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By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



"THUS SAITH THE LORD, I OFFER THESE THREE THINGS."

BY O. W. HOLMES.

In poisonous dens where traitors hide
Like bats that feed the day,
While all the land our charters claim
In sweating blood and breathing flame,
Dead to their country's woe and shame
The recent whippersnaw!

In peaceful homes where patriot fires
On loves own altar glow,
The mother hides her trembling fear,
The wife, the sister checks a tear,
To stave the parting word of cheer,
Soldier of Freedom, GO!

In halls where luxury lies in ease,
And mammon keeps his state,
Where flatters fawn and menials crouch,
The dreamer starts from his couch,
Wings a few counters from his pouch
And murmurs faintly "Wear!"

In vengeful camps, on trampled plains
That ring with the dying cry,
The butting horns of armor gleams
Along the crimson flowing streams,
Calls, like a warning voice in dreams,
We want you brother! Come!

Choose ye those who bid ye will do—
To go, to wait, to stay!
Sons of the freedom-loving town,
Heirs of the fathers old renown,
The servile yoke, the civic crown,
Await your choice To-Day!

The stake is laid! O gallant youth
With yet unsundered brow,
If Heaven should bid you Hell should win,
On whom should lie the mortal sin,
Whose record is, it must HAVE BEEN!
God calls me—answer NOW!

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?
Thy neighbor!—It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless—
Whose aching heart or aching brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor!—'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,
Go thou and succor him!

Thy neighbor!—'Tis that weary man
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, care and pain;
Go thou and comfort him!

Thy neighbor!—'Tis the heart bereft
Of very earthly gem—
Widows and orphans, helpless left;
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbor!—Yonder tottering slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are fixed upon the grave
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form,
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbor whom,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh, pass not; pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou canst red-
The aching heart from misery,
Go share thy lot with him.

MISCELLANY.

A Thought of Death.

In the long watches of the winter night,
When one has awoke from some evil dream,
And lies sleepless and terrified with the
solemn pall of darkness around one—on one of
those deadly, still, dark nights, when the
window only shows a murky patch of
positive gloom in contrast with the nothingness
of the walls, when the howling of the tempest
round chimney and roof would be wel-
comed as a boisterous companion—in such
still dead times only, lying in the silence
of the tomb, one realizes that some day
we shall lie in that bed and not think at all
that the time will come soon when we must die.

Our preachers remind us of this often enough,
but we cannot realize it in a pew in
broad daylight. You must wake in the middle
of the night to do that, and face the
thought like a man that it will come, and
come to ninety-nine in a hundred of us, not
in a maddening clatter of musketry as
the day is won; or carrying a line to a stranded
ship, or in such like glorious time—when
the soul is in mastery over the body, but
in bed, by slow degrees. It is in darkness
only that we realize this; and then let us
hope that we may humbly remember that
death has been conquered for us, and that,
in spite of our unworthiness, we may defy
him.

In these troublous times, all who value
serenity of soul should adopt as a motto the
brave words, "Never Despair!" Though
appalling shadows lower upon our pathway,
we should possess our soul in patience, that
we may take advantage of every ray of light
to pursue our journey safely. Never despair,
through storm and tempest rage; but
trust confidently that He who controls the
fury of the wind and waves will say, "Peace
be still!" Despair not, though our liberties
are endangered; but patiently await the
restless shock of our gathering hosts that
overthrow the armies of the conspirators,
why should any despair? Does not the
earth yield bountifully? Though friends
face danger daily, are they not mercifully
preserved? True, many fall, but their
patient endurance of hardships, faithful vigils,
brave deeds, and glorious death, were not
in vain. Others, animated by their heroism
will strike vigorous blows in defence of
the right. In every condition in life let us
resolve to discharge our duty to the best of
our ability, and Despair will never cause us
to our equanimity of temper though our path
be thick set with thorns.

Follow citizens! go where glory waits
you, and don't let her have to wait long.

"Great Slaughter!"

Not long since, we saw the above words
in large letters on a handbill, informing the
public of the opening of a new liquor-saloon.
As we read it we could not help reflecting
how appropriate was this motto.

We are now experiencing the horrors of
war; but these words, in this connection,
called to our mind a still more terrible war-
fare in which we have long been engaged.—
We mean the WAR OF INTemperance—a
war more awful than has ever been decided
by the sword; for,

1st. Its victims outnumber those who
have been slain upon the field of battle. It
is not simply two combatants that are en-
gaged in this conflict, but the whole world.

2nd. Its warfare seems to be perpetual.
Although it originated almost with the birth
of our race, the battle is as fierce to-day as
it ever was, and the end seems no nearer.

3rd. Its conquests are so secret, that be-
fore the victim is aware he is bound hand
and foot. Its work of destruction is often
pursued under the disguise of friendship
and hospitality.

4th. It is more awful, because its victims
are not even delivered by death. The battle-
field is the end of other wars, but not so
with intemperance: "Its proudest trophies
lie beyond the grave." It has the power to
destroy both soul and body in hell.

"GREAT SLAUGHTER!" Alas, how true!
Here is the bill of mortality for only one
year in our own most favored land.

3,000 lives destroyed for time and eter-
nity!
25,000 persons sent to prison!
10,000 innocent children sent to the poor-
house!

1,500 murders!
500 suicides!
10,000 orphans!
1,000 widows!

What novelist would dare to risk his re-
putation by pretending to describe a war at-
tended with such devastation? But add to
all this the indirect effects of intemperance
in the production of innumerable diseases
that would never have been known but for
this insatiate destroyer; and add, again, the
thousands who, for no crime of theirs, are
brought into this world with physical and
mental derangements, rendering them an easy
prey to consumption and idocy; and if
your heart is not sickened at this appalling
result, for only one year in our own country,
go on and multiply it by all the ages past
and by all the countries of the globe, and
tell us if this grand total of misery, degrada-
tion and death, does not justify us in ex-
claiming, "Great Slaughter."

"It is the decimation of the genius of the
land." It holds more souls in bondage than
all other oppressors, and its slavery is more
abject and servile. It has filled our jails
and asylums with prisoners of war. It taxes
the honest and virtuous of our land \$12,000,000
annually, to prosecute its victims at the
bar of public justice and maintain them in
their places of confinement. Its track is
marked with moral ruin and desolation. Its
trophies are blasted hopes for time and eter-
nity, widowhood and orphanage, and disease
cursing even the third and fourth generation.
Its victims, like the fabled Prometheus, are
cursed with life, while suffering all the agonies
of a thousand deaths.

Great, great indeed is the slaughter. But
what is the opposing force that shall go
forth to meet and overcome this giant des-
troyer? Alas, the enemy has already en-
listed upon his side an influence that seems
almost too potent to defeat. Its advocates
are found in the legislative and judicial tri-
bunals of the land. It is no revolutionary
right which it pleads, but it boldly points to
legal and constitutional enactments for its
authority. It has even demanded that the
ministers of God should remain neutral, while
its victorious cohorts are numbering among
its victims the professed disciples of the
Cross. Its boast is like that of the defiant
Goliath before the armies of Israel, and like
them we have been afraid even to lift up our
voice against this great enemy.

How long shall it be before we shall go
forth to give him battle in the name of the
"Lord of hosts?" At the voice of our civil
rulers, thousands gird on the armor of war-
fare to protect us against a foreign and do-
mestic foe; and shall we sit still while a more
treacherous and terrible, because a more si-
lent and unrelenting foe is desecrating al-
most every hearth-stone in the land.

Gen. Curtis on the War.

Major General Curtis in a letter to his
friends in Keokuk, Io wa, says:

Break down the Rebel armies, confiscate
the property of their supporters, deprive the
Rebels of their slaves and their substance,
prostrate the foes and elevate the friends;
and the Union men in thousands, who now
tremble in the presence of the apprehension
of its return, will proclaim their devotion to
our Government, and unite with us heartily
in restoring peace and prosperity to our once
happy country.

I have campaigned through three of the
so-called Confederate States and express to
you my observations and convictions. The
Republic cannot be severed. There is no
geographical, moral or political line on which
to divide. No foreign power could prescribe
one that would satisfy either party.

We have embarked in a death struggle,
and have no other alternative but to steady-
ly press forward the engines of war and
all honorable disturbing elements, till rebel-
lion, weary and worn out and overpowered,
abdicates its wicked designs, and yields to
the Constitution and the laws.

Bands of robbers, such as we see in Mis-
souri and elsewhere, will survive the war, and
society will for a long time be pestered with
thieves and vagrants who only carry on their
raids for plunder; but local organizations
will ultimately stifle such elements, and peace
and security will gradually return.

An Inside View of Secession.

Letter of a North Carolina Father to a
Conscript Son.

The Washington Republican has received
from Captain Harover, of the Second Dis-
trict Regiment, a letter taken from the body
of a Rebel soldier in one of the late battles
in Maryland, which has been forwarded us
for publication. We make the following ex-
tracts from this epistle, which illustrate one
phase of this wicked rebellion. We omit
the names and particular localities, so as not
to involve the writer in difficulty:

NORTH CAROLINA, July 4, 1862.
My Dear Son: * * I hope these lines
will find you doing as well as a poor soldier
can. I have good news to write you: We
have examined your age, and find you was
born on the 18th of July, 1844; consequently
the conscript law won't catch you. Show
the enclosed certificate of your age to your
Colonel, and come home, as you have a right.
They say they pressed all over and under the
conscript age for ninety days longer. When
that is out, come home, for you have as good
a right to come as any of the rest. Though
I suppose, they will make some other law
to hold you if they can, for they have broken
three pledges already:—1. To let you all
come home when your twelve months was
out. 2. If you would enlist, they would
give all furloughs to come home. 3. On
the 16th they would let off all under and
over age. They have not and will not fulfil
one of these solemn pledges. They are not
going to do anything they say they will, if
they can help it, for they know they are badly
whipped. Now they are conscripting. The
conscripts here are the maddest men you
ever saw. They say they don't intend to fight.
They can make them go but they can't make
them fight. The most of them say they in-
tend to go to the North the first chance; and
I don't blame them, for there is no jus-
tice in such a war. There never will be
peace till they kill off all the men, or they
all rebel and come home; for it is given up
to all the smartest men in this country that
the North will whip—and the sooner the
better. I don't want you to fire another gun
at the North, if you can help it. Do like
some of the rest—shirk out of it. They say
it is no disgrace.

I heard this evening that—started
this morning for the army. He has gone
after his son D—. He says he is under
age, and he will fetch him home to stay. I
would have sent you something by him, if I
had known of his going. * * There are
about 900 men at Warm Springs now, in
camp. They are drilling every day.

I can't tell you anything about my feel-
ings. Nobody knows my troubles but my-
self. Your poor father has a great deal on
him, as your sisters' families are now on my
hands, since their husbands have gone to the
war. There is a great deal of sickness here.
J—L— has not gone yet. He has been
trying to get somebody to go in his place,
and failing in that he made an effort to get
appointed deputy postmaster, and various
other ways to get himself exempt. He says
the Yankees will never get a pop at him.—
He and old G— are the very men that
ought to go, but they are the last who will.
* * Since I began this letter, I have as-
certained that your Colonel has a perfect
right to let you off, on ascertaining your age,
so, my dear son, I have great hopes of seeing
you in a very short time. You will have to
pay back your bounty money before you can
get off.

Your brother and sisters send their best
love to you. Write soon and let us know
what your Colonel says.
We still remain, as ever, your affectionate
father and mother until death.

In vain will the true-hearted father, mother,
and dear friends look for the coming of
the "dear boy." "Broken pledges" sent the
son to the bloody field of death. Waiting
hearts, which beat high with the hope of
the speedy return of the loved one, will wait
in vain. Hope, fear doubt and despair will
follow each other, as the intelligence of
"missing" is brought home. The bitter words
of the father, "There is no justice in such a
war," will burn into the hearts of many be-
reaved ones, who reflect for a moment on
the cause of all this:

How the Union Women do in
Newport, Kentucky.

A gentleman in this city received a letter
from Newport, Ky., a day or two ago, which
related the following incident. We are per-
mitted to give it in the language of the
writer, except that the names are omitted for
the sake of impersonality. "A young girl,
Miss J.—W.— (strong Union, as the
sequel will show) was supplying the
soldiers as they passed; with water, cold bus-
tines, &c. Mrs. S.—, a Secessionist, was
standing near by and made sport of the
Union lady's efforts. She said no lady would
be in the street so engaged. Then pointing
to our flag she said, 'I would like to see
that Lincoln rag trampled into the dust.'
Whereupon Miss J.— slapped her mouth,
tore her nubia from her shoulders, and
completely ruined an elegant silk dress which
Mrs. S.— wore. Mrs. S.— had her ar-
rested. J.— told the court what she
did, why she did it, and added, 'I'll do it
again, too.' They dismissed her, without
reprimand; told her she had done just right,
and advised Mrs. S.— to go home and
mind her own affairs and not insult Union
ladies when they were relieving the wants of
Union soldiers. This did not occur among
rabble, for both the ladies are among the
"first families" of Newport.

So long as black unionists are worse than
white traitors at the hands of the govern-
ment, we may expect to make uphill work
in putting down the rebellion. Let us learn
to be true to our friends and protect our
natural allies.

MOONLIGHT SCENES.

The moon has just risen far over the deep,
Her beam on its bosom all tranquilly sleep,
Her lustre is shed over nature's warm-breast
And forest and meadow in silver are drest.

How tranquil the scene! How delightful the hour!
My slumbering fancy awakes in its power;
And beneath the soft rays of her mild, gentle light,
A thousand bright feelings come o'er us to-night.

The scenes of my childhood, unfaded and true
By her magical power are presented to view;
Fond memory opens her glittering store,
And the friends of my youth are around me once
more.

How dear the loved home of my infancy seems,
Where I have sported, at eve, 'neath her favoring
beams;
Its memory still shall be dear to my heart,
And to life's latest hour it shall never depart.

The Fashionable Preacher.

The fashionable preacher is a mortal al-
ways adored by his congregation, the female
portion particularly. He is a mortal, but is
sometimes deemed an unwinged immortal
and eclipses the divinity whom he preaches.
He prays resoundingly, (to the congregation),
and his amen sounds like the tap of a bass
drum. He is meek, exceedingly so—in the
pulpit; he loves his hearers collectively and
sometimes individually; he hates sin and
the devil—professionally. Discourses elo-
quently on charity from a mahogany pulpit,
but forgets his charity for those who differ
with him. Gives liberally (his advice) in
his resonant sermons, but always has his
purse in his other pantaloons pocket when
he meets a mendicant.

Sends the gospel to Barboola-Gha, and
sends the heathen at home—to the gutter.
Perfumes his sermon with sacred poetry, and
performs his white handkerchief with ease
and cologne.

Speaks yearningly of that other world,
but would doubtless prefer staying where he
is better acquainted. Calls his congregation
the sheep of his flock, and pulls wool over
their eyes while he shears them.

Studies attitudes as he studies his sermons,
and lifts his arm with imitable grace to see-
the divine grace of heaven! Delivers
from a three story pulpit—where he is ele-
vated far above his hearers—persuasive har-
angues upon moral propriety. Acts as
though sin could be drawn from man, as
that beautiful rich Eve was taken from Adam,
by throwing him into a gentle slumber;
or, as the dentist extracts a tooth, by admin-
istering chloroformal discourses and most
ethereal sermons. Of mortality he talks in
the aggregate, but never descends to particu-
lars.

If one of his congregation, by mortgaging
his property, swindles a friend out of a few
thousand dollars, he never rebukes the man
as the prophet did David; never mentions
it at all—that is a secular affair and belongs
to the world.

Prays to God not for wealth, which he
wants not neither poverty, which he cannot
bear, but only for a competence, by which
he means a three-story competence, finished
with a brown stone and all the modern
conveniences and a spacious basement.

Believes there is no gate to heaven but
through his church, and calls other denomina-
tions "sects."

Sends his brethren upward upon "flowery
beds of ease," but wether or not Peter lets
them pass the purely portals, we being poor
miserable sinners, cannot tell.

If he preaches at night, always arrives after
the audience is seated and waiting; he has
to rise mysteriously through a trap door
in the pulpit, as many have seen Parson
Beecher do; this always produces a fine ef-
fect—so theatrical and striking. Before his
entrance the gas is turned down to a moon-
light mellowness, and a dim obscurity broods
over the congregation; the organ is silent:

But the moment arrives; the popular
preacher enters; the gas blooms into magnif-
cent brilliance; the ladies peep eagerly for-
ward and a murmur of expectancy permeates
the air; silks rustle and feathers and fans
wave, the organ peals a grand voluntary, and
the minister, slowly mounting the richly
carpeted stairs, sinks into the silken cushions
and opens a hymn book.

Is it the worship of God or man? I do
not know, but think of the poor Publican
who stood afar off and smote upon his breast
and cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

A Spunky Soldier.

One of the correspondents writing of the
battle of Cedar Mountain, relates this inci-
dent:

"Just after the firing of musketry became
interesting, I noticed a private soldier com-
ing off the field, and thinking he was run-
ning away to avoid danger, I rode up to him
when I found that he had two fingers of his
left hand shot away and the third dreadfully
lacerated; I saw at once that he had at least
a hand in the fight. I assisted him to dress
his wound as well as my limited knowledge
of surgery would permit, he in the meantime
propping up my pluck by his quaint remarks.

Said he, don't bear a darn for that third
finger; for it wasn't of no count; no how; but
the pointer and t'other one were right good
ones, and I hate to lose 'em. I couldn't have
come to the rear if I had been able to load
my gun; but I wasn't."

After I had dressed his hand he looked
over in the direction of the firing and stood
a moment. Turning to me he said;
"Stranger, I wish you would just lead up
my shooting-iron for me; I want to 'have a
little satisfaction out of them cusses for spill-
ing my forenoon."

I loaded his gun for him, and he started
back at a double-quick in quest of "satisfac-
tion." His name was Lappa or Lapham of
the Ohio Seventh.

The dove, recollect, "did not return to
Noah with the olive-branch till the second
time of her going forth, why, then, should
you despond at the failure of a first attempt.

From the Louisville Journal, Sept. 27.

Geo. D. Prentice in Memory of his
Rebel Son.

William Courtland Prentice died on Mon-
day last, at Augusta, Ky., of wounds re-
ceived in the conflict at that place on the
preceding Saturday. He perished in the
cause of the rebellion.

It is not in the columns of a newspaper,
it is only in the family circle or in the hush
of solitude, that the emotions of a parent
over such an event should have utterance.—
The tears of weeping eyes and fast-trickling
drops of bleeding hearts are not for the pub-
lic gaze. The deepest agonies should be
content to fold their sombre wings in the
soul. Consolation could not come from
the world's sympathy; it can be looked for
only from God and his angel Time. Nay, they
are griefs that like running streams are deep-
ening their channels forever.

William Courtland Prentice was no com-
mon young man. He was remarkable in his
powers and in his temperament. A model
of many beauties, he had extraordinary intel-
lectual energy, a strong thirst for strange and
curious knowledge, and a deep passion for
all that is sublime and beautiful in poetry
and nature. He was generous, manly, high-
hearted, and of a courage that no mortal
peril, come in what form it might, could
daunt. He excelled in looking destruction
face to face in all its ways. He loved wild
and dangerous adventures for the very dan-
ger's sake. His eagle spirit lived among the
mountain crags, and shouted back to the
shouts of the storm. Although kind, unself-
ish, and humane, he was impetuous, passion-
ate, and of unconquerable prejudices. He
was frequently unjust in his judgments, and
he permitted nothing to stand 'between
him and the execution of his purposes.

This young man, if he had always directed
his energies judiciously, could have made
himself a distinguished ornament in any pro-
fession of life. He might have been an able
and honored statesman in the service of the
Republic. But an intense Southern sym-
pathy, in spite of the arguments, the remon-
strances, and the entreaties of those who
dearly loved him, made him an active rebel
against his country. And, after a brief five-
weeks service in the rebel ranks, he fell soon
to breathe out his fiery life, receiving, mean-
while, far away from his family, the kindly
ministrations of those against whose cause his
strong right arm had been raised. O, if he
had fallen in his country's service, fallen
with his burning eye fixed in love and devo-
tion upon the flag that for more than three-
fourths of a century has been a star of wor-
ship to his ancestors, his early death, though
still terrible, might have been borne by a
father's heart; but, alas! the reflection that
he fell in armed rebellion against that glori-
ous old banner, now the emblem of the great-
est and holiest cause the world ever knew, is
full of desolation and almost of despair.

And yet we shall love to think of Court-
land Prentice, that brave and noble though
misguided youth, during the remnant of our
lives. Our love for him undimmed by tears
and grief, is and will remain an amarant
flower upon the grave of our buried years.

Beautifully Defined.

An old soldier, in appealing lately to his
son to go and fight for the Government and
the Union, said: "Perhaps you have never
thought what your country means. It is all
that surrounds you—all that has bought you
up and fed you—all that you have loved.
This country that you see—these houses,
these trees, those girls who go along there
laughing—this is your country. The laws
which protect you, the bread which pays for
your work, the words you interchange with
others, the joy and grief which come to you
from the men and things among which you
live—this is your country! The little room
where you used to see your mother, the re-
membrances she left you, the earth where
she rests—this is your country! You see it,
you breathe it every where. Think for your-
self of your rights and duties, your affec-
tions and your wants, your past and present
blessings; write them all under a single name—
and that name will be your country. We
owe it all that we are, and he who enjoys
the advantages of having a free country, and
does not accept the burdens of it, forfeits
his honor, and is a bad citizen. Do for your
country what you would do for your father
and mother. Your country is in danger.

HUMAN TOIL.—The sentence of toil and
the promise of glory have issued from one
throne. Even our troubles here may make
the material of enjoyments above the cir-
cumscription of the earth. All are agents
in the restorative mercy of the great Dis-
poser; all turn into discipline. The obstacles
to knowledge, the struggles of the heart,
the thousand roughnesses of the common
path of man, are converted into the muscular
force of the mind. We are but sowing in the
winter of our nature the seed which shall
flourish in immortality.

HOPE.—There is a fire residing in the
breast of every mortal, that burns brightly
and cheerfully—and it is hope. As around
it our feelings gather themselves, lest they
become cold and frozen and receive warmth
and strength. And here to our courage
and ambition come, and kindles into activi-
ty. Hope is the anchor of life. Deprived
of its presence, like the ship upon the briny
deep without a helmsman, and driven higher
and higher by storm and tempest, we would
become stranded upon the shores of Time.
Hope is sweet and heaven-born. It is the
dim light by which we attempt to catch
glimpses of the great Future.

Even the sunny bear testimony to the
valuable services of negroes to the Union
cause. The Petersburg Express complains
that a well-laid plan for the capture of some
of McClellan's men who had invaded Prince
Georges County, was frustrated through the
peridy of a negro.

"John" who is your master to-day?

"He's off, sir, recruiting
"Bearing up, is he?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where?"
"Up in the White Mountains."

"What for?"
"His health."
"Ah, he's sick, is he?"
"Yes."
"What is the matter?"
"He took cold."
"He took cold; did he?"
"Yes."
"From what cause?"
"On account of the heavy draft."

"You don't say so?"
"Yes."
"That's bad."
"Yes."
"Then he won't go to the war?"
"No."
"Why?"
"Do you ask why?"
"Yes."
"Do you require an answer?"
"Yes."
"Now?"
"Yes."
"Immediately?"
"Yes."
"Right away?"
"Yes; tell me at once."
"Tell you—"
"Yes, quick."
"What?"
"Tell me why your master 'go to war?"
"Oh—is that it?"
"Yes."
"Well—because he won't!"

INTERESTING LINES.—While sitting at
the desk in the National House of Representa-
tives, the late John Quincy Adams wrote
down the following lines, and handed them
to Mr. Bunkerhoff of Ohio:

"Master and mind, mysterious one,
I mean till threescore years and ten,
Where I ere the thread of life was up un-
Where I then redual to dust am I?"

"Almighty God, the death suppress—
The doubt that only cannot relieve,
Let me, to soothe my distress,
Fly to the Gospel, and believe!"

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS
HARD.—A rank secessionist was treated to
a ride on the sharp edge of a rail the other
day in Wilkesbarre, Pa. He was taken to
his mother's house, but the old lady refused
to receive him, as he was a traitor and not
worthy to enter the house. She told the
boys to take him down South and give him
to Jeff Davis. "She has two sons in the
service of the United States, and justly regards
this fellow a disgrace to the family."

CATCHING THE IDEA.—A minister re-
peating the first line of a chapter in
the Bible, the clerk, by some mistake or
other, read it after him. The clergyman
read it as follows:—Moses was an sustere
man, and made atonement for the sins of
the people. The clerk, who could not ex-
actly catch the sentence, repeated thus:—
Moses was an oysterman, and made atonement
for the shins of his people.

THE LIFE WITHIN.—Our earthly lives
may waste and wear like the dripping sand;
but the inner life can never waste nor wear.
Time writes no wrinkles upon its brow.
It is no fleeting shadow, no wasting dream.
It must remain unimpair'd till it reaches
that beautiful land where angels dwell, and
rejoices forever in the presence of God.

Father Taylor, the veteran sailor preacher,
recently offered the following prayer:—(O
Lord, guide our dear President, our Abraham,
the friend of God; like old Abraham. Save
him from those wriggling, intriguing, politic,
piercing, slily born, keen wares; don't let
them go though the sheathing of his integ-
rity.)

The shadows of the mind are like those
of the body. In the morning of life they
all lay behind us; at noon we trample them
under foot; and in the evening they stretch
along and deepen before us.

The most tender-hearted man we ever
heard of was a shoemaker, who always shut
his eyes and whistled when he run his awl
into a sole.

The joyous peals of marriage bells have
sometimes, it is said, a doleful echo in the
after memories of the parties concerned.

Death is the condition of our creation;
it is a part of us, and, whilst we endeavor
to evade it, we avoid ourselves.

Youth and the lark have their song for
the morning, while age and the nightingale
have theirs for the evening.

A bachelor merchant's advice in selecting
a wife—"get hold of a piece of calico that
will wash."

He that swims the sea of life with blad-
ders cannot stand the first prick of adverse
fortune.

The trout loses his life for a worm, many
men lose theirs for less.

A bad old age is death, without death's
quiet.

The purest heart is that which dares to
call itself impure.

Over warm friendship, like hot coals, are
quickly