

# Waynesboro' Village Record.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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WAYNESBOR, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1862.

NUMBER 26.

## HORRIBLE EXPLOSION! THE MERRIMAC!

Loaded with fresh SUMMER

## GOODS,

arrived from Philadelphia this week, steamed to our square, and threw—oh! ye fair portion of creation!—the most delightful stock of fancy goods straight into our door, that ever brightened our countenances. First, doubtless to please the

### LADIES,

came a shower of Silky Debeques, Balzamines, Sky-tinted Lawns, Chintzes, Modenas, Mosambiques, Himalayas, Poplins, Challies, &c., of every hue of the Rainbow, glistening like stars, that will make the old look young, and the young like Genii: then followed a broad stream of Nankeens, Muslins, Ties, blouses, Calicoes, musbarges, bonnets which came flying like birds of beauty, Head-Dresses, Sleeves and Collars in sets, Shakers, Hosiery, Sun-Umbrellas—beauties—gauntlets, and all those dear little tick-tacks which make the ladies look so charming; above it a dark sheet of

### MOURNING GOODS.

n elegant variety, Bk. Grenadines, Byndore Berages, Wool DeLaines, Challies, Lawns, Balzamines, Grape Despages, Eng. Crapes, Eng. and American Prints, plain and figured, Eng. and French Crapes Veils, Mourning Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, &c.—everything to render the mourner beautiful in her sorrow. After these streams ceased to flow there was another explosion and in came pouring for the

### GENTLEMEN

Bales of Silky Broad-cloths, Parisians, Cassimers Black and fancy, double and single mill, in superb styles, fancy as a sunbeam—with the accompaniments, splendid Vestings, Silk, Marseilles-plain brilliant, and beautiful Neck-ties, unimpeachable Shirt-breasts and Collars, everything to set the Gent fit for a picture, and make him presentable even at the Capitol of the Nation. So Gents look in and see, seeing is believing. All over the pavement lay boxes, which when opened displayed these good, solid, substantial wares, our noble, industrious

## MOTHERS

like so much to see; because they must have them to make the boys trowsers, and the girls dresses: here they are strong as buck-skin, cotton, woolen, mixed, jeans, goods of new styles, cheap and durable, cotton stripes, drillings, calicoes of late styles, ticking, sheetings, in fact all that our young friends require who are starting on their matrimonial journey through life.

Well, these goods were hardly stowed away, when here came trudging along

### Our Poor, Old Rhinoceros asses!

loaded heavy—oh very—with Groceries, Queensware, and Hogheads of that delicious Loaf-sugar, Syrup, and Sugar-house molasses, hogheads and barrels of sugar of every grade. Shad, Mackerel, Herring, fresh from England, delicious as cheese from New England, broom-sticks, and a splendid lot of SUGAR CURED HAMS, and sweet Bacon—and Yankee Notions, together with a full assortment of

### HATS AND SHOES!

Leghorn, chip, fine fur and wool Hats, gents and ladies booties and shoes, cheap, distractingly cheap—Now all these affairs startlingly, and touchingly set forth are for sale and Exhibition at the store of the undersigned, who, with many thanks for past encouragement and patronage, remains, Respectfully your obdt. servant (may 23) JOSEPH PRICE

## NEW and FRESH DRUGS, &c.

M. STONER takes this method of thanking his customers, and informs the public that he has just returned from Philadelphia with the largest assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Soaps, Perfumery, Fruit, Confectionery, &c., &c., that has been brought to the place this season, which, at cheap prices, he has on hand, with what he is receiving, making a full assortment of Patent Medicines in variety than any other establishment in the place. In a few weeks, he will publish his list of manufactured articles. He has on hand now, his Cough Medicine, put up in six ounce bottles, glass 25 cents, no cure, no pay. Its curative properties are now fully appreciated, judging from its daily sale. May 9 '62.

### MORE NEW GOODS

## "VARIETY STORE."

J. BEAVER, in connection with his Variety Store, has commenced the manufacturing of BOOTS and SHOES in all its various branches. Having employed Jeremiah Cooper as foreman, he is prepared to produce the finest, neatest and most durable work made anywhere.

All are invited to call. A large stock of Hats and Caps, (including all kinds of Summer Hats for men and boys,) and Eastern manufactured Shoes and Boots of the best make, on hand; Clocks, Trunks, Segars, Tobacco, &c. &c. You get the very best KERSENE there May 9 '62.

### Pianos and Melodeons.

THE undersigned, having become Agent for Wm. Knabe & Co's. (of Baltimore), celebrated pianos and of Garhart, Meadham & Co's. unsurpassed Melodeons, is prepared to furnish individuals with the above named instruments at city prices. All instruments warranted by the manufacturer.

Lessons on the above instruments given in town or country. (may 23) T. L. BUDD.

PEPPER SAUCE at Kuwa's

LUTHERAN Almanacs at Kuwa's

ANYBODY wanting anything in the "drug line" can be supplied Kuwa's.

## POETICAL.



### THE EMPTY CRADLE.

In the lonely quiet chamber  
There's an empty cradle bed,  
With a print upon the pillow  
Of a baby's shining head.  
'Tis a fair and dainty cradle,  
Downy soft with pillows white,  
Betwixt the blanket folded  
Lies no little form to-night.

Once the mother sat beside it,  
When the day was growing dim,  
And her pleasant voice was singing  
Soft and slow a cradle hymn.  
Now there's no more need of singing  
When the evening shadows sleep,  
For the cradle bed is empty,  
And the baby gone to sleep.

Little head that used to nestle  
In the pillows white and soft—  
Little hands whose restless fingers  
Folded there in dreams so oft—  
Lips we pressed with fondest kisses—  
Eyes we gazed for purest joy—  
Underneath the church yard daisies  
They have hid you all away.

Ah, the empty, useless cradle!  
We will put it out of sight,  
Lest our hearts should grieve too sorely  
For the little one to-night.  
We will think how safe forever  
In the better field above  
That young lamb for which we sorrow  
Resteth now in Jesus' love.

### MINISTERING ANGELS.

Angels of light, spread your bright wings and keep  
Near me at all times;  
Nor in the starry eve, nor midnight deep,  
Leave me forlorn.

From all dark spirits of unholy power  
Guard my weak heart;  
Circle round me in each perilous hour,  
And take my part.

From all foreboding thoughts and dangerous fears  
Keep me secure;  
Teach me to hope, and through the bitterest tears  
Still to endure.

If lonely in the road so fair and wide,  
My feet should stray  
Then through a rougher, safer pathway guide  
Me day by day.

Should my heart faint at its unequal strife,  
Oh, still be near—  
Shadow the perilous sweetness of this life  
With holy fear.

Then leave me not alone in this bleak world,  
Where'er I roam;  
And at the end, with your bright wings unfurled,  
Oh, take me home.

### MISCELLANY.

#### The Dying Mother.

The following pathetic and beautiful sketch is related by "Ruth Hall" in the *Knicker-Boer Magazine*:

"The pain-wearied mother of six small children—the oldest ten, the youngest barely a year old—lay on the pallet where she had counted the long, long hours in suffering, ever since the birth of her last pet baby. The cabin was surrounded by a lovely moor, and there were no neighbors; the hard working father, forced to toil that he might eat, had shared the night watches, necessary only within the last two weeks, with his little daughter, who drugged incessantly each day, feeding and tending the other children, still too young to share her labors. On this particular night, a fearful storm raged and wailed around the hut, and the rain lashed the thatched roof and one window with terrific violence. It was Peggy's turn to watch, and she sat by the remains of the peat fire frightened and very sorrowful, when her mother, with the sweet, low voice she loved so well, called her to her side.

"I am going at last, darling," said she, as she kissed the poor little tear-drenched face bent down to her's, "and ye must mind the father and be good to the children"—for an instant the deep gray eyes were turned heavenward—"and be sure to teach my bowld blue eyed boy to say his prayers. I shall never see him here again; I must meet him in Heaven. See that he gets there, Peggy; he's your boy now."

"Oh, mother! let me call father and the rest, that ye may kiss 'em once again."

"Whist, acushla, I am tired; sure I could not bid their tears, they'd scold my heart and hinder me from heaven. Time enough for them to raise the kee when I am gone; let me die in peace; and the slender fingers, laid in tender blessing on the young head, slipped slowly down, then felt for the little brown hand employed in brushing back the tears, so with a yearning look of love in her soft eyes, turned toward the child she could no longer see, and with a deep sigh, left her motherless.

"Motherless!" O, death! thou bringest many a sorrow, but we might forget and forgive all where it is not for that one word, "Motherless." Other wounds are healed, and other troubles are forgotten; over the earnest rifts of the soul time casts a mellow, softening shade; but long years bring no forgetfulness of the great grief "when mother died." Young reader, if you have a mother be all you can to her, grieve her nothing, for a day will come when you would give the best joy of your life and the treasure dearest to your heart, to recall one unkind word to "mother."

Scrapping together silver and gold coins in these times, and disposing of it at a premium, may be a legitimate transaction, but to the minds of the public generally it is stamped as more despicable; and as a proof of the fact, coin-sellers dodge into the broker's office a good deal as a chicken thief would do into a hen-roost.

A full jug and an empty sot cannot be long together without changing conditions.

### An Axe to Grind

#### ORIGIN OF THE TERM.

"When I was a little boy," says Dr. Franklin, "I was accosted by a smiling man, with axe on his shoulder. 'My pretty boy,' said he, 'has your father got a grindstone?' 'Yes, sir,' said I. 'You are a fine little fellow,' said he; 'will you let me grind my ax on it?' Pleased with the compliment of the 'fine little fellow,' 'O yes,' I answered; 'it's down in the shop.' And will you, my fine little fellow," said he patting me on the back, 'get me a little hot water?' Could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. How old are you, and what is your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; 'I am sure you are the finest little fellow that ever I saw; will you just turn a few minutes for me?' Ticked at the factory like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe and it toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang and I could not get away—my hands were blistered, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, 'Now, you little rascal! you've played truant; send for school, or you will rue it.' Alas! I thought, it's hard enough to turn the grindstone this cold day, but to be called a little rascal was too much. It sank deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over-proud customers; begging them to take a little brandy—that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachments to liberty, who in private like a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you a turning the grindstone. When I see a man hoisted into office by a party spirit, without a single qualification to render him respectable or useful, alas, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

### A Daring Exploit.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette relates the following bold exploit in front of Chattanooga:

The army was halted to rest and to give time for a reconnaissance in order to learn the enemy's position and strength. This was a very difficult and dangerous matter, owing to the nature of the ground. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made to procure the much desired information, when James C. Matteson, First Lieut. Co. C, 27th Indiana volunteers, rode boldly up to within sixty yards of the enemy, halted, surveyed his entrenchments, accurately computed his strength in numbers and position, ascertained the number of his siege guns and field artillery, then wheeled his horse and rode off, waving his cap triumphantly through a tremendous shower of balls, bidding defiance to the hundreds of missiles of death whistling all around, and rode up to the General calmly and pleasantly smiling, to give his information. I asked him how he escaped.—"Through the mercy of God and very bad rebel marksmanship," he replied laughingly.

This must certainly be very true, for about three hundred guns were fired at him at the short distance of sixty yards, and not one took effect. He said the balls sounded like a large swarm of bees around him.

It is universally admitted by all who witnessed this exploit, and are acquainted with the circumstances, that it competes with any even in the annals of history.

### AUCTION OF LADIES.

An auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually at Babylon. "In every district says the historian, "they assembled on a certain day in every year all the virgins of the marriageable age; the most beautiful were put up, and those who bid the most money gained possession of her. The second in appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives, according to the length of their purses. But alas! it seems there were some ladies for whom no money was likely to be offered, yet these were the Babylonians. "When all these beautiful virgins" says the historian, "were sold, the auctioneer ordered the most deformed to stand up, and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least." In this manner the money arising from the handsome served as a portion of those who were either of disagreeable looks, or who had other imperfections. This custom prevailed about one hundred years before Christ.

### PROFANITY.

In the use of profane words no idea is to be expressed; no end secured, no ear to be pleased, no appetite to be administered to, no passion to be fed, no title to be acquired, no wealth to be earned, no possible good, either real or imagined, is had in view. They mean nothing. They are wicked cheats playing a game of deception, attempting to palm off a blushing soul for a substantial thought. Profanity is surely a good witness of a terrible death of wisdom, a frightful scarcity of ideas. Will any pretend that there is any good in profane language? for besides being an arrant cheat, it is an idle and wicked use of the name of the greatest Being in the Universe, the best and truest friend of every human creature.

There is, according to the census, 783,258 of an excess of males over females in the United States. The World says the fact is noteworthy and ought to quiet the apprehensions of those who feared the war after peace was declared. No matter how bloody the war may be or how long it may last, it cannot make away with three-quarters of a million of lives. The waste of life may make the sexes nearly even, but even then we shall be better off than in England, where the females are in excess by nearly a million, and the social problem of the day is how to provide them with husbands or occupation.

If every care drives a nail in our coffin, every merry laugh draws one out.

### One Way to get a "Smile."

If half the cleverness exhibited in petty swindling were only diverted to purposes of honesty, our list of successful business men would be largely increased. But the poverty that sharpens the wit blunts the moral sense, and roguery glory in their skillful subterfuges:

Three ragged, wretched toppers stood shivering upon a street corner. They had a pony between them, and neither had drank a drop—within half an hour. They debated the deeply interesting question—how to obtain the next glass; after many impracticable suggestions, one of them said:

"I have an idea! We'll all go into the next shop and drink."

"Drink!" replied his companions, "that is easily said; but who's to pay?"

"Nobody. Do as I tell you. I'll take the responsibility."

Following the speaker's directions, his two companions entered an adjoining rummery and called for whiskey skins. The place was kept by a Dutchman. After he waited on his customers, and while they were enjoying their orthodox beverage at the counter, in walked toper No. 1.

"How are ye?" to the Dutchman.

"How do ye?" said the Dutchman.

Toper No. 1 glanced suspiciously at toper No. 2, and beckoned the proprietor aside.

"Do you know these men?" he asked mysteriously.

The Dutchman started.

"I know no more as dat dey call for de whiskey skins."

"Don't take any money of them," whispered No. 1.

"Sir! I take money for the whiskey," said the astonished landlord.

"No; they are informers."

"Hey! informers?"

"Yes; they buy liquor of you so as to inform against you."

"Ah! I understand," said the Dutchman.

"Dey not catch me. Tank you, sir. You take somethin'?"

"I don't object, and toper No. 1 took a swig with his companions.

"What's to pay?" quoth No. 2, putting his hand into his empty pocket.

"Nothing," said the Dutchman. "Me no sell liquor. Me keeps it for mine frens."

And having smiled the supposed informers out of the door, he manifested his gratitude by generously inviting the supposed anti-informer to take a second glass. Of course No. 1 did not at all decline the invitation.

### Suicide in Berks County.

Henry Jacoby, a blacksmith, residing in Longcamp township, committed suicide on Saturday morning last, by drowning himself in a pond of water near his dwelling. It appears that the deceased had received a notification of his enlistment, but claimed that he was forty-five years old in April last—a fact substantiated by the record of his birth and baptism. He had, however, before that time spoken of himself as only forty-three years of age, and some of his neighbors or customers had been quizzing and vexing him by remarks upon the difference which he had suddenly discovered, doubtless without any idea that he would take the matter so much to heart. Jacoby's wife states that on Friday night he knelt down in the kitchen and prayed, and retired to bed as usual. In the night she observed that he was weeping. About 3 o'clock on Saturday morning, he rose, dressed himself partially, and went out. Not returning, search was made in the morning, when his body was found in a pond of water about a quarter of a mile from the house, the depth of which in no place exceeded two feet. He was lying on his face with his arms spread out, and the water where he was found was so shallow that the back part of his face was exposed, while his face touched the bottom. Jacoby always bore the character of a moral and religious man. He leaves wife and five children.—*Reading Journal*.

### A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of women and children to come out when it is bed time and sing their national songs until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza they listen a while for an answering melody from off the waters, and continue to sing and listen until the well known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the lost one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather round him, must be the song of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these humble dwellers by the sea! Truly it is among the lowly in this life that we find some of the most beautiful customs in our race.

### GRAVE WORDS.

The following ringing sentences are from the conclusion of a late sermon of Henry Ward Beecher:

"I am not a prophet. I am not sanguine, though hopeful. I think victory awaits us at every step, but if God thinks victory too dear to be purchased so cheaply, we can give more, more treasure—we will give everything, but this country shall be one and one undivided. The Atlantic and Pacific shall say it, deep answering to deep."

"Hear it, England, one People! one Constitution! one Government."

"One God, one country, one flag, and one destiny—cost what it may we will have it. Let God name the price and it shall be paid."

The best consolers of human hearts may bear broken hearts in their own bosoms.

### New Way to Detect a Thief.

The following mode of detecting a thief is related by Rev. Dr. Thompson, now for thirty years a missionary in Syria and Palestine, in his interesting work called 'The Land and the Book.' It is well known that in the East the belief in demonology, witchcraft, necromancy, charms, divination, incantations, fortune-telling, and all other 'ings and 'atons' on which such powers are supposed to depend is much more general than here, and that there are professional fortune-tellers and necromancers.

Dr. Thompson relates of one of these fellows, since reformed, that once, when he was travelling through the Hulch, he found a poor woman at a mill, on the upper Jordan, beating herself in despair because some one had stolen her meal bag. There was an Arab tent not far off, and as Arabs are by profession thieves, he suspected that one of them had stolen the missing bag. Calling them all before him, he told them his suspicion, and declared that he had an infallible test by which to detect the thief, and to it they must submit, or he would lodge a complaint against them with the Governor.

They all stoutly denied the charge, and offered to submit to the test.

He then cut pieces of straw equal in number to that of the Arabs, and of exactly the same length, and kept the measure himself, giving a piece to each of them. 'Now' said he, in his most imposing manner, 'keep the bits till the morning, each one by himself; then bring them to me, and I will measure them; if any of you have the bag's stick will have grown longer by so much.'

Of course each hid his straw in his bosom, and in the morning one was found as much too short as he said it would grow in possession of the thief. The credulous rascal, not doubting that it would actually grow, had cut off just the length which he supposed had been added during the night. When thus detected, he confessed the theft, and restored the poor woman her bag.

The American Standard, printed at Uniontown, Fayette county, says that the wife of John Sickle, a resident of Wharton township, in order to prevent her husband from enlisting, cut off the two front fingers of his right hand with an axe! It is said he had told her he was determined to enlist, which so excited her that she resolved at once to render him incompetent to bear arms, and during the night, while he was in a deep sleep, she drew his hand to the bed rail and dropped the axe carefully on his fingers, taking them clean off at the first joint. Such depravity is almost without a parallel, and its truth might be reasonably doubted had we not seen the identical fingers, which were exhibited in this place on Saturday evening by a gentleman who procured them at the residence of the unfortunate victim.

### TRYING TO AVOID THE DRAFT.

Our exchanges relate many amusing instances occurring at the "exemption" offices. One of the best is thus related by a New Jersey paper:

"The next aspirant was Yawcob Schneider. 'What is the matter with you, Yawcob?' 'Vell, mine back is most broke.' 'Local or kronio?' asked the clerk. 'Local or kronio, vats dat?' 'I mean is yours a standing complaint?' 'Nein, I lays in der bed generally.' 'Well, how did you hurt your back?' 'Vell, I was some beer drink last week, in der saloon, and I goes mine house in, an den I goes my stairs up, and I tumbles my window out, and by tam I strikes der sidewalk, on my pack, and I lies in der bed for three months.' 'Ah,' said the clerk, 'you fell out of the window last week?' 'Yaw.' 'And you laid abed three months, how do you make that out?' 'Ich nix for stay, Ich can nicht so much English speeken all der while.' Yawcob didn't get his papers.

### The following sound remarks by Mayor Henry, of Philadelphia, should command the attention of all loyal men:

"There can be no partisan triumph over the National Administration that will not be gladly hailed by foreign Governments as a popular denunciation of our war for the Union; there can be no factious opposition to the policy of that Administration that will not inspire fresh vigor throughout the ranks of treason, there can be no defeat of the friends of the Administration that shall not speed rebel bullets with deadlier aim against our brethren, whose lives are periled in the vindication of our country's honor."

### KEEP AWAY FROM THE MUSLIN.

Boys, if you don't want to fall in love, keep away from muslin. You can no more play with those girls without losing your hearts, than play with gamblers without losing your money. The heart-strings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to cling to. The consequence is, that before you are going you are 'gone,' like a lot at an auction. Young men, remember the muslin.

### A southern refugee declares that after the late battle, every man in Richmond possessed of three shirts was compelled to give one to the army, such was the scarcity of clothing.

General Cass made a ringing speech at Hillsdale, Michigan, recently, urging enlistments and heartily espoused the cause of the Union. He said the differences of the past, if not forgotten, should be adjudged the standard of the Union again floats, unopposed from Maine to Texas, and the Pacific Ocean.

To cure the Dospopsis: Take a new axe, put a white-hickory handle in it, bore a hole in the top of the handle, fill the hole with sum camphor, and seal it up. Then take the axe and cut and saw wood, at fifty cents a cord, until the heat of the handle dissolves the camphor.

### COLONEL BRODHEAD'S DYING LETTER.

The following is a full copy of the letter written by Col. Brodhead, of Michigan just previous to his death:

"Dear Brother and Sister—An passing now from earth, but send you love from my dying couch. For all your love and kindness may you be rewarded. I have fought manfully, and now die fearlessly. I am one of the victims of Pope's treachery and McDowell's treason. Tell the President would he save the country he must not give our hallowed flag into such hands. But the old flag will triumph yet. The soldiers will regild its folds, now polluted by imbecility and treason. John you owe a duty to your country. Write! Show up Pope's incompetency and McDowell's infamy, and force them from places where they can send brave men to assured destruction. I had hoped to have lived longer, but I die amid the ring and clangor of battle, as I could wish, Farewell! To you and the noble officers of my regiment I confide wife and children. J."

The above was written upon the blank leaf of an old letter and blood stained. Colonel Brodhead died within an hour after he had scrawled it off.

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how he could tell the animal's age.

"By his teeth," was the reply.

The next day the man went to a horse dealer, who had showed him a splendid animal. The horse hunter opened the pony's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel.

"I don't want him," he said; "he's thirty-two years old."

He had counted the teeth!

### HE JOINED THE CHURCH.

Uncle Sam had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sunday, but after a while joined the church. One day he met the minister to whose church he belonged.

"Well, Uncle Sam," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. P. since he joined the church?"

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Sam, "a great difference. Before, when he went out to mend his fence on Sunday, he carried an ax on his shoulder; but now he carries it under his overcoat."

Whilst a countryman was sowing his ground, one of two swells who were riding past called to him with an insolent air: "It is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor; to which the countryman replied, "It is very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp."

The papers offer an encouragement to their readers to persevere in getting through their work, by stating that an old lady in Holland, whose sole occupation was housewifery, scrubbed her sitting room floor until she fell through into the cellar.

An old sailor passing through a grave yard, saw one of the tombstones, "I still live." It was too much for Jack, and shifting his quid, he ejaculated, "Well, I've heard say that there are cases in which a man may lie; but if I was dead, I'd own it."

### VERMONT.

Every town in Vermont has been carried by the Union ticket. In many towns not a solitary Breckinridge vote was cast.

### IMPORTANT DECISION.

Chief Justice Hinman, of Connecticut, has just decided that a man who enlists when he is thoroughly drunk, or between sunrise and sunset on Sunday, is not legally enlisted.

If a man shows that he cannot be bound by oath, let him be bound with chains and fetters.

A barber was asked, what was the reason that nature had not given beards to women? The tonsor replied, "because they could never hold their tongues long enough to be shaved."

Why does a boy trying to peep into a garden, remind one of a husband who takes no heed of a scolding wife? Because he looks over the railing.

While one of our chaplains of the army was repeating this line of the Lord's prayer—"Give us this day our daily bread"—a soldier added with a loud voice—"fresh."

When is a man thinner than a shingle?—When he is a shaving.

The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour glass, the more it shows us that her sands of life are running out.

Don't confide your secrets to an inordinate laughter—He might "split."

Rob a man of his life and you'll be hung; rob a man of his living and you may be applauded.

Every man should be allowed a choice among women; Adam had no choice and married badly.

The happiest man is the benevolent one for he owns stock in the happiness of all mankind.

A single glass of liquor too much may separate lovers more widely than the ocean ever did.

A poor woman can see more sympathy in a sixpence than in streams of