

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Family Paper---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Science, Art, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

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Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

A. A. PURMAN, J. G. RITCHIE,
PURMAN & RITCHIE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
All business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette Counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

J. A. LINDSEY, J. A. J. BUCHANAN,
LINDSEY & BUCHANAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office on the North side of Main street, two doors West of the "Republican" Office. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

R. W. DOWNEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Ledwith's Building, opposite the Court House. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

DAVID CRAWFORD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Sayers' Building, adjoining the Post Office. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

G. A. BLACK, JOHN PHELAN,
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Office in the Court House, Waynesburg. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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DR. D. W. BRADEN,
Physician and Surgeon. Office in the Old Bank Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

DRUGS.

DR. W. L. CREIGH,
Physician and Surgeon,
And dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Fats, &c., &c., Main street, a few doors east of the Bank. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary, and dealer in Paints and Oils, the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Liquors for medicinal purposes. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

MERCHANTS.

WM. A. PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

GEO. HOSKINSON,
Opposite the Court House, keeps always on hand a large stock of Seasonable Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, and Notions generally. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

ANDREW WILSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Drugs, Notions, Hardware, Queensware, Stoneware, Looking Glasses, Iron and Nails, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Old Bank Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

A. WILSON, Jr.,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Hats, Caps, Bonnets, &c., Wilson's New Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, one door west of the Adams House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

MINOR & CO.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

CLOTHING.

N. CLARK,
Dealer in Men and Boy's Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Suits, Hats and Caps, &c., Main street, opposite the Court House. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

A. J. SOWERS,
Dealer in Men and Boy's Clothing, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Hats and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Old Bank Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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J. P. COSGRAY,
Boot and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Druggist's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

J. B. RICEY,
Boot and Shoe maker, Sayer's Corner, Main street. Boots and Shoes of every variety always on hand or made to order on short notice. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of all sizes, and Gut Moulding and Looking Glass Plates. Cash paid for good eating Apples. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, and Variety Goods generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

BOOKS, &c.

LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers, Wilson's Old Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

BANK.

FARMERS' & DRUGGISTS' BANK,
Waynesburg, Pa.
JESSE HOOK, Pres't.
DISCOUNT DAY.
WEDNESDAY.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS.

SAMUEL MALLISTER,
Saddler, Harness and Trunk Maker, Main street, three doors west of the Adams House. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

TOBACCONISTS.

HOOPER & HAGER,
Manufacturers and wholesale and retail dealers in Tobacco, Segars and Snuff, Sugar Cases, Pipes, &c., Wilson's Old Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

Select Poetry.

HOURS.
Tripping lightly through the sunshine,
Creeping 'mid the shadows gray,
Ever swiftly flitting, flitting,
Speed the golden hours away,
Laden they with joy or sorrow,
Pain or pleasure, smiles or tears,
All are under sailing orders
Down the ebbing tide of years.
Hours are golden hours away,
Incessant offering evermore;
Shining coils, undoing swiftly,
Till they reach the other shore.
Some among the links there may be
Rusted o'er with bitter tears;
Light and shade are deftly woven
In the canopy of years.
Shewn and shadow intermingling,
And the hours so sweet, and fair,
Change full oft to weighty ages,
Through the weight of woe they bear.
Yet the cup of cruel bitter
May be to us for healing given,
And our funeral lamps be watchfires
On the outer walls of heaven.
Happy hours! Oh, words can never
Half their depth of meaning give;
How their benediction brightens
All the world in which we live!
Golden hours! like shining headlands
Jutting o'er the tide of Time;
Rising o'er the wrecks of sorrow,
Crown'd with majesty sublime.

Select Miscellany.

The Marvels of a Seed.
Have you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is the miracle of miracles.—God said, "Let there be plants yielding seed," and it is further added, each one "after his kind."
The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present, and future generations of seeds were contained one within the other, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. Let them explain it as they will, the wonders remains the same, and we must look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.
Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is inclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple-seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest seed of a poppy or a blue-bell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about in the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness!
Consider first their number. About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnaeus, who has been called "the father of botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle of Geneva described 40,000 kinds of plants, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.
Well, let me ask you, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower?—Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest in the shade.
Consider next the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.
Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up, and sixty years afterwards, when his hair is white and his step tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life and become a young, fresh, and beautiful plant.
M. Jouannet relates that in the year 1835, several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Bergerac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small, square stone or brick with a hole in it, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends who had buried them. These seeds were carefully sown by those who found them; and what do you think was seen to spring up from the dust of the dead? beautiful sunflowers, blue corn-flowers, and clover, bearing blossoms as bright and sweet as those which were woven into wreaths by the merry children now playing in our fields.
Some years ago a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt, by the English traveler, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the 4th of June, 1844, and at the end of thirty days these old seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about three thousand years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb.—Gausson.

Tobacco Ruinous.

Any one—the feeblest—can commit an error; it requires a MAN to frankly acknowledge it. There is greater courage than that of marching right in the face of belching cannon in the frenzy of battle; it is that of enduring the agonies of the wheel and the stake for hours together, when a single word would cease the torment instantly. Only great minds and heroic hearts are capable of deeds like these. Last month a great name was mentioned who endured hunger in an uncomplaining gentleness for two years. Within a dozen hours the common herd becomes fretful, passionate, and impatient of hunger. Not less great was the author of the *Cause and Cure*, than was the subject of this article, who, like too many Virginians, became extravagantly addicted to the use of tobacco, so much so that before he was thirty, it threatened his intellect, and that too before he became aware of the fact that it was owing to this species of intemperance that both mind and body were failing together. But no sooner was it distinctly placed before him, than by one heroic resolve he shattered the manacles which bound him, and never after took another "chew." But it was not done soon enough to save him from life-long suffering.—For years before his death, the palsied shaking of his head was apparent to all who heard him while he was only kept out of the grave by frequent release from official duties and the recreations of travel. He repeated it to the writer, and had no hesitation in stating it to his friends, that his bodily infirmities were laid in the extravagant use of tobacco in his youth; it robbed him of twenty years of life and of honorable usefulness to the church of his choice.—Need another word be said to induce any young gentlemen who is preparing for professional life and who is a slave to the weed, to raise in the might of his manhood and say: "I will never use it again?"

Tobacco in any form is not only a narcotic but it is a stimulant also; it not only blunts the sensibilities, but it goes both mind and body to unnatural activities, and the machine made to run faster than was ever intended, wears out so much the sooner and long before its time, and stops forever! "Doctor, why do you use tobacco so?" said we a few months since to a physician whom we met on the street, whose whole mouth seemed to be so full of it that he was chunching it as persons do who have a mouthful of water-melon. "I must do it to keep down the pain in my teeth." We never saw him afterwards, and the record of his death reads thus in the *American Medical Times*: "He suffered from disease of the aortic valves of the heart, leading to dropsical effusion, resulting in mortification of the legs and feet, ending in tetanic symptoms and death." What a fearful concatenation of human maladies: heart diseases, dropsy, mortification, and lockjaw! any one of which ailments is enough to destroy an iron frame. But note: the disease began in the heart; that heart which had been kept in excess of excitement for so many years by the long, steady, and large use of tobacco.

With beacon-lights these shining full in his eyes, the man who persists in the employment of tobacco in any shape or form, and who, to arguments against its employment, can only reply, "I can't" or "I won't," only confesses himself a moral impotent or a reckless criminal; for that it is a crime to knowingly persist in practices which are destructive to the body, can scarcely be denied.

Tobacco does relieve pain, but it never cures, never removes, never eradicates pain; it only blunts the sensibilities. Pain is nature's warning that something wrong is going on in the system and urges its rectification; tobacco suppresses the cry, by rendering the parts insensible to hurtful agencies, but those agencies do not cease, and as incessantly as before work away at the demolition of the body: a burning building is not the less in course of destruction because the inmates do not see or feel the fire. But tobacco excites; it stimulates to exertion which would not otherwise have been made. All exertion is at the expense of vital force, of life-power, of nervous energy, and in proportion as these are drawn upon in advance, a time must come, as with a balance in bank, when there are no assets to be drawn upon, and the life-power is bankrupt, the body fails and passes into the grave. Thus it is that when persons come to their final sickness, who have used stimulants largely, whether of tobacco, or opium, or spirits, there is a lack of recuperative power; their disease is of the typhoid type; there is no elasticity of mind or body; the latter is weak, the former is asleep, and the patient lies for hours and days in an insensible state or is only made conscious by shaking the body violently, by loud words, or by some acute pain, the death-throes of nature for existence. Mr. Webster died in this way, so did Mr. Douglas, and Count Cavour, and Dr. Reese, and multitudes of other eminent men,

who by keeping the system stimulated beyond its natural condition, exhausted its vitality, its nervous power, in advance; hence, when serious illness came, there was nothing to fall back upon, no recuperative power, and they now sleep in the grave!
Webster and Douglas used alcohol; Choate used opium, as was said; Reese used tobacco; Cavour was a gourmand, exhausted the life-power in advance, by overtaxing the powers of the stomach. It is notorious that the men who, working about the breweries of London, will beer by the gallon daily, do, by the time they reach forty years, become so deficient in recuperative power that an abrasion of the skin, a cut of the finger, and even the puncture of a splinter or the scratch of a pin, is almost as certainly fatal as a bullet through the brain or body. These are terrible teachings, but they are true.

Another Patriotic Family.
David Norton, of Candia, N. H., has all his sons, William C., David T., Richard E., and Henry C.—in the federal army. Mr. Norton himself served in the war of 1812, and was on duty at Marblehead when the ship Constitution was chased into port by two British seventy-four gun ships.—His father, Mr. Simon Norton, who was born at Candia, N. H., in 1760, enlisted when fifteen years of age, and served throughout the Revolutionary war. He was in the battles at Bunker Hill and at Bennington, and went South under General Washington. In 1775 and 1776 he was in Freed's regiment, under Capt. Emerson, of Candia. Henry C., the youngest son, seventeen years old, was in the battle of Bull Run, under Colonel Merston, of the New Hampshire Second, and was wounded there by a rifle ball. The ball tore away his hat band, and glancing along the skull several inches, lodged there, and was not extracted till he reached Washington. He walked the whole distance. The next morning the brave young soldier was ready for duty. Neither Mr. Norton nor his father ever received a pension. Such patriotism is worthy of record.

General Sigel.
It is a fact very well known, says the Cincinnati "Commercial," that this distinguished military man, shortly after he came to this country, worked at an iron foundry in this city, where he was paid the remunerative sum of \$5 a week for his services. The Mexican war, however, breaking out within a month after he obtained work at this foundry, in company with a man by the name of George Brinkerhoff, he enlisted and entered that campaign as a private soldier. Upon his return to this city, at the close of the war, he remained but a short time, being induced to go to St. Louis, where he soon became the captain or chief of the associations of Fremont and Turners.

Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, has written an eloquent and patriotic letter in refutation of the statement circulated by Secessionists that he would not accept of a Union nomination to the Maryland House of Delegates. In answer to the question, "What ought to be done at the present?" he answers in the words of Henry Clay on another occasion: "The power, the authority, and dignity of the Government ought to be maintained and resistance put down at every hazard."

The expedition against Fort Hatteras was known by the rebel leaders at Richmond several days before its arrival at the place of its destination. The intelligence had been transmitted to them by a leading banker of New York. The messenger subsequently fell into the hands of the police and was incarcerated at Fort Lafayette; the principal saved himself by a timely departure from the city. There is reason to believe that there are still army officers employed in and about Washington who are in communication with the enemy; but they are now closely watched.

During the last few days strenuous efforts have been made by prominent citizens of Baltimore—some of them men of unquestioned loyalty—to procure the release from arrest of a few of the Baltimore rebels now in confinement charged with treason.—The gentlemen who interposed in their behalf abandoned all further efforts upon ascertaining the astounding weight of testimony against the prisoners on file in the State Department.

When Colonel Lorin Andrews knew that he was dying he sent his exhortation to his regiment in words which he first thought over, then delivered, and then requested to be repeated to him, that he might be sure he was understood. They were these:—"Tell them to stand for the right, for their country, and for Jesus."

God's mercies are like a large chain, every link leads to another; great mercies assure you of future ones.

MY DAUGHTER MINNIE.

A few years ago—well, it is not less than forty—my little home flock was led in the matter of years by my daughter Minnie—a pretty name, I always thought. Minnie was a good child, and, being the first-born, was half maternal in her management of the latter comers, even down to little "Pigeon," the latest and tiniest of them all. The picture of Minnie is just as fresh in my memory as though the forty years which have simmered and evaporated since had been weeks instead. But it is a father's eye that looks over those years at Minnie, and the beauty may be half fancy—a sort of affectionate illusion. Those we love are transparent, you know—we who love them look through into the heart, and then imagine it is surface light of which we are thinking.

This much I know: Minnie was the best, most affectionate, and wisest of daughters—one of those spirited but industrious little creatures upon whose enterprise and tact the greatest and strongest of us will involuntarily lean.

"Minnie, shall I want five or six breadths in this skirt?" her mother would ask.
Looking up with just a little knitting of the forehead, after a moment's thought, Minnie would answer:
"I think five will do, mother," and five it was.

I can hear, even now, the voice of Minnie's mother—she has been gone twenty years, dear heart!—calling down from the top of the stairs:
"Minnie! Say—Minnie!"
"What, Mother?"
"What shall we have for dinner to-day?"
"You are tired, mother; let us have a little ham and some eggs, with some peas from the garden, and bread." That settled the bill of fare.

And so it was through the livelong day; for in all the domestic policy, Minnie, though only prime minister, passed for regal power.

At this time—this forty years ago—I was, of course, in the prime of life, and full of the cares and responsibilities which cluster and cling to one's manhood. I was largely engaged in active business, received some slight evidence of public confidence, saw a large family coming up about me—from all of which my natural positiveness and force of character received more or less strengthening. One night, when the last candle was extinguished, and all was hushed, my wife said, with some anxiety of tone:
"Husband, I feel uneasy about our Minnie."

"Minnie? Why, what is the matter—is she sick?"
"No, she isn't sick—but—"
"But what, wife?"
"Why, Minnie is—I mean, she seems to be—well, I'm afraid she likes Jimmy Brun."

"Jimmy Brun! She'd better not." And I leaped to the floor and walked to the window. "Jimmy Brun and our Minnie! a pretty match!"
"I was afraid you would be disturbed, dear; but don't take it too much to heart, husband. I dare say we can put a stop to it." And motherly sobs came from the pillow.

"Put a stop to it! I guess I will. Jimmy Brun and our Minnie! I guess I will put a stop to it."
And who was Jimmy Brun? A young man of some two years' residence in the neighborhood, of good habits, so far as I know, but altogether and diametrically opposed to my taste, to my ideal of manliness. I had always worshipped business tact and enterprise. It had taken me, when a penniless boy, and brought me through numberless difficulties to a position of influence. That which was found in my nature when young, was thus nourished and rooted through all the after years of struggle ripening into triumph.

The young man was of a literary turn of mind—taught in an academy—was a writer, it was said, for one or two periodicals. There was an air of sentiment about him, in his looks, and manners, which came precisely within the scope of my contempt. I had shown it in others—in strong business men—this utter contempt—for the least possible manifestation of sentiment—for those unthrifty fellows who have never an eye for business, but hang upon the skirts of thought, clasp imagery and ride upon rhythm. You may see it now every day in commercial houses. It springs, I think, from the absolute antagonism of fact and fancy—from the figures which dot the pages of the ledger and those which illumine the lines of the poet. "The Muses frowned on me," said a German poet, "for keeping account books." Undoubtedly. Nor is the knight of the balance sheet less intolerant towards those miserable fellows whose entire stock-in-trade can be stored in a very little cavity just behind the frontal bone.

My good wife had a time of it cooling me down and preventing the adoption of most violent measures. Even when I had formally surrendered to her superior discretion, I chafed sometimes like a bear in harness. If wife had not been almost a Rarey in fact, I should certainly have broken into plunging even sooner than I did.

Minnie was taken one day into solemn conference by her mother, with only pesty in the door-way as auditor. But the child, though she moved about from seat to seat, and blushed very much, and tore pieces of paper into bits, declared that she was heart whole yet—"as why shouldn't she be? for Jimmy Brun had not said a word to her which any man might not have said to any maiden?"

So wife and I got easy again.
But what should I see one evening, while sauntering under my own grove of forest oaks near the house, but two figures flitting slowly hither and thither among the distant trees. Like a knave as I was, I sat on the ground and watched them—watched them nervously, glaringly till I saw Jimmy Brun give Minnie a kiss on the lips, and looked lovingly after her as she slipped away.
I was reclining upon the sward of her path. Determined to meet and comfort her there, I sat and watched her coming.—Certainly Minnie's face never wore that impression before. It was not gleeful, but it was radiant, and her eyes, which were bent on the ground, and hence only visible as she came very near me, had a light and depth which I never saw before. She passed me: so utterly was she absorbed in her own emotions.
"Minnie!" I said in a tone which startled myself scarcely less than the child.
"Oh!" and she sprang from the path as though the sound had been a rattle in the grass.

I raised myself very slowly—I am very slow when very angry—and, standing stiffly before her, glowered down into her eyes—Minnie's beautiful, living eyes—with a sternness which had never failed to terrify. But the child, though she trembled like an aspen leaf at first, brought her father's spirit to the rescue, and, in the strength of love and innocence, looked into her father's face at length with perfect composure.

Kentucky.

Messengers from Camp Dick Robinson arrived at the Burnet House, in this city, last evening, to obtain immediate aid. They state that Zollicoffer is marching on the town with some 27,000 troops, and that the camp will be taken unless assistance is immediately rendered. General Mitchell had a conference last evening with the Colonels of Camp Denison; and we understand that every assistance in the power of General Mitchell will be rendered the Union men of Kentucky immediately.

We may look out for stirring news from Kentucky.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*, Oct. 1.

The Sixty-third Pennsylvania Regiment, Col. Alexander Hays, is now at Alexandria.

Two prisoners named Dorado and Kelly, of the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, and a private from another regiment, escaped from Richmond and reached the Potomac in safety. They add nothing of importance to previous intelligence, further than an impression, gathered from conversation heard, that all of the Federal prisoners there were to be removed down South, under the impression that the city of Richmond might have to surrender to our army.

Western Pennsylvania has four companies of infantry and three of cavalry in service in Western Virginia besides a large number in other companies amounting to fully as many more.

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I must not repeat the words that followed, they shall never be written—would to God they had never been spoken!
Minnie had given him her heart, and would give him her hand. How could she help it? Even her father's anger should not prevent her fulfilling her word: for was not Jimmy Brun worthy, and was not her father's anger unreasonable and unjust? All this she said to me with the deep calmness of a perfect heroine, while I stood there almost as much astonished as angry.

"Wife, it's all up with Minnie," said I, striding into the sitting room, and breaking in upon a most comfortable afternoon reverie, only relieved by the solemn ticking of the clock, and the busy click of the knitting needles.
"Lord! what's the matter?" and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor, while a flower pot on the window fell, splitting and crashing on the brick outside: "there goes the flower pot—tell me quick—you look as pale as a sheet."

"Minnie has promised to marry that scapgrace in spite of us; she says she will to me—in the face of my absolute commands."
Thereupon I walked the floor, wife staring at me the while.
"I'll never forgive her, never."
"Husband, stop and think. He—"
"I won't stop and think. I say I'll never forgive her, and I won't. Call her in."
Wife left the room in search of Minnie. She was gone a long while, from which circumstance I have always had the suspicion that she spent the time in soothing and comforting, scarcely to be considered as abetting my view of the case. At length they returned both group—Minnie very tearful, but very sweet and beautiful. The interview was short, and these were the closing words:
"Father, I have always been a dutiful child—you will do me that justice. But I love this man. You grant me that his character is unimpeachable, but you forbid our marriage because you have a prejudice against him. I love and honor you, father. You cannot doubt that; but in this case I must follow the dictates of my own heart."
"Do so if you will; but remember, your father will never forgive you."
Thus ended the interview—wife sobbing distressfully, Minnie weeping quietly, and I sitting grim and angry. I did not forbid them the house, as most angry fathers do, but I told Minnie again that she had lost my love and care. Then I was so foolish as to see Jimmy Brun, and in a very silly speech inform him that, since he was taking my daughter from her father without his consent, he need expect no gifts or favors now or hereafter. "She would not be allowed to share in the family inheritance, nor should I render the least assistance if they should come to want." I shall never forget the queer look the young man gave me—a glance in which pride seemed vainly struggling with a cluster of mirth sparkles.

"Very well, sir, we will try and not come to want."
That was all he said; but the cool self-possession of his manner made me feel as though I had undertaken to drive a nail and had pounded my fingers

Christian Intelligence.

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MY DAUGHTER MINNIE.

A few years ago—well, it is not less than forty—my little home flock was led in the matter of years by my daughter Minnie—a pretty name, I always thought. Minnie was a good child, and, being the first-born, was half maternal in her management of the latter comers, even down to little "Pigeon," the latest and tiniest of them all. The picture of Minnie is just as fresh in my memory as though the forty years which have simmered and evaporated since had been weeks instead. But it is a father's eye that looks over those years at Minnie, and the beauty may be half fancy—a sort of affectionate illusion. Those we love are transparent, you know—we who love them look through into the heart, and then imagine it is surface light of which we are thinking.