

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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Cash paid for good eating Apples.
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ing, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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**HAAS & CO. HEDGE
MONEY AND PROVISIONS**

Select Poetry.

THE VOLUNTEER'S BURIAL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

'Tis eve; one brightly beaming star
Shines from the eastern heaven a far,
To light the footsteps of the brave,
Slow marching to a comrade's grave.

The northern wind has sunk to sleep;
The sweet South breathes, as, low and deep,
The martial clang is heard, the tread
Of those who bear the silent dead.

And whose the form, all stark and cold,
Thus ready for the loosened mould,
And stretched upon so rude a bier!
Thine soldier, thine! the Volunteer.

Poor Volunteer! the shot, the blow,
Or swift disease hath laid him low;
And few his early loss deplore—
His battle fought, his journey o'er.

Alas! no wife's fond arm caressed,
His cheek no tender mother pressed,
No pitying soul was by his side,
As lonely in his tent he died.

He died—the Volunteer—at noon;
At evening came the small platoon
That soon will leave him to his rest,
With sods upon his manly breast.

Hark to their fire! his only kneel—
More solemn than the passing bell;
For ah! it tells a spirit down,
Unshrin'd, to the dark unknown.

His deeds and fate shall fade away,
Forgotten since his dying day,
And never on the roll of Fame
Shall be inscribed his humble name.

Alas! like him, how many more
Lie cold upon Potomac's shore!
How many green unnoted graves
Are order'd by those placid waves!

Sleep, soldier, sleep! from sorrow free,
And sin and strife. 'Tis well with thee.
'Tis well: though not a single tear
Laments the buried Volunteer!

Select Miscellany.

BENEDICT ARNOLD: HIS GRAND- SON IN ENGLAND.

Few crimes involve greater turpitude
than treachery. Hence treason has
become personified in the name
and history of Benedict Arnold.

In childhood, Arnold was intensely self-
ish, and his acts were often malicious
and cruel. In Norwich Ct., where he
was born and passed his early days,
he was notorious for his rash temper,
for his love of cruelty, and passion
for mischief. He loved to destroy
birds' nests and kill the young, that
he might be diverted by the cries of
their mothers. He was fond of
throwing broken glass on the pavement,
that the children passing might
wound their naked feet. Frequently
he was known to decoy boys in
front of his fathers store, and then
apply the horsewhip to them. He
was rash, unprincipled and head-
strong when young. When he
reached maturity, these traits of
impulses and congenial traits of
character culminated in treason.

Arnold was married twice. Once
in New Haven, Ct., where he resided
many years as a merchant and dealer
in horses with the West Indies.—
The house in which he lived still re-
mains, and the sign "BENEDICT
ARNOLD," which he had placed over
his business office, is in the possession
of a gentleman of that city.—
His second wife was Miss Shippen,
daughter of Judge S., who was an
eminent citizen of Philadelphia
while Arnold was in command there.
The house he occupied may still be
seen at the corner of Second and
Walnut Streets, and was once the
home of that great and good man
William Penn. After Arnold's treason
was detected, and he had gone
on board of a British ship lying in
the Hudson, he was active in brutal
and bloody assaults by the British
army upon his countrymen, especially
at New London, Ct. But the officers,
while they rejoiced at the treason,
despised the traitor, and refused fel-
lowship with him, although holding
a commission given by the British
government. He soon after went to
England, but nowhere being received
with cordiality, in a moment of
indignation he resigned. In a few
weeks he returned to St. Johns, New
Brunswick, and resumed his trade
with the West Indies.

Not many years since, a venerable
lady was living in Northampton,
Mass., who knew Arnold and his wife
intimately while resident at New
Brunswick. She recollected many
interesting incidents in his history,
and among other things she possessed
a note written to her by Mrs.
Arnold, during the trial of her hus-
band as a suspected incendiary.—
She also has a copy of a placard, printed
with most primitive typography,
which was circulated by the excited
people, while they were burning him
in effigy. It appears, on Arnold's re-
turn to St. Johns, that he leased a
large warehouse and filled it with
stolen merchandise. He effected
a fire, which destroyed the goods,
and he then fled to the town,
where he was finally shot, and his
body buried in the sea. The following
is the account of the trial of the vi-

thing I struck at, was to build a
large and elegant store, and import
a general assortment of goods, the
greatest part of them unsealable such
as stills &c. all the goods I could not
dispose of I sent to this store, which
was insured for ten thousand pounds
sterling.—few days before I contrived
to set it on fire at low water, so that
the engines could not be sufficiently
supplied, my point being accomplish-
ed I obtained the insurance.—
Now I beg of all of you that has got
Children not to let them go astray
as I have mine.—I sold a gentleman
a quantity of rum, and while he was
gone on board to ship it, I was busily
employed with filling the Hhds. with
water. Friends I have none, I can
not forgive my enemies, and the
Lord have mercy upon my body, for
in souls I have no belief.

Arnold and his wife lived at St.
Johns quite ostentiously; and there
they sought the society of the cul-
tivated, opulent people and the officers
of the army. But these people did not
like the man and detested his prin-
ciples, and hence they shunned him.
In great disgust, soon after his
trial and the defeat which follow-
ed, he gave up his business and
sailed for London, where for some
years he lived in obscurity. His
death occurred suddenly 1810, aged
61 years. Mrs. A. died three years
afterward, at the age of 43.

Little has been known of the de-
scendants of Benedict Arnold; al-
though he left three children. No
public record of their conduct or po-
sition exists, and yet two of them
were officers of merit in the British
army. By a fortunate circumstance,
the writer is able, in a degree to
supply this deficiency, and to redeem
Arnold's descendants from the in-
famy to which his name and charac-
ter were consigned. In a recent
visit to England, he was gratified
by an accidental meeting with a
grandson of Arnold, his only living
male heir. Rev. Edward Arnold is
rector of an established church in
Hertfordshire, some twenty miles
west of London. He is about thirty-
five years of age, of medium size and
dark complexion, with an expressive
and benevolent face. Young A. is a
man of great decision, and in his pro-
fession exhibits much ability and en-
ergy of character. He voluntarily
made known his relationship, and the
conduct of his grandfather, while
he hesitatingly condemned
he thought that some acts of grati-
tude not in justice, on the part of the
Government, should be allowed as
extenuating circumstances. He
freely conceded the great crime of
treason, but he claimed there was
wrong on both sides.

An invitation to visit his beautiful
rectory, where hospitality was most
cordially extended, enabled me to
gather some interesting facts, which
must be peculiarly interesting to
Americans. Two of Arnold's sons
died in the army, and one of his
grandsons, brother of Rev. Edward
A. fell bravely fighting at the head
of his company, before Sebastopol.—
One of his sons reached high rank
in the East India service, where he
was an officer during nearly half a cen-
tury. Before his death, some three
years since, he received many marks
of distinction from the British Gov-
ernment. Numerous tokens of high
professional regard are preserved by
his nephew. Among them are many
medals, and a hundred guinea sword,
a splendid testimonial for wisdom in
council, courage in the field, long ser-
vice, and eminent devotion to his
country. A pair of pistols, used by
Arnold, in a duel in London, are also
in possession of his grandson. He
felt insulted by the remark of a gen-
tleman, (Lord Surrey,) and the traitor
challenged him. Arnold fired with-
out effect, but his antagonist with-
held his shot, turning his back on
Arnold with the contemptuous re-
mark—"I leave you to the hangman."

The British Government gave Ben-
edict Arnold large tracts of land in
Canada, as the pecuniary reward for
his treason. Some of it was near
Brookport, on the St. Lawrence riv-
er. But a large portion of it, (3,000
acres,) is near Toronto, between that
city and lake Simcoe. This property
was owned for a long series of years
by Arnold's eldest son; but being in
the army in the East Indies, he knew
little about it, except such as an oc-
casional brief letter from the Canadian
agent furnished. Upon his death,
some years since, it reverted to Rev.
Edward Arnold, the only living male
heir, and he began a series of inquir-
ies about the property. No reliable
or satisfactory intelligence could be
obtained, and he feared the land was
comparatively valueless. He was
assured by the agents that much of
the soil was poor and swampy, scarely
exceeding \$2 per acre in value.—
But Mr. A. was told by less interest-
ed parties, that if it was in the vicin-
ity of Toronto, the property was
vastly more valuable, and he was ad-
vised to wait further developments.
Subsequent investigations, at the re-
quest of Mr. Arnold, have discovered
the land to be among the most valu-
able in Canada. The 3,000 acres now
owned by him, but formerly the
property of Benedict Arnold his
great-grandfather, are situated in the
vicinity of Toronto, and the vi-

—Gentlemen as there seems to
be a great number of you collected
together to see my awful Execution,
take my advice and do not as I have
done. In the year 1787, I was in
London, and saw that the Police
Office was open and I thought to
make something considerable of
them: I bought an old Brig, and in-
sured her for three times the value,
and when I came to St. Johns, I
run her on the flat back of the town,
where she was totally lost, and I
insured the stock for ten times
the value.

of the railway (Georgian Bay in
Lake Huron) to Toronto. Compet-
ent judges pronounce it worth from
\$50 to 75 per acre. Thus this young
and meritorious clergyman has subse-
quently been placed in possession of an
estate valued at nearly \$200,000,
which a month before, from the rep-
resentations of faithless agents, he
would gladly have sold for \$10,000!

Rev. Edward Arnold married the
daughter of an English earl, and ul-
timately will inherit a large fortune.
But his Canadian property, now in
the hands of more competent and
faithful agents, will at once yield
him a large income, the practical
fruits of the reward for his grand-
father's treachery. The old English
church, of which he is rector, is a
model specimen of ancient ecclesiast-
ical architecture, having been built
over 300 years. It is a small, quaint
stone edifice with a diminutive tower
having scarcely a hundred sittings.—
Nearly the entire structure is envel-
oped in ivy, from one root, the trunk
of which is as large as a good-sized
forest tree. Whitton, the parish
where the gifted and eminent chris-
tian writer, Bickersteth, was rector,
and where his remains are buried, is
less than two miles distant. The
whole region of country, round about,
is rich in beautiful rural scenes, the
magnificent residences of the English
nobility and gentry being interspersed.
It is among such an enlightened
population, with a full share of rustic
peasantry, that the only living male
descendant of Benedict Arnold lives
and labors. He is an American by
descent, and it is gratifying to learn,
that although the grandson of a dis-
honored countryman, he does no dis-
credit to himself, his sacred profession,
or that noble land which gave him
birth.

WINTHROP.

Commotion in Liberia.

By way of England we have very
interesting news from Liberia, dated
at Monrovia, on the 16th of October.
The republic was intensely excited
in consequence of the expected re-
turn of a Spanish force from Sierra
Leone, in order to avenge the insult
said to have been offered to the flag
of the Queen by the gunboat Quail,
acting under orders of the Liberian
government. Judge Washington
had returned from Sierra Leone, and
reported to President Benson that
the Govenor General of Fernando Po
had assured him that the Quail would
be destroyed, and Monrovia probably
attacked by the ships-of-war of Spain.
The President had consequently
drawn out the colored militia, and
was prepared to defend the country
to the last. It is said that a native
king will attack the river settlements
of the Liberians whenever the Span-
iards appear. President Benson,
amidst all the din of approaching
battle, found time to enter the court
of Venus, and is said to be paying his
addresses to Miss Annie Polston, an
accomplished young lady lately from
Brooklyn, New York.

QUEER CASE OF INDIGESTION.—
Emery Lull, aged seventeen years,
son of Mr. James Lull, of Pittsfield,
Maine, came to his death, on Tues-
day night last, under the following
singular circumstances: Tuesday
night, after he had retired to bed
with his grandfather, he complained
of being unwell, and being question-
ed, confessed that he had swallowed
ten stones, eight leaden bullets,
and a metal button. After this con-
fession, the grandfather got up and
informed the boy's father of what he
had done, who, being something of a
Doctor, told his son, with tears in
his eyes, that the best he could do
was to prepare his mind for death,
for if he had done what he had said,
no earthly power could save him.—
It is not known how large the stones
were that he swallowed, but one
found in his jacket was as large as a
walnut. The reason the boy gave
for swallowing the stones was be-
cause he wanted to do what a hum-
bug shaman pretended to do at a
Cattle Fair, i. e., eat stone. It ap-
pears that the boy did really suppose
that the man lived on stones, as he
pretended, and, as he said, thought
he could do the same.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—LABOR.—
Why, man of idleness, labor rocked
you in the cradle, and has nourished
your pampered life; without it, the
woven silks and wool upon your back
would be in the fold. For the mean-
est thing that ministers to human
want, save the air of heaven, man is
indebted to toil; and even the air,
by God's ordination, is breathed with
labor. It is only the drones who
toil not, who infest the hive of activ-
ity like masses of corruption and de-
cay. The lords of the earth are
working men, who can build up and
cast down at their will, and who re-
tort the sneer of the "soft hand," by
pointing to their trophies, wherever
art, science, civilization, and human-
ity are known. Work on, man of
toil! thy royalty is yet to be acknowl-
edged as labor rises onward to the
highest throne of power. Work on,
and in the language of a true poet,
be

"A glorious hue! and thy renown shall be
Scattered by winds and waves through all time
While some's name I carry it on the sea
From clime to clime,
Or God ordains that idleness is crime."

"I will try, mother, he said; and his
blue eyes filled with tears, tears of mingled
sympathy and joy; sympathy for the dis-
consolation and suffering, and joy that even
he could be of some service—little boy
that he was—in making earth's weary and
lonely hearts happy. Yes, and it was a

The Family Circle.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY G. LINNEX BANKS.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is Divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Repeat truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

"I HAVE MADE ONE HEART HAPPY TO-DAY."

"Mother, mother, I have made one
heart happy to-day," said little Willie, as
he came running in from school one lovely
summer afternoon, and he threw his arms
about her neck, imprinting a kiss upon her
pale cheek. "Yes, mother, I have made
one heart happy to-day," and his little
bosom heaved with an honest pride and de-
light, which caused his bright eyes to
sparkle, and a rosy smile to play upon his
dimpled cheeks.

Little Willie was a bright, active boy,
with a loving countenance. His widowed
mother on whom the whole care of his
training from infancy had devolved, was
called to exercise great discretion properly
to curb his natural hasty temper, and
bring it into due subjection to wholesome
restraint, and thus mould it for the accom-
plishment of some noble end in life: to
love rather than to hate; to do good rather
than evil. And well had the mother
done her task. He was the child of many
prayers, and much faithful instruction;
and the good seed thus sown unsparringly,
and watered with a mother's tears, had
fallen in good soil, and was now just be-
ginning to spring up with the promise of
an abundant harvest. The oft-repeated
counsel, that he ought always to try to
make some heart happy each day, had for
once been heeded; and she rejoiced in the
thought, and inwardly thanked her heav-
enly Father that she had lived to see her
darling boy so loving and dutiful as he
had been of late, and especially that happy
day.

"Are you sure, Willie?" she said, after
a slight pause, "you have made one heart
happy to-day?"
"Yes, mother; she said so, and thanked
me, O, so many times!"

"Who was it you made so happy? and
what did you do for her?"
"It was the poor woman who lives in
the little house by the brook. I went in
there when I went to school; and she said
she had been looking out of the window to
see the beautiful flowers, but she was old
and lame, and couldn't pick them as she
used to do; and, as she had now no little
boy or girl to get them for her, she had
to be content with looking at them from her
window. So at noon I went out and got
all the prettiest ones I could find, and car-
ried them to her; and she was so glad, and
said God would bless me, for I had made
her poor heart happy; that the flowers
were very sweet; but she was going soon
to a land where there are far sweeter
flowers that never fade. Did she mean
heaven, that I have heard you say so much about,
mother?"

"Yes, my dear."
"May I not get flowers for her every day,
mother; and some of those nice ones from
our little garden, that I may make her
happy again?"
"Yes, child, as often and as many as
you wish; and I trust the remembrance of
this day may cause you ever to strive to
make some heart happy daily; and then it
cannot be said you have lived wholly in
vain!"

"I will try, mother, he said; and his
blue eyes filled with tears, tears of mingled
sympathy and joy; sympathy for the dis-
consolation and suffering, and joy that even
he could be of some service—little boy
that he was—in making earth's weary and
lonely hearts happy. Yes, and it was a

blessed privilege. He had made one heart
happy that day; and not one only, for the
simple story of that little act of childish
thoughtfulness and kindness had made a
mother's heart happy also. Did not the
brightening eye, the sweet smile, and the
earnest recital, tell his fond mother that
his own heart beat lighter, and was happier
that night for the little act of kindness he
had done? Yes, that simple handful of
flowers had made three hearts happy that
day. The flowers which caused it might
with; but before that happened, one more
unfading flower was blossoming in three
hearts, and sweetening life with its sweet
fragrance.

Blessed privilege, indeed, to make one
heart happy each day! Is there one that
cannot, or will not strive to do it? There is
sunshine enough, there are flowers enough,
there is perfume enough in this world of
ours, to make every heart happy, and
sweeten every bitter cup, if there was al-
ways some kind word or act to unlock the
avenues thereto, and bestow on others some
of the blessed gifts of our heavenly Father.
If every one would but live for this, what
a blessed world earth would be! A little
heaven below: every home a temple of praise
and every heart an exhaustless fountain of
joy!

Let all live, then, so that each night they
may say, "I have made one heart happy
to-day."

WISHES.
How many sick ones
Wish they were healthy;
How many beggar men
Wish they were wealthy;
How many ugly ones
Wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones
Wish they were witty;
How many bachelors
Wish they were married;
How many Benedictines
Wish they had tarried;
Single or double,
Life's full of trouble;
Riches are unstable,
Pleasure's a bubble.

A Mystery.

The unfortunate girls compelled to
to earn their living by acting as
"waitresses, in places of public re-
sort, find it anything but the "pursuit
of happiness," if they chance to pos-
sess any delicacy of feeling. There
is something unnatural in the very
idea of a woman being placed in a
position exposing her to the brutal
remarks of any vagabond who may
chance to have a few shillings to
spend for a drink or meal. One of
this class of girls—a pretty young
creature, named Mary, who resided
at Wheeler's Dining Hall in Cleve-
land, Ohio—committed suicide last
week. No cause could be assigned
for the act! Though liked by all
who visited the establishment, paid
fairly for her services, and treated
with general respect, she was long
known to be very unhappy, and had
frequently said to her companions
that she was tired of life, and wish-
ed she could die. The other morning
a girl who slept with her left her
bed, apparently asleep; and in five
minutes from that time she was gone!
Her disappearance created great ex-
citement; and she was nowhere to be
found until late in the evening, when
a gentleman noticed something in
the water of the lake, beating up
against the piles. It proved to be
the body of poor Mary, who had
at last ended all her troubles "where
the lamps quiver far down in the
river." The inquest, says a local paper
was held at noon, and resulted in a
verdict of *felo de se*. The cause of the
act is involved in mystery, save that
there is no doubt of the girl's insani-
ty. Her name was Mary Karney,
and her age about twenty-five. Her
parentage was Irish, and she had
been a waitress in the dining-hall
for eight years. A favorite with all
who knew her—bright, intelligent,
and good—her sad fate has caused
sincere mourning among those know-
ing her. Poor girl!—poor girl!

Don't let your children learn
good and bad things indiscriminately.
To be sure, the bad might be
eradicated in after years, but it is
easier to sow clean seed than to
cleanse dirty wheat.

The swan subdues the eagle
when he attacks her on her own ele-
ment; so the weakest may subdue
strongest foe, if he but keeps his
place and does his duty.

He who knows his ignorance
is the possessor of the rarest kind of
valuable knowledge.

Relations always take the
greatest liberties, and frequently
give the least assistance.

Peace is the evening star of the
soul, as virtue is its sun; and the
two are never apart.

Friendship, like phosphenes,
shines most when all around is dark.
If you treat your inferiors with
military respect the same from them.

Harshness is the best
method of eradicating the evil propensities
of the human mind. The best
method of eradicating the evil propensities
of the human mind is to
treat the man as he is, and not
as you would like to see him.