy hours,
Till love's angels envy
The heaven of ours.

THE GREAT BATTLE.

AT PITTSBURG LANDING—GRAPHIC ACCOUNT.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press.]

PITTSBURG LANDING, April 11.
You have been apprised of the great battle at this point. There is one single habitation at this place of celebrity, and no more. Why the spot should be entitled to a name I cannot conjecture.

Pittsburg Landing is situated upon the west bank of the Tennessee river, between eight and nine miles from Savannah, which is small town upon the eastern shore, and better known to our readers than Pittsburg Landing. The latter place is some twenty-two miles from Corinth, Mississippi.

For several weeks past Gen. Grant has been concentrating an immense army here, and had the rebels postponed their attack two weeks General Buell's entire force would have arrived, the two armies would have united, and one of the most splendid bodies of soldiers of modern times would have been ready for work of the most formidable character.

This battle was, unquestionably, the most sanguinary of the war, and was, likewise, one of the most singular and critical on record. The commencement was most singular, indeed. Every movement of the two days struggle was a critical one, and its bloody termination was of thrilling interest. In the first place, the dexterity and skill employed by the rebels was characteristic of the commander-in-chief of the Confederate army.

The great body of our men were located about three miles from the river, and their situation described a semi-circle, in fair readiness for a bold resistance, had no covert measures been resorted to by the enemy.

The latter, I understand, contrived to learn the countersign of the night, and used it to their great advantage.

They butchered some of our pickets with their fearful-looking Mississippi knives, then engaged some dozen of others, and hurried them within their lines.

They exchanged uniforms with those who they killed, performed mimic guard, and silently the whole force of Beauregard, consisting of one hundred thousand men, under A. Sidney Johnston, Cheatham, Polk, Bragg, and other celebrated soldiers, crept into our camp, and immediately opened a terrific fire upon about forty-five thousand men decidedly unprepared. This occurred just at daylight, on Sunday morning.

Immediately a line of battle was formed, with Gen. Prentiss upon the left, and advanced (an extraordinary occurrence.) Gen. Grant was, at the time, below in Savannah, but soon arrived at the cannonading commenced, and commanded upon the right, Sherman, Hurlbut, and McCLernand conducted operations in the centre.

The Eighteenth Wisconsin Regiment occupied the extreme left, and close to it was the Fifteenth Michigan, without cartridges. It is estimated that nearly twenty thousand rebel infantry poured forth showers of bullets into these two regiments, placing three hundred of their men hors de combat at the first fire. Volleys of every conceivable missile of destruction were poured into the whole of our line, thinning the ranks in the most distressing manner, and spreading the utmost confusion throughout the whole army.

At this moment the Seventy-first and Forty-sixth Ohio Regiments broke ranks, and fled in great disorder.

Several new regiments, in the immediate vicinity were seized with consternation, and followed the terrified Ohioans.

The disorder and confusion increased, as did the desperation and energy of the rebels, and in less than two hours the whole Federal army had fallen back a distance of two miles, the canister, grape, and shell of the enemy committing sad havoc in their midst. The generals all exhibited the most praiseworthy courage and skill, and succeeded in rallying again the men who had contributed so much toward the creation of a panic.

Webster's artillery now got into working order, and in conjunction with the Chicago batteries, belched forth a most destructive shower of shot and shell. The infantry covered, and displayed both hope and zeal shouting vociferously as they discharged their pieces.

Presently an exhibition, suggestive of confusion, became noticeable in the ranks of the enemy, accompanied by a slight retrograde movement, and a few minutes afterwards they retreated in the direction of their camps, without breaking their lines, however.

Subsequently, the briefest cessation imaginable transpired, and after a harangue by their generals, the rebels again attacked our force, who, in the meantime, had been strengthened by heavy artillery, and a regiment of cavalry. John C. Breckinridge commanded their right, and Bragg operated with the centre, while Beauregard conducted the left in person. This may seem a curious disposition of the rebel generals, but this position is not contradicted.

When within a respectable distance they opened a destructive fire, the whole of which was directed to our centre and which proved very effective. This caused no wincing, however, and immediately the division of General Hurlbut co-operated with that of General McClernand, the whole centre moved forward several yards, and simultaneously the artillery and infantry, the line of battle extending nearly four miles, poured into the rebel ranks a dense shower of shell, canister, and bullets, which was speedily answered in a like manner, and followed up by the rebels so vigorously that our men again retreated, and continued to retreat for over a mile, the enemy all the while taking advantage of our confusion.

The gunboats Lexington and Tyler steamed up the river, and occasionally threw a shell in the midst of the Confederates.

This occurred about two o'clock. Our army was again in confusion, but the rebels were too intent upon booty to prolong the pursuit.

Gen. Prentiss and about 3,000 men were at the time taken prisoners, together with six pieces of cannon.

About three o'clock our generals succeeded in again rallying the distracted and suffering army.

In the meantime the rebels had stripped our dead and wounded officers of their clothes, leaving many of them almost naked. These were substituted for their own, and in conjunction with the use of some American flags, deceived our soldiers to such an extent that the officers ordered them not to fire.

Soon the ball opened again, and the deception was at once discovered. This enraged our men, and they fought with unbounded fury for over half an hour.

But the formidable force of the enemy, and their resolute fighting, soon betokened alarm. Our troops gave signs of dismay, and defeat seemed inevitable. To add to the confusion, the Seventy-first and Forty-sixth Ohio Regiments again broke ranks, followed by the whole army, the rebels pursuing and shouting "Bull Run," "Bull Run," and otherwise giving vent to their frenzied delight.

Our demoralized troops were fast approaching the steep banks of the river, rushing pell-mell through forests, over hills, into ravines, with the rebels close upon them. At this critical moment the gunboats Lexington and Tyler appeared on the river opposite, and poured fearful broadsides into the rebel ranks. Nothing could have occurred so unexpected to the enemy and of so great importance to us.

Their presence preserved Grant's entire army from annihilation, and created a "morality" among the Confederates equal to what they had sustained during the whole day's fighting.

And, remarkable as it may seem, the wearied, previously disheartened, soldiers of the Union again did battle, and contributed to the rebel discomfiture.

Darkness came on, and the engagement, ceased with the exception of an occasional shell from the gunboats.

Sunday night our men rested on their arms, expecting an attack early on Monday morning.

Monday morning came, and with the reinforcements. Gen. Lew Wallace, who had been so anxiously looked for the day before, arrived with fresh troops, as did also a large portion of the army of Gen. Buell.

Early Monday a line of battle was formed, with Gen. Wallace on the right and General Nelson on the left. The troops of Grant's army took the centre, under Gen. Hurlbut, McCLernand and Sherman, while Grant and Buell superintended the operations.

At a quarter after six the battle commenced; Gen. Nelson opening upon the enemy up in their right and centre. In half an hour the greatest battle ever seen, upon this continent, was being waged.

It is conjectured that the numbers upon each side were nearly equal, two hundred thousand men constituting the forces engaged.

The troops who the day before lost their laurels behaved admirably on Monday, and showed no more symptoms of fear than did the crack army of Gen. Buell. The whole movement was a series of brilliant advances, uninterrupted by confusion of any description.

The Confederates exhibited none of the desperation which characterized their conduct on Sunday, but fought more like soldiers, however.

Our artillery "practiced" worked to a charm and mowed down the enemy with as much precision as the farmer reaps his grain. Once only did the enemy advance, but the reception they met somewhat dampened their ardor. The battle was fierce and vigorous, and our troops never flinched during the fire. Every regiment stood firm.

in stubborn fighting, as they made a series of brilliant maneuvers, the object of which was to flank Gen. Wallace. Gen. Nelson perceiving this, maneuvered in such a manner that a flank movement was made upon the rebels right, which resulted in the recovery of our lost artillery and the capture of several of their field pieces.

The enemy attempted a close battle as a last resort, but the loss of a portion of their artillery, and the increased fire from ours, discouraged the rebel soldiers, and they wavered, then, turned and fled. Twelve thousand cavalry, immediately followed in pursuit, and, long before dark, the great battle of Pittsburg Landing terminated; the Federal arms being crowned with success.

It is estimated that our killed and wounded will reach about 4,000; between 2 and 3 thousand of our men were taken prisoners early in the engagement.

It is a safe conjecture to place the rebel loss at towards 6,000 killed and wounded. We have, also, about 1,900 prisoners.

Until the gunboats opened fire, our loss was more serious than the enemy's. In one ravine, however, are buried 900 rebels; this loss of life was occasioned by the fire from the gunboats. On Monday their loss far exceeded ours.

We lost one brigadier general—W. H. Wallace, and several acting brigadier generals were killed and wounded.

The State of Iowa suffered terribly. She had 10 regiments in the field—the 2d, 3d, 6th, 7th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, & 16th. The Fourteenth Iowa lost all her commissioned officers but one captain. The Sixth Iowa had 297 killed and wounded. The Thirteenth Iowa was completely cut up. In the Eighth Iowa only 62 men are reported.

The 21st Missouri lost nearly 500 men killed and wounded.

The 18th Wisconsin left their State last week, but was placed on the advance; the soldiers comprising it fought like patriots. They entered the battle with 960 rank and file, fought both days, and lost 500 men; lost all the field officers, colonel, and major, 7 captains, and 15 lieutenants.

The 15th Michigan lost 300 men. The 11th, Illinois, which was so fearfully cut up at Fort Donelson, lost 240 killed and wounded.

The 57th Illinois lost above 100 killed and wounded. One of the most efficient scouts in the service, Irvin Curren, was killed by a cannon ball.

Maj. Gen. Grant conducted the battle upon Sunday in an intrepid manner. When the retreat took place, he rallied his men by eloquent appeals to their patriotism, assuring them that reinforcements would surely arrive.

The firing upon the rebels by the gunboats was the most opportune event of the battle. The whole of our army would, in their flight, have plunged down the banks into the river, or been bagged as prisoners.

I have seen what are said to be the remains of A. Sidney Johnston; I never saw him, and therefore cannot vouch for the truth of the statement. He was not buried until to-day, a flag of truce being expedited in connection with the disposition of his body. Military men assert that it is the body of Johnston.

In many of the canteens, thrown away by the rebels, was found the secret of their desperation—whiskey.

B. C. T.

A Thrilling Romance.

Chapter I.—She stood beside the altar, with a wreath of rose buds upon her head, upon her back the richest kind of dress, her lover stood beside her with white kids, his eyes clear—the last was twenty years old, the first was seventeen. The parson's son was over—every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young folks happiness, and danced and laughed and cried. Their last kiss had been given and the last word had been said, and the happy pair had shimmered down, and the last guest had fled.

Chapter II.—She stood beside the wash-tub, with her red hands, in the suburbs, at her ship shed feet there lay a pile of dirty duds—her husband stood beside her, the poorest man alive—the last, twenty years old and the first was twenty-five, heavy wash was over, and the clothes out to dry—and Tom had stuck his finger in the dirty baby's eye. Tom had been spoiled, and super made upon an orange tree, and the bride and bridegroom were scrambling off to bed.

THE TAX ON DOGS.—In view of the fact that the tax bill before Congress imposes an annual tax of one dollar per head on dogs, a Missouri paper remarks:

One dog to each family in the United States would be a very moderate compensation. This would give us in round numbers, probably \$8,000,000 dogs, each of which consumes annually food sufficient to raise a pig worth a dollar. The cost, therefore, of feeding the dogs in the United States is \$8,000,000, which amount may be considered nearly, if not quite a dead loss to the nation.

A much more important question, to solve, however, is how many millions of dollars are annually lost by the sheep and other domestic animals killed by the dogs. This question cannot be solved until the census of the census takers or the assessors shall be directed to this matter. Ohio has already made the experiment, and it was found that the loss in that State of sheep killed and injured by dogs in 1861 amounted in value to \$96,796.95.

Walter Richmond, of Taunton, Mass., has purchased by himself in 1861, and has kept good time for 55 years. He was married in 1806, and is now another to help to settle the matter.