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NUMBER 2

PORTICAL



## THE DYING INFIDEL.

Reprinted from the Cincinnatti Gazatte of Sep-

tember, 1826.
What shall I be? Where shall I go? I'd give a thousand worlds to know. Shall I exist? or shall I not? Ceasing to be—I dread the thought— Does death, in fact, destroy the whole, And with the holy kill the soul? Reason! I choose thee for my guide, I'll hear thy voice and none beside; Come, now, decide the doubtful strife, Twixt endless sleep and endless life. Some, who thy sole dominion own, As Nature's brightest, eldest son, Say thou bast laught the soul will live, And her accounts to God mest give, Others deny that this will be, And both for proof appeal to thee. I feel, I know that I have sinned, And conscience rages here within;
If there's a God—(I fear 'its true)—
Does he the creature's conduct view?
And if the soul immortal prove, Can sinners ever taste his love? Will they have nothing then to fear. Because he governs there and here? If he is geod, will he destroy; And banish every human joy ? Are parents harried to the tomb Merely to give successors room ! If he regards our actions here, . Why not revenge the oppressed's tear ? And crush the cruel and unjust With pride and malice in the dust ? These thoughts an anxious doubt create, That this is not our final state. If there's a God then who can tell, There may be leaven, there may be hell, The Bible doctrine may be right—if so, I sink to endless night I hate that God which they declare, His holiness is too severe; I hate his law, which says I must Be holy like him, or be curs'd, Once I could laugh at what I feel, " Aud scorn the thought of heaven and hell, But reason shines as clear as day, Altho' my outward man decay ; Yea, it may shine and never stop, And misery fill my future cup. Braw near my friends, if friends indeed, You will assist me now in need; With you I spent the jovial day. And cast the thought of death away; I spurn at God, and Christ, and hell, As names that priest and women tell; I gave the rein to sin and lust, Which hastened my retuen to dust. O, can you shield my soul from harm Against the power of any arm?
Ah! wretches, stop-deceive no more, I've heard all you can say before. I scorned the Christian and his God. And trampled on the Savior's blood. With him I now no part can claim. For still I hate the very name, Yet he must be more safe than I, Better prepared to live er die; If I were right, still he is well,

# LINES ON THE COPPERHEADS

It he is right,-- I sink to hell.

When the sweet roses blushing red, In Eden their first fragrance shed, A traitor and a copperhead Came in disguise. Diffusing knowledge; and he said, Est and be wise, And wisdom shall annoint thine eyes.

And when the Woman saw the tree, So pleasant for the eyes to see, She ate forbidden fruit. Thus she Hath man misled. Now 'neath the tree of liberty This copperhead

Appears in blue and white and rad. Urder the silent grass he hides,

Among the weeds and flowers he glides, Down by the brooks he most abides-A treacherous thing; The stars and stripes that deck his sides Conceal a sting Venom and death are in his spring.

Satan seceded, and he fe'l, In chains and darkness Joomed to dwell, With other traitors who rebel, In act and word.

Because he'd rather reign in h-ll Than serve the Lord,

# Who guards us with his flaming sword.

MISCELLANY.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyments must be left on the thresh hold without when they come home at night place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is his heart, "all peace here." She's gone now, begun that ends in gambling houses and it is very lonely, sometimes, but then I try have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other, and perhaps, less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home-nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and aunoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic circle-Life Illustrated.

FLOUR \$110 A BARREL AT MOBILE.-The Jackson Mississipian, of March 12th

of General Pemberton stopping supplies from nough it was mother, all bright and beautiboing sent to Mobile by railroad from this ful, and no cough. I fell on her neck and State. Gen. Buckuer has issued a similar wept for joy. Then some one said, 'Come order in regard to supplies from his depart up higher' Mother said, 'It is Jesus.' Then ment coming in this direction Hence we I saw one that looked like Jesus. He smillearn that flour advanced in this city to \$110 ed very sweetly, and said, 'Dear lamb of my per parrel."

#### [From the Boston Recorder. THE LITTLE FRENCH BOY.

BY JULIA PERCEY.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."
My dear children, I wish you would all
come into my sitting-room, to-night. The fire is roaring and flaring merrily ; and though "Jack Fost" is busy with the windows, and busy with the hands and feet of the poor little children, he has no place here. Now I am going to talk to you as though you were He had two good teachers, his mother and with me, Lulu and Carrie on my lap, Johnnie and Frankie sharing a cricket at my feet, and many Marys and Gracies, Freddies and Georges, sitting around the fire.

I shall not be very long, not near as long as the ministers are Sundays. I will not use "big" words, either, so Mary and Freddie must listen, and I will tell them of a poor little French boy, before I kiss them all good

Miles and miles from here, over water and over land, is the beautiful country called Palestine; the air is much milder and warmer than in our own dear New England, it rains very soldom there during the Spring or Summer, the cold of Winter is not severe, and the ground is never frozen I think, the little boys and girls there never heard of a sleigh ride, and would open their eyes very wide if they should happen to alight in Bos-

ton on some very snowy day

Through the green valleys and over the
hills the shepherds lead their sheep; sometimes the little lambs they carry in their arms. Over these plains and valleys, long ago, there went a young shepherd, by the name of David; he tended his father's sheep, and we may believe that he was very kind and gentle to them, as we ought always to be to the creatures that our dear Father in heaven has made.

David loved God very much, and God loved him As David used to tend his flock by night, he would look up and see the little stars shining over him; he would think of the good God, who is far beyond the stars, who had watched over him and loved him always.

The little French b y loved and trusted God, too. Shall I tell you about him? Strolling along the streets of New York one day, gazing into the shop windows and noting the passers-by, I was surprised to hear a boyish voice at my side, chanting in a low tone-

## "The Lord is my shepherd."

I looked down. A little ragged boy, perhaps thirteen years old, stood gazing attentively at an engraving in a shop window representing Christ when he said to Peter, "Feed my lambs." Struck by his childish curiosity and the singular fitness of his words, spoke to him. He answered me very pleasantly, and I soon learned from him his histo-

father died from a fever contracted on the voyage. The mother toiled night and day for hreself and fatherless boy, supporting never recovered; she lingered a few months, and then her wayworn spirit sought blissful quietude and rest-in-heaven. -

"Who has taken care of you, since mother died?" I asked.

"Granny Carpenter; she's very goodshe gave me money to buy oranges with,

I've sold out now." And I noticed for the first time, that he had a tin try slung over his arm

"Granny's sick now," he continued. "I think she's going to die." And his voice sank to a whisper, and a

peculiar expression flitted over his counte-"Why do you think so, Pierre ?-that was

his name. "Because—Because—she looks like mother just before she died," he answered, the tears trickling down his cheeks.

"But, Pierre," I said, "granny's home may be in heaven; perhaps she longs to go -it's all bright up there, no crying, no sick-

ness." "Yes, yes, I know," he interrupted; mother told me all about it before she died. She

used to read out of this.' As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a

small French Bible. "She read all about Jesus, and the New Jerusalem, and when her coughing spell came on, and I would stand crying, not knowing what to do. she would say, 'Pierre, When once a home is regarded as only a it is peace here," and he laid his hand across reckless degradation. Young people must to think how happy she is, and when I'm very cold and hungry, I say softly to my-self, They shall hunger no more neither shall there be more pain, and I think of those words till I almost forget I'm weary barefooted—the snow was frozen hard, the sharp edg cutting my feet, making them bleed! I went up Broadway, asking the few passers-by for something, but no one took any notice of me. I went in under some steps, wondering all the time what I had done that I should be so poor. I fell asleep, and oh, the dream I had! I wasn't cold then or hungry. I was in a beautiful country, with sweet music; there were voices pelled to try them now and then. It cannot and they sang so beautifully. While I was wondering, a sweet voice said, 'Pierre, don't "It is said that in retaliation for the order | you know mother?" I looked and sure e-

I sweat for thee; on Calvary I thought of thee; on the cross I died for thee. The pearare ended, thou hast come victorious through the dark valley. 'He that overcometh shall of the "peace" men and their schemes in a inherit all things.' Then my mother kissed very free style, thus:

me, and robed me in white, a crown and a \*\*\* "I cannot imagine anything more harp were given me, and we sang together around the throne."

I was much affected by his simple story, so much love of God, so much trust in him. his Jesus 1 said good-bye to him reluctantly, probably never to meet on earth a gain, but to meet sometime above. And if thought worthy to enter through the gate into the city, into the blissful rest of home, I feel assured that among the redeemed I shall see Pierre, the orphan boy-for he loved much.

Dear children, good night. In pleasant homes with loving fathers and mothers, in Sabbath School and in church, Jesus, the Good Shepherd is preached. Pierre had none of these. Shall he sing before Jesus forever, and you not there? Come to Jesus to-night-trust him and love him. Life will only be the happier for it, and death the

### General Jackson and a Colored Soldiery.

HEADQUARTERS, 7TH MILITARY DISTRICT. Mobile, September 21, 1814.

"To the Free Colored Inhabitants of Lousiana: Through a mistaken policy you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious stuggle for national rights in which our country is engaged. This no longer shall exist.

As sons of freedom, you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable bless-

"As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands and brothers, you are summoned to rally around the standard of the eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence.

"Your country, although calling for your exertions, does not wish you to engage in her-cause without amply renumerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations. Your love of honor would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. In the sincerity of a soldier and the language of truth I address you.

no longer, there will be paid the same bounwill also be entitled to the same monthly pay was anxiously looking for the coming of his any American citizen.

"On enrolling yourselves in companies, themselves comfortably by making shirts, the Major-general commanding will select ration from his forchead, for the expected "The people subsist entirely on cracked but constant overworking and exposure officers for your government from your white one and with a smile of joy lighting up his brought on a severe cough from which she follow-citizens. Your non-communicated of the large whispered tenderly that math fellow-citizens. Your non-commissioned of pale face, whispered tenderly. Is that moth bread, and soaked in hot water for coffee.ficers will be appointed from among your- er?' 'Then,' says the writer; 'drawing her occasionally they get hold of a little fresh selves.

"Due regard will be paid to the feelings of freemen and soldiers- You will not, by being associated with white men in the same corps, be exposed to improper comparisons, or unjust sarcasm. As a distinct, independeut battalion or regiment, pursaing the path of glory, you will, undivided. receive the applause and gratitude of your countrymen.

"To assure you of the sincerity of my intentions, and my anxiety to engage your invaluable services to our country, I have communicated my wishes to the Governor of Louisiana, who is fully informed as to the manner of enrollment, and will give you every necessary information on the subject of this address

#### -Andrew Jackson, Major-General Commanding.

At the close of a review of the white and colored troops in New Orleans, December 18, 1814, General Jackson's address to the troops was read by Edward Livingston. A portion of it was particularly addressed to the colored soldiers, which we append:

"To the men of Color: Soldiers! From the shores of Mobile I collected you to arms -I invited you to share in the perils and to divide the glory of your white countrymen. expected much from you, for I was not uninformed of those qualities which must render you so formidable to an invading foe -I knew that you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the hardships of war. I knew that you loved the land of your nativity, and that, like ourselves, you had to defind all that is most dear to man. But you surpass my hopes. I have found in you, united to impels to great deeds."

MAKE THEM HAPPY .-- A pastor in Connecticut, in a recent sermon, gave this as an all-important element in good government and training He says: "The great art in child-like culture is to keep the little ones happy, having all things as pleasant and bright about them as possible. Children will have trials enough in spite of you. God will try them; and you yourself will be combe helped. That is life; but the less the better. The worst men began early, and had tumults, and angers; and abuses when they were little, and ought to have been just laughing the days away. Homes of discontent, sour homes, cloudy homes, irritable, scolding, undivine homes, make rebellious, and restless, and unsuccessful lives."

Bock, on the love mountains, in the desert Because he often rises to spout.

places, I struggled for thee; it Gethsemane A Soldier's Opinion of Copperheads Judge Petegru, of South Carolina. An Irash soldier, of the 14th Massachusetts Regiment, writing to a friend in New ly gates are opened to thee, thy sufferings | York from the camp at Maryland Heights. on St. Patrick's Day, expresses his opinion

> \*\*\* "I cannot imagine anything more mean and despicable than a cowardly, sneak king, snivelling, cringing, whining, soulless copperhead. A copperhead has as much patriotism as a lobster, and as much courage as a bull-frog. He would sell his grandmother into slavery if he got a good price for her, and would give his children a cent each to go to bed without their supper, and then steal the cents from them when they got to sleep, so as to have them to operate with in the same way the night following.

"Any person who keeps himself at all posted on the news of the day cannot help see ing that the South don't want peace on any terms of compromise that the North could offer. Their papers, day after day, iterate and reiterate this. They want separation, and nothing more or less. They have staked their all upon this, and are determined to fight it out-and I do hone that the war will be so conducted on our part that they will get fighting to their hearts' content. The Rebel papers ridicule and abuse the copperhead peace party of the North, and assert that the South (when its independence is recognized) will not even trade with Yankees unless hard pushed, and not even then, without holding their noses! And yet these cringing sycophants will get down on their marrowbones to the 'aristocratic chivalry,' and implore them to accept of their peace

offerings.

\* \* \* "Peace on their plan would be peace of short duration indeed. The battle of freedom and slavery has to be fought, out on this continent, and now that we have our sleeves rolled up and our loins girded for the combat, what is the use of trying to defer it to some other day?"

This soldier writes warmly, but he evidently feels what he says; and, like other brave men in the field, cannot see the propriety of enduring a fire in the rear from malignant reactionists while, a deadly foe is in front .--He closes his letter with the remark that he can "hardly stop writing when he gets on this subject.'

A Touching Ingident.—The war has given birth to many gems of poetry, patriotspirit and varied impressions of the time. A volume compiled from the newspapers of the quote: day would prove a rich contribution to the pen, copied from the Philadelphia-Bulletin. lady who was wiping the cold clamy perspi- brutal minions of Jeff. Davis. infant, and thus died, with the aweet word 'mother' on his quivering lips.

"IS THAT MOTHER ?" Is that mother hending o'er me.
As she sang my cradle hymn-Say !-- my sight is growing dim.

Comes she from the old home lowly, Out among the Northern hills, To her pet boy dying slowly Of war's battle wound and illa!

Mother! oh we bravely battled-Battled till the day was done; While the leaden haif-storm rattled-Man to man and gun to gun.

But we failed-and I am djing-Dying in my boyhood's years-There—no weeping—self-denying, Noble deaths demand no tests!

Fold your arms again around me; Press again my aching head : Sing the lulaby you sang me-

Kiss me, mother, ere I'm dead. There is pathos in this incident-one only of hundreds similar—to inspire the artist's pencil. - Coorespondence of the Providence Journal.

### Greed of Gold. When Napolean, about 1811, desired to

build a palace for the King of Rome, near ment. The administrator hesitated a few community: American Presbyterian. days and then decided to give it; but Simon, goaded by the god of gain, now asked forty thousand francs. This sum was more than two hundred times its value and the domand was scouted. An attempt was made to change the frontage, but being found impossible. they went again to the cubbler, who had raised his price to sixty thousand france: He ting son of St. Crispin then saw his mistako, and offered his property fifty thousand francs. of 1814 happened, and all thought of a palace for the King of Rome was abandoned .-Some months after, Simon sold his shop for one hundred and firty france, and in a few days after the sale he was removed to an insane asytum; disappointed avarice—that, which can nover be satisfied-bad driven Why is a windy orator like a whale? - him orazy. What a lesson doth this teach

To the editor of the New York Herald: 1

New York, March 16, 1863. Your Washington correspondent, in the issue of this date, states (in substance) that it was well known in Washington that the late Mr. Petegru of Charleston, had joined the cause of secession since President Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation. I have seen letters written by him since then, which prove this to be a great mistake. In one of

them he says: Those who said I had changed my views stitution of the world. of secession are wonderfully mistaken. Every day convinces me more and more of the

mark which, although it is not so explicit megassaries, and restoratives of all kinds for as that above quoted, still shows that his wounded men, with just room enough for love for the Union was unaltered. The her to sit down is ever hovering around a batman as Potegru, and we should jealously that she herself with olicering words and soc-The man who in Charleston (the fiers furnace of Secession) could walk unscathed and yet singly and alone avow his abiding love of the Union, is worthy to be called the bravest patriot of his day. We ought to e-rect a monument to his memory in our Central Park. These lines from Milton would be:a fit inscription-

Faithful found Among the faithless, faithful only he; Among innumerable false unmoved, Unshaken, unsetluced, unterrified, His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; Nor number nor example with him wrought To swerve from truth, or change his constant

You will confer a great favor if you wil publish a correction of the report referred Yours, Respectfully,

CAMBRIDGE LIVINGSTON.

Rebel Inhumanity in Louisiana. Terrible condition of the poor in the "Confederacy."

The New Orleans Era of the 13th inst. publishes a parrative of Rebel barbarity in the parish of St Tammany, Louisiana, which more than confirms all previous statements of the suffering among the people of the South and the tyranny of the Confederate rule. The Era derives its information from a refugee, who, with his family, by long and weary marches, succeeded in reaching Pearl ir, humorous and pathetic, illustrative of the river, and thence escaped by a cance to the seacost, and so reached New Orleans. We

"The people of St. Tammany have been man of color, volunteering to serve during military literature of the country.—I send living from hand to mouth for about a year. the present contest with Great Britian, and below a touching morceau from an unknown The Conscription law has driven all males to living from hand to mouth for about a year. seek refuge in the woods, while the poor wowhite soldiers of the United States, viz: one the army hospitals. A brave lad of 16 years, very verge of starvation. Rebel officers handred and twenty-four dollars in money, belonging to a New England, regiment, mor- scour the country continually with blood-He was an orphan. His father and mother and one hundred and sixty acres of land.—
er had emigrated from France, when he was five years old. Soon after their arrival, his will also be entitled to the same monthly part. and daily rations and clothes, furnished to mother. As his last hour approached and ness they are kicked out of their own houses sight grew dim, he mistook a sympathetic and coarsely assailed and carsed by these

> corn, which is parched and caten dry for towards him with all his feeble strength, he meat; but as their is not a particle of sait to nestled his head in her arms like a sleeping be had short of a dollar a spoonful, this meat cannot be kept, and is very unpalatable without salt.

> > · IDEAS IMPERISHABLE .- Abraham is dead. but a race survive to call him father. Plato these twenty conturies or more, departed from the porch and the lyceum but phantom where her feet ought to be. like lives to teach the youth of endless generations. Christ is gone far from earth, but Christianity has lived to educate the world, and bring many sons of earth to glory. Human worth and influence and character and example have an earthly immortality. Their are great forces which commingle themselves in the world's life, and live and work through endless changes affecting the character and the race for good, the anthithesis of this view of human influence is that which invests hunan responsibility with its appalling interests; for bad men likewise live when dead, and live in evil expanding in volume, and endless pro-was the response, "I knew a bagful to fall on a man's head and kill him!"

A clergyman in these times who refuses to pray for the success of our arms, can offer no comfort to the sick and wounded soldier, from the justness of our cause. He cannot tell the burdened widow that her make it go, but go it does, and not only will martered son has died for a noble objecthe cannot thank God for any victory. - it. It is his wif's tongue. Knowing he will be forever despised if our dause triumphs, he has the most powerful the barrier do Passy, the slop of a poor cob- temptation by intrigue, whispering and prebler, named Simon, stood in the way! Si- tended lamentations over the horrors of war mon having learned what was going on, de to compass, if possible, the "defeat of our sonable teachings of the Cincinnati Enquirmanded twenty thousand france for his tone- arms." Such a man is dangerous in any er, came one day to headquarters and en-

I have beard persons condomn fairy tales lant Colonel, when you go down. The blue as "trush unfit for children." But no prop- coats and the greenbacks are in the same erly balanced mind can subsist or bear facts; boat, and must, sink or swim together. they must be varied by funcies, as the land- Then, said the soldier, to discount on green-scape by lights and shades. The rainbow, backs is a discount on us. That's it exactspanning cloud or cataract, is not tangible; ly, said the Colonel, and as long as we win the frost pistures on the pane are unreal and victories in the filed, greenbacks will be worth was offered fifty thousand, but refused. The evanescent; the world that trembles in the a premium. - Lafayette Courier. Emperor would not give a franc more, and dew drops does not exist therein; the hues preferred to change his plans. The specula- of the flower, even-what are they but the fantasies of light? These are natura's fairy tions upon him who neglects to pay the printales; yet in all her fictions she hides reali- ter :- May 243 nightmares trot quarter raforty thousand, thirty thousand, coming down at last to ton thousand. The disasters tion, truths exhale, as perfumes from the boots leak his gun hang fire, and fishing lily and the rose.

The man who, in talking to a lady, lays ing cars. In short, may his daughter mar his hand upon her shoulder, may be thought my a one eyed edition and his business go t too touching in his remarks. Anthony ties | ruin, and he go to the Legislature.

to a light of the state of the second state of

MATRIMONY, Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches and Heaven itself. An unmarried man, like a fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but dwells alone, and is confined and dies in singularity. But marriage, like the useful bee builds a house, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies and exercises many virtues and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the con-

An army correspondent says that the wifesoundness of the opinion which I expressed of General Hooker always goes into battle at the time and have ever since avowed." with him. 'She is as much beloved by the The last letter received (I believe) is da- soldiers as he kinself. Soldiers have told ted February 6, 1868, and it contains is red me that a carriage filled with bandages, lint, whole country should be proud of such a life where her husband's hien are engaged and preserve his reputation from any cloud. thing touch attends upon and relieves the sufforig. God bless the noble woman !

> If mortal man, in that brief interval which lies between his first smile and his last, avails himself of the opportunity to think for what purpose he is come into the world, and for what purpose he is to leave it; and if, between the first lighting up of life and its extinction by death, he finds his Saviour, he has attained the great object of life.

> WITNESS THREE.—Shortly before he dieds. Patrick Henry, laying his band on the Bible,

Here is a Book worth more than all others, yet it is my sad mistortune never to have read it, until lately, with proper attention. With voice and gesture, portinent, and all

his own, John Randolph said: 'A terrible proof of our deep depravity is, that we can relish and remember anythig better than 'THE BOOK"

When the shades of death were gathering around Sir Walter Scott, he said to the watcher, "Bring the Book"

What book, asked Lockhart, his son in There is but one book, said the dying man. With such testimony as to the value of the Sacred Scriptures, reiterated by the great

and good, in all ages, it is a scaled book to

man y.

A PERPLEXING PREDICAMENT. The conscription Bill, which has been reported by the Military Committee of the U. S. Senate, provides that all bachelors between the ages of thirty and forty-five, shall be enrolled in the first class which is liable to do military duty. No old bachelor can hereaf. ter be exempt from performing military duty, unless he avails himself of the terrible alternative, getting married. So choose ye this day whom ye will serve. To the music

11 12 momen The Joo Miller men are again trying to raise an excitement. They now set the 17th of August as the day on which all sublunary affairs are to be closed ap

of which Union will you march?

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever, pillows the vicissi. tudes of fortune may place under it.

Why is the letter A the best remedy for a deaf woman? Because it makes her hear

Why is a woman deformed when she is mending stockings? Because her hands are

Oh, Jacob, said a master to his apprentice

boy, 'it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can cat.' 'Yes, master,' said the boy, 'I have been practicing it since I was a child." 'What is that puppy barking at?' asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than

his ideas. 'Why,' replied a bystander, 'be-cause he sees another nuppy in your boots. Sir," said one of the Barbary-Shoretars to a crusty old captain, "Did you ever know coffee to nurt any one, "Yes, you lubber,

A man in Germantown says he has a little machine in his house which has acquired perpetual motion. It is a simple contrivance requires no weights, lines nor springs to not stop, but to save his life. he cannot stop

COL. BLAKE ON GREENBACKS -An honest soldier in the 4th Indiana regiment, whose mind had been poisoned by the treaquired if greenbacks were really going down. 'Greenbacks will go down, replied the gal-

A country cultor denounces these afflicily and the rose.

lines broak. May a troop of printer's devils, bout land, lank, and hungry, dog his heels each day, and a regiments of cats caterwant unfanther; but credit twice the word she had a regiments of cats caterwant unfanther; but credit twice the word she of another, but credit twice the good she der his window each night. May the fam-reports of here, for any and arrived ino-stricken ghost of an editor's beby haunt his slumbers, and hise murder in his dream