The Manchester Journal.

VOLUME VII. NUMBER 13. | MANCHESTER, VT., TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1867. | TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

The Manchester Journal,

Published every Tuesday Morning, by
C. A. PIERCE & CO.,
Manchester, ... Vermont.
OFFICE ON MAIN STREET,
Entrance 1 Door South of Court House.

TERMS:
$1.50 per annum, if paid within three months from the commencement of volume; $1.75 at the end of six months, or the end of the year $2.00 will be charged.

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There's Work Enough to do.

The blackbird early leaves its nest,
To meet the smiling morn,
And gathers fragments for its nest
From upland, wood and lawn;
The busy bee that wings its way
'Mid sweets of varied hue,
At every flower would seem to say,
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snowdrop and the eglantine,
Preach sermons as we pass;
The ant within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too,
And writes upon its tiny heap,
"There's work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,
The selfish drunkard win;
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and sin;
To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe,
To see that all can write and read,
"There's work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done;
This wondrous earth and all its pride
Will vanish with the sun!
The moments fly on lightning wings,
And life's mountain top;
We've none to waste on foolish things;
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward to their care,
For Nature's wheel is never still—
Angels live as the stars!
The leaves that flutter in the air,
And summer breezes woo,
One solemn truth to man declare:
"There's work enough to do."

Who can sleep when all around
Is active, fresh and free?
Shall man, creation's lord, be found
Less busy than the bee?
Our courts and alleys are the field,
If men would search them through;
The best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."

WONDERFUL IF TRUE!—The extraordinary announcement is made of the examination, below the Falls of the Potomac, just above Washington, of the body of an Icelandic Christian woman who was buried in the year 1061—or 806 years ago. The place was revealed by an old Latin manuscript which was dug up in 1863 under the ruins of the ancient college at Skalholt, built by Bishop Islief in 1057, and which gives an account of voyages of the Northmen to this country, and the burial of this woman at a spot near a waterfall which from its description, led Mr. Thomas C. Raffinson (who writes this account) to believe what is now as the Great Falls of the Potomac; and from the description of the position, we went to the spot and set men to work digging. The result was the finding of the body with a buried stone containing a remarkable runic inscription. He also says he found certain beads and coins identical with those found in the tumuli of the ancient Britons, and which led him to the belief that America was discovered by the ancient Irish!

—Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.

—Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it? Take hold of it resolutely. Do the same to other annoyances, and few things will ever trouble you.

—A morning blessing is one of the choicest blessings, for it sheds a savor on the whole day. So is early religious instruction; it gives a halo to the day.

—Longfellow says that "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.

Fanny's Bait.

BY BELLE BUTLERDOR.

"I say Paul, I'm confounded sick of staying here in the city this stifling hot weather! What say for a run into the country?"

"I should like it, of all things Dick.—This being confined to the sight of brick and mortar walls, with the thermometer up to ninety in the shade, is enough to make one sigh for a breath of fresh air from the scented clover fields and a glimpse of the pure blue sky," was the answer.

"Well, then, agreed Paul! We'll start tomorrow. I have an uncle living up in Vermont, in just the pleasantest spot you ever saw—a large, rambling farm-house, with a deep forest near by, where we can shoot, and a river with plenty of fish; and then he has pretty daughters besides. I'll warrant you a pleasant trip up to uncle George's—and who knows but that Mr. Paul Vincent, the fastidious connoisseur of female beauty, may lose his heart to one of my country cousins before his return."

But Paul Vincent only drew up his handsome form, and swept back the thick masses of wavy dark hair from his forehead, saying—

"Don't fear for my heart, Richard!—I never saw the lady yet who could fill it; and, though no doubt your fair cousins are pretty, and all that, still you know me too well to form any plans of that sort. No matrimony for me this many a year!"

"Oh, well, Paul, you'll be caught some day by a witch of a thing, who will tear to tatters your fine ideas about matrimony and so forth, with her spicy words and saucy airs!" laughed Richard, rising; "but I must be off, now. Be sure to pack your portmanteau to-night, and I'll be around early in the morning; for we'd better take the first train east, in order to get to my Uncle Randall's before night."

"Yes, I'll be ready!" replied Paul; and so his friend departed.

Richard Warner and Paul Vincent were intimate friends, having been classmates in college, and graduated with equal honors from their Alma Mater. Richard was practicing law in the city; and Paul, though the heir of wealth, still sat at the mercantile desk where his deceased father had acquired a fortune.

On the next morning the two friends seated themselves in the railway car, and were borne rapidly away from the hot, dusty, city, into the pleasant, open country; refreshed with the varied glimpses of green fields and sparkling waters, past which they were whirled along. At nightfall they arrived at their journey's end, having ridden some twenty miles in the stage-coach after leaving the railway; and, both tired and hungry, they presented themselves at the farm-house door of Mr. George Randall, where they were received with many hearty welcomes.

"I'm sorry, Richard," said his aunt, "that the girls have gone over to Windsor, to their cousins, on a visit. They went only this morning, and will be away a week or more. How unlucky! but you must stay until they come back—you and your friend."

"Yes, Aunt Lucy, we will place ourselves under your hospitalities for a little period, for we left town for a rest and enjoyment; and if it's to be had anywhere, we shall find it here, I know!" replied her nephew.

Farmer Randall soon made his appearance from the field, and welcomed the young men with a hearty shake of the hand.

"So then, Nephew Dick, I'm glad you have not forgotten us!" he said.

"No, Uncle Randall; nor the fine trout fishing in your river, nor the good game in your woods. My friend Paul is a capital shot, and he's going to try his luck up here," answered the young man.

"Well we do have plenty of game here Mr. Vincent—pigeons a plenty, and now and then some duck; and many of your city folks come up here to try their luck," said the farmer.

"I declare, Dick," said Paul as the two wended their way homeward at the close of a sultry day about a week after their arrival—"I declare, this is the best part of New England; and one would be almost tempted to leave the city, and settle in some such spot—that is during the summer season.—There is rational enjoyment to be found here. A farmer's life, after all, is not to be despised, for he is quite independent, and enjoys vigorous health, which is the foundation of all happiness."

"Yes, Paul, I know it, and am very glad that your opinions have undergone a change; for you did not formerly express yourself so in regard to a country life. I think a farmer, who is intelligent and in easy circumstances, a very happy and independent man. But we must hasten back to Uncle George's, for there are heavy clouds coming up in the west; and, if I'm not much mistaken, we shall catch a sprinkling before we get home."

The young men quickened their steps; but they were yet full a half mile from the farm-house when the rain began to fall in torrents, and, completely drenched, they reached the house at full run, Paul, in advance of Dick, sprang into the entry, nearly upsetting a young girl who was passing from one room to another with a pitcher of milk in her hand.

"Pardon! excuse me madam!" said Paul, as he glanced at the face of the girl. "In my haste to escape the shower, I did not notice that any one was near!"

"Ah, certainly, sir. No harm is done," he replied, smiling.

"Alice, Cousin Alice!" cried Dick, who just then came in, "glad you've returned; though I can't say I'm glad to meet you in such a plight as this!" glancing at his dripping garments. "But you see, Alice, it is raining slightly fast out, and my friend here and I were unlucky enough to be caught in it. But allow me to make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Paul Vincent, known as one of the most fastidious gentlemen in all Boston, who, I dare say, is deeply mortified at making his debut into the presence of a lady in this fashion!"

"Ah, Dick, you are the same as ever, I see!" replied the girl, and the smile deepened on her face as she glanced at his wet garments amply besprinkled with mud. "Your friend and yourself have indeed had a taste of the shower. It is very heavy, and came up suddenly. Mother was afraid you would be caught in it."

"Yes, we have been caught in it, as you see. But where is Fanny, and when did you come home?"

"You will see her soon. We returned this morning shortly after you went out," replied the young girl.

"Well, Paul, shall we go to our room and make ourselves presentable, or would you prefer gazing at my fair cousin here?" said Dick with a laugh.

"Deuce take you, Dick!" said Paul, after the young men were in their room, "you talk to me and about me ridiculously; and I won't stand it. Your cousin will take me for a simpleton."

"Pshaw, Paul! What matters it what the girls think of you? Nobody but country girls; and you don't care a fig for the opinion of any lady, you know!" retorted his friend.

"Now, Dick, you're unmerciful! I've no doubt that the young ladies are very intelligent; and though, as I told you before, I shan't fall in love, yet I would wish their good opinion."

"Oh, well, we'll see, Paul, about the 'love,' and the 'opinion' in the future!" replied Dick, laughing. "But there's the supper bell, let us hasten."

The two young men descended to the sitting-room, where the supper was awaiting them, and where the family were already assembled. If Paul Vincent had been struck with the pretty face of Alice, he was more than ever astonished at the loveliness of her sister Fanny; for, while Alice had a form a little above the medium height, with fresh, rosy complexion, and fair blue eyes, Fanny, with petite figure, possessed a perfect brunette complexion, with sparkling black eyes, and hair of ebon hue.

"Ah, Fanny, my fair cousin, how do you do?" cried Dick, as the girl rose to greet him, when he entered the room. "My friend, Mr. Vincent," presenting Paul. "I believe he has already made the acquaintance of Alice," he added with a smile.

"Yes, I have had that honor," replied Paul, and, begging her pardon for the mishap I caused her, I trust that the acquaintance so inauspiciously formed may prove as pleasant as I think it will."

"Come, Paul," said Dick, the next morning, "what say you for a fishing party? We will invite the girls to go with us. They are capital anglers; for last summer, the fishes always took their bait in preference to mine. These country girls understand the art almost as well as city ladies do," he added, quizzically.

"Well, Dick, agreed! It's a capital morning for a bite. The sun is a little clouded, and, though I'm not much of an angler myself, yet I shall enjoy the sport of others, and of which your old friend Izaak Walton discourseth."

In half an hour, the party stood upon the little bridge which spanned the stream in the forest back of the farmer's house; and with hushed voices cast out their lines.

"Oh, Dick, I've got a bite!" exclaimed Fanny, in triumph, as she drew up her line and displayed a fine trout.—"They like my bait best, Dick; for I saw this one play around yours for some time, but he took mine in preference."

"Oh, of course," said Dick, "that is natural that he should prefer yours!—You understand using your fishing rod pretty thoroughly, Cousin Fanny.—Don't you think she does Paul?"

Paul was busily talking with Alice, a little apart from the others, and idly playing with his line in the water, and did not heed.

"What 'don't I think,' friend Richard?" he said, advancing to them; "I did not understand your question."

"Why, don't you think that Fanny here—my country cousin—is a pretty good angler for a little one? see her trophy—the first fish yet—beaten us both!" said Richard.

"Yes, Miss Fanny has thrown us completely in the shade," Paul replied. "What a fine fish, too! I hope she doesn't her skill on any spoil but fish; for 'twould be dangerous to nibble at her bait," he remarked, laughingly, and glancing at the sparkling eyes and cherry lips of the young girl as he spoke.

"Oh, no, never fear!" she replied saucily. "I am but a county girl, and do not use a golden bait."

The young man flushed, and turned abruptly away, and again stood beside Alice, who was intently watching her line and fly.

All that morning Paul Vincent remained beside Alice, for she did not shock him with tart replies or flashing glances like her more beautiful sister. And so Fanny and Dick walked and chatted together; and the young girl's musical laugh rang out upon the clear air.

In the ensuing week of the young men's stay at the farm-house, there seemed to grow up a strong barrier between Paul Vincent and the witty, piquant Fanny; for, though she treated the young man politely, yet she always met any advances he might make with her old spicy words and saucy looks.—This completely baffled him, and Fanny could not have angled more successfully if she had purposely designed to win the love of the fastidious Paul Vincent, for her careless independence of manner and the frank freedom of her speech completely captivated his heart.

And so, though he had yet no reason to think that Fanny cared aught for him, yet he determined, if possible, to win her love; for underneath her independence of manner he saw that she possessed a heart capable of the most devoted attachment.

Two weeks more of boating and riding had elapsed. On the morrow the two young men were to depart. The last night had come—a beautiful August evening, with the moon walking high in the heavens, and bathing the earth with a soft flood of light, Paul Vincent sauntered into the sitting-room, where the farmer and wife and Fanny sat.

"So you must leave us, to-morrow, my young friend!" said Mr. Randall. "We shall miss you; for we've had a lively time of it since you and Dick have been here. The girls won't go fishing much, I reckon, after you're gone."

"Why not father?" said Fanny, speaking quickly, with flushing face.

"Ah, you know best, Fanny!" replied her father, smiling. "It's pleasant to have company, isn't it Fanny?" he added.

"Oh yes, it is pleasant to have company," she replied; "but then one can do without you know."

"Yes, Miss Fanny can, I know," replied; the young man. "She prefers solitude."

"Oh no, you are mistaken!" said her mother; "Fanny is very fond of society and it's dull enough for young folks here in the country."

"Where is Dick?" asked Paul, to change the conversation, which he saw did not please Fanny.

"He went out with Alice some time since," replied the farmer's wife.

The young man stepped out into the moonlight, saying—

"Come, Miss Fanny, will you not help me seek the truants?"

"No, I am very tired. Pray, excuse me," she replied, curtly.

Paul Vincent bit his lips and went down the broad walk alone.

"Why, Fanny, girl, why didn't you walk with the young man?" inquired her father, looking sharply at her, and surprised at her answer.

"Oh, I am tired, and my head aches," she said, turning her face to the window as she spoke.

"I thought you hadn't seemed well these two or three days back, Fanny," said her mother. "I'll make you some herb tea; and you had better go right to bed now. I'll bring the tea up to you."

"No, no, mother. It isn't as bad as that," she said, quickly. "It will be better by-and-by; and besides, it is only eight o'clock. I couldn't go to sleep if I retired. I will wait for Alice."

An hour later Paul Vincent came back to the house, and through the open window he saw that the farmer and wife had retired, and that Fanny was alone, with her head bowed upon the window, as if in deep thought.

"Fanny," he said, in a low tone, as he entered and approached her, placing his hand upon her bowed head. "Fanny, what is this? in tears?"

But she started up, and flinging his hand off, angrily exclaimed—

"This is ungentlemanly, to steal upon one unawares and surprise them thus."

"I did not seek to surprise you, Fanny. You are ungenerous in your language," he said, clasping her hand in his strong grasp. "But, Fanny, I must and will know why you shun me so—why my presence is so distasteful to you. Will you not tell me, Fanny?" and his voice became low and tender. "Ah, Fanny," he went on, "if you knew how I loved you, but how hopelessly, you would pity me, and not treat me so unkindly. Do you hate me, Fanny?"

The young girl did not reply; she turned her face away, and the little hands which were in Paul's no longer struggled to be free, but lay quiet and passive; and the young man felt that his case was not so hopeless after all.

"Fanny, Fanny Randall, you do not hate me, and you do love me! Will you be my wife, Fanny?" he asked.

She turned her face toward him now, and a light was in her beautiful eyes which Paul understood full well, for he clasped to his heart a first and long embrace.

An hour later Richard and Alice came in, and their countenances also told a story similar to that which was written on the happy faces of Paul Vincent and Fanny Randall.

"Now, Dick, I've an action against you said Paul, as his friend returned. You've been filling this young lady's head with information concerning your humble servant, to wit: that he is a perfect woman-hater—that he despises all that appertains to the country, et cetera, et cetera. I'll be even with you yet, friend Dick!"

"So, ho! something come to pass, I reckon?" said Dick, laughing. "Turned out just as I thought it would! All right! Thank me, Paul, you lucky fellow; for by the very means I took you have won your case. It pays to come fishing up in Vermont, don't it? But you Fan," turning to her, what sort of bait have you been using, to catch the best fish in the husband market I know of—my old friend here. "Well, Alice and I can tell you that we've not been idle all this time, either; can't we, Alice?" But the girls had vanished, and the young men were alone.

The next morning, there were long consultations with the farmer and his wife; and when the two young men left them their smiling faces told the story of their success. And, though they left the farm-house that day, yet, before the earth was mantled with winter's snows, they came again; and when they once more returned to their city homes, they went not there alone, for the two blushing brides who accompanied them bore evidence to the success of their summer's visit.

But with the weddings did not terminate Dick Warner's raillery to his friend concerning their summer's fishing in Vermont and "Fanny's bait."

[From the Toledo Blade.]

Nasby.

A CONSULTATION AT THE CORNERS, FOLLOWED BY A DREAM, IN WHICH GENERAL GRANT AND OTHER INDIVIDUALS ARE MIXED, WITH NO REGARD WHATEVER FOR TIME, PLACE, OR FITNESS.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
Wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky,
August, 1, 1867.

Last nite ther wuz a convocashen uv the saints connected with the Institoot, (uv wich Deekin Pogram is the cheefest and loveliest among ten thousand) to take sweet counsel together onto sevral matters connected with the institooshen uv learnin, the success uv wich is so dear to all uv us. The conversashen happenin to turn upon the conferrin uv honrary degrees, Deekin Pogram sed that he hed a suggestion to make. He hed notist that all the leadin colleges uv the country hed a practis uv conferrin titles sich ez, "M. D." "A. B.," "L. L. D.," and sich; onto distinguished men, tho he wuz free to say that he didn't know wat in thunder they meant, or wat they wuz good for. But he had notist in a noosepaper that no college hed yet conferred any sich onto Andrew Johnson. Considerin it a burnin shame, he would sejest that ez a rebuke to the hide-bound instooshens uv the North, that this college do to-wunst confer all uv em, and ez many more ez there is, onto Mr. Johnson. Bascom remakt that he didn't know whether the President would feel complimentid. "You know, Deekin," sed he, "that this ain't much uv a college!"

"Troo," sed the blessed old peece uv innosence, "troo, troo, but then, to balance that, Johnson ain't much uv a President, you know!"

And so the honrary degrees wuz conferred, and notis thereof wuz sent him immejitly.

From this the question uv the next nominee uv the party for President came up. Bascom, who isn't a far seein man, asserted that it wood be necessary to nominate Grant. The Deekin remarkt that he tho't it wood be safe, but Mr. Phelps tho't differnt. He didn't believe in the first place that it become a Peace party, or at least a party wich, ef it dipped its hands in gore at all did it mostly in Northern gore, to take up a Northern General wich had dun his best towards sendin many thousands of Southners to their long homes, and besides the General wou d. t take it.

Bascom wanted to know wat the conferance at Long Branch meant? Ef General Grant waz in the control uv Weed, Raymon and the Noo York Herald, wich was ekal to the World, the Flesh and the Devil, he felt that he had trooly found the broad Macadamized road to Dimocrisy. He begun to hev hopes uv him. Various opinions wuz expressed by various persons, when, without comin to any conclusion, we separatid. I retired that nite earlier than usual, and my mind dwelin on the chances uv my continuin in offis in case uv Grant's accession, I fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed a dream.

Methawt gathered in front uv the White House wuz a galliant array uv our friends. There wuz Franklin Peerce and Buckanon, and Vallandigum, and the Woods and Magoffin, and Monroe and Brite, and Breckinridge and the leaders of the Dimocrisy, all a standin there looking wishfully at the White House, and wondering how and by wat means they cood git in. Johnson, blessings on his head, stood onto the portico wavin for them to come, but alass! guardin the passage stood a mighty host uv Abolisionists, armed and clad in armor, and in such force ez to make the stormin uv it hopeless.

"How shel we git in?" sighed Belmont.

"Ah, indeed, how?" answered Henry Clay Dean.

"That's the great moral question—how" echoed Ben Wood.

"My friends!" sed Thurlow Weed "its easy enuff. When yoo can't sore like the eagal, crawl like the snake.—Sorein is preferable, but crawlin will do in a pinch. Is ther not the Lion of the Republic? Can't yoo git him out and mount him? The Abolisonists hev a regard for that same Lion, and will discharge ther arrers at yoo when yoor on his back, for fear uv killin him. Besides yoor ridin him will in some degree do away with the prejoodis they hev agin yoo."

"But how kin we mount him?" said they.

"Trust us for that?" Wood, and him.

They got the Lion out, but ez soon ez he cast his eyes onto the crowd he uttered a roar wich struck terror into ther soles, and lashed the ground with his tial, and cast up dust with his claws in a manner fearful to behold.

"He'll never stand it!" sed Weed, "onless he's blind-folded," and Thurlo wrapped Raymond like a wet dish-rag over his eyes, and that done, him, and Randall pared his nails and blunted his teeth, so that ef the bandage shood wriggle off and he should see wher he wuz he coodent hurt anybody, and shaved his mane, till he looked like a very innocent Lion indeed, so that his appearance woodent startle them not used to his fiercenis, and this condishn the led him very quietly down to the crowd and give the word to mount.

Lord! wat a scramble ther wuz.—They piled on from the tip uv his ears to the end uv his tail, and then wich coodent git on for lack uv room, hung to the feet uv them wich hed got on, until it wuz nothin less than a pyramid uv Democrats.

Finally, when all wuz loaded, the word wuz given and the lion moved off. They wuz delighted. He had strength enuff to carry em, and he wuz a carryin uv em straight on to the White House, and at a good pace, too. Ez they approached the portals, the Abolisen defenders uv the place opened onto em.

"Hold!" sed Weed, "wood you destroy the Lion of the Republic?"

"Stay your hands!" shrieked Raymond, "The savior uv the country is under us."

"But they laft them to skorn.

"Its Brite and Vallandigum, the Woods, et settry, we're firin at," shreekt they, senging ez they fought, "The Battle Cry uv Freedom," "John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave!" "its them we see and them we'll kill!"

And they peltet away till the whole mass wuz streched dead and dyin on the plain.

Then they came up and began to turn over the corpses, one by one, until at last they came to the body uv the Lion, wich, peerced thro and thro wuz ez dead ez any uv em.

"My God!" sed they, "*It is the Lion after all!*"

"And we'v slayed him!" sed another.

"Well" remarked a third, "we codent help it.

He wuz so kivered up with this carrion that I coodent make out what it wuz they wuz a ridin. Let us give him a decent burial, for the good he hes done, and forget, ef we kin the company he died in."

At this critikle juncter I awoke.

I hev an idee that I kin see a sort uv a warnin in this dream. It occures to me:

1st. That ef we do ride Grant, we'll hev to divest him uv his mane teeth and claws, which is the idedtikle qualities wich makes him valoeable to us.

2d. That with us on tis back, we will probably succeed in killin him, without savin us. Grant mite deodorize a dozen or two uv us, but the whole party! Faugh! It would be a pint uv cologne to a square mile uv carrion.

3d. That ef we wuz wrapt all around him, the people woodent be able to see him anyhow, and wat good nd he do us?

Interpretin the dream thus, I shel oppose his nomination. Besides, doubt whether all the Weeds and Raymonds in the country kin so manipulate him ez to bring him quietly into our ranks.—We mite possibly go over to him, and thus git the privilege of votin for him but wherefore? How about the offisis, then? Ef the Abolishists vote for him and we vote for him, the obligation is ekal, and between us is ther any doubt wich he'd choose? I don't want to take sich chances. I'm opposed to the movement. I care not wat others may do, but ez for me, give me straight out Dimocrisy or nothing. McClellen wuz a vencher wich satisfied me ez to the propriety uv undertakin to set a roarin lion a convoyin a flock uv perceful lambs into green pasters

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Wich is Postmaster.)

THE EDITOR.—The realm of the press is enchanted ground. Sometimes the editor has the happiness of knowing that he has defended the right, exposed the wrong protected the weak; that he has given utterance that has cheered somebody's heart, made somebody happier, kindled a smile upon a sad face or hope in a heavy heart.

He may meet with that sentiment many years after; it may have lost all charms of its paternity, but he feels affection for it. He welcomes it as a lost child. He reads it as for the first time—and wonders if he indeed, wrote it.—Perhaps he could not give utterance to the sentiment now—perhaps he would not if he could.

It seems like the voice of his former self calling to his parents, and there is something mournful in his tone. He begins to think—to remember why he wrote it, who were his readers then, and how much he has changed. So he muses, until he finds himself wondering if that thought will continue to float after he is dead, and whether he is really looking upon something that will survive him. And then there is nothing in the sentence that he would have unwritten—that it is a better part of him—a shred from a garment of immortality he shall leave behind when he shall join the "innumerable caravan, and take his place in the silent hals of death.—*Benj. F. Taylor.*

"George, do you remember the story of David and Goliah?"

"Yes, sir, David was an intemperate man."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I read it, and it is said that David fixed a sling for Goliah, and Goliah got slewed with it."

It was the remark of one of our down town merchants, on reading the evidense given at the White House for a license law, that for the first time in the history of Christianity, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, Orthodox and Heterodok, had joined hands and hearts and exclaimed together; "Lett's have a drink all around!"

A gentleman was promenading a fashionable street with a bright boy at his side, when the little boy cried out, "Oh, pa, there goes an editor!" "Hush, hush," said the other, don't make sport of the poor man; God only knows what you may come to yet.

DEFINES HIS POSITION.—The "Fat Contributor" was on here last week, and was urged to define his position on political matters, and this he did in the following lucid manner. "I am aware of the necessity of knowing just where a man stands in these times which try men's soles—as well as the upper leather. To begin with, I am an old Henry Clay 'Whig, of the Polk school. I believe in the hard cider platform of 1840, during which I cast a somewhat colored vote for Jackson. I voted against the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and am in favor of the impeachment of Jefferson Davis. I favored the Maine law until they fired on our flag, together with several flagstones, when I went in for a vigorous prosecution of peace. I am in favor of woman's rights, if it is a good looking woman and she writes to me. I don't know much about the Monroe doctrine, and as for horse 'doctrin,' I don't know anything at all. I wouldn't vote to oblige a Mormon to have more than one wife, and am opposed to introducing cholera into the territories. I go in for a tax on waterfalls, and am willing to allow chignons representation on the basis of population. Finally, I am in favor of allowing the negro to vote in the South—it is the only way to make treason odorous.

The suffrage article, adopted by the New York Constitutional Convention, allows every male citizen to vote who is twenty-one years of age, who has been for ten days a citizen, one year next preceding the election an inhabitant of the state, four months a resident of the county, thirty days a resident of the town, and ten days a resident of the election district where he intends to vote. Bribery or the attempt to purchase a vote disfranchises, and the Legislature may disfranchise for any infamous crime A registry and election ballot are provided for.

IMPORTANT FACT.—Fill a kerosene lamp about one third full of common table salt, and then fill the lamp with Kerosene oil, and you have at once an oil that will burn nearly twice as long as it would without the salt and give a light even better than without it. This addition of salt keeps the blaze of the oil from smoking, and altogether the discovery of this simple fact will produce a great saving of expense to all who will try it.

—Josh Billings truly says, "tite butes air a luxury, inasmutch as they cause a feller to forget all his other miseries.

The Madrid papers publish a challenge to single combat, which has been sent to president Juarez, by Senor de Castillo, late Minister of Maximilian in Mexico, but at present residing in Spain He pledges his faith as a gentleman, to start immediately to Mexico to fight if Juarez will give him a guarantee against assassination while on Mexican soil. Juarez couldn't if he would, and would not if he could.

The Providence *Journal* says "when you tread on a lady's train in the streets you are not required to apologize. You must go into the street, you have a right there, and you have a right to step on the side walk, and if any foolish woman chooses to lay five yards of satin between your feet and the flags, it is at her risk, not yours."

"Will you lend father your newspaper, sir? he only wants to read it. "Yes my boy, and ask him to lend me his dinner, I only want to eat it.'

—Man is a mister and woman is a mystery.

—The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

—If you would be nothing, just wait to be something.

—The great center of happiness is something to hope for, and something to love.

—The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

—Divine love is like a rod of myrtle, as Pliny reports, makes the traveler who carries it in his hand so lively and cheerful, that he never faints or grows weary.

—Wit and gayety answer the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house—dispersing chills, and drying up mould, and making all wholesome and cheerful.

—Why is an indolent man an inapt subject for the ague to demonstrate its virtues on? Ans. Because he's too lazy to shake.

—Feeling is a truer oracle than thought; hence women are oftener right than men.

—A wonderful thing indeed is love of wondering and exciting wonder.

—Apretty female artist can draw the men equally with a brush and a blush.

—An arm, like water, stagnates by rest, and is kept fresh by motion.

—Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

—Woman may be content, may even be gay, without love; but she cannot be happy.

—Truth is robed in white; falsehood flaunts in the seven primitive colors and all their combinations.

—Many a rich man, in bringing up his son, seems ambitious of making what Aaron made—a golden calf.

—A garment may as soon be fitted to the moon as a system of laws framed to fit every mans's conscience.

—Many people believe that where a great deal is said something must be true; they split the difference.

—Life and love of liberty are given together; and the latter gift is the better gift of the two.

—Birds are the poor man's music, flowers the poor man's poetry; and the rich man is no better off.

—A small town is a place where there are many tongues to talk and but few heads to think.

—The Rhode Island Spragues are worth $25,000,000 That is what is represented by them in the United States Senate,

—Let every minister, while he is preaching, remember that God is one of his hearers.

—The rebel Mason is in London, exceedingly seedy for an F. F. V.