

VILLAGE RECORD

By W. H. B. B.

A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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HORTICAL.



THINK OF ME

BY W. A. TALLMAGE, M. D.

When the day is done
Melt in golden hours away,
When the arch above seems deeper
In the twilight's fading ray;
When all nature sinks in slumber,
Save the murmuring leafy tree,
Making low melodious music,
Then, my loved one think of me.

When the sparkling dancing waters,
Ripple past thee to their home,
And thy ear may catch their voices,
As they ask of thee to come—
When the stars of night are beaming
Bright and beautiful on thee,
In that hour of peaceful quiet,
Wilt thou, loved one, think of me.

When the time of sweetest silence
Brings the hour of sacred prayer,
When you kneel at morn, or evening,
Ask for one who is not there.
While the year of time is passing,
As a shadow o'er the sea,
Ever shall my heart be asking,
Dearest, loved one, think of me.

DO YOU OWE THE PRINTER.

BY REUBEN RAINBOW.

Come, sinful debtor in whose breast
Some conscience may revive,
Come, with your coward fear oppress'd,
And make this wise resolve:

I'll seek the printer, though my debts
Do like a mountain rise;
I know his wits, I'll pay him off,
Whatever else defies.

Perhaps he may take my excuse—
Perhaps believe I lie;
But if I perish I will pay,
And thus his thoughts defy.

Straightway I'll to his sanctum go
And seek him face to face;
I'll overfork the "tin" that's due,
And thank him for his grace.

Although ashamed thus late to go,
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
In infamy I'll die.

I know his patient nature well—
Delinquents he'll forgive;
He'll kindly pardon debtors' sins,
And bid such suppliants live.

MISCELLANY.

Clergymen and the War.

We regret to see a portion of the American press manifest so much bitterness in denouncing "preachers" and all that is connected with the progress and the influence of the Christian church. Clergymen who utter a word in favor of their bleeding country or against the giant-slavery—that caused its wounds, are denounced as having soiled their robes and betrayed the great mission of the Christian minister. We regret it the more, because it has created and is fostering a deep and wide spread prejudice against religion itself, in the minds of those who follow the teachings of a party. In the dark days of the Revolution, our patriotic Congress, while such men as Adams and Hancock occupied a place in that body, called especially upon the clergymen throughout the country to exert all their power to sustain the cause of freedom; and they did bring all their influence against oppression, both from a sense of duty to their fellow men and the God who gave them their high commission—and all the loyal people said "Amen."

But now, when the slave power is open, armed rebellion against the Government then established, by the united efforts of the clergymen in their capacity as religious teachers, we are told by the papers referred to, that it is only a political question, in which the clergy have no right to speak, and if they do, they are cursed as "political preachers."

The faithful clergymen of the present day, governed by the same principles that actuated their fathers, have united against slavery, oppression and tyranny, in its worst form—they could do nothing else.

For, he that would seal his tongue like a dumb dog, fearful of offending those who would rather yield their religion than their political creed—rather forswear their God than their party—who would hold his peace in this fearful crisis, when all the great principles of religion and humanity are involved in the issue, is recreant to his high trust and false to the solemn obligations resting upon him as a minister of Christ.

So far as mere party questions are concerned, clergymen should act only in the simple capacity of their citizenship; but, when great moral questions or vital principles are involved—when damning deeds of villainy and treachery, threaten the life of the Government, that protects the institution of religion—it becomes a solemn duty, in their character as religious guides and teachers, sent of God to lead the way—as "Watchmen on the walls of Zion," to raise their warning voices and bring all the weight of their sacred calling against it.

Then let every pulpit ring with the notes of freedom and every altar consecrated to God, witness the pure and hallowed offering of supplicating hearts.—Harrisburg State Journal.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

If we could lift the veil of private life, what might we see? If we could draw aside the curtains that hide from our view the doings and nudings that are carried on in the retired nooks and corners of human activity, we would see a great many things not dreamed of in our philosophy; wretchedness where we least expected it; poverty clothed in silk and dwelling in marble; joy and content snugly dwelling in garrets and outhouses. The world is full of such contradictions—call them by what other name you will; and in many cases it would be well if they could be made appear as errors. Ah, no; they are not errors, but since the world is accountable for many of them, and at its door will their sins be laid; for it winks at wickedness in high places and yet scrupulously punishes the beggar for a petty misdeed; it smilingly courts pomp and power, yet heedlessly, yea, scornfully, passes by modest worth; it treats its benefactors with unpardonable ingratitude, leaves genius to eke a wretched life in poverty, and sports over the grave of the very man who has been its especial blessing.

John Howard Payne, the gifted author of "Sweet Home," is a happy in point. Born on the shores of our happy Columbia, educated under the peculiar genius of our institutions, a man of taste and refinement, an author, an actor, a statesman to some degree and a poet, having conferred on humanity an immortal blessing in the beautiful song "Sweet Home," after having been a child of Circumstances, and felt the keen pinchings of poverty—he died at last upon a foreign shore; his name is almost unknown, his grave almost forgotten.

His history is short, but peculiarly interesting. All his life-time he was a wanderer; not rude, reckless, and hardened to the buffeting of an uncharitable world; but refined, gentlemanly, and sensitive to the unmerited neglect of those whose sympathy he had a right to expect. He travelled much, saw much, learned much, and felt much. After having passed his early life he bade adieu to his fatherland, visited the principal cities of Europe, there also saw poverty and affluence in strange contrast, was himself a stranger and pilgrim, a man of want, a man of woe, broken in fortune and unable to retrieve it, he wandered through London and Paris, and Edinburgh, a sad picture of manhood. He stopped at the doors of the rich and was spurned away. Within there was joy and mirth. He heard them sing "Sweet Home," that touching and familiar air at once the echo of his own soul, and was unmannered. He heard cheerful voices sing his own song; he saw smiling faces glad in the joys and graces of home; yet he himself was a homeless wanderer, a friendless stranger in a strange land! He hanged his unstrung harp upon the willows by the way, for his soul was sad and could not sing that beautiful home song in a strange land. Lips of beauty warbled the enchanting strains, and fair bosoms thrilled with the melody of Home, Sweet Home; yet no one ever thought of poor John Howard Payne, shivering and starving at their very doors!

Within, and reverly; the festive lamps were streaming from each turret, and gay songs I, the stranger's tongue, made mirth. They little deemed Who heard their melody?

Heart sick and home sick, broken in health and in spirits, he returned to his native country, but only to experience sadder woes; only to drink more bitter draughts. In a manner neglected and rejected by his countrymen, he longed again to turn his back upon them, and forget his keen disappointments, his peculiar trials, in a far off country. He sought a consoling to some foreign shore; his wish was realized. May he rest in peace. His grave, which, until lately, was unmarked and almost forgotten, is now covered by a lovely monument; and for his own sake we love the spot where lie the remains of the author of "Sweet Home."

Home! Blessed word! Rest of the weary! Joy of the pilgrim! Hope of the wanderer! Though we know but little of his christian character, let us trust that in the Better Land above, he who was homeless in earth, is enjoying the full fruition of an eternal Home. Let every one that loves the word home, let every heart in which the plaintive melody finds a responsive echo raise a monument of gratitude to the memory of John Howard Payne.

This is one of the innumerable, varied contradictions of the world. While Payne was just starving in Europe, no doubt some unholy wretch in the form and garb of a baron or count was enjoying American high life at the expense of Americans. Reader, draw the inference for yourself.

Thus it ever is the present order of things. The great of the world overshadow the small. The bright dazzling glare of showy wealth blinds us to the soft white light of modest virtue. By the wayside grows a large shrub of fair proportions, with luxuriant foliage and bearing magnificent flowers; but it is thorny, hurtful and poisonous; beautiful but deceptive. Near by grows a modest flower, fragrant, yet not hurtful; beautiful, yet not deceptive; it has no thorns, no poison; but it is not often seen; for the passers-by look rather upon the loftier things around it; it exhales a grateful fragrance which the zephyrs bear along; but we know not whence it comes, for we see not the modest little flower.

Lo among men. The great outshine the less; and though we often feel the influence of their modest virtues, yet we know not whence it comes, for it is the fragrance of unseen flowers.

There is no song in the English language so universally sung and admired as "Home, Sweet Home," but how few of those who sing it know the name or fortune of the author. Sing it not unless you can shed a tear of pity over his unhappy life. Requiescat in Pace.

Success Makes Enemies.

They who are eminently successful in business, or who achieve greatness, or even notoriety, in any pursuit, must expect to make enemies. So prone to selfishness, to petty jealousy and sordid envy, is poor human nature, that whoever becomes distinguished is sure to be a mark for the malicious spite of those who, not deserving success themselves, are galled by the merited triumph of the more worthy. Moreover, the opposition which originates in such despicable motives is sure to be of the most unscrupulous character; hesitating at no iniquity, descending to the shabbiest littleness. Opposition, if it be honest and manly, is not in itself undesirable. It is the whetstone by which a highly-tempered nature is polished and sharpened, and the true metal, depressed rather than depressed, and the brave warrior exults in a foe man worthy of his steel. It is only unjust, or mean, or cowardly, or unpropitious, or unbecoming, or unchristian, and it is this which the successful must meet, proportioned in bitterness, oftentimes, to the measure of success which excites it.

If man thus requires a heart of steel to breast the poisoned shafts which shall be shot at him; alas, for the woman who is compelled to venture from the cover of private life, if she have talents sufficient to command success! The world is ungenerous and unjust to her sex, and the cowardly are ever eager to persecute the more weak and defenceless. If a man be belied, he is not condemned without some show of trial; but in the case of a woman, accusation, from however low a source, is too apt to be conviction. Shall none, then, strive to rise?—It is better to walk the beaten path, and remain unknown? Great intellects and brave hearts will answer—No! The day of justice may lag, but it will surely come. The wrongs of the present shall be compensated by the impartial judgment of the future.—Let petty calumniators, then, have their brief day, and vent their paltry spite.

The Delegate's Story.

It was just after the battle of Williamsburg, where hundreds of our brave fellows had fallen, never to bear arms again in their country's cause, and where hundreds more were wounded, that a soldier came to the tent of a delegate of the Christian Commission and said: "Chaplain, one of our boys is badly wounded, and he wants to see you right away."

Hurriedly following the soldier, says the delegate, I was taken to a hospital and led to a bed, upon which lay a noble young soldier. He was pale and blood-stained, from a terrible wound above the temple. I saw at a glance that he had but a few hours to live upon earth. Taking his hand, I said to him—"Well, my brother, what can I do for you?"

The poor dying soldier looked up in my face, and placing his finger where his hair was stained with his blood, he said: "Chaplain, cut a big lock from here for mother—for mother, mind chaplain." I hesitated to do it. He said, "Don't be afraid, Chaplain, to disgrace my hair. It's for my mother, and nobody will come to see me in the dead house to-morrow."

I did as he requested me. "Now, Chaplain," said the dying man, "I want you to kneel down by me and return thanks to God." "For what," I asked. "For giving me such a mother. Oh! Chaplain she is such a good mother; her teachings comfort me now.—And, Chaplain, thank God that by his grace I am a christian. Oh! what could I do now if I wasn't a christian? I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel that his finished work has saved me. And, Chaplain, thank God for giving me dying grace. He has made my dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are. Thank him for the promised home in glory. I'll soon be there—where there is no war, nor sorrow, nor desolation, nor death, where I'll see Jesus, and be forever with the Lord."

I knelt by the dying man and thanked God for the blessings he had bestowed upon him—the blessings of a good mother—a christian hope, and dying grace, to bear testimony to God's faithfulness.

Shortly after prayer he said, "Good bye, Chaplain. If you ever see mother, tell her it was all well."

Sometime.

It is a sweet, sweet song, flowing to and fro amongst the topmost boughs of the heart, and fills the air with such joy and gladness, as the song of birds do, when the summer morning comes out of the darkness, and the day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future, which we call "sometime." Beautiful flowers and sweet singing birds are there; only our hands hold, and our ears hear, except in faint far-off strains, the other. But oh, reader, be of good cheer, for to all the good there is a golden "sometime!" When the hills and the valleys of time are passed, when the wear and fever, the disappointment and the sorrow of life are over; then there is a place and the rest appointed-of God. A homestead, over whose blessed roof falls no shadow of even clouds; across whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing with the spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty, among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under the shadow, where there is no more sorrow, nor pain, nor sound of weeping—sometime.

A little boy had lived for some time with a penurious uncle. The latter was one day walking out, with the child by his side, when a friend, accompanied by a greyhound, addressed him. The little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slight and slim a texture, clasped his creators round the neck, with the impassioned cry, "Oh, doggie, doggie! and do you live with your uncle too, that you are so thin?"

"We Told You So."

Told us what? Why, that the Negro was incapable of taking care of himself, and if he was ever free, we should have to take care of him. O yes, we remember. And you told us several other things, too. That if the blacks were ever freed, they would flood the North. Well, half a million are practically free, and where are they found in the North? How many have left the District of Columbia, or Beaufort, or Hilton Head, or Fernandina, or New Orleans, and gone into Maine, or New York, or Ohio? Where are the blacks that we were told were to inundate the Free States? Precisely where all sensible men knew they would be—under their native Southern skies, where they are most wanted, can do best for themselves, and should remain. When freedom moves down South, they have no need to run up North to court her.

2. You "told" us that the flood of contrabands rolling up North among our snow banks, would bring wages down to ten cents a day. How are wages now, under the dawn of freedom?

3. You "told" us Negroes never would work except under masters. How, then, were they to work so industriously in the Free States as to bring Irish labor down to ten cents a day?

4. You "told" us the Negroes never would leave their dear masters—they loved them so intensely. No, indeed? They would fight to the death to repel us "invaders." How came we then to have any Freedmen to care for? Why have they fallen in by thousands as our triumphant banner has lit up the dark domain of treason?

5. You "told" us the Negro would not fight. He was "too stupid." Too cowardly, and we knew not what. What then of Vicksburg, and Port Hudson, and Honey Springs, and Fort Wagner? Ask Col. Higgins, and Gen. Saxton, and Admiral Porter, and Gen. Blunt. "I am no abolitionist," said Rear-Admiral Porter, at Vicksburg, after beholding the valor of the African, "I am no abolitionist; but the African possesses far more intelligence and capacity and shrewdness than is generally supposed in North or South? They are generally superior to their masters. They are much abused, and I am anxious to see their condition improved." "Won't fight" and yet we have 50,000 in the federal Army, and more coming; and some of the best fighting of this war has been by freedmen?

Old Connecticut Blue Laws.

The old Connecticut blue laws are wonderful strict. I have thought best to preserve them for the benefit of future posterity who can utter us.

No man shall chaw tobacco on sunda, unless he swallows the spit.

It shall be lawful for any man to set down in a harvest field to rest, unless he sets on a sharp stone.

No man shall have a rite to kiss his wife more than 3 times a da, unless by her written request in writing.

If a man finds a penny of munny in the highway on sunda, when he is going to meeting, it shall be lawful for him to watch it, but it shall be lawful for him to pick it up till after the setting of the sun.

If a deacon swops horses and gets cheated, he shall be turned out of the church and pa a fine of 4 gallons of Nu England rum.

Eeny man who swears out loud shall pa a fine of ten shillings. If he swears to himself, he shall pay a fine of three shillings and the cost of the koft.

No man shall have a rite to vote or get married who kant eat pork and molasses, and it repeats the ten commandments.

No yung woman shall have a right to get married who kant make good punkin pize without eggs into milk, and who kant make a doughnut that will keep at least one year without losing its twist.

Parson Brownlow's Knoxville. Whig and Rebel Ventilator, of January 25th, contains the following "plain talk": "Small pox is prevailing in Richmond, and C. S. Bowden, a rebel Senator from Virginia, has died.—We have it here, and find it rather on the increase. It was brought here during the siege of Longstreet's army, and is a fixed institution in the rebel army. The personal filth and corruptions of the whole gang, their lice, bed bugs, old clothes, poor diet and guilty consciences—mixed as they are with mean whiskey, and all that is mean, dirty and unprofitable—are enough to flood the country where they go with every hateful disease known to the human family."

At a recent temperance meeting in Scotland, a convert got up to speak. "My friends," said he, "three months ago I signed the pledge. [Cheers.] In a month afterwards, my friends, I had a sovereign in my pocket; a thing I never had before. [Loud cheers.] In another month, my friends, I had a good coat on my back; a thing I never had before. [Cheers much louder.] A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin; because I felt pretty certain that if I kept the pledge another fortnight I should want one." [No cheating.]

McCollan's report, instead of creating sensation, as its author and his friends supposed it would, is absolutely snuffing, merely the derision and the contempt of sensible men. The newspapers everywhere are pointing fun at Little Mac by suggesting that he should have adopted for the title of his document, the immortal words which Balzer put into the mouth of Robinson: "The pen is mightier than the sword."

"I want a safe guard," said a violent rebel to General Nagle the other day. "Hang out the American flag," replied the General.

A Court Scene.

There was a hush in the police court room as a red-nosed judge took his seat upon the bench, and the usher called out: "Bring in the prisoner into court, please."

"Here I am, bound for blame, as the spirit of Arpentia said, when he was, ah, ah, ah, said the prisoner.

"We'll take a little break if you like. How do you live?" asked the judge.

"I'm particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried."

"We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirit of Arpentia, either. What do you follow?"

"Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotion said when it ran over a little nigger."

"That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table."

"If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months."

"I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

"Now, sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks."

"No, sir, I can't go around the docks without a coat, and I ain't got none."

"Answer me, sir. How do you get your bread?"

"Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat taters."

"In no more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?"

"Sometimes on my legs and sometimes on a cheer, (chairs)."

"How do you keep yourself alive?"

"By breathing, sir."

"I order you to answer this question correctly—How do you do?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, Judge. How do you do?"

"I shall have to commit you."

"Well, you have committed yourself first, that's some consolation."

The prisoner went out of the court with a jerk, and was hastened to jail.

James B. Clay and his Slaves.

The late James B. Clay, like most wealthy slaveholders, was very fond of hearing of the attachment and devotion of his bondmen to himself. Not only were his slaves well fed and well housed, but they were happier than free people, and knew and appreciated the inestimable advantages of their position. They did not want freedom, and would not take it on any terms. All they asked was to live on the old plantation and to end their days under the easy yoke of "Massa" Clay.

Once upon a time—some two or three years ago—Mr. Clay had a quaker friend from the North visiting him, and to whom he expressed his usual confidence in the attachment of his slaves. The Quaker was incredulous, and so Clay vauntingly determined to put the matter to the test.

An old house-slave—one who enjoyed his confidence, who had been always well treated, and who seemed to entertain a real affection for his master—was called, and entered the room.

"Tom, said Mr. Clay, 'there's a gentleman from the North who says you and the other boys are miserable here, and want to be free. You may go away from home with him if you like.'

The old negro was puzzled, and almost scared. He shook his head doubtfully.

"You are free, Tom, and can leave me, if you want to," again said the master.

"The negro trembled with emotion. At last, all excitement, he cried: "Are you in earnest, Massa? can I go North and be free?"

"Yes, if you want to leave me and your old home, you can go."

"I'll go, massa, I'll go anywhere to be free." And the old fellow was beside himself with joy and gratitude at his expected liberation.

This was not, however, what the slaveholder wanted or expected. He became very angry, ordered the poor, credulous slave away, and soon made his Northern friend aware that his room was better than his company. Of course Tom was never freed, but it was probable that Mr. Clay was the fourth less assured of the affection of his negroes for their slave life.—New York Evening Post.

The French ladies are going to start a new fashion. The little tuft which starts from the roots of the hair at the side and which formerly formed the little curl known as an accrocure, is now to fall straight down the cheek in a thick mass, and to be frizzled so as to look like whiskers.

HENRIK.—"Are you alarmed at the approach of the king of terrors?" said a clergyman to an invalid.

"Oh no" was the reply; "I have been living six and thirty years with the queen of terrors, the king cannot be much worse."

A Dutchman's heart-rending soliloquy is described thus: "She loves Shon Mickle better as I, because he has got a couple of taters more as I has."

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that men generally are much more afraid of women than women are of men; and fearing to "break the ice" is a fruitful cause of old bachelorhood.

When a new comer blows a loud trumpet and makes a great dash, he is sure to be swallowed, and run a shotted race. Received him cautiously.

A young gentleman of our acquaintance created quite a sensation a few evenings since while reading to a circle of young ladies a polite dissertation on the beautiful young Belle, by producing the latter word in two syllables.

Homicide in Johnston Va.

The citizens of Johnston were horrified on Friday morning, February 22, by the occurrence of a shocking tragedy in their midst—the parties concerned being old and influential citizens. The particulars of the tragedy are briefly these:

Mr. Joseph Moore, husband of Mrs. Moore, on his recent return from his military service in the Army, ascertained that his domestic help had been destroyed, as is alleged, by Mr. Jordan Marbourg, a wealthy merchant of the town. On hearing of the intimacy said to exist during his absence between Marbourg and Mrs. Moore, who is represented as prepossessing in appearance and of a gay and dashing disposition, Moore called upon the former, and after an explanation, told him he would shoot him. Mrs. Marbourg, hearing of Moore's threats, appealed to him not to take her husband's life; but the outraged man would not listen to her.

On Friday morning, Feb. 22, Moore arose early, and leaving his house, visited a grocery store near the Post office, where he remained until between 8 and 9 o'clock, when Marbourg passed by. Moore started out immediately, and caught Marbourg by the collar saying, "Get down on your knees; I am going to kill you. My wife made a all and gave me a portion of the money which you paid her." Saying this, he drew his revolver and fired; the first shot taking effect in the region of the heart. Marbourg fell forward, and Moore discharged two balls into his head, and then fired a fourth, which took effect in the left arm. Marbourg fell over and almost instantly expired. Moore walked to a magistrate's office, surrendered himself, and was committed to jail to await the action of the authorities.

The deceased man leaves a most estimable wife and eight or nine children—the oldest a son, about twenty years old. The murderer has a wife and one child—the latter a promising boy of fifteen years.

"Say, Mr. Clarke, have you a good strong Porter about the hotel?"

"Yes, sir, we have the strongest one in the State."

"Is he intelligent?"

"Quite intelligent for a Porter."

"Do you consider him fearless—that is bold, courageous?"

"I know he is; he wouldn't be afraid of Satan himself."

"Now, Mr. Clarke, if your porter is intelligent enough to find room No. 107, fearless enough to enter, and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bedbugs, I would like to have him bring it down."

Parson Brownlow had one glimpse of Longstreet's men before he ran away. He says they were barefooted and in their shirt sleeves, and with nothing to subsist on but their pluck.

A little fellow, not more than five years of age, hearing some gentleman at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called on to decide, whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tentment of life; twenty years later we have carved it or shut up our jack-knife.

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?" "Humph," returned the boy, "what are you going for when I'm hollerin'?"

"Sam, why am Senators like fishes?"

"I don't meddle wid de subject."

"Why, don't you see, dey am so fond ob de bote."

"Ah, Doctor, how is my wife to-day?"

The doctor shook his head and said:

"You must prepare for the worst."

"What?" exclaimed the alarmed husband.

"Is she likely to recover?"

The paper containing many points is a paper of pins.

"Why should the highest apple on a tree be a good one. Because it's a 'tip-top' apple."

He that loves not the early morning loves not the memory of his youth.

A cross wife, like the bird of Minerva, does most of her hooting at night.

Originally the term of human life was a thousand years; but that was before there were doctors.

The child of a sorrowing mother catches from her the trick of grief, and sighs even amid its playthings.

Happiness abounds most among the lowly; there are more blossoms in the valleys than on the hills.

A physician advertises to cure "all kinds of female weakness." He must be the most wonderful of all possible doctors.

A man near Utica, N. York, lately sold his wife to a widower for a cow.

Satin and Satan are often found in company.

It is much easier to properly raise a Jack than a ladder.

The coat of a horse is the gift of nature. That of an ass is taken from the coat of a tailor.