

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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NUMBER 30.

POETICAL.



CARRIER'S ADDRESS. TO THE PATRONS OF THE "Village Record."

Once more, kind Patrons with pleasure I'm here,
To welcome with you the incoming year,
And if you will honor the bard of my song,
I will promise these verses shall not be long.

The mistic old year sinks away to the earth,
Mid the gloom of the grave another takes birth,
The joys and hopes that deck the bright past,
Are hurrying by as the tempest's fierce blast

So manhood, with its fair forehead of truth,
The ringlets that kiss the bright temples of youth,
The time-silver'd locks of venerable gray,
Have written the marks of ruthless decay.

Since our last New Year how many dark fears
Have hidden in anguish or melted in tears,
How many warm hearts lie pulseless and still!
That quicken'd with hope at the sound of its thrill.

How many lone hearts, in sorrow and pain,
Have yearn'd to behold the Past, but in vain,
The Present and Future come up in their gloom,
To banish all thoughts, save death and the tomb.

Remorseless Time! on whose swift fleeting wings,
Are borne the bright hopes of all earthly things,
To there we all bow as grass to the storm,
And to thy stern mandates in sadness conform.

Yet amidst the sad musings of the old year,
There are many bright spots of unfolding cheer,
And now to recount them our muse shall essay,
May our task be as pleasant and cheerful as they.

Our nation so great, and serene in her pride,
Still rocks in the tempest which Treason defied,
But the Rattlesnake flag in sorrow and shame,
Now dips its bronzed bars in the blood of its fame.

But perchance as an eagle, upon his white rock,
We hail our bright flag unscathed by the shock,
Supreme in its glory, unstained by its scars,
Its trophies are lit by the blaze of its stars!

From the lakes to the gulf our banners we'll plant,
Fragrant the guns speak well for our Grant,
While brave Buller engages the enemy's ranks,
And the waves of treason vainly beat our Banks.

Again, our brave boys waked Early one morn,
Ere the hounds had answered the huntsman's horn,
"To horse!" "to horse!" cried the valorous clan,
Our Hunter was Early, but he's met Sherry—dam!

Then our Meads of honor we wear in our pride,
And drink a long toast to the gallant Burnside,
While yet we've a Hunker who grapples the foe,
Where the clouds of heaven add strength to the blow.

And can I forget what our Sherman has done?
Neglect his bright laurels he glories in won,
No, not only he, but our soldiers and tars,
All, all, shall endure through Treason and wars.

From the field to the capital now we proceed,
Though Father Abe was slow he surely has speed,
And the Court Supreme seeks to join in the race,
Which gave to a Davis, and vitio a Chase.

But we turn from the seat of power and trust,
To the people who give the men and the dust,
Who spur the base profliggers which Treason would give,
And tell us in thunder, "The nation shall live!"

Like angels of mercy, sent down from above,
Our Christian Commission sends tokens of love,
To our brave-hearted heroes, who languish and die,
Neath the sweet placid smiles of a Southern sky.

The Ladies too, may God bless their good plans!
Since they all go for Union, eyes to a man,
May they always remain as steadfast and true,
As they are now to the old red, white and blue.

So peasant and peer, from hill and from valley,
Aray'd in their might call freedom to rally,
Determined to leave the Rattlesnake dead—
And brise its vile brother, the base Copperhead.

When the conflict is o'er, as soon it must be,
Our Country redeemed, resplendent and free,
Shall flaunt its proud flag in the face of mankind,
The holiest symbol e'er wrought by the mind.

Then the stars that look down from their home of blue,
Shall glid Freedom's goddess with silvery hue,
The hydra of Treason shall sink to its grave,
And its only foot-prints the brand of the slave.

The future is ours—God speed the bright day,
When the banners of triumph shall flash in each ray,
That beams from the fountain of Mercy and Right,
And bathes a dark world in the sea of its light!

But feeding your patience will weary and tire,
My pen shall soon cease to torture my lyre—
With sorrow I bid you a lasting adieu,
While a tear trickles down for friendship and you.

Oh, please and remember with kindness and joy,
The "Record," 'tween friend and the CARRIER BOY!
And may the kind Angels e'er smile upon thee,
The works of thy love, and warm sympathy.

THE CARRIER.

MISCELLANY.

A PLEASING INCIDENT.—The Rev. Dr. Keadull, who recently returned from an official visit to California, communicates the following incident:

A poor little boy brought to the Sanitary Fair held at Marysville a white chicken, which was all he had to offer, saying it might make some broth for a poor sick soldier.—He had decked this little offering with ribbon of red, white and blue, but he had no money to pay the entrance fee, and was rejected at the door. As he passed down the street, a gentleman, seeing his distress, listened to his story, gave him a ticket and sent him in.—The simplicity of the child and the beauty of the offering attracted attention, and the chicken was put up and sold for four hundred dollars in gold for the Sanitary Commission.

Never argue a question with a single woman who has got beyond forty. Her ideas by that time are as fixed as the Rock of Gibraltar. You might as well try to metamorphose a cooking stove into a canary bird, as to change her notions of things. Obstidity, and advanced dimity in the singular number, always go the same way. The only hope for her salvation is a chance widower.

DISTINGUISHED DRUNKARDS.

"Shut up the *low* groceries," say many; prevent the sale of *bad* rum—preserve the poor and the ignorant from intemperance, and we are with you; but the educated classes need no law; regard for their own character is a sufficient protection."

Alexander the Great, one of the brightest spirits of antiquity, one of the three greatest generals of the world, whose tutor was Aristotle, who slept with the poems of Homer under his pillow, conquered the world, and died of a drunken debauch in the 33d year of his age.

The fall of the Roman Empire was precipitated by the drunkenness of its emperors, as human nature was eternally dishonored by the enormities committed by them in their fury.

Of the ten sovereigns who have reigned in Russia since the accession of Peter the Great, all but four were beastly drunkards. Of the Empress Elizabeth, it is written: "She was completely brutified by strong liquors; from day to day she was almost in a state of bacchic ecstacy; she could not bear to be dressed; in the morning her women loosely attached to her some robes, which a few cuts of the scissors disengaged in the evening." And the passage gives an idea of the general condition of the Russian court for more than 70 years.

The present King of Prussia, whom Neibuhr instructed and praised, thanking God on his knees for giving Prussia so wise and noble a Prince, is a notorious drunkard, the contempt of his subjects, the scoff of Europe.

The late King of the Sandwich Island, upon whom a corps of missionaries exhausted their eloquence and skill, was a drunken caricature of the kingly office to the last.

The City of Washington, where the elite of the nation is supposed to congregate, is the most drunken town in the Union.—Champagne is one of the great powers of the country, a thing relied upon to corrupt the very men who are sent to Washington under the impression that they are our wisest and our best.

Daniel Webster has been known to present himself before the people in a state of intoxication so advanced that he could talk little other than gibberish. We have seen him do it.

Hannegan, a Senator of the U. States, was an abandoned drunkard, and when sent abroad as plenipotentiary, disgreed the country by the most continuous and outrageous drunken debauchery.

Some of the most important enactments ever passed by Congress, enactments involving the welfare of future empires, have been passed while the floor of the House was strewed with honorable and intoxicated members.

The tea-room of this city, established for the convenience, not of the city's vagabonds, but of the city's "fathers" and head men, was, for many disgraceful years, a scene of drunkenness.

It was when maddened by drink that Graham committed murder. Henry Coleridge, a man abounding in amiable qualities, who inherited much of his father's genius, with all his father's infirmity of purpose, could never master his propensity to drink. He was a scholar, a gentleman, a poet, and a drunkard!

Edgar Poe—but why speak of him?—The story of his miserable end is more familiar to the people even than the melancholy refrain of the "Raven."

Charles Lamb, the gentle Charles, the kind the tender the beloved, could sacrifice so much for his sister, but could not help being carried home and put to bed in insensible drunkenness.

Douglas Jerrold is a devotee of gin.—For many years, it is said he has been impairing his fine powers by habitual excess in drink.

Byron, Burns, Steele, Hone, and a host of other names, eminent or illustrious, might be added to the list of distinguished drunkards.—Burns, we are confident, had not died in the prime of life, a defeated, heart-broken man, his destiny all unaccomplished, if he had not been addicted to convivial drinking. And who knows how much of Byron's reckless verse the world should curse the gin-bottle?

In our colleges, is not the secret dominion one of the anxieties of president, professor, and parent? At our fashionable parties, is champagne—one of the vilest of drinks—moderately consumed? Do not our grand banquets generally degenerate into occasions of disgusting excess? Are the sons of leading citizens the most temperate in their youth? Is it poor women who buy brandy drops by the pound?

Talk no more of shutting up only the *low* groceries. All groceries are low, and all grog is pernicious, whether sipped by gentleman, sucked by babies, or swilled by the "dregs of the people."—N. Y. Life Illustrated.

If a well-bred woman is surprised in careless costume, she does not try to do so; she does the door to conceal deficiencies, nor does she turn red and stammer, confused excuses. She remains calm and self-possessed, and makes up in dignity what she may want in decoration.

REVERENCE IN A WIRE.

BY AUGUSTA MOOR.

"Well, Katie, so you expect to marry Edward after all. I thought you were only flirting with him."

"That was what I intended, Mary; but somehow the artful fellow has cheated me into agreeing to have him."

"I thought how all your grand talk about freedom and never bending your neck to any man's story would end. 'Tis the old story."

"Not so; I'm not going to wear the yoke. Edward is to obey me. He will I know—He has hardly any will but mine now, and I don't intend that he ever shall have. He don't pretend to oppose me in anything. I wouldn't be hired to have him were he to presume to treat me as Helen Newman's lover treats her, and I told her so. He is all ways telling her of her faults."

"They have agreed to kindly tell each other of their faults and help each other to overcome them. I think this a most excellent way."

"Well! I don't. I am free enough to tell Ed. his faults, but he would not dare to return the compliment. It would make me angry in a minute. In fact, Mary, I think I am a fortunate girl. I have found a man with plenty of money, a gentle and yielding disposition, very generous, who worships me, and is willing that I should always have my own way, who is, in short, unable to hinder me from having it."

"And do you think that you can have the blessing of God on your marriage when it is entered upon in a spirit so utterly the reverse of what he requires?—I suppose you admit that the Bible is authority? Consider what its teachings are."

"I do—it says 'Submit one to another.'—I suppose I shall submit to Ed. a part of the time; it should only be fair."

"Kate, the Bible says Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord; for the husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is the head of the Church.—Therefore as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be unto their own husbands in everything, and let the wife see that she reverence her husband."

"How dare you presumptuously girl, resolve to trample on God's arrangement and his laws? You may be sure that trouble is before you if you go forward to the marriage altar with such a spirit as now animates you." As for Edward, he's infatuated indeed, if he gives his honor and his happiness into your hands."

Kate, angry at such plain talk abruptly turned from her companion and walked rapidly away.

The expected marriage took place. For a few months Edward walked in a trance of sensuous and imaginative bliss; then down he came, and never more did he ascend the hills of joy. He was, as Kate said, quite unable to control or to cope with her. He was too gentle, and he loved her too tenderly.

He had over him the immense advantage of loving him very little. She could tear his heart strings every hour. He could scarcely stir hers at any time. You perceive, good reader, that she "had" him.

Children were born to this pair. Kate managed them something as a tigress might manage her young. Edward was allowed to have no word in the matter. In a few years the poor man, crushed and overborne, died.

Kate was provoked, with him for this piece of independent action. She liked him; she made him very useful. She had not thought he would go without leave. But he did it. Kate looked it for a few years more till her children became too strong for her. Then they, albeit they knew not what they were doing, avenged their father. They broke their mother's spirit and her heart, and yon bent, gray, mumbling old crone in the almshouse is all that remains of the once lively and beautiful Kate. She had sowed the wind; she reaped the whirlwind.

The Two Apprentices.

Two boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other 'didn't care.' One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home reading. The other liked fun best. He often went with other boys to have a 'good time.' 'Come,' he often said to his shopmate, 'leave your old books and go with us. What's the use of all this reading?'

'If I waste these golden moments,' was the answer, 'I shall lose what I never can make up.'

While the boys were still apprentices, an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a State House to be built in one of the Eastern States. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After careful study, he drew out his plans, and sent them to the committee. We suppose he did not really expect to gain the prize; but still he thought 'there is nothing like trying.'

In about a week afterwards a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop and inquired if an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there.

'No,' said the carpenter, 'no architect, but I've got an apprentice by that name.' 'Let's see him,' said the gentleman.

The young man was summoned and informed that his plan had been accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his! The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud, that he willingly gave him his time and let him go. The studious young carpenter became one of the finest architects of our country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the esteem of everybody; while his fellow-apprentice can hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.

INVOCATION TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die,

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
Ring out the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in a thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

RATS DESERTING THE SHIP.

AN OMINOUS SPEECH.

In the Rebel Senate recently, Senator Foote made the following remarkable speech. He confessed that the Confederacy was on the verge of ruin, predicted the defeat of Hood, admitted that Savannah was on the verge of capture, that Charleston would soon follow and concluded by announcing his intention to retire in disgust to private life:

In the rebel Senate, the currency bill coming up, Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, said he saw much ground for despondency and apprehension in every quarter. If this financial bill said he, is defeated in the two houses of Congress, so admirably digested as it is, so impressively avouched and sustained as it is, I shall utterly despair of our cause; if this measure shall be defeated, I shall regard the war as virtually at an end, and all the generous hopes of our patriotic and much suffering countrymen as cruelly and criminally blasted.

Sir, we are upon the very edge of ruin.—Our financial affairs are most seriously disordered. Abroad, owing to the most criminal mismanagement of every kind, no respectful consideration has been yet accorded to us, of seems likely to be accorded hereafter.

Some time last month a soldier named Wheatley, belonging to the 17th Ohio, died with fever in the hospital at Nashville, Tennessee, and was buried in the military graveyard near that city. In another of the hospitals was a son who had been badly wounded but who was able to hobble, along after his father's remains to their final resting place. In Milford, Ohio, lived two motherless children, a young girl, and her little brother, who were now left parentless by the death of their father in Nashville. This girl had received a letter from her wounded brother that their father was very ill, and perhaps they would never look upon him in life again.

The girl took her little brother to an aunt's residence, and immediately set out upon a journey without any knowledge of the country or the different modes of travel, and with scarcely means enough to buy food along the road. She arrived in this city on the cars on last Saturday, and she was humanely and gratuitously transported safely over the Nashville railroad to see her poor father and wounded brother. But, alas! when she arrived in Nashville she found that her father had died. She sought that grave alone, and bent her little form over the new-made mound, and wept tears that eyes like her's alone could weep.

She was an orphan now, and who was there save the eye of the All-Seeing and watchful Maker of us all, who pitied the fate of that poor parentless orphan girl, weeping over the grave of her father? Alas, who seemed to care? Returning from her visit to the grave with her beautiful eyes dimmed with tears of sorrow; she met her wounded brother on the way back to the front; she clung to him as if death had sealed the embrace forever, and her kisses were the last tribute of love which she could give him. In half an hour they were separated, he going with the soldiers to the front, and she left alone in a strange city, miles away from friends and home. That tender embrace, that fond and affectionate kiss of love, that sad hour of parting and mournful good-bye, all may have been the last. They may never meet again.

The brave young girl left for home on Tuesday last. She is but fourteen years of age, her face and form is pretty, and her eyes and hair as black as a raven's wing. She is very intelligent indeed, for a girl of her age, and the look of sympathy and the story of her unfortunate situation in life, brought many a tear from the eyes of those who stood around and looked upon the sad countenance of that brave and beautiful girl, May Heavens watch over and guide the footsteps of the poor orphan—Mary Wheatley.

Too TRUE.—Fashionable boarding-schools are, generally, respectable institutions where young ladies attempt to learn French, and succeed only in learning folly.

It is better to throw a guard about the baby's cradle, than to sing a psalm at a bad man's death-bed; better to have a care while the bad is bustling to the sun, than when the heat has scorched the heart of the unguarded bosom.

men; and I know not how to legislate in chains. I will no longer be responsible for measures adopted in secret sessions of this body, which my whole soul abhors and my whole understanding condemns. This is perhaps, the last time that I will address this body, or discuss the questions here under consideration; I shall withdraw to some sequestered spot, where I can enjoy some little repose and freedom from taxation. If disturbed in my retreat by the hand of oppression, I will seek in foreign climes that freedom and happiness which I considered is denied me here.

A Mother's Influence.
It is the earliest of all human influences. No one can tell when it begins.—It is coeval almost with our birth, certainly with the first and faintest dawn of intellectual consciousness. Long before the days of fatherly correction, or of scholastic discipline, or of pastoral care, a silent, gentle, but powerful influence is already passing from the face and voice of the mother to the heart of her child.

She has, as it were, the first word; she has the early spring of the soul all to herself, to sow the precious seed. Long before the deceiver and betrayer can approach with their flattering lies, she may be through the grace of God, laying the foundations of holy principle deep within the heart. The earliest lessons are the deepest; the earliest memories are the most abiding.

The mother's influence is, of all others, the most constant. No other agency can, in this point of view, be brought into comparison with it. It surrounds the little ones like an atmosphere.

A mother's influence is also the most lasting. The life and the joy of home, its gentle sway does not terminate in our leaving the parental roof. Like a guardian angel, it still follows us through all the future scenes of life.

It is said, that a slave-boy was separated from his mother while yet a child, and settled under a hard master, on a plantation thirty miles away. Though at no great distance, they were scarcely ever permitted to see one another. But the heart of the child was still in the home of his mother; her smile cheered him in his toils, and her image visited him in his dreams. "My mother," he says, "occasionally found opportunity to send me some token of remembrance and affection—a sugar plum or an apple; but I scarcely ever ate them—they were laid up, handled and wept over, till they wasted away in my hands." Touching sacred words!

So there, too, and among these hapless children of oppression, the sanctity of home is felt; nor can long and weary absence, nor all the power of a tyrant law, read sadder those hearts whom God, by His own blessed bond has united.—U. Pres.

A Little Heroine.
Some time last month a soldier named Wheatley, belonging to the 17th Ohio, died with fever in the hospital at Nashville, Tennessee, and was buried in the military graveyard near that city. In another of the hospitals was a son who had been badly wounded but who was able to hobble, along after his father's remains to their final resting place. In Milford, Ohio, lived two motherless children, a young girl, and her little brother, who were now left parentless by the death of their father in Nashville. This girl had received a letter from her wounded brother that their father was very ill, and perhaps they would never look upon him in life again.

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Is Religion Beautiful.

Always in the child, the maiden, the wife, the mother, religion shines with a holy, benign beauty of its own, which nothing on earth can mar. Never was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth—they are all like pitfalls, dark in the brightest day, unless divine light, unless religion throw her soft beams around them, to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before.

Religion is very beautiful—in health or sickness, in wealth or poverty. We never enter the sick chamber of the good but soft music seems to float on the ear, and the burden of the song is, "Lo! peace is here?"

Could we look into thousands of families to-day where discontent sits sullenly fighting with life, we should find the chief cause of unhappiness the want of religion in woman.

And in felon's cells—in places of crime, misery, destitution, ignorance, we should behold in all its most horrible deformity the fruit of irreligion in woman.

Oh, religion! benign majesty, high on thy throne thou sittest glorious and exalted. Not above the clouds, for earth clouds come never between thee and the truly pious soul; not beneath the clouds, for above thee is the heaven, opening through the broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Its gates, in the splendor of jasper and precious stones, white with a dewy light that neither fades nor blazes, but steadily proceedeth from the throne of God. Its towers bathed in refulgent glory ten times the brightest of ten thousand suns, so soft, so dazzling to the eye.

And there religion points. Art thou weary? it whispers, "Rest—up there forever." Art thou sorrowing? "Eternal joy." Art thou weighed down with unmerited ignominy? "Kings and priests in that holy name." Art thou poor? "The very street before thy mansion shall be gold." Art thou friendless? "The angels shall be thy companions, and God thy friend and father."

Is religion beautiful? We answer: All is desolation and deformity where religion is not.

A CLEAN SELL.—A shrewd countryman was in town the other day, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality his eye teeth cut. Passing up Chatham street through the Jew's quarter, he was continually encountered with importunities to buy. From almost every store one rushed in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and try and force him to purchase. At last, one dirty looking fellow caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer.

"Have you any shirts?" inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look.

"A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price, sir; and every style. The cleanest in the streets, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir. Step in, sir."

"Then," resumed the countryman with the most perfect gravity, "put on one for your need."

The rage of the shopkeeper may be imagined as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.

UGLY LOOKS AND A GOOD HEART.—Some newspaper philosopher, who is more solicitous about the sound sense than the elegance of what he utters, expresses himself as follows on the subject of female beauty:

A lady with eyes that resembled peeled onions—and a nose as crooked as a politician's creed—a chin like a hoe, and a mouth stretched from ear to ear, and opens like a jack knife will be sooner respected and beloved by those whose opinion it is worth one's pains to secure, if she possesses a good heart and kind disposition, than if she were as beautiful as Milton's Eve, with a corkscrew disposition and a heart of lead.

A SINGULAR CASE.—A gentleman of one of our suburban cities raised a company two or three years since for one of our regiments and departed for the battle-field, leaving behind a young wife. A few months afterwards the lady gave birth to a child, and subsequently the name of her husband appeared among those killed in one of the battles fought by the Potomac army. A body said to be that of her husband, was sent to her, and she remains very interested, she believing all the time that she was burying her husband. The lady remained single about a year; then removing her mourning, was married again, and now has a child by the second husband. A few weeks ago the wife was somewhat surprised at reading the name of her first husband in a list of Massachusetts soldiers who had recently been released from a rebel prison, he having arrived at Annapolis, Md. She now has two living husbands, and children by both.—Boston Traveller.

One of our exchanges speaks of a "finished scamp." We wish they were all finished.

Old John B. was a hypochondriac, and one of his chimeras was that he was a glass vessel. One day, as he was about taking a seat, his wife, who was behind him, suddenly jerked his chair away, and fell heavily to the floor. "There!" cried she, triumphantly, "that goes to prove what I always said. You're no more made of glass than I am, else you would have been broken into a thousand pieces!"

"Is your house a warm one?" asked a man in search of a tenement. "It ought to be; the painters give it two coats recently," was the reply.

A Western editor, who is an old bachelor, says, "I never cured a falling out between two married, and well educated old ladies in a general. I'd grant that our latter end need not be like his."