

# Waynesboro' Village Record

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

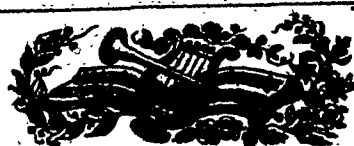
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## POETICAL.



### WE ARE COMING FATHER JEFFERSON.

We are coming, Father Jefferson, not as we went away.  
Two hundred thousand stout and strong, all eager for the fray  
From the Potomac's winding stream, and Maryland's loyal land,  
We are coming, Father Jefferson, a whipped and used-up band.

We are coming, Father Jefferson, some twenty thousand less,  
A sad mistake you made, dear dad, although you did your best;  
For Maryland loves her country, and you were misinformed.  
We are coming, Father Jefferson, seeking shelter from the storm.

We are coming, Father Jefferson, to get away from "Mae,"  
He's close upon our rear, dear dad, we hear his risk crack;  
He has whipped our greatest Generals, and we're coming sadly home,  
With fearful eyes we're looking for old Richmond's sunny dome.

We are coming, Father Jefferson, see that the way is clear,  
We are fearful that young Sigel is ahead with "Lager Beer."  
We fear that grim old Heintzelman is close upon our track,  
We are coming, Father Jefferson, if we only can get back.

### TABLEAU OF LIFE.

Scenes of life that shine before us  
Like the light in loving eyes,  
There are scenes which gather o'er us  
Angel watchers from the skies—  
Walking with their smiles the flowers  
Till the Spring-time rules the year,  
Fanning with their wings the hours  
Till the hope-crowned hovers near!

Over Childhood's dove-like dreaming  
Nearest bend the angel bands;  
And their glance of truth is gleaming  
On the loveliest nighted hands;  
And the star of promise brighter  
To the Mother's gaze they bring;  
And the Wanderer's lot is lighter  
Brightened by the Angel's wing.

Thus the glory of the human  
From the heavenly may be known;  
Thus the ministry of Woman  
Mid the scenes of life is shown—  
As an angel ever-loving,  
Helpless infancy she tends;  
And her truth Life's charm is proving  
When Man's heart before her bends.

Like a dream the rugged features  
Of the Past are swept away,  
And the grace of gentler natures  
O'er the coming Age shall sway;  
With the taste, the tone of feeling  
Woman's genius can bestow,  
Man's strong powers will rise, revealing  
All of God-like earth can know!

## MISCELLANY.

**BEGINNING THE WORLD.**—Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man adrift, with money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern men, and you will have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. To be thrown upon one's resources, is to be cast into the very lap of fortune, for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy of which they were previously incapable.

**ACTS OF LOVE.**—Each of a thousand acts of love costs very little of itself, and yet, when viewed together, who can estimate their value? The child whose good offices are always ready when wanted—to run up stairs or down—to get chips or rock the cradle—to run on an errand and right back—and all with a cheerful look and pleasant temper, has a reward along with such good duties. If a little girl cannot get her grandfather on her lap as he takes her on his, she can get his slippers, or put away his book, or gently comb his thin silver locks; and whether she thinks of it or not, these little kindnesses that come from a loving heart, are the sunbeams that lighten up a dark and woeful world.

**HEALTH.**—Nature has knit the mind and body together that they act and react upon each other. Who has not felt that the state of health gives a coloring to everything that happens to him. One man whose health is depressed, sees his own friends, that used to burn so cheerily, only colored with gloom and sadness. Another of a bright and joyous mind, in the full vigor of health, will go forth, and the very wilderness, to his view, will blossom like the rose, and saddest nature will sound to him the most joyous and brilliant. A sufferer goes out and looks on nature and its roses all become thorns; his myrtle all look like briers; all the sweet melody of the grove and the sound to him like a wild wailing through all the sounds of nature.

The cries of the poor never enter into the ear of the prosperous man; or, if they do, he has already decided in his mind that the other is to blame.

## SPEECH OF DAN. S. DICKINSON.

[Published by request of a Union Democrat.]

At a Union meeting held at Brooklyn on Friday night, the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson was received with demonstrations of the most earnest enthusiasm. He said:

**Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:**—I came as a hearer, and not as a speaker, here this evening. I breakfasted in Washington about 5 o'clock this morning, and not having dined yet, I won't fix the time. Reaching my hotel a few moments since, I found a note there saying this meeting was being held, addressed by our friends from the South, and I immediately started for the meeting. I started with as much promptness as the gubernatorial candidate of the Submissionists did for Wisconsin when I heard the Rebellion had broken out. [Laughter.] And I made about as good time as he did in getting away. I wanted to hear a voice from the South, to hear some gentlemen who had refused, when the sack-bell and psaltery and harp of Secession had played, to fall down and worship. I have been much interested as I have no doubt all of you have, and now to detain you at this late hour of the night would be unjust to you as well as myself.

[Loud cries of "Go on," all over the house.] **Imprimis,** then: All was quiet on the Potomac this morning. [Uproarious laughter.] I saw all the authorities at Washington, but I speak by no authority I do not profess to—but I will tell you, my fellow-citizens, that which you have a right to know, that which you ought to know, that you will find those waters ruffled at a very early day. [Cheers.]

I have reason to believe that the Administration are arising to the necessities of the occasion, that they comprehend this matter, and intend to grasp it with an iron hand, and at a very early moment. [The audience at this moment rose to their feet, and cheered with the wildest enthusiasm.] And I trust we shall all learn at a very early day that some movements have taken place which will give satisfaction to every loyal man, and make the knees of every Belshazzar tremble as did the one of old. [Cheers.] It is complained that we accuse our opponents of being disloyal. They say they are the Democratic party! I deny that they are the Democratic party! I deny that they are the Democratic party! I deny that they are the Democratic party!

I follow principles, not men; events and not names. Names prove nothing. The little boy as soon as he can run alone wants a horse; and he gets a stride of a stick, and whips it up, and calls it a horse. But it is not a horse, after all. The little girl has a doll, and calls it a baby. Well, it isn't a baby. In the city, they have one dressed in style in high finish, in the country they are made of rude cotton, and features put on with ink or charcoal. They are called babies, but they are not babies. They call this the Democratic party; but it is not the Democratic party.

It answers as a mere hobby for the little politicians to ride and call it a Democratic party. It answers for those who are more juvenile just to dangle upon their knee and call it a Democratic party. But it is not—it is not anything. The masses of the people are the Democratic Republican party. [Cheers.] And the masses occupy to-day the position of the old Democratic party of Andrew Jackson. [Cheers.] And these men knotted together for base purposes, I insist are the Democratic party in no sense whatever. It is a feeble, diluted, weak, dwarfed imitation of the Federalism of 1812 [Laughter.] with all of its mischief and none of its respectability—politically, I mean. We have been cursed North and South by politics. [Cheers and Laughter.] This rebellion is an officeholders' and an office-seekers' rebellion! In the loyal States, when this rebellion was inaugurated, politics were driven out; but these persons found a tenebrous empty, swept and garnished, and they took seven other spirits more wicked than themselves and entered into it and dwelt there. [Cheers and laughter.] And the last state of these people shall be worse than the first. [Great Laughter.]

They are loyal, they tell us. Mr. Seymour says he is accused of being disloyal. I have not accused him—I do not think so; but I will tell you what I do think. There was a clergyman in Northern Pennsylvania who was accused of some improprieties, and it was a matter of grave concern, referred to a committee, who investigated for two weeks and reported on the subject, in the presence of the church and a large audience, that they did not believe brother Smith guilty of any impropriety in the matter, but they thought his conduct was fast leading to it! The rebellion had three elements upon which it relies. One is foreign intervention and their own military prowess; one is yellow fever at the South, and the other is this spurious Democratic party at the North. [Laughter.] These are the elements upon which they rely, and they are acting together to-day.

The pretended Democratic party acting in concert with the worst elements of the malignant monarchies of the earth, railing and grining a ghastly and horrible smile, like Milton's devil, over their success and prosperity in this country.

A Democracy is rising up to aid foreign intervention, and shake hands with the yellow fever to help to put down loyal people and loyal States in their efforts to crush out this infernal rebellion. [Applause.] A more infamous and atrocious rebellion never existed since Satan made war in heaven. It must be met with all the material of war; it is a crime against God and man, and he is an honest man in the night of God who murders and robs those who are innocent of rebellion, and who murders States, peoples, pestilences as well as men. I arraign at the bar of the world that man who dares to put a rebel with this thing in a double sense. He is a great sinner, two great interests at war, both cannot be right, can any one doubt which is wrong? This thing is no more a

Democratic party, and has no more right to claim to be one, than Lucifer has a right to claim that he is an angel of heaven. [Applause.] I have labored for the South that they might have all their rights under the Constitution; but when they cast away this Constitution, and make war upon it, then I said they had no right to protection under it. Having played the physician for years to attempt to cure this limb, now I will play the surgeon to cut it off. [Great applause.]

Slavery is an unnatural state of things, and the world's progress is against it. I am no party Abolitionist; but as an exercise of the war power, I am for taking the things out by the roots. [Applause.] I am for employing every element which will strengthen loyalty and crush this rebellion. [Applause.] I set no bonds to the determination to put this rebellion down; there is nothing in all the boundaries of heaven and earth that I would not do, and I would stretch the letter of both to do it. [Loud cheers.] It is better that whole generations of men should pass away than that this great tree of liberty should be plucked out by the roots. How many have fled here from the oppression of earth to take shelter under this great, genial tree of liberty, which has shot its roots far down into the center of earth and extended its branches up to where the children play mid the beams of the morning and of the setting sun.

Oh, this great Constitution of liberty on freedom's soil on freedom's holy land! and he is a paricide who shall attempt to destroy it; and in the great day of accounts when the murderers of earth shall draw near, their crimes shall whiten in comparison with those who shall raise their hands against their country's Constitution. [Great applause.] I invoke you to put forth your strength in this coming contest, and although it is a mere local struggle, yet, it is of great importance to the life of this great nation. I believe the fate of this mighty nation depends in a great degree on the result of this election. If this nation must go down in tears of blood, in the name of Heaven, let us not speed the shaft which shall be driven to its vital! If our nation must die, let not the great Empire State struggle in its last terrible throes! So that we shall be compelled to say—

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
No more through spilling clouds to soar again,  
Views his own feather in the fatal dart,  
Which winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.  
Keen were his pangs, yet keener far to feel,  
Denuded the pinion which impelled the steel:  
While the same plumage which warmed his nest,  
Drank the life drop from his bleeding breast."

If our nation dies, then, in God's name, let not the Empire State speed the arrow.

**Hear Parson Brownlow.**  
We make the following extract from a letter written a few days ago to the Philadelphia Press by Parson Brownlow, in which he makes a great complaint as to the treatment received by the East Tennessee troops that are in the Union service in the West. The Parson, in asking that justice may be done to his suffering and patriotic brethren, expresses the utmost contempt for the graduates of West Point, alleging that they are the great "curse" of the U. States army, a sentiment in which we heartily concur.

But to the extract:  
"The brigade of Gen. Spears is alone composed of East Tennesseans, who have now been in the U. States service more than nine months. They were they who, together with Gen. Curtis' East Tennessee regiments, who took Cumberland Gap, have done the fighting, scouting and foraging services of that army, killing many rebels, and never have been paid one dollar, and have received but one suit of clothes. It now turns out that, having served more than nine months without any pay, there is a sort of informality in the manner in which they were mustered into the service; there is a sort of red-tape quibble raised, because some regularly authorized officer of the regular army, a West Pointer, with shoulder-straps, and a large stock of self-conceit, did not muster them into service. The curse of the United States army, in this war, is West Point; and I wish, most heartily, as a friend of the Union, that there could be a ton of powder placed under that concern and let it be tumbled pell-mell into the Hudson river! West Point generals, as a general thing, don't desire a victory unless they can account for it according to Scott's Tactics. What we want as a nation, and what we lack, are able and daring men—men for the times—men of audacity and quick decision, in this revolutionary war—men who are willing to risk their lives and reputations, as the Rebel Generals do. Military education and talents are great matters; but energy and promptness are greater; and of much more importance. The men who came up to my standard, in these respects, are *Picayune Butler, Rosecrans, Fremont, Mitchell, Sigel, and Lew Wallace.* They are rushing and fighting men, and consequently dangerous men."

**A HEIGHT TAKEN.**—On the day of the battle of South Mountain, a temporary halt had been made at the base of the mountain. The fire of the enemy became awful. Gen. Seymour exclaimed: "Won't some regiment take that height?" Immediately Colonel R. Biddle Roberts commanded his regiment (the First Pennsylvania Reserves) to "forward!"

Forward he and his brave men pressed up the almost perpendicular mountain, over rocks, the rebels from the top poured in a deadly fire, which caused many to roll lifeless to the valley; but onward the Colonel and the remainder of the men rushed and in a few minutes reached the height. They were in possession of the height; the field was won; the day was ours; the enemy were defeated and driven in confusion, with great slaughter.

Modesty in women is like color on her cheeks—decidedly becoming! If not put on, she is like a pale flower.

[From the Trenton True American.]

## GENERAL KARNETT.

Far from the fearful cannon's rattle  
The soldier sleeps—his work is o'er;  
And on the blood-red field of battle  
His voice shall sound the charge no more;  
No morning reveille will awaken  
The chieftain from his slumber deep;  
His soul a final march hath taken—  
Well may a sorrowing nation weep.

Our flag hath lost a brave defender,  
A name of terror to the foe,  
A soul that would no right surrender  
While his arm could strike a blow.  
To duty true, to fear a stranger—  
As those who know him best can tell—  
He gloriéd in the post of danger,  
And in the path of duty fell.

Well, let him sleep—the gallant hearted!  
Sleep in a nation's honored grave;  
His name was traced, ere he departed,  
Amid the record of the brave.  
And if we grieve to tell the story,  
'Tis for ourselves we breathe the sigh—  
Not for the soldier, crowned with glory,  
Who died as heroes love to die!

## Gov. Tod on the Emancipation Proclamation.

An immense Proclamation ratification meeting was held at Columbus, one Monday evening. As will be seen by the speech of Gov. Tod, which is published below, he cordially indorses the Proclamation in every syllable and sentiment. He says:

My neighbors, it is very gratifying to be thus cordially and kindly received. But I hope that you will excuse me, and not be disappointed that I make no speech. I would be glad to do so, but the labors of the past few days, and the pressing labors now on hand forbid. A few words will suffice for me to speak my views on this proclamation. I have studied it calmly; I have given it my faithful attention; and I here say to you that I cordially indorse every word and syllable of it. I would be sorry to differ with the distinguished General (Wallace) as to its being in any wise ill-timed. I think it is well timed—perfectly well timed in every regard. We must remember the position that Mr. Lincoln occupies. He is as much the President of South Carolina and Virginia as he is of Ohio and Illinois. And I tell you that his long forbearance in laying his hand upon Slavery, entitles him to a monument that shall reach high toward the heavens.

Few men in this world could have acted so carefully and calmly as Mr. Lincoln has done. This proclamation is, in my judgment, perfectly well timed; particularly so as to Ohio. For affairs have come to such a pass that the question was forced upon us—whether we with our army should stay at home and protect our homes and families from the rebels, or whether they should be sent home to protect theirs. [Cheers.] And "good! good!" Stupid though he may be, yet only this African be made free, and my word for it, they will soon give these rebel rascals enough to do to take care of their own homes and families. [Cheers.] And, for one, I prefer that they should be put to the work of looking out for themselves, rather than we should.

I have seen for months, my friends, that exhaustion on one side or the other is to be the end of the rebellion. For the spirit of their master, the devil, has so completely entered into and possessed the hearts of those leaders that nothing but exhaustion will be able to reduce them to obedience to the requirements of their allegiance. And this proclamation is the very thing to weaken them in a most vital part. [Applause]

This proclamation—what is it? The President simply says to these rebels, cease your ungodly war—lay down your weapons of rebellion—return to your allegiance by due representation in Congress and obedience to law, and all is right. Then the Proclamation of emancipation of your slaves won't hurt you. Now, are not ninety days time enough for them to determine the point as to which course they will take? If within these three months the rebel States return to their proper and lawful condition in the Union, then this proclamation becomes a dead letter.

But if they choose to continue in their ungodly Rebellion, who is to blame but themselves? They invoke the consequences on their own heads. And who will be willing to stop them? Go ask the father, whose many son has yielded up his young life before those rebel guns, if he would have the Government stop there. No, if they would stay there, if I have any influence with the Government, I will urge them to go faster, and to go on till every one of those infamous leaders are hanged, as an example to all future time. [Immense applause.] The best blood of Ohio cries from the battle-field and demands the death of those leaders. [Great applause.] To beggar them by confiscation is not enough. They must die! [Wild applause.] There is no loyal man in Ohio that can condemn the President for his Proclamation. We must have no divided issues among us.

I am happy, my friends, to say that I have recently made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln. I had known him before as we know men whose hand we take and are gone. But now I've come to know him. I have had a long and confidential conversation with him. He is calm and undismayed; and I am satisfied, perfectly satisfied, that in his hands we have confided the affairs of Government to hands able and faithful. And let me assure you, whatever the newspapers may say to the contrary, there is perfect harmony in the Cabinet at Washington. Add in my opinion all bids fair to end the war right soon; and that, as I believe, after this winter we shall have but little left to do but to catch and hang the leaders of this infernal Rebellion.

The gate of a gentleman's door-yard is a ways neat and tasteful. In more senses than one you may know a gentleman by his gate.

## Charged with Treason.

The Rev. J. J. Stine, of Perry county, Pennsylvania, was brought to Philadelphia on Saturday, in custody of Deputy Marshal Jenkins, who had arrested him on the charge of treason, in betraying Captain Palmer of the Anderson Troop, into rebel captivity. The reverend traitor has the name of being a Lutheran minister, but has no regular station to preach the Gospel. Some time since he volunteered his services to the Government of the United States, as a scout, and was accepted, because of his familiarity with the passes of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. After the rebels were thrashed out at Antietam creek, Captain Palmer had occasion to cross the Potomac. He was accompanied by Stine, who conducted him to a farm house near Dam No. 4, where they had crossed. Shortly after arriving at the house, Stine absented himself and remained away about an hour. Not long after Stine departed the rebels entered the house, and at once captured Captain Palmer, since which time he has not been heard from. Thus the affair stood.

Nothing was seen or heard of Stine until the rebel raid was made on Chambersburg. He arrived there in advance of them, and remained during their stay. He was recognized by a number who knew him, and they closely watched his movements. He was frequently seen in conversation with some of Stuart's officers. On this point the evidence of respectable men and women is positive. Besides this it is confidently believed that the wretched traitor had perfected a plan to have Governor Curtin captured. When the Governor visited Hagerstown the rebels had left. He remained there a short time and within an hour or two after he returned, a part of the rebel savagery made a grand dash into the town, and from certain remarks which fell from some of their lips they were evidently in search of him. He escaped only a few hours before the rebels made the dash.

The U. S. Marshal received an order on Saturday week from the War Department at Washington to arrest Stine. The documentary authority was placed in the hands of Mr. Jenkins, and on last Sunday week, in company with Mr. R. M. Evans of Philadelphia, who knew Stine very well, he started for the interior. After much traveling, they finally traced Stine to his residence at Newport, Perry county just after he had arrived there on a visit to his wife. He was brought to Philadelphia on Friday night, and on Saturday morning was taken to Fort Detmold by Deputy Marshal Sharkey. The evidence against him is said to be overwhelming. Some of the people of the interior were decidedly anxious to hang him at once to the nearest tree; as an example to all other infamous traitors. —*Phila. News of Monday.*

The Rev. J. J. Stine above alluded to, was editor of the *Tutor and Paper*, published in Chambersburg, a few years since.

**The President and a Wounded Rebel.**  
The following remarkable scene connected with the President's late visit to the Rebel hospital at Sharpsburg, is narrated by a Baltimore correspondent: Passing through one of the hospitals, devoted exclusively to Confederate sick and wounded, President Lincoln's attention was drawn to a young Georgian—a fine, noble looking youth—stretched upon a humble cot. He was pale, emaciated, and anxious, far from kindred and home, vibrating, as it were, between life and death. Every stranger that entered caught his restless eyes, in hope of their being some relative or friend. President Lincoln observed this youthful soldier, approached and spoke, asking him if he suffered much pain. "I do," was the reply. "I have lost a leg, and feel I am sinking from exhaustion."

"Would you," said Mr. Lincoln, "shake hands with me if I were to tell you who I am?" The response was affirmative. "There should," remarked the young Georgian, "be no enemies in this place." Then said the distinguished visitor: "I am Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. The young sufferer raised his head, looking amazed, and freely extended his hand which Mr. Lincoln took and pressed tenderly for some time. There followed an instinctive pause. The wounded Confederate's eyes melted into tears, his lips quivered, and his heart beat full. President Lincoln bent over him motionless and dumb. His eyes, too, were overflowing, thus giving utterance to emotions far beyond the power of language to describe. It was a most touching scene. Not a dry eye was present. Silence was subsequently broken by a kind, conciliatory conversation between the President and this young Confederate, when they parted, there being but slim hopes of the latter's recovery.

**PLANTING THE THORNS.**—Many a parent wonders at the catastrophes which have gathered about the path of his child, as he or she has blundered from the first to the second; and then to the third folly, and brought one calamity not only upon himself or herself, but upon a father's household. The mother has stood paralyzed in the contemplation of her child. They need not wonder long; they have initiated their child in a life of ungodliness. Many and many a father, and many and many a mother, prepare thorns for their dying hour, steeping the heart of their son or their daughter with the elements of sinful pleasure, until the habit has been formed that has covered their dying day with a gloom which is almost equal to that of despair.

In Virginia a company has been formed the purpose of washing windows by machine. The charge is one cent per window.

A young lady, if a visitor rings the bell, will sometimes send word, saying, though she never had an offer in her life.

## HUMOROUS.

The following is said to have passed in school days, and is the most northern town in the United States.

**The North Pole.**  
"Who is it inhabited by?"  
"By the Poles, sir."  
"That's right. Now what's the meaning of the word 'pole'?"  
"Don't know, sir."  
"What do I do when I bend over thus?"  
"You scratches your shins, sir?"  
"What is the meaning of the word 'curve'?"  
"I don't know, sir?"  
"What does your father do when he sits down to the table?"  
"He axes for the brandy bottle."

"I don't mean that. Well, then, what does your mother do when you set down to the table?"  
"She says she will wring our necks if we spill any grease on the floor."

**A Short Answer.**—One of the enrolling marshals, the other day received a strong hint from a "down town" female. Stopping at the lady's house he found her before her door endeavoring to effect with a vegetable huckster, a twenty per cent abatement in the price of a peck of tomatoes.

"Have you any men here, ma'am?"  
"The reply was gruff and curt: 'No.'"  
"Have you no husband handy?"  
"No."  
"Perhaps you have a son, ma'am?"  
"Well, what of it?"  
"I should like to know where he is."  
"Well, he isn't here."  
"So I see, ma'am. Pray where is he?"  
"In the Union army, where you ought to be."

The marshal hastened round the corner. He didn't further interrogate the lady.

A Dutchman looking for a person by the name of Dunn, who owed him a "small account," asked a wag near Sweeney's eating house where No. 68 was, as he "wished to find Mr. Dunn." The wag told him to go to Sweeney's and the first person at the first table was the gentleman he was inquiring for.

The Dutchman went in, about as shy as a jackass to a peck of oats, and his "first gent man" happened to be an Irishman. "Are you *Dunn*?" said the Dutchman. "Done?" says Pat, "by my soul, I am—just commenced."

**The Knickerbocker** is responsible for the following: "Tom, a three-year old, like many others, has received his due quantum of the logical information, some of which exuded the other day in the following form: 'Tom was standing at the window, and just before him buzzed one of the first flies of Spring, which he addressed in sweetest tones, imaginable. 'How do you do, little fly?' 'Do you love your God, little fly?' 'Do you want to see your God, little fly?' 'Suddenly and with a vicious jab' of the finger. 'Well, you shall. 'There.' The unfortunate insect was smashed, and its spirit sent off to the land where the good flies go."

**WISHING FOR A PILE OF GOLD.**—Bill, said one to the other, 'I'll tell you just how much gold I wish I had, and I'd be satisfied. 'Well,' said the individual addressed, 'go ahead; I'll see if you've got the liberal ideas of a gentleman.' 'Well, Bill, I wish I had so much gold that 'two'd take a seventy-four gun ship, loaded down with needles so deep, that if you'd put in another needle she'd sink—and all these needles to be wore off makin' bags to hold my pile.'"

Bill threw his crownless hat upon the pavement with indignation, and exclaimed: "Darn it, why didn't you wish for something when you undertook it—I wish that I had so much that yours wouldn't pay the interest of mine for the time you could hold a red hot needle in your ear."

Two friends meeting, one remarked, 'I have just met a man who told me I looked like you.' 'Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down,' replied his friend. 'Don't trouble yourself,' said he; 'I did that myself, immediately.'

A few days since, "Maryland my Maryland" was the most popular tune in Lee and Jackson's army. Now it is, "Carry me back to Ole Virginia."

Why is a man dead drunk like a piece of field artillery ready for action?—Because he's all limbered up.

Why is a lady who has bought a sable cape at half price, like an officer absent on leave?—Because she's got her far low.

"I like your impudence," as a pretty girl said when her beau kissed her.

If a lady's sottish husband is scolding her let her tie a flour-bag over his head, and he will get measly-mouthed.

Few ladies are so modest as to be unwilling to sit in the lap of ease and luxury.

Staffing is a good way to preserve a dead bird; but a poor way to preserve a live person.

If women do the greater part of the talking, they also do the better part of it.