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POETICAL.



THE LITTLE COFFIN.

'Twas a tiny rosewood thing,
Ebon bound and glittering
With its stars of silver white,
Silver tablet, blank and bright,
Downy pillow, satin lined,
That I, loitering, chanced to find
'Mid the dust, the scent, the gloom
Of the undertaker's room,
Waiting empty—ah, for whom?

Ah! what lore-watched cradle bed,
Keeps to-night the nestling head,
Or on what soft, pillowed breast
Is the cherub form at rest,
That ere long, with darkened eye,
Sleeping to no lullaby,
Whitely robed, and still and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty couch entold?

Ah! what bitter tears shall stain
All this satin sheet like rain,
And what towering hopes be hid
'Neath this tiny coffin lid,
On whose tablet shall appear
Little words that must be there,
Little words cut deep and true—
Sweeping mother's hearts anew—
Sweet, pet name, and "Adieu, adieu!"

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plume
Round my pathway cast a gloom,
Chill and darkness as the shade
By an infant's coffin made!
From our arms an angel flies,
And our world, dazzled eyes,
Weeping round its vacant place,
Cannot rise its path to trace,
Cannot see the angel's face!

SYBAR GENTLY, MOTHER.

Gently, mother, gently,
Chide thy little one,
'Tis a toilsome journey
It hath just begun;
Many a vale of sorrow,
Many a rugged steep
Lie in its pathway—
And full oft it will weep—
Oh! then, gently—gently.

Kindly, mother kindly,
Speak in tender tone;
That dear child, remember,
Echoes back thine own;
Teach in gentle accents,
Teach in words of love;
Let the softest breezes
Its young heart string move;
Kindly—mother—kindly.

Wouldst thou have the setting
Of a gem most fair
In a crown of beauty,
It were time to wear?
Mother train with caution
That dear little one,
Guide, reprove, and ever
Let the work be done
Gently—mother—gently.

MISCELLANY.

A STRANGE STORY.

Some weeks ago a man named Alvin C. Temple, a citizen of New York, mysteriously disappeared at Burning Springs. Within the last few days suspicion fastened on a person named Robert S. Steinway as his murderer, and accordingly he was arrested. Since his arrest he has written and published the following extraordinary statement in the Parkersburg Times of Monday last:

EDS. TIMES: My object in writing this communication is to lay before the public the facts attending the distressing death of the late Alvin C. Temple, of the city of New York, as I have just been arrested here on a charge of being accessory to, and the cause of it. I am here without friends or acquaintances, and must go to prison for want of bail. I hope, however, in the course of a few days, to exonerate myself from all suspicion of any complicity in the death of my friend.

The deceased and myself were both residents of New York, and had been acquainted nearly ten years; about the middle of September last, we left home together on a tour to the oil regions of Southern Ohio and West Virginia. We came first to Marietta, Ohio, and visited the oil wells of Duck creek. We then visited Horseneck, Sand Hill, White Oak, and Burning Springs. We arrived at the latter place on the afternoon of Friday, October 26th. We spent Saturday in visiting the various oil wells. Sunday morning we started on a ramble to make some observations as to the nature of the country. From this ramble Mr. Temple never returned and upon this circumstance I have been arrested. I hope the public, after hearing my statement, will suspend its judgment until I can offer more proof of my entire innocence. Mr. Temple being something of a geologist, carried a leather sack suspended by a strap over the shoulder to contain the specimens collected, and in his hand a hammer with a handle three feet long, such as is commonly used by geologists. We crossed the Burning Springs run at the mouth and climbed up the hill on the upper side. About three-fourths of the way up we discovered an opening in the rock caused probably by some convulsion of the earth. Into this we found that we could crawl some fifteen feet when further progress was stopped by

the fissure becoming narrower. Temple by thrusting in his hammer, ascertained that the passage soon widened again, and that by removing some of the pieces of rock we could go on. We procured a sapling, which we used as a battering ram. We could hear the pieces fall as they were pushed inward, and from the sound knew the descent could be but a few feet. I went first, when we had opened the way, and descended by letting myself down by the hands. Temple followed. Lighting a match and a piece of paper we found ourselves in a cavern about twelve feet square, in which we could stand upright. Pieces of broken rock, varying in size from an egg to a barrel, covered the ground. Temple collected some specimens, principally sand rock and feldspar, which he put into a sack to be examined at leisure. Our progress was very difficult on account of the loose and jagged stones. Partly feeling our way, and now and then lighting a match, we managed to ascertain what I have related, and also to discover a fissure nearly opposite where we entered, some three feet in width at the bottom and, gradually narrowing toward the top. Crawling into this we found it made a considerably descent until it opened into a spacious cave, the dimensions of which I cannot state, as it was not thoroughly explored. We found here the same chaos of broken rocks, and were continually bruising ourselves in climbing over and through them. Proceeding some thirty yards we saw a light on our right which proved to be caused by a split in the rock. Looking through it we could see the hills on the opposite bank of the Kanawha, but could not open our way out. Leaving this on our right, we proceeded to make what explorations our limited means would allow. After going perhaps fifty yards, we were surprised at finding a small lake, or pool, as near as I can judge, some sixty feet in length, by twenty feet wide. Its level was some three feet below the ground on which we stood. Temple inserted his hammer into this pool and found that instead of water it was oil—petroleum. I have not time to describe our sensations on this discovery, which promised untold wealth. After discussing the matter for a few minutes, he attempted to try the depth with the handle of his hammer. He got as near the brink as he could, and was about executing his design, when the loose stones on which he stood suddenly caved in with him. He sunk, rose again, struggled a moment, and I saw him no more. I was powerless, to assist him, even if I had not been completely bewildered. The weight of the specimens in his sack, no doubt prevented him from saving himself, as he was a capital swimmer. The horror of my situation may be imagined. I stood alone in that cave wherein was death and darkness, fully aware that when I went out in the light I would only meet strangers and suspicion. I called my companions by name again and again till terrified by the sepulchral echoes that resounded through the blackness.

This is the true statement of the fact.—Whether it will be credited is more than I can say. I am fully aware how difficult it is for me to answer the question: "Why did you not make this statement sooner?" Here is my reply. When I left the cave I went to my room at the hotel. Overwhelmed as I was, I could not help being sensible that the discovery was an important one, and resolved to secure the benefits of it; so I kept the matter quiet until my designs should be accomplished. To this end I obtained a favorable lease from the agent of the Rathbone Oil Company of the ground covering the cave. This lease, as the county records will show, was made the day after the occurrence above revealed. It is made to George Temple, the father of Henry V. Temple, the brother of the late Alvin C. Temple. I have not referred to myself, directly or indirectly, any part of this lease. I hope this circumstance will go far to show that I could have no motive in causing the death of my friend. I do not think his relatives, or those who know me, will entertain the slightest suspicion to my prejudice. Yet I feel that I can never have a moment's peace of mind until the judgment of everybody shall acquit me of the charge. And now, Messrs. Editors, I request that you will give the foregoing statement a place in your paper, and thereby oblige a friendless and grief-stricken man.

ROBERT S. STEINWAY.

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THE POETRY OF FARMING.—Agriculture has a field of poetry as well as of practical culture. The "pastoral landscape" is here all that the ancients have said about it—the harvest field sung about and beloved by everybody; the "tanned haycock," the scent of new made hay at evening; the fields with their garriety of green, embracing the whole practical world of nature the great source of the poet's inspiration. There are the fruits; ripe, golden apples blushing and fragrant; peaches, pears, plums, the strawberry, and the seedy glistening blackberry, with their fields of poetry! And then the maize in the field, in the barn, yellow and glistening on mild October days; when the sun also is yellow, and earth is teeming like a wine press with plenty and good cheer. What hope! what prospect in store for the bright winter evenings! The vineyard itself is one of the greatest of poems. How the ancients doated upon it, and sung its praise, and now it is flowing in streams, and hanging its purple clusters in bursting profusion.

The reply of the superintendent of one of the principal Maine railroads to a circular from a Cabinet officer at Washington, asking him to carry delegates for the Philadelphia Convention for half fare, was, "that he was not aware that there was any such fools in Maine as to attend that convention; but if there were any, he would take them as freight."

Advertising for a wife is just as absurd as it would be to get measured for an umbrella!

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

Better die in the oradle than live to no purpose or use in the world.
The young man or woman who sees no more in life than personal elevation or aggrandizement, is the pitiable victim of a thin delusion.
The young man or woman who neglects to obey every generous impulse from youth up is like the grub, winding and swathing itself in a silken shroud, away from the blessed light and air. For generous impulses are the frequent sunbeams glinting from heaven to earth, and playing around the hearts of men and women.

All should bear this in mind; that no young man, though he be rich in millions, is so rich that he can afford to dwarf body, soul or mind, by neglecting even the least of the duties precedent to the development of a true manhood.

There is no poverty like this of the spirit. The true man, though coarsely clad and fed, is a prince among nature's nobility, while a mean spirited prince is a contemptible beggar and pretender among conventional nobles.

Every young man should strive first, and to the last, to attain to the full moral stature of a MAN. For this includes everything that can go to establish enduring repute.

Fame is oftener misallied than won.—Greatness is constantly misapprehended. A great intellect does not make a man great.—But the quantity of greatness inheres in a true union of superior intellect and moral excellence.

Thus Abraham Lincoln, more than any of modern American publicists, deserves, and will receive the award of greatness in American history. He was, among men, preeminently conscientious and good.

He had not the mighty intellect of Webster, nor the subtlety of either Calhoun or Seward; but he has a higher place in history than either, for he had but one ambition in life—to be the benefactor of his kind.

To accomplish this he lived very near the people; joyed in their joy, grieved when they grieved, in all things sympathized with them; and finally died for them!

Martyrs are not too plenty, even now—days. And we can pay Lincoln no higher compliment than to say that his life was pure and unselfish, and his death as noble as that of the noblest of those who fell in the hour of battle.

The record of this great man, from his boyhood to his death, is a record of persistent endeavor to attain to the true stature of a MAN.

His example ought to be a life lesson to every young man. When we say that don't understand us as saying that every boy should try to be President. Lincoln as little expected to be President as Autocrat of the Russias. But the Presidency was an incident of his life labor, not the object.

The man who makes public position, empty honor, or wealth, the object of life, will die of moral and spiritual penury and want.

To act from right motives, unbiased by selfish ambitions, is to put money at compound interest. The man who makes it a rule to do right, and abide the consequences makes a great pace toward true manhood.

Such a man cannot hope to have the good opinion of the selfish, the unprincipled, and the breakers of the laws. But he will, in his soul have outlived the fear of man.

Set out in life with your face toward the undying light. Put all doubtful enterprise behind you. Resolve to be true to your highest impulses. Take the responsibility.

You have to answer for yourselves, to conscience, to your Maker. No man can answer for you. Therefore the question is not, "Did my father, or grandfather, walk thus, or so," "or so believe and practice?" but rather—"Is this right, or wrong? Is that true, or false?"

He is exceedingly poor who pins his faith upon another man's sleeve. That faith is best which is most intelligently cherished.—That course is best which is most intelligently determined upon.

Time is the property of no man. No man has any surplus time to waste. So, if a young man haunts bar-rooms and saloons, he is a thief of Time, a waster of that to which none can lay special claim.

Morally to waste time is a greater crime against society than the theft of money.—Money may be replaced; time lost once is lost forever.

If a man is worth just what he benefits community, what is the value of the young man who spends his days and evenings at the taverns, the saloons or the grocer's?

These habits go to make up a man's reputation; for the goings out and comings in of all are known to somebody, and so become notorious.

Wild young men comfort themselves with the fact that some distinguished men were fast young men. But they forget that such is not the rule. In the exceptional cases men have achieved distinction spite of youthful follies.

The logic of such young men is bad.—Were dissipation the prerequisite of usefulness, their conclusion would be correct. But the premise is utterly false.

Success is not the creature of fortuitous circumstances. Least of all can a young man expect to succeed in life by disregarding all the conditions precedent to success.

To shine is no evidence of merit, or solid attainments. Vegetation, in a certain stage of decomposition, becomes luminous. Brilliance in some men only marks the decay of moral force.

These are but fragments of thought. If a single one of our readers gets profit out of the mass, then our labor is well bestowed.

A lady seeing a drunken man in the gutter, said she was afraid he was dead. But, who had been near enough to smell his breath, exclaimed: "Faith, and I wish I had half his disease."

BE TRUE.

'Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth would'st teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul would'st reach;
It needs the overflow of hearts
To give thy lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

'I'll not Repine.
'Amid the various scenes of life
Each stroke some kind design fulfills;
And shall I murmur at my cross,
When sovereign love directs the rod?"

Resignation is an exalted Christian virtue. It is a plant that grows not up from Nature's soil. It is a grace that must be cultivated like the rose tree, that it may flourish and shed forth its sweet fragrance amid the passing scene of life. To possess resignation, calm and untroubled, under all circumstances, is a high attainment. Yet it is attainable; and blessed are they who live under its benign influences. It will shed a holy balm o'er the moral waste of life, and cheer us a mid the darkest hours of our pilgrimage.

Life has its cares and its afflictions, its crosses and conflicts, its disappointments and its sacrifices. But in every scene of earth, resignation, like the strong and faithful anchor that holds the ship in safety till the storm is past, secures its possessor peace and quietness, till the darkness and danger of the tempest are over, and the sunshine of tranquility and joy again beams upon us. Nothing is ever lost to the just by the exercise of this virtue; but it will secure to the anxious, the impatient, and heavy-laden, much joy, blessedness and consolation. It will render our afflictions blessings, our crosses pleasures, our disappointments unexpected good, and our sorrows, either for our own or the well-being of others, acceptable oblations to God. Then—

'Though Heaven afflict, I'll not repine;
Each heart's comfort still is mine—
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.'

Scene at the Death Bed of Mr. Lincoln.

At Carlisle, Pa., recently, the Presbyterian Synods of the old and New Schools being in session at the same place, the two bodies met in communion with great harmony. Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the church in Washington which President Lincoln usually attended, in a speech at the table, gave the following narrative, which has never before been made public:

"When summoned on that sad night to the death bed of President Lincoln, I entered the room fifteen or twenty minutes before his departure. All present were gathered anxiously around him, waiting to catch his last breath. The physician, with one hand upon the pulse of the dying man, and the other hand laid upon his heart, was intently watching for the moment when life should cease.

"He lingered longer than we had expected. At last the physician said: 'He is gone; he is dead.'

"Then I solemnly believe that for four or five minutes there was not the slightest noise or movement in that awful presence: We all stood transfixed in our positions, speechless, breathless, around the dead body of that great and good man.

"At length the Secretary of War, who was standing at my left, broke the silence and said, 'Doctor, will you say anything?' I replied 'I will speak to God.' Said he, 'Do it just now.'

"And there, by the side of our fallen chief, God put it into my heart to utter this petition, that from that hour we and the whole nation might become more than ever united in our devotion to the cause of our beloved, imperilled country.

"When I ceased, there arose from the lips of the entire company a fervid and spontaneous Amen."

"And has not the whole heart of the loyal nation responded Amen?"

"Was not that prayer, there offered, responded to in a most remarkable manner?"

"When in our history have the people of this land been found more closely bound together in purpose and heart than when the telegraphic wires bore all over the country the sad tidings that President Lincoln was dead?"

Who is Old.—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will do something for himself, for his neighbor or for his posterity. Almost the last hour of his life Wellington was at work. So were Newton, Bacon, Milton, and Franklin. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea that we must lie down because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to run to waste, and the spring of life to become motionless, on whose hands the hours drag heavily.

Beware of Him.—Beware of whom? A dangerous companion. He can't walk, for he has no legs. He can't seize you, for he has no arms. He can't look at you, for he has no eyes. He can't hear you, for he has no ears. But he can harm you nevertheless, for he has a tongue, and speaks wicked things. Do you know him? I have not.—Shall I tell you his name? It is BAD BOOK. Beware of him!

Spodger came across a man the other day, who is so conservative that he refuses to take a particular medicine because it promises to work a radical cure.

Andrew Johnson in France.

We translate from the *Journal des Debats* of Paris the following article from the pen of M. Prevost Paradol, which is interesting as showing the view taken by the Liberals of France upon our affairs, and how they appreciate the precise attitude of President Johnson:

The news from the United States is of peculiar interest to those of our readers who are at all versed in American affairs, and the early days of December at the farthest will see the denouement of the contest which has arisen between the President and Congress. Often as the French journals have discussed this grave question they have not generally presented to their readers a fair statement of the causes which have produced this wide breach between the executive power and the legislative power of the United States; and we see daily instances of those who neither waiting in sentiments of justice nor intelligence, cast their sympathy with the President before they have been justified in their action by proper information.

What is, then, this constitutional amendment which the President so bitterly opposes, and which Congress has made an absolute condition for the readmission of the Southern States to representation in Congress? Is it unjust, as Mr. Johnson pretends? Is it unnecessary for the maintenance of internal harmony, lately so fearfully disturbed and so painfully re-established?—These are questions which we must coolly discuss before we can decide in favor of Mr. Johnson, although in his bearing towards the conquered, and in his expressed desire to forget the past he has appealed to the noblest sentiments of the heart. Words, however, have little value in such a grave state of affairs, if they do not conform to the true condition of things; and if we would judge of the President's opposition to Congress as reasonable and for the public good, we must not halt on the words, but go right to the fact.

If the legislation immediately anterior to the war should resume its course, as Mr. Johnson desires, each State would remain the absolute judge of the management of its debt, of the conditions of the elective franchise, and even of the exercise of civil rights, and by consequence, of the political and social condition of all its inhabitants. In other words, the Southern States could then legally repudiate the national debt, and pay instead the debt contracted by them during the war, for the prosecution of the war to raise the chiefs of the rebellion to the highest honors the State could bestow, and to perpetuate against the blacks, in default of slavery, that exclusion from civil and political rights which was the necessary accompaniment and the natural consequence of their servitude.

But this is not all. These questions are important and must be solved; but there is another which cannot be escaped, the number of representatives to which the South is to be entitled. This has been determined heretofore by the indirect representation of the slaves; but slavery now has ceased to exist. These are the various questions to which the constitutional amendment has given rise, and in discussing them it is beyond question that the Republican party, under its wise and sagacious leaders, has not overstepped moderation in the hour of victory.

What will be the result if Mr. Johnson persists in his imprudent course? It would be very difficult for him to-day, even were he to surrender completely to Congress, to regain the public confidence; and the exercise of the Presidential power, after such a submission, would be almost impossible. It is generally expected that Congress, immediately upon reassembling, will impeach and depose the President, when the President of the Senate will become the legal successor of Mr. Lincoln as head of the Republic. For we cannot forget that this is still the Presidency of that illustrious sleeper, and the removal of Mr. Johnson from office would only give the murdered President, for the time which yet remains, a more worthy successor. There is but another question, and that is, will the second successor of Mr. Lincoln be compelled to employ force to execute the degrees of Congress, and to sustain his own power? Let us hope that it will not be necessary to proceed to such an extremity, although the American people have been much excited by recent strange events.

An Agreeable Recommendation.

A writer—a physician—in the *Agriculturist*, says apples are the most healthy fruit produced in this country. He cites a good many instances to prove the truth of this system. And we suspect that he is very nearly—if not quite—right. He says, in substance, that there are but few articles of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer in the country has not an apple orchard, where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every house keeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be one of the most economical investments in the whole range of culinary. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours.—The most healthy dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples, sound and ripe, for pines, cukes and sweetmeats with which their children are too frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of Doctors' bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.

A PERFECT ANTIDOTE FOR ALL POISONS.

A plain farmer says: "It is now over twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing it would cure other kinds of poisons. Practice, observation, and experience have taught me that it will cure poison of any kind both on man and beast. I think no farmer should be without a bottle of it in his house. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it requires eight times as much as it does for a man. Here let me say of one of the most extreme cases of snake bites in this neighborhood: Eleven years ago this summer, where the case had been thirty days standing, and the patient had been given up by his physicians, I heard of it, carried the oil and gave him one spoonful, which effected a cure. It is an antidote for arsenic and strychnine. It will cure blots in cattle by eating too freely of fresh clover; it will cure the sting of bees, spiders or other insects; and will cure persons who have been poisoned by a low running vine growing in the meadows, called ivy."

Churches in the United States.

The following table exhibits a correct statement of the number of the churches of the leading Christian denominations in the United States. The figures have been prepared from the latest and most authentic records.

Denominations.	Churches.
Methodists	19,883
Baptists	11,221
Presbyterians	5,061
Roman-Catholics	2,559
Congregationalists	2,354
Episcopalians	2,145
Lutherans	1,188
Christians	2,068
Union	1,866
Unit. Presbyterians	820
German Reformed	676
Unitarians	664
Freewill Baptists	520
Friends	765
Reformed Church	440
Dunkards	163
Reformed-Presbyterian	136
Mononites	109
Jewish	77
Adventists	70
Winebrenerians	65
Swedenborgians	58
Seven-day Baptists	53
Moravians	49
Spiritualists	17
Shakers	12
Six Principle Baptists	9
Minor sects	26
Total	54,009

SHARP.—An Irish boy, trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about to hire him; "but this I do know, that you were born in Ireland."
"Och! your honor, if that's all, small blame that. Suppose your old cat had kittens in the oven, would they be leaves of bread?"
The boy got the place.

A young gentleman, dressed in the most fashionable and faultless style, was standing on the step the other day, picking his teeth after digesting a comfortable dinner, when a stranger, just from the cars, stepped up and politely inquired if he "would stop there?" "Stop where?" inquired the young man, puzzled by the inquiry. "Here in the city—in Hartford." "Oh, I suppose so—why don't you inquire at the hotel?" "Excuse me, sir," replied the stranger, "I thought you owned the place!"

So.—The State of Oregon, one of the youngest in the Union, has more Public Schools, (448) than South Carolina, one of the original thirteen States. It's so.

EXEMPLARY CHARITY.—"Well neighbor, what's the most Christian news this morning?" "I said a pious gentleman to his friend. 'I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman.'"
"Just like you," said the other; "who is it that you have made happy by your charity this time?"
"My wife!"

DONE FOR.—Two gentlemen were lately examining the breast of a plow on a stall in a market-place.
"I'll bet a crown," said one, "you don't know what it's for."
"Done," said the other. "It is for sale."
The debt was paid.

A man in Maine applied for two gallons of rum for "Medical purposes." "For what medical purposes?" inquired the agent.—"For raising a barn," was the reply.

Major N. upon being asked if he was seriously hurt on the bursting of a boiler on a steamboat, replied that he was not, as he had been blown up so many times by his wife, that a mere steamboat explosion had no effect upon him whatever.

A clerk in a mercantile establishment writes to a friend at home: "I have a nice time of it now-a-days—very little work to do—our firm don't advertise."

The number of worker bees in a hive is said to vary from 5,000 to 50,000.

If a bigamist was sentenced to live with his two wives in the same house, the child would soon become extinct.

A lover should always present himself at his sweetheart's door with a little ring, but not without a rap.

A croaker often jumps but never swims.