

# Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

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## POETICAL.



### REBELLION RHYMES. The Battle of Pittsburg Landing.

BY DAVID GOSBORN.  
Hark! hark! don't you hear the cannon's loud roar,  
The shouts of bold freemen on Tennessee's shore?  
White Beauregard's hosts, in battle array,  
The ring of the traitor and tyrant display.  
But bold are the men of the Union, in arms,  
Not daunted by danger or but the alarm!  
They stand by the flag o'er their fathers that wait,  
And fight for the land those heroes had saved.  
So true to their standard, they danger will dare;  
The carnage of battle so faithfully share,  
That shows to the world that we will defend  
And blot from our Land foul Treason's disgrace.  
But strong were our foes that thronged o'er the field—  
'Twas sought by their numbers to force us to yield,  
While o'er the ground the heave of the slain  
Lay mangled and bleeding—all over the plain.  
From rays of the morning till shades of the night,  
The smoke of the battle-darkened the light;  
When night but the pale of darkness around  
Suspended o'er the field the cannon's dread sound.  
From evening till noon, our men in array  
Cross over the river to join in the fray;  
The sleep from their eye-lids is driven away;  
They rest on their arms till break of the day,  
Then Buell and Grant, with Wallace and Bruce,  
By the fire of example, our soldiers induce  
To deeds of true courage, as heroes displayed,  
And ne'er from their bowels those laurels shall fade.  
Though thousands were slain, and carnage was dire,  
The armies contending ne'er slackened their fire,  
'Till the shades of the evening signaled defeat,  
And the minions of Beauregard haste to retreat.  
May Death and defeat, in terrible train,  
Strew with dead bodies the traitors' foul plain,  
And the friends of the South, who with savages vie,  
May the rope of the hangman help them to die.

### THE BLISS OF PARTING.

Oh, when we parted I did strive  
To hide from each sad-souled feeling,  
But love proved stronger than my pride,  
And still across my path came o'er me stealing;  
I strove to hide love's waters, which  
Across my soul were madly rolling;  
But, oh, I found too late they were  
Beyond the power of controlling.  
'Twas hard to part the tender ties  
That were around my heart twining;  
Yet still across my path came o'er me  
Hope's stars so sweet were brightly shining;  
And as we pressed the farewell kiss,  
'Twas given to each a farewell greeting,  
We thought—that those who never part,  
Can never feel the bliss of meeting.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE GHOSTS AND GAME OF FOOT-BALL.

There was once a poor widow woman's son that was going to look for service, and one winter's evening he came to farmer's strong house, and this house was very near an old castle, (God save all here,) says he when he got inside the door, "God save you kindly," says the farmer, "Come to the fire." "Could you give me a night's lodging?" says the boy, "That we will, and welcome, if you will only sleep in a comfortable room in the old castle above there, and you must have a fire and a candle-light and whatever you like to drink; and if you're alive in the morning, I'll give you ten guineas."  
"Sure, I'll be live enough if you send no one to kill me." "I'll send no one to kill you, you may depend. The place is haunted ever since my father died, and three or four people that slept in the same room were found dead next morning. If you can banish the spirits I'll give you a good farm and my daughter, so that you can like one another well enough to be married. Ne'er say twice. I've a middling safe conscience, and don't fear an evil spirit that ever smelled of brimstone."  
Well and good; the boy got his supper, and then they went up with him to the old castle, and showed him into a large kitchen with a roaring fire in the grate, and a table, with a bottle and glass tumbler on it, and the kettle ready on the hob. They bade him good night, and God speed, and went off as if they didn't think their heels were half as swift enough.

"Well," says he, to himself, if there's any danger, this prayer book will be more useful than either the glass or tumbler. So he knelt down and read a good many prayers, and then sat by the fire, and waited to see what would happen. In about a quarter of an hour, he heard something, bumping along the floor overhead till it came to a hole in the ceiling. There it stopped, and cried out, "I'll fall! I'll fall!" "Fall away," says Jack, and down came a pair of legs on the kitchen floor. They walked to one end of the room, and their feet stood, and Jack's hair had like to stand up light on his head along with them. Then another crackling and whacking came to the hole and the same words passed between the thing above and Jack, and down came a man's body, and went and stood upon the legs. Then comes the head and shoulders, till the whole man, with buckles, shoes and knee breeches, and a big flapped waistcoat and three-cocked hat, was standing in one corner of the room. Not to take up your time for nothing, two more men, more old-fashioned dressed than the first, were soon standing in two other corners. Jack was a little cowed at first, but found his courage growing stronger every moment; and what would you have of it, the three old gentlemen began to kick a pukeen as fast as they could, the man in

the three cocked hat playing against the other two.

"Fair play is bonny play," says Jack loudly, but the terror was on him, and the words came out as if he was frightened in his sleep "so I'll help you 'er." Well and good, he joined the sport, and kicked away till his shirt was wringing wet, saving your presence and the ball flying from one end of the room to the other like thunder, and still not a word was exchanged. At last, the day began to break, and poor Jack was dead beat, and he thought, by the way the three ghosts began to look at himself, and themselves that they wished him to speak.

"So," says he, "gentleman, as the sport is nearly over, and I done my best to please you, would you tell a body what is the reason of your coming here night after night and how could I give you rest if it is rest you want?" "Them is the wisest words," says the ghost with the three-cocked hat, you ever said in your life. Some of those that came before you found courage enough to take a part in our game, but no one had 'mis-trach' enough to speak to us. I am the father of the good man of the next house, that man in the left corner is my father, and the man on my right hand is my grandfather! From father to son were too fond of the money. We lent it ten times the honest interest it was worth; we never paid a debt we could get over, and almost starved our tenants and laborers.

"Here," says he, "I'm a large drawer out of the wall; here is the gold and notes that we put together, and we were not honestly entitled to the one half of it, and here says he opening another drawer, 'ars bills and memorandums that'll show you were wronged; and who are entitled to get a great deal paid back to them.' Tell my son to bridle two of his horses for himself, and yourself and keep riding day and night till every man and woman we ever wronged be righted. When that is done, come here again some time, and if you don't hear or see anything, we'll be at rest, and you may marry my grand-daughter as soon as you please."

Just as he had said these words, Jack could see the wall through his body, and when he winked to clear his sight, the kitchen was as empty as a noggin turned up side down. At the very moment the farmer and his daughter lifted the latch, and both fell on their knees, when they saw Jack alive. He soon told them everything that happened, and for three days and nights did the farmer and himself ride about, till there wasn't a single person left without being paid to the last farthing.

The next night Jack spent in the kitchen he fell asleep before he was sitting a quarter of an hour at the fire, and in his sleep he thought he saw three white birds flying up to heaven from the steeple of the next church. Jack got the daughter for his wife and they lived comfortably in the old castle, and if ever he was tempted to hoard up gold, or keep for a minute, a guinea or a shilling from the man that earned it through the nose, he thought of the ghost and the game of foot-ball.

**DISTRESSING SUICIDE.**—A most sad incident occurred in Frederick, Maryland, ten days ago, in the death by suicide of Miss Modessa Wise, aged eighteen years, the betrothed bride of the young soldier, Dennis Stall, who died from wounds received on the battle-field in defence of the "Stars and Stripes." Miss Wise, it seems, while visiting at a friend's house on Monday evening, was observed to swallow a draught of laudanum, from a two-ounce vial; but when spoken to about it, treated the subject with unconcern, remarking that she felt unwell, and took it as a remedy. She then went to her home on Mr. James T. Smith's residence in E Church Street, and retired to rest. Tuesday morning she was found dead, her person decently composed, and the trace of a gratified smile lingered upon her face. It seems that, at the funeral of her lover, she placed her likeness under his head, and remarked that she would not long survive him; and when her own death was discovered, the photograph of her betrothed was found under her head, signifying a wish that it should be interred with her remains.

**NOT LOST.**—The following beautiful sentiment in regard to the future condition of our children, is from the pen of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher:—"When God gave me a babe, I said, 'I thank God for this lamp lit in my family.' And when, after it has been a light in my household for one or two years, it pleases God to take it away, I can make the cup bitter or sweet. I can say, 'My light has gone out; my hopes are desolated; my child is lost—my child is lost!' Or I can say in the spirit of Job, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' It has pleased God to take five children from me; but I never lost one, and ne'er shall."

The following is reported as a fact: A Louisville Union lady, the other day, called on a seech friend, and felt obliged to listen to her tirade. On rising to leave, she noticed and praised a portrait of Geo. Washington, whereupon she rebel remarked: "I'll tell you what I'm going to do; I intend to get the portraits of Jeff Davis and Beauregard, and hang up one on each side of that." "Do," said the Union, "we read in the Bible that our Saviour was hung between two thieves."

Just now the civilized nations of the world derive their chief revenue from tobacco. Without it the Pope would be bankrupt in a month. Last year the English government derived \$28,000,000 revenue, and the French \$36,000,000 from the weed that vanishes in smoke. Greater part of the tobacco which yields to foreign powers their chief revenue is grown in America.

### The Phantom of States Rights.

Alarmed at the conscription act, which was among the last of the proceedings of the rebel Congress before its inglorious flight from Richmond, the South Carolinian calls public attention to the fact that a vast and permanent army is to be raised without reference to the States. This it styles "a mighty stride towards a military consolidation," and it expresses a fear that "the public mind must prepare itself for a great change in the Government." Was ever a people so falsely, so blindly betrayed by their own ruin as those of the South have been by the wicked and treacherous plotters in the secession conspiracy? Excited to revolution upon the pretext that the National Government might interfere with one of their domestic institutions, they have, in their brief year of rebellion, seen the "Confederacy" interfere constantly and with despotic violence in almost every one of their domestic affairs; from their right to vote untrammelled at their elections clear down to what they shall raise upon their farms, and what price they shall pay for a string of fish in the market. Stimulated by the delusive cry of "State Rights," which in the Southern cant means a Government without the most essential powers and attributes of a Government, they now find themselves in the grasp of a military consolidation or centralization to which that of France is democratic. No wonder that even the South Carolinian is alarmed. These deluded, victimized people find that their Utopian "Confederacy," in which every State was to be free to obey or not, as she chose, has been to them like the Dead Sea fruit, fair and tempting without, but which turns to ashes on the lips.

### An Incident of the War.

One of our city tract distributors was recently performing his work of love, and on entering a hotel in street, asked a quiet looking man, not yet past the meridian of life, if he would accept of a ticket. An affirmative answer was cordially given, and a conversation followed, in which the stranger avowed himself to be an orphan man. He had lived for many years in the State of Missouri, and on the breaking out of the rebellion, he became so much interested in the success of the Union cause, as to awaken the bitter hatred of his secessionist neighbors. On returning to his home, after a day's absence, he found that a gang of the rebels had attacked his house, and shot his wife and child!

Goaled to desperation at the cowardly and murderous cruelty of the assassins, he at once determined, as the best means of avenging himself to enlist as a soldier in one of the Union regiments. But in the battle of Wilson's Creek, in which he took a perilous part, and in which the brave Lyon fell, he was taken prisoner, and effected his escape, several months afterwards, only by drugging and killing three of the guard. "Now," said the sorrowing man, "I am here, on my way to England, to lay my aching head once more in my poor mother's lap, and receive her blessing. I had accumulated a handsome property in Missouri, and tried to make myself useful there as a citizen, and as a member of a Baptist Church. Part of my property may come to me again, but my wife and child are gone forever; and with a heart broken by this great sorrow, I go to seek the sympathy of her who loved me first, and loves me yet."

### Tests of Character.

A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe whose wants must not be disregarded, she would find sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sits it herself, and often the cup is handed back before she had time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has had time to eat it? And this not one, but every morning, perhaps, through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it, and see. Oh! how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called small things. Ah! it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgetting gentleness, the humblest home is made beautiful, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant, and the hand that kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold.

**MISTAKES NOT CORRECTED.**—Of Jesse Lee, the early apostle of Methodism in New England, it is related that one day while traveling on horseback, he fell in with two lawyers, who, taking a place on either side of him, began to quiz him. They inquired if he wrote his sermons. He replied in the negative.

"But do you not sometimes make mistakes for instance in quoting Scripture?"

"Perhaps so, sometimes, but not often."

"When you find you have made a mistake, do you not correct it?"

"Not always; if it involves nothing essential, I let it pass. The other day I tried to repeat the passage where it says, 'The devil is a liar, and the father of them; I got it, 'the devil is a lawyer, and the father of them; but I hardly thought it necessary to rectify so unimportant an error."

By this time one of the young sprigs was prompted to remark to the other, that he hardly knew whether the fellow was a knave or a fool.

Lee glanced meaningfully on either hand, and replied, "Perhaps between the two."

The young gentleman by this time concluded to leave the itinerant to his own meditations.

### WHEN STRAYING ON ANTIETAN'S SHORE.

My heart is lone and doomed to roam  
O'er hill and vale away from home.  
With nought upon this earth to cheer,  
But thoughts of one whose name is dear;  
And hark! me in the lonely wild,  
With eye and tones which were so mild,  
Which softly then came stealing o'er  
When straying on Antieta's shore.  
Ah! who can tell the joys that start  
Like angel wings within the heart,  
When smiles enhance the love-lit flame,  
And kindled spirits seem the same.  
While wandering down the silvery stream,  
Or mingling in some festive scene,  
The bright and happy scenes of yore,  
When straying on Antieta's shore.

At eve when nature paused to sigh  
Her fatal gates along the sky,  
When moon-beams crept where roses glide,  
Along the quiet valley's side,  
We've wandered 'neath green groves soft,  
And culled the dewy flowers' soft,  
And pondered all their beauties o'er,  
When straying on Antieta's shore.

I knew not oh! when thus we met  
That soon my hopes in tears would set,  
That we no more should gather flowers  
To light with love our gloomy hours.  
That one fond heart would cease to beat  
And hush the tones which were so sweet,  
Which softly then came stealing o'er  
When straying on Antieta's shore.

### Ten Years Ago.

We are astonished when we contemplate the changes which had been effected in the course of ten years! How rapidly the sweeping tide of time rolls on! The morning of life passes off like a dream, and we look round in vain for the companions of our youthful days. Where are the gay, the beautiful, the happy, with whom we once sported in the spiritfulness of youth and buoyancy of enjoyment? They were here; we knew them; we loved them; we rejoiced with them down Time's sunny stream with pleasure's fragile bark; but where are they now! Alas! they have gone before us; the whirlwind of death drove them rapidly onward, and they are sailing on eternity's wide, shoreless sea. The scenes of our childhood, too, fade away; and soon not a vestige of them is left as a token that they have existed. Time's stupendous wheel is ever rolling on. Ten years more, and where will we be? Our present friends, our present companions, will they still be here? No; they may be scattered far away, strangers, and in a strange land.

Ten years, and the aspect of things to many, very many, will be changed. The pale, emaciated miser, that now bends over his useless gold (the wreck of ruined families, and the last forlorn wretchedness,) where will he be? He and the beggar whom he drives from his door, will have gone to their long homes; his wealth will have passed into other hands. Ten years and the student who is now poring over volumes, and seeking with such avidity for knowledge, will have acquired, and perhaps forgotten it.—The lovely maiden, whose mind and person are just matured—she is beautiful—she is happy—pleasure beams in her countenance, and joy sparkles in her eye; with a light foot and lighter heart, she steps upon life's stage but alas! ten years and this lovely being will be indeed changed; the bright, fascinating smile no longer plays upon her cheek; her once laughing eye speaks deeper of misery now than it ever did of pleasure. Ten years, and what is now beautiful will have faded like the morning flower. Ten years, and many that sport in the sunshine of prosperity, will be wrapped in misfortune's gloomiest shade. Ten years, and the man of business will have settled his "final accounts," the fool will have grown wise, and the wise will have discovered his ignorance. The atheist will have found out his mistake, and the Christian will have realized his hopes.

### A Curious Hog Story.

The correspondent of *The Cincinnati Times* with Gen. Mitchell's command is responsible for the following yarn.

The hogs in this part of the country are usually inclined, and all come up to breakfast to the tune of "Dixie." On every plantation, the oldest "darkey" has the honor of playing music to the hogs for about an hour every morning, and from the very moment when he commences, till the end of the piece the shrill, piercing notes of the hogs are heard coming from all directions, and blending with the music of the darkey, from the full grown sow to the smallest of the litter; these notes are audible a mile distant. I can never forget when I first witnessed the scene, and for the life of me I could not tell or make out what it meant.

"I asked him what tune he liked best and played most to rally the hogs?" he responded "Dixie." Well, I thought to myself, can it be possible that the Southern chivalry and Southern hogs march to the same tune?

**MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.**—The house will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of each other's errors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the great, and apply a fire to it, it will go out; when you put on another stick, they will burn; when you put on half a dozen sticks, you will be sure to have a blaze. When one member of a family gets into a passion, if let alone, he will soon cool down, and may possibly be ashamed of himself, and repent. But when you oppose temper to temper; when you pile on all the fuel, when you draw others into the group, and when you let on harsh answer be followed by another, there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them all.

The number of horses in the world is estimated at about 27,000,000; of this number, the United States have 3,000,000. The general estimate has been eight to ten horses in Europe for every hundred inhabitants.

### WHAT A VIRGINIA CONTRABAND CAN DO.

A lady of this city, desiring to procure a "help," made application at the headquarters of the "contrabands" or Capitol Hill, when the following colloquy ensued between herself and a female contraband who had escaped from "service" in Virginia.

Lady.—Well, Dinah, you say you want a place. What can you do? Can you cook?

Contraband. No, m'm; mainly, she always cooked.

Lady.—Are you a good chambermaid?

Contraband.—Sister Sally, she always did the chambers.

Lady.—Can you wait in the dining-room and attend the door?

Contraband.—Lal no, m'm, Jim, that was his work!

Lady.—Can you wash and iron?

Contraband.—Well you see, m'm, Aunt Becky, she always washed!

Lady.—Can you sew?

Contraband.—Charity, she always sew'd.

Lady.—Then, what in the world did you do?

Contraband.—Why, I always kep' the flies off m' missis!—*National Intelligencer.*

### Largest City in the World.

A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world, many confidently asserting that London, or as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior, both in size and the number of its inhabitants. But such is not the case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is, without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of 1,500,000 dwellings, and 5,000,000 of human souls.—Many of the streets are nineteen Japanese in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles.

The commerce of Jeddo far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along its coast is constantly white with the sails of ships. Their vessels sail to the Southern portion of the empire, where they are laden with rice, tea, sea coal, tobacco, silk, cotton and tropical fruits, all of which can find a ready market in the north; and then return freighted with corn, salt, oil, linings, and various other productions of the north, which have a market in the South.

How different is the view of the past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce rest his eye on a single spot of his possessions that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

**CHILDREN.**—Hard be his fate who makes not childhood happy; it is so easy. It does not require wealth, or position, or fame; only a little kindness and the tact which it inspires. Give a child a chance to love to play; to exercise his imaginations and affections, and he will be happy. Give him the conditions of health, simple food, air, exercise, and a little variety in his occupations, and he will be happy, and expand in happiness.

There is a pretty Persian apologue on the difference between mental and corporeal suffering. A king and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister maintained the first to be most severe, and to convince his sovereign of it, he took a lamb, broke its leg, shut it up, with a tiger, which was bound by a chain, so that the beast could spring near but not seize the lamb, and put food also before him. The lamb with the broken leg had eaten up all the food placed before him; the other was found dead from fright.

Vallandigham, the rebel sympathizer, who represents in Congress the Dayton (O) District, is a graduate of Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pa. (an Old School Presbyterian institution), and was a member of the Franklin Literary Institute, a Society embracing a large portion of the graduates and students. The Society, in view of his disgraceful course in Congress, lately expelled him by a unanimous vote.

Ex-Governor Stewart, candidate for Congress in the St. Joseph District, Missouri, said recently:—"He believed the damnable course of the secessionists had killed the institution dead in Missouri. Slaves south of the Missouri river were hard to find, while those north of the river were found hard to hold. The institution exists here merely in name. It was merely a skeleton in our house."

Let your promises be sincere, and so prudently considered as not to exceed the reach of your ability; he promises more than he can perform is false to himself; and he who does not perform what he has promised is false to his friends.

ACQUAINT yourself perfectly with your business. See that you excel in that. If your business is blacking boots, see that you black them better than any body else. So, whatever you engage in, see that you excel in it.

## ETIMOLOGICAL.

Those who walk fast in going to dinner, often walk slowest in going back to work.

A piano affords a young lady a good chance to show her fingering and finger-ring.

The most potent kind of witch-hazel is the hazel eye of a pretty woman.

Miss Roberts, of Utica, is lecturing on old maids at Auburn: A rather dry subject.

The man lacks more moral courage who retreats when he should retreat.

Who is it that is in two situations at once? A lover, for when he is beside his fair one, he is usually beside himself.

A little boy being asked in Sunday school "what is the chief end of man?" answered: "The end what's got the head on."

"Sir, you are just like the motion of a dog's tail," "How so?" "Because you are a wag."

Cut a man who has been fined by the magistrate again and again, be considered a re-fined man?

The man who was in the habit of blowing his own praise gave the earache to his neighbors.

Some persons seem to obey literally the injunction, "Hold fast the truth!" They never allow it to escape them.

He who loves a lady's complexion, form and features, loves not her true self; but her soul's old clothes.

The Society for the Regeneration of Morals is at present engaged in endeavoring to persuade caterpillars not to eat cabbage.

Do you wish to be rich? it is perfectly easy. Be as mean as dirt—cheat everybody you can, friend or foe.

Mrs. Partington thinks that old mother Ocean is no better than she ought to be, or else she would not allow the Atlantic cable to lay on her bosom.

Lilly Stone says, "the cradle is a woman's ballot box." Then we've known some unlawful voting, where two ballots were deposited at a time.

An American author says, "there is no wind so ill as not to blow no good to somebody." What does he think of the breath of whiskey drinkers or tobacco chewers.

The most extremely foolish person we ever rested our ocular appendages upon, was old Patently, and he was so fond of fruit, that he ate the "apple of his eye."

REVISED, VERY.—One of our exchanges says a beautiful dandelion being asked to waltz by a gentleman in one of the large towns of New England, replied, "No I thank you, I don't like to waltz it always makes me puke."

Why is it easy to break into an old man's house. Because his gate is much broken, and his locks are few.

A lady writing from Texas, speaks of having waked up one morning and found herself in bed with a serpent. A great many ladies have found themselves in the same predicament—and some gentleman.

Old Saker.—"Look here, old fellow, how's this? I shot Strawberries, were out of season! Make liker taste good, don't they?"

Bar Tender.—"Strawberries! why there ain't any Strawberries in yer glass. It's only the reflection of your nose, yer see, in yer liker."

Mother, are fairy stories true?

'No, dear, not exactly.

'Are they lies, mother?"

'No, not exactly lies either.

'I know," said little Mary, wishing to save her favorite reading from wrong imputation.

'I know what they are—they are good lies.

A POLITICIAN.—A person beneath the notice of a scullion or scavenger. A pest—a moral leper—a dog's vomit—a deacon in the Devil's church—a dirty wretch who only escapes the gallows by having a neck too rotten to hold his weight. There are a few such in this place.

Dr. Goddard was discoursing to the children on the beauty of love as developed in Christian whose leader was Christ, when he asked, "who are our enemies? A little lad, who supposed the Doctor asked the question to have it answered, spoke out in a manly voice, The Secessionists.

It is stated that Beauregard is in some want of money. This is strange, when we consider what a big chuck Baell and Grant lately gave him on the banks of the Tennessee.

Blessed is that man or woman that can let drop all the burrs and thistles, instead of picking them up and fastening them on the next passenger. Would we only let the vexing and malicious sayings die, how fast the lacerated and scandal-ridden world would get healed and tranquilized.—*Dr. Huntington.*

Good.—The Toledo Commercial gives the following good report:—"The other day, as a number of rebel prisoners were being shipped at Sandusky for the traitor's home on Johns's Island, a little German made himself quite prominent with his noisy remarks about the rebels: "One is 'brown' six-factor, turned awfully up his hind and said, 'We cut Dutchmen down South!' "By den you, so the 'Sieg'! was his instant retort. Secesh had no reply to give but passed sadly on."

The best Christians generally make the best soldiers.—A man who has faced the devil successfully will not shrink from a mortal foe.

Why is the Star Spangled Banner like the Atlantic Ocean? Because it will never cease to wave.

Praise not the unworthy, though they roll in riches.