

# VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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## PORTICAL.



### THE SUNNY SIDE.

When darkest hours of sadness  
Come stealing on the heart;  
When false ones dare deceive thee,  
And from thy side depart;  
Bear up beneath the anguish,  
And breast the sinking tide,  
For o'er the vale of shadows,  
Oh, there's a sunny side.

Let earthy ties be broken  
Which ever thou held'st dear;  
It matters but a little,  
The trial how severe!  
For there are many others  
In whom thou canst confide,  
Where'er thy heart is pined—  
Yes, there's a sunny side.

Our lifetime here is fleeting,  
It passeth soon away,  
Like fancy's dreamy visions,  
And autumn's golden day.  
Then take thy heart in earnest,  
Although before thou'rt tried;  
Life is made up of struggles,  
There's yet a sunny side.

This wide world may look dreary,  
The tempter leader near,  
While every golden moment  
Thy life best wags to shore.  
Delay not in thy efforts,  
Against the wind and tide,  
To do what thou wouldst have to do  
Upon the sunny side.

### ONE YEAR FROM NOW.

#### A Ballad.

By ELMER RUAN COATES.

You ask me why I am so sad  
While other hearts are light,  
I tell you that my spirit's fled  
The airy mood to-night.  
The moment when you found me still  
With sorrow on my brow,  
I queried where we all would be  
In one short year from now,  
And if we would as happy be  
In one short year from now.

When I spend a social eve,  
I ever have the thought,  
And, oh! the changes time has made  
Have solemn lessons taught.  
Forgive me, if my mood chafes  
The sensitive from each brow,  
We'll laugh and hope that all will meet  
Full many years from now;  
That I will give the joys we feel,  
Full many years from now.

## MISCELLANY.

### God and my Country!

The following eloquent tribute to our country we extract from a sermon delivered in this city on Fast day, in the Arch-street Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Charles S. Porter, of Boston, and published by the request of a committee of the congregation:

What a history is ours! Its commencement was like the glimmer of a star on the bosom of night; its progress the beamings of noontide effulgence. Your beautiful and opulent city is a memorable point in the course of our political existence. It embodies memories of our earliest rational being. It is itself a noble illustration of our prosperity and greatness. How could it have become what it is, in population and prosperity, in present and prospective greatness, had not the nation become, by God's favor, a great and prosperous people! And how could we have been the people we are, in men and means for the present civil conflict, had we not been favored of Heaven as were never any other people! Our first duty is to stand by the throne of God; the next, by the flag of our country. If we are a Christian, we must, we shall be a patriotic people. A true Christian must be, the best ruler and subject, citizen and soldier. A voice from the tomb of a clergyman in your city cries in our ear: "God and my country." Let the ministry, let the church, in every branch, of all denominations, from Maine to California, from the frozen North to the torrid South, echo that cry, "God and my country." Let it be the watchword of all our national and State councils. "The battle cry with our armed and marshaled hosts in conflict with treason: Let all the youth in the land, from our primary schools to the walls and halls of our universities wake in thunder tones the shout, "God and my country." Let treason all over the land hear it and tremble. Let the nations hear it, and know for once that we cannot be bought; that we will not be sold; that we cannot be conquered by the forces, or terrified by the thundering batteries of the world. Let all know that under God we have but one aim, purpose, and prayer—to live or die a free, united, and independent republic.

The Rev. George Duffield, pastor Vine-street Presbyterian Church, died A. D. 1790.

**THE ADVANTAGES OF SINGING.**—Singing is a great institution. It oils the wheels of citizenship, supplies the place of sinners. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing collier will earn as much money as a collier who gives way to low spirits and indignation. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a stone at the head of liberty, and would, if he could, rub it down to powder. An unjust, idle, and lazy man, who would not sing, is a curse to his neighbors.

An exchange should be made with a nation that "sings" is crowded out of this issue. This is almost as bad as the country editor who said, "For the evil effects of suggesting drink see our inside."

## Life Everywhere.

Life everywhere! The air is crowded with birds—beautiful, tender, intelligent birds, to whom life is a song and thrilling anxiety—the anxiety of love. The air is swarming with insects—those little animated miracles. The waters are peopled with innumerable forms—from the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them would not weigh one grain, to the whale, so large that it seems an island as it sleeps upon the waves. The bed of the sea is alive with polyps, corals, star-fishes, and with the shell animalcules. The rugged face of the rock is scarred by the silent bar of soft creatures; and blackened with countless mussels, barnacles and limpets.—Life everywhere! on the earth, in the earth, crawling, creeping, burrowing, boring, leaping, running. If the sequestered, coolness of the wood tempt us to saunter into its chequered shade, we are saluted by the numerous din of insects, the twitter of birds, the scrambling of squirrels, the startled rustle of unseen beasts, all telling how populous is this seeming solitude. If we pause before a tree, or shrub, or a plant, our cursory and half abstracted glance detects a colony of various inhabitants. We pluck a flower, and in its bosom we see many a charming insect busy in its appointed labor. We pick a fallen leaf, and if nothing is visible on it, there is probably the trap of an insect larva hidden in its tissues; and awaiting its development. The drop of dew upon this leaf will probably contain its animals under this microscope. The same microscope reveals that the blood-rain suddenly appearing on bread, and awakening superstitious terrors is nothing but a collection of minute animals, and that the vast tracks of snow which are reddened in a single night, owe their color to the marvellous rapidity of reproduction of a minute plant. The very mold which covers our cheese, or bread, our jam, or our ink, and disfigures our damp walk, is nothing but a collection of plants.—The many-colored fire which sparkles on the surface of a summer sea at night, as the vessel ploughs her way, or which drips from the oars in lines of jeweled light, is produced by millions of minute animals.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

## False Proverbs.

'A yong fellow must sow his wild oats.'—In all the wide range of British maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I will defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it.—Whatever man be he young, old or middle-aged, sows, that and nothing else shall he reap. The one only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots, like couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you and nobody else will have to reap them, and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you, if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day. 'Boys will be boys,' is a much better, but that has a true side to it; but this encouragement to the sowing of wild oats is simply devilish, for it means that a young man is to give way to the temptations, and follow the lusts of his age.—What are we to do with the wild oats of manhood and old age—with ambition, over-reaching, the false weights, hardness, suspicion, avarice—if the wild oats of youth are to be sown and not burnt? What possible distinction can we draw between them? If we may sow the one why not the other?—*Tom Brown at Oxford.*

**WHEN IT IS DARK.**—The following beautiful sentiment is taken from "Meister Karl's Sketch Book," entitled "The Night of Heaven." It is full of touching tenderness:—"It is dark when the honorable and honest man sees the result of long years sweat away by the knavish, heartless adversary. It is dark when he sees the clouds of sorrow gather around, and knows that the hopes and happiness of others are fading with his own.—But in that hour the memory of past integrity will be a true consolation, and assure him even here on earth, of glimmers of light in heaven. It is dark when the dear voice of that sweet child, once so fondly loved, is no more heard around in murmurs. Dark when the light, pattering feet no more resound without the threshold, or ascend step by step the stairs. Dark, when some well known air recalls the strain once attuned by the childish voice now hushed in death! Darkness; but only the gloom which heralds the dawning of immortality and the infinite light of heaven."

**CONFISCATED SOUTH CAROLINA LANDS FOR SALE.**—New instructions for the sale of confiscated lands in South Carolina have been issued. Certain portions of the lands are to be reserved for school and benevolent purposes, and the balance will be sold at auction, the maximum price fixed being \$1.25 per acre. Twenty-acre lots are to be laid out for the negroes to purchase, and the balance of the land will be divided into farms of not over 20 acres each. The town of Beaufort is to be sold according to the present divisions of the town property. These sales are to be made for cash, except to persons in the naval and military service, who are entitled to purchase, and who are to receive certificates upon paying a quarter of the purchase money, and the balance in three years from the date of the sale. There will be good chances for investment.

## PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

Whereas, the Constitution of the United States of America has ordained that the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it; and whereas a rebellion was existing on the third day of March, 1863, which rebellion is still existing; and whereas, by a statute which was approved on that day, it was enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled that during the present insurrection the President of the United States, whenever in his judgment the public safety may require, is authorized to suspend the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus in any case throughout the United States or any part thereof; and whereas, in the judgment of the President of the United States, the public safety does require that the privilege of the said writ shall now be suspended throughout the United States, in the cases where, by the authority of the President of the United States, the military, naval, and civil officers of the United States, or any of them, hold persons under their command or in their custody either as prisoners of war, spies, or aiders or abettors of the enemy, or officers, soldiers or seaman enrolled, drafted, or mustered or enlisted in, or belonging to the land or naval forces of the United States, or as deserters therefrom, or otherwise amenable to military law or the rules and articles of war, or the rules or regulations prescribed for the military or naval service by authority of the President of the United States, or for resisting the draft, or for any other offense against the military or naval service: Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim and make known to all whom it may concern, that the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus is suspended throughout the United States, in the several cases before mentioned, and that this suspension will continue throughout the duration of the rebellion, or until this proclamation shall be by a subsequent one to be issued by the President of the United States, be modified or revoked. And I do hereby require all magistrates, attorneys, and other civil officers within the United States, all officers and others in the military and naval service of the United States, to take distinct notice of this suspension, and to give it full effect, and all citizens of the United States to conduct and govern themselves accordingly, and in conformity with the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Congress, in such cases made and provided. In testimony whereof, I hereunto set my hand and cause the seal of the United States to be affixed, this fifteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-three (1863), and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,  
By the President,  
WILLIAM H. SEWARD,  
Secretary of State.

## The Result of a Street Education.

Keep your children off the street.  
By what we mean, do not let them make acquaintances on the sidewalks. If they frequent the public schools, you must establish a sort of verbal quarantine at your door, and examine the youthful tongue once a day, to see if it has not a secretion of slang upon it.  
Mrs. Careful's little son Manfred came running into the paternal mansion the other day, shouting to the cook:  
Now then, old girl, slap up that dinner.  
Why! Manfred! began the astonished mother, where did you learn such language? who have you been playing with?  
Me, said the hopeful. I generally play with Dick Turner, 'cause he's a bully boy with a glass eye. That's so.  
The fond mother was about to express some astonishment at the optical misfortune of Dick, when the son continued:  
Ma, I'm going to buy a plug. Jem Smith wears one, and I'm as big as he is.  
A plug! gasped the mother.  
Yes, sir, a plug. I've got the sponducks sat down in my box, sure, its bound to come.  
The mother at this juncture ordered the youngster up stairs, and sent for a man servant to interpret the slang.

## Parental Love—Filial Affection.

Filial affection is the love which children bear to their parents. It is a natural feeling in their hearts, and is one of the most beautiful of the Almighty's works, but like other beautiful works of His, they must be reared and fostered, or it is as natural that they should be wholly obscured, and that now feelings should usurp their place, as it is that the sweetest productions of the earth, left unattended, should be choked with weeds and briars. I wish we could be brought to consider this, and remembering natural obligations a little more at the right time, talk about them a little less at the wrong.

**WASHINGTON'S TOWER.**—Just after the close of the Revolutionary war, Genl. Washington at a dinner where several of his officers were present, gave us a toast:  
"THE AMERICAN SOLDIER OF FREEDOM."  
"May he at all times secure a good and plentiful ration, and when he has finished his tour of duty on earth, may he get his soul by the Egyptian Gods, and there receive his reward from the right hand of the God of Battles."

## A National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

The following correspondence between the Governor and David Wills, Esq., the Governor's agent, in relation to the proposition to establish a soldier's cemetery at Gettysburg, will be read with interest. It is another of the Governor's plans for the good of the soldiers:  
GETTYSBURG, August 26, 1863.  
To his Excellency A. G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania:  
SIR: By virtue of authority reposed in me by your Excellency, I have invited the co-operation of the several loyal States having soldiers dead on the battle-fields around this place, in the noble project originated by you, of removing their remains from their present exposed and imperfectly buried condition in the fields for miles around, to a cemetery.  
The Chief Executives of fifteen out of seventeen States have already responded, in most instances pledging their State to unite in the movement; in a few instances highly approving of the project, and stipulating to urge upon their Legislatures to make appropriations to defray their proportionate share of the expense.  
I have also at your request, selected and purchased the grounds for this cemetery, the land to be paid for by, and the title to be made to, the State of Pennsylvania, and to be held in perpetuity and devoted to the object for which purchased.  
The grounds embrace about fourteen acres on Cemetery Hill, fronting on the Baltimore turnpike, and extending to the Tanoytown road. It is the ground which formed the apex of our triangular line of battle, and the key to our line of defenses. It embraces the highest point on Cemetery Hill, and overlooks the whole battle-field. It is the spot which would be specially consecrated to this sacred purpose. It was here that such immense quantities of our artillery massed, and during Thursday and Friday of the battle from this most important point on the field, dealt out death and destruction to the rebel army in every direction of their advance.  
I have been in conference at different times, with agents sent here by the Governors of several of the States, and we have arranged details for carrying out this sacred work. I herewith enclose you a copy of the proposed arrangement of details, a copy of which I have also sent to the Chief Executive of each State having dead here.  
I have also, at your suggestion cordially tendered to each State the privilege, if they desired of joining in the title to the land.  
I think it would be showing only a proper respect for the health of this community not to commence the exhuming of the dead and their removal to the Cemetery until the month of November, and in the meantime the grounds should be artistically laid out and concentrated by appropriate ceremonies.  
I am, with great respect, your Excellency's obedient servant,  
DAVID WILLS.

PENNSYLVANIA EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,  
HARRISBURG, Pa., August 31, 1863.  
DEAR SIR: Yours of the 26th instant was duly received, and ought to have been answered sooner, but you know how I am pressed.  
I am much pleased with the details for the cemetery which you have so thoughtfully suggested and will be glad so far as in my power to hasten their consummation on the part of Pennsylvania.  
It is, of course, probable that our sister States, joining with us in this hallowed undertaking, may desire to make some alterations and modifications of your proposed plan of purchasing and managing the sacred grounds, and it is my wish that you give to their views the most careful and respectful consideration.  
Pennsylvania will be so highly honored by the possession within her limits of this soldier's mausoleum, and so much distinguished among the other States by their contributions in aid of so glorious a monument to patriotism and humanity, that it becomes her duty, as it is her melancholy pleasure, to yield in every reasonable way to the wishes and suggestions of the States who join with her in dedicating a portion of her territory to the solemn use of a national sepulchre.  
The proper consecration of the grounds must claim our early attention, and as soon as we can do, our fellow purchasers should be invited to join with us in the performance of suitable ceremonies on the occasion.  
I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
A. G. CURTIN.

**Damaged Meat.**—A beef-steak that four apprentices boys have been at.

**SINGULAR INCIDENT.**—In a town near Sandusky some men engaged in putting up lightning rods called upon a forehanded farmer, well known in the county, and proposed to put some rods upon his buildings.—He promptly declined the offer, saying that "if God Almighty owed him any grudge, he could destroy his property." Strange to say, that in less than a week afterwards (last week) a heavy storm passed over his premises, and a bolt descended upon his dwelling, killing him instantly, but doing no injury to any other person in the house, although there were several in it.—*New Haven Palladium.*

**BOLOGNA SAUSAGES.**—We find the following recipe for making Bologna, which we publish. It is rather original in its style, we fancy:  
Take an ear skin and stuff it with ground onion, season it with Scotch snuff and pepper, and lay it on the hog pen to dry, and then hang it up by the tail in a Dutch garret for three months; for the flies will give it the trade marks, then it is ready for use, and can be fried or put up into rice lengths for police clubs.

**Damaged Meat.**—A beef-steak that four apprentices boys have been at.

**When the fox was preacher,** beware of your goose.

If a turkey is not done, you can easily make it so. We annex the recipe: Place it before six apprentice boys.

Which causes the most swearing, a horse that won't draw or a stove.

A woman may laugh too much; it is only a comb that can afford to show its teeth.

A poor widow's little boy wanted a slate at school, but she could not afford to buy him one. He next day wearing one in his hands, she inquired, in some surprise:  
"Why, Tommy, where did you get that slate?"  
"I heard you say when you paddled, 'I got a slate,' that now he has gone we must look above whenever we wanted anything, so I went up and got this slate off the roof. I wish that I had a frame for it."

## The Great Wealth of Nevada.

Rev. Mr. Simpson, of the Methodist Church in Chicago, in his Thanksgiving sermon, gave the following sketch of the untold store of mineral wealth of Nevada:  
When in California, I visited the mines, and I thought the time would come when they would be exhausted; but in the mines of Nevada there are no indications visible. The more the mines are worked, the richer the yield. The extent of the lodes containing the precious metal no man has yet been able to measure.  
I will mention a single instance, to give you some idea of the inexhaustible supply. In what is termed the Ophir Mine, a single lode, as it is called there, is fifty-five feet in thickness, and inclines only at an angle of five degrees. Think of the extent of that—nearly as far as from this altar to yonder wall. This is all silver mingled with gold. There is more gold in value than silver, but more silver in weight than gold. The company have only two hundred feet working, and out of that they are now realizing about ten thousand dollars a day. There is in this peculiarity about it, that the deeper the mine extends the richer and more profitable it becomes. When I was there, they had penetrated two hundred feet. There were five chambers which they had dug out, one under the other, leaving three large pillars to support the roof. They would sink a shaft down about forty feet, make another platform, dig out the metal, leaving the pillars as before, and then sink another. One of the directors told me each lower platform gave as much yield as all the other platforms combined; that is, the fifth platform was as valuable as the four above it put together. Such wealth was never a matter of contest among the powers of earth before.

## A Dead Man Comes to Life Again.

We yesterday reported that Mr. Henry Myers, residing on Clouet street, had been killed by lightning. An inquest was held on the body and life pronounced extinct.—Yesterday every preparation was made for his funeral, his friends had assembled, the body had been duly coffined, the relatives had put on mourning, the hearse and the priest arrived and the coffin was about to be closed up, when the arms of the corps were observed to move, and very soon, wonderful to relate, the dead man sat bolt upright in his coffin, and after surveying the scene for a few moments, inquired the cause of all the gloomy preparations he saw going on.—The joy of his weeping wife and little ones can be imagined when they found the dead had actually returned to life, and the house of mourning was soon turned into a house of rejoicing—the funeral into a feast. The electric shock had suspended animation for over twenty-four hours so perfectly as to deceive even the coroner, the man's wife and all his friends. Although apparently, and we might say, *de facto*, a live man, still the lightning having killed him and the newspapers published the fact, he is *de jure* a dead man.—It might become a nice question whether a man has a right to come to life again, after being duly killed and pronounced properly and legally dead or not? We submit it to the professionals at the Provost Court Bar.—*N. O. Era, August 15.*

**SINGULAR INCIDENT.**—In a town near Sandusky some men engaged in putting up lightning rods called upon a forehanded farmer, well known in the county, and proposed to put some rods upon his buildings.—He promptly declined the offer, saying that "if God Almighty owed him any grudge, he could destroy his property." Strange to say, that in less than a week afterwards (last week) a heavy storm passed over his premises, and a bolt descended upon his dwelling, killing him instantly, but doing no injury to any other person in the house, although there were several in it.—*New Haven Palladium.*

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## EPICUROUS.

Why is a milkster like a General?—Made I because it makes Loaves.

Why is a milkster like a locomotive?—We have to look out for him when the bell rings.

Why is the letter 'L' like Genl. Meade?—Because it makes Loaves.

Why is a spider like a toper?—Because he loves to take a suuk at a big bottle.

Although our soldiers are not allowed to drink wine, they often digger it out the effects of the grape.

**THE SONG OF THE CONSORT.**—We are coming Father Abraham three hundred dollars more.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of an old lady who has a mousethatch on her lip. It is not uncommon for young ladies in this vicinity to have mousethatches on their lips.

Patrick, where's Bridget?—'Tudado, ma'am, she's fast asleep looking at the bread baking.

Why, Hans, you have the most famintest cat-of-mountain mouse I have ever seen. 'Oh, yah,' replied Hans, 'I know de reason for dat; mine mouse was a voozuous.'

A young lady being asked by a boring politician which party she was in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

Now that the rebellion is on its last legs, the stay at home patriots are getting more and more valiant.

'John,' said a stingy old hunt to his hired man, as he was taking dinner, 'do you know how many panakes you've eaten?'  
'No.'  
'Well, you've eaten fourteen.'  
'Well,' said John, 'you count and I'll eat.'

A number of bucheiros over thirty-five were drafted in Providence. On being laughed at for not being married, and thereby escaping the draft, they maliciously replied: "It is better to serve three years than for life."

'Do you find my eyes expressive of my feelings?' said a sentimental lover to a lady he desired to please.  
'O, yes, I presume so,' said the lady, 'they make me think of a codfish dying with the toothache!'

**EXEMPT.**—A man named Rouben Florigan, who had been drafted in the town of Oswego, N. Y., having himself, because he didn't want to go soldiering, The coroner was sent for, and the jury returned a verdict of "exempt."

'Ma don't I look sweet?'  
'Yes, my dear, but why do you ask?'  
'Because Mrs. Gurdun said my ear looked as if it was full of honey.'  
'That little girl was washed.'

'Never saw a religious man who was not melancholy,' said Hume to Bishop Horne.  
'That, sir, may be very true,' replied the Bishop, 'for it is enough to make one melancholy who meets with Mr. Hume, and thinks how he is perverting his best talents to rail against the God who made him.'

**TO MAKE A YOUNG ONE SMART.**—'Pray, Mrs. Radriest, why do you whip your children so often?'  
'Lay, Mr. Worthy, I do it for their enlightenment. I never whipped one of them in my lifetime that he didn't acknowledge it that it made him smart.'

'Mr. Timbony,' said a learned lady, who had been scribbling off at the expense of a dangle, 'you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story.'  
'Divine Aindra,' meekly replied her adored, 'in thanking you for that compliment let me remind you that you occupy the upper story entirely.'

**ONE WORD MORE.**—A clerk in the dead letter office of an inquiring mind, was curious to find out how many letters were written with out a postscript. One day last week he found that out of six thousand eight hundred and fifty letters written by females, only three hundred and seventy-five were without postscripts. Some of the other letters contained three.

A lawyer the other day went into one of our barber shops to procure a wig. In taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head, the boy exclaimed:  
'Why, how long your head is, sir?'  
'Yes,' replied our worthy friend, 'we lawyers must have long heads.'  
The boy proceeded to his vocation, but at length exclaimed:  
'Lord, sir, your head is as thick as it is long.'  
Blackstone, mizzled.

This is the first season during a period of thirty years that the potato blight has not appeared in Ireland.

Good lawyers, like good ministers, are the salt of a nation; but one horse lawyer is a nuisance in any community.

Regard not dreams, since they are but the images of our hopes and fears.

A traveller came down the wharf, just as the steamer had left, and it was a grievous disappointment to him. While remaining, a stranger inquired if he wanted to get a board. 'Certainly,' said he. 'Then, like you, did that fellow, was the reply.'