

By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

82.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 24, 1868.

NUMBER 42

POETICAL.



| For the 'Village Record.' ADDRESS TO SPRING.

BY V. R.

Oh. lovely companion, would you ever could reign, To guide us to pleasure from sorrow and pain, Life's joys would be fairer and purer I know, Than the honeyed flake of winter's pure snow; The eve is delightful, the sun's golden ray Has tinted the clouds for distant away, The birds of the forest with ecstacy sing And seem to say 'tis spring. 'tis spring.

How gladly we welcome thy coming again, Oh could we forever thy beauties retain; You come like an angel who hails from above, To waft to us tokens of heaven's pure love; No more think we now of winter's d rk past, Thy charms have erased his presence at last, Thy gentle breeze passes in merriest glee, And seems almost to whisper be merry with me.

With transport we welcome the beautiful spring, The song of the poet, his favorite theme; In his fancy he pictures you wondrous and fair ; But he fails to express what thy realities are, Ever true to the trust you deceive none we know, But prompt to the time thy loveliness show; Would that all here on earth were ever like you, -Then every friend would always prove true.

Then every one in this land of the blest, Would deceive none and strive for the best; They'd be truthful and honest with innocence unite 'Twould be a world of most pleasant sight, Then every one would be free from prison, Enjoying the blessings by Omnipotence given, Each would enjoy life's precious hours, 'Twould strew our pathway forever with flowers.

But my mind has wondered far from the scene, The birds, the breeze, and landscapes now green, The sun has de-cended behind hilltops now hidden, The moon has ascended the glorious heavens : The poet may sing of thy gorgeous array, From twilight of eve 'till dawning of day, He cannot picture thy glowing display. But alas thy glittering hues vanish, they soon pass

THE FIRST BLUE BIRD.

Whatever weight the hours have born Along the path of frost and snow, The world is never too forforn For birds to sing again; we know, That earliest buds will soon expand, That spring is somewhere in the land, For bork! the blue bird sin

Somewhere the grass is green again, The meadow mild with shower and sun; Out bud the trees, up statts the grain, Through balmy woods the brook doth run, If anywhere such things may be, Then why not soon for thee and me ? For hark! the blue bird sings.

The world is old, the world is old. But spring is ever fresh and new; No dream so fair, no hope so bold. But some sweet day may find it true , Who knows how soon that morn may rise And fill us with a glad surprise? For hark! the blue bird sings.

MISCELLANY.

The Tomb of Rachel. James Brooks, senior editor of the New

York Express, writing to that journal from the Holy Land, says:

Upon my return to Bethlehem, I rode by the tomb of Rachel-a small building, with a whitened dome, and having within it a high, oblong monument, built of brick and stuccoed over. This spot is wild and solitary, and not a tree spreads its shadow where rests the beautiful mother of Israel. Christian, Jew and Moslem, all agree this is just the spot where Ruchel was buried, and all unite in honoring it. The Turks are anxious that their ashes may rest near here, and hence their bodies have been strewn under tombs all around the tomb of Rachel. The sweet domestic virtues of the wife have won their love and admiration, as has the tomb of Absalom, near the brook of Kedron, their detestation; upon the latter they throw a stone to mark their horror of a disobedient son, while around the former they wish. when they die, their bodies may be interred. Nor is this wonderful The wife, worth fourteen years of service as a shepherd.

must have been a wife worth having. 'The whole life of Rachel is, indeed, one of the most touching in Biblical history .-The sweet shepherdess has left her mark uppon the memory of man, as well as her tomb. The tribute to her is the tribute to a good wife; an infidel, Jew and Cristian, all combine to pay it. The great women of the earth-the Zenobias and Cleonatras-have died, been buried, and their very place of burial been forgotten; but to this day stands over the grave of Rachel, not the pillar Jacob set up, but a modern monument in its place, around which pilgrims from every land and sun gather in respect and reverence for the faithful wife and good mother in Is-

A foreigner who heard of the Yankee propensity for bragging thought he would beat | gain !' the natives at their own game. Seeing some very large watermelons on a market woman's stand, he exclaimed, 'What! don't you raise larger apples than these in America?' 'The quick-witted woman immediately replied, foreigner, them's gooseberries!'

THE TYRANNICAL FATHER.

'Jennie,' said Mr. Stacey. one evening, to his daughter, Edward Wright called at my store to-day. I suppose you know what

'How should I know what for, papa?' returned Jennie, with a look of unconsciousness that was belied by the vivid crimson that rose from the cheeks to the temples. I suppose it was to see about an order for

some goods or something
Not exactly,' replied her father, smiling. He came to see me about you; in short to ask my permission to address you.' Jennie reddened again; but the sudden

flash that glesmed out from beneath the brown lashes spoke more of scorn than satis-Of course I gave my consent, continued

Mr Stacey, after waiting his daughter to 'If you hadn't I suppose that would have

been the last of it, so far as he was concerned, retorted Jennie, with a sarcastic touch that was quite lost upon her matter of fact 'Well, my dear, I don't know as there is any need of raising that question. I could

have no reasonable objection to a well-principled, intedigent young man like Mr Wright. and who is, withal, doing an excellent buri ness. So it remains for you to say whether you will be Mrs Edward Wright.

Jennie pursed up her rosy lips with an air of great dignity.
'I havn't been asked yet.'

wonder if he was here to-night for that ex press purpose____

'Then, as a glimmer of the truth entered his mind, Mr. Stacey added: ·I trust that you are not so foolish, my daughter, as to take offence because he spoke to me about it first. In so doing he acted honorably, and as every man should, and it

ought to raise, rather than lower him in your esteem. Indeed, I funcied from what he said, that he was quite sure of the nature of-your-feeling-for-him, else-he-had not spoken to me. Jennie's indignation now reached its cli-

max. She elevated her naturally rather aspiring nose, until it stood at right angles. Quite sure, was he? I don't know why he should be, then, I never gave him any and the family credit.

reason to feel so confident. Mr. Stacey looked rather gravely at his

daughter. 'I don't know what you've said to him, and you've always seemed glad to see him. and I shall expect you to receive him with I hope you hav'nt been trifling with the young man, Jennie. Am I to understand that you don't intend to marry him?"

Jennie's round and rosy face assumed as lofty an expression as features could be expected to wear, not formed exactly from the

heroic mould. papa. I've nothing to say against him .-But I would sooner perish than unite my faith with one whose feelings are so antagonistic to the holiest sympathies of my nature.'

The concluding sentence was a quotation from her favorite novel, 'Astren; or The Stony-Hearted Father,' and was pronounced with no vehemence of look or tone.

Mr Stacey stared at his daughter for a moment without speaking.

'I really do not see, my dear,' he said dry ly, any necessity for so much display of energy; if you don't like Mr. Wright well enough to marry him, all that you have got a gloomy cloud upon his brow. 'Looking,' to do is to tell him so.

Here was a 'come down' to Jennie's soarng imagination. Her father absolutely refused to play the role of the Stony Hearted Father, ruthlessly destroying the secret hope Forrest.' that had risen in her heart, that some romantic incident, for which she had so often longed, was about to break the sameness - of her dull and prosy life.

And to increase her dissatisfaction. Edward Wright, whom she really liked, and whom she had invested with many of the virtues and graces that adorned her favorite heroes, instead of throwing himself at her feet and declaring that no power on earth should take her from him, had actually condescended to the common sense and conventional method of asking her father's permore was necessary to prove to her that he chosen arbiter of her destiny.'

After tea Jennie slipped out of the back way, and ran over to a neighbor's, for the two fold purpose of avoiding what she was pleased to term the 'persecutions' of the aforesiad Mr Edward Wright, and pour her troubles-or rather her want of any-into as he assisted her to alight. Draw your the sympathizing bosom of her dear Triend.

Arabella Eugenia Angelina Stubbs. Jenuie being firmly convinced that the course of true love never did run smooth, to the hand that led her along a short puth, and as in the event of her becoming Mrs. Edward Wright there would be nothing left dark, parrow passage, which led into a hall, for her to do but to order her wedding finery, and from thence into a room that opened out and go through with the requisite coremony, of it, lighted by one small, low lamp. Beshe either avoided the poor fellow altogeth- side the table on which it was placed the er, or treated him with such an air of lofty clergyman stood -a venerable looking man indifference as to put him to his wits' end to __and at the lower end of the apartment

her conduct. 'Jennie,' said Mr. Stacey, a fow weeks after, who was that young man that you were talking with at the gate this morning?"

'Edward Wright, papa,' replied Jennie, not a little astonished at this abrupt inquiry, as well as the soow! that accompanied it. 'Well, never let me see you with him a

Jennie opened her eyes still wider. Why not? I thought Edward was a great favorite of yours?

'So he was until I found him out. I did think a great deal of the young man, but af- ment, that she was back in the house that Apples! anybody might know you were a ter what has happened, he shall never dark- she supposed she had quitted forever, and en my door again!"

'Dear me! what in the world has he done?' group of friends and relatives. 'Done? what ought to send him to the penitentiary - what would send him there if I had the law in my hands' -- ---

The sudden pallor that swept over Jenoie's face would have betrayed to the most

'Do you mean that he has been stealing, papa ?

'Stealing, he has done worse than that!' 'Good heavens!' faltered poor Jennie, 'has he been killing anybody?'

'Worse than that. A'man that will sell his country is worse than a murderer! and any one that will vote for that lying doublefaced traitor, Higgins, is a worse scoundrel

than he !" 'Is that all?' said Jennie, drawing a long sigh of relief. 'I thought it was something dreadful.'

'Ah!' echoed her father, 'I should say that it was enough -quite enough to sink him in the estimation of every honest man. Once more. I say, don't let me see you with him again !

Here Mr Stacey stamped out of the room; banging the door after him.

'Good gracious! exclaimed Jennie, as she picked up the contents of her work basket. hat her father had knocked over in his furious exit, 'I should like to know what's got into pa, all at once To think of his forbidding me to speak to Edward just for that!' And with flushed cheeks and a flutter of delight at her heart, at the thought of hav-'No, I suppose not. But I shouldn't ing 'something to tell, and that something presence of her usual confident, the fair Arabella Eugenie Angelina Stubbs, to whom it was duly unfolded with sundry embelishments the fruits of her fertile imagination, and who quite agreed with her in thinking it to be the strangest thing that ever came

to her knowledge '
'Jennie,' said Mr. Stacey, the next day after dinner, as taking his but he turned to leave the house, 'young Wright had the impudence to speak to me again about you; and intimates that he did so by your permission, you may as well know, once for all, that it can never be! I would sooner see you in your grave than the wife of such a man! I've got a husband picked out for you. Deacon Obidish Pittigrew is a man that will do you each time with two and a half drachms of lonesome forest. During the two days and sneak in after dark and chaw him while he is

Deacon Pittigrew? Why, pa, he's more than twice my age!

'That's the very reason why I have selected him; you need some one to keep you but I know that he's been here a good deal, steady. He will be here to-morrow evening the respect and consideration due to your future husband.

way down the street.

flushing cheeks and kindling eyes -

That evening as Jennie went to the appointed place, which she did not fail to do, she found Edward waiting for ber.

Instead of weating his usual cheerful look a tree, with arms folded across his chest, and as Jennie confidentially informed the sympathizing Arabella Eugenie Angelina Stubbs, for all the world like the picture of Rubert Di Rinaldo, in The Brigand of the Black

Edward found little difficulty in persuading her to leave home, and unite her fate with his. Accordingly, the next night, as soon as the house was still, Jennie, enveloped in a dark mantle, and face concealed by a thick closely drawn veil, stole out through the back way to the place where her lover

He had a covered carriage, and, though the night was dark, she could see the dim outline of a man upon the box.

They rode two hours, mostly in silence; for, now that the irrevokable step was taken, mission before speaking to her! Nothing Jennies's courage began to fail her, and she grow depressed in spirits-she hardly knew was not, to use her own language, 'the why. It seemed to her that they would never reach their destination, which Edward had informed her was the house of a clergyman in an adjoining town But at last, to her great relief, the carriage stopped.

'To avoid observation, we are going in through the back way,' whispered Edward, veil close around your face.

The night was so dark that she could not see the least thing, and she clung nervously over a plat of grass, up some steps, into discover the cause of this singular change in seemed to be a number of persons, though the light was so dim that only the outlines

of their forms were visible. Elward spoke a few whispered words to the elergyman, and then the ceremony commenced:

As soon as the last words were spoken, as if by a preconcerted movement, the two burners at each end of the room were lighted, filling it with a sudden blaze of light, while a merry peal of laughter made it ring again and again.

As soon as Jennie's dazzled eyes would permit her to see, she found, to her astonishsurrounded by her father, and quite a large master of your eyes and your tongue. man has, the less he bl ishes.

'My daughter,' said Mr. Stacy, advancing toward her, I trust that I have played the role of the 'tyrannical father' to your entire satisfaction, and that you will now permit nie's face would have betrayed to the most me to offer you my congratulation upon a indifferent eye the true state of her affect marriage that has long been the first wish of my heart.'

'I hope you enjoyed your ride,' said her roguish brother Tom, who in the capacity of coachman, had driven her all about the out- their homes. While thus engaged, they es- trees, and a white-headed boy perched on the skirts of the town, and finally back to the place from where she started.

'How could you deceive me so? said Jennie, turning her eyes repronchfully upon her husband, as her mind slowly took in the ruse

that had been played upon her!
'My dearest love,' he said, with a look that quite disarmed her, 'It was the only way by which I could hope to win you.'

Candle Theory.

the tallow candle, when fired from an ordi- his way out of the forest, and laid down benary gun, with the usual charge of powder, side a log and slept till the next morning.at a deal board three quarters of an inch Being refreshed by his sleep, he again went thick, will pass through the board, but very forth with more buoyant hopes to find his few who have not seen it done believe it .-On Monday a party of riflemen and other disappointment, and after strolling through gentlemen, for the purpose of deciding a bet the woods all day was again compelled to on the subject, adjourned to the butts of the make his bed upon the cold ground with no North Middlesex Rifles at Child's Hill, cover but the blue sky. He had but just where a board of the thickness described | laid himself down when an unexpected but having been fixed in an upright position, as common half penny dip was fired from a towling-piece, from a distance of about fifteen paces. The candle struck the board with its full length, and passed through, leaving a hole exactly the shape of the can- signs of great anxiety and uncasiness, and dle. The remains of the candle were found started to leave young Lynch, but he had scattered in pieces resembling snow-flakes on enough foresight to follow the dog, and was the high mound of earth in the rear of the conducted by the faithful animal to the road board. A second candle, when fired from where he saw a man upon a wagon. He the fowling-piece, passed through the board, hailed the man, and after telling his advenmaking a circular hole, which was, however, ture, was put into the wagon and brought and starting for the house on a dead run, he very jagged round the edges. A third canto his home. The joy of his parents upon bawled out at the top of his lungs:

'Mother, mother, the Lord is out here cu nine inches long and three inches broad, scribed. After searching for their boy in horse-back, and has lost his way.' breaking away the boundary on one side of every imaginable place where it was thought the hole made by the first shot. A candle he could be, without avail, they had about fired from a rifle failed to pass through the given up all hopes of finding him, and there see ennybody yot but what despised bed bugs. board. The grooves of the rifle stripping is a probability if it had not been for that the tallow from the wick as it passed out.— faithful Newtoundland dog, the child would creepin, or bitin' things.

The smooth-bore fowling-piece was loaded have starved to death or died of grief in the Tha dassent tickle a man by dalite, but powder, a small piece of paper as a wad, and nights that he was lost he was without a asleep. a common tallow dip, which had not been mouthful to eat, and his countenance show-Journal

Character. Are you forming a character? Fashion it well Is it beautiful now, in its early devel- eight months ago, Mr T. B. Mason, of that opment? How much more so will it be when city ascertained that he had a cancer on his Before his daughter had time to recover all its fair proportions stand revealed in full face the size of a pin. It was cut out by from the astonishment into which this an muturity. The rosebud, in its infant state Dr. Wolcott, and the wound partially healnouncement threw her, Mr. Stacey was some of outswelling, is a grateful sight, but how ed Subsequently it grew again, and while transcendently levely does it become, when he was at Cincinnatti on business, it attain-Well, I know two things,' exclaimed Jen- it bursts forth a full blown rose. Character, ed the size of a hickory aut. He remained Mr. Wright is an excellent young man, nie, putting down her foot with a determin. like the rose, is seen only by gradual devel- there since Christmas under treatment, and small family a whole year. ed air; I won't have that stupid Deacon Pit- opments. It is formed only by constant, pa- is now perfectly cured. The process is the: It dont do enny good to pray when bed tigrew, and I will have - Edward Wright! | tient, persevering effort. A thousand rills A piece of sticking plaster was put over the bugs are in season; the only way to get rid of As she said this she took from her bosom constitute the sources from whence it is de- cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the them is to bile up the whole bed in aquatortis a letter from the last named individual, full rived. Character is beautiful, and it beauti- center a little larger than the cancer so that and then heave it away and buy a new one. of protestations of undying love, and implor- fies all who possess it. It is to be prized-it the cancer and a small circular rim of heal ing her to meet him at 6 o'clock that even- is inestimable. It gives man that which the skin next to it were exposed. Then a ing, re-reading it for the fortieth time with wealth cannot impart, and gold is too mean placter made of chloride of zing, blood root to purchase. Who ever attained to any emiland wheat flour, was spread on a piece of nence without character? Who ever made qualin the size of this circular opening and himself a monarch over his fellows, and sway ed them by thoughts of his own, who had Ou removing it, the cancer will be found not character? Young man! if you have a burnt into and appear of the color and hardand pleasant smile, he stood leaning against bad character, determine to improve it. If you have none at all, resolve to acquire one. Gain a character, such as will elevate you to heights of honor. Such as will shed around wound is now dressed, and the outside rim ez slivvers are, tew stick into somebody. you a lustre while living, embalm your memory with precious recollections when dead, a hard lump, and the place heals up. The and throw a radiance down the stream of time, for the guidance of those yet to come.

TAKE CARE! - How many of us in our mad pursuit of wealth, or fame, or pleasure, are willing to give a passing glance at the laws upon which our very existence depends .-The subject that should first interest mortal man is man himself. He should look into the organization of his body, and study the laws by which that organization is governed Yet, in this ninetecath century-this age of science-how few are there who have been educated, or have educated themselves, for are indeed a heedless boy, and if I had time eient to stuff a barbar's cushion, down to the the important work of taking care of their I would preach you a homily on forgetful- little bow legged, freekled-faced, carret headbodies! And in consequence of this neglect, pess. When a person begins to forget, there's ed upstart. The object is to form a gaping how many their are who, day after day, con- no knowing where he will end. Why you corps, to be in attendance at the church tinue to violate the plainest and most imperative laws of nature, till, finally they bring remember than to tie a string around your bath to stare at the ladies, as they leave the disease and premature death upon themselves a penalty for violated law.

Wise Paragraphs Waste nothing, neither money, time nor

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying. He who gives a trifle meanly is fur mean-

er than the trifle A heart full of grace is better than a head full of notions. Men looking at the faults of women should

hut their eyes. If we soize too rapidly we may have to drop as hastily. Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes

of our delusions. Prosperity is a blessing to the good but a curse to the evil. Let everything have its place and every

business its place. Better be upright with poverty than wicked with plenty. The tenderest heart loves best the bold and courageous one.

The perfumes of a thousand roses soon die, but the pain caused by one of their thorns remains long after. A saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth is like that thorn among the roses.

In whatscever house you enter, remain

Children Lost-their lives preser-

ved by a Dog. [From the Keokuk (Iowa) Constitution.] .

pied a black lamb frisking about near them, and Lynch told Nicholson that he was going to catch it, and accordingly gave chase. In -a-few-moments-he-and—the-lamb-had-bothdisappeared in the thick under-brush Nich olson, after waiting some time for Lynch to return, set about to find the way back to the city himself, which he succeeded in doing, and arrived at home late in the evening. Young Lyoch, however, was not so fortunate. He wandered about in the woods till Many persons have heard it asserted that late at night, when he lost all hope of finding way home. But he was again doomed to

every imagicable place where it was thought

How to cure Cancer.

The Milwaukee Democrat states that some applied to the cancer for twenty-four hours. ness of an old shoe sole, and the circular rim outside of it will appear white and parboiled, as if scalded by hot steam. The soon separates, and the cancer comes out in plaster kills the cancer, so that it sloughs out there kant be enny wisdum in chawing a man like dead firsh, and never grows again. The aul nite long, and raising a family besides to remedy was discovered by Dr. Fell, of London, and has been used by him for six or eight years, with unfailing success, and not a case has been known of the reappearance of the cancer when this remedy has been ap-

that book down?"

'No sir, I forgot it.' Forgot it! This is the third time. You finger, or put a piece of paper in your hat .-Place it upon your mind, my boy, and there's Never You engrave it on your mind. So excuse, I torgot it. I dislike those words .--Remember, boy, what I tell you, and be not heedless in future. There, I have not time to

LARGE FEET .- Some think that large feet are ungenteel, but they are convenient for all that. A person with large feet stands a better chance in a high wind than one of small feet, as he is not so hable to overset. Large feet are also more convenient for kicking rascals On the other hand, large feet are inconvenient on account of the expense of shoe leather and stocking yarn. It also takes longer to wash large feet than small ones. It is still another advantage of large feet that it puts the owner on a 'substantial footing in society !'-besides, there is safety in then but, at least broad foundations everywhere.

say more at present'

Indulging in dangerous pleasures is 1 kc licking honey from a knife and getting out with the 'edge.

It is curious fact that the more check a

A Yankee Boy.

A tourist tells the following story : Werecently met our friend, Dr. Lord, formerly On Wednesday two boys named Lynch and of Boston. He has been a resident of this Nicholson, aged respectively nine and ten section for about six years. During his first years, went to the woods west of the city, to few years he was extensively engaged in buyget a piece of hickory to make a bow. They ing wool, and on one occasion becoming bewandered out so far that they got lost. In wildered with the multiplicity of crooked their bewildered state they searched about roads over the broad praries, he rode up to for some land mark that would lead them to a small cabin inclosed in a clump of locust top of a hen coop, with:

'Hallon, boy! 'I reckon you're a stranger,' was the respoose.

'Look here, sonny.'

exclaimed.

'I ain't your soony.' 'No, not my sonny, but if you will jump down and come here I'll give you a dime. The boy sprang as if alighted from a wasp's nest, and coming up to the stranger

'Well, old hoss, what is it?'
'I've l st my way and don't know where I am Can you tell me?'

'Yes, you're on your horse!' Mr. Lord laughed at the boy's wit, and handed him a dime The boy took the monev, looking upon it with mingled feelings of wonder and delight, and said :

'I reckon you must have a power of mon-

'Cause you slather it away so.' 'What's your father's name?' inquired Mr.

'Bill Jenks,' was the reply.
'Ah, yes, I know him,' exclaimed Mr.

Lord; 'he grows wool don't he?" 'No, but his sheep does,' 'If you knew me, my lad, you would be

more respectful in your replies. I'm a friend of your father; my name is Lord.' Oh, yes,' exclaimed the astonished lad. 'I've heard pap read about you in the Bible,

JOSH BILLINGS ON BED BUGS.-I never Tha ar the meanest ov awl grawling, hoppin,

A musketo will fight you in brod dalite, at specially prepared in any manner .- Court ed plainly that he had indulged extensively short range, and give you a chance to knock at his sides—the flea is a game bug, and will make a dash at you even in Broadway-but the bed bug is a garroter, who waits til you strip, and then picks out a mellow place to

eat you.

If I waz ever in the habit of swaring, I would not besitate to damn a bed bug rite to

hiz face. Bed bugs are oncommon smart in a small way one pair of them will stock a hair mattrass in two weeks with bugs enuff to last a

Bed bugs, when the have grown aul tha intend to, are about the size ov a blue jay's eye, and have a brown complexion; when tha start out to garrote tha are as flat as a greese spot, but when the git thru garroting are swelled up like a blister.

It takes three days to git the swelling out

ov them. If bed bugs have enny destiny to fill it must be their stummuks, but it seems to be tha must have been made by acksident, just

If they wuz got up for some wize purpose, they must have took the wrong track, for foller the same trade

If there is some wisdom in aul this, I hope the bugs will chaw them folks who can see it, and let me be, because I am one of the l beretiks.

The following will apply with force to al-FORGETFULNESS .- "Henry, did you bring most every "well bred" town :

WANTED - One hundred and seventy five young men, more or less, of all shapes and need not forget -and there's a better way to doors at the close of divine service each Sabchurch, and to make delicate and gentlemanly remarks on their dress. All who wish to no danger. Do you ever forget to eat?— euter into the above corps will appear on Never. When you are promised an excurthe steps of the various church doors on sion of pleasure, do you over forget it? next Sunday evening where they will be duly inspected, their names, personal appearit should be with every thing you wish to re- ance, and quantity of brains, registered in a call. Be determined to do whatever you are book kept for that purpose To prevent a told and you will never come to me with the general rush, we will state that no one will be enlisted who possesses intellectual capacity above that of a well bred donkey.

> THE SOCIETY OF WOMAN. - No society is more profitable, because none more refining and provocative of virtue than that of a refined and sensible woman God enshrined peculiar goodness in the form of woman that her beauty might win, her gentle voice my to, and the desire to leave the path of sixful life, for the ways of pleasantness and peace. Due when woman falls from her blest eminence, and sinks the guardian and cherisher or ours and rational enjoyments into the vain coquetre and flattered idolator of idle fashion. she is unworthy of an honorable man's love, or a sensible man's admiration. Beauty is

---- A pretty plaything, Dear deceit.'

A little girl happening to hear her mother speaking of going juto half mourning said: 'Why are we going into half mourning, mama, are any of our relations half dead?"