

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Cash paid for good eating Apples.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

Select Poetry.

[The following eloquent poem, in praise of those who give to the poor, we hope will serve, at this inclement season, to awaken a spirit of emulation among the benevolent. There are, indeed, at this time many sufferers who need a helping hand, and whose mute appeals should not pass unregarded. The charity which begins at home is at best but another phase of selfishness, that which extends to the poorer neighbor does honor to humanity, and is worthy to be celebrated in immortal verse.]

From the Baltimore Patriot.

P E A N.

BY IBO T. HEYER.

All hail! all hail! whose praise shall I,
This winter morning, sing?
The praise of wealth, of heraldry,
Of warrior, bard, or king?
No, no! I leave the task to those
Who ponder volumes o'er;
I sing the friend of human woes,
The man who helps the poor.

All hail! all hail! My muse shall now,
With sonorous acclaim
The pride of station world-begot,
In cry of obsequious name;
I laud the unpretending man,
Who passes near my door,
Who lessens anguish, while he eases,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! No Latin phrase,
Nor eponyms of Greek,
Nor contents of Athenaeus' vase,
My pointing thoughts shall seek,
To raise the prompter of mankind,
The man of simple lore,
Who sees and spares the phrenzied mind,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! Shall I reflect
Upon the laurel wreath
That crowns the brow of intellect
Glistening in honor's breath?
Nay, be the humble one my theme,
Who has the fame in store,
Compassion's impulse to redeem,
In giving to the poor.

All hail! all hail! Like choral chime,
Beneath the miller's roof,
His praise shall fill the eaves of time
Who guide the mourner's woe,
His praise the echoing skies return,
When life's great chase is o'er,
Who raises those that weep and moan,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! No clarion voice
My song of triumph hath,
To sound the victor's paltry choic,
Who lives o'er 'sickle breath;
I sing of one who treads unseen,
Misfortune's sunless foor,
Who steps his God and woe between,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! The trumpet peal
That lauds the worldly great,
My humble verse shall not reveal,
Nor fame's translucent state;
I shout the praise of him who dies
The sinking to restore—
Who soothes his brother's miseries,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! No deities
Of Thessaly or Rome
Shall hover where but human life
Engage in "kingdom come";
I sing the psalm of life for him
Who tarries to deplore
The weak and blind, the vista dim,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! Like matia bella
Sweet music of the morn,
The melody of mercy tells,
To heavenly courts up-borne,
Where he, the friend of man, has stood,
Ungirt with worldly lore;
To bless the earth's great brotherhood
In giving to the poor.

All hail! all hail! Though here no arch
Of tapestry and gold,
Though star, nor crown, the giver's march
In glancing light unfold,
He walks the pave of courts divine,
If Christian, Health or Moor;
Who bids the sun of comfort shine,
Who giveth to the poor.

All hail! all hail! Whose praise shall I
This wintry morning sing?
My late is learning to reply,
In Sabbath offering;
I sing the praise of him who gives,
His maker to adore,
Who giving hith, for heaven lives,
The man who helps the poor.

A CAPITAL HIT.—An editor, while attending service in a western church, was greatly struck with the vocal efforts of the leading singer, and with great difficulty he succeeded in photographing one of the stanzas as follows:

"Waw-kaw, swaw, daw aw waw,
Thaw saw, thaw law aw waw,
Waw-ka, law, thaw waw-vaw waw,
Aw thaw raw-jaw-saw aw."
He subsequently ascertained, to his intense astonishment, that this was the verse sung:

"Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."
Women should set good examples,
For the men are always following them.

Select Miscellany.

LITTLE EDDIE—THE DRUMMER.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Benton Barracks, St. Louis, gives a very touching story of a drummer boy:

A few days before our regiment received orders to join Gen. Lyon, on his march to Wilson's Creek, the drummer of our company was taken sick and conveyed to the hospital, and on the evening preceding the day that we were to march, a negro was arrested within the lines of the camp and brought before our Captain, who asked him "what business he had within the lines?" He replied, "I know a drummer that would like to enlist in your company, and I have come to tell you of it." He was immediately requested to inform the drummer that if he would enlist for our short term of service, he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this, he must be upon the ground early in the morning. The negro was then passed beyond the guard.

On the following morning there appeared before the Captain's quarters, during the beating of the reveille, a good-looking, middle-aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand, a sharp, sprightly looking boy, apparently about twelve or thirteen years old. Her story was soon told. She was from East Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the rebels, and all their property destroyed. She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, but not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought if she could procure a situation for her boy as a drummer for the short time we had to remain in the service, she could find employment for herself and perhaps find her sister by the time we were discharged.

During the rehearsal of her story the little fellow kept his eyes intently fixed upon the countenance of the Captain, who was about to express a determination not to take so small a boy, when he spoke out, saying, "Don't be afraid, Captain, I can drum." This was spoken with so much confidence that the Captain immediately observed with a smile, "Well, well, Sergeant, bring the drum, and order our sifter to come forward." In a few minutes the drum was produced, and our sifter made his appearance, a tall, round-shouldered, good-natured fellow from the Dubuque mines who stood, when erect, something over six feet in height.

Upon being introduced to his new comrade, he stooped downward, with his hands resting upon his knees that were thrown forward into an acute angle, and peering into the little fellow's face a moment, he observed, "My little man, can you drum?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "I drummed for Captain Hill in Tennessee." Our sifter immediately commenced straightening himself upward, until all the angles in his person had disappeared, when he placed his feet to his mouth and played the "Flowers of Edinborough," one of the most difficult tunes to follow with the drum that could have been selected, but nobly did the little fellow follow him, showing him to be a master of the drum. When the music ceased, our Captain turned to the mother and observed, "Madam, I will take your boy. What is his name?" "Edward Lee," she replied; then placing her hand upon the Captain's arm, she continued, "Captain, if he is not killed—" here her maternal feelings overcame her utterance, and she bent down over her boy and kissed him upon the forehead. As she arose, she observed, "Captain, you will bring him back with you, won't you?" "Yes, yes," he replied, "we will be certain to bring him back with us. We shall be discharged in six weeks."

In an hour after, our company led the last Iowa out of camp, our drum and sifter playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Eddie, as we called him, soon became a great favorite with all the men in the company. When any of the boys had returned from a horticultural excursion, Eddie's share of the peaches and melons was the first apportioned out. During our heavy and fatiguing march from Rolla to Springfield, it was often amusing to see our long-legged sifter waddling through the mud with our little drummer mounted upon his back—and always in that position when fording streams.

The night after the fight at Wilson's Creek, where Lyon fell, I was detailed for guard duty. The hours passed slowly away, when at length, the morning light began to streak along the eastern sky, making surrounding objects more plainly visible. Presently I heard a drum beat upon the morning call. At first I thought it came from the camp of the enemy across the creek; but as I listened I found that it came from a deep ravine; for a few minutes it was silent, and then as it became more light I heard it again. I listened—the sound of the drum was familiar to me—and I knew it was

Our drummer boy from Tennessee
Beating for help the reveille.
I was about to desert my post and go to his assistance, when I discovered the officer of the guard approaching with two men. We all listened to the sound, and were satisfied that it was Eddie's drum. I dashed

permission to go to his assistance. The officer hesitated, saying that the orders were to march in twenty minutes. I promised to be back in that time, when he consented. I immediately started down the hill through the thick undergrowth, and upon reaching the valley, I followed the sound of the drum, and soon found him seated upon the ground, his back leaning against the trunk of a falling tree, while his drum hung upon a bush in front of him, reaching nearly to the ground. As soon as he discovered me, he dropped his drum-sticks, and exclaimed, "Oh, Corporal, I am so glad to see you! Give me a drink," reaching out his hand for my canteen, which was empty. I immediately turned to bring him some water, from the brook that I could hear rippling through the bushes near by, when, thinking that I was about to leave him, he commenced crying, saying, "Don't leave me, corporal; I can't walk." I was soon back with the water, then I discovered that both of his feet had been shot away by a cannon ball. After satisfying his thirst, he looked up into my face, and said, "You don't think I will die, corporal, do you? This man said I would not; he said the surgeon could cure my feet." I now discovered a man lying in the grass near him, dead. By his dress I recognized him as belonging to the enemy. It appeared that he had been shot through the bowels, and had fallen near where Eddie lay. Knowing that he could not live, and seeing the condition of the boy, he had crawled to him, took off his back-skin suspenders, and corded the little fellow's legs below the knee, and then lay down and died. While he was telling me these particulars I heard the tramp of cavalry coming down the ravine, and in a moment a scout of the enemy was upon us, and I was taken a prisoner. I requested the officer to take Eddie up in front of him, and he did so, carrying him with great tenderness and care. When we reached the camp of the enemy the little fellow was dead. It is now about two weeks since I made my escape from McCulloch's grasp.

Uselessness of Cavalry Swords.
In *Household Words* for December 31, 1853, in an article on "Horse Guards rampant," containing much valuable and interesting matter, occurs the following paragraph:

"There can be no doubt that heavy riding whips would be more formidable weapons in all warfare than the cavalry swords now in use. In the Sikh war, arms, heads, hands and legs of British soldiers were lopped off by the enemy on all sides, while the English swordsmen labored 'often in vain even to draw blood. Yet the Sikhs used chiefly their own cast-off dragon blades, filed into new handles, and sharpened until they had a razor edge, and worn in wooden scabbards, from which they were never drawn except in action. In such scabbards they were not blunted, and they were noiseless. They made none of that incessant clanking which almost drowns the trumpeter's bugle and quite the word of command, in our own cavalry regiments, and which, unless the men wrap hay about the steel renders an attempt at a surprise by cavalry perfectly useless. The wooden scabbards, it was found upon inquiry, are even less brittle than steel ones. A Sikh at Chulianwallah galloped up to the horse artillery, cut down the two first two men, and attacked the third. He seeing that his comrades had been unable to save their lives by the use of their blunt swords, left his sword in the scabbard and fought off his assailant with his riding whip, flogging away the Sikh's horse to keep the fatal arm at a safe distance. So he was saved."

Extraordinary Suicide.
A letter from Rome gives an account of a remarkable suicide which has taken place at Naples. A Mr. Kenrick, an elderly married gentleman, appears to have formed a liaison with a Miss Gray, a young and pretty Englishwoman, with whom he has been living at Rome and at Naples. It appears that Mr. Kenrick's relatives in England, who are wealthy, paid no heed, under the circumstances, to his application for remittances, and that the two, thereupon, resolved on suicide. From what subsequently transpired, it seems they must have gone directly to the public gardens of the Villa Reale, on the sea shore, where, the cafe being open, they took a glass of rum or rosolio. They then climbed over the low walls of the villa, where a semi-circular space overlooking the sea, is furnished with stone seats, and descended on the beach, where Miss Gray tied her dress round her ankles, and filled it from the waist with sand, Mr. Kenrick effecting the same purpose by filling the bosom of his shirt, his waistcoat, and coat sleeves with sand and stone, Miss Gray supplying the necessary strings and tapes from her own dress. They then tied themselves together round the waist with their pocket handkerchiefs, and deliberately lay down to die in the sea, which at that point is not more than two or three feet deep. They had the resolution to endure suffocation, and their corpses were seen in the transparent water next morning at daybreak by a fisherman. Mr. Kenrick's life was insured for £3,000, which his heirs lost from the fact of his having committed suicide.

Wheat Does Not Pay in Iowa.
Mr. Duane Wilson, Secretary of the Iowa Agricultural Society, estimates the yield of wheat in that State, the past year, at twelve bushels per acre. The price obtained is 40 cents per bushel, or \$4.80 per acre. He thinks this involves a loss of \$2 per acre, or about three millions of dollars to the whole State. He thinks the farmers of the Northwestern States cannot afford to raise wheat, except for home consumption. The great crop of the West is corn. Iowa produced last year, estimating the yield at 35 bushels per acre, (which is 10 bushels less than in 1860,) over fifty-two million bushels. This, Mr. W. thinks, will fatten over \$80,000,000 worth of beef and pork, even at the recent low prices, so that, Mr. W. says, no one need suppose that farming does not pay in Iowa. He estimates that over a million dollars' worth of Sorghum syrup and sugar was raised in that State last year.

The Late Samuel Colt
Was born in Hartford, in 1814.—The model of his celebrated pistol was made in wood, while on a voyage to Calcutta, in 1829, and in 1835 he secured his first patent. His factory was at first established at Paterson, N. J., but was not successful, and was afterward removed to Hartford. A branch manufactory is also in progress in England. Col. Colt had acquired an enormous fortune at the time of his decease, resulting wholly from the profitable manufacture of his arms. Probably few men attained to wider notoriety than the Colonel, the successful introduction of his revolving pistol having spread with his name to all parts of the globe. He was also brought prominently into notice by the murder which his brother, John C. Colt,

committed in New York, about the year 1842, and for which he was sentenced to be hung, but anticipated his fate by committing suicide in his cell, at the Tombs. On this occasion, his brother Samuel spared no pains or expense to procure his acquittal or pardon, but failed of success.

Strength of the Army.
It is questioned whether the actual number of federal troops in the field exceed 550,000, as the reports of the governors of States would seem to indicate this number as more correct than that of 600,000, stated by the Secretary of War. New York, credited by Mr. Cameron with 100,200 men, allowing for discharges, deaths, and prisoners, has about 89,000. She has 14,500 more yet incamped in the State, however. Ohio is credited by Mr. Cameron with 81,250; Governor Dennison says she has furnished 77,844, of which 31,669 are within her own limits. Pennsylvania is credited with 94,760; Governor Curtin says her number is 93,577, not making any allowances for discharges, deaths, &c., which may reduce the number to the neighborhood of 80,000. Pennsylvania however, has 16,088 yet encamped on her own soil. Massachusetts is set down as having furnished 26,760 volunteers. The governor shows the equivalent of about twenty-seven regiments and the allowances for losses and discharges, would, therefore, no doubt bring the number very much below the Secretary's figure. We have, however, men enough, if properly moved, to crush out the rebellion speedily.

Yield of the Venango Oil Wells.
It is estimated now, upon good authority, that the wells on Oil Creek yield 75,000 barrels of crude oil per month. The outlay connected with this monthly product, before it is consumed in the lamp—in purchasing barrels, transporting it to market, refining it, and then sending it out again all over the country—is not less than \$10 per barrel, equal to \$750,000! From this one statement, the reader can judge something of the extent of this new article of trade, and the amount of capital invested in it. The market, however, is not confined to our own country. It has found its way across the Atlantic, and England and France are becoming large purchasers, not only of the refined, but of the crude oil.

Madame Jerome Bonaparte is still residing in Baltimore. It is said that she enjoys good health, and, though verging upon four score years, has a hand as pretty, cheeks as plump, and skin as fair as a young girl of seventeen.

FAME.—If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do something worth writing.

A man should manifest and communicate his joy, but, as much as possible, conceal and smother his grief.

It has been said that we can earn genuine manhood only by serving out steadily and faithfully the period of boyhood.

To offer advice to an angry man is like blowing against a tempest.

Never fish for praise—it is not worth the bait.

The industrious and virtuous education of children is a far better inheritance to them than a great estate.

In things necessary—Unity; in things indifferent—Liberty; and in all things—Charity.

Antiquity cannot privilege error, or novelty prejudice truth.

Society, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all its situations.

Slander.
If you find a person circulating malicious reports about his neighbor, it may be set down as an involuntary rule that any such person is dishonest. Not only dishonest, but from his infamous disposition, dangerous to all with whom he may be acquainted. He circulates false impressions, and sets people upon an erroneous course of judgment and conduct in respect to others, which may frequently be ruinous to their prosperity. It does a general injury to society, more than to the party slandered as it destroys confidence. The person who is guilty of circulating malicious reports must necessarily be a deceitful, and therefore dishonest; he must be abandoned to every principle of moral feeling. In ancient times, when a man was convicted of being a slanderer, he was stoned to death as a danger and a curse to the whole community.

Last Hours of Lafayette.
No life had ever been more passionate than his; no man ever placed his ideas and political sentiments more constantly above all other possessions or interests. But politics were utterly unconnected with his death. Ill for three weeks, he approached his last hour. His children and household surrounded his bed; he ceased to speak, and it was doubtful whether he could see. His son George observed that with uncertain gestures he sought for something in his bosom. He came to his father's assistance, and placed in his hand a medallion which he always wore suspended round his neck. M. de Lafayette raised it to his lips; this was his last moment. The medallion contained a miniature and a lock of hair of Madame de Lafayette, his wife, whose loss he had mourned for twenty-seven years. Thus, already separated from the entire world, alone with the thought and image of the devoted companion of his life, he died.

In arranging his funeral, it was a recognized fact in the family that M. de Lafayette had always wished to be buried in the same cemetery adjoining the Convent of Piepus, by the side of his wife, in the midst of the victims of the revolution, the greater part royalists and aristocrats, whose ancestors had founded that pious establishment. The desire of the veteran of 1789 was scrupulously respected and complied with. An immense crowd—soldiers, national guards, and populace—accompanied the funeral procession along the boulevards and streets of Paris. Arrived at the gate of Convent Piepus, the crowd halted; the interior enclosure could only admit two or three hundred persons. The family, the nearest relatives, and the principal authorities entered, passing through the convent in silence, then across the garden, and finally entered the cemetery. There no political manifestation took place; no oration was pronounced; religion and the intimate reminiscences of the soul alone were present; public politics assumed no place near the death-bed or the grave of the man whose life had occupied and ruled.—Guizot's Memoirs.

A Mother's Prayer.
A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate, one morning, she said—"Edward, they tell me the temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will not drink." "And," said she, "for he told me the story," "I gave her the promise, and I went the globe over—Calcutta, and the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hillside of Vermont, did not rise before me; and, to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor." Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word?—Yet that was not half.

For," said he, "yesterday, there came into my counting-room a man of forty years, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' No. 'Well, said he, 'I was once brought drunk into your presence, on a shipboard; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother. I said I had never known a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and, to-day, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York; and I came to ask you to call and throw me.' How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word, on the green hillside of Vermont! O, God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word.

VERACITY.
The groundwork of all manly character is veracity. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything solid. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive me. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. And that is a beautiful confidence. Whatever errors temptation may betray a child into, so long as brave, open truth remains, there is something to depend on, there is anchor ground and substance at the centre. Man of the world feel so about one another. It is the fundamental virtue. Ordinary commerce can hardly proceed a step without a good measure of it. Truth is a common interest. When we defend it, we defend the basis of all social order. Who we vindicate it, we vindicate our own foothold. When we plead for it, it is like pleading for the air of health we breathe. When you undertake to benefit a lying man, it is like putting your foot into the mire.—F. D. Huntington.

The loss of goods and money is often-times no loss; if we had not lost them, they might perhaps have occasioned us greater loss.

A true man feels himself the equal of the rich and the poor.

Calamity either softens or hardens the heart.

Slanderers are like flies that buzz and fasten upon sores.