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By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The hunted Negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp,
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glowworms shine,
In lurid and in brake;
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
Or human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass,
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
Great scars deformed his face;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the scars that hid his mingled frame,
Wore the livid of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lilts and birds darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell like a flint on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth!

THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

Thou wilt never grow old,
Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth;
My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
In a time that is purer and brighter than earth,
Oh, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold;
Where the air thrills with angel harmonies and
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet—
Never grow old!

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin
Haunting my footsteps wherever I go;
Life is a warfare my title to win—
Well will it be if I end not in woe.
Pray for me, sweet Iow laden with care,
Dark are my garments with mildew and mould;
Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
And wilt never grow old, sweet—
Never grow old!

Now canst thou bear, from thy home in the skies,
All the fond words I am whispering to thee?
Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes,
Greeting me of old thy spirit was free;
So believe, though the shadows of time
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold;
Thou wilt still love me, and pleasure sublime,
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet—
Never grow old!

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim grown gray,
Weeps when the vines from heartstones are riven,
Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day
Thou wert torn from earth and transplanted to heaven,
Oh, holy and fair I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold,
Where the air thrills with angel harmonies, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet—
Never grow old!

MISCELLANY.

THE PROFESSOR MARRYING A COOK.

Some years since, when I was in college, we had amongst our "faculty" a curious personage, whom every one regarded with considerable respect, and yet as a character *sans genies*. He had lived many years with a wife, and expected to live so always. Indeed, as he was the professor of mathematics, the abstraction of his science forbade his indulging in the idea of getting married. To the female sex, therefore, he showed no other regard than common politeness required. His character, in this particular, was purely negative. Of course he was not popular with the ladies, and they kept themselves at a distance from him. But circumstances, that often bring about a match in other cases, placed him in a peculiar dilemma. It seemed a whim, that a necessity was laid upon him to get married. He was one of the faculty of the College—all the other professors were married and obliged to entertain the distinguished visitors of the Institution. He had always boarded. Of course it wasn't expected of him that he should ever give a party or a dinner. But it began to be regarded as rather mean in him to shirk off this matter from year to year, and "well off as he was pecuniarily, to throw upon the other members of the faculty the cost and trouble of entertaining the special friends and patrons of the College." The question was, therefore, frequently asked:

"Why doesn't the old miser entertain some of the distinguished visitors that visit us?"

Now our professor wasn't a miser at all, and it often troubled him to think he was so situated that he couldn't bear his part of the burden. And yet, what could he do? Must he get married? And if so, to whom? He had no special regard for any one in the vicinity of the college, and no one had any special regard for him. In his younger days he had seen at school a young lady, in the city of New York, in whom he had felt a peculiar interest. But of her he hadn't heard for

years. Doubtless before this time she was married, or in her grave. Possibly, however, she was still living and waiting for him!—Glorious thought!—He was quite relieved at it, though, indeed, there might be no foundation for his relief. Nevertheless, he would make due inquiry. Nor could he long delay, for Commencement day was at hand, only a few weeks off. It was his turn, or rather would be present on the occasion.—There would be the Governor of the State and his lady—the trustees of the Institution and their friends, and others of equal repute. But who should grace the table? He could square the circle perhaps, but such a circle as this, what could he do with it? If he were only married, what a helpmeet would his wife be at such a time. And yet his wife must be a good looking, accomplished, and intelligent lady; otherwise the blank would be a blot!

Now there was a young lady in the neighborhood that the professor thought might answer. He had seen her at his boarding house, and spoken to her once or twice.

But she may say no; and if she did, where in creation, thought he, "could I hide my head! And then what would become of the dining?" The Governor must have a dinner and he must have a wife. And hence he lay awake about it all night. At last the morning broke he cried out to himself, "Content! I will say no, will she?—What then? Other men have lived through it, and I shall. If not, I shall have a clear conscience about the dinner, and a clear conscience is the main thing after all! I will write a note to Miss A., anyway. It may be she will regard it favorably." So the professor sat down and wrote a note to Miss A. "Stay-a-minutes," said he to himself, "what will the Governor think of the lady?—She is handsome and polite, but can she converse? Can she entertain company? Doubtful," said he to himself, "very doubtful," and so he tore up the note. Alas! for a man on the verge of matrimony! In an hour or two, however, the professor called on the President and said:

"I should like to be absent a few days!"

"Ah!" said the President, "just at this time?"

"Yes, sir. I have my classes in readiness for the examination, and I wish to go to New York."

"Has any death occurred in the family," said the President.

"No, sir," said the Professor, "but I have a little matter of business that requires my immediate attention, and I thought it best to go."

"You have my best wishes," said the President, "and may you return safely and not alone."

The Professor almost smiled, but blushed rather than smiled, and left the President and hastened to New York.

His first inquiry on his arrival there was for Miss Adelice G., the young lady whom he had seen some years before at school, as we have mentioned.

"Why," said the respondent, "the family has become reduced, and she is a cook.—Perhaps you don't know it sir?"

"A cook!" said he, "that is just what I want!"

"Oh!" said the lady, "you thought you wanted something else possibly."

"No, have been half starved to death since I left New York, and I want some one that can cook directly."

"Well, she can do that, for she scarcely has her equal in that line in this city. Why, sir, she is a cook, *par excellence*."

"And how does she look?"

"She is the handsomest cook in this city too."

"Not quite that, I presume," said the Professor, "but is she intelligent? I speak confidentially."

"Intelligent! She is, indeed—she can converse like an angel."

"And as to matters. Is she accomplished?"

"As graceful as an actress."

"Can I see her?"

"Not before eight o'clock this evening."

"Couldn't I see her before that hour?"

"I think that would be the most convenient time for her to call and see you. She will be engaged in her duties till then."

"I will wait then. Please to tell her that Professor Mack, of Virginia, wishes to see her—an old acquaintance of hers."

"Shall I tell her that you wish to engage a cook?"

"You may tell her that I wish to see her," said the professor.

"What name did you say?"

"Professor Mack, of Virginia, if you please, madam."

An everlasting long day was before him, and he had nothing to do; not a problem to solve, except the one on hand and that was one of a doubtful solution.

Eight o'clock at last came, and the Professor called again to see the young lady.

"A cook, indeed!" said he to himself; "she is a splendid woman, fit to grace any parlor in the world! But how in creation should he make known his business? Poets, they say, begin in the middle of their story; but professors of mathematics, where do they begin? Finally said the suitor, "Miss G., how would you like to go to Virginia?"

"To Virginia!" said she as if surprised—

"Are you not mistaken in the person whom you wish to see?"

"No, no," said he, "don't you remember that we both attended school in Franklin street?"

"Oh," said he, "it is George Mack—I remember you well; why, I didn't know that you were alive!"

"And I have never forgotten you."

"Ah! indeed, you are very kind to remember me so long! I thought every one had forgotten me in my calamities."

"People often think they are overlooked when trials overtake them; but it is for you

to say that your present trials are at an end." Professor Mack, what do you mean? Why I am mere—

"If you have had reverses I have had success, and have the means of making you comfortable in life."

"But you do not know my circumstances now, for I would not deceive you, George?"

"It does not concern me what you are now, but what you are willing to be."

"But I have an aged mother, Professor."

"And I wish to have one; she can go too."

Matters were soon arranged as to time, place, and ceremony, and this being over the party were off to Virginia—the Professor pleased that he had solved the matrimonial problem so easily, and the lady that she was no longer at the world's bidding.

In the country of Virginia great edo is made for a newly married couple. Of course much was expected in the case of the Professor. But some "bird in the air" carried the story in advance, that *Professors* had married a cook! What lady then would call upon her? What society could the F. R. V.'s have with a cook! But the President advised his wife to call upon her out of decency at least. If the Professor had married a cook, why he didn't know any better. All that he knew was how to solve problems in mathematics. Besides, he might not have married a cook, or if he had he would be well off in one respect—he could have a good table.

"Shaw!" said the President's lady, "what does a person care about a table in comparison with caste in society?"

"Caste in society will do well enough," he replied, "but since we must eat to live, a well roasted turkey is better than a fried chicken, and a short biscuit better than an ashcake! And what does an epicure care for ceremony? A good cup of coffee is better."

"You are no Virginian, husband, otherwise you would never say that, for anybody knows that nobility in a log cabin is better than a cook in a palace!"

"Well, call on the lady and see—theories are often good for nothing, whilst practice is the sum of perfection."

The Presidentess called and was amazed—the cook was much her superior—and she felt it.

The other officers' ladies having heard that the President's wife had called on Mrs. Mack were obliged according to custom to follow suit. They, too, were disappointed, for the New York lady hadn't lived in a city in vain. In mind, in manners, in accomplishments, she outranked them all!

Besides, in respect to family she was not at all inferior—her father having had fortunes once and lost it.

Commencement day was now near at hand, and the great dining was to come off at the Professor's. Nor was Mrs. Mack at all disconcerted about it. She had seen a thing or two before, and was fully confident in her own ability to meet the exigency.

When the time arrived, all eyes were fixed on Mrs. Mack. How would she appear in the presence of the Governor of Virginia? How in the presence of the professors and the President? And what sort of a table would she set, and how would she grace it? Could she go through it with dignity?

Of course all this was enough "to try men's souls," but Mrs. Mack was perfectly at home.

In etiquette—in conversation—in the arrangements of all the circumstances and in the formalities of the occasion she showed herself to the duties devolving upon her, and evidently interested the Governor very much by her powers of conversation—

"What a charming lady Mrs. Mack is!" said he to his wife, "and what a table has she set! and how well she graces it!"

"My dear husband," said she, "do you know she is a New York cook—why, she has been a mere servant for many years."

"I know nothing about that," said he, "but if she has, I wish every other lady was a servant and a New York cook, too. We should have something to eat then my dear, besides fried chickens and ashcakes!"

"All men are not epicures, like you, Governor."

"No—but if they were they would imitate the mathematical Professor, and go to New York to get a wife. A man wouldn't be compelled then to go to a saloon to get a decent dinner! He could find one at home—now a great variety!"

Constant Employment.

The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessities of life and support his family knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and began to live at their ease, waste away and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in an humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But no; fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined. They ran away from peace and pleasure, and embraced a lingering death.—Ye who are sighing for the pomp and splendor of life, beware. Ye know not what ye wish. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by fluctuation of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure. The idle and the rich are seldom ever contented. They are petulant, fearful irascible. Bid them good morning and they scowl. Nature and art appear to have few attractions for them. They are entirely out of their views. While in this state the springs of life are rusting, out, and the decay of death has commenced undermining their constitutions.

Punishment, though lame, overtakes the sinner at the last.

THE BROOK.

Up in the wild, where no one comes to look,
There lives and sings a little lonely brook;
Lives and singeth in the dreary night,
Yet creepeth on to where the daylight shines.

Pure from their heaven in mountain chalice caught,
It drinks the rains, and drinks the soul her thought;
And down dim hollows, where it winds along,
Beats its life-burden of unlistened song.

I catch the murmur of its undertone
That sigheth, ceaselessly alone!
And hear afar, the rivers gloriously
Shout on their paths toward the shining sea.

The voiceless rivers chanting to the sun:
And wearing names of honor, every one;
Outreaching wide, and joining hand with hand,
To pour great gifts along the asking land.

Al! lonely brook! creep onward through the pines
Rest through the glooms to where the daylight
Shines;
Sing on among the stones, and secretly
Feel how the floods are all akin to thee.

Drink the sweet rain the gentle heaven sendeth,
Hold thine own path, however wide it tendeth,
For somewhere, underneath the eternal sky,
Thou, too, shalt find the rivers by-and-by.

LET SLAVERY DIE.

A criminal has been on trial before the most intelligent tribunal ever assembled in this or any other country, charged with the commission of many offenses against God and man. The indictment is one of the most extraordinary documents which will find a place in all history. This offender is arraigned to answer the charge of drenching a whole country in blood. A land once blessed with peace has through its devilish instrumentality, been covered with the desolation of war. Murder, arson and theft are a portion of the arraignment against the best Government on earth is one of the products of its instigation. The entire roll of crime would seem to be exhausted in the enumeration of its evil deeds.—Nor has elaborate accusation been unsustained by the proof. The witnesses have been plentiful and explicit in their declarations. The bones of half a million victims, slain in battle through its agency, have been in evidence. Widows and Orphans, by the thousands, made such by means of its devilish arts have stood up to testify against it. Whole communities given up to fire and sword by its command, have raised their accusing voices for its condemnation. A people of twenty million souls, that were living in unbroken harmony, until this destroyer came into their midst, pronounced it guilty of having blasted their peace. The case has been out. The accused has been declared guilty of all that has been charged by a most competent tribunal, beyond all reasonable question or doubt. What shall be done with the criminal thus arraigned, tried and condemned?

That criminal as all the world knows is Slavery. All impartial men have been its judges, and the verdict of guilty is ratified by the voice of an entire nation, speaking its judgment through the most solemn form known to civilized Government. Slavery today stands convicted of greater and more numerous crimes than any other party has ever answered for. And yet it is suffered to live in our midst. Its work of ruin still going on. Its influence is scarcely less deleterious than when its service of mischief was begun. Its power has been partially broken but its spirit is as rebellious as when it first stirred up the people to deeds of blood and violence. It has been crippled in its strength, shut up in prison, and bound in chains, and yet the labor of ruin which it inaugurated goes on by reason of its presence and inspiration. So long as it is permitted to live, it is likely to scatter the seeds of discord among the people, and prevent that reunion of hearts and of efforts necessary to restore the nation to peace and prosperity.

Why is slavery permitted to live?—What is there in its career which recommends it to mercy or favor? Has it not merited death as richly as ever malefactor suffered for his crimes? Has it any claims upon the forbearance of a suffering people? Is there any good reason why stay of execution, much less pardon, should be granted in its case? Has it not already done harm enough to earn the extreme penalty of the law? These questions are being asked by hundreds and by thousands who have suffered through its instrumentality, and who have a right to demand, in the name of justice, that these wrongs are avenged. History will not hold blameless those rulers who longer hesitate to carry out the decree of the people solemnly pronounced for the destruction of slavery.—Justice can alone be satisfied by its immediate and utter destruction. Let those in authority see to it that the sentence is carried into execution. Let slavery die and in its departure the blessings of all mankind will follow the hand which strikes it from existence.—*Miltonian*.

JO HOOKER IN TEARS.—In the great Union procession at Springfield, Ill., where ninety-three two-horse wagons loaded with wood, it was dumped in a pile for distribution to soldiers' families. Gen. Hooker while riding up from the depot, met them, and was rather surprised at the ninety-three wood wagons. "Why were can these farmers find a market for this immense quantity of fuel?" asked the hero. "Oh, General, it is a part of the procession. Every stick of that is going to the families of soldiers absent in the army." The tears gathered in Hooker's eyes—trembled a moment, then ran down the cheeks bronzed in a hundred different battles, while he said, "My God! what a people you Illinoisans are! You not only furnish men without stint to fight the battles of the nation, but you take a father's care of their wives and children while they are absent."

A work well begun is half ended.

THE EXECUTION OF MULLER.

UNGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF SOME OF THEM—HE CONVEYED THE MURDER ON THE SCAFFOLD.

Foreign files received by the China, which arrived at New York on Friday afternoon, we find a full account of the execution of Franz Muller for the murder of Mr. Briggs, in a compartment of a railroad car. Although the night had been very rainy, the sun came out brightly on the morning of the execution—Monday, November 14—and it is supposed that nearly one hundred thousand people gathered to see the death. The London Times of the 15th says:

The occupants of "cheap seats" and "good accommodation" were particularly numerous. The windows of the several houses in front of the drop were well filled, whilst numbers were sitting on the roofs. Preachers of various religious sects were scattered about, and worked with commendable zeal in the distribution of tracts.—In one part a three jointed fishing rod was employed, to which was attached a scroll with the inscription: "Be sure your sins will find you out;" and in another instance a party of men was stationed, one of whom held up a walking-stick with a text attached, whilst the others discoursed on Scriptural subjects, and took part in reading and singing hymns. Another man, more conspicuous than the rest, was working his way through the crowd with a bill placed before him as an apron, calling attention to the publication of a pamphlet issued by the City Gospel Hall, and called "Should Murderers be put to Death?" There were a great many foreigners present, and to them selections from the New Testament, printed in the German and other Continental languages, were presented. But while this was going on in one part, none but those who looked down upon the awful crowd of Monday will ever believe in the wholesale, open, broadcast manner in which garroting and highway robbery were carried on in another. We do not now speak of those whom the mere wanton mischief of the crowd led to "bonnet" as they passed, or else to pluck their hats from off their heads and toss them over the mob amid roars and shouts of laughter, as they came from all sides and went in all directions, till sometimes even they fell within the enclosure round the drop, and were kicked under the gallows by the police. The propriety of such an amusement at such a time admits of question, to say the least, even among such an audience. But even this rough play falls into harmless besides the open robbery and violence which yesterday morning had its way virtually unchecked in Newgate street. There were regular gangs, not so much in the crowd itself within the barriers as along the avenues which led to them; and these vagrants openly stopped, "bonneted," sometimes garroted, and always plundered any person whose dress led them to think him worth the trouble; the risk was nothing.—Sometimes their victims made a desperate resistance and for a few minutes kept the crowd around them violently swaying to and fro amid the dreadful uproar. In no instance, however, could we ascertain that "Police" was ever called. Indeed, one of the solitary instances in which they interfered at all was where their aid was sought from some houses the occupants of which saw an old farmer, who, after a long and gallant struggle with his many assailants, seemed, after having been robbed, to be in danger of serious injury as well. This, however, about the farmer, is a mere episode; the rule was such robbing and ill-treatment as made the victims only too glad to fly far from the spot where they had suffered it, and who, if even then they ventured on giving any information to the police, could hope for no redress in such a crowd. Such were the open pastimes of the mob from daylight till near the time of execution, when the great space around the prison seemed choked with its vast multitude.

Up to the very last moment he denied his guilt. Shortly before eight o'clock he was led from the session house to the gaol, and from thence to the press room. He walked briskly across the courtyard, followed by the authorities. There he was pinioned by the executioner, and underwent the ordeal with unshaken courage. While all about him were visibly touched, not a muscle in his face moved, and he showed no signs of emotion. He was docile withal, and respectful in his demeanor. Again and again Dr. Cappel approached him, and sought to sustain him by the use of encouraging words. The convict, repeating the words after the reverend gentleman, repeatedly said, in German, "Christ, the Lamb of God, have mercy upon me." The process of pinioning over, Mr. Jones, the governor, asked the convict to take a seat, which he declined, and remained standing until the prison bell began to toll which was to summon him to the scaffold. As he remained in that attitude, one could not help being struck with the remarkable appearance of physical strength which his figure denoted, and still more by his indomitable fortitude. Though short in stature, he was compactly and symmetrically made, and there were very striking indications of vigor about his chest, arms, hands, and the back part of his neck in particular. His clothes were well made, and he was dressed with remarkable neatness. When the executioner was removing his necktie and shirt collar, in arranging which much care appeared to have been bestowed, the convict held up his head to allow of his doing it with more ease. This was about the last of the preparations. A signal was given by the governor, and the Rev. Mr. Davis, the ordinary, led the way to the scaffold, reading, as he did so, some of the preliminary verses of the burial service. He was followed by the convict and the Rev. Dr. Cappel, and then by the sheriffs and under-sheriffs. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, accompanied by Dr. Cappel, and as he did so the multitude on his being confronted with them, raised a mighty and indescribable hum. At this moment the

sun shone brightly, though rain had fallen more or less all through the night.

After the convict had been placed upon the drop, and the rope adjusted round his neck, Dr. Cappel, his spiritual adviser, addressed him with great animation and solemnity: Muller, in wenigen Augenblicken stehen Sie vor Gott; ich frage Sie nochmals, und zum letzten male: Sind Sie schuldig oder unschuldig? Muller—Ich bin unschuldig.—Dr. Cappel—Sie sind unschuldig? Muller—Gott weiss was ich gethan habe. Dr. Cappel—Gott weiss was Sie gethan haben.—Weiss er auch, dass Sie dies Verbrechen gethan haben? Muller—Ja; ich habe es gethan.

This conversation, translated, reads:

Dr. Cappel. Muller, in a few minutes you will stand before God; I ask you again, and for the last time: Are you guilty, or innocent?

Muller. I am innocent.

Dr. Cappel. You are innocent?

Muller. God knows what I have done.

Dr. Cappel. God knows what you have done? Does he know, also, that you have committed this crime?

Muller. Yes, I did it.

These were his last words. The drop fell, and soon ceased to live. So greatly relieved was the reverend gentleman by the confession that he rushed from the scaffold, exclaiming, "Thank God! thank God!" and sank down in a chair, completely exhausted by his own emotion.

I Wonder.

When a young man is a clerk in a store and dresses like a prince, smoking "foin cigars," drinking "noice French brandy," attending theatres, balls and the like; I wonder if he does all upon the avails of his clerkship?

When a young lady sits in the parlor with lily-white fingers covered with rings; I wonder if her mother don't wash the dishes and do the work of the kitchen.

When a deacon of the church sells strong butter recommending it as excellent and sweet; I wonder if he don't rely upon the merits of Christ for salvation.

When a man goes three times per day to a tavern to get a dram; I wonder if he will not by and by go four times?

When a young lady loses her waist a third smaller than nature made it; I wonder if her "pretty figure" will not shorten her life some dozen years or more, besides making herself miserable while she does live?

When a young man is dependent upon his daily toil for his income, and marries a lady who does not know how to make a loaf of bread, or mend a garment; I wonder if he is not lacking somewhere; say towards the top, for instance?

When a man receives a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading it, but neglects to pay the printer; I wonder if he has a soul or a gizzard?

"Pete, what am I?" asked a sable youth of his companion, a perfect African-Plato.

"And you don't know nuffin' 'bout him?"

"No, uncle Pete."

"Why, your education is dreadfully imperfect. Don't you feel him in your bussum, to be sure?"

The other inserted his hand beneath his waist-coat. "No, I don't, uncle Pete."

"Ignorant nigger! It am a strong passion which reads de soul so severely dat even time itself can't heal it."

"Den, uncle Pete, I know who be in lub."

"Who am it?"

"Dis ole boot of mine. Its sole am rent so severely, dat Johnson, de cobbler, utterly refused to mend him; and he say dat he is so bad dat do debble hisself couldn't heel 'im."

Beware of entrusting any individual whatever with small annoyances, or misunderstandings between your husband and yourself if they unhappily occur. Confidants are dangerous persons; and many seek to gain an ascendancy in families by winning the good opinion of a young married woman. Should any one presume to offer you good advice with regard to your husband, or seek to lessen him by insinuations, shun that person as you would a serpent. Many a happy home has been rendered desolate by exciting coolness, or suspicion, or by endeavors to gain importance in an artful and insidious manner.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.—Two men exert themselves to no purpose. One is the man who tries to have the last word with his wife; and the other is he who, having had the last word, tries to make her confess that she was in the wrong.—*Punch*.

GOOD LOGIC.—"Brudder Bones, can you tell me de difference twene doing and dieting?" "Why, ob course I can, Lemuel.—When you diet you lib on coffin, and when you die you hab nuffin to lib on!" "Wall, dat's different from what I tort it was. I tort it was a race atwee de doctoria stuff, and starvation, to see which would kill fast."

A man called upon an unfortunate tradesman to pay a demand. "I can never pay it," said he, "I am not worth a farthing; but I will give you a note—I am not so poor yet but that I can sign a note."

A strict teetotaler of our acquaintance lately refused a most eligible match on the ground that the young lady had such an amazing flow of animal spirits!

A wise man doeth that at the first which a fool must do at the last.

Men's years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own.

Deal honestly if you would prosper.

Farming was man's first occupation.

Nothing is impossible with the resolute.

Cold Winter is coming!