

VILLAGE RECORD



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POETICAL.

GOD BLESS YOU.

How sweetly falls those simple words
Upon the human heart,
When friends long bound by strongest ties
Are doomed by fate to part!
You sadly press the hands of those
Who thus in lowly state,
And soul responsive beats to soul,
In breathing out "God bless you."

"God bless you?" ah! long months ago
I heard the mournful phrase,
When one whom I in childhood loved
Went from my dreamy gaze.
Now binding tears fall thick and fast,
I mourn my long lost treasure,
While echoes of the heart bring back
The farewell prayer, "God bless you."

The mother sending forth her son
To scenes untold and new,
Lips wet with studied, stately speech,
Nor murmurs out "adieu."
She sadly says, between her sobs,
"Whene'er you find a stranger,
Come to thy mother—boy, come back!"
Then sadly sighs "God bless you!"

"God bless you?" more of love express
Than volutes without number!
Reveal we thus our trust in Him
Whose eyelids never slumber,
I ask in parting no long speech,
Drawn out in studied measure,
I only ask the dear old words,
So sweet—so and—"God bless you."

WE MEET AGAIN.

We'll meet again! how sweet the word!
How nothing is its sound!
Like strains of far-off music heard
On some enchanted ground.

We'll meet again! thus friendship speaks,
When shadows meet and part,
And in the pleasing prospect seek
Balm for the bleeding heart.

We'll meet again! the lover cries,
And oh, what thought but this,
Of kissing the sweet lips,
Of the last parting kiss!

We'll meet again! he accents heard
Beside the dying bed,
When all the soul by grief is stirred,
And bitter tears are shed.

We'll meet again! he words that cheer
While bending o'er the tomb;
For oh! that hope, so bright and dear,
Can pierce its deepest gloom!

For in the mansions of the blest,
Secure from care and pain,
In heaven's serene and endless rest
We'll surely meet again.

MISCELLANY.

A Good Toast.

OUR NATION.—Begotten amid the storms of the sixteenth century, its infantile movements were dim and indistinctly seen on board the Mayflower, on the rocks of Plymouth, at Jamestown, on the plains of Monongahela and on the heights of Abraham.

The expiratory squalor of its infancy, were heard in the tea party in Boston, in Faneuil Hall, on the plains of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill. In his boyhood he ran bareheaded and barefooted over the plains of Saratoga, Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth and Yorktown, whipped his mother and turned her out of doors. In his youth he strode over the prairies of the boundless West and called them all his own; paid tribute to the despots of Barbary in powder and balls; spit in his father's face from behind the cotton bales at New Orleans; whipped the mistress of the ocean; revelled in the halls of Montezuma; straddled the Rocky Mountains, and with one foot upon the golden sand and the other upon codfish and lumber, defied the world. In manhood, clothed in purple and fine linen, he rides over a continent in cushioned cars; rides over the ocean in palace-seamers; sends his thoughts on wings of lightning to the world around, thunders at the door of the Celestial Empire and at the portals of distant Japan, slaps his old decrepit father in the face and tells him to be careful how he pecks into any of his picarons, and threatens to make a sheep pasture of all that joins him, and plunges headlong into a horrid civil war, and what he will do when he gets old, God only knows. May he live a thousand years, and his shadow never be less.

Last Words.

The dying, in their last unconscious moments, often refer in a touching and singularly opposite manner to the pursuits of their youth and manhood, thus not only showing the "ruling passion strong in death," but employing its language to express a dim consciousness of the momentous change through which they are passing. The old schoolmaster, when the dimness of death fell upon his eyes, whispered, "It is growing dark—the boys may be dismissed." And the last words of a dying shipmaster, recently deceased in Bismarck were, "Steer the ship easy—steer the ship easy," felicitous words, expressive of a calm confidence that he was gliding into the final haven of rest.

Go-Betweens.

There is perhaps not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which I mean the creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By this vile officiousness he makes that poison effective which else would be inert; for three-fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.—W. Episcopalian

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Further Particulars of the Spirit of the Fight.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. World.]

The artillery fire continued without intermission for three hours, when suddenly, having formed under cover of the smoke of their own guns, the rebel troops were hurled against our lines by their officers in masses the very tread of whose feet shook the deity up which they came, with cries that might have caused less dauntless troops than those who awaited the onset to await with terror. Not a man in the Federal ranks flinched from his position. Not an eye turned to the right or left in search of security, not a hand trembled at the long array of our heroes grasped their muskets at a charge and waited the order to fire. On and up came the enemy, hooting, crowding, showing their very teeth in the venom of their rage, until within thirty yards of our cannon. As the turbulent mass of grey uniforms, of flashing bayonets and gleaming eyes, lifted itself in a last leap forward almost to the mouths of our guns, a volley of shot, shell, bullets and sharpnel went crashing through it, leaving it as a scythe. Its overwhelming onward rush was in the next instant turned to the hesitating leap forward of a few soldiers more dazed than the rest, the wild bound upwards of more than a few mortally wounded heroes, and the succeeding backward surge of the disoriented remainder, which culminated in a scamper down the slope that was in some instances, retarded by the pursuing bullets of our men.

The carnage of this assault upon the rebels was so fearful that even Federal soldiers who rested on their arms triumphant, after the foe had retreated beyond their fire, as they cast their eyes downward upon the panorama of death and wounds illuminated by the sun that shone upon the slope before them, were seen to shudder and turn sickening away.

Then the 3d and 5th Corps joined in the fight. As the rebels rallied for an instant, and attempted to make a stand, they were met by such combined volleys as they threatened to reduce their columns to fragments. The panic which ensued is unparalleled in any battle in which the Army of the Potomac has ever been engaged. The enemy quailed like eves before a tempest. Their main line again recoiled, but numbers, palsied by the horror and tumult, fell upon their knees, upon their breasts, upon their faces, shrieking and lifting up clasped hands in token of surrender and appeal for mercy. Gen. Dick Garnett's brigade surrendered almost entire, but Garnett himself, by the aid of two of his men, succeeded, though wounded, in making his escape. Longstreet, who led the reinforcements which enabled the rebels to make their second brief stand, was wounded. The musketry firing slowly ceased and the discharge of artillery continued for a brief period, but even these reverberations finally died away.

Gen. Meade was not deceived in anticipating another onslaught. Lee's columns were collected and reformed with magical haste. Within an hour what seemed to be his whole force was again massed directly in our front, where the contest once more opened. The assault this time was made with a fury even surpassing that of the first. It would seem as if the entire rebel army had resolved, itself into a gigantic forlorn hope and bore in its collective bosom the consciousness that the effort now made was the last and only one that could be made toward retrieving the fortunes of that army, or preventing the inevitable disaster which hovered over it.

It is said by rebel prisoners taken in the latter part of the engagement that this charge was led by Lee in person. The prestige of his name and his presence could certainly not have added to his power or enthusiasm. Yet the cool and gallant phalanx which, secure in its position and confident in its leader, waited with a silence only broken by the occasional roar of artillery, the approach of the foe, as before. Back, as easily as a girl hurls the shuttlecock, did the soldiers of our gallant army hurl into chaotic retreat the hosts that came on and on, over the stones and ditches, over the bodies of fallen comrades, piling its dead in heaps and making the soil over which it trod ghastly and alive with struggling wounds.

The Field after the Battle.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.]

Rebel officers with whom I have conversed frankly admit that the result of the last two days has been most disastrous to their cause, which depended, they say, upon the success of Lee's attempt to transfer the seat of war from Virginia to the Northern Border States. A wounded rebel colonel told me that, in the first and second days' fight, the rebel losses were between ten and eleven thousand. Yesterday, they were greater still. In one part of the field, in a space not more than twenty feet in circumference, in front of General Gibbons' division, I counted seven dead rebels, three of whom were piled on top of each other. And close by in a spot not more than fifteen feet square, lay fifteen "graybacks" stretched in death. These were the adventurous spirits, who, in the face of the horrible stream of cannon, shell, and musketry, scalded the fence wall in their attempt upon our batteries. Very large numbers of wounded were also strewn around, not to mention more who had crawled away or been taken away. The field in front of the stone wall was literally covered with dead and wounded, a large proportion of whom were rebels. Where our musketry and artillery took effect they lay in swaths, as if mown down by a scythe. This field presented a horrible sight—such as has never yet been witnessed during the war. Not less than one thousand dead and wounded lay in a space of less than four acres in extent, and that, too, after numbers had crawled away to places of shelter.

It Never Dries Up.

I was staying at a village on the Welsh coast, where the people had to bring all their water from a well. Not a single house had a pump. At all hours of the day, but chiefly before breakfast and before tea-time, little feet and great ones often unshod, but very active, might be seen passing along a narrow lane, with every kind of picher, kettle, and can, to a fresh-water well. Not a very trustworthy friend, after all, was this village well.

"Is this well ever dry?" I inquired.

"Dry? Yes; ma'am; very often, in hot weather."

"And where do you go then for water?"

"To the spring, a little way out of town."

"And if the spring dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the well, higher up—the best-water of all."

"But if the well higher up fails?"

"Why, ma'am; that well never dries up—never. It is always the same, winter and summer."

"I want to see this precious well, which never dries up." It was a clear, sparkling rivulet, coming down from the high hills, not with torrent-leap and roar, but with steady flow and soft murmur of fullness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway side. It was within reach of every child's little picher. It was enough for every empty vessel. The small bird came down thither to drink. The ewes and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden, along the dusty road, knew the way (as I could see by their tracks) to the well that never dries up.

It reminded me of the waters of life and salvation, flowing from the "Fountain of Ages," and brought within reach of all men by the gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may grow dry in the days of drought and adversity; but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.

Without waiting till earth's wayside brooks shall fail, let us all hasten at once with hearts athirst, to the heavenly well "which never dries up."

A Letter from Parson Brownlow.

Parson Brownlow, in a letter to the Philadelphia Press, under date of Nashville, July 13, writes:

The negro question has greatly changed in its tone, purposes and progress, in this quarter; and many native-born Tennessee slaveholders are out and out in favor of destroying the institution. Indeed, well informed men agree that the South has destroyed slavery by bringing on this rebellion. The slaves themselves are becoming bold and defiant. But the other day, the sister of Mrs. Barrow undertook to correct her negro woman for disobedience, when the servant girl turned upon her and actually chastised her! A Mr. Sharp, a Secession school-teacher, undertook to chastise a negro man for personal insolence, when the negro knocked him down and stamped him. This was on the 4th, the negro quoting the Declaration, "all men are born free and equal." So we are having it all over the South. I call it negro rights.

Our State Convention was well attended, not less than two hundred members being present, and hailing from more than forty counties. We had harmony and talents in the convention, and called upon the Governor to issue writs of election so as to convene a loyal Legislature at as early a day as practicable. We are getting the rebels out of Middle and West Tennessee, and as soon as we can expel them from East Tennessee, we shall rebuild the fabric of civil society, drive from power and place all rebel villains and demagogues, and restore law and order.

So far as the rebellion is concerned, it is thought to be on its last legs. You are doing a good job for the rebels in Pennsylvania. Grant has ruined them in the South, and Rosecrans is on middle ground, driving them into Georgia. There never was such a chase on earth as our army had after Bragg's rebel forces. They fled in every direction, in wild confusion, and more terror-stricken than if the devil had been after them. They left guns, side-arms, blankets, hats, caps, canteens, knapsacks, haversacks, horses, wagons, saddles, cooking utensils, and everything they possessed, strewn along the road and in the woods. They took to the bushes in wild confusion, and panic-stricken: hundreds plunged into Duck river, and hundreds were drowned. Fifty rebels have been picked out of one hole in Duck river, near Shelbyville.

Thousands of Bragg's men have deserted—some taking to the mountains of Middle Tennessee, and some coming into our lines giving themselves up, and going into our ranks. Two of our regiments recruited 8/10 of them in one day last week, among whom is Lieut. Runde, a son of the old East Tennessee Congressman. I have conversed with young Runde, for he was once an apprentice to the printing business in my office in Knoxville. He tells me there are 10,000 of Bragg's army disposed to desert, and resolved not to leave Tennessee. On the retreat they placed all the Tennessee conscripts in front, and drove them before the Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi troops. Runde was a conscript caught in the attempt to bring a company into Kentucky, some eight months ago.

The great question with us, when will East Tennessee secede? It will astonish my friends in the loyal States when I tell them, as I now tell that East Tennessee has twenty thousand men ready to join them when they are furnished with arms, and released from the exiles in the mountains and the jails in the South. Neither Massachusetts nor Vermont is more loyal to the Government than is East Tennessee—nor is East Tennessee more loyal to the Union than either Massachusetts or Vermont. And may her hills, valleys and streams live in song and history, when Old Time is dead and gone!

The Secret of Longevity.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity have been usually concentrated in short, pithy sayings, as, "Keep your head cool, and your feet warm." "Work much, and eat little," etc.; just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its great principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable:

"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

The following is about the best theory of the matter:—Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a concentrated one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively, who drinks pure water, avoids all diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind and thus husbands his quantum of vitality—will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensively—who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, or causes that produce them, labors beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges in exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly-seasoned food—is always debilitated by his pleasures.

Long Dresses.

The "Autocrat" of the Atlantic Monthly gets off the following:

"But confound the make-believe women we have turned loose on our streets; where do they come from? Why there isn't a beast or bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or a duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid-of-all-work, or a factory girl, thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the street, picking up and carrying along with her—bah! that's what I call getting vulgarly into your bones and marrow. Making believe what you are not is the essence of vulgarity."

Show over dirt is the one attribute of vulgar people. If any man can walk behind one of these women, and see what she makes up as she goes, and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. I wouldn't let one of the men in my room without serving them as David did Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts.

Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all around her sweet and clean, to the wish of making a vulgar show. I won't believe it of a lady.

There are some things which no fashion has any right to touch, and cleanliness is one of these things.

If a woman wishes to show that her husband or her father has got money, which she wants and means to spend, but doesn't know how, let her buy a yard or two of silk and pin it to her dress when she goes out to walk, but let her unpin it before she goes into the house; there may be some poor woman that will think it worth disinfecting.

It is an insult to a respectable laundress to carry such things into a house for her to deal with.

What We May Come To.

The following eloquent picture of a rejected, homeless, homeless human being, we apprehend, will at once be attributed to its popular author. Alas for humanity! that any that bears the form could be thus truly portrayed.

"To be homeless and alone in the open country, hearing the wind moan, and watching for days through the whole long weary night—to listen to the falling rain, and crouch for warmth beneath the lee of some old barn or rick or in the hollow of a tree—are fearful things, but not so dismal as wandering up and down where shelter is, and beds and sleepers are by thousands, a homeless and rejected creature."

To pace the echoing streets from hour to hour, counting the dull minutes of the clocks; to watch the lights twinkling in chamber windows; to think what happy forgetfulness each house shuts in; that here are children coiling together in their beds; here youth, here age, here poverty, here wealth all equal in their sleep, and all at rest; to have nothing in common with the slumbering world around, not even sleep Heaven's gift to all its creatures, and be akin to nothing—but depart; to feel by the wretched contrast with everything on every hand, more utterly alone and castaway than in a trackless desert; this is a kind of suffering, on which the rivers of great cities close full many a time, and which solitude in crowds alone wakens.

Friendship.

In every man's life there sooner or later comes a time when the services of a friend are inevitable, and sometimes ruin. No man can be high or low, rich or poor, from the moment, to the moment, can afford to lose a friend, for no greater loss can befall a man to lose, and no greater folly can a man commit than to throw off or neglect one whose friendship he has no reason to doubt. Hamlet says:

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grip thee about, as a fond kiss,
And then despair, when like a frost they melt,
And their suits end with this: 'No more!'
Ladies are seldom troubled with the dumb ague, but are very subject to the kind that makes the jaws clatter."

Duties of a Mother.

She should be firm—gentle—kind, always ready to attend her child.
She should never laugh at him—at what he does that is cunning—never allow him to think of his looks except to be neat and clean in all his habits.
She should teach him to obey a look—to respect those older than himself; she should never make a command, without seeing that it is performed in the right manner.
Never speak of a child's faults or foibles, or repeat his remarks before him. It is a sure way to spoil a child.
Never reprove a child when excited, nor let your tone of voice be raised when correcting. Strive to inspire love, not dread—respect, not fear. Remember you are training and educating a soul for eternity.
Teach your children to wait upon themselves—to put away a thing when done with it. But do not forget you were once a child. The griefs of little ones are too often neglected; they are great for them, and never in any way reduce their anger if it can be avoided.

Teach a child to be useful whenever opportunity may offer.

Dreaming in Church.

At Ballston Spa, one Sunday afternoon, fatigued with his long journey, a wagoner, with his son John drove his team into a barn, and determined to pass the Sabbath in enjoying a season of worship with the good people of the village. When the time for worship arrived, John was sent to watch the team, while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against the partition in the centre of the body slip; just over against him, separated by a very low partition, sat a fleshy lady who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings but unable to control them any longer, she burst out with a loud scream and shouted at the top of her voice, arousing the old man, who half awake threw his arm around her waist and cried very scoldingly: "Whoa, Nancy! Whoa, Nancy! Here John," calling his son, "out the billy hand and lessen the breeching; quick, or she'll tear everything to pieces!"—Albany Times.

Queen Peace for Revolvers.

While the search was being made of the passengers on the Central train, at Indianapolis, Ind., containing delegates from the Democratic Convention, one evening recently, a soldier noticed that a lady's dress appeared more fully braided than it ought to have been, and his quick eye also detected the fact that the artificial contents in the lady's bosom were so pressed out against the dress as to make it almost certain that pistols were there. He was a very polite soldier and in the most gentlemanly manner approached the lady and said:

"Madam, I want those revolvers."

"Sir," said she very indignantly, "I am a very respectable woman, and have no revolvers."

"Madam," said the soldier, pointing to her bosom, "I want those revolvers."

She again denied she had any. Without further questioning, the soldier in the discharge of his duty, thrust his hand into the place of concealment and drew out a revolver, and kept on repeating the operation until seven were captured. Then gathering up the pistols, he politely remarked to the lady:

"Madam, your breast-works seem to be iron clad."

Good Pictures.

Never put sulphate of antimony in a sherry goblet.

When you build a castle in the air, stand under it, lest it may fall and crush you.

Keep your jacket on, but mind and don't tear your linen.

Do not steal your neighbor's newspaper but subscribe for one yourself.

Never wind up your watch with a piece of soap.

Don't pound your corps with a shoemaker's hammer.

Don't scratch your head with a curry comb.

Never pick your teeth with a crowbar.

Don't take your soup with a scoop shovel.

The Letters that Spoil Debts.

The initials of the sentence, "Dan Every Body Twice," and the letters that spell credit are the initials of the sentence, "Call regularly every day—P. H. Riss."

What is the best thing to prevent a maid from despairing?—Pairing.

Sour people should at once engage in the sugar business.

The man who will quarrel with his wife is well qualified for the penitentiary.

The child who will honor his parents will himself be honored.

He who shuts the sunlight away from his heart must expect a life of darkness.

Make your repairs when the breach is first discovered. A blow in time saves nine.

Your associations settle the question of your character.

The man who attempts to measure everybody else by himself, had better trim the pattern very carefully.

It is remarked that if women are angels, it is a great pity that so many angels' wings are clipped.

They say at death we first begin to live, that we lie down in the grave just to take breath.

Live with the culpable, and you will be very likely to die with the criminal.

Humorous.

Why is a negro's limb like a gambler's? Because it is a black-leg.

Why is a man that has been knocked down like a newly finished house? Because he has been floored.

Why is a greenhorn in a large city like good butter? Because he is liable to be sold.

Why is a son-in-law like a monkey? Because it is far fetched and full of nonsense.

A verb is a word signifying to be, to do or to suffer; woman's life is a verb.

If a man that he belongs to a superior cast, probably the cast is in his eye.

A patriotic writer is of the opinion that the ladies of the present day would make good soldiers, because the dress which they wear by day might make a tent at night.

An old Dutchman undertook to whallop his son; but Jake turned upon him and whalloped him. The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son's manhood. He said, "Well Jake is a smart fellow, he can whip his own taddy."

A Recruiting officer whispered to a sweet rosy-cheeked damsel, as she was putting on her bonnet at the close of a quilting party:—"Will you allow me, Miss, to accompany you home?" "No sir, I'm engaged," said she in a loud tone, so as to give notoriety to the transaction. "You miss it most prodigiously," said the military wag, "for I have got both pockets full of gingerbread."

A gentleman at a ladies' fair, lately, being solicited to buy something by a fair creature who kept a table, said he wanted to buy what was not for sale—a lock of hair.—She promptly cut off the coveted curl, and received the same amount for it, \$10. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend. "She rather had you," said the friend; "for my certain knowledge she only paid \$3 for the whole wig."

Couldn't Spare Him.—The Mexico (Mo) Citizen tells the following:

"A gentleman of strong southern sympathies, while on a hunt for three black boys, who had left him, without any just cause, said to a friend that he didn't care so much for Sam and Wes but he didn't do without Bill. I'll give him thousand dollars to get him back. Here he burst into a flood of tears and exclaimed—'Bill is my own son.'"

"Day may rail against the woman who, as much as dey like," said a darkey, lately, "dy can't set no against dem. I hab always found dem to be fast in lub, fast in a quarrel, fast in de dance, fast in de ice cream school, and de first, best, and de last in de sick room." What would we do without dem? I let me be born as young, as ugly and as hopeless as we please, and a woman's arm open to receive us. She an de person who gub us our first dose of castor oil, and puts also upon our feet and noses in long flannel petticoats, and it an she, as we grow up, fills our dildier baskets wid doughnuts and apples as we start for school, and licks us when we tears de trousers."

Some time since the Ohio Statesman published a poem entitled "The Democratic Banner," the editor, George W. Mangrove, bestowing many commendations upon it, and adding, "We are obliged to our lady correspondent, Helen, for her patriotic effusion." The person turned out to be masculine, and the poem an acrostic, the first letters of the lines forming the following beautiful tribute to the victimized editor, "George W. Mangrove is a great jibberish—and a traitor to boot."

ONLY A DREAM.—A bashful Yokel, was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. Yokel called "ow day," when she alone wast home. After settling the merits of the weather, Miss said, looking shyly into his face—

"I dreamed of you last night."

"Did you? Why now?"

"Yes, I dreamed you kissed me!"

"Why, now! what did you dream your mother said?"

"Oh! I dreamed she wasn't at home."

"A light dawned on Yokel's intellect, and directly something was heard to shriek—perhaps Yokel's whip, and perhaps not—but in about a month more they were twain, etc."

"I WOULD POSITIVELY."—"Sally" said a green youth in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected, half a feet, perhaps more;—"Sally, afore we go into this 'ore museum to see the box contractor, I want to ask you something."

"Well, Ichabod, what is it?" "Why, you see this 'ore business is a guine to cost a quarter a piece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nuth'." Now, if you'll have my darned old don't pay the whole 'ole myself, I will positively!" "Sally, afore we no comin' reply, which, Ichabod, in trespass, in favor of himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid down the hull 'ole."

We truthfully replied that we did not know.

"Because," said he, "there will be a greater rush to arms than ever, new corps of infantry will attack the broad works and be themselves attacked in the rear, and brave men will so knowledge themselves captured, and submit to be captives—have equally in generaly."

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"I dreamed of you last night."

"Did you? Why now?"

"Yes, I dreamed you kissed me!"

"Why, now! what did you dream your mother said?"

"Oh! I dreamed she wasn't at home."

"A light dawned on Yokel's intellect, and directly something was heard to shriek—perhaps Yokel's whip, and perhaps not—but in about a month more they were twain, etc."

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We truthfully replied that we did not know.

"Because," said he, "there will be a greater rush to arms than ever, new corps of infantry will attack the broad works and be themselves attacked in the rear, and brave men will so knowledge themselves captured, and submit to be captives—have equally in generaly."

Humorous.

Why is a negro's limb like a gambler's? Because it is a black-leg.

Why is a man that has been knocked down like a newly finished house? Because he has been floored.

Why is a greenhorn in a large city like good butter? Because he is liable to be sold.

Why is a son-in-law like a monkey? Because it is far fetched and full of nonsense.

A verb is a word signifying to be, to do or to suffer; woman's life is a verb.

If a man that he belongs to a superior cast, probably the cast is in his eye.

A patriotic writer is of the opinion that the ladies of the present day would make good soldiers, because the dress which they wear by day might make a tent at night.

An old Dutchman undertook to whallop his son; but Jake turned upon him and whalloped him. The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son's manhood. He said, "Well Jake is a smart fellow, he can whip his own taddy."

A Recruiting officer whispered to a sweet rosy-cheeked damsel, as she was putting on her bonnet at the close of a quilting party:—"Will you allow me, Miss, to accompany you home?" "No sir, I'm engaged," said she in a loud tone, so as to give notoriety to the transaction. "You miss it most prodigiously," said the military wag, "for I have got both pockets full of gingerbread."

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