VILLAGE RECORD

By W. Blair. A Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics and Religion. $2 per year

VOLUME XVIII. WAYNESBRO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 20, 1864. NUMBER 1.

POETICAL.

SOLDIERS MARCHING SONG.

Steadily we march along,
Join we in the marching song,
Hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Bearing each a soldier's part;
Come what will beneath the sun,
We are soldiers marching on;
'Neath the old flag, flying free,
Marching on to victory.

Steadily we march along,
Timing step to marching song;
What though roads be wet or dry,
Though be bright or dark the sky,
We are soldiers bound to win,
Marching on through thick and thin;
'Neath our banner flying free,
Marching on to victory.

Steadily we march along,
Ringing out the marching song;
What though rough be soldier's fare,
We are all our country's care—
All its hope and all its love;
And its flag is bright above,
Flying stainless, flying free,
As we march to victory.

Steadily we march along
To the soldier's marching song;
Little care we, nothing fear,
If our country's foe be near;
We are ready for the fight,
For the battle of the right,
'Neath the old flag flying free,
Starry sign of victory.

I WOULD THE WAR WERE OVER

Yes, I would the war were over,
Would the cruel work were done;
With my country undivided,
And the battle fought and won.
Let the contest now before us
Be decided by the sword,
For the war cannot be ended
Till the Union be restored.

Dead upon the field of battle,
Husbands, sons and brothers lie;
Friends are waiting—wives and mothers,
Looking for them—by and by.
Far away from home forever,
Many a noble boy lies slain;
Look not for thy child, fond mother—
Thou shalt see him not again.

Yes, I would the war were ended,
And the cruel struggle o'er;
But our flag must be defended,
And our country as before.
Peace, indeed, is Heavens's blessing,
Though its joys are easy lost,
But we'll battle for our nation,
Whatsoever it may cost.

MISCELLANY.

Eloquent Extract.

Do the spirits of the illustrious dead not look down upon the folly and madness of their children, who are determined to extend slavery, and re-open the African slave trade or destroy our free government? If so, it must be with feeling akin, the old exile, who returning to Athens, to find her in disgrace says:

"Oh! Athens! I have mourn'd thy shame
As grieved the child of Rome;
When called from exile back, he came
To greet his *once proud home*
And found Rome's ancient honor *sold*,
To Goth and Hun for Roman gold."

Yes, that is the God's truth; in this money-loving, money-getting age, we have made *merchandise* of the *free principles* which our fathers bought with their blood. *We must go back to those principles, or liberty must perish!*

I know it is said "we live in an age of progress;" we are a "progressive people," and therefore we are not bound to uphold the doctrine of Jefferson, if it does not suit the "spirit of the age." True, we live in an age of railroads, steamboats and magnetic telegraphs; old things are passing away; old thrones and old dynasties, and old barriers which for thousands of years have kept man away from his fellow man, are going *down*, and the whole is onward—onward with gigantic strides! And yet in the midst of all this "progress" we are asked to stop short and go *backward*. Yes, we are asked to consent that South Carolina may re-open the African slave trade, which our fathers declared *piracy*, and extend slavery into territories now free, even, if need be, against the unanimous voice of the people in these territories! Is this "progress?" why this is the old doctrine preached by the sham republics of Greece and Rome. More than 1800 years ago, they believed, like the little oligarchy of South Carolina, "Liberty for ourselves, and Slavery for the rest of mankind." They are gone, "the spider weaves his web in their palaces, the owl sings his watch song in their towers." *That* was their *doctrine* and *that* was their *fate*, and if that is our *doctrine* that will be our *fate*. Not when I refer in a friendly way and God knows with good intentions, to these teaching of our revolutionary fathers, what is the answer? Oh, times have changed. Yes, I admit that; men may change, and even great *parties* may, and sometimes do change positions, but there are some things that *never change*; "the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, the leopard cannot change his spots;" truth, *principles* never change—they are as eternal and as immovable as the rocks and the mountains we see around us! Now, I say, if these principles advocated by Jefferson, 50 years ago, if this was good democracy *then*, it is good democracy *now*. Democracy never changes; it is the same to-day as yesterday—the same to-day that it was in the days of Andrew Jackson, when *rebellion* was put down with a strong arm; it is the same to-day as it was in 1799, when George Washington at the head of fifteen thousand men, marched across the Alleghenies in the dead of Winter and put down rebellion *without* firing a gun, or shedding one drop of *blood*. I thank God for one thing, and that is that the history of these old men, and these *old times* is written. Aye, it is known over the land, and beyond the sea, and all the slave propagandists in the world cannot blot it out!

A Very Common Error.

One very common error of parents, by which they hurt the constitutions of their children, is the sending them too young to school. This is often solely done to prevent trouble. When the child is at school he needs no keeper. Thus the school-master is made the nurse, and the poor child is fixed to a seat seven or eight hours a day, which time ought to be spent in exercise and diversions. Sitting so long cannot fail to produce the worst effects upon the body, nor is the mind less injured. Early application weakens the faculties, and often fixes in the mind an aversion to books, which continues for life. It is undoubtedly the duty of parents to instruct their children, at least till they are of an age proper to take some care of themselves. This would tend much to confirm the ties of parental tenderness and finial affection, of the want of which there are at present so many deplorable instances.

But suppose the way to make children scholars was to send them to school early, it certainly ought not to be done at the expense of the constitution. Our ancestors, who seldom went to school very young, were not less learned than we. But we imagine the boy's education will be quite marred unless he is carried to school in his nurse's arms. No wonder if such hot-bed plants seldom become either scholars or men. Not only the confinement of children in public schools, but their number often proves hurtful. Children are much injured by being kept in crowds within doors; their breathing not only renders the place unwholesome, but if any one of them happens to be diseased, the rest catch the infection.

But, if fashion must prevail, and infants are to be sent to school; we would recommend it to teachers, as they value the interests of society, not to confine them too long at a time, but allow them to run about and play at such diversions as may promote their growth and strengthen their constitution. Were boys—instead of being whipped for stealing an hour to run, ride, swim, or the like, encouraged to employ a proper part of their time in these manly and useful exercises, it would have many excellent effects.

Advantages of Years.

You are getting into years. Yes, but the years are getting into you—the ripe rich years. One by one the crudities of your youth are falling off from you, the vanity, the egotism, the isolation, the bewilderment, the uncertainty.

Nearer and nearer you are approaching yourself. You are consolidating your forces. You are becoming master of the situation.—Every wrong road into which you have wondered has brought you, by the knowledge of the mistake, so much closer to the truth.

You no longer draw bow at a venture, but shoot straight to the mark. Your possibilities concentrate and your path is cleared.—On the ruins of shattered plans you find your vantage ground. Your broken hopes, thwarted purposes, your defeated aspirations, become a staff of strength, with which you mount to sublimer heights.

With self-possession and self-command return the possession and command of all things. The title deed of creation, forfeited is reclaimed. Earth and sea and sky pour out their largeness of love. All the past crowds down to lay its treasures at your feet.

SPRING.—Thank Providence for spring! The earth—and man himself, by sympathy with his birth-place—would be far other than we find them, life toiled wearily onward without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Will the world ever lie so decayed that spring may not renew its greenness? Can man be so age-stricken that no faintest surmise of his youth may re-visit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty, the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime and regained his boyhood in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring. Alas for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age it has outlived its privilege of spring-time sprightliness!—*Hawthorne.*

GOD FOR GARFIELD.—Apropos of the Rebellion, General Garfield's witticism is good. A stanza from the nursery rhymes of England he commends to those extra bleached and super superior patriots who propose to put down the Rebellion with conciliatory mesmerism:

"There was an old man who said, 'How
Shall I flee from this horrible cow?
I will sit on the stile
And continue to smile
Which will soften the heart of this cow."

A meeting occurs, says the Selinsgrove Post, recently in one of our churches last sunday, which caused considerable tittering throughout the congregation. While the minister was in the midst of his sermon a little boy, some ten years of age, quietly left his seat, took his hat and walked up to the pulpit and asked permission of the minister to leave the church, saying that he forgot to feed the pig. The request was granted and the boy left, returned in a few minutes, no doubt greatly relieved. It occurred the minister for some minutes afterwards.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT.

[Special Correspondence of the Press.]

IN THE FIELD, May 9, 1864.

REFLECTIONS.

The air is filled with sounds of strife.—Since Wednesday I have listened to little but the roar of cannon, rolls of musketry and drums, the clangor of spur and sabre, or the more piercing tones of life and bugle. Along the turnpike and plank-road, both of which lead to Orange Court House, are wounded men, with crimsoned garments, pallid faces, parched throats, and tottering step. Some air is stirring, and the Virginia mocking-bird whistles in hard, unfeeling, unsympathetic strain from bush and branch.

THE WILDERNESS.

We are in the Wilderness; a region of swamp and impenetrable thickets. Drinking water is very scarce. The sun glares down in fiery fury upon the combatants. The wounded cry for water, and the dying soldier fixes his fast-glazing eyes upon a lovely *mirage* In imagination he sees shady nooks, and babbling brooks of crystal water. Alas! poor fellow, he expires before his lips are wet; the half-finished prayer struggles hoarsely from his parched throat; the hands clutch convulsively; his face is turned to the sun. He is dead.

WAR'S WORKS.

Pass through Virginia—mark well her thousand battle fields, and see what war has done—is this day doing. What will not man's inhuman, insatiable passions do? Desolation, destruction, despair, death, are everywhere visible. Marks of man's ferocity—his inhumanity to man—linger in mournful traces upon this world, long after the vengeful actors in the bloody scenes have crumbled to atoms upon the face of the earth they have marred with desolating struggle.

EXPLANATORY—BREAK CAMP, MARCH!

How a battle is being fought this day, and on this side the Rapidan, requires explanation. In brief, it was thus: Two divisions of our cavalry crossed the river Tuesday evening, leaving Gen. Torbett's division at the foot of Pony Mountain, near Culpeper. About midnight the 2d Corps marched over, and were followed by the 5th and 6th Corps. The troops crossed at Ely's and Germanna Fords, while the great majority of the train went higher up, to Culpeper Mine Ford, where the landing was much better, and a pontoon bridge had been laid.

Every circumstance of the march is fresh in my memory. Three several times I had marched along these roads. Every man was pugnacious, hopeful, buoyant. With chagrin I acknowledge we invariably returned, having penetrated at the best no further than Mine river, having accomplished nothing but a long, wearisome march, and the death of thousands.

DESCRIPTIVE.

Wednesday was what the Virginians call one of the hot days of May. How lovely it was, despite the sun and dust, that arose from the heavy tramp of the armed hosts, I shall never forget. When the bright sun heaved his broad face over the summit of Clark's Mountain, the rebel signal station, the vapors lying low in the valley, and the mist that had settled upon the summit of Pony Mountain, and the steep sides of the Blue Ridge, began to melt and flee away. All objects had a dreamy, hazy appearance. Far to the right is a long line of dust—occasionally the fitful gleam of bayonets is seen. It is the last of the 6th Corps. To the left is Culpeper, care-worn and still, and far beyond the Bull Run Mountain. The trees are beautiful in their spring foliage; every leaf is new formed, and trembling with delight, seemed stirred by the breath of birds, fluttering from spray to spray. Viewed from the mountain, the scene appeared like a vast panorama, fresh from the pencil of the Divine artist.

ABOUT MARCHING.

An army with a superfluity of baggage, like our own, should be shifted several times from their winter quarters before making a general advance. The rebels always travel in light marching order, and in this respect have the advantage over our more heavily-accoutred soldiers. Great rolls of blankets, an enormous knapsack, filled with articles accumulated during a winter of idleness, must be reduced, or entirely lost. As a general thing, the new recruit clings to his baggage until he is worn out and completely exhausted. If the army could be moved about three times before the general advance, these dead weights would be given up by piecemeal, and many men saved.

P. P. V's.

About four miles from Germanny Ford lives an aged lady, named Mrs Daggett, a lone, lorn creature and a widow. She has an old-fashioned miniature of her own proper person, when the bloom was on her cheeks, hanging on the wall. She refers to it as often as Mynheer Speckunkrout was wont to do with his signboard, whereon was a representation of the German host, in water colors, red, white, and blue. Each morning when he arose, after looking complacently at the swinging prototype of himself, he would quote the words of his *frau:* "If one did not know as how it vash not Mynheer Speckunkrout, one vould actually think it vash."—Mrs. D. entertained the same thoughts about her picture on the wall, but she was a Virginian, and "down on niggers," and used different language. She was "ponter than that thar picter on the wall when a gal—she was." Her log mansion had one other inmate. Mrs. D. had a daughter. She was called Bella, and bellowed incessantly at the poor Yankees who passed her door. She was poetic and romantic. The cabin was without whitewash or chinking. Miss Bella called it "Our Lodge." The Yankees and niggers were alike in her eyes. But on her breast, next to her heart, she wears a white Maltese cross. The badge of the 2d Division, 5th Corps. It was taken from the cap of the soldier who was safeguard at their house. Although she despised the Universal Yankee Nation, a strong attachment for this single particle of Yankeedom is cordially avowed.

On our return from Mine Run I found Miss B. in a picturesque position. Enthroned upon a large miscellaneous heap of potatoes, onions, and cabbage, the entire yield of her garden that season she sat, with spread skirts, glittering eye, offended majesty; both hands wielded a large pole, ever and anon bringing it heavily upon the head of some hungry Yankee, who, more venturesome than his comrades, would endeavor to get a cabbage. The old lady ably seconded the younger one by scolding all the while in shrill, monotonous terms. Their united efforts were unavailing; the vegetables were all "gobbled."

I passed on, leaving them, as I thought, to starve. Curiosity led me to see if they had become extinct. They are still living in the old style. My ears caught the same sharp tones, telling the same stories of devastation and despair, in the same words.—This time I rode away satisfied such people could not be starved. They seem to feed on air, and the food being unwholesome, makes their words bitter. Seldom is a curse against the Yankees far from their lips.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Our troops crossed the river without opposition. Lee's army, swelled to prodigious numbers, stretched from Gordonsville to Parker's store, a distance of over forty miles. Two roads run parallel from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House. One is plank and the other turnpike. Grant, by a movement of his left flank, moved along these roads upon the enemy's right with the intention of slipping in between Richmond and the Army of Northern Virginia; a very dangerous movement for a large army to make with as large a force of the enemy in front. There is no doubt Lee left this avenue open and unguarded that we might cross and be drawn into a snare; then he could move on either flank at pleasure while we marched, or, cut our lines in two, and demolish the Army of the Potomac before it quitted the green mazes of that almost interminable wilderness. He was gravely mistaken. The army was manœuvred with greater rapidity and precision than he thought possible. Meade arranged everything so completely that the troops could face either way and fight upon both flanks. A division of cavalry, an advance of the 2d Corps, moved up the left side towards Chancellorsville, and bivouacked there for a brief season. The 5th Corps, with another division of cavalry in advance, marched toward Wilderness Tavern. Wadsworth's 4th division, formerly part of the 1st Corps, had the head of the column. The enemy was discovered near Higgerson's house, one mile west of the road leading from Wilderness Tavern to Parker's store. Ewell's corps, about thirty-four thousand strong, was at the same time moving rapidly, with heavy column down the turnpike. His intention was to cut our line in two fragments near Wilderness Tavern. Wadsworth quickened his pace, and made a fierce onset upon the rebel flank.

Our skirmishers were advanced too far in front of the battle line. This gave the enemy ample opportunity to lengthen and strengthen his front, which was quickly turned towards us. Crawford was on the right, Wadsworth held the centre, with Griffin on his left, while Robinson was held in reserve. The 119th Pennsylvania and 7th Reserve were thrown out as advance skirmishers.—Our men forced the enemy back upon his reserve, where his position was firm and immovable. They occupied the crest of a hill, the only bald spot visible upon the rugged surface of the country. In front was a deep ravine—a soft morass. Down into the depths of the ravine rushed the men, yelling with delight. Soon they were seen climbing up the steep sides of the gulch in the face of a murderous fire. They never paused to listen to the musical cadence of the countless balls as they cut the air about them with a whiz-z-z. Comrades dropped by scores, but all unheeded. It was out of the ravine and into the swamp—floundering, firing, splashing, spluttering, charging!

Only two-thirds of those who started through the swamp and ditch survived the charge. They were so broken, a respectable line was scarcely formed on the hard ground, in front of the rebel muskets, before it was broken by a heavy volley. Away rushed the same men, who, but a few moments before, were so brave. Then they seemed anxious to fall nobly fighting; now they run in the direction of those who would survive to fight some other day. The 7th Reserves and a portion of the 119th were cut off from their brigades, and fell into the hands of the enemy. We had but a single line of battle.—It was too weak for the three lines against which it fought. Two guns of Battery D, 1st New York, were captured.

Warren then moved his corps by the right flank down the road to Mr. Lacey's house, and halted. Sedgwick had now got his corps on the right, and Hancock having rested his men, marched out toward the Orange and Fredericksburg plank road. Getty's division of the 6th Corps and a portion of the 2d Corps had been desperately engaged with the rebel Hill, who was pushing them hard. Charges were made and received alternately. The men were exhausted by fury and heat, but still fought wickedly.

Baxter's brigade of Robinson's division, and Col. Stone's of Wadsworth's division, 5th Corps, entered the melee in good time. Over three quarters of a mile they pushed the rebels at the point of the bayonet, driving them from height and hollow, from stump and tree. Thus the rebels were driven in within less than two hundred yards of the plank road. About six o'clock Thursday evening our long lines blazed intermittently. But the right flank was dimly. Their volleys of musketry, whose language was unintelligible and death, would be heard, intimately blended with the wild war-yell of the rebels. This would be their charge. At times our men would rush out, with a long row of bayonets gleaming breast high, would leap forth on a charge, and the wild hurrah that followed the prolonged roll of the rifles spoke plainly of success. Thus, from right to left, from wing to centre, the tide of conflict, swayed, always strong, always fierce. Ground had been lost and gained, and bloody footprints stained the soil, and ghastly corpses looked with distended, unmeaning eyes upon the stars that glittered coldly upon the unconscious dead.—Thus have they ever done. They were not bloodshot after the Social War, which cost Rome 300,000 lives; why should they wince now?

After crossing the river, and attacking the enemy, whom we had fought bitterly all day, one might say of the contest as betters do about a prize ring, *it is anybody's fight.* Grant evidently intended to throw himself between Lee and the rebel capital, to compel the former to fight fairly, and then break and pulverize the boastful but brave Army of Northern Virginia. Wadsworth and Hays were killed, a host of lesser lights had been extinguished, the roads were crammed with wounded, the ground covered with dead and dying. Thus ended Thursday, the first day of the battle of the wilderness.

THE FIGHT ON FRIDAY.

Friday promised to be as warm as its predecessor, and it came near being more unlucky. Burnside had reached the front Thursday, and seemed to have extended the left of the 2d Corps by attacking on a portion of his command. The best possible disposition of these troops was made.

Long ere the sun began to suck up the unwholesome vapors of the Wilderness Hancock engaged the rebels. Barlow's brigade of the 1st Division, 2d Corps, formed the extreme left. The firing began on the right, and soon extended along the various divisions. Col. Frank, with one brigade of the 1st Division, was ordered to move on Hill's flank. About an hour after, this brigade had executed the order, and the rebels were driven two miles and a large number of prisoners captured. They were moving along very prosperously. But Longstreet coming in length ened Hill's lines, and thus flanked the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 2d Corps. At this time the 57th New York were sent to Frank's aid, and succeeded in some manner in reaching Hill's rear. This regiment lost their colonel (Chapman) the day before, and now their skirmish line was captured. Longstreet and Hill were too strong for Hancock. We had to relinquish the ground gained early in the morning, and fall back on our entrenchments. The 2d Division 2d Corps, behaved well; their charges were fearfully earnest, and the dead rebels in front of their line proved their prowess. Philadelphia should be proud of her brigade. Baxter, of the 72d, is wounded, and Lieut. Col. Kochersperger, who led the 71st in every charge, wounded. Burnside came up in time to give Hancock a breathing spell.

Failing to outflank us on the left, or gain the coveted height which was the centre and keystone of our line, the rebels began to mass on our right. Hill marched around, and in conjunction with the forces already there fell upon Sedgwick. It was fearful, frightful to behold. They charged six ranks deep, and actually tramped out soldiers under foot. Nothing but sullen, dogged brute courage saved the day at this point. Seymour's and Shaler's brigades were lost in the human vortex. It was not a fight, a battle, a contest, but a whirlwind—a tempest of fire, of smoke; a Babel of horrible sounds. Sedgwick rallied his men when the chargers had lost their impetuosity, and drove them back. Some strange mistake had been made. A large eminence on the right had been gained by Sedgwick in the morning. Its sides and summit had been baptised with fire and blood. It was by some means abandoned, and the rebels thus came in on us.

Our lines could boast of but one favorable piece of fighting ground—our centre—which Lee coveted, but dared not come for it.—Just in the rear were General Patrick's headquarters, provost marshal of the army. Almost 2,000 rebels were here under guard.—A mysterious *skedaddle* arose among the stragglers. A few rebels succeeded in the gloom of evening, in making their way almost to these prisoners, many of whom jumped on their feet and exclaimed "Here comes Old Lee's cavalry." In an instant there was excitement, and a running to and fro of countless throngs. One new recruit came panting up to me and told me to run, for the rebels were at hand. "They have captured nearly all of the 6th Corps," he added, "and I am all that is left of our division." I was unable to refrain from a quiet laugh, although the young soldier seemed sincere. But the rebels were at this minute withdrawing, and the day was ours.

About half past eight in the evening a rebel brigade charged a portion of Birney's lines. Our skirmishers and pickets had been called in, our trains were leaving, and the rebels must have thought we were retreating. Quietly they came up to our earthworks, and when within a respectable distance they charged with a prolonged yell. About a dozen yards from the breastworks, our men rise, to their feet—but one tremendous volley is fired—our men charge with a wild hurrah, and in a few minutes the charging party are no more. Again a solemn Sabbath stillness settled down along the lines; it was broken about 11 o'clock by a charge on Warren's lines. It was quickly repulsed.

The became uneasy. If he could not drive us across the river in two days, it could not be done at all. His whole strength was tasked in the battle of the Wilderness, and it had availed him nothing. He will now retreat Richmond, an army matching parallel with the rebels. At Spottsylvania Court House we met, and had a severe battle. Our cavalry, Torbett's division, had crossed the river under Gen. Hugh Jas. [illegible]

They dismounted, and drove them some distance upon their infantry supports, when it was obliged to fall back. Lieutenant Colonel Anderson led the 17th Pennsylvania into the fight, and won the praise of his superiors as well as the enemy. Colonel Torbett was wounded. The Maryland brigade followed the cavalry. On Monday, General Sedgwick was shot through the head while superintending the mounting of some artillery in an angle the men had prepared for their reception. The ball entered his eye, and caused instantaneous death. He was a good man, take him for all in all, and there never was a more chivalrous, valorous, kind-hearted officer.

Saturday we again moved by the flank.—The 5th Corps met Ewell near Spottsylvania Court House, and fought him and Longstreet over four hours. Bartlett's brigade of Griffin's division had the advance. The 18th Massachusetts and 83d Pennsylvania skirmished in front. On a small clearing near Nye run the rebels had their batteries. Company C, 3d Massachusetts Artillery, and Company D 3d U. S. Artillery, were stationed on the right fork of the road. During the entire day there was fighting—one division of the 9th Corps coming to Warren's relief before nightfall.

There is rest for the weary, at last. The fearful fight in that jungle—*The Wilderness*—rapid marching, and bad water, have surely tried every soul. It is coming the seventh day since we crossed the Rapidan. If we can get upon open ground, whereour artillery will be of service, ouradvance will be much easier.

A Great Cheese Mill.

Two men were seated at a table in Nashville, drinking ale and eating crackers and cheese. Their conversation at length turned upon large cheese.

"That was a very large cheese presented to Andrew Jackson," said one.

"Yes, it weighed nine hundred pounds and upwards," answered the other.

A young gentleman who was sitting reading a newspaper in the same room, inquired, "How much did you say, sir?"

"Nine hundred and upwards," answered the other.

"That is about half as large as some that my father makes in this country," was the young man's reply; his cheese generally average two thousand pounds."

"Two thousand pounds!" exclaimed the stranger, in perfect astonishment. "Why, how does he manage a dairy capable of making such an enormous cheese?" inquired both, simultaneously.

"Very easily," replied the young man; he has an extensive trough, leading down the side of a large hill on his place, and half way down there is an immense vat; the cows are milked in the trough, and the same runs into the reservoir, about middle on the side of the hill."

Leaving the stranger to digest this description, the young man coolly laid down the paper, and walked off. Presently the landlord stepped in.

"Do you know that young man that left the room a few moments since?" inquired one of the strangers.

"Yes, sir," said the landlord; "he is the son of a dairy owner in this county."

"What is his character for truth and veracity?" inquired one of the strangers.

"I never heard it doubted," replied the landlord.

"My reason for asking you," said the stranger, "is, that he has been telling us that his father manufactures cheese at his dairy, in this county, which average two thousand pounds."

"I don't know anything about the weight of his cheese," answered the landlord, "but I know that this old man runs at the bottom of the hill, on his place, two saw mills, which are driven the whole year round by the whey which runs from his cheese-press."

"Will you be so kind as to order our horses?" quietly remarked the traveler.

Can a Carpet Bag Eat.

It was but a short time since, while traveling upon the cars between Cincinnati and Columbus that the train stopped at a small village, not a hundred miles off.

The conductor cried out "Fifteen minutes for dinner!"

The passengers, of whom there happened to be a large number, rushed into the dining room and took their seats at the table, one of them depositing his carpet bag in a chair next to him. At the usual time the landlord passed around to make his collection, calling upon the passenger aforesaid for the payment for his dinner.

"How much?" says the owner of the carpet bag.

"Eighty cents," says landlord.

"Eighty cents for a dinner? That is extortionate!"

"No sir, it is not extortionate. Ain't that your carpet bag?"

"Well that carpet bag occupies a seat, and of course I must charge you for it."

"O, is that the case? Well, here's your money."

Turning to the carpet bag the passenger remarked:

"Well, Mr. Carpet bag, as you have'nt had much to eat, suppose we take something."

At the same time opening its mouth, and turning therein half a loin, a roast chicken, a plate of crackers and sundry other articles, amid the roars of laughter of the passengers.

An ingenious device for picking pockets has been invented by the rebel prisoners confined at Wheeling, Va. When a new prisoner arrives some of the old ones raise the cry, "Grab bag." This is understood to convey the knowledge of the arrival. When the new prisoner is [illegible]