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DR. A. G. CROSS
WOULD respectfully tender his services as a **PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
Waynesburg, January 5, 1862.

DR. A. J. EGGY
RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, as a **Physician and Surgeon.** Office opposite the Republic office. He hopes by a due appreciation of the laws of human life and health, so to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
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J. D. COSGRAY,
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Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Pens, Maps and Papers. One door East of Porter's Store, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

Select Poetry.

A DIRGE.

BY THE LATE REV. E. YEATEN REESE, D. D.

"Slowly enter--softly tread"
So the whispered words were said--
"He is dead!"

He is dead; the lovely child!
Hush'd his laughter, loud and wild;
Mute those lips, whose softest words
Charmed us like the songs of birds;
Pale his cheek, it once was red;
Cold his eye--the fire had fled--
"He is dead!"

"Slowly enter--softly tread"--
So the whispered words were said--
"He is dead!"

Dead the youth of promise fair;
The dark luxuriant hair,
Falling o'er a forehead fraught
With lineaments of noble thought--
Visions bright! where have you fled!
And in whispered tones they said--
"He is dead!"

"Slowly enter--softly tread,"
So the whispered words were said--
"He is dead!"

Dead! but yesterday his name
Fill'd the sounding blasts of Fame,
He, the man whose deeds were sung,
By the aged--by the young,
Open now his narrow bed!
Plant the marble at his head!
"He is dead!"

"Slowly enter--softly tread!"
So the whispered words were said--
"He is dead!"

Dead! the old man full of years,
Who shall count his fallen tears?
Many a long and fearful storm
Beat upon that trembling form;
Now, at last his couch is spread,
Where the weary rest the head--
"He is dead!"

"Slowly enter--softly tread!"
So the whispered words were said--
"He is dead!"

Mournful the tidings spread,
As the living joined the dead!
Maiden, matron, youth and age--
All who tread life's pilgrimage--
Tears of sorrow will be shed,
And the whispered words be said--
"He is dead!"

"Slowly enter--softly tread!"
Will the whispered words be said--
"He is dead!"
"She is dead!"

Miscellaneous.

THE POOR OF NEW YORK.

The writer of this paragraph has seen much of the Poor of New York--has frequently visited the Five Points and other localities noted for the destitution and degradation of their denizens, and has witnessed in mid-winter, when the snow was fifteen inches deep, the painful sufferings and want of the children of penury and misfortune. No pen can describe the squalid wretchedness, the gloomy surroundings, the moral and physical degradation of hundreds and thousands of these miserable creatures. The story of their poverty, and struggles, and woes, if it could be told by a ready writer, would challenge the belief of the least skeptical of our country readers. Indeed, the condition of the poor of our great commercial city can only be understood and appreciated by those who have mingled much with that large class in inclement seasons of the year and in times of great monetary distress and derangement, when trade and business are in a great measure suspended, and employment is either exceedingly precarious or not to be found at all. This was the case last Fall, and in the early Winter months, and we are not staggered at the painful recitals we have encountered in our New York exchanges of the sufferings of the poor of that great city. A correspondent of the New York Observer, who seems to be connected with some of the many charitable enterprises for the relief of the destitute of that city, thus details some of the benefits resulting from a barrel of oat-meal which had been distributed among them:--[Ed. Messenger].

BROOKLYN, Friday, March 28th, 1862.
The barrel of oat-meal has come, and now I will record its benefits. At our mothers' meeting, one woman wept much. I told her I was going home with her. "Me no speak English," was her reply. German Ross said, "She cry so, cause she noing eat. Her husband no get work; it make my heart ache to see good christian man cry like little child, cause his family hungry; he Norway man; they good christians, read the Bible, keep God's law."

I brought Mrs. Oleson home; gave her three quarts of oat-meal. "Now my heart glad, tank God," was all she could say. I asked her on the Sabbath if she had enough for dinner. "Oh yes, the beans and oat-meal." Martha came in the evening, had no fire, her baby sick, her husband looking for work all day, but found none. She seemed to forget all her troubles when she saw a pail of oat-meal. Her husband came back for a basket of coal; wanted a Bible and a good book for

the Sabbath; lent him Dr. Edgar's "Irish Revival." When he returned it, found in the leaves these verses:

"Hail heavenly light, illumine my soul,
And guide my erring ways.
Prolong my life on earth awhile,
That I may sing thy praise.

"Too long have I in darkness sat
Ugliest by God above;
Nor the sweet joy of Jesus felt,
Nor sought his pardoning love,

"O guardian angel, guide us through
This dreary way of tears.
Unstained by sin in future time,
If granted longer years.

"And when my earthly race is ran,
And I beneath the tomb,
O grant me through thy glorious Son,
A happier, heavenly home."

When asked are these the feelings of your heart? "I want a sure hope of heaven," was his reply. He has been sick since late in the fall, had money in the bank at Norwich, Ct., and a comfortable home, but all is gone.

Thomas Smith, an aged man, put in coal for me; begged for work; himself, wife and one delicate boy of 15; appears to be temperate; rooms very neat, but little in them; said he had been doing penance all his days, was now no nearer heaven than when he began; wanted a Testament with large print; would read it and try to come to Jesus; was so grateful for some oat-meal, 'twas better than tea and sugar; brought the pail back directly to tell me how thankful his wife and sick boy were; had not fixed the coal quite well enough for the money; must put it farther in.

Poor Ellen came in her husband's coat, and a tattered shirt, bloated, and her face blackened; the demon whisky marking every feature. She "had heard madam was sick, and could not stay away; had not touched a drop for five weeks, since she promised she would not, and never would again," if she could only have work and buy food and clothes. They were French; once had their nice house and kept boarders. A child scalded to death broke her husband's heart. He was kind and good then, but drink ruined him. She worked and earned all she could, but it did no good. Her husband beat her when he was drunk, because the little girl was scalded. Then she drank; she could not help it, she had so much trouble. Now they live in a room twelve feet square, have not one piece of furniture, only old pieces nailed together, and father and mother and three little girls of 13, 11 and 3, sleep on a sack of shavings, with one old quilt over them. I never lay my head upon my pillow but I ask my Heavenly Father to give Ellen a nice bed and a new home, and above all a new heart. The oat-meal brought tears to her eyes. "It is almost as good as blanc mange." Poor Ellen, my heart yearns for a better life for her. She will give us her children till she is reformed. We hope to find them a refuge.

Mrs. M. C. came Tuesday evening. "Can I do the work for you to-morrow, ma'am?" was her only request. "Come to the fire, Ann, and we will see. You are so hoarse you can hardly speak; you cannot wash windows." "I must work," was her only answer, choked by tears. It was raining and very cold; her shoes had large openings on each side; she was poorly dressed. Her husband has the consumption; her younger child water upon the brain. She unwillingly acknowledges they have no coal, no money, no friends. "Rev. Mr. L. was my friend; I lived a long time with him, and they would do anything for me, but I cannot find where they are gone. The L. family, too, would help me, but they live in the country. I cannot ask strangers; I'd rather work; my husband will tend the children." Some oat-meal was cooked for their supper, and she was told to come for an order for coal in the morning, but she did not come, and upon going to them they were found still without fire. The sick husband had gone out in a chill east wind, to hold the chain for a surveyor; was unwilling to take the coal when he could work for it. The child of four years was gasping with that fearful malady, the croup. Hunger and cold was doing its work.

Now the poor man consents to stay at home; is reading the Bible daily, and seeking that preparation for death which removes all fear. He has oat-meal three times a day, and 'tis all he wants. The love which sent the oat-meal may lead him to heaven. God bless that bleeding heart.

A German woman has her first babe, three weeks old, in her arms. She cannot find where her husband enlisted. He says, in Brooklyn; tells her the place. "Must come right home, if she does not find it, and bring money to her." The place cannot be found. She is starving, and the poor baby is almost dead. The oat-meal nourishes her. "Don't feel troubled for Mrs. D. she has food for her baby now, and is so thankful for the oat-meal."

A modest, pretty German woman begs for the cinders. They came to this country alone--no friend to go to. Her husband worked for a farmer in Flatbush, the first summer, for \$1.50 per month! Wee unto those that "oppress the hireling in his wages." Is not this one of the sins of

our land for which we are now suffering? Alas! we know not the sufferings of the strangers among us. This providing work for the poor, at a proper compensation--what a work it is. It must be done. "Work, work," is the cry we constantly hear, notwithstanding the army absorbs such a multitude.

This worthy family have almost starved; have had sickness and death in consequence. The oat-meal has made their hearts glad. Now they have hope for the future. They are not without food.

Another German family of five children often go hungry to bed. The father is in the army. He has had no pay for three months. The money drawn here is not enough to feed them, and the rent must be paid. "God sent the oat-meal to us, and we will ask blessings for her who gives it to us."

A feeble black man, who has one little boy in consumption, wants something nourishing for the child. He will not take the ram the doctor directs. He loves Jesus, and wants to go to heaven, and he don't want to take what makes so many people bad. The oat-meal is much better for him. The man is a brother of Dr. Pennington, was liberated from slavery seven years since.

Another starving family are supplied with the precious oat-meal. The father is sick. They are Germans, and hide their sufferings rather than beg.

Mrs. Bauer, a German woman, is full of gratitude for some oat-meal. Her husband is in the army; is dissipated, and sends her no money. He left her with five small children, and only her \$2.70 per week, for rent, fuel, food and clothes. The children have all had the small-pox; none of them had been vaccinated. A fine, bright boy of three has lingered through the winter, till nothing of his fat, rosy cheeks and plump limbs were left but the poor skeleton. The poor child had no proper nourishment, and when he died and the sorrowing mother went to the City Hall for a coffin and a man to bury him, she asked if she could go and see where he was buried, and was told, "No; if you pay you can see." Now she has 30 cents less a week for her hungry children.

Poor Rosa says there is a blessing in the oat-meal. She and her husband never knew want, but last Fall no work could be procured. For seven long weeks not one cent could they earn. They were just married. He was a clerk in a German store; could not speak English. "Poor Rosa," he would say, "if I only could suffer all--for I once turned out a poor widow for her rent, and I deserve it; but it breaks my heart to see you suffer." Now he is in the army before Yorktown, and poor Rosa says; "I try to trust God; but I think he may let my husband die on the battlefield, and I would not say a word if he could lie down in his bed and die, and I take care of him, but now I cannot stop my tears."

April 14th--Martha called. Wanted books for her husband, who has been sick a week. She also had a severe cold, and her baby was sick. "We should have starved but for the oat-meal, and my husband could eat nothing else." They read the Bible with great interest, and I have some hope that their hearts rest upon Jesus. The man in consumption, too, is very earnest in seeking the dear Saviour; says he wants to feel his love in his heart. He takes care of the two children, while his wife works out whenever she can. His Bible is by him constantly, that he may read every moment when he has quiet. "Is it strange that the crushed poor feel that God has forsaken them? It is a blessed thought that Jesus will make 'the poor rich in faith.' Oh, how much they need that blessed 'rest for the weary.'"

April 15th--The father of the little black boy comes to tell me that his child is in heaven. He died in perfect peace; felt the presence of Jesus, and had no fear. The poor German woman, whose child was buried--she knows not where,--is broken-hearted. She sits with her children and weeps, refusing to be comforted. They want nothing to eat, only to know where the body is buried; she thinks its little body has been taken from the coffin and thrown into a deep hole with others who had "no money to bury." Is this so? Shall the poor suffer so? My heart is fast wearing out. What shall be done to relieve the worthy poor?

HALLECK'S ADVANCE ON CORINTH.
The manner in which Halleck's forces are advancing against the enemy's camp, writes a Pittsburg correspondent, is calculated to make a tremendous crash when the proper time arrives. Let me briefly state the relative positions of the different parts constituting his army. Grant's troops advance directly on the centre, in a southwesterly course, Buell on his right, evidently with a view of seizing the railroads on the north toward Grand Junction, and Pope on his (Grant's) left, and in advance with a view of getting around on Beauregard's right, seizing the road south, and thus hemming him in. This will compel him to defeat Halleck, retreat westward on foot, or surrender. Which of these alternatives he may decide to try, is a little uncertain, but my own opinion is he will make a virtue of necessity, as he did on Monday at Shiloh, and retreat.

But with such an overwhelming force so near, this will be no easy operation. Retreat would seem to involve a total disintegration of his bosatedly large army. And indeed so skillfully has the snare been set, so far has the work of enclosing it around him progressed, and such is the mighty force brought to bear against him, that escape by any means within the scope of common minds appears next to impossible. He may be able to extricate his army by some adroit manoeuvres, or cut his way through all the coils that surround him, but to do either will require not only the possession but the exercise of all the qualities of a military leader of the first order, that his friends have claimed for him.

GREAT STAMPEDE OF SLAVES.
Marylanders say that a few days ago 1,000 slaves, as if by a preconcerted movement, simultaneously left kind masters and happy homes, in Prince George's county, Md., and came to the District of Columbia, where they still are. Marylanders, says a Tribune dispatch, complain that the inconveniences growing out of this emigration to the whites of the country are great, free labor--in many cases now necessarily performed by persons entirely unaccustomed to help themselves--being the only kind to be had. Some have invoked the aid of the fugitive slave law, but complain that the soldiers are all Abolitionist and will not allow the process to be executed within their camps.

Heavy as was the fruit crop in the West last fall, the coming season promises even still greater abundance. The trees are covered with bloom in all quarters. In Central and Southern Illinois, prospects are exceedingly good. In the Eastern States, the indications for a full fruit crop were never more favorable.

AN AFFECTING SCENE IN COURT.
A woman was sentenced to death in Dumfries, Scotland, on the 7th ult., and the scene in the Court is thus reported: The Judge said: "It now only remains for me to pronounce upon you the last sentence of the law." The prisoner, in an agitated tone: "Oh, my lord, it never was me." Judge: "The time of all of us in this world is short. With the most of us it is uncertain. In your case your days are numbered." The prisoner, in agony: "No sir." Judge: "They must be few." The prisoner: "No." Judge: And I would recommend you--" The prisoner: "No, my lord, let the Lord send for me." Judge: "I recommend you to use the short time which you have still in this world in making peace with God." The prisoner: "No, my lord." Judge: "I should betray my

duty, and hold out false hopes to you, if I gave you the slightest hope that the sentence of the law might not literally be carried into effect." The prisoner: "No, my lord, give me forever a prison; dinna, dinna dae that!" His lordship then put on the black cap, and formally passed sentence of execution on the 29th of April. The prisoner, when he had concluded, said, in the most heart-rending tones: "Oh, my weans! My lord, dinna dae that! Oh, dinna dae that! I'll not go out. Oh, my weans! Oh, my weans! Diana dae that!" Here the unhappy prisoner, with her eyes turned beseechingly towards his lordship, was taken from the bar, led down the trap, crying, "My weans, my weans!" The scene was harrowing in the extreme, and affected many to tears.

A STIRRING INCIDENT.
A correspondent of the Tribune, describing the battle at Williamsburg, at the moment when eight thousand of our brave fellows stood like a wall of rock to repel the assault of twenty-five thousand of fresh troops of the enemy, relates the following incident:

"Brigadier Berry of the stout State of Maine--wading through the mud and rain at such speed that he actually overtook and passed three other regiments--came in sight. Heintzelman shouted with gratitude. He ran to the nearest band, and ordered it to meet the coming regiments with Yankee Doodle, and to give them marching time into the field with the Star Spangled Banner. A wild hurrah! went up from the army, and, with a yell that was electric, three regiments of Berry's brigade went to the front, formed a line nearly half a mile long, and commenced a volley firing that no troops on earth could stand before--then at the double-quick dashed with the bayonet at the rebel army, and sent them flying from the field into their earthworks, pursued them into the largest of them, and drove them out behind with the pure steel, and then invited them to retake it. The attempt was repeatedly made and repeatedly repulsed. The count of the rebel dead in that battery at the close of the fight was sixty-three. They were principally Michigan men who did this work. The equilibrium of the battle was restored."

The boy awoke as from a dream, And thoughtful looked around, But nothing saw, save at his feet His mother's lowly mound, And by his side that ancient bell Half hidden in the ground.

"It is thy mother! gentle boy,
That claims this tale of mine--
Thou art a flower whose fatal birth
Destroyed the parent vine!
A precious flower thou art, my child--
Two lives were given for thine!

"One was thy sainted mother's, when
She gave thee mortal birth;
And one thy Saviour's, when in death
He shook the solid earth;
Go! boy, and live as may befit
Thy life's exceeding worth!"

The boy awoke as from a dream,
And thoughtful looked around,
But nothing saw, save at his feet
His mother's lowly mound,
And by his side that ancient bell
Half hidden in the ground.

AGRICULTURAL.
A TALK ABOUT SHEEP.
At the Massachusetts Legislature Agricultural Club.

Mr. Flint occupied the chair and opened the discussion. He believed that the raising of mutton can be made profitable to the farmer. In the western portion of the State, sheep have been raised considerably with a view to improving pastures, and with some success.

Mr. Howard spoke of the keeping of sheep in a national point of view. The poets of Great Britain have sung of the glory of the realm as coming through their flocks. In England, sheep are kept upon almost every farm; whereas in France you may travel almost a day without seeing a sheep.

In Great Britain there are some 50,000,000 of sheep. So many are kept, partly because much of the land is good for nothing else but for sheep to range over. On most of the land no fertilizer is put upon the soil, except that dropped by the sheep. The pastures thus managed, have become better, and so have the sheep. The same facts are generally true in this country, where pastures have been fed by the sheep.

Mr. Fearing looked at the subject in a moral point of view. Young men hasten to the city to thrive--But we have too many merchants, lawyers and physicians. The true policy is, to encourage young men to stay at home, and cultivate the land.

At Hingham we have been troubled with dogs. But we united as a body of sheep owners, and proper laws were enacted against the dogs, and we have not been troubled since.

His pasture for sheep contains twenty-eight acres, and it has been improved by the sheeps. His sheep have aided him in getting rid of the briars from his pasture.

Mr. F. could not speak definitely on the profits of sheep. They need a warm barn, protection from the storm, and a plenty of nourishing food. He likes the South Down sheep best. It gives good mutton enough for any Massachusetts man to eat. He has never lost a sheep by disease, and scarcely a lamb. And their success has been owing to the good care he gives his sheep. His flock gives him six and one-half pounds of wool to a sheep, on an average; but they were not all South Downs.

His new sheep barn is forty feet long by twenty wide. It holds hay for sixty sheep and it is arranged so that there is little waste of hay. It can be built in the interior town for \$250.

Mr. Andrews, of West Roxbury, said much before last he raised much cow-cabbage, and soon after

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

The following touching stanzas are from the Ballad of the "Old Chapel Bell," by John G. Saxe:

"Ah! well I mind me of a child,
A gleesome, happy maid,
Who came with constant step to church,
In comely garb arrayed,
And knelt her down full solemnly,
And penitently prayed.

"And oft when church was done, I mark'd
That little maiden near
This pleasant spot, with book in hand,
As you are sitting here--
She read the Story of the Cross,
And wept with grief sincere.

"Years rolled away--and I beheld
The child to woman grown;
Her cheek was fairer, and her eyes
With brighter lustre shown;
But childhood's truth and innocence
Were still the maiden's own.

"I never rang a merrier peal
Than when, a joyous bride,
She stood beneath the sacred porch,
A noble youth beside,
And plighted him her maiden troth,
In maiden love and pride.

"I never tolled a deeper knell,
Than when, in after years,
They laid her in the church-yard here,
Where this low mound appears--
(The very grave, my boy, that you
Are watering now with tears!)

"It is thy mother! gentle boy,
That claims this tale of mine--
Thou art a flower whose fatal birth
Destroyed the parent vine!
A precious flower thou art, my child--
Two lives were given for thine!

"One was thy sainted mother's, when
She gave thee mortal birth;
And one thy Saviour's, when in death
He shook the solid earth;
Go! boy, and live as may befit
Thy life's exceeding worth!"

The boy awoke as from a dream,
And thoughtful looked around,
But nothing saw, save at his feet
His mother's lowly mound,
And by his side that ancient bell
Half hidden in the ground.

AGRICULTURAL.

A REMEDY FOR OUBOLIO.

The New York Observer publishes the following as a remedy for the oucholio, which is so destructive to young fruit--plums especially:

To one pound of whale oil soap add four ounces of sulphur. Mix thoroughly, and dissolve in ten gallons of water.

Take one half peck of quick lime, and when well slacked, add four gallons of water, and stir well together. When settled and clear, pour off the transparent part and add to the soap and sulphur mixture.

To this mixture, add four gallons of strong tobacco water. Apply this compound when thus incorporated with a garden syringe to your plum or other fruit trees, so as to drench all parts of the foliage. If no rains succeed for three weeks, one application will be sufficient. If washed by rains, it should be renewed.

In preparing this mixture, some are troubled to obtain whale oil soap. Many do not know what it is. Every drug store in the country of any extent, should keep the article for sale. It can be obtained in quantities of all whale oil bleachers. This soap is the result or deposit, from mixing pot-ash lye or soda-ash with whale oil. The alkali has an affinity for the discoloration and impurities of the oil, and the precipitate from this combination constitutes whale oil soap.

Whale oil soap can be obtained at Drug stores in this city.

Another remedy, which has been tried with success, is to raise a smoke under the trees, by the slow combustion of some damp substances. If tobacco stems are used, and a slight sprinkling of sulphur, we should think it would be very effective. Burning a lamp, suspended over a bucket, or pan of water, during the night, is very effective in capturing the little Turk.

OROP PROSPECTS.
Accounts from the West are variable, the heavy rains in some sections having retarded the planting of wheat. This is true of parts of Illinois, Michigan and Indiana. The fall wheat is everywhere op-diana. The fall wheat is everywhere op-diana. The Cincinnati Gazette of Tuesday says:

"In regard to the small grains--wheat, oats and barley--we have a right to expect full crops. The wheat never went through winter in a better condition. The oats and barley will mostly be planted this week, in ground favorable to rapid growth. The great danger, if any, to be apprehended is drought. But that cannot be serious till July and August. The crops of wheat and oats will then be safe. It is the corn only for which fear is to be entertained, and as that is not yet planted, nothing as yet is predicted of it. In general, the prospect of the country for the coming season, are favorable."

Mr. Andrews, of West Roxbury, said much before last he raised much cow-cabbage, and soon after