

# VILLAGE RECORD.



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## POETICAL.



### SUMMER DYING!

On the scarlet mountains yonder,  
Summer lies down to die;  
She gathers her robes of splendor,  
Around her royally;  
Her tender, parpling mosses  
Pillow her royal head;  
Her myriad, gentle grasses  
Are sweeping about her bed.  
It failed, the precious promise  
Of her beauty's golden reign;  
It came, the less the longing,  
The science and the pain;  
She was cruel in her splendor,  
She mocked us in its reign;  
She held her careless carnival  
Above our idol slain.  
'Tis not the hand that crown's us,  
The hand held out to bless;  
'Tis the hand that robs and wrongs us,  
That we offend ourselves;  
Still O' beguiling summer,  
We o'er thy beauty lean,  
Thou didst rob us, yet we love thee  
Discrowned, hail thee queen.

A' passion fervor faded,  
With eyes at last serene;  
Turned toward thy conquer, Autumn,  
Thou art dying, O' our queen!  
All that thou gavest to us,  
In the mourning's gracious glow,  
All that thou hast taken from us,  
Only our God can know.

### THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

The works of God are fair for naught,  
Unless our eyes, in seeing,  
See hidden in the thing the thought  
That animates its being.  
The outward form is not the whirr,  
But every heart is mounded  
To image forth an inward soul,  
That dimly is unfolded.  
The shadow, pictured in the lake  
By every tree that trembles,  
Is cast for more than just the sake  
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone  
Because the meadows need it,  
But on an errand of its own,  
To human souls that heed it.  
The stars are lighted in the skies  
Not merely for their shining,  
But, like the look of loving eyes,  
Have meanings worth divining.  
The waves that moan along the shore,  
The winds that sigh in blowing,  
Are sent to teach a mystic lore,  
Which men are wise in knowing.  
The clouds around the mountain peak,  
The rivers in their winding,  
Have secrets which to all who seek  
Are precious in the finding.

Thus Nature dwells within our reach,  
But, though we stand so near her,  
We still interpret half her speech,  
With ears too dull to hear her.  
Whenever, at the coarsest sound,  
Still listens for the finest,  
Shall hear the noisy world go round  
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright,  
Because his heart is tender,  
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light  
In every earthly splendor.

So, since the universe began,  
And till it shall be ended,  
The soul of Nature, soul of Man,  
And soul of God are blended!

### MISCELLANY.

#### Reverses.

"Burleigh" writes from New York to the Boston Journal: Leaning on the granite pillar of one of our hotels yesterday, I saw a well-dressed young man—not over thirty, he was very drunk. His friends, some of them among our most respectable citizens, were trying to induce him to go home. Not lost to all self-respect, he said: "I am drunk—I won't go home." Two months ago he was reputed to be rich. His balance over in the bank was large. He could any day draw his check for \$50,000. One of the sudden blows that upset the staunchest craft struck him—he took to the bottle and his end is easily predicted.

One can count on his ten fingers the New York business men who for thirty years have had uninterrupted success. But New York is full of wrecks of men, who, because they could not pay their notes, have flung away character, talent and all. In one of the townships of this city dwells a woman, one who, since I have been your correspondent, was a belle at Saratoga. Her story is the old one—business reverses—the bottle—poverty and woe. On the floor of one of our most crowded tenement houses, covered with rags, the husband of this lady was found by a noble-hearted man who sought him out to save him if he can. And yet a few years ago he was one of our brightest merchants.

### ANTIETAM DEDICATION.

[From the Press.]

KEDYSVILLE, Md., Sept. 17.—The Antietam dedication is over at last, and the least that can be said about it is the better for the honor of the loyal North. The idea of turning a solemn ceremony into a political ovation is repulsive to every patriot, but it was doubly so to-day when all the incidents connected therewith are considered.

Andrew Johnson, however, had another opportunity to observe what an object of disgust he is, and will probably never forget his visit to Antietam. When in the course of the programme the poem was about to be read, loud cries from all quarters went up for Geary, and although Governor Swann endeavored to be heard, it was impossible for him to quiet the crowd, disgusted as they were with the speech of Bradford.

At last the manager of the concern begged Governor Geary to quell the tumult, and as he stepped forward and requested as a personal favor that the programme should be adhered to, cheers rent the air. Johnson was evidently alarmed, and to his fears may be traced the brevity of his speech. Before speaking, he asked a neighbor if any rebel dead were buried in the cemetery, "No, sir," was the reply; "nor never will be." And yet Johnson could not resist alluding in his speech to the great man, as he termed them, of both armies who were buried there.

It is due to Gen. Negley, the commissioner from Pennsylvania, to say that he had nothing to do with the arrangements, he having been entirely ignored by the copper- Johnson colleagues on the cemetery committee, and finally declined meeting with them. Negley stands lined the roadside up to the gates of the cemetery, and the graves of the Union soldiers who died on this field for their country were trampled upon by the returned rebels as they galled their ladies through the cemetery.

Upon the conclusion of the President's remarks a benediction was pronounced, and the President's party left the stand, while those apparently terminable calls for Governor Geary were again heard. The Governor arose, and spoke as follows:

**SPEECH OF GOVERNOR GEARY.**  
Fellow citizens.—After all you have heard to-day I had supposed you would want nothing more. The programme has been gone through with. It opened and closed with prayer. Those who were not invited must come in at the last hour; but I remember when the conflict was raging here there was no hesitation in inviting the loyal Governors to participate, by sending their troops to the field at Antietam. But, my friends, though the loyal Governors have been left out of the programme, I thank God they still have a place in the hearts of the people.—When you come to Pennsylvania next July at the dedication of the monument at Gettysburg we will tender you the hospitalities of the State, and permit every man to speak. We want to bear thanks to Almighty God for his preservation and care of this country. We will have no gag. We will have no programme for this purpose. We have no gag on our programmes; but I am not here to say anything on that subject.

The orator of the day has presented, with eloquence and faithfulness, many of the historic incidents of the great battle we to-day seek to commemorate in the dedication of a cemetery in honor of the heroic dead, who "died that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth."

The battle of Antietam was fought under circumstances of great depression on the part of the Union forces. The army of the Potomac was greatly demoralized by the disastrous campaigns on the Peninsula and in Northern Virginia, and from the loss of 12,000 men who had just been captured at the shameful surrender at Harper's Ferry. While the same circumstances were calculated to, and doubtless did, animate the rebel army with great enthusiasm and dauntless determination, so that when the first gun was fired at Antietam, Lee's army had a basis of victory to begin with.

The effect, then, which followed the collision of the two great armies upon this battlefield must be regarded as somewhat different from that in which we view any other contest which preceded or followed it, and but little argument is required to show that the victory of Antietam, to be properly appreciated, must be measured by the most liberal logic known to military ethics. As an evidence, the Army of the Potomac suffered a loss of about twelve thousand men killed and wounded, while that acknowledged by the rebel army scarcely exceeded nine thousand; yet Lee was compelled to fly, under the shadow of night, from before a foe whom he had so dreadfully punished, and, thus acknowledging himself vanquished, admitted a clear and indisputable victory to the Union arms.

Had this battle resulted differently, both Washington and Baltimore would have been exposed, and the rebel cavalry could have retched their horses in the waters of the Susquehanna, and perhaps even in those of the Hudson before the people of the North could have recovered from the panic which had seized upon the public mind. But thanks—unnumbered thanks—for the dauntless valor of the glorious Army of the Potomac, not only was the foe beaten and the country saved from deep humiliation, but the arrogant assumptions of superior valor, so vauntingly advertised by Lee and his followers, were utterly dispelled, and he and they forced to fly for safety beyond the waters of the Potomac.

By Antietam's thunderbolts the Government escaped the dangers by which it was menaced, and the people of the North were saved from the terrible ravages of an invading army. Most appropriate is it then that a cemetery should be here prepared for the reception of the remains of the heroes who gave up their lives on this field that the na-

tion might live, and a suitable monument be erected to their memory. Whatever may be said of the Army of the Potomac, as connected with any of its other deeds, that which must be said of it in connection with the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg will preserve its reputation in glory while martial valor is prized and individual fortitude and heroism honored among men.

I presume it will not be deemed inappropriate for me to place on record here the numbers of those military organizations of Pennsylvania which participated in this battle. I believe no such record has been made public, and, therefore, it affords me great gratification to be enabled to take advantage of this opportunity to assert for Pennsylvania her proper share in the honors which surround this battle-field.

These troops were as follows, viz: The 3d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 16th Regiments of Cavalry; Batteries A, B, and F, of 1st Artillery Reserve-Corps.

Batteries C, D, and E, Independent Artillery.

The 11th, 28th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 45th, 46th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 53rd, 56th, 61st, 69th, 71st, 72d, 81st, 82d, 83d, 88th, 90th, 91st, 95th, 96th, 100th, 102d, 106th, 109th, 111th, 114th, 118th, 124th, 125th, 128th, 130th, 132d, 139th, 147th, and 155th Infantry Regiments.

Making in all fifty regiments of infantry, five of cavalry; and six batteries of artillery furnished by the Keystone State in the battle of Antietam. The official records and reports of the battle from which I derive these facts are replete with acknowledgments of the splendid services rendered by these men in the great conflict, and as a Pennsylvanian I am proud thus to adduce the facts of history, to prove that my native State, here, as elsewhere during the war, lent the full strength of her wisdom, as well as the influence of her wisdom, in carrying the Government to a glorious victory. Thus she was in the late war, thus it has been, and thus it will be with Pennsylvania whenever liberty or the perpetuity of the Union is assailed.

While thus careful to preserve the record of Pennsylvania's participation in the events which make this locality classic ground, no selfish feeling of State pride, no contracted desire to monopolize so great an honor for my own people, can induce me to deprive others of their full share of the glory of Antietam. The loyal soldiers of the country who perished here while contending for the Union, just as dear and will be hallowed as sacredly by the people of Pennsylvania as the memories of their own beloved sons who here lie buried.

The blood of the North, of the East, and of the West flowed in the same sacred stream, and broke from the same ranks to crimson the waters of Antietam, and when the chill morning dawned upon the scene of carnage, the Union dead from every section were mingled upon the field of strife. They are brothers still beneath the same sod, and while the dew continues to fall from Heaven upon their Union in the grave, our children and their children's children will come to worship at this shrine, to show their reverence for the patriotic dead, and to express their grateful admiration for the memories of those who perished that they might live as freemen in a preserved Republic, where "the will of the people is the law of the land," and where its execution is equally binding as a duty upon the most exalted as well as the humblest of its citizens. I have been speaking repeatedly for the last two days, and will therefore conclude my remarks. There are here Governor Fenton, the Governor of Maine and others, whom I have no doubt you will be glad to hear.

Here were cries of "go on," but Governor Geary withdrew after introducing Governor Fenton, of New York.

### Signs for Handkerchief Flirtations.

—Drawing across the tips—Desirous of getting acquainted.  
—Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.  
—Taking by centre—you are too willing.  
—Dropping—We will be friends.  
—Twirling in both hands—Indifference.  
—Drawing across the cheek—I love you.  
—Drawing through the hands—I hate you.  
—Letting it rest on right cheek—Yes.  
—Letting it rest on left cheek—No.  
—Twirling in left hand—I wish to get rid of you.  
—Twisting in right hand—I love another.  
—Folding it—I wish to speak with you.  
—Over the shoulder—Follow me.  
—Opposite corners in both hands—Wait for me.  
—Drawing across the forehead—We are watched.  
—Placing on right ear—I have a message for you.  
—Letting it remain on the eyes—You are cruel.  
—Winding round fore-finger—I am engaged.  
—Winding round third finger—I am married.  
N. B.—Practice makes perfect.

**CHILDHOOD.**—Let man enjoy what he will in after-life, if his childhood have been blessed with the care and kindness of a judicious mother, there will come moments when the cup of pleasure will be dashed from his lips as tasteless, in comparison with those hours of sweet and social intercourse, when he first learned to look for a prevailing spirit in the realms of nature—to welcome the animated and joyous creatures of earth as members of his wide brotherhood, and to hail the beams of morning as pledges of the inexhaustible beneficence which created both life and light; and ordained them as blessings to mankind.

### The Patriot and the Demagogue.

In 1863 President Lincoln spoke at the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg.—In 1867 President Johnson spoke at the dedication of the Cemetery at Antietam. It is worth while to compare the utterances of the two men on occasions so nearly similar.

**LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.**  
Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. [Applause.]—Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war; we are here to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place to those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. [Applause.] The world will little note nor long remember what we may say here, but it can never forget what they did here. [Applause.] It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that those dead shall not have died in vain. [Applause.] That the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—[Continued applause.]

### General Phil H. Sheridan.

Phil H. Sheridan was born at the city of Albany, State of New York in February, 1831. His parents are natives of Ireland, county of Kerry. Their oldest child Patrick was also born in Ireland. About the year 1829, John Sheridan and wife, with their first born bid farewell to their native land and came to America, their adopted and chosen home. They first located in Albany, New York, where, as before stated, Phil Sheridan was born. They resided there about five years. While Phil was very young, his parents removed to Somerset, P. O. The parents were in quite limited circumstances, and Phil's early experience was that of other boys similarly situated. When the turpicks was being built through Somerset, Phil's father went to own and drive a cart. Men of Phil's age tell us that they have often seen him hanging on his father's cart, and once in a while, when he would get to drive, he would be highly delighted. Phil must have been regarded as a very honest boy, for while very young in years, he was taken by John Talbot, a hardware merchant, to serve in his store. He served satisfactorily about two years. After leaving Mr. Talbot's store, he was subject of our sketch went to stand in the store of D. Whitehead a dry goods merchant of Somerset. Here we believe he remained until he was appointed a cadet at West Point. Gen. Thomas Ritchie, a farmer living five miles east of Somerset had been elected to Congress for the district composed of Perry, Morgan and Washington. Mr. Ritchie was a good judge of character. He was acquainted with young Sheridan, took a fancy to him, and proposed to send him to West Point. Young Sheridan was willing and his parents agreed to it. The lawyer who drew up the papers in the case told me they were not very sanguine that he would be accepted on account of his size. He was very small for his age. But he was accepted, and took his place as a humble student at this great military school.

### Why he did not do it.

It has long been known of Queen Victoria that on all her excursions and ordinary appearances she so regulates her dress, &c. as not to discourage habits of economy among her people. All such examples are noble and christian.

Mr. Samuel Slatter's habits of living were often the topic of remark among townsmen. On a certain occasion this subject was made the staple of quite an interesting conversation between himself and a few of his intimate friends, when he was a little more than fifty years of age, and estimated to be worth half a million of dollars. It was in the front room of the bank, where they were accustomed to meet and discuss all sorts of things of interest. At that time he lived in an old wooden house which might have cost two or three thousand dollars—decent and comfortable, it is true, and much like the better sort of houses in the village, excepting, perhaps half a dozen. He also owned a good horse and carriage, the common pleasure vehicle at that period in many parts of New England. His friends told him it was not right for a man of his property to live in that style—that he ought to build a better house and keep a coach.

Mr. Slatter replied much in the following manner: "Gentlemen, I admit that I am able to have a large and costly house, rich furniture, and servants to take care of it; that I am able to have a coach with a driver and a footman to attend me. And it is not that I am miserly that I do not have them. But it is a duty in me to set an example of economy to others and especially to my children. The world is too inclined to extravagance. If the style you recommend is to be considered an evidence of wealth, and I were on that account to adopt it, others not able might follow my example, in order to be thought rich. In the end it might prove their ruin, while prudent and honest people would have to suffer for it. And you know I have six boys. If they live and have families each will want to live in as much style as his father. Now, if I am able to live as you recommend, my property, when divided into six parts, might not be sufficient to support six such establishments; besides, business may not continue as good as it is at present. I wish to set a good example for my children. If they do not follow it the fault is not mine."

A farmer who had employed a green Emralder, ordered him to give the mule some corn in the ear. On his coming in the farmer asked: "Well, Pat, did you give the mule the corn?" "To be sure, I did." "How did you give it?" "And shure, as ye told me, 'in the ear.'" "But how much did you give?" "Well, ye see, the crayther wouldn't bounff still, and kept swiveling his ears about so, so I couldn't git but about a fist full in both ears."

Major-Gen. Logan delivered a long and vigorous speech at Hamilton, Ohio, on Wednesday, in which he said of Andrew Johnson:

"Tell me to-day if you had Jeff. Davis in the Presidential chair, or Mr. Robert E. Lee; could they have done more for the Rebels in this land than Andrew Johnson has since he has been President? If they could, I would like to know in what way they could have done it. If Jeff. Davis had been President, what would he have done? He would have returned all the property to the Rebels that they had lost. Andrew Johnson has done that. If Jeff. Davis had been President he would have pardoned all the Rebels that asked him for pardon. Andrew Johnson has done that and more too. If Jeff. Davis had been President he would have denounced this Congress, and called them a set of traitors. Andrew Johnson has done that. If Jeff. Davis had been President he would have appointed Rebel Governors down South to control those States. Andrew Johnson did the same thing. If Jeff. Davis had been President he would have vetoed the Freedmen's Bureau bill. Andrew Johnson did that. He would have vetoed the Civil Rights bill. Andrew Johnson did that. He would have vetoed the first Reconstruction act of Congress, and all the other acts, which Andrew Johnson has done."

### Concerning Happiness.

Happiness may be defined as a possession ever sought, but seldom caught. So far from being properly classified as subordinate to life and liberty, it includes both these conditions. Fanny Fern discourses very philosophically in its relation, thus: "I solemnly aver that the moment anybody tries to do or say a good thing, that moment he shall only experience throes of mortal pain-trying. If you build yourself a beautiful house, and make it a marvel of taste and convenience, in one of its lovely chambers shall your dead-be-laid; and you shall wander heart sick away from it, and with a strong heart accept its company."

"This incessant striving to be happy!—Never—never shall mortals be so, till they have learned to give it over. Happiness comes. It will not be challenged. It glides in only when you have closed the door, and turned your back upon it and forgot it. It lays a soft hand upon your face, when you thought to be alone, and brings a joyful flush of surprise to your cheek, and a soft light to your weary eye; an ineffable peace to your soul."

### At Andersonville.

The first thought that occurred to me when fairly inside was, "How small! Can it be possible that thirty thousand men were thrusted in here?" I believe there are twenty-seven acres in the enclosure, but I can only say that it seemed fearfully small. Just within the stockade are some sheds that might possibly shelter one hundred men. These were put up, I believe during the last four months of the prisoners' stay, and they were the only covering provided for the poor fellow, except what they scooped out with their own hands.

And now with solemn and eager curiosity I glanced around, to take a general survey of the ground. An uneven piece of ground it is, sloping from both extremities toward the center, where it is crossed by a little purling stream, at which thirty thousand dying soldiers lapped, or loosed to lap. A large plot on both sides of the stream is marsh land, impossible to be used. Inside the stockade, and close at its foot, is a tolerably deep ditch, while portions of the "dead-line" still remain, forming an inner circle. The ditch is grown up with flowers and ferns, many of them very pretty. I felt disposed to quarrel with the soil for producing such lovely things. Oh! how could it do so? Thorns and thistles, with the deadly nightshade, should alone grow in the stockade at Andersonville!

As I glanced around, my eye was met in every direction by those glaring sentry-boxes, and I felt that, had I been a prisoner, I should have delved into the earth if only to escape the relentless gaze of those pitiless guards. When once I cast my eyes upon the ground, the fascination was so intense that I had difficulty in raising them again. Every spot I trod was consecrated, by suffering and death. The ground was everywhere strewn with rags, old shoes, and bits of leather, washed into the soil by the rain and trampled in by feet. At every few paces, a little hillock, or a hole, told the story of how a man, accustomed to a New England or a Western home, had learned to live in a space a trifle larger than a coffin.—Hours at Home.

### Death of an Infidel.

Richard Greenwell, residing at Seaford, Del., committed suicide at that place on Thursday, by throwing himself into the river. Greenwell was known as one of the men implicated in the forcible entrance into the jail of that place, and the taking therefrom of one James Wilson, a negro who was arrested, imprisoned and awaiting trial for the murder of a girl, and hanging him in the jail yard. After he was hung, shot and his throat cut, Greenwell, who was a butcher, cut and carved him as though he were beef, and then roasted and burned the pieces to ashes. He recovered the right hand of the negro and carried it home with him.

But what a change has taken place.—Since then the fearful judgement of the Almighty seems to have visited him on all occasions. About a year after this transaction he lost his wife by the most agonizing of deaths—that of burning. Since the death of his wife Greenwell lost his right hand by the cars passing over it. On several occasions he came near losing his life by being thrown from his carriage, two or three times being taken up as dead. Finally on Thursday, he remarked to some person that "God Almighty would not kill him, and he would go and drown himself," which he did.

He was an Englishman by birth, and was said to have been a desperate character before emigrating to this country. He was an infidel—did not believe in God or in a future existence. He would stand up with an open Bible in his hand and curse the God that made him, contending that blind chance formed the world and fixed the planets in their spheres. Awful, indeed, has been his end, and fearful be the responsibility that meets him in that unknown future.

### Sorrow.

Sorrow—Sorrow sobers us, and makes the mind genial. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends more tenderly, and the dead become dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the night so there are blessed forms that look at us in our grief, though before their features were fading from our recollection. Suffering! let no man dread it too much because it is good for him and it will help to make him sure of his being immortal. It is not in the bright, happy day, but only in the solemn night, that other worlds are to be seen shining in their long, long distances. And it is in sorrow—that night of the soul—that we are farthest, and know ourselves natives of finite and daughters of the Most High.

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### The Cincinnati Advertiser in a stirring article.

smelling very strongly of copper, said, "Every prediction we made about the war has been verified." To which the Scioto Gazette responds as follows: "You predicted that the South could succeed without a war—but it couldn't!" "You say the North could not fight—but it did!" "You say one Southerner could whip five Northerners—but he couldn't!" "You asserted that we had no power to coerce them—but we had!" "You said that we never could conquer them—but we did!" "You predicted that a bushel of greenbacks would not buy a dinner—but it will!" "You asserted that the war was a failure—but we succeeded!" "You asserted that the people of Ohio were opposed to the war, that they would elect peaceable Vallandigham—but they didn't!" "You are now predicting that you will carry this State—but you won't!"

A WIFE.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion who he wants, and not an artist; it is not merely a creature who can paint and play and sing and dance. It is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing-room, and excite the admiration of the company; but is entirely unfit for a helpmate to man, and to train up a child in way he should go.

Sorrow gathers round great souls as storms do around mountains; but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plain beneath them.

An Irishman was about to marry a Southern girl for her property. "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said the minister.

"Yes, your reverence, and the angels too," said Pat.