

Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, and wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, but with a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

You look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brother's bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous deeds,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!!!

MUSINGS.

Be still, thou weary heart, be still!
Why beat so wildly now!
The darkening clouds, they soon must pass,
And sunlight gild the brow,
Wouldst thou quail before the coming storm?
Where is thy manhood now?
The sun above shines bright and warm,
Though clouds they creep below.

The lily, goddess of the flood,
Weeps o'er the water's breast,
Still watching for its gentle star
To fall into the east.
And though the storm above o'er the wave,
And hides the star from view,
Yet still its gaze is lost on high
To love and legendship true.

You cloud that seemed so dark above
My richest blessings pour,
If the heart is true to love,
Its sorrows will pass o'er.
For on the wings of morning light
The night dew quickly flies,
So, when the sun of Hope beams bright,
Our sorrows wither, die.

Where is the heart that treasures not
Some relic of the past?
In Memory's cell there's a green spot,
Though round stem ruin's cauld,
The fond wife's tear, the sister's smile,
Bedewed each opening year;
They bloom where Hope has past from view,
And live and flourish there.

Then, heart, be brave! bow not the head!
There's something left to love;
The clouds, they will assuage part
Before the sun above,
The withering rose it must decay
And perish from the stem,
But in its place the bud will bloom,
A floweret smile again.

MISCELLANY.

SPEECH OF REV. A. COOKMAN.

The following eloquent speech of the able divine, Rev. Alfred Cookman, was delivered at the war meeting in Lancaster, on Saturday last.

FELLOW CITIZENS: This is to me a somewhat unexpected call, but I should feel myself recreant to every great principle of patriotism and of truth if I refused or even hesitated in this, my native county, for it may not be known to many of you that I first opened my eyes upon God's world within the limits of old Lancaster; it gave me a being, and it gave me one of the best wives, so that I feel under immense obligations to it. [Cheers.] I say that I should feel myself recreant to every principle of truth and right, if I hesitated to seize this opportunity to say, in the language of old John Adams, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and hand" to these Union measures. It is my living sentiment, liberty and the Union now, liberty and the Union forever. [Great applause.]

It is useless for any of us to disguise the fact—the stern and startling fact—that this Union, which is so unutterably dear to our hearts, is at the present in imminent peril—Thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens, organized and armed, are intent upon the overthrow of this, I dare to say, the very best Government that yonder sun ever looked down upon; a Government which ought to be just as dear to them as to ourselves; a Government with which our own hopes and the hopes of our children and children's children are intimately bound up to the very latest generation; a Government closely connected, as we think, with the cause of liberty throughout the world, for if our experiment of self-government should prove a failure, we are satisfied that it must put back the hand of freedom on the dial-plate of time at least fifty or one hundred years; a Government which, so far as we may judge, is one of Jehovah's right hands of

power for the overthrow of despotism, error, ignorance, and everything which could hinder the coming of His kingdom. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of our fellow citizens, with worse than vandal-like violence, are rushing forward to destroy the superstructure of that Government. Now the practical inquiry occurs, what is to be done? The answer, it appears to me, is an easy one. My fellow citizens, what would you do if tonight at 12 o'clock you were to find an assassin in your bed chamber, fully resolved upon your life? I make no question but that you would spring from your slumbers and grapple with him, and not even hesitate to put him to death in order to save your own life. Parent, what would you do if a rebellion were to arise in your domestic circle?—Would not you stretch forward the hand of authority and quickly quell it? Citizens of Lancaster, what would you do if an infamous mob should rise up in these streets to destroy valuable property and imperil precious life? I make no doubt that you would take down the muskets and rifles, still remaining among you, and with the point of the bayonet or with the use of ammunition drive back and put down such a mob. And you would do right. Self-protection would demand such a course. And in this case it is a stern duty. As Luther remarked on one occasion; "May God help us, we cannot do otherwise." That flag yonder must float our Government must be maintained. [Cheers.] Our Union must be preserved and perpetuated in all its purity and integrity. [Cheers.] Millions may be spent, hundreds of thousands of lives may be sacrificed, a whole generation may be blotted out, and still we insist that it is of the very first consequence that our nationality be vindicated. ["Good," and cheers.] Now I apprehend that it is with this great principle in view we are assembled and associated this afternoon. A remark of Col. Forney's brought to my mind a circumstance which transpired many years ago. It is said that in a military engagement which occurred somewhere near the boundary line which separates England and Scotland, a young chieftain fell just at the moment when, at the head of his troop, he was furiously and successfully charging the foe. His comrades in arms, seeing him fall, were immediately seized with consternation, and began to retire in confusion. Witnessing this, his soul immediately filled with sorrow, and, although he was feeble, he managed with some effort to raise himself upon his elbow, and while the life-blood was fast gushing from the gaping wound, while eternity was opening before him, he seized his sword and waving it over his head, shouted at the top of his voice, "My boys, I am not dead! I am not dead, but I am looking to see that every man does his duty." [Cheers.] So I am here this afternoon to say that our Union is not dead—She has been wounded, foully and fearfully wounded; and, observe, too, in the house of her friends. Still she is not dead. Hear it you daughters and sons of Lancaster, she is not dead—never dead; but sword in hand, she is looking to see that every citizen does his duty. [Great applause.] She is looking to ascertain whether, in this time of exigency, we will rally to the rescue; whether in this, the darkest hour of the Republic, we will come up untried to the help of freedom and the help of God. For, remember, this is the cause of truth; this is the cause of justice; this is the cause of freedom; this is the cause of Union; this is the cause of God. [Cheers.] I insist that God is always on the side of truth and justice and freedom. Will you not then, will you not, will not all these young men and citizens, esteem it at once an obligation, and a privilege, and a joy to consecrate their energies, their substance, their time, their lives and their all upon the altar of our country's cause? [Cheers.]

Allusion has been made to the patriot daughters of Lancaster. God bless them! I see them in these windows and assembled in the vicinity of this stand. God bless them; Fathers, wives, daughters, sisters collected here, we have some faint idea of the sacrifice you are called upon to make, and of the sufferings which you, in the providence of God, must still undergo. Still, I trust that a majority of you have the spirit of that mother in Philadelphia, who said, the other day, "What are sons worth without a country?" [Cheers.] I trust you have the spirit of a friend and former parishioner of mine in the borough of Harrisburg, who has sent six stalwart sons to the scene of strife. Just before they left home and their mothers presence they assembled in a photographic gallery and had their pictures taken, the eldest son standing in the midst of his other brothers, and grasping the flag of the stars and stripes, and that picture left with the mother, is an evidence of undying affection. I think, too, in this connection of a mother in the State of New York, whose son the other day, proceeded to the seat of war. He was connected with the Sheppard Rifles, Colonel Fairair commanding. It so occurred that the young man's position was at the end of the platoon, near the curbstone and the mother anxious to be with him as long as he remained in New York, took her place at his side. As the regiment moved along Fourteenth street, and down Broadway, that heroic old American mother walked with her boy, keeping step with him—To relieve him while she could; she took his musket from his hand, and stuck it over her old shoulder, and so she marched with him, side by side, carrying his musket; and the boy was so much moved with her devotion that the tears literally ran down his cheeks. "Don't cry, don't cry, my boy," she said, "be brave, and then with God's blessing, all must and will be well." [Cheers.] So, mothers and wives and sisters and daughters of Lancaster, say to your orphaned ones, "Go, go!" It is like hearing the heart out of our living and breathing bodies; it is enshrouding our present and future, with a gloom that must all the time be felt; never-

theless, go and fight these battles of truth and justice and liberty, and God's blessing must be upon you and yours. [Applause.] As the last speaker remarked, it is a gloomy hour in our country's history; but I apprehend, my fellow-citizens; that if we look over the events of the last fifteen months we still find reason for thankfulness. Is it nothing that effemacy, which was beginning to curse our citizenship, has met so powerful and sufficient an antidote? Is it nothing that that spirit of insubordination which has been so painfully rife in our happy land, and which is, perhaps, one of the very causes of our present troubles, is receiving so effectual a check? Is it nothing that our patriotism, which seemed almost cold, is to-day burning with a brilliant flame? That that sentiment which had almost died out has become a principal passion in the nation's heart? I take it upon myself to say that there have been more acts of moral heroism in this land, within the last fifteen months, than in all our history previously. [Cheers.] And is this nothing? Is it nothing that success from time to time has crowned our arms?—Is it nothing that Nashville is ours? Is it nothing that Memphis is ours? and New Orleans is ours, and Norfolk is ours, and Winchester is ours and the Shenandoah Valley is ours, and that Richmond is, we trust and think, soon to be ours? [Cheers.] Is it nothing that that flag which we all love so dearly, and by the way, I am just here reminded of a sentiment of a rebel prisoner who said to a friend of mine, "What when they came within sight of the old flag they were very likely to feel weak in the knees." [Laughter and applause.] I say it is nothing that that grand old flag, on the last fourth of July, floated in every one of the thirty-four States? [Cheers.] Is all that nothing? [Great applause.]

Some of you, perhaps, have heard of a very remarkable iron egg, said to be still preserved in the city of Dresden. There is a legend connected with this egg, which runs somewhat to this effect: On a certain occasion, a prince sent the iron egg to his betrothed. When she received the gift she looked at it, and becoming utterly disgusted with so rude a present, she flung it in disgust upon the ground. As it struck the earth, a secret spring was touched, and lo! a silver yolk rolled forth from the egg. As she gathered up the yolk, she touched another secret spring, and lo! a ruby crown appeared. She touched a secret spring in the ruby crown, and lo! her eyes were blessed with the sight of a magnificent marriage diamond ring. So let me remind you that this nation from the hand of God's Providence seemed to have received an iron egg—an egg all crusted with tears and clogged with blood; but lo! with the dismantling of Sumpter, a secret spring was touched, and a silver yolk appeared, which, like a shield of patriotism, spread all over the Northern States of this great and glorious Union. A secret spring in the silver yolk of patriotism was touched, and instead of one golden chicken we have a brood. McClellan, (cheers.) Halleck, Banks, Burnside, Hunter, Foote, Farragut, Grant, Buell, and many others whom I might and perhaps ought to name. [Cheers.]—Now these golden chickens are each one bringing forth a ruby crown of victory.—McClellan, Yorktown; Halleck, Corinth; Banks, Winchester; Burnside, Roanoke and Newbern; Grant, Forts Henry and Donelson; Buell, Shiloh; Foote, Island No. 10; and Farragut—not a very pretty name, but certainly a very pretty deed—has given us New Orleans. Each one has contributed his ruby to make up a great crown of victory, and when the secret spring in that crown shall be touched the ring of the Union will appear still unbroken, and rendered more beautiful and valuable than ever before by the addition of the sparkling diamond of universal liberty. [Tremendous applause.]

"The Lord is vouching for the day;
And lo! the right is about to conquer—
Clear the way!"

Men of thought, men of action, clear the way! Our army at Harrison's Landing, our country dismembered and bleeding, the cause of freedom throughout the world, and God sitting upon the circle of yonder firmament, are making powerful and resistless calls upon us to do our duty, and our whole duty to our country. [Cheers.]

The Nashville Union, published under the eye of Gen. Andy Johnson, is just about the truest and boldest Union paper published in any Slave State.

Its motto is "For Freedom and Nationality," and it has lived up to it. Here is an extract from its issue of the 3d inst.:

"While Northern 'conservatives' are perpetually clamoring against the confiscation of Rebel property, and declaring that a severe policy is unconstitutional, the Southern men who have been witnesses of the acts of the Rebels, and who love their country better than property, are calling on the Government to be more severe and more rigorous. We have received a letter from a citizen of Arkansas, who was forced to fly from home on account of his loyalty. Here is an extract. Let conservatives read it and blush at their imbecile policy:

"The writer a Southern Union man, having just escaped from the State of Arkansas, the place of his citizenship, and with the parting shrieks of his wife and children still ringing in his ears, hastens to make this appeal, as a son would a father, kindly, respectfully, yet earnestly, to the President of the United States, who is as it were, the Father of his People, and holds the destiny of this country in his hands. My appeal, the appeal of the persecuted and suffering Union men of the South, is to use more prompt and vigorous measures to put down the Rebellion; to punish the secessionists, to give security to Union men, and thus put a speedy end to this desolating civil war, which if allowed to continue much longer will reduce hundreds of thousands of innocent women and children to actual starvation."

THE DAYS WE WORE NO CRINOLINE.

Air—"The days that we went Gipsying."
Oh the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago!
When we along the streets could walk
In comfort, we then thought such things,
On ladies' forms were seen;
Ere fathers raved and husbands stormed
About the crinoline.
Ere wicked wags, with cruel jokes,
Could cause us care and woe,
In the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago.

Our hearts were light; we felt no fright
Through crowds to wend our way;
But now we're jammed and knocked about
Where'er we chance to stray.
With friends, we then could sail in boats,
On straggle to bright and fair;
But now our dresses are so large—
There is no room to spare.
And then we hear the rascals say,
"It was not always so—
In the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago."

We then could pass each country lass
Without a single sneer;
But now by fashion we're compelled
These horrid hoops to wear.
Then lovers came with joyous hearts,
Our cavaliers to be;
To lead us up and down the town,
The things and sights to see.
But now they laugh and run away;
It was not always so—
In the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago.

If ever common-senses should reign
O'er fashion's changing scene,
We then may dress as once we did,
Amidst a queen.
The men, then, they must adopt
A more becoming mien;
And if they will not let the way,
Farewell to crinoline,
To lead us up and down the town,
The things and sights to see.
It was not always so,
In the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago.

The Dying Soldier.

OR, PEACE IN DEATH.

A pious soldier mortally wounded in one of the great battles of the Peninsula war, was carried by two or three attached comrades to the rear of the scene of action.—They laid him under a tree, unwilling to leave him in such a condition of agony and peril, lingered beside him to see if there was no other act of kindness which they could do. His speech seemed affected; so that he was unable to answer intelligibly to their inquiries, but he made them understand by signs that he would not wish them to stay with him to the neglect of their post of duty in the battle. Reluctantly they left him and returned. A little after an officer who had been hastily summoned from a distance to join the action, rode past. He pulled up on seeing a fellow countryman alone and bleeding to death, and asked if there was nothing he could do for him. The soldier murmured something in the negative, and motioned to himself to go forward. "My poor fellow," said the officer kindly, "if you are so far gone as to be beyond the reach of help yourself, perhaps I could do something for your friends at home; is there no message I could carry for you to your wife and children?"

At the mention of his family a flash of consciousness seemed to return to the dying man. He said distinctly: "Yes; knapsack-book."

The officer dismounted and opened the knapsack beside him. He searched for a book in it, and soon drew out a Bible. The soldier continued: "Read John xiv. 27."

The hand which held it was little accustomed to turn over the sacred pages, and slowly and not without difficulty, the verse was found and read. A radiant and heavenly smile lighted up the poor man's features as he listened. "There? There?" he exclaimed in thrilling and triumphant tones, "is all I want. I have peace. I am going home; my Saviour is waiting to receive me."

The officer gazed on him a moment in speechless astonishment, and then remembering that he ought to have been at his post before now, threw the Bible into the knapsack, sprang into the saddle and was gone.

Within an hour afterward this same officer was carried by his men on a rude litter, out of the field of battle. He too, was mortally wounded, and had not spoken until they approached the tree where the lifeless remains of the soldier were now stretched on the field. The spot too vividly recalled the circumstances which had taken place there so short a time before. Passing his hand over his forehead, he was heard to say, in tones of heartfelt anguish: "I have no Bible, I have no peace, there is no Saviour waiting to receive me."

Both of these men were exposed to the power of the sword, and to their mortal life fell victims to it; yet the heir of the promise, in the hour of his lonely death, experienced the "I will" of deliverance—his soul was redeemed from the power of the sword.—*The Sayings of the King.*

A WIFE'S PRAYER.—If there is anything that comes nearer to the imprecation of Ruth to Naomi than the subjoined we have not seen it.

"Lord bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband—let his life be long and blessed, comfortably and holy; and let me become a great blessing unto him, and a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all his accidents and changes in this world, and make me amiable and forever dear to him! Unite his heart to me in all the dearest love and holiness, and mine to keep him in all sweetness, charity, compliance! Keep me from all ungratefulness, all discontentedness and unreasonableness of passion and humor, and make me humble and obedient, useful, and observant; that we may delight in each other, according to Thy Blessed Word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever. Amen."

The New Tax Bill.

The new tax bill has been signed by the President, and is now a law. The bill makes a Congressional volume of one hundred pages. The *Ledger* gives the following synopsis of the bill.

The tax is to be collected in each election or representative district, for which a collector and assessor will be appointed. The income tax levies a tax of three per cent. on all incomes in excess of \$600. If the income of a person is \$1000, he pays tax on \$400, the excess of \$600. A tax of five per cent. is laid upon all incomes over \$10,000. On all incomes in excess of \$600 received from property in the United States by persons residing out of the United States and not in the service, five per cent. is imposed. On incomes in excess of \$50,000 per annum, a tax of seven and one-half per cent. is laid. In estimating one's income the money derived from interest on railroad bonds or shares excluded; so also that from advertisements, dividends or stock, dividends on capital or deposits in any bank, trust company, savings bank, insurance, gas, railroad, bridge, express, ferry boat and steamboat company, and for the manufacture of any article upon which a stamp or ad valorem duty is laid. Incomes derived from securities of the United States are taxed but one and a half per cent. and from all incomes may be deducted the amount paid for State and local taxes. The income tax is laid upon all incomes for the year ending December next, and is collectible on the 1st of July, 1863, and each year hereafter up to 1866, when the time expires as regards the income tax, if the same be not renewed.

Manufacturers must furnish the assessor with a sworn statement of the place where he intends to manufacture his articles, whether the market is domestic or foreign, and the kind and quality of the article. Each month he must furnish returns of products and sales, and pay the amount of taxes on them, except certain cloth and woolen goods, which are paid for by the finisher. In all cases of goods manufactured in whole or in part upon commission, or where the material is furnished by one party and manufactured by another, if the manufacturer shall be required to pay under the tax, such person shall be entitled to collect the amount thereof of the owners, and shall have a lien for the amount, thus paid upon the manufactured goods.—The taxes on all articles manufactured and sold in pursuance of contracts bona fide made before the passage of the act, shall be paid by the purchaser thereof, under regulations to be established by the Commissioner on Internal Revenue. The tax on spirits commenced on the 1st of July, 1863. Manufacturers are required to pay the duty at the time the goods are to be removed from his premises. Whether selling for cash or on time, this of course holds good. One per cent. tax is laid on the gross receipts of insurance companies for premiums. This clause goes into effect on the 18th day of October. On passports issued after the 18th of July a duty of 83 is levied. The tax on auction sales is imposed on sales made on and after the first of August. No person subject to pay license can continue his business legally without license, after the first of August.

Persons engaged in the following business are required to take out license, for which they will be charged the amount following:—Apothecaries, \$10; auctioneers, \$20; bankers \$100; billiard tables, each \$5; brewers \$25 and \$50, brokers in land warrants, \$25, bowling alleys, each \$5; cattle brokers, \$10; claim agents, \$10; coal oil distillers, \$50; confectioners, \$10; commercial brokers, \$50; circus, \$50; dentists, \$10; distillers, \$12 50 to \$50; eating houses, \$10; horse dealers, \$10; hotels, say "hotel" from \$5 to \$200; jugglers, \$20; lawyers, \$10; livery stable keepers, \$10; manufacturers, \$10; peddlers, say peddlers, from \$5 to \$20; photographers, \$10; pawnbrokers, \$50; physicians, \$10; retail dealers in liquors, \$20; stills, from \$12 50 to \$25; surgeons, \$10; tobaccoists, \$10; theatres, \$10; tallow chandlers, \$10; soap makers, \$10; wholesale dealers in liquors, \$100. Tavern keepers, &c., are not obliged to take out an additional license for selling tobacco.

More Precious than Rubles.

Would it not please you to pick up strings of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds and precious stones as you pass along the street?—It would make you feel happy for a month to come. Such happiness you can give to others. How, do you ask? By dropping sweet words, kind remarks and pleasant smiles as you pass along. These are true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost; of which none can deprive you.—Speak to that orphan child, see the pearls drop from her cheeks. Take the hand of the friendless boy, bright diamonds flash in his eyes. Smile on the sad and dejected, a joy suffices his cheek more brilliant than the most precious stones. By the wayside, amid the city's din and the firsides of the poor, drop words and smiles to cheer and bless. You will feel happier when resting upon your pillow at the close of the day, than if you had picked up a score of perishing jewels. The latter fade and crumble in time; the former grow brighter with age, and produce happier reflections forever.

We believe it was Kingsley who said:—
"To be miserable, think about yourself—
about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, what people think of you—and then you will be miserable. You will spend everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either."

A roaring tornado, unroofing houses and uprooting forests, may be less calamitous than a low whisper from the lips of a mischievous woman, which has the power to unroof reputations and uproot happiness.

CHARITY.—How like a veil of beauty

charity covereth a multitude of sins. We are surrounded by temptations on every hand, and none are perfect. We mean well, but in the unguarded moment our feet slip and we stumble in the path of duty.—The sin was not intentional but accidental. We are therefore guilty in fact, but not in spirit, and we hope to be forgiven. We ask that our mishap be viewed in the light of charity.—Then how would do by others as we would be done by, we must extend charity to our fellows; for in so doing we but ask it for ourselves and feel like saying, "let him that is without sin cast the first stone." We say this not in justification of our own act, but to remind others of their infallibility and need of charity, remembering that the brother who repenteth shall be forgiven seventy-and-seven times. Let us have charity, then, to forgive and forget, for how can we ask for charity from others if we have it not ourselves? How can we hope to have our trespasses forgiven if we forgive not those who trespass against us?

Keeping the Sabbath.

God is revered by the services which multitudes pay him, and delight to pay him, on the sabbath, as they take an offering and come into his courts. We look upon those Sabbath gatherings over all the land as the which clings to the arm of God as the nation's only fortress and refuge. They are the exponent of a devotional sentiment which the world cannot smother or repress. They are a hopeful sign of good, present and future, springing from the liberal hand of a father who loves to pour benefactions down in answer to the adoration of beseeching souls. And so long as the Sabbath is observed in its integrity, we will not tremble for the safety of the ark either of our religious or civil liberties.

A HINT.—A soldier belonging to the Wadsworth Guard (the one Hundred and Fourth Regiment New York Volunteers) sent a Successor woman the other day in Warrington, Virginia. She instantly hid her dress to an unusual height, and swung around to clear him. The soldier who was attentively regarding the spectacle, cried out in blank astonishment: "What dirty stockings!" Down went the skirts, hiding the frightful apparition from view, and the woman disappeared.

WHAT THEY ALL NEEDED.—An officer of an Indiana regiment in passing through one of the streets of Norfolk met a pretty little girl of eight years and gently patted her on the head, when the mother who observed it from the window, rushed to the door and bawled out at the top of her voice, "Come right straight into the house, Susannah, and I will wash your head!"

THE WAY TO PREACH.—At a Methodist meeting in Boston last week the clergyman made an appeal to his people to enlist in the army. "Why don't you come forward lively?" said he. "I'll enlist now—after you receive the benediction, that will be the proper time to enroll yourselves under your country's flag." The result was that in a few minutes after the services were closed the clergyman found his own name at the head of sixteen true men, who will all go to the Union army.

PATRIOTISM.—The cause of a just government is the cause of God, and its vindication is a sacred duty. If this vindication requires the sacrifice of life, the offering should be made not in a spirit of recklessness and bravado, not with the mere hope of human applause, but with the full sense of its worth, a calm devotion, like that which wins the crown of martyrdom.

The Christian Banner says.—What a change of things in Virginia! Negroes are riding in fine carriages, and their masters and mistresses left at home to cut the wood, cook the vittals, and nurse the children.—And still they shout hosannas to secession and to Jeff Davis. The reaction will come, it must come, and then woe, woe to the leaders!

The Louisville Bulletin says it is the rebel women that have driven their husbands, sons and brothers into the rebel army; that the men who remain at home are exalted, taunted and ridiculed until they go. The Bulletin says Mary Magdalen had but seven devils but many of the rebel women must have seventy devils.

Some one blessed Mr. March for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jacks; the jacks can't change his mind and a man can't— it's a human privilege."

One watch set right will do to try many by; but on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood. And the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

An old negro on the Peninsula forcibly illustrated the rapidity of the rebel "Keadle" there. He said "You could see the lightning flash from thar boot-heels."

A young girl of the delicate variety fainted the other day when told that gunbrels were often exhibited without breeches.

Be mindful that the present time alone is ours, the past is dead, and the future is unborn.

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawn to a close.

The gates of heaven are low-arched, must enter upon our knees.