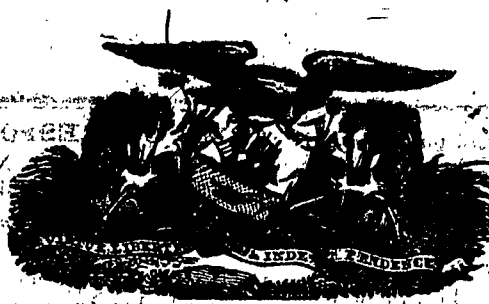


VILLAGE RECORD.



A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 4

POETICAL.



IN WINTER.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The valley stream is frozen,
The hills are cold and bare,
And the wild white bees of winter
Swarm in the darkened air.

I looked on the naked forest:
Was it ever green in June?
Did it burn with gold and crimson
In the dim autumn's noon?

I looked on the naked meadow:
Was it ever heaved with hay?
Did it hide the grassy cottage
Where the sky-lark's children lay?

I look on the desolate garden:
Is it true the rose was there?
And the woollen's mousy blossoms,
And the hyacinth's purple hair?

I look at my heart and marvel,
If love were ever its own—
If the spring of promise brightened,
And the summer of passion shone?

Is the stem of bliss withered,
And the root survives the blast?
Are the seeds of the future sleeping
Under the leaves of the past?

Ah, yes! for a thousand Aprils
The frozen germs shall grow,
And the dews of a thousand summers
Wait in the womb of the snow!

WANDERING.

We meet thee not at evening,
Around the old hearth stone,
Which years ago we sat before,
Ere thou from home wert gone.
We cherish still the memory dear,
As of old friends of the past,
And, sighing, wish that thou wert here,
As though wert wont to be.

We see thee not within the ring,
That group about the hearth,
Nor hear thee now so sweetly sing
As in the days of youth.
When thy young heart so light and gay,
Of life but little knew,
Before thy feet had sought to stray,
Or thou hadst bid adieu.

We long fit thee, thou absent one,
Beyond the blue sea's foam;
At every night of setting sun,
We hope that with some home;
And, once upon thy native shore,
May stand but feel the spell,
Which tells thee that thou nevermore
Wilt bid thy kin farewell.

MISCELLANY.

"FATHER'S DRUNK."

A STORY FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

BY CHERRY BLOSSOM.

"Dear father, do come home. Mother's dying, and wants to see you so bad, and the little tear-stained face was turned up to his with such a plaintive look, while the little hand was laid tenderly upon his arm, as if to draw him away from the drunken revel. "Get out of this you brat; and if you follow me again I'll kick ye within an inch of yer life; and he rudely pushed the little child out into the street, and turned to his drunken companions and the glass of vile stuff awaiting him, casting no thought upon the faithful wife lying upon a sick bed, dying for want of the nourishment which he was sent to procure; and thinking not of the child toiling against the bitter wintry blast, with frozen tears on her cheeks, and dumb-bellied body, hurrying home to watch with her dying mother.

"Father's drunk, and won't come home mother, and the long-pont up agony would burst forth, and she laid her little head on the breast of her mother, and gave vent to the flowing tears.

The dying mother murmured not, although her breast heaved tumultuously, and she kindly smoothed the frozen curls of the little head, and chatted the little cold hands, and tried to soothe the weeping child with whispered words of consolation.

"He pushed me out into the street," again murmured the child, when she partly recovered from the first outburst of grief, and oh, he looked dreadful. His eyes glared wildly, and he raised his hand to strike me; but mother, I know father wouldn't do it, only he was drunk! All the men laughed when he pushed me away, and he laughed too. I felt so bad that I didn't mind the cold when I was coming back. I got lost in the snow, and didn't know where to go, but I asked God to show me the way back to my mother, and He did it. God ain't like father, mamma! He never gets drunk and abuses you and me. It must be nice up there with God."

The mother's heart was too full for utterance, and the two mother and child mingled their tears together.

"Mamma, do you feel better now?" "Yes, my child; but 'tis the relief that precedes my departure from earth. You will be a good girl when your mother is gone."

"Yes mamma, you must ask God to make you a good girl, and Jesus pray, often for your father."

"Do you think God cares anything about me, mamma?" "Yes, my child, for did not Christ say, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven?'"

"Oh, I am so glad; and I'm going to ask him to take me away with you!" "Oh that he would, my child; then I could die happy, for in this life I see nothing at

waiting you but misery, temptation, and shame.

"And it would be so nice to meet father up there too!"

The chill blast came in through the chinks in the wall, and the child began to shiver.

"I feel so cold, mamma; why don't father come with the wood?"

"Creep closer to me, my child. Clasp your arms around my neck and pillow your head on my bosom. Now one long last kiss! Farewell, and may God watch o'er and protect you, my loved one!"

The candle flickered dimmer and dimmer, and gaunt shadows crept up nearer and nearer. At intervals the red town clock's solemn knell tolled the hour. The chill blast swept around the house whirling the snow in eddies, and came through the chinks in the walls with a plaintive lament, as if for some lost spirit. The snow drifted through the chinks and fell in little heaps upon the floor and bed. Wilder, wilder blew the storm; colder, colder grew the room; but it disturbed not mother or child. They were at rest, and heeded not the dreary moan of the wintry blast.

The light of mourning slowly broke, the whistling winds died away, and even the sun ventured to peep forth for a moment to throw a cheery ray through the little attic window upon the sleepers. Footsteps slowly labored up the stairs; the door was thrown open and several men carrying a litter staggered into the room. Upon a litter lay the husband and father. He had been stabbed during the night in a drunken affray, and in a few short moments he would be summoned into the presence of his king and master.

The sleepers had not yet awakened, and the men were about to arouse them, but they lingered a moment to look upon the picture they presented. She child's head was pillowed upon the breast of its mother, and the soft golden hair flowed in waving ringlets over the snowy neck. One little arm was caressingly thrown over the mother's neck, while the rosy lips were parted, and the gazes almost imagined they heard her lip that dear name, *mother*. The face of mother and child were illumined with a bright smile. One of the men stepped forward and laid his hand upon them, but he immediately uttered a cry of alarm as he touched their icy forms. They were dead! God had heard their prayer, and in his infinite mercy, had taken them away to his home, where drunkards are not feared and sorrow is not known.

Or that he had inspired pen to picture forth the agony, the remorse of the now repentant husband and father. Or that he had a pen of fire to trace his thoughts, his feelings, into the heart of every one who puts the poisoned chalice to his lips. The dying man lingered long enough to murmur a prayer to his maker, and earnestly beseeched his companions to abandon the bar-room, and spurn the intoxicating cup, and then his spirit winged its way from earth to meet his loved ones at the bar of God, and there answer for the deeds done in the body.

Let's take a Drink.

"Let's go and take a drink, boys," said a well-dressed young man as the cars stopped at a station. And so the boys did re-enter the cars with their language and persons marked by the bar-room color.

Take a drink! The young men were well dressed fellows. They have taken a step which will bring a fearful retribution. Years hence a thousand woes will blossom in the foot-prints now made in young life. A false light glids the deadly miasma which dogs their footsteps. They see not the smoking altar towards which they are tending. A host of shadowy phantoms of vice and crime are fitting on before. Red handed murder laughs at their folly, and death is in waiting at the fresh opened grave. There are tears to shed by those who at this hour dream not of the sorrow these false steps shall bring upon them.

Take a drink! All the uncounted host of drunkards, whose graves in every land mark the pathway of intemperance, took a drink. They took drinks and died. The drunkards of to-day are taking drinks.—Three out of four of the murderers of the past year took a drink. Their steps were towards the dram shop, and then from the scaffold, out upon the fearful waste which lies beyond. The palsied wretches who totter in our streets, all took a drink. Families are beggared by single drinks. Hell is peopled by them.

We involuntarily shudder when we see young men crowding the deeply beaten path to the dram shop. They are all confident of their own strength. With the glass in hand while coils the deadly adder, they ha, ha, about the fools who drink themselves to death! They boldly leap into the tide where stronger arms have failed to beat back the sullen flow. They dance and shout in the midst of the grinning and ghastly dead, and riot upon the reeking fumes of the grave's foul breath. They boast of their strength! And yet they are but the reed in the storm. They wither like grass under the sirocco breath of the plague they nourish. A brief time and they are friendless, homeless and degraded. Another day and the story of their lives is told by a rude, stoneless grave in Potter's Field.

Don't take a drink! Shun the Dead Sea fruits, which bloom on the shore where millions have died. The bubbles which float upon the beaker's brim, hide the adder's fang. The history of ages points sadly to the maddened hosts who have offered themselves, soul and body, to the demon of the cup. The beverage of the Dead Sea but the limbs. That of the Utam fetters the soul.

No human heart is ever vacant. It has as an inhabitant, either an angel, or a devil.

LAST WORDS OF A FATHER.—Gen. Samner's last words were:—"God save my country the United States of America."

Masonic Speech of an Indian.

At a Masonic banquet given in Chicago, Ill., in September last, Ely S. Parker, a chief of the Six Nations, and a practicing lawyer of Galena, Ill., delivered a speech which is thus spoken of, in an article in the *Masonic Journal*:

"One speech of the evening, as also an incident attending it, deserves more particular mention. It was that of Brother Sir Knight Parker, a grandson of Red Jacket, and his successor of the Six Nations. He is a full blooded chief, but highly educated and an eloquent speaker. I shall not attempt even an outline of his speech, for, if reproduced, it should be with its charms of action and utterance, which very few white men can equal. He spoke of himself as almost a lone remnant of what was once a noble race; of his struggle in coming to manhood, and in seeing his race disappearing as the dew before the morning sun. As he found his race thus wasting away, he asked himself, 'Where shall I find home and sympathy when our last council-fire is extinguished?'"

"I said I will knock at the door of Masonry, and see if the white race will recognize me as they had my ancestors, when we were strong and the white man weak. I knocked at the door of the Blue Lodge, and found brotherhood around its altar. I knelt before the great light chapter, and found companionship beneath the royal arch. I entered the encampment and found valiant knights willing to shield me here without regard to race or nation. I went further, I knelt at the cross of my Saviour and found Christian brotherhood the crowning charity of the Masonic tie. I am most happy to meet you in the grand councils of the gathering and sit with you at this festive board, to share these greetings and hospitalities. I feel assured that when my grass is rufed, and I shall follow the footsteps of my departed race, Masonic sympathies will cluster around my coffin and drop in my lonely grave the evergreen acacia, sweet emblem of a better meeting; if my race shall disappear from the continent, I have the consoling hope that our memory will not perish. If the deeds of my ancestors shall not live in story, their memories remain in the names of your towns and rivers and cities, and will call up memories otherwise forgotten.

Few eyes could withhold the tears, as he poured forth in words like those the utterance of a full heart. Silence for a time prevailed after he sat down, when he arose and said:—"I have in my possession a memento which I highly prize; I wear it near my heart. It came from my ancestors to me as their successor in office. It was a present from Washington to my grandfather, Red Jacket, when your nation was in its infancy. You will be glad to see and handle it, and I should do wrong were I not to give you the opportunity." As he spoke thus, he removed the wampum from his neck, and drew from his bosom a large massive medal, in oval form, some seven inches by five, and it passed from hand to hand, along the table. On one side of the medal was engraved, in full length, the figures of two chiefs—Red Jacket, in costume, presenting the pipe of peace, and Washington, with right hand extended as in the act of receiving it. On the other side were the Masonic emblems, with the date, 1792, if memory is correct.

A Gorgeous Spectacle.

On Thursday night last, the 9th inst., between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, a most splendid and gorgeous spectacle was witnessed in the heavens, by large numbers of the citizens of our town and vicinity. At the above mentioned hour, a number of intensely bright and vivid lines of light were seen stretching up in the Northern horizon to the zenith, somewhat resembling those usually caused by the wondrous displays of the Northern Lights, and were at first taken to be as such; in a few minutes however, the lines or streaks began to converge gradually together, and a most beautiful and perfect National Flag was formed and stood out in bold relief in the sky, to the awe-stricken gaze of the beholders. This beautiful and magnificent spectacle continued for several minutes, and was witnessed by many persons both in the town and adjoining country, of unquestionable truth and reliability, who solemnly affirm that notwithstanding the incredulity and disbelief entertained by many of the incredulous in regard to the occurrence of so singular a phenomenon, that it really did occur and that the lines of light did assume the shape of a Flag as above described; and was witnessed by them with feelings of the utmost wonder and awe.—We are further informed that many persons also firmly avow that on the same night and at about the same time, they saw in the skies vivid representations of soldiers marching in regular line of battle, with flags, &c. For the truth of this latter statement, we will not vouch for; but we feel perfectly convinced that the beautiful and grand spectacle of the Flag was witnessed beyond doubt, in such of which we have the statements of a number of persons of approved veracity.—It was truly a most singular and remarkable phenomenon, and may possibly have been an Omen foretelling the speedy success of the National cause, and the complete restoration of the Union.—*Hanover Spectator*, 17th inst.

Yesterday afternoon, the guard at the bridge stopped an Irish woman, crossing into Virginia because there was a strong aroma of liquor about her, while she appeared perfectly sober. After a long search, they discovered the "aroma" inclosed in two bottles and upon as false boxes, which looked to the casual observer as if they were the usual making; the search was upon the point of permitting her to pass, with her present mother's milk undisturbed.—*Washington Star*

A Thoughtless boy Punished.

"I shall never forget," writes a correspondent of the *Agriculturist*, "an incident of my childhood by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school boys were playing by the road side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage coach drove up to a neighboring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual we gathered around it to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of it and each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself. I unthinkingly shouted 'look at old rattle bones!' and the other boys took up the cry with mocking laughter, while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then to my surprise and horror, my father came around the corner and immediately stopping up to the stranger, shook his hands warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a little distance. I could enjoy no more play that afternoon and when tea time came, I would gladly have hid myself, but I knew that would be vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me, 'such a fine boy was surely worth saving.' How the words cut me to the heart. My father had often told me the story of a friend who was drowning while an infant, and who in consequence of a cold then taken, had been a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man who I had made a butt of ridicule, and a laughing stock for my companions. I tell you, boys and girls, I would give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good can come of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourself painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime."

"God our Trust."

It has been said that Republics are ungrateful, and the saying, to our mind, is just. We are ungrateful. Of all other nations on the face of the globe, we are the most ungrateful, as a nation, to God! In other governments, in some formal manner identify themselves with the government of God—by recognizing His Supreme Majesty, either on their coin or their banners—their national escutcheon or their popular design. But with the great Republic of the West, in its professed desire to deal impartially with sects, we have almost forgotten to recognize God—to acknowledge His will and power, and conform our plans and purposes with His great design and end. Lately, however, and from the darkness which has enveloped the nation in civil, sanguinary war a gleam of light sheds its glory on our path, and sorrow forces the nation now to a recognition of God. In this connection, and which has suggested these thoughts, we notice that the President of the U. S. Mint has recommended that upon all gold or silver coin hereafter to be issued from the Mint, the acknowledgment,

"God our Trust,"

be stamped in enduring letters. We regard this suggestion as timely and proper. It behooves the nation to make this acknowledgment. It is fitting that it not only be stamped on the national coin, but that it be inscribed above the door of every public building, carved on every hearthstone, and impressed on every heart. Without the aid of God our present victories will only be fruitful of future battles. The nation must learn this sublime truth of trust in God. We must learn it now, when the knowledge can be gathered without effort or cost, or live to learn it when the inculcation of the great truth will only increase our misery.

Truthful Talk.

It is not only the soldiers from the good old Keystone State, who are speaking out unambiguously, both in reference to the armed resistance to the rebellion and the systematic efforts of home traitors to paralyze that resistance. The soldiers of every State are placing themselves on the record in reference to this matter, and among these the troops from Wisconsin have spoken with an eloquence and spirit that deserve special mention. The 12th Wisconsin regiment, at Camp Butler, Tennessee, adopted some spirited resolutions. From these we quote the following pithy sentences:—"Clemency to the deluded and the penitent, bullets for the rebels, and ropes for those who 'kindle fire in our rear'; and we do most solemnly warn all such, that should duty ever call us home to quench those fires, a terrible retribution will await those who kindle them."

"We do not fight to free the slaves, but we free the slaves to stop the fight."

"We do most heartily approve the conscription law, under operation, of which we hope to see lottering patriotism, hating to render its due support to the Government that affords it protection. We hope, also, to see the 'fire in the rear men' under it, enjoying a clearer sight of things in the sunny South, that can be obtained in the dim lodges of the K. G. U."

SAVING GOON NIGHT TO GOD.—The hour had come for retiring, and a sweet little girl was bidding good night to the family, while her nurse was waiting for her at the parlor door. She climbed her father's knee to tell him how much she loved him, and to kiss him good night. Her mother, after embracing her, whispered, "You will not forget your prayers?" "Oh, no, mamma, I never love to say good night to God; but"

"I Don't Like My Business."

There is no greater fallacy in the world than that entertained by many young men that some pursuit in life can be found wholly suited to their tastes, whims and fancies. This philosopher's stone can never be discovered, and every one who makes his life a search for it will be ruined. Much truth is contained in the Irishman's remark: "It is never easy to work hard." Let, therefore, the fact be always remembered by the young, that no life-work can be found entirely agreeable to man. Success always lies at the top of a hill; if we would reach it, we can do so only by hard persevering effort, while beset with difficulties of every kind. Genius counts nothing in the battle of life; determined, obstinate, perseverance in one single channel is everything. Hence, should any one of our young readers be debating in his mind a change of business, imagining he has a genius for some other, let him at once dismiss the thought as he would a temptation to do evil. If you think you made a mistake in choosing the pursuit or profession you did, don't make another by leaving it.—Spend all your energies in working for and clinging to it, as you would to the life-boat that sustained you in the midst of the ocean. If you leave it, it is almost certain that you will go down; but if you cling to it, informing yourself about it until you are its master, bending your every energy to the work, success is certain. Good, hard, honest effort, steadily persevered in, will make you love for your business or profession grow; since no one should expect to reach a period when he can feel that his life-work is just the one he could have done best, and would have liked best. We are allowed to see and feel the roughness in our own pathway, but none in others; yet all have them.—*Hunt's Merchants Magazine*

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Preserve the privacy of your house, your marriage state and your hearts from father, mother, sister and all the world. Between you two, let no third person come to share the secret joy of grief that belongs to yourselves alone. Do you two with God's help, build your own quiet world—not allowing the dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed and forgotten in after moments and years of faithful, devoted love; but never let the wall of another's confidence be built up between you and your wife's or husband's heart. Promise this to yourselves and to each other. Renew the vow at every temptation; you will find your account in it; your souls will, as it were, grow together, and at last become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this all important secret, how many marriages would have been happier than, alas, they are!

CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.

Among the papers published in costly style by Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is one on the microscopic plants and animals which live on and in the human body. It describes quite a number of insects. The animal which produces the disease called the itch, is illustrated by an engraving half an inch in diameter, which show not only the ugly little fellow's body and legs, but his very toes! although the animal himself is entirely invisible to the naked eye. When Lieut. Berryman was sounding the ocean, preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding line brought up mud, which, on being dried, became so fine, that on rubbing it between the thumb and finger, it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under the microscope, it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had a living animal!

ARABIAN MAXIMS.

Death is nearer to us than the eyelid to the eye.

The little which suffices is better than the much which disturbs us.

The best possession is a kinred friend.

The eulogium made on the absent serves to incline our hearts to the present.

The best riches is contentment, the worst of poverty is low spirits.

Labor for this life as if thou wert to live forever; and for the other, as if thou wert to die to-morrow.

Desire not either the wise man or the fool for thine enemy, but guard thyself equally from the cunning of the wise man and the ignorance of the fool.

The man who contents himself to-day with that which he has, will content himself to-morrow with that which he may have.

There is no to-morrow which cannot be converted into to-day.

A Yankee boy had a whole Dutch cheese set before him by waggish friends, who, however, gave him no knife.

"This is a funny cheese, Uncle Joe," said he, "where shall I cut it?"

"Cut it where you like."

"Very well," said the Yankee, coolly patting it under his arm, "I'll cut it at home."

Wines of ex-President Tyler sold at auction, brought prodigious prices in Confederate rage: Rhodus Wine sold for \$10 per bottle; Old Sauterne, Nin Duquesne, \$11; Rogala Madere, \$12; Cognac, \$15; Exploiting Expedition, \$16.75; Sherry, \$25; Old Ports, \$18.75; French Brandy, very old, \$25 to \$100 per gallon.

Our experiment with costs one dollar a acre on 1000 acres, and champagne two dollars a bottle. How many a man dies landless, who dying his life, has swallowed a fierce tossing, tossing and all.

The drop of agony in a mother's eye on the side of her babe, is a molten coal, from the very centre of the soul, and pure gold unalloyed as the soul itself, from the hands of its Maker.

HOT SHOT FOR TORRES.

SOLDIERS BRUISING THE COPPERHEAD.

Headquarters, 132d Regiment, P. V., Camp near Falmouth, Va., April 11th, 1863.

Pursuant to previous arrangements, the officers of the 132d Regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, assembled at headquarters April 7, 1863, for the purpose of giving expression of their steadfast loyalty to the country, and their determination to urge a continued and vigorous prosecution of the war until the monstrous rebellion is completely crushed and all the country's enemies, North and South, shall have felt the power of our Government, and the supremacy of the Constitution be acknowledged in every state where it is now defied.

The meeting was organized by the election of the following officers: President—Col. Chas. Albright; Vice President—Lt. Col. Shreve; Maj. Hithcock; Secretaries—Capt. Lacin; Adjutant Clapp.

The following resolutions expressive of the sentiment of the regiment were offered and adopted:

WHEREAS, In the imperilled condition of the country; it behooves all the true hearted, and loyal men to speak and define their position, and let the world know whether they are for or against the government of our fathers of the Republic, born of the pure and patriotic blood of '76, baptised by the blood of freedom's sons in the war of 1812, and consecrated by the blood of the nation's manhood in the war with Mexico; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the officers and men of the 132d Regiment P. V., are for the government first, last and all the time, and in the language of the immortal Deane, we are for "our country, right or wrong."

Resolved, That we believe the first duty of every American citizen is to assist the Administration at Washington in maintaining constitutional supremacy over every rod and inch of national territory, and that we justify the administration in every step yet taken to secure this end.

Resolved, That we regard the present rebellion a crime against law, christianity and civilization, and the conception of wicked and evil designing men without a shadow of cause. That we owe it to the memory of our revolutionary sires and to future posterity to maintain the National Government at all hazards and at all costs. The pledged blood of our comrades who have fallen with their faces to the foe, demands that this war shall go on. Their widows and orphans call upon us not to yield to traitors in this grand and sublime contest for constitutional liberty and human freedom, until their sacrifices have been avenged, and until the last armed foe is extinguished or surrenders at discretion. We are in favor of this war; let it go on until every State now in rebellion acknowledges the Constitution the supreme law of the land.

Resolved, That we are here to fight armed traitors, and that we have no sympathy for those at home who are forever finding fault with the Government, and who are never known to utter a word of condemnation against the conspirators of the Government, that now protect and shelters them: We despise copperheads, and but for them believe the war might now be ended. We regard them as more dangerous than those in open rebellion.

Resolved, That we are here in the field not as partisans, but as soldiers and defenders of the Union and the Constitution. Although having, formerly been connected with the various political organizations of the day, we believe that the administration of Mr. Lincoln should receive the support of all loyal men, not because he was elected, as the candidate of a party but because he represents the nation in the present perilous and dangerous times. We believe that his hands should be strengthened and not weakened by the people at home. He is the head, not of a party, but of a great nation. We hail with pleasure and gratitude the evidence of increasing loyalty and patriotism in the North. May God speed the good cause and confound all traitors; their aiders and abettors.

Resolved, That we are heartily in favor of the Conscription Law and that we are ready to assist in its enforcement upon the expiration of our present term of military service and we do, therefore, offer our services to the Government for said purpose.

On motion, the resolutions were unanimously adopted, with three hearty cheers.

On motion, the regiment was formed in front of the headquarters, and the resolutions were read to the men, at the conclusion of which they were unanimously and enthusiastically endorsed as a true expression of the feelings and sentiments of the entire regiment.

We have heard of but one old woman that kissed her cow, but there are thousands of young ones that kiss calves.

Simpson says the ladies do not set their caps for the gentlemen any more; they spread their hoops.

The bow loses its spring that is always bent; and the mind will never do much unless it sometimes does nothing.

The leaves of the book of glory, though beautifully written over, generally smell of death and rotteness.

Hill would not get on a railroad carriage—Why? Because the train always runs over his head.

Don't put your watch under your pillow—You should never sleep upon his watch.

Let a girl stray in the fields after roses, and they will reddon her cheeks.

Flowers are the children of gasoline and