

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

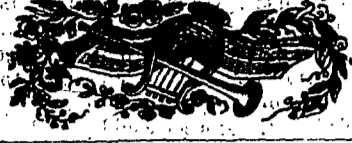
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POETICAL.



FINISH THY WORK.

Finish thy work, the time is short:
The sun is in the west;
The night is coming down—till then
Think not of rest.

Yes finish all the work, then rest;
Till then, rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow;
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath; and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace;
Life's battle done and won.
Hear from the throne t' a Master's voice,
"Well done! well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above;
Sing a new song of mighty joy
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up
In all thy path below,
Who made thee faithful unto death,
And crown thee now!"

WEAVER.

Oh, me! the sight is sad and dreary,
Mourning fills the misty rain;
Like a soul that is weak and weary,
Moaning in its lonely pain,
Sighs the cold wind throughout the forest
Answering to the mournful rain,
Telling tales of sad grief and unrest,
Such as fill the human brain.

Ah, me! my soul is sad and dreary,
Like the dark, the dismal night,
Of this cold earth I am weary,
Weary of its chill and blight;
Within my soul forebodings linger,
Darkness hath its pall o'ercast,
Oh! Time, with unrelenting finger,
E'er points to my lowly past.

In that lone past what scenes of sorrow
Shed their blackness o'er my way,
Until I sighed to to-morrow
Might from earth bear me away,
Ah, me! my life hath been full dreary,
But one scene of deepest gloom,
But there's rest for the weak and weary,
In the dark and yawning tomb.

MISCELLANY.

Nights in the Orient.

Beautiful nights are wonderful luxuries to remember; and there are few of our readers who will not read with enjoyment the following, from an English review:—"Night in Australia! How impossible to describe its beauty! Heaven seems, in that new world so much nearer to earth! Every star stands out so bright and particular, as if fresh from the time when the Maker willed it. And the moon, like a large silvery sun—the least objection to which is, it shines so distant and so still. "I have frequently," says Mr. Wilkinson, in his work on South Australia, "been on a journey in such a night, and while allowing my horse his own time to walk along the road, have soled myself by reading in the still soft moonlight." Now and then a sound breaks the silence, but a sound so much in harmony with the solitude, that it only deepens its charms. Hark! the low cry of the night bird from yonder glen, amid the small, gray, gleamy rocks. Hark! as the night deepens, the bark of the distant watch-dog, or the low, strange howl of his more savage species from which he defends the fold. Hark! the echo catches the sound and rings it sportively from hill to hill—farther and farther down, till again it is hushed, and the flowers hang noiselessly over your head, as you ride through a grove of giant gum-trees. Now the air is literally charged with odors, and the sense grows almost painful in its pleasure. You quicken your pace and again escape into the open plains and the full moonlight, enjoy the exquisite fineness of the atmosphere, and, through the slim tea-trees, catch a gleam of the river and hear the soothing sounds of its gentle murmur.

WHAT MORTALS ARE LIKE.—We are made in God's image, after his likeness. No doubt the image is defiled and ruined, yet there are traces of the great, pure, happy, original state. It is only because there is something in us, something in our spiritual nature, which resembles God, that we are able to form any conception of him and his character. But for this we can no more conceive of God's attributes than a blind man, who never saw, conceive of color. Of course we are fallen creatures, and our blarney and blotted qualities bear only the faintest and farthest likeness to that divine image in which we were made. Speaking as men speak, we may say that there are feelings which are unquestionably good in human nature; but we know that, tried by the standard of perfect purity, the very best has some alloy, some leek, some flaw. And it is in these that something of God's likeness lingers; it is from these distant hints and indications of what God is like, that the Saviour would have us learn what God is.

THE LOYAL QUAKER.

When David Blake took the charge of his sister's orphans, he inwardly vowed to be a true father to them as long as he lived. Perhaps I wrong the principles of the worthy Quaker—for David was a zealous member of that persuasion—in asserting that he made a vow, even to himself. But he certainly made a solemn affirmation to that effect, whether it took the form of an oath or not. And all who saw the tender care he bestowed upon James and Harry during the helpless years of childhood and orphanage could attest the sincerity of his noble-hearted protector. This was thought the more remarkable when it was known that he was not at liberty to bring up the boys after his own views, their dying mother having especially desired that they should not become Quakers. Uncle David was a bachelor. Neither he nor his printhead-keeper, Esther Lake, were used to the society of children. But the old hall was opened wide like the heart of its owner to receive them; and even, solemn Aunt Esther soon learned to greet the boys with a smile. James and Harry well repaid their uncle's kindness. They loved him warmly; and showed both their affection and gratitude by a devoted attention to his wishes. In his large manufactory they early made themselves useful, and when of suitable age began to fill situations of trust and responsibility. Harry Eaton was twenty years old, and his brother two years more than that when the fall of Fort Sumpter started the loyal North, and sent its young men from the shop and the plough to the camp and the battle-field.

"What shall I do, James?" said his younger brother. "I must go to my country's help; I cannot stay away. But Uncle goes not to be in war, and I suppose will think me a headstrong and headstrong boy for wishing to fight."
"Yes," replied James; "Uncle is a peace man, of course; all the Quakers are by profession. You will not get his leave to be a soldier; it is of no use to think of it; Harry

"But I must, brother—I can think of nothing else. All the blood in my veins is throbbing for Union and liberty; and my arms are straining for the musket to avenge this treachery and put down rebellion. Uncle David dare not keep me back from service in such a case."
"Ask him, and see," was the reply.

Harry did ask, though to face and to displease his uncle tried his courage more than to confront the foe in arms.
"What does thee want to fight for?" was the answer. "Thy fair cheek, so like thy mother's, is too tender and smooth for a sword cut or a bullet-hole. There's something beside poetry in thy, boy?"
Harry's cheek flushed and his eye glistened, but he stood his ground like a man. In a few words he spoke of his country's peril; of the call for its defence; of the deep and ready response which his heart made to that call; and implored his uncle to let him serve his country, and if need be to die for it.

"This is a brave boy, Harry, and I do not love thee less for this," said Uncle David, with a choking voice. "But was contrary to my faith, and I cannot send thee to fight. Neither, Harry, will I say thee nay. These must be tried to do as the inward voice bids thee. And, Harry, whatever thee seekest, ask Aunt Esther and Jamie for. I will see that they have a full purse. God bless thee, and keep thy young head from harm."

So Harry Eaton became a soldier. Six months passed, and the smooth cheek and the strong arm of the young patriot were laid low; and he was buried beside his mother. The blood which throbbled so warmly for Union and liberty had been spilled; in his first battle, but it had not flowed in vain. James Eaton was roused from his indifference, and felt that he had a double mission—to avenge Harry, and to defend the cause for which his young brother had laid down his life. Yet he knew that his uncle could ill spare him. The shop was full of workmen; and he (young as he was) had the oversight of them. How could he ask to be released? The struggle in his mind wore upon him; he grew thin and pale.

Uncle David watched him closely, though James never suspected his observation. At length he spoke. "I see how it is, Jamie; thee is pining for Harry's musket. Why does thee not go, even as he did?"
"I want to go, indeed, uncle; you have rightly guessed. But how can you get a long without me?"
"Well, Jamie, I've been thinking about it; and I do not feel free to keep thee from thy duty. Perhaps the rest of the boys would like to leave the shop, too. I don't hold to war, thee knows; and it would ill become me to turn recruiting officer. But if the Government must fight, surely it had better all the men it needs. And so, Jamie, if the shop-boys want to go, I'm not the man to say them nay. We will shut up the factory till the war is over; and then all of those who are spared to come back shall have their places again, if the Lord will. And, Jamie, here's my bank-book; I couldn't buy powder and shot, thee knows; that wouldn't do for a Quaker. But, surely, I'm willing to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, so thee may buy as many blankets and rations as thou pleasest."

James Eaton led a gallant and well-equipped company to the war. When he was badly wounded, Uncle David thought it right to go and tend to him; and now that he is again fit for service, he has refilled the emptied purse, and bid him God speed.

Some wag tells a story of an old gentleman whose eight or ten clerks bored him continually with confoundments. Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of a closed store, by a countryman, who asked: "Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?" "Go to blazes," cried he, "with your confoundments. I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks."

A Coin with a History.

At a recent monthly concert at Park street one of our city egyptians who has been a chaplain in the army in North Carolina, rose in one of the pews, and, in substance, that he had a silver coin of the nominal value of twenty-five cents, which he wished to give to Foreign Missions.

He proceeded to give the history of this piece of silver. More than forty years ago a young colored man was held as a slave in or near Newbern. He formed an attachment with a young female, as a slave, on the same plantation, and by permission of their master, they were allowed to live together as husband and wife.

Not many years elapsed before the young man was sold by his master to go to Virginia; leaving his wife still in her home in North Carolina. Before they parted, after mutual pledges and many tears, the husband presented her the silver quarter of a dollar, requesting her to keep it sacredly, and to pray for him as he would do for her; and expressing a hope that God, in some way, would bring them together again. Years rolled on, and the answer to their mutual prayers was long deferred. Their faith and confidence in God did not fail, nor did he "forget the prayer of the humble."

When the loyal Union-loving army marched into Virginia to quell the rebellion, this young man, now more than half a century old, was among the liberated contrabands. Free himself, his heart beat to look after and learn the fate of his long lost companion. And when the advance of our army opened Newbern and made it accessible, he made his way thither inquiring for her "whom his soul loved." And he found her too! Yes, found her faithful and true, after a lapse of forty years. What they said, as they poured out their hearts in gratitude to God, cannot be known till the final day.

The first step they took after becoming reunited, was to seek a clergyman, to administer to them the Christian rite of marriage. The chaplain before alluded to was invited to perform the service. After it was over the venerable pair, now wedded "according to the laws of God and of the commonwealth," sought to present an offering to the Lord, of the first fruits. They brought out the identical coin presented by the bridegroom to his wife, full thirty years before, and which she had kept during all that long period, tied up in the corner of her handkerchief. It had been to her a talisman, and had been prayed over and wept over uncounted times in those long tedious years; and now she wishes it to go into the Lord's Treasury.

After the service was over, several lingered to look at such a piece of money. It is an American coin of 1818, is perforated with a small hole, and has a scratch in the form of an X on the face, but it is true silver and no copperhead.

One man sent up his little boy to say he would give a dollar for it. Another said he would give ten dollars to possess it; another twelve, and another twenty. It is not yet parted with; and if any one wishes to see it, or to "redeem it with money," I doubt not the worthy Treasurer of the A. B. C. F. M., in Pemberton Square, would put him in a way to gratify the largest desires of his heart.

The Soldier Bishop.

The reported death in battle of Bishop General Polk has been fully confirmed. The Bishop, who had received a military education at West Point, united cordially with the rebellion from the first, and was ready to exchange the mitre for the helmet. Having committed the first great sin of rebellion against the Government which had educated him, he was prepared to imbue his hands in the blood of his fellow-citizens, who had, in obedience to the ordinance of God, remained loyal to the Government which he had sworn to uphold, and was now endeavoring to overthrow. Thus ingratitude, perjury, wicked rebellion and causeless murder were plainly chargeable against him, and not to be rebutted by any plausible sophistry. We do not pretend to say that no circumstances could occur which would justify a minister of the gospel in taking up arms; but we feel very sure that no such justification could be urged in the case of Bishop Polk. Honor, truth, humanity, and righteousness should have led him in an opposite direction. He resolved to take the sword, and he has perished by the sword. What right-minded minister of Christ could say, "Oh that my soul were in thy soul's stead!" Surely it was an unhappy finish to his course to have forsaken his sacred office; and thus to die in upholding iniquity. As far as this world is concerned, posterity will not applaud his heroism or honor his grave.

SINGULAR PRESENTMENT OF DEATH.—The Wilkesbarre Record says: "Mrs Scherer, wife of our townsman, Christian Scherer, died last Thursday, after a short illness. Some years ago, Mrs. Scherer dreamed that she should die, in ten years, and with cholera. As time passed she carried the memory of this singular dream with her, and as her father had a similar warning, which was verified, she had faith in its consummation. Week before last she told her husband that the time was approaching, and she desired him to go with her to the cemetery to select a lot. He evaded the matter for a time, hoping to divert her mind from the melancholy subject, but she could not forget it. On Friday, they appointed to go, but were prevented, and on Saturday again something interfered. On Tuesday Mrs. Scherer was taken sick, and on Thursday she departed."

A GOOD HINT.—Send your little child to bed happy; whatever cares press give it a warm good night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the history, years which fare may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds.

KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT, MOTHER.

How dear to each heart are childhood's gay hours,
Their bright sunny skies and ever-green bowers,
Ere the dark veil was drawn that hid from our view
Futurity's picture, so varied and true;
When the sun had gone down, being fired of play,
We watched the dim shadows of twilight so gray;
Our hearts full of love, each said with delight:
"Kiss me good-night, mother—kiss me good-night!
Kiss me good-night, mother—kiss me good-night!"
How often these words, 'mid the danger of strife,
From the day dawn of love till the sunset of life,
So plaintive and mild, as if dropped from above,
Fell on the heart like an echo of love!
Ah! mother, alas! in vain do I mourn,
Those halcyon days of peace to return;
To be but a child again, happy and bright—
"Kiss me good-night, mother—kiss me good-night!
Kiss me good-night, mother—kiss me good-night!"

A Heavy Wager.

The San Francisco Alta California gives the following account of a strangely constituted wager. About ten months since, two gentlemen of that city agreed to the following conditions:

If the Federal forces did not capture Richmond within thirty days from that date, he was to give his opponent a single sound apple; if Richmond held out sixty days he was to give him two apples, and so on doubling the number for each month until Richmond was taken—to the end of time if that event did not occur before. Nine months have passed since the first apple was handed over, and the list of apples delivered at the end of the successive months is as follows: 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256—total 511.—Thus far, it is all a good joke, and the loser has paid forfeits regularly, with a good grace, but yesterday it ruined a \$10 piece to meet the demand, (apples are 15 to 20 cents per pound, and it took a fifty pound box.)—Should Richmond be taken within the present month, he would get back all the apples he has lost and one more, which as the price will then be at the very highest notch, would make him more than even; but should it hold out a year longer, and he continue to pay his losses, his last payment would cost him \$40,000, and he would be out \$980, 340; and should the war last from this date as much longer as it has already lasted since its commencement, no nation on earth could begin to meet the terms of the wager, even allowing it to be reduced to a cash basis, and the payments to be made in greenbacks.

GREATNESS IN LITTENESS.—Now, reader, prepare for a large story; but be assured that it is true, and that my hands have handled my own eyes seen the things of which I tell you. At the age of 71, Dr. Scott of Buffalo, N. Y., wrote upon an enameled card with a scribe, on a space exactly equal to that of one side of a three-cent piece, the Parable of the Ten Virgins; the creed of the rich man and Lazarus, the Beatitudes, the fifteenth Psalm, the one hundred and twentieth Psalm, the one hundred and thirty third Psalm, and the figures "1860." Every word, every letter, and every point, of all these passages was written exquisitely on this minute space; and that old man not only saw every mark he made, but had the delicacy of muscular action, and steadiness of nerve, to form the letters so beautifully that they abide the test of the highest magnifying power. They were of course, written by microscopic aid.—Timothy Titcomb.

MONEY.—Men work for it, fight for it, beg for it, steal for it, starve for it, lie for it, and die for it. And all the while, from the cradle to the grave, Nature and God are thundering in our ears, the solemn question—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This madness for money is the strongest and the lowest of the passions; it is the insatiate Moloch of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in human affections; and even traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal world.

AN EXCELLENT HINT.—"In a mixed conversation," says the pious John Newton, "it is a good rule to say nothing, without a just cause, to the disadvantage of others." The same writer says: "I was once in company with very severe things were spoken of Mr. W., when one person, seasonably observed, that though the Lord was pleased to effect conversion and edification by a variety of means, he had never known any one convicted of error by what was said of him behind his back. This was about thirteen years ago, and it has been on my mind as a useful hint ever since."

The instant the head is laid on the pillow is that in which conscience delivers its decrees. If it has conceived any evil design, it is surrounded by thorns. The softest down is hard under the restless head of the wicked. In order to be happy, one must be on good terms with one's pillow; for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard; yet it is never so delicious, so tranquil, as after a day in which one has performed some good act, or when one is conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

Wealth and rank and beauty may form a brilliant setting to the diamond, but they only expose more nakedly the false glare of pseudo.

The hearts of young girls, like new wooden vessels, at first let everything drop through; until, in time, the vessels swell and thus retain their contents.

An Indian Adventure.

Just before the conclusion of the war of 1812, as one Murphy was at labor in clearing a piece of wood land, he saw a tall Indian approaching him from the woods with a rifle on his shoulder. As he came nearer a belt might be seen around his waist in which was a tomahawk and a scalping knife, that was partially concealed by a large blanket thrown over his shoulder.

"Which way are you traveling?" asked Murphy.
"Don't know," said the Indian.
"Where do you live?" inquired Murphy.
"There," returned the Indian (pointing toward Canada) "and where do you live?"
"Down here."
"Do you know old Murphy?" was the next question.
"Well—well—yes!" was the response.
"Where does he live?"
"Away off—yonder," (pointing in a wrong direction) "but what do you want of him?"
"Oh nothing," said the Indian apparently embarrassed.
"Murphy was a wicked old devil."
"Yes," said the Indian, "he kill my brother—he kill Indian—he scalp Indian." They say he witch, he shoot without loadin'—Indian no hit him—he kill good many Indians—but he not kill me—I kill him."
Murphy's blood began to boil, but he concealed his excitement as much as possible, and remarked:
"You've a very good rifle there."
"Yes."
"Did you ever shoot at a mark?"
"Oh, yes—do you shoot at a mark?"
"Well, suppose we try," said Murphy.
The Indian ran off some distance, and putting up a mark against a stump, returned.
"You shoot first," said the Indian.
"No," said Murphy, "you shoot first."
The Indian then shot, and to the astonishment of Murphy pierced the centre of the mark.
The rifle was then reloaded, and on Murphy's receiving it he bounded back exclaiming: "I am Murphy!" The savage gave a yell that reverberated through the hills, and drawing his hunting knife, sprang towards Murphy; but ere he reached him a ball from the rifle entered his breast.

A Mustard Poultice.

The following story, which we do not remember to have seen in print, is now circulating. At a famous watering place a gentleman was severely afflicted with a pain in the stomach, which neither gin nor other cordials could remove. It was night and he was in bed. His loving wife unwilling to wake the domestics, descended to the kitchen, and prepared a mustard poultice, which she spread on her own handkerchief, and proceeded with it to her distracted lord. Before leaving him she left a light dimly burning in his apartment; but deeply impressed with anxiety, she was not as careful as she might have been in noting the number of her room.—Guided by a light she saw shining in a chamber, and which she supposed was the one she had left, she entered and gently raised the bed-clothes, &c. laid the warm poultice upon a stomach, but not the stomach of her lord. "Hallo, there! What the—are you about?" shouted a voice of thunder, and the body and sleeves, whence it issued, sprang out of bed. The lady screamed and ran; her husband rushed to the rescue from the next room; the waters joined, and a small scene ensued, much to the amusement of all concerned. The poulticed gentleman had indiscreetly left a light in his room, and this had lit the lady from her path. Her husband was so amused and excited by the mistake that he quite forgot his pains, but with his wife and trunk left for parts unknown. The poulticed man still retains the handkerchief—a beautiful cambric,—with the ladies name on it, which he considers of rare value.

Josh Billings' Prayer.

From to many friends, and from things at lucc ends, Good Lord Deliver us.

From a wife who don't luv us, and from children who don't look like us, Good Lord deliver us.

From snail in the grass, from snail in our boots, from torch-lite processions, and from all no rum, Good Lord deliver us.

From pack pedlars, from young folks in law, from old folks without money, and from cholera morbus, Good Lord deliver us.

From wealth without charity, from pride without sense, from peddlers worn out, and from all rich relations, Good Lord deliver us.

From seapiper-teels, and from pills that ain't fistic, from femals who faine, and from men who flatter, Good Lord deliver us.

From virtue without fragrance, from butter that melts, from bigger kamp-meefins, and from cats that are kartin, Good Lord deliver us.

From poor folks secrets, and from our own, from mormons, and negrums, and wimmin committees, Good Lord deliver us.

From pollyneicians who pra, and from saints who tippe, from ri coffee, red herrings, and all grass widders, Good Lord deliver us.

From folks who won't laff, and from them who giggle, from lute boots, easy virtue, and ram mutton, Good Lord deliver us.

GENERAL LEE'S PROPERTY.

The following are some of the articles belonging to the personal estate of General Lee, which have been condemned by the United States District Court, and are advertised to be sold in Alexandria, on the 19th instant, by the United States Marshal, viz: "Eleven sofa-bottom chairs, four red plush seat chairs, one Brussels carpet, three red plush seat sofas, seven large paintings, one extension table, one large painting of Washington, two paintings of Washington's generals on battle-field, four book cases, cane-bottom chairs, bedsteads, wardrobes, mattresses, stands, centre tables, bureaus, side boards, hair, shuck, and straw mattresses, candlesticks, fancy glass cases, oil painting, engravings, and almost every variety of ornaments, gilt frames, secretaries, three large boxes of books, stoves, carpets, &c., &c."

The most of these articles are of the most elegant description—some of them very rare and valuable.—Virginia State Journal.

A sturdy sergeant of one of the Massachusetts regiments being obliged to submit to the amputation of his hand, the surgeon offered to administer chloroform as usual; but the veteran refused, saying—"If the cutting was to be done he wanted to see it, and lying his arm on the table, submitted to the operation without a sign of pain, except the firmer setting of his teeth as the saw struck the marrow. The operator, as he finished, looked at his victim with admiration, and remarked:

"You ought to have been a surgeon, my man."
"I was the next thing to one afore I enlisted," said the hero.
"What was that?" asked the doctor.
"A butcher," responded the sergeant, with a grim smile, which, despite the surroundings, communicated itself to the bystanders.

A BIRTH-MARK.—A California paper, published in Amador county, gives a very curious physiological fact. In the southern portion of the county lives a man who has been in the habit of abusing his family. A few days since he seized a hammer, and threatened to kill his wife. That night she gave birth to a still-born child, and across its forehead was the print of a hammer's head. It created considerable excitement in the neighborhood, and if a justice had been there the monster would have been arrested.

A distinguished New York surgeon whose love of art was such that he would at any time sooner amputate a leg than eat his dinner, had performed a very difficult and dangerous operation at Bellevue, and was expatiating to some friends on the exquisite beauty of the job. It was the most successful, he said, that he had ever performed. "Then the patient is recovering?" said a bystander. "Recovering! God bless you man!" said the doctor, "no patient was ever known to survive that operation. The patient is as dead as Julius Caesar, but the operation was beautiful—lovely!"

FLEAT FROM THE STARS.—It is a startling fact that if the earth were dependent alone upon the sun for heat; it would not get hot enough to keep existence in animal and vegetable life upon its surface. It results from the researches of Pouillet, that the stars furnish heat enough in the course of the year to melt a crust of ice seventy-five feet thick—almost as much as is supplied by the sun. "This may appear strange when we consider how immeasurably small must be the amount of heat from any one of those distant bodies. But the surprise vanishes when we remember that the whole firmament is so thickly sown with stars, that in some places thousands are crowded together within a space no greater than that occupied by the full moon. The eye cannot see more than a thousand at the same time, in the clearest heaven, yet the number is probably infinite.—From the first to the sixth magnitude, inclusive, the total number of visible stars is 3, 128.—Dr. Lardner.

TRUTH.—Says a Swiss proverb, "It takes a good many shovelfuls of earth to bury the truth. For bury it deep as men may, it will have a resurrection notwithstanding. They may roll a great stone, and seal the sepulchre, on which it is laid, and set a watch upon it; yet still, like its Lord, it comes forth again at its appointed hour. It cannot die, being of an immortal race; for as the Spanish proverb nobly declares, 'The truth is the daughter of God.'—Trench.

"Will you give me them ponies 'now'?" said a big new-boy to a little one, after giving him a severeumping.

"No, I won't."
"Then I'll give you anotherounding."
"Pound away. Me and Dr. Franklin agrees. Dr. Franklin says, take care of the ponies, and the pounds will take care of themselves.

Daniel Werley, of Weisenburg township, Leigh county, was drafted last August, and was discharged by paying commutation money. He was again drafted on the first of June, when it was decided by Major Haddock, Provost Marshal of this district, that he was again liable to service. Application being made to Washington, however, Provost Marshal General Fry has decided that the payment of "commutation" exempts him for three years; and the last payment must be refunded.

In the year 1830, there were only seventy souls all told in what was then known as Chicago. In 1836 Chicago was incorporated into a city, and then its onward and extraordinary progress commenced. In 1840 the population had increased to 4,853. It now numbers not far from 170,000.

A popular writer says that men, like children, "are pleased with a rattle."—Not much, if it is on the tail of a snake.