

VILLAGE RECORD.

By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



THE SONG OF AUTUMN.

I have painted the woods, I have kindled the sky,
I have brightened the hills with a glance of mine eye,
I have scattered the fruits, I have gathered the corn,
And now from the earth must her venture be torn.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away!

No more from the depth of the grove may be heard
The joy-burdened song of its fluttering bird;
I have passed o'er the branches that shelter him there,
And their quivering drapery is shaken to air.
Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away!

Plead not the days are yet sunny and long,
That your hues are still brightening, your fibres still strong;
To vigor and beauty, relentless am I—
There is nothing too young or too lowly to die,
Ye lingering flowers ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away!

And I call on the winds that repose in the north,
To send their wild voices in unison forth;
Let the harp of the tempest be dolefully strong—
There's a wail to be made, there's a dirge to be sung;
For the lingering flowers, the leaves of the spray,
They are doomed—they are dying, away!

BRIBBET NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breath not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unheeded his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls 'tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

MISCELLANY.

MOSES AND THE COLORED MAN.

Governor Andrew Johnson's speech to the colored people of Nashville on the 24th ultimo is fully reported by a correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, who says:

The part of the Governor's speech in which he described and denounced the aristocracy of Nashville I cannot hope to render properly; but there was one point which I must not overlook. He spoke as follows:

"The representatives of this corrupt (and if you will permit me almost to swear a little) this damnable aristocracy, taunt us with our desire to see justice done, and charge us with favoring negro equality. Of all living men they should be the last to mouth that phrase; and, even when uttered in their hearing, it should cause their cheeks to tingle and burn with shame. Negro equality, indeed! Why, pass, any day, along the sidewalks of High street, where these aristocrats, whose sons are now in the bands of guerillas and out-throws who prowl, and rob, and murder around our city—pass by their dwellings, I say, and you will see as many mulatto as negro children, the former bearing an unmistakable resemblance to their aristocratic owners!

"Colored men of Tennessee! This, too, shall cease. Your wives and daughters shall no longer be dragged into a concubinage, compared to which polygamy is a virtue, to satisfy the brutal lusts of slaveholders and overseers! Henceforth the sanctity of God's holy law of marriage shall be respected in your persons, and the great State of Tennessee shall no more give her sanction to your degradation and your shame!"

"Thank God! thank!" came from the lips of a thousand women, who in their own persons had experienced the hellish iniquity of the man's slave code. "Thank God!" fervently echoed the fathers, husbands, and brothers of these women.

"And if the law protects you in the possessions of your wives and children, if the law shields those whom you hold dear from the unlawful grasp of lust, will you endeavor to be true to yourselves, and shut, as it were, death itself, the path of lewdness, crime and vice?"

"We will! we will!" cried the assembled thousands; and joining in a sublime and tearful enthusiasm, another mighty shout went up to heaven.

"Looking at this vast crowd of colored people," continued the governor, "and reflecting through what a storm of persecution and obloquy they are compelled to pass, I am almost induced to wish that, as in the days of old, a Moses might arise, who should lead them safely to their promised land of freedom and happiness."

"You are our Moses," shouted several voices, and the exclamation was caught up and cheered until the capital rung again.

"God," continued the speaker, "no doubt has prepared somewhere an instrument for the great work he designed to perform in behalf of this outraged people; and in due time your leader will come forth; your Moses will be revealed to you."

"We want no Moses but you!" again shouted the crowd.

"Well, then," replied the speaker, "humble and unworthy as I am, if no other better shall be found, I will indeed be your Moses and lead you through the Red Sea of war and bondage to a fairer future of liberty and peace. I speak now as one who feels the love of his country, and all who love equal rights his friends. I speak, too, as a citizen

of Tennessee. I am here on my own soil and here I mean to stay and fight this great battle of truth and justice to a triumphant end. Rebellion and slavery shall, by God's good help no longer pollute our State."

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which followed these words. Joy beamed in every countenance. Tears and laughter followed each other in quick succession. The great throng moved and swayed back and forth in the intensity of emotion; and about after about rent the air.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

"Father will be done with the great chimney to-night, won't he mother?" said Little Tommy Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast which he took to him at his work every morning.

"He said he hoped that all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered his mother, "and that will be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys, it is so risky for father to be the last up."

"Oh, then, but I will go and see him, and help them give him a shout before he comes down," said Tom.

"Oh, then," continued the mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a little frolic to-morrow, and go into the country and take our dinner, and spend all the day long in the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him, as he went merrily whistling down the street, and she thought of the dear father he was going to and the dangerous work he was engaged in; and then the heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God that He would protect and bless her treasures.

Tom with a light heart pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his basket went to his own work, which was at some distance; in the evening on his way home he went around to see how his father was getting along.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which, in our manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of all other architectural beauty. The chimney was of the highest and most tapering kind that was erected, and as Tom shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, and looked up in search of his father, his heart sank within him at the appalling sight. The scaffold was almost down, those at the bottom were removing the beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top.

He then looked around to see that everything was right and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a loud cheer, little Tom shouting as loud as any of them. As their voices died away, however they heard a different sound, a cry of horror and alarm from above.

The men looked around, and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which, before the scaffold was removed, should have been fastened to the chimney, for Tom's father had been taken down by not remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough to reach the top of the chimney or even if possible, it would hardly be safe. They stood in silent dismay unable to give him any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked around and around the little circle, the dizzy height seeming more and more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, his senses failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day passed as industriously as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband or children in some way or other, and to-day she had been harder at work than usual getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished her arrangements and her thoughts were silently thanking God for the happy home and for all those blessings when Tom ran in. His face was white as ashes, and he could hardly get the words out: mother, mother! he can't—he cannot get down!

"Who, lad—thy father?" asked the mother.

"They have forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. The mother started up, horror struck and stood for a moment paralyzed, then pressing her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work a crowd had gathered around the foot of the chimney, and stood quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

"He says he'll throw himself down."

"He means do that lad," cried the wife with a clear hopeful voice; he means do that—wait a bit. Take off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Do you hear me, Jem?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak, and taking off the worsted yarn row by row.

The people stood around in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother was thinking of, and why she sent Tom in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," she cried. The little thread came waving down the high chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind; till it reached the dot streched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of twine, while his mother anxiously tied one end of it to the thread.

"Now pull it slowly," she cried to her husband as she gradually unwound the string until it reached him. "Now hold the string

fast and pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened a thick rope to it. They watched it gradually uncoiling from the ground, till there was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer and tremblingly rejoiced. The iron to which it should be fastened was all right—but would her husband be able to make use of it? Would not the horrors of the past prevent him from taking any of the necessary means for safety? She did not know the magical influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength with which the sound of her voice so calm and steadfast had filled him—as if the thread that carried to him the thread of life once more had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her pure heart.

She did not know that as she waited there, the words came over him, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God." She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength, but could do nothing for her husband, and her heart turned to God and rested on a rock.

There was a great shout. "He's safe mother, he's safe," cried Tom. "Thou hast saved me Mary," said her husband, folding her to his arms.

"But what ails thee? Thou seemest more sorry than glad about." But Mary could not speak, and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up she would have fallen the ground—the sudden joy after such fear had overcome her. "Tom let thy mother lean on thy shoulder," said his father, "and we'll take her home." And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness, and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and for the nearness of the danger that had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day it was not indeed a thanksgiving day?

A Great April Fool.

The greatest April fool on record was Napoleon Bonaparte. In 1810 he was in the zenith of his power and glory aided by the peculiar circumstances of the times—his own military genius, and the good sense and tact of his devoted wife Josephine; he had risen from humble life to be Emperor of France, surrounded with more power and splendor than any other potentate of Europe or the whole world. But with this he could not be content. He began to look about him and inquire to whom should he leave all his power. He had made Kings of all his brothers except one, but he had no children, and was not likely to have by Josephine. It was well known that she was a widow when he married her, and had two children, a son and daughter by her first husband. The daughter had married Napoleon's brother Louis. But there came no children to him to heir his throne. What was to be done? Why just get divorced from his faithful wife Josephine, and marry some of the young princesses. This was done, and an alliance made with the Emperor of Austria, and the hand of his daughter, Marie Louise, demanded in marriage. This was granted, and on the first day of April, (All Fool's day) 1810 they were married. In process of time a son was born to him, poor man, and he thought his throne established forever by legitimate succession, and not only that, the chances also were that in addition to the throne of France, the lucky boy might possibly inherit the sceptre of the house of Hapsburg and be ruler over both France and Austria.

This was a glorious dream, and the sequel proves that it was but a dream. A half century has passed by since that marriage, and many who remember the excitement and speculation to which it gave rise at the time can now look over the whole and note the results. Napoleon lost his throne, and died an exile on the lonely isle of St. Helena. Marie Louise, his favored young Empress, was also dethroned, and afterwards married a count of no celebrity. The young Napoleon III grew up to manhood and then died, possessing no power at the time. But who sits on the throne of France—a Bonaparte to be sure, but a descendant of Josephine—a child of her daughter, who married Napoleon's brother. Thus the very woman whom Napoleon cruelly thrust from him, now has her posterity on the throne from which she was rudely driven—while there is no child nor family of her husband in the land of the living. Isn't there retributive justice in this?

MARRIED.—Look at the great mass of marriages which take place over the whole world, what poor contemptible affairs they are! A few soft looks, a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a popping of the question, a purchasing of a certain number of yards of white satin, a ring, a clergyman, a ride or two in a hired carriage, a night in a country inn, and the whole matter is over. For six weeks two sheepish looking persons are seen dangling or each other's arm, looking at water falls, or making calls, and guzzling wine and cakes; then everything falls into the most monotonous routine, the wife sits on one side of the hearth, the husband at the other, and little quarrels, little pleasures little cares and little children, gradually gather around. This is what ninety-nine out of a hundred find to be the delights of love and matrimony.

If you wish to be a favorite with the girls, generally, attend to their wants, that is, give them rides, candy and raisins, talk and laugh about love affairs, and keep on the off side, that is, don't commit yourself to any one in particular, and you will be lionized to your heart's content till you become an old bachelor. The more fippant and nonsensical a young man is in the company of the girls, the better will he succeed. They prefer fools to wise men.

THE LAND OF WASHINGTON.

I glory in the eagles,
Who, in the days of yore,
In combat met the fowls,
—And drove them from our shore,
Who flung our banner's starry field
In triumph to the breeze,
And spread broad maps of cities where
Once waved the forest trees.
Hurrah!

I glory in the spirit
Which goaded them to rise
And found a mighty nation.
Beneath the western skies.
No clime so bright and beautiful
As that where sets the sun;
No land so fertile, fair and free,
As that of Washington.
Hurrah!

Geo. F. Morris.

Where They Rest.

Once more I am among the graves. There is a sad satisfaction—in being here. Here, while I muse, my soul rises to a welcome consciousness of the purity and loveliness of affection which may be found in this dark world. There is weal and sin, but there is also love, worthy of Heaven and the undying. Death sanctifies affection, and teaches what depths there are in the human soul, and how God-like are its ties—too weighty for death to sever. Notice this grave. The sod has been carefully displaced, and it is covered with blossoming plants. Here, imparting their fragrance to my breath, are its snowy blossoms of the white rose. Here are also violets, beautiful pinks, and a "monthly rose," throwing out its crimson bloom. But you could not fail to notice, before any or all of them, the large bouquet, the flowers of which are yet unwithered. How the stricken heart yearns over its lost one! I do not ask you to pardon the gush of my tears. He who cannot pity and weep may pass on to mingle with the heartless world, and humble his immortal being to be satisfied with its common and selfish schemes.

Musing here, in one view, how dark life seems. There is a pain that not frequently almost ceases the life to die out. But the spirit of these words seems breathed upon me now, and whenever my pen moves in the tracery of thought,

"Darkness in the pathway of man's life,
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great sun of wisdom cast thereon,
And what is dark below is bright above."

It is well to speak and write of shadows cast upon the life below, and of eternal brightness given to the life above, and of faith and hope struggling amid the mysteries of the present toward the realization of a better state. There are some lessons which most hearts learn sooner or later; life is serious and earnest; it would be sad and dark but for the hopes reaching up to the light and blessedness of Heaven. Oh! that all would forsake the vanities of earth, bid adieu to the false hopes of the human heart, and rise to know the substantial joys of aspiring to the Eternal Abode.

CHRIST'S dead are not dead. Many may point to their resting places in this City of the Silent, but the invisible world is brightened by their spiritual presence,—they are with God and His angels, awaiting in bliss the power of that resurrection which shall touch and crown with immortality the smoldering forms of the just.

I have been musing in the twilight till I realize the power of reflection to free from fetters which the world casts about the soul to itself. Every Christian should have such seasons. They lead to a higher faith. From them we may go with calmness to do and patience to bear. There is no more appropriate place or hour.

"When the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer twilight weeps itself away,
Who has not felt the softness of the hour
Steal o'er the heart like dew along the flowers?"

The soul, musing by the grave of "buried love" at the twilight hour, may reach glorious spiritual conceptions, akin to companionship with God and the saved! This is an hour beyond the power of pen or pencil—an hour to teach how weak human speech may be for the purposes of the soul. The long, bright summer day is bidding adieu to earth in the gloriousness of twilight. All must soon bid adieu to the earth, and the grave become the place of long repose. It would seem sweet to me to breathe out my life to God, here, now—to have earth take me as a weary child to her arms. Tried heart, be patient—in a little while—the longest life is short. By-and-by the angels will softly, sweetly whisper, "Eliath!"—a holy calm of gladness will come over thy soul, and thou wilt answer thy name in Heaven.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

"Oh! Angelina," said a young horticulturist to his love one evening. "If you could only see my Isabella.—How each day she develops new beauties—so beautiful!—swinging over me so tenderly—no honey so sweet to the taste."

Angelina suddenly fell to the floor like a flat iron.

"Villain!" she cried, "you love another!" and swooned away.

"Oh! I have killed her!" exclaimed the young horticulturist, jumping up and wringing his hands. "Oh, Angelina—don't—don't! You mustn't for the world, Angelina—I didn't mean it—I only meant the grape vine."

Angelina recovered.

A friend tells a story of a witness who made a very nice distinction in the shades of lying. Being questioned by a lawyer as to the general reputation of another witness for truth, the witness was asked whether the individual was not a notorious liar. "Why," said he, rolling an immense quid of tobacco in his mouth, "not exactly so; but he is what I call an intermittent liar."

The Uarer Caught.

An eminent artist at Lyons, while passing through the Rue des Ternes, approached a number of persons who were gathered together witnessing the sale of the furniture of a poor workman. A woman was seated on the pavement with a child in her arms. The painter spoke to her, and was told that the furniture which was being sold belonged to her; that her husband had lately died, leaving her with the child she had in her arms; that she had struggled hard to maintain herself by working day and night, and submitting to every privation, but that her landlord had at length seized her furniture for some months' rent which was due him. The artist was much affected by this simple recital, and inquired who was her landlord. "There he is," replied the poor woman, pointing to a man who was watching the progress of the sale; and he was recognized by the painter as a person who was suspected of having amassed a considerable fortune by usury, so that to make an appeal to his feelings on behalf of the poor widow would be useless. The artist was considering within himself what other plan he could adopt to benefit her, when the crier announced a picture for sale. It was a miserable dach, which in the summer the poor woman had used to hide the hole in the wall through which the pipe of the stove passed during the winter. It was put up at one franc. The artist at once conceived a plan for taking revenge on the landlord. He went over, examined the picture with great attention, and then called out, with a loud voice, "One hundred francs!" the landlord was astounded at the bid, but conceiving that a picture for which so eminent an artist could offer that sum, was worth more than double, boldly offered two hundred! "Five hundred!" said the painter, and the contest between the two bidders became so animated, that the prize was at length knocked down to the landlord at 2,200 francs! The purchaser, then addressing the painter, said, "In seeing an artist of your merit bid so eagerly for the picture, I supposed that it must be valuable. Now tell me, at what do you estimate its value?" "About three francs and a half," said the painter, "but I would not give that for it."

"You are truly jesting," said the landlord, "for you bid as high as 2,200 francs!" "That is true," replied the artist, "and I will tell you why I did so. You, who are in possession of an income of 25,000 francs a year, have seized upon the furniture of a poor woman for a debt of 200 francs. I wished to give you a lesson, and you fell into my trap. Instead of the poor woman being your debtor, she is now your creditor, and I flatter myself you will not compel her to seize on your furniture for her debt." The artist then politely saluted the astonished landlord, and having announced her good fortune to the poor woman, walked away.

The Mason's Grave.

In all ages the bodies of the Masonic dead have been laid in graves dug due East and West, with their faces toward the East.—This practice has been borrowed from them, and adopted by others, until it has become nearly universal. It implies that when the GREAT DAY shall come, and He who is Death's conqueror shall give the signal, his ineffable light shall be first seen in the East; that from the East he will make his glorious approach; will stand at the eastern margin of these graves, and with His mighty power—that grasp irresistibly strong which shall prevail—will raise the bodies which are slumbering therein. We shall have been long buried, long decayed. Friends, relatives, ye our nearest and dearest, will cease to remember where they have laid us. The broad earth will have undergone wondrous changes,—mountains levelled, valleys filled. The seasons will have chased each other in many a fruitful round. Oceans, lashed into fury by the gales of to-day, will tomorrow have sunk like a spoiled child to their slumber. Broad trees, with boarded roots, will have interlocked them, hard and knobbed as they are, above our ashes, as if to conceal the very fact of our having lived; and then after centuries of life, they too will have followed our example of mortality, and long struggling with decay, at last will have tumbled down to join their remains with ours, thus obliterating the last poor testimony that man has ever left here. So shall we be lost to human sight. But the EYE of GOD, nevertheless, will mark the spot, green with the everlasting verdure of faith, and when the trumpets' blast shall shake the hills to their very bases, our astonished bodies will rise, impelled upward by an irresistible impulse, and we shall stand face to face with our Redeemer.

THE DOOM OF COPPERHEADS.—"Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for bitter; which justify the wicked for reward and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him. Therefore as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as the dust because they have cast away the law of the Lord of Hosts, and despised the Word of the Holy One of Israel."—*Isaiah v.*

A friend, says an exchange, returning from a depot a few mornings since, with a bottle of freshly imported Maine Law, saw a young lady whom he must inevitably join. So, putting the bottle under his arm he politely walked alongside.

"Well," said the young lady, after disposing of health and weather, "what is that bundle under your arm?" from which she discovered a dark fluid dripping.

"Oh, nothing but a coat the sailor has been mending for me."

"Oh, a coat's it?" "Well, you had better carry it back and get him to sew up one more hole—it leaks."

A Strategic Coon.

We witnessed an amusing incident on one of our suburban streets last Saturday. A fashionable young lady, got up, in the high est style of milliner's art and arrayed in all the glory of a five dollar a yard silk, a twenty dollar bonnet, and a three hundred dollar shawl, was sweeping majestically along in the direction of the Fair Grounds, while just behind a boy was leading a pet coon.— A countryman, in a brown slouched hat and flimsy woolsey warmies, came along followed by a "yallah" dog whose nose was scented diagonally, transversely and laterally by the scars of many a fiercely contested battle with members of the raccoon family. "Tige" no sooner saw the rigged, representative of his ancient enemy, than he made a frantic dive for him, accompanied by a furious bark. Conroy apprehended the situation at a glance, bolted inconspicuously, and sought safety beneath the ample circumference of the lady's crinoline. The young lady screamed while the dog made rapid circles, sniffing the air, and evidently bewildered to know what had become of the coon. The situation of the young lady at this moment, was critical and embarrassing. She was afraid to move for fear the coon would bite, and the coon declined to leave his retreat until the dog had retired. Finally, the dog was stoned off, the boy dragged the coon from his hiding place and the young lady went her way, with a lively consciousness of having experienced a new sensation. As for the coon he was instantly killed. He had seen too much to live.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A cross grained old bachelor remarked in our presence the other day that the most striking characteristics of heathen and civilized lands were that in the former men made slaves of women, and in the latter women made slaves of the men! A fellow guilty of such slander on the economical fair sex of Christendom should never be allowed to look at a pretty girl.

Why are greenbacks more valuable than gold, even at the present prices? Because when you put a greenback in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out again you find it in creases.

Gen. Custor, who has so distinguished himself in the battles won by Gen. Sheridan, and who has been made a Major General, is but twenty-four years old. He's "one of the boys," and his mother must be proud of him, like that other mother of his, his country.

To smother a young lady in happiness, give her two canary birds, a dozen yards of bright silk, a moonlight walk with her beau, an ice cream, a bouquet, and the promise of a new bonnet.

Sambo had been whipped for stealing his master's onions. One day he brought in a skunk in his arms; says he, "Massa, here's de chap dat steal de onions! Whew—smell him bref!"

A young lady objected to a negro's carrying her across a mud hole, because she thought herself too heavy. "Lor's, missus," said Sambo, imploringly, "I see carried whole barrels of sugar."

"Do you retail things here," asked a green looking specimen of humanity as he poked his head into a store on Main street the other day.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Well, I wish you would retail my dog, he had it bit off about a week ago."

A bachelor in Erie, aged eighty-seven was recently married to a blushing widow of between 40 and 50 summers. Better late than never, we suppose.

Life is a constant struggle for riches, which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us, as the nurse gives a plying to a child, to amuse it until it falls asleep.

An old widower says when you pop the question do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well; if she does not, you can say you were only in fun.

The coquette, who wins and sacks lovers, would, if she were a military conqueror, win and sack cities.

LUNCH! what is it? A gross insult to your breakfast, and a libel upon your anticipated dinner.

He who in this world resolves to speak only the truth, will speak only what is too good for the mass of mankind to understand and will be persecuted accordingly.

"Isn't it pleasant to be surrounded by such a crowd of ladies?" said a pretty woman to a popular lecturer. "Yes," said he, "but it would be pleasanter to be surrounded by one."

Military order obeyed by the ladies in wet weather—"Dress up in front, and close up in the rear."

What key opens the gate to misery? Whiskey.

Schools and churches are the impregnable fortifications of a free people.

Young ladies who refuse a good offer are too nosing by half.

The curiosity of woman would turn a rainbow to see what is behind it.

Cork socks have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever keep up.

Oak trees may live fifteen hundred years. Horace Greeley will be fifty-four years of age in the month of February next.