VILLAGE RECORD.

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POLITICAL.

NOT NOW.

Talk not of compromise or peace
To traitors with dripping swords,
This glorious war shall never cease,
To waste our time in useless words,
What! speak of peace when nameless crime
Lifts up, unawed, its brazen brow!
Not now; no! this is not the time
To cry for peace; not now!

Talk not of peace while dauntless souls
Are struggling on the battle plain,
Where vengeance fiery chariot rolls,
Its gory wheels among the slain,
The battle must be fought and won,
Rebellion crushed, no matter how;
The war for freedom must go on,
It cannot stop now, not now!

When those who woke the sound of strife,
Shall come the boon of peace to crave—
When those who sought the nation's life,
Shall meekly sue, their own to save—
When foemen lay their armor down
And in submission humbly bow;
Then war may cease in wrath to frown,
But now it must not cease, not now!

Let North'rn dastards cry for peace,
While others fight, their homes to save;
Let tories whisper war must cease,
While patriots find a bloody grave.
Heroes but firmer clutch the sword,
While laurels wreath each victor's brow,
And freemen shout with one accord—
We must not fail nor falter now.

We seek no peace till every star,
Bright in our constellation shines;
We step not in the path of war,
Until we gain that height sublime;
Our flag must float o'er every State,
From Maine to Pacific shore;
Nor treason's voice again awake,
To dim its glory nevermore!

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something, uncompleted still,
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits:

Waits, and will not go away,—
Waits and will not be gainsaid;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made.

Till at length it is, or seems,
Greater than our strength can bear,—
As the burden of our dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere;

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

MISCELLANY.

HON. E. W. GANTT, TO The People of Arkansas.

Below we give extracts from the address of Hon. E. W. Gantt, of Arkansas, to the people of that State. It is one of the most important documents that has come before the public during the war. He was a secessionist, served in the rebel army, and was made a prisoner by our troops. He advises the people of Arkansas to give up the contest for Southern independence, and submit to the military necessity of remaining in the Union. His exposure of the mismanagement of the rebel cause, by its leaders in the Trans-Mississippi Department, is of the most telling character. He is familiar with the entire South in rebellion, and the reasons he gives for submission to the Federal authority are certainly calculated to make a powerful impression upon all but the implacable. This address is issued at the capital of Arkansas, and is being circulated throughout the State.

After leveling his rhetoric loaded heavily with stubborn facts at Gen. Hindman and the two brothers J. B. and R. W. Johnston, he says,

After the repulse at Grand Gulf—which forty thousand men on the defensive could have prevented, and which were in Pemberton's department—and the fight at Raymond, Gen. Joe Johnston was sent to assume command. Despised by Davis, that noble officer, and not even spoken to by that mercenary wretch, Benjamin, who controls by indirection Davis and Cabinet, cheerfully repaired to Jackson. Arrived there, he is said to have shed tears over the hopelessness of affairs, and the splendid opportunity lost. You are familiar with the rest—our loss at Edwards' Depot, and the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, with their best defenders. Thus, with the loss of friends and relatives, came the blighting of your last hopes, and all to gratify the narrow obstinacy, mean selfishness, and personal hate and vindictiveness of Jefferson Davis and Judah P. Benjamin. Thus Arkansas was cut off from all chance of protection, if hope, therefore she ever had, and thus stands the case to-day.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

This gentleman has proven himself totally unsuited to the emergency. With the whole cotton crop and the wealth of the South at his disposal, and the friendship of many European powers, he has accomplished nothing abroad. His foreign policy has been a stupid failure. He has permitted himself to be overreached and outmanaged in everything. His policy at home, while showing him to be strong in some respects, has proved him to be weak, mean and malignant in others. He is cold, selfish, and supremely ambitious; and, under the cover of sanctity and patriotism, flows concealed the strongest vein of hypocrisy and demagogueism.

He has never been up to the magnitude of the undertaking. He refused troops for the war in May A. D., 1863, because he did not *know they would be needed*. His idea at first, seems to have been that hostilities would soon cease, and he bent his energies for a cheap war. His preparations and outfit were, accordingly, contracted and parsimonious. He retained Hindman in Arkansas with a positive knowledge of his outrages. He removed him but to endorse his acts. He retains Holmes here to gratify the Johnsons, at the ruin of our people. He has pursued and oppressed Gen. Price, because I suppose the latter was made a Brigadier General in Mexico, and Davis was not.—He retained Pemberton in command against the wishes of the army and the country; and, to add insult to it all, sends him to Mobile to take command, where he is execrated by every man woman and child. By a trick and a swindle, he got General J. E. Johnston away from command in Virginia, and gave him no other definite position until there was a pressing emergency and a chance to damage him—thereby showing his confidence in him and his malignity towards him. He drove General Price out of the army to gratify Hindman and the Johnsons, and thereby lost to us the whole of the Indian country, and, if the war continues, will place the tomahawk and scalping knife at the throats of our women and children. He retains a weak and inefficient Cabinet, and never calls them in council, that he may reign as sole despot over our people. He has had at his disposal physical force enough to carry out acts the most arbitrary and oppressive. He has used that force. He has shown his selfishness and disregard for the interests of the people, by his appointment of Heath, Van Dorn, Dick Taylor, Davis and Lovell, all relations, and alike incompetent. He has alienated the people of Georgia; so much so, that were the Confederacy acknowledged to-day, Georgia would not remain two years under him. I heard a prominent Confederate General, who understands the feelings in that State, so declare. And as significant of this, Gov. Brown, of Georgia, gave to General G. W. Smith, meanly and spitefully driven out of the army by Davis, the Presidency of the Etowah Iron works with a salary larger than that of his salary as Lieutenant General.

I admit that in some things he looms up above other men, but he has so many defects and weaknesses beneath others, that it reduces him to a very poor second-rate character. And you can never change him,—his life has been warped by political intrigue. His prejudices have narrowed and his hates embittered by years of partisan strife. And you had as well take the oak which has been bent while a twig and beat upon by the storms of centuries, when its boughs are falling off and its trunk decaying, and attempt to straighten it up towards heaven, as to attempt the straightening of a character so warped and bent by years of political storm intrigue.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Some say continue the struggle—let the last man die, &c. I think differently. We ought to end the struggle and submit. But you say it is humiliating. No more than to surrender when whipped. We have done that often—always when we could do no better. I have tried the experiment twice and found it by no means foolish. Submission is but surrender. We are fairly beaten in the whole result and should at once surrender the point.

If we don't get the happiness we enjoyed in the old Government, we can get no more misery than we have felt under Jefferson Davis. But I look for peace here. We had it many years. Even while we are arrayed against it, I find that hostile forces in our midst give more protection to citizens than they had when Holmes and Hindman were here. It is true the Johnsons tell you, that General Steele has imprisoned and oppressed the people here. Not a word of truth in it. And they know it is false. In a few months when no Confederate money can be invested and nothing more made out of the people, they will sneak back and claim his protection.

But we are whipped—fairly beaten. Our armies are melting and ruin approaches us. Will continuing this struggle help us? Every battle we might gain ought to wring tears from the hearts of Southern men. We are just that much weaker, that much nearer our final ruin. Anguish and sorrow and desolation meet us wherever we turn. The longer the struggle the more of it.

Don't let yourselves be deceived with the hope that the United States will abandon the struggle. They can never do it. They have toiled and spent too much to see the solution of the problem, and not foot up the figures. They scarcely feel the war at home. Their cities are more populous and thrifty to-day than ever. For every man that dies or gets killed in battle, two emigrate to the country. Their villages, towns, and fields flourish fresh as ever. They could sink their armies to-day, and raise new levies to crush us, and not feel it.

How is it with us? The last man is in the field, half our territory overrun, our cities gone to wreck—peopled alone by the aged, the lame and halt, and women and children! While deserted towns and smoking ruins, and plantations abandoned and laid waste, meet us on all sides, and anarchy and ruin, disappointment and discontent lower over all the land.

FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

After showing the folly of trusting to foreign intervention, he exclaims:

But if Louis Napoleon does propose to interfere and take us under his "protection," what then? Another Maximilian for us—for *Americans!* "Forbid it my countrymen! Forbid it, Heaven!" Our fathers threw off colonial dependence upon a European crowned head. It would be ignominious in us to go back a half century and more to accept what they freed us from, less to risk a despot over us. So eager are some of our leaders for the interference that I am told it is proposed to give Napoleon Texas as a bonus for his good graces and kindly aid! And the "lone star" may be handed over by Davis at any moment, so far as he can do it. The thought ought to make the blood of every American mount to his cheek. Whenever this is attempted, I shall be one to meet the legions of France under the old flag, to battle for the safety of Republican institutions! But suppose he offers recognition alone. It is a barren offering. Suppose he offers it coupled with assistance. It comes too late. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* No more dangerous and destructive alliance in our prostrate condition could be formed, however eagerly we might, at first, have grasped it.—For, even if we should succeed with his aid, and the struggle would be as doubtful as terrible, (and he would abandon us at any moment,) the French Empire of Mexico right at our doors, would swallow up Cuba and all the contiguous islands and absorb that part of Mexico that we, as a nation would hope to get. And the day we settle deliberately a monarchy on this side of the ocean, we prepare crowns for kings and fetters for the people on every foot of ground upon the American continent. But as I said there will be no interference.

He tells them to have no hopes of a divided North. Neither will guerrilla warfare contribute anything to the general result but only recoil upon their own heads. He thinks Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation will stand *certainly*, if they continue the struggle. Speaking of the extreme sensitiveness of the South on the negro question, he says:

Such was the public sentiment South, at the commencement of this most unfortunate and bloody struggle. But revolutions shake up men's thoughts, and put them in direct channels. I have recently talked with Southern slaveholders from every State. They are tired of negro slavery, and I believe they could make more clear mony, and live more peaceably without than with it. As for the non-slaveholder of the South I honestly thought the struggle was for him more than for his wealthy neighbor—that to free the negro would reduce to comparative slavery the poor white man. I now regret that instead of a war to sustain slavery, it had not been a struggle to colonize it. This will clearly be the next struggle. I am of opinion that, whether it is a divine institution or not negro slavery has accomplished its mission here.

A BRIGHTER DAY.

Let us live in hope, my grief stricken brothers, that the day is not far distant, when Arkansas will rise from the ashes of her desolation, to start on a path of higher destiny than, with negro slavery, she ever could have reached; while the re-united Government, freed from the cankering sore, will be more vigorous and powerfull, and more thrifty, opulent and happy, than tho' the scourge of war had never desolated her fields, or made sorrowful her hearthstones! The sooner we lay down our arms, and quit the hopeless struggle, the sooner our days of prosperity will return.

Mr. Gantt closes his address with a peroration of unusual eloquence and power, conjuring his fellow citizens to act wisely in the peculiar and perilous relations they sustain, abandon their suicidal policy, and unite their fortunes with those of the Old Government.

To Die is Gain.

Through the Bible it is declared that the things that we are permitted to see in this life, are but imitations, glimpses of what we shall see hereafter. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." There are times when it seems as though our circumstances, our nature, all the processes of our being, conspired to make us joyful here, yet the Apostle says we now see through a glass darkly. What, then, must be the vision which we shall see face to face? What a land of glory have you sent your babes into! What a land of delight have you sent children and companions into! What a land of blessedness are you yourself coming to by and by! Men talk about dying as though it was going toward a desolate place. All the past in a man's life is down hill and toward gloom, and all the future in a man's life is up hill and towards glorious sunrising. There is but one luminous point, and that is the home toward which we are tending, above all storms, above all sin and peril. Dying is glorious crowning; living is yet toiling. If God be yours, all things are yours. Live while you must, yet yearn for the day of consummation, when the door shall be thrown open and the bird may fly out of its netted cage, and be heard singing in higher spheres and in diviner realms.

Anything that the horse can touch with his nose without being harmed, he does not fear. Therefore the hand, the halter, the girth, blanket, saddle, harness, umbrella, buffalo robe, or whatever is brought in proximity to him, should first be introduced to and touched by that sensitive organ. A knowledge of these important facts, as we learned by attending a course of his lectures, is the main secret of Rarey's success in his horse taming. His strap method of throwing horses is useless except in cases of savage, intractable, and such cases are usually the result of mismanagement.—*Ex.*

A man surprised is half beaten.

Romantic Story.

Upwards of thirty years ago a marriage took place in this neighborhood (Liverpool) the man and wife being in humble circumstances. After living together till after the birth of a child, the husband went to Australia to seek his fortune. His wife never heard from him after he left her, and, supposing he was dead, on the lapse of seven years she married a widower with three children. To this number in her second married life she added five, making her family, including the child by her first husband, nine in all. Some time since the second husband died, and she was left to struggle with her large family. To her great surprise, at the beginning of the present year, her first husband made his appearance at Liverpool. During his thirty years absence he had prospered in Australia, and was a large landed proprietor there. He had heard of his wife's second marriage, but as the fault was his he never thought of returning to England until he heard of the death of the second husband. To make amends for his former neglect of his wife—for notwithstanding her second marriage she was still his wife—he behaved in the most handsome manner to all her children, gave them costly outfits, has taken them and the wife of his early affections out with him to the land of his adoption. The wife, who has thus, after an absence of more than thirty years, been restored to her position, is now about seventy years of age.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Take back your Baby.

A few days since a gentleman in this county, who lives near the headwaters of Clover-creek, which everybody knows is not a hundred miles from Martinsburg, while passing along the road was approached by a female carrying a bundle under her arm. On coming up with him, she requested him to hold the bundle, while she tied her shoe string (a sharp fellow would have let her hold the bundle while he tied the shoe string.) The gentleman gallantly took it, but no sooner had he got it than to his utter surprise, the fair owner took to her heels. Just at this moment to his horror something in the bundle moved. All at once the truth flashed upon him. He immediately ran after her yelling at the top of his voice, "Here woman take your *tarnal* baby, O I'm ruined!" &c. All his efforts to overtake her were unavailing. Soon a sympathizing crowd gathered around him, with the everlasting question, "What's the matter now?" "Oh!" exclaimed the unwilling *parent*, "a good for nothing woman gave me her baby to hold and ran off, what shall I do?" Take it to the alms house said several, but one more sagacious said "let us see it first." The bundle was opend, and out jumped a full grown black Tom cat, which scampered off amid the shouts and jeers of the crowd. The victimised man alone looked sad. He had evidently been badly sold. A lady who was the unwilling owner of the Thomas cat, had been annoyed beyond endurance by his larcenies in the kitchen and cellar, and had directed her servant girl to carry it out of the neighborhood, and she had cutely disposed of it as related.—*Hol. Register.*

Wants of the Age.

It is a man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year wants but little food and sleep, and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those excellent things, than he begins whimpering, or yelling it may be, for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamored of sugar plums, apple pies, and confectionery. At six his imagination runs upon kites, marbles and playtime. At ten the boy wants to leave school and have nothing to do but go bird nesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen he wants a beard, a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots.—At twenty he wishes to cut a figure and rides horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism; and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twenty-five wants a wife; and at thirty he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it. At fifty he wants excellent bitters and capital wine, and a nap in the afternoon. The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousand, to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life, he wants to be young again.

DIPTHERIA.—We have received a recipe for the cure of diptheria, from a physician who says that of 1,000 cases in which it has been used, not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: Table salt, 2 drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, 1 drachm each. Mix and pulverise, put into a teacup, which half fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply 1 oz each of spirits turpentine, sweet oil and aqua ammonia, mixed, every hour to the whole of the throat, and to the breast bone every four hours, keeping flannel to the part.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CONTENTMENT.—Is that animal better that hath two or three mountains to graze on than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouses of heaven, clouds and Providence? Can a man quench his thirst better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it swells over the green turf?

How Far is it to Heaven?

"This day shalt thou be in Paradise."—Said the dying Saviour on his cross. It is not far to Heaven; it is not a days journey. The angel messenger came all the way from Heaven and touched Daniel about the time of the evening sacrifice. The Saviour ascended to Heaven from Olivet and was soon out of sight. The dying saint closes his eyes in death—sleeps in Jesus—and opens them in Heaven. Sometimes the departing Christian hears the songs and music of Heaven strike upon his ear, even before his immortal spirit stretches its wings for final flight. "How far is it to Heaven?"

Reader, in all your inquiries in this anxious inquiring world, have you made this one an inquiry of the heart and of the head? We often hear the weary traveler inquiring how far it is to the place of rest. We hear the lost wanderer inquire how far it is to his home. You profess, gentle reader, to desire an eternal home in Heaven. Why not, then, utter the anxious inquiry. "How far is it to Heaven?" It may be but a little distance from some of the readers of this paper. You may be already within the sound of happy voices, and but for the "vail of humanity" they would even now fall upon your ear. But you shall soon hear them.—Only a little, little further on, and Heaven shall be attained.

"How far is it to Heaven?" How few make the inquiry! How few desire to know; and could you be assured that one hour more would end the journey, how startled, and even how afraid you would be to know that Heaven was so near. How far is it to Heaven?" You are not ready to make it.—You have a thousand plans to fulfill—a thousand hopes to realize before you are ready for Heaven.—

"How far is it to Heaven?" Perhaps some readers does not wish it near. Heaven may be far from you and may never be nearer than at this moment. Like the comet that is wandering from the sun, the great center of attraction and shoots off in interminable space, so you may be wandering from Heaven, and destined always to wander.

How many of our readers are earnestly seeking to make Heaven the end of their journey? How many feel that they are travelers along the narrow way that leads to Heaven? We earnestly exhort you to take this matter home, and make it a subject of all our labor is to bring you on your way. The great and paramount desire of our hearts is that you and we may meet in Heaven.

"And Then."

The following story is told of St. Filippo Neri. He was living at one of the Italian universities, when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him what he had been long wishing above all things in the world was at length fulfilled, his parents having just given him leave to study the law; and that thereupon he had come to the law-school in this university, on account of its great fame, and meant to spare no pains or labor in getting through his studies as quickly and as well as possible. In this way he ran on a long time, and when at last he came to a stop, the holy man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said:

"Well, and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?"

"Then I shall take my doctor's degree," answered the young man.

"And then?" asked St. Filippo Neri again.

"And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage, and shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my acuteness, and gain a great reputation."

"And then?" repeated the holy man.

"And then?" replied the youth, "why then I shall be promoted to some high office or other; besides, I shall make money and grow rich."

"And then," repeated St. Filippo Neri.

"And then?" pursued the young lawyer, —"then I shall live comfortably and honorably in health and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age."

"And then?" asked the holy man.

"And then," said the youth—"and then—and then—I shall die."

Here St. Filippo again lifted up his voice and said, "And then?" whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. This last "And then?" had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get rid of it. Soon after he forsook the study of the law, and gave himself up to the ministery, and spent the remainder of his days in godly words and works.

MODERN ECONOMY OF TIME.—The *Scientific American* thus shows how time has been economized by the application of machinery;

One man can spin more cotton-yarn now than four hundred men could have done in the same time in 1769, when Arkwright, the best cotton spinner, took out his first patent.

One man can make as much flour in a day as a hundred and fifty could a century ago.

It now requires only as many days to refine sugar, as it did months thirty years ago.

It once required six months to put quicksilver on a glass—now it needs only forty minutes.

The engine of a first-rate steamship performs as much in eighty as forty-two thousand horses.

A poor girl of Brooklyn, New York, was shot at Chickamauga in the disguise of a drummer boy. She fancied herself a second Joan of Arc, but her enthusiastic fancy was quenched in her own life blood. She telegraphed to her father, "I expected to deliver my country, but the fates would not have it so. I am going to die. Forgive me, papa, forgive me."

TRUE LOYALTY.—The Petersburg (O.) Journal mentions an Englishman, named Rainbow, who walked a distance of 28 miles to cast his vote for Brough. He had to walk a distance of seven miles from his residence to where the election was held. On reaching the polls, a few malignant Copperheads challenged his vote, although they knew he was naturalized, and had voted at the spring election. The gentleman did not have his papers with him, and was consequently compelled to return home on foot to get them, which he did, and again retraced his steps, armed with the indisputable proofs of his naturalization, showed them, and deposited his ballot for the entire Union ticket, unawed by the snarls and malice of the traitorous Copperheads.

IRISH WIT.—A priest proceeding to the chapel one Sunday morning through the burial ground observed some sprightly girls seated on a tombstone, and wishing to be jocular with them, asked what they were doing there: "Nothing at all, plaze your riverence," was the reply of one of them—"Nothing," said he, "what is nothing?" "Shut your eyes, your riverence," retorted one of the girls, "and you'll see it."

We heard a good story the other night of two persons engaged in a duel. At the first fire, one of the seconds proposed that they should shake hands and make up. The other second said he saw no particular necessity for that, for their hands had been shaking ever since they began!

Indiana county must be a glorious place. Just look at the prices of one or two articles. We quote from the *Messenger*:

Fresh beef is quite abundant in those parts just now, and is selling at from 3 to 4 cents for hind quarters, and 2 and 3 cents for fore quarters. Pork, fresh, is selling at 6 cents per pound.

A beautiful girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mitts.

How much are they?

Why, said the gallant but imprudent clerk, lost in gazing on her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, you shall have them for a kiss.

Agreed, said the young lady, pocketing the mitts, and her eyes sparkling daggers; and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and collect it in the best manner you can. So saying she hastily tripped out at the door.

That was a beautiful idea expressed by a Christian lady on her deathbed, in reply to a remark of her brother who was taking leave of her to return to his distant residence, that he should probably never meet her in the land of living.

"Brother, I trust we shall meet in the land of the living—we are now in the land of the dying."

I have always been astonished, said Miss Smith, at the anxiety of young ladies for beaux, but I never pitied a female more than when Miss [illegible] [illegible]. Seeing her gazing towards the sky, I asked her what she was looking for. "That beau," said she, which is told as being set in the cloud—I wish he would come down.

NEW PLATFORM.—A candidate for office in Michigan thus announces his platform: I am, sir, in favor of the *next* war—opposed to the cholera—in favor of high salaries—opposed to [illegible] funds and poor brandy!

"More trouble coming," said Mrs. Partington, laying down the paper, "there's the State of Affairs, I suppose it'll soon be applying for admission into the Union,"—and the old lady resumed her darning with a look of patriotic anxiety.

ADA CLARA, who says a good many sensible things, remarks that as long as men prefer a small foot on a woman to a kind heart, and an hour-glass waist to a tender soul, women will continue to torture their feet and squeeze their ribs out of place, and their hearts and souls will remain what they too often are, shallow pools, withered and dried up or filled up with stagnant and bitter waters.

The lately elected Governor of Iowa, when studying law twelve years ago, worked eight hours a day for the purpose of earning money to pay his board and tuition.

Samuel [illegible], of Hagerstown, was robbed of $10,000 on Friday evening last. The thief stole the package from the bow-window, and has eluded arrest.

One of the Russian officers' name is Pavtepytoffiszchikschekowjmiscomreki. He [illegible].

A Yankee down East has invented a jack-plane to do the shaving of a barber shop. He [illegible] [illegible] his wife.

A Gentleman, who spoke of having been smitten by a lady's beauty, was advised to kiss the rod.

There is a man in Concord whose fingers [illegible] a pastry fish iron, and sleeps with it like a baby.

"What is the difference between a schoolmaster and an engine driver?" One [illegible] the mind, the other minds the train. [illegible] a hospital? One seizes the tick, and the other [illegible] the [illegible].

The man who kept his word gave serious offence to Noah Webster who wanted it for his Dictionary.

Ideas, says Voltaire, are like beards—men only get them when they grow up, and women never have any.