VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair. A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion. $1.50 per Year.

VOLUME XVII WAYNESBRO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 20, 1863. NUMBER 27.

POETICAL.

VIVA L'AMERICA.

Noble Repub ic! happiest of lands!
Foremost of nations, Columbia stands,
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of Liberty daily arise.
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Union forever, freedom to all,
Throughout the world our motto shall be,
VIVA L'AMERICA, home of the free!

Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Cursed be his home stead, wither'd his hand;
Shame be his memory, scorn be his lot—
Exile his heritage, his name a blot!
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Granting a home and freedom to all,
Throughout the world our motto shall be,
VIVA L'AMERICA, home of the free!

To all her heroes, justice and fame;
To all her foes, a traitor's foul name;
Our Stripes and Stars still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of Liberty—flag of the brave.
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Gladly we'll die at our country's call,
Throughout the world our motto shall be,
VIVA L'AMERICA, home of the free!

MISCELLANY.

MILDRED'S SACRIFICE.

The vases of heliotrope in Miss Delford's dainty little parlor were distilling their sweetest fragrance in the delicious evening breeze that tossed the muslin curtains to and fro, through the wide opened windows, and the cherry boughs overshadowing the piazza eaves were hung with sparkling jewel sprays of crimson fruit. July was purpling all the horizon with amethyst light—July brooded over the hills with tender warmth; and Clara Delford, in her dark, rich beauty, seemed like a typic blossom of the richest month of the year.

Did Captain Verner notice the changing color in her olive cheek—the blaze that glowed beneath her jetty eyelashes in strange, seductive brilliance? Did he observe how artistically she had posed herself on the tinny footstool, close beside Mildred Moore's shadowy white draperies and pure, colorless features? Clara Delford understood contrast and harmony—Captain Verner did not; he only knew that the two girls were like rose and lily-fervid sunshine, and pale with starlight.

"If I could only do something for those poor, suffering soldiers," she said, breaking the momentary silence, as if in continuation of the previous conversation. "Would it not be possible for me to devote at least a portion of my means to their comfort and happiness?"

Captain Verner indulged in a quiet smile—for the heiress to speak of her 'small means,' seemed, even to him, like an unnecessary bit of ostentation.

"Certainly," he said; "and I can assure you the money could not be spent to a better purpose."

"Will you object to acting as my treasurer?" smiled Clara, with pretty, appealing softness in her eyes.

"Not at all; there are in my own regiment many cases in hardship, even destitution, which it would give me a great pleasure to relieve. Thank you"—as she opened the smallest of silken purses, and placed a bank note in his hand with blushing confusion—"I know from experience how much good twenty dollars can do."

All this time Mildred Moore had sat silent in the shadow of the cherry boughs; but now she rose and quietly withdrew.—Captain Verner's eyes followed her slight, willowy figure with involuntary attraction.

"You must not misinterpret poor, dear Mildred's silence," lisped Clara, as the door closed; "of course, she is interested in your hospital reminiscences; but I don't think she cares very much about the poor soldiers—Milly's nature is not very sympathetic, and—"

"And," added the straightforward soldier quickly, "her means are very limited, indeed. She gives music lessons, or something, don't she?"

He had risen, and stood there, tall and handsome, in the golden July moonlight—Clara's beau ideal of a man.

"Good night, Miss Clara. I must stop at Harwood Grange for five minutes to tell about their two boys who fell at Fredericksburg, and I have two or three little errands to attend to in the town. We soldiers, you know, are scarcely at our own disposal."

He held the little jeweled hand in his a moment, perhaps unconcious how closely he pressed it, and then vanished through the crimson-sprinkled branches of the cherry tree. As he walked along, whistling to himself, he thought of Clara in her strange transcendent beauty—of melting, liquid eyes, and *her* mouth, like Cupid's bow, carved in scarlet coral.

"It was very generous in her to give that money," he thought. "But I can't understand—hang it! it's no business of mine, I suppose; but why couldn't Miss Mildred have expressed her sympathy in words, at least. It annoys me a little; and yet, for the life of me, I don't see why it should."

"You sent that set of onyx to my mother?" he asked, an hour or so later, as he entered the somewhat stylish little jewelry store in the main street of the town. "Yes?" "Then it is all right, and I may just as well settle the bill."

"I hardly like to part with that money," he laughed. "The fact is, I have kept it about me so long that it seems almost like a lucky penny. However, there it goes. Hand over your receipt."

He flashed the bit of paper into his pocket book with the quickness that characterized all his motions, and walked out again whistling the low refrain that made a sort of company for his solitude.

It was nearly midnight—the air dewy and sultry, and the stars blazing in the violet concave of heaven—yet Captain Verner still sat in his balcony, idly looking out upon the summer night, with the faint fragrance of his cigar wreathed about him. Was he thinking about Clara Delford, or—

"Half-past eleven—high time I was asleep," soliloquized the captain, at length, giving his cigar a toss into the quiet street below, and entering the room where a shaded lamp cast a circle of subdued light on heaps of disordered papers.

"Hallo—what's this?" he said, half aloud, taking up a tiny note that lay lightly on the top.—"This is a new arrival in my chaos of documents, or I'm mistaken."

The direction, "Captain Verner," was in a strange handwriting—nor did the contents afford any clew. Nothing appeared further than a fifty dollar note wrapped in a bit of paper on which was pencilled these words—"For the soldiers."

"Clara Delford again!" was Captain Verner's first exclamation. "What a splendid creature she is!"

The next glance, however, discovered new ground of conjecture and perplexity. He held the note in the full glare of the lamp, turning it eagerly from side to side.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken," he muttered; "it is the very note I paid to Mr. Atkinson, to night—here are my initials, 'E. V.' in the corner. Now, how on earth—"

He paused, apparently in deep thought.

"Very provoking that I can't find out to-night," he murmured; "but I'll go to Mr. Atkinson's the first thing in the morning."

The early dew was yet weighing down the half blown rose in the handsome gardens when Captain Verner entered the jewelry store where he had purchased the set of onyx for his mother.

"What can I do for you this morning, captain?" inquired the brisk little jeweller, as he came forward, rubbing his smooth, white hands.

"A great deal, Mr Atkinson. You can tell me to whom you paid out this Treasury note, last night."

He laid the mysterious 'greenback' on the glass counter. Mr Atkinson then took it up and scrutinized closely, finally referring to his books.

"Certainly I can," he said; "I purchased a very beautiful pearl ring from a lady, yesterday evening, and paid for it with that very identical bill."

A pearl ring! The simple word seemed to throw him off of the scent again. The jeweller unlocked his show case, and took out a small violet velvet case, lined with white silk, in which glimmered a pearl of surpassing beauty, set in a gold circlet.

"There it is," he said. "Ten years ago I sent to Philadelphia for that very ring, ordered by Dr. Moore as a birthday gift for his little daughter, then twelve years old."

"Dr. Moore!" repeated the captain.

"Yes. Times are sadly changed now; yet I did not suppose that Miss Mildred would ever have been induced to part with that favorite jewel—the only relic, I may venture to say, she had retained of her wealthier days."

Captain Verner looked down at the ring through a strange and unwonton mist. How different was this silent sacrifice of sweet memories and old associations of Clara Delford's ostentatious gift from overflowing coffers! "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee." The words came to him like a revelation of Mildred Moore's nature.

Only nine o'clock, but not too early for Mildred Moore to be watering her sweet peas and geraniums in the cottage garden. Nay, so busy was she with a tiny pink blossom, which had been broken from its fastenings, that she never heard approaching footsteps until Captain Verner's shadow fell across the flower border. Then she started up, with large, dilated eyes, like those of a startled fawn, and carmine burning in her usually colorless cheeks.

"Captain Verner!"

"Do not be startled Miss Mildred," he said, with gentle, reassuring accents "I have only called to thank you for your kind donation to the sick soldiers.

She clasped her hands over her flushed face.

"I beg your pardon. I did not think—I never intended—"

"Nay," he interrupted, earnestly, "I have learned the history of the ring. Your sacrifice is appreciated, and—"

He stopped, for she had burst into convulsive sobs and tears. It was entirely a new phrase of her being. Captain Verner stood completely confounded. Had he known her all these months and yet remained ignorant of the passionate depth and emotion of her character? She was there before him, no longer the fair, passionless statue, but a lovely woman, made lovelier still by her tears! The citadel of his heart—undermined, long ago unconscious to himself—surrendered at this last attack. And who could blame him?

"Don't, Mildred!" he said, caressingly—"My dearest girl, if you know how it grieved me to see you weep—"

"Pardon me," she faltered; "I am ashamed of being so foolish—but it was all I had to give."

"Mildred," he whispered, opening the violet velvet casket. "I have brought back the ring. Will you accept it again?"

She looked at him with startled eyes and glowing cheeks, as if some deep meaning lay hidden in these words.

"Let me place it on your finger, love, and wear it as an engagement ring;" and he went on, "Oh, Mildred, I never knew till now how dear you were to me. Will you trust your future to me? Will you be my cherished, treasured wife?"

What Mildred's answer was is not at all to the purpose—only Mrs. Grundy thinks it very strange that Miss Moore should wear a pearl engagement ring when diamonds are all the fashion!

Bits of Wisdom.

Stealing news is not quite so bad as robbing hen roosts.

Mean all you say, but you need not say all you mean.

The man who always keeps cool should move a little further South.

The fellow who stood on his own light, was surprised to find darkness all round him.

If you get high on strong drink, you may expect to be brought very low.

The delicate key which opens the door of the heart, is made of a mixture of love and kindness.

The largest cabbage heads are not always the best for table use.

Endeavor to deserve the request which you desire.

Go it while you are young, but go in the right way.

An honest man is never at discount.

He who forgets himself entirely, in the active duties of life, is not apt to remember others as he ought.

The man who never gets on board the train of public opinion, until it is fairly under way, is often doomed to a standing passage.

The "sweetness of a kiss" can never be manufactured into honey.

The tooth of time cannot be filled with gold.

The girl who gave away a "mitten" never knit one.

People who are fearful of falling, had better be cautious about making an ascent.

Wedding stairs often lead up the most pleasant retreats.

Entries made upon the great day-book of life, are posted in the ledger of eternity.

The want of success in the operations of life, is very much owing to a want of earnestness in the actors.

Some young men are old, and some old men are young.

The time required for reaching any given point, depends upon the velocity of our progress.

Although the talk of some people is as the music of "silver tongues," the silence of others is the beauty and glitter of gold.

It is said that a fellow had a very narrow escape. Its length is not given.

Friends bought by compromising manhood, are very dearly purchased, and are usually very precarious merchandise.

The fellow that was made to see stars, never saw any brighter lights.

You had better pay for having your boy set to work, than to permit him to be idle.

The sphere of woman is greatly enlarged now-a-days, especially at lectures and concerts and upon narrow sidewalks.

Boys, Take Heed!—In a short time past, a number of young men in various parts of the country, have been arrested for high crimes. It has turned out in every instance of ruffianism, that they were taken when they were permitted to be on the streets in the evening among bad associates. The rum shops, the hotels and gambling rooms of a town are the schools of hell. It is the frequenting of such places and the participation in their infernal doings by the boys that makes murderers, and assassins, and highwaymen of thousands who, if properly trained, would be good and useful members of society. How is it in your own community? Christain parents, can you tell how and where your boys spend their evenings? Are they at home by the fireside, improving their minds and conducting themselves in such a manner that you feel assured will never dishonor their families, injure society, and ruin themselves by indulgence in crimes? Or are they roaming the streets, frequenting the groceries and gambling establishments and fitting themselves for the penitentiary and gallows? These are solemn questions that should startle every parent. Ponder them carefully and prayerfully. Think of the duty you owe your children, to God who gave them and society, which is to suffer by your negligence or be blessed by your watchful care and thoughtful training. A fearful responsibility rests upon you, and you should be able to discharge your duty to those under your care, so that they may not become objects of dread and loathing in decent communities.

IDLE GIRLS—The number of idle, useless girls in all our large cities seems to be increasing. They lounge or sleep through their mornings, parade the streets during the afternoons, and assemble in frivolous companies of their own and the other sex, to pass away their evenings. What a store of unhappiness for themselves are they laying up for the coming time, when real duties and high responsibilities shall be thoroughly assumed. They are skilled in no domestic duty—nay, they despise them; have no habits of industry; nor taste for the useful. What will they be as wives and mothers? Alas for the husbands and children, and alas for themselves? Who can wonder if domestic unhappiness or domestic ruin follow? It is one of the world's oldest maxims, that idleness is the nursing mother of all evil and wretchedness. How sadly strange it is that so many parents—mothers especially—forget this and bring up their daughters in daintly idleness. They are but sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

A Chippewa squaw, who was the belle of her people a hundred years ago, still lives on the shores of Red Lake. She is 120 years old. She and her husband were the first settlers in that region, and she and a French trader in furs stood the progenitors of the dull breeds there so numerous.

The worst kind of a tater—A dictator.

[For the Record.

NIGHT SHADOWS.

BY M. S. N.

My sorrows rode the rising gale
Like ghostly specters thin and pale
Just from the thick and miry clay,—
The livid harbingers of day;
Yet walk with ceaseless, noiseless tread
O'er graves that seem to be as dead,
As the unconcious sleeper there—
Whose tombs adorn'd with special care,
Bedeck the robes of sparkling green,—
Like Heaven's bright and azure screen—
Though tears below the earth where they,
Have like the snow, decay'd away.

My fears—where were they? now that all
My cherished hopes were one dark pall,
Whose gilded hues of burnish'd light
Had faded—till a starless night,
Took hold of my faint, drooping soul—
And my dim eyes,—without control,
Sent forth a crystal flood of woe—
The prayer of a wounded foe,
The babe's entreating voice of pain,
The mother's humble staff of gain,
The lover's last resort and pray'r,
The maiden's beacon in despair.
Oh how I clank'd the chafing chain
That now encas'd my mortal mind,
And yet I strained my eyes in vain,
For I was cold, and dumb, and blind.—
The eagle rode the stormy cloud
And pierced the flying, fleecy shroud;—
The sparrow stretch'd its dewy wing,
And sweetly it began to sing.
But I was blind and could not see
The happy bird—though I were free,
Which I was not—for thongs of hay,
Were wrapt about my dying clay;
And even worms despised my lot,
And built their homes about my cot,—
Which was a cell of blackest gloom,—
More fitting for a felon's tomb,
Than for the home of mortal years,
Whose floor I had bedewed with tears
Full oft as I had felt the clay,
Where I had wept my soul away.

I put my thin and paleied hand,
Upon the cold and clammy floor;
And though I could not bear to stand,
I found the uninviting door,
My heart throbb'd high when first I felt
What seem'd a heaven where I knelt,
And with a tear, I left the cave,
Which I had thought my living grave;
I wept—but not as mourners weep
When some grave sorrow, dark and deep;
Digs up, the fountains of the heart,
And bids the glistening tear to start;
But with a look of joy and love,
I turned my dim, dark eyes Above,
But I was blind—and floods of tears
Could not obliterate my fears:—
I felt my arm—what! lo!—the chain,
That had before oncasion'd pain!—
I tried to move,—oh God! thought I,
To leave a mortal thus to die!
With groans I sank beneath the weight,
And curs'd the rude and creaking gate
Whose threshold I had lately cross'd,—
The Mecca of a mind, now toss'd,
By faded hopes, and burning tears,—
The gaudy phantom of my fears;
Until my Spirit, dull and crush'd,
Was like my tongue cold, still, and hush'd:
I laid my hands upon my breast,
And turned my face toward the West;
Compress'd these lips that once were gay,
But now were chat'ring lumps of clay.
I felt my heart if it were warm,
And meekly bow'd unto the storm,
That soon would break my spirit's chain,
And bear me to the skies again.
Just then, I heard a singing bird,
Oh, what a thousand thoughts it stirr'd,
As my dark soul which seem'd of clay,
Was now about to launch away:—
My heart began to throb once more,
My pulse was living as before,
My eyes were open'd, and I saw
The grass, and herbs of nature's law.
I kiss'd the earth, and wept a tear,
Now that my MODEST friend was near,—
I rent my bloody thongs in twain
And was myself, alone, again.

Vallandigham.

To prove that this wretch was deserving not only of banishment, but of a higher punishment, it is only necessary to give the following intercepted letter from him to Col. D. D. Inshall, of the Eighth Alabama Regiment, captured in Tennessee, and found among the Colonel's baggage. It was written whilst Vallandigham was in the South, after his banishment, and before leaving for Canada:

Dear Colonel: Your kind note and invitation of yesterday was this morning handed me by your brother-in-law, who will hand you this in return. It would give me much pleasure to visit you and your command before leaving the Confederacy, but it is now impossible to do so, as I have made arrangements to start this A. M. with the earliest train for Wilmington.

You surmise correctly when you say that you believe me to be the friend of the South in her struggle for freedom. My feelings have been publicly expressed in my own country, in that quotation from Lord Chatham: "My Lords, you can not conquer America." There is not a drop of Puritan blood in my veins. I hate, despise and defy the tyrannical Government which has sent me among you for my opinion's sake, and shall never give it my support in its crusade upon your institutions. But you are mistaken when you say there are but few such in the United States, North. Thousands are there who would speak out but for the military despotism that strangles them.

Although the contest has been, and will continue to be, a bloody one, you have but to persevere, and the victory will surely be yours. You must strike home! *The defensive policy lengthens the contest. The shortest road to peace is the boldest one. You can have your terms by gaining the battle on your enemy's soil.*

Accept my kind regard for your personal welfare, and sincere thanks for your kind wishes in my behalf, and hoping and praying for the ultimate success of the cause in which you are fighting, believe me, as ever, your friend, Yours, VALLANDIGHAM.

Col. D. D. INSHALL.

A RECENT squirrel hunt in Ashtabula county, Ohio, which eighteen men were engaged on each side, resulted in the slaying of fifteen hundred frisky little fellows on one side, and fifteen hundred and one on the other. A close match and a big day's work.

Life in Olden Times.

The Antediluvians must have had a good time, compared with the life of the present day. Just think of it, living four hundred and six hundred years. We do not understand how people got along with it who were sent to the penitentiary for life, or how they could stand it so long if their whiskey was as bad as ours is. Dyspeptics too must have had a tough time of it, especially after the disease had become chronic by a hundred years standing. Dentists we suppose made money in those days, for people had time to wear out several sets of false teeth. Quick consumption must have been tedious, and they doubtless had some way of preserving the age of their unmarried ladies. A maiden lady five hundred years of age for instance would not sound well. And then the idea of balancing ones books once in two or three hundred years! We presume that the butter and steak which is now served up at the boarding houses is some of the productions of these old people. It would not do for the people of the present age to live as long as the folks before the flood. We would become so bulky from the use of lager as to dry up all the moisture of the earth and sea, or so thin from dissipation as to be mistaken for ghosts.

ASSASSINATION IN WEDLOCK.—A frightful attempt at murder is described by the Havana correspondent of a morning paper, as having occured near Cienfuegos, on the person of a young lady named Seal, at the moment of her marriage. The nuptial benediction had just been pronounced, and she was still standing beside her young husband, in the midst of a large family circle, when suddenly the report of a gun was heard, and the poor young bride fell, pierced through the breast by a bullet. The assassin has not yet been discovered. Here is probably a story of disappointed love and fierce revenge, equal to any romantic fiction. At last accounts, the poor girl was alive, and the ball had been extracted, but she was believed to be mortally wounded, consequently very slight hopes were entertained of her recovery.

The Ravages caused by the war in Tennessee are thus graphically described:

"There is a portion of this State so devastated by the civil war as to be practically abandoned by the foot of man. The men are slumbering at Shiloh, Corinth and Stone River, the servants have gained their freedom; the women and children have fled to more remote and quiet precincts. Falling in behind the retiring footsteps of humanity come the four-footed beasts and creeping things. The fox makes his burrow under the ruined dwellings where a happy people once dwelt. The serpent crawls under the floor of the church and school house. The squirrel chatters and builds his nest upon the locust tree in the old yard, once noisy with the mirth of children. The gum is rotting in the cool spring—the partridge whistles from the ridge pole of the cabin.—The wild bee seeks a store house for his honey, fearless of detection by the human eye. All is returning to a state of nature. What a monument of the ravages of war!"

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—A sympathizing tory went up the other day to condole with a lot of deserters in jail. To show his extreme friendliness he made this observation:

"Well, my Democratic friends, it seems that you too are the subjects of Abolition arbitrary arrests!" A young deserter responded as follows:

"It makes no difference whether you call us Democrats or Abolitionists. One thing I know; I wouldn't have been in this d—d hole if it hadn't been for the persuasion of a few infernal copperheads like yourself. I was all right in the army until these devils got about me, and induced me to desert. I have dishonored *myself and the service* by listening to the advice of a set of villains!"

The copperhead who went on a mission of condolence, turned on his heel and left. It was noticed at the time that he shook his head as though an enormous flea had commenced operating on a large scale in both ears.—*Iowa State Register.*

LETTERS FOR THE SOUTH.—The following rules, for letters going South, have been established by Major General Foster:

1. No letter must exceed one page of a letter sheet, or relate to other than purely domestic matters.

2. Every letter must be signed by the writer's name in full.

3. All letters must be sent with five cents postage enclosed, if to go to Richmond, and ten cents if beyond.

4. All letters must be enclosed to the commanding General of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, at Fortress Monroe, marked on the outside, "for flag of truce." No letter sent to any other address will be forwarded.

All letters sent to Fortress Monroe, without a strict compliance with these rules, except for prisoners of war, will be transmitted to the dead-letter office.

DOGS.—A Providence paper gives us the following adroit dialogue:

"Friend," said a shrewd Quaker, to a man with a drove of hogs, "have you any hogs in this drove with large bones?"

"Yes," replied the drover, "they all have."

"Hast any with long ears, like those of the elephant, hanging down over his eyes?"

"Yes, almost every one of that description and will suit you exactly."

"I rather think they would not suit me, friend, if they are such as I think they are."

An interlined *dictionary* is a vastly more important thing than glossy boots to a beau.

Always Went Double Charged.

A good story is told of one George Shaffer, who many years ago lived in Portsmouth. Once he had been to Newcastle gunning and was coming home with his game-bag empty, and weary, when he stopped at the toll-house for a moment's rest. Says he to the toll-keeper:

"There's a fine lot of ducks back here in the pond; what will you charge to let me fire into them?" "Can't do it," responded the toll-man.

"I don't want to have my ducks killed."

George puts his gun on the toll-house, and walked back to take another look at the ducks. When he was gone the toll-man, who was a wag, drew the shot from the barrel and then reloaded the gun. George returned and again renewed the question.

"Well," said the toll-man, "though you are a good shot, I don't believe you could hurt them much. Give me a dollar, and you may fire."

The dollar was paid, and quite a party who had gathered round, went back to witness George's discomfiture. He raised his gun, fired and killed nine of them.

"The deuce!" cried the toll-man. "I took the charge out of your gun."

"Yes," said George, "I supposed you would. I always go double charged."

Willing to Make it Right.

Mr M., of Northern Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of our entire navy. He one day bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, beating the tallow and exclaiming:

"Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there ain't near so much as there appeared to be! I want you to make it right."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant. "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see; you paid ten cents per pound. Now, Mr. M., how much do you suppose that the whole would weigh?"

Mr. M. returned home with the dishonest tallow, but was never satisfied that he had not been cheated by buying holes at ten cents per pound.

The Philosopher and the Child.

A philosopher asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity and replied:

"To be sure I have."

"What makes you think you have?"

"Because I have," she promptly replied.

"But how do you know you have a soul?"

"Because I do know, she answered again.

It was a child's reason; but the philosopher could hardly have given a better.

"Well then," said he, after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?"

"Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul is?"

"Perhaps you do. If you will tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not."

"Then you think I don't know," she replied, "but I do; it is my THINK."

"Your think," said the philosopher, astonished in his turn; "who told you so?"

"Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that without being told.

The philosopher had puzzled his brains a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few words.

A SAD FATE.—A thousand years hence and what will it matter? With what power this thought sometimes strikes at the root of our earthly hopes and plans. How it relaxes our clutching grasp of the things for which we are so lothy contending! What then will have become of our racking fears, our smiles of joy, our bitter tears of pain?—Other insects will occupy our places, and be toiling up-hill, as we did, with their one mighty grain of sand; shrinking fearfully, as we did from the crushing hoof of fate; saying, as we do, that they believe in another life after this, acting as we do, as if this life were the end of all.

A Family in New Jersey employed a girl to do housework. The mistress observing that her new help was much addicted to Methodist hymns asked her if she belonged to that church.

"No" she replied, "not exactly a member, but I have been tuck in on suspicion."

"Probation, you mean."

"No, I don't, (in a sharp accent, and with a dogged manner,) I know what I mean; I was tuck in on suspicion."

A private letter from a gentleman in Alabama, says our minister nearly got himself into a scrape the other day, and whether he is "a bit of a wag," or a very careless fellow or "abolition traitor" is now the topic of discussion with us. At the meeting on fast day, he gave out Dr. Watt's hymn commencing:

"And are we wretches yet alive,
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis wondrous—'tis amazing grace,
That we are out of hell."

At a hotel table one day, one boarder remarked to his neighbor:

"This must be a healthy place for chickens."

"Why so?" remarked the other.

"Because I never see any dead ones about