

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



LITTLE WIFE.

I care not for the rising storm,
Nor heed the cold,
Nor listen to the angry wind
That roars around the world.
I only know my journey's o'er,
For just ahead I see
The light that tells my little wife
Is waiting there for me.

My gentle wife my darling wife!
My soul's own joy and pride!
Ten thousand blessings on the day
When you became my bride.
I've never known a weary hour—
Since I have held your hand—
I would not change my worldly lot
For any in the land.

Oh sweetly from her lover's lips
The blissful welcome falls!
There is no happiness for me
Outside our humble walls.
Ah! I had indeed would be my heart,
And dark the world would be
If not for this dear, little wife
That ever waits for me.

THE GARDEN.

The welcome flowers are blooming—
In joyous tones revealed;
They lift their dewy buds and bells,
In garden, mead, and field.

They lurk in every sunless path
Where forest children tread;
The dot like stars the sacred turf
Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind
That stirs the blooming trees,
And laugh in every fragrant bush,
All full of toiling bees.

From the green margin of lake and stream,
Fresh water and mountain sod,
They look in gentle glory forth,
The pure sweet flowers of God.

MISCELLANY.

The Beloved Wife.

Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her love and care are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, and cherished in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, toil, and anxiety; for her husband's love is to her a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy may dull the edge of her sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love, I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in the love that never crops out—is to a house without love as a person to a machine; the one, life; the other, mechanism.

The unloved woman may have bread just as light as a house just as tidy as the other; but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressiveness, and penetrating, and pervading brightness, to which the former is a stranger. The happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful and warm, and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is herself a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties make for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling higher, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not unless not painless, but still a paradise; for "love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Friendship.

The heart yearns for friendship. Cold and drear indeed is the world to him who has not a friend. He may have wealth, position, honor; but what are they all to him who feels that he is surrounded by mercenaries. He loathes the sycophants who crowd and applaud and crown him in the sunshine of prosperity, knowing that in a reverse of his circumstances they would abandon him. We pity the child of misfortune, who is pinched by poverty, and sustains a meagre existence at fearful odds; but the favorite of fortune, who enjoys not the kind offices of true friendship, is still more to be pitied.

Yet it is one's own fault if he has not friends. Cold and selfish as the world is, so long as human nature is what it is, no one needs to be friendless. The reason why one has so many friends, and another so few or none, is easily accounted for. He who would have friends, must show himself friendly. Let any one seal the fountain of his sympathy for others, and it will seal their sympathy for him. Gold is powerless to produce friendship. It can be obtained only by friendship. Let one have a generous nature, a kind and loving heart, and he will have friends any where, under any circumstances. He may be penniless, among strangers; but there will come to his help those who would share with him the last morsel, and for his welfare even peril their lives.—*Morning Star.*

If a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time there would be a good deal said on both sides.

THE WOOF OF LIFE.

Sweetly sang the morning stars, heralding the rosy dawn and arrow sunbeams that, glancing in golden light over the dewgemmed earth, wakened its dwellers from slumber to the activity of life.

Within a quiet dwelling, on a shore of a lake whose rippling surface is glowing with the reflection of golden light; a mother clasps the frail form of an infant son to her bosom; raising her heart in prayer to God that his life may be useful and happy—such a life as will fit the immortal soul for a home of eternal light and joy. Low bending from above is a beautiful angel—clothed in garments of purity, and the silver radiance of its wings overshadows the new-born babe with a halo of guardian love. The web of the life just begun stretches onward through this mortal to the immortal beyond the shores of time; and as with prophetic eye the guardian angel sees the dark, silver and golden threads, that make the woof of life, woven into it, she breathes a vow to shield it from danger; and music, sweet-toned as a seraph's lyre, floats out upon the soft air, as on shining wings she soars to heaven to write the name of that babe in the book of immortal life.

Childhood is past, and youth has come. The woof of life has only silver and golden threads, with here and there a shadowy tint, while he whom we saw so frail and helpless in his mother's arms, now, with noble aspirations, looks forward, seeing only threads of a brighter and more enduring hue. The sky above him is calm and shining, and flowers grow on either side of his pathway, while that sweet angel spreads above him her overshadowing wings.

Time moves on with noiseless step—nobly he enters upon the arena of active life, and into the woof of life is weaving a name that future generations shall repeat and bless. It is a summer's eve, and within the room where he first opened his eyes upon the light of life he sits by the couch of her who kindly cared and loved him in infancy and childhood, and with moistened eye watches for her lamp of life to go out. Then, there are dark threads in the woof of life, but the angel wings that overshadowed him on the day of his birth are hovering over him still.

Again are the golden threads in the woof of life. He stands before the altar with her whom he has chosen to be the partner of his days, and utters the responses that bind two wills in bonds stronger and more enduring than his life. Again the beautiful angel bends low, whispering of a home of peace and love, and he walks the earth with a happy, trusting heart, while the threads that make up the woof of life are only silver and gold.

Years are gone. There are many darkly hued threads mingled in the woof of these years; here and there are dark tints where the simon breath of disappointment swept across his pathway—a darker thread, as a beautiful immortal exotic, that had bloomed awhile in his home, was exalted to heaven, in its native clime, leaving a memento both as bright as the noonday sun, and dark as midnight, while a lonely mound tells us where rests the mortal casket.

Silver locks shade his brow, but his arm is strong to protect her who has walked by his side for many years, and hopefully struggles to hold her back from the embrace of the Angel of Death. In vain he hopes—the loved form he presses to his heart becomes pulseless and cold. In that dread hour of darkness he is not alone—the angel is near, and once more folding him in her shining wings, tells him of that other life, upon another shore where hearts severed may be re-united; only a little while—the wavering of a few more threads in the woof of life—and he, too, will no longer walk life's pathway.

From the windows of a dwelling a light streams out in the still midnight darkness. Within, a weary form is resting on a low couch, the eye dimmed by four-score years wanders from one to another of the group around, and as the hand of a fair grandchild puts back the snow-white hair from the thin, furrowed brow, on which the dew of death is gathering, and kisses the sunken cheek, his mind wanders back to that golden morning when before the altar, and he repeats the name of her who, with him, there pledged their vows.

The beautiful angel that has followed him through life, is with him in the hour of death—the silvery brightness of her wings overshadows him; yet still he lingers upon earth's cold shore, 'til the morning-stars pale in the eastern sky, and the golden sunlight glances over the dew-gemmed earth. The last thread in the woof of life is woven, and the guardian angel spreads its wings, to guide the freed immortal to a heavenly home, while strains of seraphic music never heard by mortal ears welcome another dweller to that clime where no dark threads are woven in the golden woof of life, beyond the river of death.

A BEAUTIFUL WISH.—One afternoon in June, 1880, I was seated at an open window beneath which, upon the verdant lawn, were playing some half dozen children of both sexes. Suddenly, one bright little fellow exclaimed, "Oh, how I wish I was a soldier." "And I, and I," echoed two little curly heads. "And I should like to be a queen," said a girl of five summers, with dark hair and eyes. "I should like to be a lady like mamma," said a little sister of the latter. "And I," said a boy of some four years, who was somewhat apart from the rest, a pale, puny child, with light, flowing hair framing a face with large blue eyes, "I would like to be an angel."

O, beautiful wish! Little-boy, you will be an angel, for I see it written in your pale, sweet face! Some night you will repeat your little prayer, softly, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and Jesus will call you to Him, and your wish will be granted. W.

"A Keerful Shepherd."

On Friday, a tall, raw-boned Saint, with a complexion strongly resembling that of boiled tripe, arrived in Cincinnati from Pittsburgh with a couple of wives, but deeming his flock too small to start Salt Lakeward with, held forth as follows, to an admiring audience, at a house over the canal, with a view to the perfection of the material necessary to the completeness of his domestic felicity. His text was, "Men is skeerce and weemen is plenty."

Brothers and Sisters—pertickler the Sister—I want to say a few words to you about Mormonism—not for my own sake but for yours, for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty. Mormonism is built on that high old principle which sez that it ain't good for a man to be alone, and a mighty ize worse for a woman. Therefore, if a man feels good with a little company, a good deal of it ought to make him feel an awful sight better.

The first principles of Mormonism is, that woman air a good thing, and the second principles is, that you can't have too much of a good thing. Women is tenderer than man, and is necessarily to smooth down the roughness of his character, and as a man has a good many rough punts in his nature, he oughtn't to give one woman too much to do, but set each woman to work smoothing some partickler pint.

Don't think I'm over anxious for you to jine us, for I aint. I'm not speakin' for my good, but for yours, for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty.

I said women was tenderer than man, but you needn't feel stuck up about it, for so she ought to be; she was made so for a purpose. But how was she made so? What did she get it from? Why, she was created out of the side bone of a man, and the side bone of a man is like the side bone of a turkey—the tenderest part is the side bone of a turkey—the tenderest part of him. Therefore, a woman has three side bones and a man only one; of course she is three times as tender as a man is, and is in duty bound to repay that tenderness of which she robbed him. And how did she rob him of his side bone? Why, exactly as she robs his pockets now—days of his loose change—she took advantage of him when he was asleep.

But as woman is more tenderer than man, so is man more forgivener than woman; therefore I won't say anything more about the side bone, or the small change, but invite you all to jine my train, for I'm a big shepherd out our way, and farra sumptuously every day on purple and fine line.

When I first landed on the shores of Great Salt Lake, I wasn't rich in weemen for I had but one poor old yoe, but men is skeerce and weemen is plenty, and like a keerful shepherd I began to increase my flock. We men heard of us and our lovin' ways, and they kept pourin' in. They come from the North, and they come from the South, they come from the East, and they come from the West, they come from Europe, they come from Asia, and a few on 'em come from Africa, and from being the miserable owner of one old yoe, I become the joyful shepherd of a mighty flock, with a right smart sprinklin' of lambs, friskier and fatter than anybody else's, and I've still got room for a few more.

As I said before, I'm not talkin' partickler for my benefit, but for yours—for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty—Still, I'd a little rather you'd go along with me than not, partickler you fat one with a caliker sunbonnet. Don't hesitate but take the chance while you can get it, and I'll make you the "bell yoe" of the flock. I'll lead you through the greas pasture and high grass, show you where you may caper in the sunshine and lay down in pleasant places; and, as you shall be the fattest of the flock. Jine in, jine in; jine in my train; jine in now, for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty.

The appeal was irresistible. At last accounts the "fat woman with the caliker sunbonnet" had "jined in," and two or three others were on the fence, with a decided leaning toward the "Keerful Shepherd."

Short Dialogue.

Copperhead.—Well, you soldiers had to pay your fare from Harrisburg to Lancaster, after you were discharged.

Returned Soldier.—Yes, the railroad company charged eighty cents.

Copperhead.—That is a d—d outrage and a government that will make the soldier pay his own fare after discharging him, is not worth fighting for and ought to be broken up.

Returned Soldier.—You're the kind of men we heard of down in the army called "Copperheads," and I want you to understand that you have got to take that back or get your head punched. We were paid the eighty cents by the paymaster, and I am ready to fight for it again, and Joe Hooker is a good General, and no d—d copperhead dare tell me this government is not worth fighting for.

[Mr. Copperhead got out of the way of the fists that were coming in rather close proximity to his nose, and left without any further ceremony.—*Lancaster Examiner.*]

GOOD.—An Englishman had heard of the Yankee habit of bragging, and thought he would out the count of that propensity. He saw some huge watermelons on a market-woman's stand, and, walking up to her and pointing to them with a look of disappointment.

"What I don't you raise bigger apples than these in America?"

The woman looked at him one moment and retorted:

"Apples! Anybody might know you was an Englishman! Them's huckleberries!"

Interesting Dialogue.

SCENE ON THE CORNER OF THIRD AND MARKET STREETS.

The following dialogue occurred this morning between two soldiers just paid and discharged:

First Soldier.—"Well, Ned, we have got our green-backs, and we have won a little reputation as soldiers, so that we can now go home with satisfaction and be certain of an honorable welcome at the hands of our friends and relations."

Second Soldier.—"Home! I go home, did you say Bill?"

First Soldier.—"To be sure I said home. Ain't you going home?"

Second Soldier.—"No! Let me tell you why I ain't going home; I have as pretty a home as there is on the banks of the Lehigh—I have brothers too young to fight—sisters whom I love, and who are beautiful, with a mother who loves me and whom I adore," but, and the soldier hung his head in shame, "my father is a bitter Copperhead. I have a letter in my pocket from one of my sisters, in which she writes, that father has become so odious in the neighborhood for his treason sympathy, that he is shunned by his neighbors and despised by all his former friends. I cannot go home to share that disgrace. I will attempt to preserve the name I bear from dishonor by re-enlisting and fighting in defence of the Government which my father is attempting to disgrace and dishonor." The soldier, evidently moved by stirring emotions, left his companions and was soon lost in the crowd which then occupied the side-walks.

We trust the father of that brave boy may yet feel some pang for his treason sufficiently strong to change his malignity. And may his son, thus driven from his home, find love and duty in the ranks of the glorious defenders of his country, some day find the home of his childhood cleansed of all that is treasonable and cowardly, and be welcomed to it by the smiles of his mother and brothers and sisters whom he so sincerely loves.—*Har. Tel.*

Rules for Using the Tongue.

The tongue is called in the Bible "an unbridled member." Our own experience accords perfectly with the saying of Holy Writ, and observations on the tongues of others have satisfied us of the fact. We think the following rules, if carefully followed, will be found of great use in taming that which has not yet been perfectly tamed:

1. Never use your tongue in speaking anything but truth.—The God of Truth, who made the tongue, did not intend it for any other use. It will not work well in falsehood, as it will run into such inconsistencies as to detect itself. To use the organ for publishing falsehood, is as incongruous as the use of the eye for hearing or the ear for smelling.

2. Do not use your tongue too much.—It is a kind of waste-gate to let off the thoughts as they collect and expand the mind—but if the waste-gate is always open, the water will soon run shallow. Many people use their tongues too much. Shut the gate, and let streams of thought flow in till the mind is full, and then you may let off with some effect.

3. Never let the stream of passion move the tongue.—Some people, when they are about to put this member in motion, hoist the wrong gate; they let out Passion instead of Reason. The tongue then makes a great noise, disturbs the quiet of the neighbors, exhausts the power's strength, but does no good. The whirlwind has ceased, but what is the benefit?

4. Look out the pond, and see if there is water enough to move the wheel to any purpose before you open the gate; or plaidly, think before you speak.

5. Never put the tongue in motion, while your respondent has his in motion.—The two streams will meet, and the reaction will be so great that the words of neither will reach the other, but come back in a blinding sprinkle upon himself.

6. See that your tongue is hung true before you use it.—Some tongues we have observed are so hung that they sometimes equivocate considerably. Let the owners of such turn the screw of conscience until the tongue moves true.

7. Expect that others will use their tongues for what you do yours.—Some claim the privilege of reporting all the news, and charge others not to do so.—Your neighbor will not allow you to monopolize the business. If you have anything to be kept secret, keep it to yourself.

There is no truth more firmly established among medical men than that diseases follow fashion as much as bonnets do. When thin slippers prevail, consumption is the prevailing epidemic with females in every fashionable community of the country. When low-neck frocks are ascendant, sore throat and quinsy are the raging maladies. When "bustles" and "bishops" made their appearance, spinal affections became "the ton." The reign of corsets is denoted collapsed lungs, dyspepsia, and a general derangement of the digestive organs. Indeed, so intimately are dress and diseases connected, that a doctor says that all he needs to determine what a majority of the women are dying of, is to have an inventory of their wardrobe handed to him.

The Carbonado Advance says that a boy of fourteen years, and a girl of twelve, of Dundaffborough, county, recently were married, and left for parts unknown. These "babes in the woods" had doubtless heard of the motto: "Go it while you're young."

There is a family in Vermont so lazy that it takes two of them to chop off a stick of wood. Sink chains while Jim grants, and then for a change Jim chops and Siah grants.

The True test of Democracy.

Amos Kendall's name is perhaps as intimately identified with the Jackson Democracy of this country, as any other man that ever claimed association. A recent letter from him, addressed to a copperhead editor, contains the following noble and loyal sentiments:

"The Democratic party, has, for half a century, witnessed the rise and fall of so many other parties, always maintaining the honor of its name. Its vital principle has been devotion to the Constitution and the Union. But for the wanton rebellion of the Cotton States, it would now be the ruling party in Congress and the country. You call the Southern conspirators our brothers. So was Cain Abel's brother. Shall we stop and aim peace, while the club of the fratricide is aimed at our heads, and his bowie knife at our throats? Shall our unresisting blood ary from the ground for vengeance against murderers worse than Cain—murderers who would kill a nation in the persons of their brothers—traitors not only to their country, but to the cause of liberty in all time and throughout the world.

"Democrats! No, they are no Democrats. The shades of Jefferson and Jackson disown them. They mistake their proper name and their true homes. They are the white slaves of King Cotton, and their true home is in his presence. Let them go to the Cotton States and flaunt their peace flags in the presence of their king. Let them get up a peace party there who are willing to live in peace under our benign Constitution and they will then be responded to by all true democrats of the North.

Some men, in their zeal for party, seem to forget that they have a country, and that the President, to whatever party he may belong, is the representative of that country. What if you or I do not like some of the principles of Mr. Lincoln, or approve of the means by which he was elected? Still, he is our country's President, and if to sustain our country in the discharge of the tremendous responsibilities which depend upon him, he sometimes exercises doubtful powers or violates the letter of the law, shall we therefore abandon the cause of our country by withdrawing from him the men and money necessary for its defence? Shall we go further, espousing the cause of the enemy, and throw every obstruction in the way of our own Government? If so, the traitor's doom and the hangman's halter would be our just reward. Let us save our country first, and then call its rulers to account for any unnecessary usurpation of power. It were madness in the crew of a sinking ship to deprive their commander of the power to save it. It is madness to quarrel about the Administration of our Government until we make sure that we shall have a Government to administer."

The Judgment of Solomon.

We are all familiar with the Bible story of the judgment of Solomon. Two women claimed one child. Each professed that the infant was her own. To ascertain which really had a mother's sacred claim to the treasure, he ordered the child to be cut in two and divided between them. The spurious mother readily consented, but the real mother demanded all or none. She wanted her living, full proportioned babe, and would not witness such a spectacle as its mutilation.

Can the observant see no resemblance between this judgment of Solomon in ancient story, and the judgment of Providence now being enacted in the political history of the United States? The North and the South both claim the American Union; each asserts that the Union is its legitimate offspring.—"Divide it between them!" Fate seems to say, in order to test the maternal feelings of the separate claimants—"I am content," exclaims the South. "Give me half the mutilated Union, and I go." But what says the North? "The Union, one and indivisible! is her outcry. 'All or none! No mutilation of this glorious Union! Which would Solomon have called the real mother under such circumstances? Nature's voice is too loud and distinct to be mistaken.

We confess that we earnestly partake of this northern sentiment. We love the Union too much to see it divided. We know that death must follow such a division and our hearts are pained with the prospect of a death which, if we are but true to ourselves and our principles, can be so easily avoided. The Union must not be dissevered. We claim it entire. We claim it in all its fair proportions, as we have seen it grow up under our fostering care; and we cannot consent to see it deprived of even a limb to gratify the clamorous shout of a party which actually desires the Union's dissolution. We insist upon it that it is a patriot's duty to enact, on this occasion, the true mother's rule in the judgment of Solomon, and there can be no doubt as to the result. Let us muster up all our strength.—Let us put forth all our energies. Let us "cry aloud, and spare not," in our determination to save the life of the Republic. Let us do this, and trust to the voice of Nature to make our appeal invincible.

THE CLERGY AND SLAVERY.—Nearly two thousand clergymen of England and France have united in an expression of sentiment against the Slave Aristocracy of the South. They regard the Jeff Davis government, based as it is on Slavery, as at war with christianity; they say "it dishonors Christ." This is the view of the Conference of the Methodist Church which recently assembled at West Chester. This is the view of the christian world, outside of the rebel States—except among the "Copperheads" of the North. The "Copperheads" stand alone with no allies but the aristocrats of the South and the monarchists of Europe.

"Don't be so Cross."

"Don't speak so cross!" said one little boy in the street to another. "Don't speak so cross; there's no use in it." We happened to be passing at the time, and hearing the injunction, or rather the exhortation—for it was made in an exhortatory manner—we set the juvenile speaker down as an embryo philosopher. What more could Solomon have said on the occasion? True, he has put it upon record that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and this being taken as true—and everybody knows it to be so—it is evidence in favor of the superiority of the law of kindness over that of wrath. But our street philosopher said pretty much the same thing substantially when he said, "Don't speak so cross; there's no use in it." On the contrary, it invariably does much harm. Is a man angry? It inflames his ire still more, and confirms in his countenance him by a kind word and a gentle and pleasing demeanor, might be converted into a friend. It is, in fact, an addition of fuel to the flame already kindled. And what do you gain by it? Nothing desirable, certainly, unless discord, strife, contention, hatred, malice and uncharitableness be desirable. The boy spoke the "words of truth and soberness" when he said, "Don't speak so cross; there's no use in it."

Copperhead Logic.

If you ask a New York Copperhead why he sighs for peace at any price, he will tell you that New York has lost the Southern trade by the war, and will never recover it if it is not promoted.—If you make the same inquiry in Illinois, you will learn that corn brings only ten cents a bushel, and that freight to the seaboard is double what it was. If you ask in Connecticut, you are told that the carriage trade is suffering, and that there is a glut of clocks and brogans.—If you ask in Pennsylvania, you are informed that Davis' manners and appearance are better than Lincoln's, and that niggers are an inferior race. And so on throughout the country. The malcontent wishes to break up the nation, because of the personal inconvenience to which the war subjects him; another, because he has not been consulted in choice of commander-in-chief; another, because battles cause bloodshed; and another, because the enemy is brave and skillful; and another, because he has a vague fear that emancipation will lead to matrimonial alliance on a grand scale between freed negroes and white ladies.

Then there is another class of Copperheads who are such from "pure eussidness." They are Copperheads by instinct; and to such the Irish poet said most truly that "The trail of the serpent is all over them."

BEAUTY OF THE SKY.—It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might as far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great black ugly rain cloud were broken up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew.—But instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us; and intended for our perpetual pleasure.—*John Ruskin.*

RETROSPECTION.—So much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory, we can never recall the joy with which we laid our heads on our mother's bosom, or rode on our father's back in childhood; doubtless that joy is wrought up in our nature, as the sunlight of long past mornings is wrought up into the soft mellowness of the apricot; but it is gone forever from our imagination, and we can only believe in the joys of childhood. But the first glad moment of our first love is a vision which returns to us to the last, and bridges with it a thrill of feeling intense and special as the recurrent sensation of a sweet odor breathed in a far-off hour of happiness. It is a memory that gives a more exquisite touch to tenderness; that leads the madness of jealousy, and adds the last keenness to the agony of despair.

THE EARTH.—The hollow ball on which we live contains within itself the elements of its destruction. Within the outer crust—the cool temperature of which supports animal and vegetable life, and solidifies the stone, coal and metallic ores so important to our well being—there exists a mass of fluid igneous matter. Some of this matter occasionally escapes through the mouth of a volcano or makes its presence felt by an earthquake; but neither the earthquake nor the volcano are necessary to prove that fire exists in the earth. At the depth of 2480 yards, water boils; lead melts at the depth of 8497 yards.—There is a red heat at the depth of seven miles, and if we adopt the temperature as calculated from Morveau's corrected scale of Wedgworth's pyrometer, we find that the earth is fluid at the depth of one hundred miles.

A few days since General Rosecrans was dining with his Staff at one of our hotels. He unfortunately tasted the Tennessee butter, when he immediately arose and saluted the plate before him, remarking, "Gentlemen, that butter ain't mine!"