

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



WOUNDED.

Let me lie down,
Just here in the shade of this cannon-iron tree—
Here low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the vanguard, where I may hear
The glad cry of victory cheer upon cheer—
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to
share.
The tempest—its fury and thunder were there.
On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe under foot and our flag over head—
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone to the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest
With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced
breast?

Comrades, at roll call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the forest hell fire of shrapnel and
shell,
Through without faltering, clear through with yell,
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom,
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!
Some things are worthless, and some others so good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood,
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share all warm from my heart,
It is duty!

Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!
Oh that I now lay on your pillow breast
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest!
Dying at last!

I am no saint,
But, boys, say a prayer, there's one that begins
"Our Father," and then "Forgive us our sins,"
Don't forget that part; say that strongly; and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say amen.
Ah, I am no saint.

Hark! there's a shout!
It was at Mission Ridge that Sheridan's
bravery and vigor caught the eye of Gen
Grant, who was then our commander-in-
chief, and was looking everywhere for cap-
able assistant officers. Sheridan had a tin-
cup shot from his hand as he was drinking,
just previous to the final charge, he had a
horse shot under him, and led his men on
foot up to the summit, where he sprang upon
one of the fifty captured guns, swinging
his sword over his head, and shouting joyful-
ly to his men and scornfully to the retreating
rebels.

Sheridan's career at the head of the caval-
ry division of the army of the Potomac
proved his wonderful fitness to wield that
arm of the service. Infantry and artillery
were too slow for him. He could think like
lightning; his temper would burst out
like a thunderbolt; and the quickest motions
of well-mounted soldiers lagged behind his
wishes. He was the first general to win
decided victories for the Union cause on
Virginia soil. Can we ever forget the thrill-
ing, joyous news of Winchester, and Cedar
Creek, and Five Forks? Is there another
instance in the world's history of a reinfor-
cement of one man turning defeat into
triumph, as did Sheridan's famous ride from
Winchester?

In the civil duties of his present command
at New Orleans, Sheridan shows promptness,
patriotism, and good sense. He is not a mere
fighter, though he does some of wild Irish
stunt and has got so many "black marks"
for his quackery at West Point that he nearly
lost his degree. In boyhood, Sheridan
attended in a country store, and suited his
employer. In Oregon, while a lieutenant
in the army, he settled some troubles be-
tween the whites and Indians by negotiation,
and was complimented by General Scott.—
He presided over a board to audit the claims
growing out of Fremont's administration in
Missouri. He was such a faithful quarterm-
aster as to add greatly to the marching
powers of our troops; for, like Napoleon, he
believed in gaining victories with the legs.
In his intercourse with officers, soldiers, or
people at large, Sheridan is frank, kindly,
and obliging; anxious to deal justly, and
free from self-conceit. No general has risen
more entirely by his own merits, and the
whole army rejoices in his eminence. He has
been tried in many fields of duty, and
never found wanting. The troops, with their
propensity to nickname, called him "Little
Phil"; but his short stature is unnoticed
when he is on horseback. He is broad-
shouldered, compact, and wiry, with clear
gray eyes, dark hair, a handsome forehead,
and has a quick, nervous method of speech,
which flames out into rough language on the
battle-field, and electrifies every soldier.

A BAD TEMPER.—A bad temper is a regu-
lar curse to his possessor, and its influence
is most deadly wherever it is found. It is a
kind of martyrdom to be obliged to live with
one of a complaining temper. To bear a
confidential round of complaints and murmur-
ings, to have every pleasant thought scared
away by their evil spirit, is in truth a sore trial.
It is like the sting of the scorpion, or a
perpetual nettle, destroying your peace, and
rendering life a burden.

What goes most against the grain? A
reaper.

MAJOR GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN.

From "Our Boys and Girls."
BY W. S. GEORGE.

In May, 1862, soon after the battle of
Shiloh, Governor Blair, of Michigan was at
Corinth, looking after the welfare of the volun-
teers. A colonel was wanted for the sec-
ond cavalry regiment of that State. The
chief quartermaster of Halleck's army was
suggested for the place—a modest, brisk lit-
tle man who had served in the regular army
nine years, but had only risen from brevet
second lieutenant to captain of infantry, so
poor a chance of distinction had he found in
garrison life and Indian skirmishing. He
said that he hoped before the rebellion was
put down to win a major's commission! "Little
did the bashful hero think it would be a
major-general's."

This cavalry command, bestowed by a
western governor, was the making of Philip
Henry Sheridan. It gave full play to his
pushing, dashing nature—his activity and
energy. So unknown was he for some
time, however, that the newspapers spoke of
him as "Patric!" "Henry Sheridan, supposing
him to be named after the great orator. His
very first exploit at Booneville, Miss., won
him a brigadier-general's star. With only
two regiments he routed and scattered nine
regiments of rebel cavalry, numbering over
five thousand men. He attacked them boldly
in front and rear, and made them run from
fear that he was backed by a large army.
At the battle of Perryville he held firmly
the key of the Union position, and the rebels
were locked out from victory, though much
the stronger.

In the terrible battle of
Murfreesboro, General Sheridan commanded
a division (about six thousand five hundred
men) near the center; and after our right
wing was crumpled up by the fierce rebel
onset, he held the enemy for two hours with-
out support, and only fell back when one
third of his men had fallen and all his car-
tridges were fired away. The stubborn her-
oism which Sheridan infused into all the
troops he commanded was the constant over-
flow of his own daring, sanguine spirit. He
always felt, and made his troops feel, that
it was impossible for them to be beaten, and
he was very quick to repair any seeming
disaster. After the first day's fight at Mur-
freesboro, he scouted with cavalry in our
rear, and caught more than enough abid-
ed stragglers to make good his heavy
losses. He rescued his division from the
frightful rout at Chickamauga, and joined
it with General Thomas in the position
which he held so firmly as to be called "the
Rock of Chickamauga."

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A Child Lost on the Prairie.

Quite an excitement was created in our
neighborhood (town of Malta) by the announce-
ment, at an early hour on Friday morning
last, that a little girl aged about three years,
a daughter of Mr. Jacob Wilcox, a farmer
residing about four miles north of Malta, had
wandered from home during the morning of
Thursday, and had not been found, though
diligent search had been made by Mr. Wil-
cox and his neighbors all through Thursday
evening and night. As soon as the distress-
ing fact was made known, nearly one hun-
dred earnest hearts volunteered to prosecute
the search. At an early hour in the day they
had gathered at a point where the little
one was last seen.

Hour after hour passed in this labor of
mercy. Occasional traces of the little crea-
ture were found. Once the mark of its lit-
tle bare foot (it was bootless and shoeless)
was perceptible in the edge of a cornfield,
but it penetrated only a short distance. It
is supposed that night was coming on when
it reached the cornfield, and the heavy ad-
dows in the thick corn had terrors for the lit-
tle one, which drove it back to the prairie—a-
gain. Now and then marks on the heavy
prairie grass were discernible, where, possi-
bly exhausted and wholly overcome, it would
fall and lie until rest and the cool grass would
again revive it, and then off it would move
to repeat time after time those efforts, which,
probably before the rising of another sun,
would have released its spirit from the suffer-
ing clay, and its wanderings ended in a
heavenly sleep.

These traces of the little one of course gave
renewed energy to the sweetening and wear-
ied searchers—there was no resting—At last,
about five o'clock, a shout was started from
one end of the line that the lost was found.
The poor little creature was found in the
deep tangled prairie grass, with its face, rest-
ing in its hands, conscious but overcome by
hunger, exhaustion and exposure. It prob-
ably could not have risen again.

We will not attempt to describe the de-
monstrative joy of the mother and the tearful
happiness of the father at the recovery of
their little one. Nor will we attempt to
imagine what the agony of the little one
must have been during the lonely, terrible
hours—its unanswered sittings—the terror
of the night, with no one to utter a soothing
word.

On Monday the child was gradually re-
gaining strength, and its recovery was oc-
casioned.—*Do Kats (Illinois News).*

She Would have a Piano.

A Teutonic citizen out West went away
from home on an extended business tour,
leaving several hundred dollars with his wife
to pay for the support of his family during
his absence. On the first day of his return
his wife asked him for five dollars to go
marketing.

Vain post de seven hundred dollar I left
mit you, don't I? said the husband.

You know, Hans, said the 'wif, persua-
sively, 'Katrina is growing up very much
and I bought her a pianer!

A pianer! yelled the astonished Teu-
ton, bought Katrina von pianer! Vell you
shust goes and cook the pianer!

'O! shrieked the mother of Katrina.

'Mind now—der is more yet I aint got
to say, said Hans, 'ven you gets hungry
you zhust make sassage out of the pianer
keys.'

'O!

Don't asks me for moneys to get der
markets. Make leg of mutton out of pianer
leg, ut schup up pianer cover into sourt
groat.'

'O!

WHAT ALL MUST EXPROT.—Manhood will
come, and old age will come, and the dying
bed will come, and the very last look you
will ever cast on your acquaintances will
come, and the time when you are stretched
a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping
relatives will come, and the coffin that is to
enclose you will come, and that hour when
the company will assemble to carry you to
the church-yard will come, and the throwing
in of the joose earth into the narrow house
where you are laid, and also the spreading
of green sod over it—all, all will come on
every living creature who now hears me; and
in a few short years the minister who now
speaks, and the people who now listen, will
be carried to their long homes, and will make
room for another generation. Now all this,
you know, must and will happen—your com-
mon sense and common experience serve to
convince you of it.

MECHANICS.—What have they done?
Have they not opened the secret chambers
of the mighty deep and extracted its treas-
ures, and made the raging billows their high-
ways, on which they ride as on a tame steed?
Are not the elements of fire and water obai-
ned to the crank, and at the mechanic's bid-
ding compelled to turn it? Have not me-
chanics opened the earth and made its prod-
ucts contribute to our wants? The forked
lightning is their plaything, and they ride
triumphantly on the wings of the mighty
wind. To the wise they are flood gates of
knowledge; kings and queens are decorated
by their handiwork.

Men measure their charities by a pecu-
liar standard. A man who has but a dol-
lar in his pocket would give a penny for al-
most any purpose. If he had a hundred dol-
lars, he might give one dollar. Carry it
higher, and there is a falling off. One hun-
dred dollars would be considered too large a
sum for him who has ten thousand, while a
present of one thousand would be deemed a
miracle for a man worth one hundred thou-
sand; yet the proportion is the same
throughout, and the poor man's penny, the
widow's mite, is more than the rich man's
high sounding and widely-trumpeted bene-
faction.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! Around that sad sweet word
A chain of memories ever clung;
That rise when'er the hour is stirred
And their sad influence round us fling.
Sad, but yet sweet, this power is strong,
And oh! will cause the heart to swell,
As thoughts of by-gone days will throng
Around that tender word—farewell.

Farewell! The trembling lips that speak
The word—the eyes now dimmed by tears;
Tell how the fond young heart would break
But hopes to meet in future years,
The idol loved, now from it torn,
But want to meet, no one can tell;
Ah! off the heart of joy is shorn,
By that one simple word—farewell.

Farewell! It is that parting word
That oft destroys the cheek's rich bloom:
Forever are its echoes heard.
From sunny childhood to the tomb,
When we recall its scenes, the tears
Spring from the heart's deep, almost cold,
Nor can the joy of after years,
 blot out the memory of—farewell.

The Nobleman's Jewels.

A rich nobleman was once showing a friend
a great collection of precious stones—whose
value was almost beyond counting—There
were diamonds and pearls, riches and gems
from almost every country on the globe,
which had been gathered by their possessor
by the greatest labor and expense. 'And
yet,' he remarked, 'they yield me no in-
come.'

His friend replied that he had two stones
which cost him but ten florin each, yet they
yielded him an income of two hundred flo-
rins a year.

An much surprise, the nobleman desired
to see the wonderful stones when the man
led him down to his mill, and pointed to
the two tilling gray millstones. They were
laboriously crushing the grain into snowy
flour, for the one of hundreds who depended
on this work for their daily bread. These
two dull homely stones did more good in
the world, and yielded a larger income than
all the nobleman's jewels.

So it is with idle treasure everywhere. It
is doing nobody any good. While poor
souls are dying of thirst, the money is hoard-
ed and hid away which might take the wa-
ter of life to them. It is right to be pru-
dent and saving of our money; when it is
for a good, useful purpose; but to hoard it
up for its own sake, is more than folly—it
is sin; and even when we save for a good pur-
pose, a part is the Lord's. It is not all ours.
We cannot spend it all upon ourselves, and
yet have God's favor.

Learn early to value money at its true
worth, and to spend even pennies as God's
stewards. He will certainly call us to give
an account of the way in which we have
spent even the smallest sum.—*Presbyterian*

In Search of a Retail Store.

A green appearing genius, on his first visit
to Boston, observed a sign over a store thus:
'Wholesale and Retail Store!' He walked
his way through the crowd of ladies and he
faced one of the clerks who was exhibiting
some article to a young lady, when he broke
out with:

'Say, Mister, who's boss here?'
'The proprietor has just stepped out, sir.'
'Well, is this a retail store?'
'Yes, sir, wholesale and retail store.'
'Guess you understand your trade?'
'Oh yes,' replied the clerk, wrapping up
a bundle for his lady customer, 'what can I
do for you?'
'Well, as the cold weather is coming on,
I thought I might as well come and give
you a job.'
'I don't understand you, sir,' replied the
clerk, who began to think the fellow had
got into the wrong box.
'Explain what you mean, my friend,' said
the clerk, as he saw him produce a bundle
under his coat.
'Well, as I said before, the cold weather's
coming on, and I just thought I might as
well be fixin' for it. Come mighty near
freezin' 'tother winter, tell you I did; but—'
'Hope you will tell what you want, so I
may serve you.'
'Certainly, Squire, certainly, I always do
business in a hurry, and just as quick as
the old boss will let you I want you to retail
these old shirts—let 'em come down about
to the knees, ease I don't wear drawers.'
'The effect can be imagined, but as the
appellate, can't be described.
The loud burst of laughter which followed
served to convince the poor fellow that he
had committed himself, and his long legs
were soon put in motion for the door.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—We clip the
following from a sermon preached by the
Rev. Chas. A. Humphreys:

'Show me the wisest painter, the meanest
assassin that walks the earth; and I will find
in his soul some germ of good, if nourished,
will grow into trees that would gladden the
gardens of God, and some aspirations whose
blissful groupings and yawn struggles would
make an angel weep. This human soul is a
breath of God's spirit, and though at times
it is almost smothered under our ruined and
wasted lives it only needs to have its gattily
incrustation broken to soar upward to its na-
tive air.

Religion is love to God and man. It is a
growth, not a spasmodic; a life, not a trans-
parent experience; not sad, depressing, but
bright and inspiring. It does not come like
the lightning, flashing in a moment from the
east through all the spreading heavens, but
like the rising sun, piercing first the gather-
ing mists, with an effluential ray, then strug-
gling slowly into twilight, and at last climb-
ing into perfect day.'

Old Scenes.

We believe there is oftentimes as much
pain as pleasure in revisiting old scenes.
For what has once gone by can never be the
same again, and we return not to the old
haunts with the feelings with which we left
them. We find the old picture changed,
new figures are painted in, or old figures are
painted out. It does not look quite like the
original, it does not quite come up to the
image that has dwelt with us since we left
it, and with the throb of pleasures—comes a
touch of pain, or an undefined pang. It
may be different in extreme old age, when
time has to a certain extent blunted the feel-
ings and bridged over the gulf—that fears
and looms between our childhood and our
later days—when the silver cord is nearly
loosened, and as we draw nearer the shores
of the great kingdom, we become again as
little children, our minds purified from the
dross that clogs them on the battle-field of
life, our weapons laid aside, and the evening
time is flooded with a gentle light, soft and
mellow like a delicious autumn day, the sun
has lost its burning heat, and shines steady-
ly and mildly; and by the aid of those char-
tered rays we perhaps see more clearly than
we could when the noontide light was dash-
ing us, the shadows then melt into the
landscape, and they are not so hard nor so
defined. There is a hush, and in that hush
we look upon the past calmly and trustfully.
Wild regrets are silenced, hot tears have
ceased to flow, heart-wounds are healed; for
the life-dream is coming to a close and will
soon fade away in the joyful waking to eter-
nity.

Death.

Death is, in reality, the only Democrat on
earth who is no respecter of persons. His
democracy is a sublime. You cannot buy
him for gold, nor bribe him by office. He
enters the palace and the hotel with the
same imperial dignity. The maiden with
the raven tresses and the old man with the
silver hair he greets with equal benignity.
The vigorous and the strong, the sickly
and the emaciated receive equal favors.
Your consumptive and weak lunged patient,
as well as your giant with the power of Ju-
piter, and the voice of thunder, receives an
equal treatment. The poor and the poverty
stricken, the rich and the affluent, he treats
alike. Poets, statesmen, warriors, kings, ty-
rants, and beggars are all alike to Death.
Like the sun that lights up the heavens, the
pale ghost of the grave showers his gifts
upon the rich and poor, the famous and the
obscure, with equal courtesy. The humble
peasant girl is to him as noble a victim as
the most beautiful queen. He calls for sac-
rifices within the sacred sanctuaries of the
church, and with equal composure knocks
at the door of the brothel. Color and creed
race and religion, are alike to him. Death
knows no selfishness. What a grand sub-
ject would the Democracy of Death make
for an eloquent divine. One cannot write on
such a theme. The words, phrases, senten-
ces and thoughts should come gushing from
the soul, warm with vigorous life—come like
the lightning's flash, the roar of thunder,
and be in harmony with the text so sub-
lime.

In a speech recently delivered at
Maysville, Ky., that villainous Ohio cop-
perhead, Vallandigham, spoke as follows:—
'Across the river in my own native State,
and in the native state of my fathers—now
in her widowhood—I thank God my fathers
were from that grand old Commonwealth of
Virginia [loud cheers] that birthplace of
Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, of R.
E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. [De-voicing
cheers]—Aye, these are noble names, and
no loyal wretch shall close my mouth from
speaking the praises of these men, who, how-
ever mistaken they may have been, were a
thousand times more honorable and true to
the principles of human liberty than thou-
sands who call them traitors. Their names
will live in history as noble representative
men of the nation. They are my fellow-cit-
izens, and to-day they seek to be with us
members of one common republic. Their
fame will swell the grand aggregate of that
which composes and lives in history, and
will live to the remotest syllable of recorded
time.'

CHINESE PROVERBS.—What is told in
the ear is often heard a hundred miles.
Riches come better after poverty than pov-
erty after riches.
Who aims at excellence will be above me-
diocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall
short of it.
Old age and field flowers no remedies will
revive.
One lash to a good horse, one word to a
wise man.
A truly great man never parts away the
stupidity of a child.
He who toils with pain will eat with pleasure.
A wise man never forgets old grudges.

THE WORLD AND ITS BEAUTIES.—The
world is only wicked and gory to those who
are sated with its delights or who are uncap-
able of appreciating them. The material
world itself sets such an example of bright-
ness and cheerfulness that it is quite won-
derful how any one can imagine for a mo-
ment that weariness could possibly be one of
its attributes. The year dies in the gloom
and bitterness of winter, but the fresh and
the young beauties of nature revive again the
spring. Nature is perpetually renewing her
charms and multiplying her gifts. If a man
could only renew his life in a like manner,
he might live forever without weariness, and
find the world—even this so-called wicked
world—a paradise to all. The sun is always
shining, the flowers are always blooming,
the birds are always singing, the golden grain
is always waving somewhere in this wicked
world.

Futurity.

How heedless and unconcerned is mortal
man as to how it will go with him in the
future. How seldom does he leave his thoughts
rest upon his latter end—the time when
death shall end his existence here—when all
that he so highly prized upon earth will have
to be parted with. He knows that many
whom he had loved have passed away from
time to eternity; nor would he for one mo-
ment doubt the fact, that so it will go with
him sooner or later—that his body will also
return to the earth from whence it came, and
that death is no respecter of persons, but
that it takes away the young amidst all their
hopes and prospects, as well as the old whose
gray hairs and feeble step denote that their
earthly allotment is almost ended. Yet he
goes on with bright and glorious hope for
the future—of gaining great riches—of re-
ceiving great worldly honors and high and
exalted positions in life, and many other
things, not remembering that future time is
in the hands of a wise Creator, who for some
good purpose has not permitted us to see
into it.—Perhaps it were wiser that we all
fall us in the future—what disappointments
and sorrows we would have to pass through,
it would so weigh us down and discourage
us as to entirely unfit us for the performance
of the necessary duties of life and eventual-
ly sink us down to the grave. Therefore,
we should ever remember the lines of the
Christian poet:

'To-morrow!—mortal! least not thou
Of time and tide that are not now.
But think in one revolving day
How earthly things may pass away!'

'And we ought always ever look unto Him
who has all time in His mighty hand, and
who only knows what will be our fate in the
dark and mysterious futurity.' G. S.

Proverbs.

A little wealth will suffice us to live well,
and less to die happily.
A little wrong done to another, is a great
wrong done to ourselves.
A lie has no legs but a scandal has
wings.
Adversity flattereth no man,
As good do nothing as to no pur-
pose.
At the gate which suspicion enters, love
goes out.
Be a friend to thyself, and others will be
so too.
Haste trips up its own wheels.
Have not thy cloak to make when it be-
gins to rain.
Hearts may agree though heads may dif-
fer.
He who greases his wheels helps his ox-
en.
Give a dog an ill name, and his work is
done.
Getting is a chance, but keeping is a vir-
tue.
Honesty is the best policy.
Idle people take the most pains.

Jews of Jerusalem.—It is remarkable
that the Jews who are born in Jerusalem,
are of a totally different caste from those
we see in Europe. Here they are of a fair race,
very lightly made, and particularly effeminate
in manner. The young men wear a lock of
long hair on each side of the face, which
their flowing silk robes, give them the ap-
pearance of women. The Jews of both sexes
are exceedingly fond of dress, and although
they assume a dirty and squalid appearance
when they walk abroad, in their own houses
they are to be seen clothed in costly furs and
richest silks in Damascus. The women are
covered with gold, and dress in brocade
stiff with embroidery. Some of them are
beautiful, and a girl about twelve years old,
who was betrothed to the son of a rich old
Rabbi, was the prettiest little creature I ever
saw. Her skin was whiter than ivory, and
her hair, which was as black as jet, and was
plaited with strings of sequins, fell in tresses
nearly to the ground. She was of Spanish
family, and the language usually spoken by
the Jews among themselves, is Spanish.—*Curzon's Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.*

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take ripe tomatoes
(the small red ones are preferable), wash
but do not skin them, and thoroughly boil
one hour, and then put them through a hair
sieve; and to one quart of juice add one ta-
blespoonful of cinnamon, one of black pepper,
half of cayenne, half of nutmeg, one of good
mustard, two-thirds of a tea cup of salt.
Boil three hours, and then to one quart
of juice add one pint of pure cider vinegar.
Boil half an hour longer, bottle hot and seal
up. This catsup will keep for years and
not require shaking before using. A por-
celain kettle should be used.

A Physician of Cincinnati who had lost
his morning's milk from the farm area, to-
cently put an emetic into the pitcher, and
the next morning discovered a policeman a
little distance from his house making his
'returns.'

An exchange says that woman is com-
posed of 248 bones, 169 muscles, and 369 paws.
Fearfully and wonderfully made, and to be
hardly with care to avoid scratches.

A Gloucester paper says there is a young
lady in that town so modest that she will
not allow the Christian Observer to remain in
her room over night.

Though Christ were born a thousand
times in Bethlehem, and not in there, thou
remainest, nevertheless, eternally lost.

He who eats four cents and spends five
has no need of a purse.

Matrimony.—Two nobs and a fire dollar
pray.

An empty skull box is not to be re-used at.