

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

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POETICAL.



WHO WAS IT?

Who was it born in freedom's land,
To rule the nation by his hand,
And smite secession with a wand?
ABE LINCOLN!

Who was it stood the tide of war,
While many died our cause abhor,
And shout and cry "THIS NIGGER WAR?"
ABE LINCOLN.

Who was it Copperheads delighted
To call soft headed and short sighted,
Because their wicked hopes were blighted?
ABE LINCOLN!

Who was it then, with honest pride,
Reached forth and grasped the loyal tie,
And bade it spread, both far and wide?
ABE LINCOLN.

Who was it made a proclamation,
Unto all people and the nation,
That all were free, without probation?
ABE LINCOLN!

Who was it LOYALISTS proclaimed,
And made secessionists disdained,
Because the slave no more was chained?
ABE LINCOLN.

Who was it now whose fame is told,
In every land by young and old,
Because he was both brave and bold?
ABE LINCOLN!

Who is it that with powerful hand,
Will hurl secession from the land,
And then unite us as a land?
ABE LINCOLN!

SPRING IS HERE.

Gentle breezes now are sweeping
O'er the meadow and the lea,
While the sparkling mountain streamlet
Swiftly glides towards the sea;
Birds are singing in the forest
Songs of freedom and of cheer,
Telling us that winter's ended,
And that gentle spring is here.

Flowers are springing to the wildwood,
And within the silent glen;
Far away from strife and tumult,
Far from all the haunts of men,
Earth is filled with varied beauty,
And each moment grows more dear,
While we gaze on nature's grandeur,
Knowing gentle spring is here.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S DEATH.

Groaning and moaning,
His selfishness owning;
Grieving and heaving,
Though nought he is leaving
But puff and ill-health—
Himself and his wealth.

He sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
Who gives him advice and offence, and a pill—
And drops him a hint about making his will;
As fretful as antiquity cannot be mended,
The miserable life of a bachelor's ended,
Nobody misses him, nobody sighs,
Nobody grieves, when a bachelor dies.

MISCELLANY.

THE PERSEVERING BACHELOR.

Mr. Peter Robinson was a bachelor, stout, and almost forty. Peter had never loved but once, and the adoration of his heart had been bestowed upon Miss Lucy Poppleton; but alas! Peter had failed to express his passion at the proper moment, or, in other words, had failed to come to time, and one day his heart was lacerated by receiving an envelope of cards, announcing that the delighted Lucy was about to become Mrs. J. J. Crooks.

It was a terrible blow to Peter, but he staggered up from it and still loved the object of his early passion at a distance. Mrs. J. J. Crooks revealed in the delights of matrimony, leading Parthen, her husband, and Peter—at a distance—by the nose for five years, at the end of which time Mr. J. J. Crooks chose to depart for another sphere, leaving Mrs. J. J. Crooks alone to mourn her duty.

Once more Peter's heart sprung up from dust and ashes, and looked forward to the time when the allotted period of mourning should be over, and he could pour forth the pent up agonies of five years, and ask compensation in the hand of the fair widow. One year, thought Peter, is surely enough of time. I will give her one year. Month after month rolled away until he could stand it no longer. A sickening misgiving of the evils of delay drove him to precipitate the asking. When the tenth month came he sought the widow at her home, and with the ardor of a long pent up love poured forth his tale. The widow heard him—heard him calmly to the very end, and then, with her delicate perfumed handkerchief pressed to her blushing cheeks, told Peter that she had only the week before promised her hand to Dr. Sickelback and oh! why did not her dear friend speak before?

A second time was Peter's heart torn into minute fragments; a second time was he sent into the world to admire—at a distance. Time sped on, and once more Peter began to encourage hope. Perhaps Sickelback might die; he certainly had an apoplectic look, and sure enough Peter's perhaps turned out certainty, and Mrs. Doctor Theodosius Sickelback was once more a mourner. Peter had

learned too bitterly the dangers of delay, to suffer any such cause to stand this time between himself and success. He would not give the widow a year, nor yet ten months—may, not even six; but the third month he would go to her with his tale of love deferred; and so he did. We must transcribe the widow's own words when the question was popped.

"O! Mr. Robinson, why did you not come before? You know my esteem for you?—You know that I would have set aside all other offers for you; but oh! how can I tell you—that only last evening I promised Captain Hawkins. Poor, dear sweet Hawkins! he's your intimate friend, I've heard him speak so highly of you! Oh, why did you not speak before?"

And so Mrs. Doctor Theodosius Sickelback was transformed into Mrs. Jonathan Hawkins; and Peter was once more left to admire—at a distance.

Still Peter waited and hoped. Something might turn up, he urged, and then he would not allow himself to be too late and something did turn up, the something being nothing more or less than the redoubtable Captain, who turned up missing, having fallen overboard from the steamboat while out on a target excursion with his company, and sunk like a stone, owing undoubtedly, to the ponderous nature of his responsibilities.

The suddenness of the exit, as Peter urged, must certainly act with depressing force on the widow, and thought he would not give her again time to recover and be admired, still etiquette demanded a little time to intervene. Accordingly when, upon the tenth day after the melancholy bereavement, Peter knocked at the widow's door, bent upon his errand of love, he rather chuckled to himself that he was taking time by the forelock. The business on which he came was quietly told, and once more the widow was in a torrent of tears.

"Oh, Mr. Robinson," she exclaimed, hiding her face in her cambric, "why are you so unfortunate, and why am I?—You know my esteem for you, but you are too late. I am already engaged. You know Counsellor Ketcham?—my poor, dear, dead and gone Hawkins' most intimate friend. He was with him, you know, when he was called away, and was the first to communicate to me the awful intelligence. He was such a comforter and I am promised to him this day two months."

This time Peter was crushed. He had no words to express his broken heartedness, but to rush from the house and go as before, admiring at a distance.

It was months before Peter ever offered to encourage hope, and even then it flickered. One day he was walking in despondent mood through one of the upper avenues, when he heard a sudden shout, and started. From a half finished building just in front of him, he saw, as he raised his eye, a stout Milesian making gyrations in the air, from a height of three stories, in company with a coping stone weighing somewhat less than a half a ton—the two having slipped together from a scaffolding at that height. He saw both Milesian and stone strike full upon the heads of two gentlemen passing, and the four were in an instant mixed in an inextricable heap. Like all others spectators, Peter rushed to the rescue, only to behold, between horror and joy, the last gasp of Counsellor Ketcham and the gentleman who was walking with him, and the perfect safety of the Milesian and stone.

This time Peter would trust no more passing of time. Without an instant's delay, more than to satisfy himself that life was extinct, he hailed a passing hack, and then sped to the mansion of the widow Mrs. Counsellor Ketcham. In words of the most delicate and endearing nature Peter communicated his intelligence to the widow, and waited the result, and then, between her sobs and tears, claimed her hand for the next step.

"Oh, Mr. Robinson," sobbed the widow, "how can you ask me such a thing? How could I know that you would be the first to bring me the news of my dear Ketcham's decease? You know how I esteem and respect you, but I am already engaged."

"Engaged?" shrieked Peter, "to whom?"

"I promised," responded the widow, "between her sobs, 'I promised a month ago—that if anything happened, I would marry Col. Snapper.'"

"You did!" shouted Peter, his whole appearance changing in an instant from that of a friend to a look of unbridled joy, "and who are you engaged to after that?"

"No one," sighed the widow.

"Will you swear this," said Peter.

"I swear it," responded the widow, solemnly.

"And will you marry me after Snapper is gone?"

"I will," said the widow.

"Do you swear it," asked Peter fiercely.

"I swear it," said the widow earnestly.

"Then you are mine, charming Lucy, for the stone that ushered the Counsellor into the next world also took the Colonel, I saw it with my own eyes."

The next moment the widow was in Peter's arms, and they were married in a month.

There is something beautiful and sublime in the hush of midnight. The myriad of quiet sleepers, laying down each their life-burden, insensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless alike—the strong man as the infant; and over all, the sleepless Eye, which, since the world began, has never lost sight of one pillowed head. Thoughts like these come to us in our wakeful night hours with an almost painful intensity. Then eternity only seems real, and every day-life a bubble. But morning comes, and the stir and hum of life chase them away, as the warm sun dries upon the dewdrops, which, like these thoughts, perform their reviving mission ere they depart.

What word is that which, if you take away the first letter, all will remain? Ball.

HOW UNION PRISONERS ARE TREATED BY THE REBELS.

The following extracts from a speech delivered in Portland, on the 24th ult., by Gen. Neal Dow, will give our readers an idea of the horrible cruelties practiced upon our poor, unfortunate prisoners, by the Southern chivalry. Gen. Dow is a high toned and honorable gentleman, and having recently been an inmate of the rebel prisons, his statements may be relied upon:

"A large quantity of clothing and blankets were sent to my care to be distributed to the soldiers. I was permitted to visit them for the purpose of distributing the articles. Passing around Belle Isle, I saw the wretched condition of our soldiers as to clothing and quarters. Nearly one-half of them were without shelter of any kind, and all were in extreme want of clothing. As I passed around the camp, they cried to me to send them food. Shelterless and almost naked, as many of them were, their first want was food—their chief suffering was from hunger."

On my return to Richmond, I addressed a note to Gen. Winder, in command there, stating that one-half the soldiers were without shelter, and all without sufficient food, and asking his immediate attention to their miserable condition. The result was that I was not permitted to visit the soldiers any more, their condition was not alleviated, and these stores were put into the hands of another officer who would conduct himself toward the Rebel authorities with a great deal more forbearance than I was supposed to be capable of. Soldiers perished there at about the rate of 500 per month, during the winter months, as we were informed.

As I was at Belle Isle, I went into the hospital, consisting of tents without any floor, the sick lying upon the ground without blankets, without pillows, some of them with sticks of wood for pillows, and on protesting to Gen. Winder against this treatment, I was refused permission to visit these poor creatures for the future. The Government sent large quantities of provisions to the soldiers as well as the officers. Much of this was stolen, so that Yankee overcoats were very common. Rebel soldiers in Yankee overcoats promading the streets of Richmond, drew so much attention that they caused these coats to be colored black. They were ashamed to be seen with Yankee overcoats stolen from the poor suffering soldiers. Large quantities of food as well as clothing were sent there by the Sanitary Commission also, and these were stolen by the Rebel authorities and appropriated to their own use in large amounts. A very small proportion of these reached our soldiers."

Libby Prison was a great tobacco warehouse, or rather three tobacco warehouses, three stories high upon the front, four stories upon the rear, supererated by brick walls through which doors were cut. Our officers were placed in these rooms with bare walls, bare floors, and without any blankets.

When I arrived there, I was clad in the lightest Summer clothes. It was a cold October night, and my sufferings must have been extreme but for the kindness of my fellow officers in supplying me with garments and blankets. After a while a great quantity of blankets was sent by the Sanitary Commission, which made us comparatively comfortable, but we were treated in no other respect than so many negroes sent to Richmond to a barracoon for sale. An officer who had a very extensive acquaintance at the South, said we were not nearly so well treated as that, for blacks sent for sale were kindly cared for that they might bring a better price. The Union officers were treated as so many cattle turned into a slaughter pen or barn to sleep. Rebel officers in the hands of Union authorities were treated courteously and kindly; that is right."

A little incident occurred to myself which will illustrate the point of the difference of treatment between their prisoners and ours. I was exchanged for Gen. Lee. As I was called down to pass off, I had two large trunks to take away. I could obtain no assistance in transporting them, no dray or other mode of conveyance. Some of my fellow-officers kindly tendered their assistance, and we carried them between us through the streets of Richmond to the steamer, on which we were ordered upon the forward deck and forbidden to come aboard the wheels. We were situated on the steamer like so many cattle, slaves or swine on the way to market. At City Point we met Gen. Lee in the magnificent saloon of the Federal steamer, New York, we ourselves emerging from the forward-deck of the dirty Rebel steamer. When Gen. Lee and his fellow officers were ready to change steamers, the Gen. stooped to take his small valise, when the Union officer in command said to a soldier near, "Sergeant, take the General's valise on board for him." I mention this to show the sort of treatment we received down South, and that which the Rebels meet with when they fall into our hands; they are treated kindly; courteously; so rudely, barbarously. We don't complain, because we will strike a balance with them one of these days."

There are a great many Union people down South, even in Virginia; Union men and Union women. I shall not give any names. We had communication with Union people by writing and by signals, and the Rebels could not prevent it. They threatened to shoot us if we looked out of the windows. One of their own men looked out and they shot him. They were resolved to shoot a Yankee as an offset for this, and a Rebel sentinel fired several times at us without success. They were exceedingly mortified at shooting their own man. They watched our men at the windows very much as boys hunt squirrels and looking into the trees for game."

Many of the guards gave us all the information which came to their knowledge, of what was going on around Richmond. They told us of Kilpatrick's raid. On the first of

March arrangements had been made to receive him. And what do you suppose the arrangements were? To defend Richmond? Was that it? No. They mined Libby Prison, with the intention of blowing it up and us, to use their own phrase, "to blow us to hell." [Voice—"Is there proof of that?"] That is capable of proof. I cannot tell you how the fact was intimated to us the next day without betraying those from whom the intimation came. On the morning of Wednesday, March 2, after we had been informed of the gunpowder plot, Dick Turner, the Inspector of Military Prisons, was asked by many officers, at different times, if we were correctly informed, and he assured us it was true; that a large quantity of powder had been placed under the prison to blow us up if Kilpatrick had come in, and that it would be done yet if attempts were made to rescue us.

The rations supplied by the Rebels to the Union officers in Richmond, are unfit for human food, and incapable of sustaining life in a healthy condition. They consist only of a small quantity of bread made of corn meal, unsifted and manufactured in the worst manner, and about half a gill of rice two or three times a week. Occasionally, a single medium sized potato or three or four small ones are given to each man, and, three or four times, a small turnip has been given to each. And this is all. For a time, supplies sent by friends to the officers were honestly and promptly delivered to them, but for some weeks before I left Richmond, this was not done, and there were accumulated there more than 4,000 boxes sent to officers which had been detained from them. These boxes are now systematically plundered by the officials of their most valuable contents, especially of clothing. Union officers are subjected to the most humiliating treatment by the prison officials."

The Sanitary Commission sent to my care great quantities of comforts and luxuries for the use of the officers. A small quantity of these were delivered, but the greater part of them was retained by the Rebel officials for their own use and for sale. In our purchases we found many of these Sanitary goods, stolen by the officials and sold to us at enormous prices."

The rations furnished to the privates consisted of corn bread of miserable quality and insufficient quantity, which produces derangement in the digestive organs, and death. The soldiers are slowly wasting away, and die of sheer starvation and cold. Two of them, sent off from Richmond with myself died of exhaustion before reaching Annapolis."

These poor fellows were reduced to such a state of extreme suffering, that many of them were delirious. They could not tell the name of their Colonel, or the number of their regiment. One of them had become perfectly idiotic from long-protracted suffering, many of them having slept all winter in the open air, with no shelter, and without overcoats or blankets. They were all supplied at the commencement of the winter with both, sent them by the U. S. Government, but they were compelled in many instances, to procure the means of subsistence, their rations not being sufficient to support them in a state of health."

A Father's Lesson.

"Papa," said one of Mr. B's children as they surrounded their good father one evening, "you can't see the soul after we die, and are buried under the ground? Teacher was talking about it to day, but I could not understand him."

The father took his watch out of his pocket, and asked what it was.

"A watch papa," they all replied.

"Very well," he said, "do you hear it tick? Listen for a moment."

The children listened and heard the ticking of the watch.

Then Mr. B. took off the case, and held the watch in one hand and the case in the other. "Now, children, you see there are two things but look like watches; which is the watch?"

"The one's your right hand that ticks," they all said.

"Very well," said the father, "the other room; now you see the watch still ticks and keeps time, though its case is put away; so it is with us my children. Our bodies are only the case in which our souls are kept, and when each body is taken away and buried in the ground, the soul still lives just as the watch, you perceive, still goes, even when the case is put out of sight."

EFFECTS OF LIVE.—A correspondent of one of our foreign exchanges writes in this wise about the "tender passion" and its characteristic effects:

"It is my duty to impress upon you, Mr. Editor, the certainty that one-half of our young people lose their senses when they love their hearts. One of our party has already written five letters to his lady love, and he goes about sighing and groaning in the most pitiable manner. He has no appetite, and sleeps at the top of the house close to the moon. He cannot stand by one of the columns of the piazza without putting his arm around it; and I caught him kissing an apple day-day because it had red cheeks."

A rich gentleman once said to a day laborer: "Do you know to whom these estates belong?" "Do they belong to me?" "No," replied the man. "They belong to me," said the rich man. "And the good and the evil that do you know whose they are?" "No," replied the man. "They are mine also," continued the rich man. "Yes, all that you can see is mine. The peasant stood still a moment, then pointed to heaven, and in a solemn tone he asked: Is that also mine? If that is mine, though poor, thou art truly rich; if that be not mine, however rich thou art poor indeed."

A married gentleman lately said he dreamed he had an angel by his side, but upon waking he found it was only his wife.

A Military Yarn.

A correspondent who has been service and who has told some good stories already, vouches for the following good army yarn:

One day while my regiment was on duty at Columbus Ky., I received orders from my Colonel to proceed to Memphis with two companies of the regiment in charge of some rebel prisoners.

We embarked about 10 A. M. on board the C. Hillman, and immediately sailed down the river.

Our boat had a large number of passengers aboard among whom was Judge L., with whom I was well acquainted, and who was a strong Union man. He asked if I had any objections to his conversing with the rebels. I told him I had not, and he went forward, selecting a rough, uncouth looking haired private from Alabama, the following colloquy ensued, which fully illustrates the intelligence of our 'southern brethren.

Judge—What regiment do you belong to?
Reb—The 20th Arkansas regiment, by G—d!

Judge—You have been in some battles, I presume.
Reb—Well, I reckon.

Judge—My friend, what are you fighting for?
Reb—We're fightin' for our rights.

Judge—What are your rights; or of what rights have you been deprived?
Reb—I tell you we're fightin' for our rights.

Judge—That's all very well, but define them.
Reb—O, I ain't no politician, and hain't got no education to speak on, but I know we're fightin' for our rights, that's sartain sure.

Judge—Well, my friend, I can tell you what you're fightin' for. You are fighting to destroy the best Government and the noblest nation the world ever saw. Look at that glorious banner, (pointing to the stars and stripes floating from the gaff,) are you not ashamed, sir, to fire on that beautiful flag?

Reb—Flag? I never saw that flag till I went and joined the army.

Judge—What—you never saw the Stars and Stripes?
Reb—No.

Judge—How old are you?
Reb—Bout 45, I reckon.

Judge, in a tone of stupendous astonishment—And you never saw the Stars and Stripes, before?

Reb—No, I told you once already. It was a poser for the Judge. He was completely floored. With mingled feelings of indignation, pity and dismay, he paced the deck for some time in silence. At last, stepping in front of his incorrigible acquaintance, in a subdued, serious tone of voice, he asked:

"Did you know, my friend, that Christ was dead?"

Reb, evidently surprised—You don't say! Is he thought? What regiment did he belong to and where was he killed!

[Published by Request.]
A Western Love Letter.

1000 eight hundred and 50 fore.

My DEER HENRY.—I embrace this here opportunity to let you know as how I had spelt of aiger, and I does hope thees lines may find yew enjoying the same God's Blessin! Why dont yew ouley rite a sweate line to tell suffrein Kathrun all about her sweate Henry. Oh! my sweate Henry—my turtle dove—my pidging—my deer, deer Henry—how my poor sole is longin for to hear yer sweate voyce. I think I hear him singin Yankee Doodle, as he cums from his plow now. Oh, my Henry, do cum out and let's get married. So no more at present, but remane yer lovin

KATHRUN AN TILDEN.
P. S.—Part sekund.

Jeem Blaslett has razed a que house, and Sally does live so saug, she fits him sumtimes when he's a little antony over. My sweate Henry let us keape house, and if yew lux me I wont whip you indeet, nor I wont look at nobody else; so I wont. Daddy says as how I must git married, because I have run 2 long already. So no more at present

K. A. T.
P. S.—Part Thurd.

my pen is bad, my ink is pale, my love for yew shall never fail, for Henry is my own true lov, my pidging, duck and titile wuv.

so no more at present. K. A. TILDEN.
P. S.—Noty Beeny—Muthurs deil, and Timothy are get the fever.

So no more at present from yer lovin KATHRUN AN.

Noty Beeny 2—I forgot to say as how that are korn on my big toe don't hurt as it used to did. So wonce mour yer wife as it to bece, coods 2 kisses and sez fare wel. Yours, til deith do us part.

K. A. T.
Many papers give the dying words of great men, but none of them are so touching and beautiful as the last words of the old school master.

"It is growing dark"—school may be dismissed.

Down to the gate of an unseco world he carried the love and regard of the children whom he had trained. It was his last kind dismissal in this world of schooling.

"My son," said Spriggles, senior, to Spriggles, junior, thinking to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the heif species, "my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they?" said Spriggles, junior. "I thought that eggs come out of chickens."

Thus ended the first lesson.

Never run in debt—especially with shoe-makers—for then you can't say your sole is your own.

A Short Sermon.

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."—LUKE XVII 37.

A beggar, and hopelessly blind at that! How sad a case! He cannot go to any celebrated physician, and it were useless if he could. He has heard of one (invalids are quick to learn such facts,) who cures the blind. But he has never been to Jericho.

Will he ever come? Shall I know it if he comes, and knowing it, can I gain an audience? Painful and oft repeated questions, suspending his hopes on the frail thread of remote contingencies.

But, one day there is a crowd rushing along, trampling over and by the poor blind man. "Hearing" the multitude he asked what it meant. The answer thrills him, the double fact so briefly told. It is Jesus, and he is "passing by." It is the moment of the man's life. Jesus alone can help him, and was then at Jericho for the first and last time, and was even then leaving. What a thread for a blind man to find and follow!

He calls, is opposed, calls louder, is heard, Jesus stops; speaks to him; does for him all he asks; he sees the Lord of glory, and follows him in the way with gazing, feasting, adoring eyes.

Oh! many blind sinners sit by the wayside of the world. Once in their life Jesus comes near, nearer, nearest, but is "passing by." How much for them hangs on that fact at the precise time! You were in a crowd, or in some deep sorrow, or with his disciples, or alone with the Holy Spirit, when he was "passing." And you knew he was going by. Did you call, and did he stop and answer you?

There is a critical point for every sinful beggar when Jesus goes out once at Jericho's gate. The Christian looks back to it, and so will the lost sinner. It may seem a trivial thing at the time to let him pass by. But opposition should not prevent our calling after him. For they who call are answered. And oh! the wonder of mercy, Jesus of Nazareth will stop, and help, when poor blind sinners call after him!—Boston Review.

A Real Copperhead.

1. Loves slavery more than the Union, and is willing that the Union should be broken into pieces to save slavery.

2. Oppose volunteering, drafting, and every other method of raising troops to put down the rebellion.

3. Grumbles at the taxes, and opposes appropriations for the payment of our brave soldiers.

4. Declares on all occasions, that we can never suppress the rebellion, and must let the Union slide.

5. Writes discouraging letters to soldiers, telling them they are fighting for "niggers," and had better desert.

6. Looks pleased when he hears of a defeat of the Union arms, and says: "Did I not tell you that they would whip you?"

7. Looks blue when a victory is reported, and thinks there must be some mistake about it.

8. Don't like the Eagle, Stars and Stripes, Red, White and Blue, and thinks the "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle," played out.

9. Is a recent convert to the most radical peace principles.

10. Gets angry and leaves the church when the minister prays for the Government of the United States, and invokes the curse of heaven upon the rebellion.

There are other evidences, but these are unmistakable. Now to one who exhibits these signs of disloyalty to his country, and evidences of sympathy for treason and rebellion, it is proper that the name copperhead, traitor, or secessionist, should be given. Put it on thick. There is no danger of having treason too strongly. The Northern people and the Southern people who love the Union—the United States of America—should be melted into a solid mass of patriotism, and then they can, with freedom on their banner, and God on their side, defy all enemies. Out on more partyism. We hate it, we spit on it. But our country—God save it!—Religious Telescope.

A Scrub headed boy having been called up before the court as a witness, the following colloquy ensued:

"Where do you live?" said the Judge.

"Live with mother."

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" says the Judge, getting very red, as an audible snicker goes all around the room.

"They live't home."

"Where in thunder's their home?" roars the Judge.

"That's where I'm from," says the boy sticking his tongue in a corner of his cheek and slowly closing one eye on the Judge.

Horo Mr. Constable, says the Court, 'take the witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not understand the nature of an oath.'

'You'd think different, says the boy, going towards the doorway, if I was once to give you a cussin.'

In Rahway N. J. the tavern keepers and liquor dealers lately held a meeting, and agreed to raise the price of the "drinks," to ten cents a glass. A day or two afterwards, the drunks also held a meeting and adopted a resolution, that hereafter they would only drink half as often as hitherto—but that every time they did drink, they would take double the quantity.

'Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, my child.' 'Well, then, we let me eat the big mince pie that is in the safe.'

It is said the "ears" of the Kettle in which the mule meat was cooked at Vicksburg, have commenced growing.