

# Waynesboro' Village Record.

WEDNESDAY  
OCTOBER 3, 1862

W. Blair. A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion. \$1.00 Per Year. VOLUME XVI. WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 3, 1862. NUMBER 27.

## POETICAL.



### THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

In the saffron tinted morning,  
With Potomac's anthem swell,  
Where our honored Chief is sleeping,  
Mingles deep the passing bell.  
Slowly glides the gallant vessel,  
By Mount Vernon's hallowed shades,  
And that mournful, mellow cadence,  
Echoed through the dewy glades;  
'Tis Columbia's tender tribute  
Offered to her noblest son;  
'Tis the free heart's fervent homage,  
At the grave of Washington!

In the slumberous hush of noon tide,  
With Potomac's anthem swell,  
Where our honored Chief is sleeping,  
Mingles deep the passing bell.  
Never marble mute and cold,  
Might such majestic impart,  
Nor the loud acclaim of millions,  
As this homage of the heart;  
'Tis Columbia's tender tribute,  
Offered to her noblest son;  
'Tis the free heart's fervent homage,  
At the grave of Washington!

In the rosy hush of evening,  
With Potomac's anthem swell,  
Where our honored Chief is sleeping,  
Mingles deep the passing bell.  
Never King in regal splendor  
Won a fame so true and pure.  
For his name shall be a watchword  
While his country shall endure;  
'Tis Columbia's tender tribute,  
Offered to her noblest son;  
'Tis the free heart's fervent homage,  
At the grave of Washington!

In the blue and starry midnight,  
With Potomac's anthem swell,  
Where our honored Chief is sleeping,  
Mingles deep the passing bell.  
Dear the spot to patriot pilgrims—  
What a thrill his name creates!  
'Tis the signal of the Union!  
'Tis the Mecca of the States!  
Meet such true and tender tribute  
To Columbia's noblest son;  
'Tis the free heart's noblest homage,  
At the grave of Washington!

### SEND THEM HOME TENDERLY.

Send them home tenderly,  
Guard them with care,  
Eager eyes tearfully  
Watch for them there;  
Home hearts are mournfully  
Throbbing to know—  
Gifted and manly sons  
Stricken so low!

Send them home tenderly  
To the fair sod,  
First by the martyr-adoled  
Puritan's tread—  
Blue hills and ocean wave  
Echo the prayer:—  
Send them home tenderly,  
Love waits them there.

Send them home tenderly—  
Poor breathless clay—  
Ye what high hopefulness  
Bore them away,  
Hand to hand clingly,  
Linked in brave trust—  
Tenderly, tenderly,  
Bear home their dust.

Send them home tenderly—  
Think of the sire,  
Struggling with mighty foes  
By the low fire;  
Think how a mother's heart  
Hourly hath bled—  
Tenderly, tenderly,  
Bear home their dead.

\*Written on the occasion of the assault made upon the Massachusetts volunteers while passing through Baltimore in April, 1861, when several of the volunteers were killed.

## MISCELLANY.

REMEMBERED AND MOURNED.—For every man who falls in battle, some one mourns. For every man who dies in hospital wards, and of whom no note is made, some one mourns. For the humblest soldier shot on picket, and of whose humble exit from the stage of life little is thought, some one mourns. Not this alone. For every soldier disabled, for every one who loses an arm or a leg, or who is wounded, or languishes in protracted suffering, for every one who has "only camp fever," some heart bleeds, some tears are shed. In farof, humble households, perhaps, sleepless nights and anxious days are passed off which the world never knows; and every wounded and crippled soldier who returns to his family and friends, brings a lasting pang with him. Oh! how the mothers feel this war! We, who are young, think little of it; neither, we think, do fathers or brothers know much of it; but it is the poor mothers and wives of the soldiers. God help them!

"IF YOU PLEASE."—When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. In all your home talk, remember, "if you please." Among your playmates, don't forget, "if you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words, "if you please."

Dark.—The page of History that records the damnable and bloody deeds of the Southern traitors to the land and Government of their fathers. Such deeds are a disgrace to the most uncivilized creature that bears the image of man. Their acts are worthy of the base and ignominious days of his Sennitic majesty, of Brimstone notoriety.

## SPEECH OF GEO. F. TRAIN.

### THE DOWNFALL OF ENGLAND.

The last steamer from Europe brings us the cause of the recent arrest of Mr. George F. Train in London. It was a characteristic speech, delivered secretly before the "Brotherhood of St. Patrick," and in which he commented in strong terms upon England's oppression of the Irish people. He began after this fashion:

In the name of the Irish army of the West, I ask you to cheer for the Union of America and the disunion of Ireland from Great Britain. (Loud cheers.) Those cheers foreshadow already the downfall of England. (Hear.) Englishmen are so busy plotting the ruin of America, there can be no objection to my changing the topic, and speaking to an Irish audience on the downfall of England—(Cheers.) England is supposed to be a Gibraltar—a rock of strength, so grand, so powerful, so rich, that anything I might say would fail to penetrate her iron armor of egotism and copper sheathing of assumption. (Laughter.) I speak for the people. The aristocracy have all the lawyers to speak for them. (Hear and Laughter.)—Some day men will be considered men and the simple annals of the poor will be heard in Heaven. (Cheers.)

When I allude to the downfall of England I mean the uprising of the people—and hear, when men shall have votes, and not be called the Mob. The American-rebellion is the world's rebellion, and the life of America is the death of England. British statesmen have acted on that hypothesis. America will live, England will die—such is the law of nations. Prosperity then: adversity. The antithesis follows everything in nature, right, left, up, down—abuse a man then praise him—strong, weak, young, old—When a man is very ill he must get better or die. The runner at the top of his speed must slacken or fall. So the nation that has mounted to the last round of the ladder must drop or descend step by step. (Cheers.) America is going up, England coming down. The downfall of England commenced the moment the governing classes laid their plans for sapping away the liberties of the people. Taxation without Representation is Robbery!

There are six millions of able-bodied men in England whose position is lower than the American slave's. Five negroes are allowed three votes by the Constitution, which makes a negro three-fifths of a man; but in England he is not counted so high as the cattle of the field or the trees in the forest. Even the million of voters on the lists have no actual representation. They are bought and sold as regularly as corn or hemp or iron.

Before the election of another American President, Canada will be a nation. (Cheers.) As a dependency she is a pauper; as a nation she is a millionaire. (Hear.) Ten minutes after her Declaration of Independence, America will acknowledge Canada as a sister State. (Hear.) Are there no statesmen in Canada equal to the opportunity? Irishmen, I call upon you for three hearty cheers for the Republic of Canada! The first President, the Irish rebel, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. (The call was loudly responded to with additional cheers.)

England's downfall commences when America closes up the ranks, and peace cements the Union and perpetuates Republics and universal suffrage—when rank is but the guinea stamp, and a man is a man for all that. These cries must shortly come into fashion: Canada for the Canadians, Australia for the Australians, and Ireland for Irishmen. (Loud cheers.)

Australia will soon be a nation. Hurrah, for the Republic of the Antipodes! Gavan Duffy, the Irish rebel of forty-eight, the first President of the new Republic. (Cheers.) With Murphy, O'Shaughnessy, Ireland, Mielke, and Moleworth, all Irishmen, in his cabinet. (Cheers.) The downfall of England commences in earnest with the uprising of Ireland. (Hear.)

Look at America—our army is yours.—Union is as essential to you as to us. Ireland forever! Three cheers for the land of the brave! The spirit of Ireland is again alive. You cannot crush it. Nine times England's confederation edicts thundered upon her people. Seven centuries of continued injustice, outrage, murder! Yet Ireland lives again in the hundred and fifty thousand Irish soldiers in the American army—(Loud cheers.) The Sixty-ninth still cheers for Corcoran. The Chicago Montgomery Guard still cheer for Illinois and the West, as they fought at Lexington. Shields was backed by Irish at Winchester, and the Irish Brigade at Fair Oaks stopped the rebels in the advance. The Massachusetts Ninth and the Pennsylvania Sixty-ninth were Irish regiments. (Loud cheers.) All hail, then, Irishmen, as you live your lives over again in the army of the Constitution. (Loud cheers.) Our army is your army. We do not inquire when the Irishman volunteers, whether he be Protestant or Catholic. (Cheers.)

Mark well the eloquent words of Archbishop Hughes at Dublin. (Loud cheers.) He said he had seen but three great things in the world—the Falls of Niagara, St. Peter's at Rome, and that glorious demonstration of Irishmen at Dublin on the laying of the foundation of the Catholic University.—(Loud cheers.) He says the Irish soldiers are only drilling in America, and that they do not intend to lay down their belts—(Loud cheers.)—and I do not hesitate to say that if England interferes in our domestic matter, that glorious rebel of '48, Thomas Francis Meagher, will be back again in Dublin, with a body guard of ten thousand veteran Irish soldiers from the battle-fields of Rindwood. (Hear the whole audience rose to their feet, and the hall resounded with cheers for Shields, Meagher, and the Irish nationality.)

## A Singular Defense.

The following remarkable defense of a prisoner tried for a highway robbery will, we doubt not, interest our readers, but we have no mode of ascertaining when it occurred. That it is not of recent date is certain, because it appears in a work presented to the late Sir John Conroy when officially connected with his majesty; King of the Belgians, in 1833.

A gentleman, followed by a servant in livery, rode into an inn in the west of England one evening, a little before dark. He told the landlord he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the interval of time. The landlord replied that it was their race and assizes week, and that he would, therefore, be at no loss to pass away his leisure hours. On the gentleman's remarking that this was fortunate, for that he was fond of hearing trials, the other said that a very interesting trial for robbery would come on the next day, on which people's opinion was much divided, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner; but the man himself persisted resolutely in declaring that he was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time the robbery was committed.

The guest manifested considerable anxiety to hear the trial, but as the court would probably be crowded, expressed some doubt of getting a place. The landlord told him there should be no difficulty in a gentleman of his appearance getting a seat; but that, to prevent any accident, he would himself go with him, and speak to one of the beadle's. Accordingly, they went into court next morning, and through the landlord's interest with the officers of the court, the gentleman was shown to a seat on the bench. Presently after, the trial began.

While the evidence was proceeding against him, the prisoner had remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly very much depressed; till on being called for his defense, he looked up, and seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainting. This excited some surprise, and it seemed, at first, like a trick to gain time. As soon as he came to himself, being asked by the judge the cause of his behavior, he said:

"Oh, my lord, I see a person who can save my life: that gentleman, pointing to the stranger, 'can prove I am innocent, might I only have leave to put a few questions to him.'"

The eyes of the whole court were now turned upon the gentleman, who said he felt in a very awkward situation to be called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before, but that he would answer any questions that was asked him.

Well, then, said the man, "don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?" To this he answered that he had landed at Dover not long before; but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not.

"Well, said he, but don't you recollect that a person in a blue jacket and trowsers carried your trunk to the inn?" To this he answered that of course some person had carried his trunk for him; but he did not know what dress he wore.

"But," said the prisoner, "don't you remember that the person who went with you from the boat told you a story of his being in the service, that he thought himself so ill-used man, and that he showed you a scar he had on one side of the forehead?"

During this last question the countenance of the stranger underwent considerable change. He said he did recollect such a circumstance, and on the man's putting his hair aside and showing the scar, he became quite sure that he saw the same person. A buzz of satisfaction now ran through the court; for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, the gentleman had met with him at Dover was the same on which he was charged for robbery in a distant part of the country. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time but said he sometimes made a memorandum of dates in his pocket book and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On turning to his pocket book he found a memorandum of the time he landed, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the alibi, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, amidst the applause and congratulations of the whole court. Within less than a month after this, the gentleman who came to the inn attended by a servant in livery, the servant who followed him, and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all three brought back together to the same jail for robbing the mail! It turned out that this clever defence at the trial was a scheme skillfully arranged by the thief's confederates to obtain the release of their accomplice!

A HINT TO PARENTS.—Many persons when told never to punish a child in anger, reply, "Then we should never punish them at all, if we did not while we are angry." Very well, be it so, a blow struck in anger has made more inmates of our prisons than almost anything else. How many boyish wanderers from the parental roof can trace their ultimate ruin from it! How many women, who have lost all semblance of womanhood, can date their first downward steps from this cruel, maddening, discouraged moment! Oh, never strike your child in anger! The bitter resentment and heart-burnings which it causes is the seed of that deadly nightshade—Despair. A little patience (and how much you! Heavenly Father, has had with you)—a little love (and how freely have you received it from Him!) and your child's waywardness will disappear, and your old age be blessed, instead of being remorseful.

If you are ever so temperate you will die in time. If you are intemperate you will probably die "in no time."

## The Real Murderer.

On the field of Bull Run last month a brave Colonel in the Union Army laid down his life, amid hundreds of his comrades. As the vital current ebbed from him, he wrote a few thrilling words to one near and dear to him, accusing a certain General of being the means of his death. Could he have had a more comprehensive view of the causes of his "taking off," he would have seen that his real murderer was slavery. Against him slavery, with stolen cannon, pitted its cohorts, and celebrated its triumph when he and hundreds like him lay weltering in their gore. Nay, further, the white slaves of slavery would gladly boil the flesh from his bones and fashion them into delicate ornaments for fair hands, necks and bosoms.—They deliberately accomplished such exploits in hundred of instances while their army lay at Manassas after the first battle of Bull Run. All over the South they have scattered these "ornaments," only a few days since a rebel cavalier offered a Maryland lady a finger ring which he gaily announced as made of Yankee's bone.

Without a rise in the barbaric spirit of slavery we should have no war. Without the efforts of Calhoun, Rhett, Yancey, Breckinridge, Davis, Benjamin, Floyd, Cobb and their joint conspirators, no cannon would have rung its shot towards Fort Sumter.—Without their persistent malignity tens of thousands patriot soldiers, whose bones now bleach all over Southern territory, would still be pursuing the paths of enterprise and the United States would be gaining in prosperity every hour. It is slavery which has scattered families and ruined households; it is slavery which has brought the nation into a reign of blood and violence, and if we conquer slavery, it must be by bringing light into recesses now dark; it must be by sending forth from sea to sea, and from Canada to the Gulf the warmth, the light and the power of freedom.

In this vast struggle up to this period the loyal North has poured out blood like rivers and money in millions. Our hospitals are filled with the victims of this crime against civilization; on innumerable battle-fields thousands of gallant spirits have died and now fill nameless trenches. We have never bleached at this waste of manhood, this scattering of treasure. But a time is now close upon us when, if this war is to be fought and finished, with both our hands, we must annihilate slavery, so far as it hedges about the rebels mighty bulwark and leave them "scattered and peeled" amid the wreck of their infamous designs to establish darkness on the throne of light, and barbarism in the very centre and home of civilization.

THE ENDLESS WAR.—There are no weary hearts on the other side of Jordan. The rest of heaven will be the sweeter for the toils of earth. The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. Jesus now allows us to rest in His bosom. He will soon bring us to rest in His Father's house. His rest will be glorious. A rest from sin; a rest from suffering; a rest from conflict; a rest from toil; a rest from sorrow. The very rest that Jesus enjoys Himself. We shall not only rest with Him, we shall rest like Him. How many of the earth's weary ones are resting in His glorious presence now? It will be undisturbed rest. Here the rest of body is disturbed by dreams, and sometimes by alarms; but there are no troublesome dreams or alarming occurrences there. Thanks be unto God for the rest we now enjoy! Ten thousand thanks to God for the rest we shall enjoy with Christ. We are now, look away from the cause of thy present suffering and remember there is a rest remaining, for thee. A little while and thou shalt enter into rest.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a school master who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us—'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another idle boy, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'"

"Ah, thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look of his book, I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed," said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did; and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

"I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.—When Pompeii was destroyed, there were many persons buried in the ruins, who were afterwards found in different situations. There were some found in the street, as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in the lofty chambers; but where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city gate, with his hand still grasping the war weapon where he had been placed by his captain and there while the heavens threatened him; there while the lava stream rolled, had he stood at his post; and there, after a thousand years had passed away, was he found.

FRUIT CROP.—The crop of fruit in Northwestern Pennsylvania this season is immense, and of every variety. In some places the apple crop is so large that not more than two-thirds of it will be gathered.

The following curious epitaph, it is said, may be found in a graveyard in Italy. Here lies Battola, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity; and has gone thither to enjoy it.

## THE DEAD EDITOR.

A paper in a neighboring State, after giving a long obituary of a deceased brother of the quill, thus concludes: "Are we not glad, also, that such an editor is in heaven? There the cry of 'more copy' shall never be heard. There he shall never be abused by his political antagonist, with lies and detractions that should shame a demon to promulgate. There he shall do more be used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as they reach the desired height and need him no more. There he shall be able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowingly and unknown as he has been during his weary pilgrimage on earth. There he shall find articles credited, and not a clap of his thunder stolen—and there shall be no horrid typographical errors to set him in a fever. We are glad the editor is in heaven."

ABOUT LIFE.—If it is well for a man to live at all, he should endeavor to avoid all those influences which detract from the beauty and harmony of human existence. In other words, he should "make the most of life," and not allow himself to be distracted, annoyed, or confounded by anything. He should fully possess himself, being at peace with his own soul, and having great good-will for all mankind. Life, then, will have a beautiful significance to him; its current will be deep and flow gently on—in all the beauties of the world reflected.

READING.—This I deem twin sister to orthography, and one of the first elements of a good education. Indeed, it is one of the grand starting points of all self-made men—it is through this medium that we are enabled to grasp wisdom and carry off the laurels in triumph. The questions then come home to us, why cannot the community at large become more than passable readers? Are they not intelligent? And where shall we seek for an answer? Methinks some one whispers, "visit our common schools, and then sum up the argument."

If Washington had not been a man of common-sense personal worth, would he ever have been so enshrined in our grateful love and veneration? We serve our country and the world best when we most diligently cherish those pure, generous and holy affections, those immortal virtues which prepare us for a better country, that is, a heavenly.

WIDOW OF EX-PRESIDENT TYLER.—Mrs. Julia Gardner Tyler, widow of the late Ex-President John Tyler, has arrived at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, en route for the North. Mrs. Tyler is a Northern lady, daughter of the late Colonel Gardner of Long Island, owner of the island known by name. Miss Gardner, at the time of her marriage with President Tyler, was a member of the New York Fair Association, and her marriage with the then President of the United States created a great sensation at the time. She now returns a widow, with six small children, to the scenes of her childhood.

The back often wears the gold that is a great deal more needed in the purse.

Acorns and grapes sprout quickly, but grow long before ripening.

The ladies of Dowagiac, Michigan, have formed a Ladies' Moral Police, to stop liquor selling and midnight deviltry.

Pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities. It is like roasting the root of a tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

Those nervous folks, who are annoyed by everything that approaches them, annoy every body they approach.

When we fall upon a rock we know how hard it is. When we are thrown upon our resources we learn how great they are.

We are commended to let our light shine before men; the man with the red nose keeps his light shining before himself.

He who calls himself a patriot and doesn't do the duty of one, deserves the double punishment of a traitor and a hypocrite.

The miser isn't vain; he thinks a penny better worth saving than his soul.

The green turf is the poor man's carpet; and God weaves the colors.

The richest man on earth is but a pauper fed and clothed by the bounty of heaven.

Peace gains her victories with spears of grain, and blades of grass.

Our hopes are bubbles, born with a breath and broken with a sigh.

More snakes have been whipped out of school-boys than into them.

A man should stop drinking before his stomach becomes the theatre of a whiskey insurrection.

Probably the reason why the way of the transgressor is hard, is that it is so much travelled.

We must tell some men a great deal to teach them a little.

When we think of good, the angels are silent, when we do it, they rejoice.

The calf of a thief's leg is an appropriate place for a dog's teeth to have a meeting.

Immoral books should be bound in the skins of their authors.

Young ladies rarely kiss each other except when there are gentlemen to see them do it.

The 73d Illinois regiment is commended throughout by Methodist preachers.

## HUMOROUS.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.—"Father," said Jack, "why shouldn't water be made red-hot?"

"No reason in the world, Jack, if the same didn't blow off the lid of the kettle."

Well, then, father, let's try; I can easily plug up the spout, and fasten down the lid of the kettle."

Jack duly prepared the kettle, borrowed an additional pair of bellows from a neighbor, placed the kettle over a good fire, and in conjunction with father, set to work to blow. "Now, father," "Now, Jack," cried the operators, encouraging each other to renewed exertion, till, at last, bang went the lid of the kettle, and down went father and Jack, somewhat scalded and considerably frightened; and as to making water red-hot, Jack quite agreed with father, who ruefully exclaimed, as he went down, "I say, Jack, it canna be done."—Scientific American

A story is told of Dick, a darkey, in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief, so notorious in this respect that all the theft in the neighborhood was charged on him. On one occasion Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said Dick must be sold out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all of his (Mr. Jones's) turkeys. Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work and accused him of the theft.

"You stole Mr. Jones's turkeys," said the master.

"No, I didn't massa," responded Dick.

The master persisted.

"Well," at length said Dick, "I'll tell you, massa; I didn't steal dem turkeys; but last night when I went across Mr. Jones's pasture I saw one of our rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail and confound it, when I came to look, dare was nine turkeys on de rail."

Petitions to be presented to the Legislature of any State that is nearly out of business:

From a bankrupt husband—Praying that a bill might be passed to restrain his wife from the use of more than six bonnets in one season.

From a jealous husband—Praying that it might be made felony for a bachelor to ask a married lady to dance.

From a filthy husband—For an act to declare the rearing of parrots and lap dogs a capital crime.

From a distracted husband—For an Act to prohibit the squalling of the babies.

From an old maid—To make marriages compulsory at a certain age—to extend to both sexes.

From a young lady—Invoking against the length of which moustaches have grown.

SURGEON.—"What's the matter with you?"

Would be exempt.—Weak back, sir—very weak back.

W.—Weak knees, you mean.

W.—Yes, sir, weak knees—very weak knees, can't march.

S.—Yes, I'll give you a certificate—(writes).—"Upon honor, I hereby certify that the bearer— is weak in the knees, a great coward, who shrinks from defending his country. Hope he will be put in the front ranks where he can't run away."

W.—[Handing the surgeon a quarter.]—Thank you, sir, I knew I was entitled to a certificate. This rebellion so wicked and monstrous must be put down. It has done my heart good to see the energy of the President in ordering a draft.

[Here reads the certificate and faints.]

"I say, stranger," said a cottage urchin to a Yankee pedlar, "don't yer whistle that ore dogaway?"

"Why, he ain't no use no how, he's too ugly."

"Oh, but he saves heaps of work."

"How?"

"Why he always licks the plates and dishes so clean that they never want washing—and mammy says she wouldn't part with him no how, for our new dog ain't got used to mustard yet."

A Pennsylvania editor says somebody brought a bottle of sour water into our office, with a request to notice it as lemon beer.—If Esau was green enough to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will toll a four shilling lie for five cents.

HAIL AND RAIN.—"Where do you hail from?" queried a Yankee of a traveler.

"Where do you rain from?" "Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan. "Neither do I hail—so mind your own business."

A worthy farmer who thoroughly detested taxes and tax collectors, was once called on by a collector's second time for money, for which he had mislaid the receipt, and as he told the story to his friends, "Well," said the friend, "what did you do?" "Do! why I remonstrated with him." "And to what effect?" "Well, I don't know to what effect, but the pokor was bent!"

"And where was the man stabbed?" asked an excited man of a physician.

"The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the median line, and about an inch above the umbilicus," was the reply.

"Oh, yes, I understand now; but I thought it was near the court-house."

A witty dentist having labored in vain to extract a tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with the felicitous apology: "The fact is, madam, it seems impossible for anything bad to come out of your mouth."

Two great geographical discoveries are yet to be made—the source of the nigger and the last ditch.