

# The Waynesburg Messenger.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Waynesburg, April 25, 1862—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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[F]Respectfully announces to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, that he has returned from the Hospital Corps of the Army and resumed the practice of medicine at this place.  
Waynesburg, June 11, 1862—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

**DR. A. G. CROSS**  
[F]Would very 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 strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.  
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**DR. A. J. SEGUY**  
[F]Respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, as a Physician and Surgeon. Office opposite the Republican office. He hopes by a due appreciation of the laws of human life and health, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.  
April 9, 1862.

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Waynesburg, Jan. 1, 1861.

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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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Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers. One door East of Porter's Store, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

## Miscellaneous.

### OLD ADAMS AND HIS ISLAND HOME.

More than sixty years ago, in 1790, while on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean, a mutiny took place one night on board an English ship called the "Bounty," headed by the mate, Fletcher Christian. The mutineers tied up Captain Bligh, and cast him, with several others of the crew, into a small boat, and set them adrift upon the wide ocean. After suffering the greatest hardships, with brave hearts and trust in God, Captain Bligh and his weather-beaten men reached a Dutch port in the East Indies. Here they received help to reach England, where the news of the mutiny excited great anger, and a vessel was quickly sent out to search the seas for the criminals. Some of the crew who had left the ship "Bounty" at the island of Otaheite were arrested and put in chains, but no tidings of the ship or ringleaders could be found, and for twenty years their fate was not known.

But where were they all this long while? Let us follow their steps, and see where crime will lead us. After leaving their commander and his companions to perish on the seas, the mutineers began to think what they must do; for, after committing such a deed they felt themselves to be outlaws, beyond all law, safe nowhere. The mate found a book of voyages in the captain's library, in which he read an account of a little lonely island, rising like a Rock from the Pacific Ocean, called Pitcairn's Island, and this he determined to make their place of refuge. Taking on board a few of the savages from Otaheite, men and women, they steered for Pitcairn's Island, and after much difficulty found a landing; for the waves, dashing against the steep rocks, made it both dangerous and difficult to land. They found the island only four miles and a half round, with fruit good for food growing in a rich soil between the cliffs. After landing, they stowed the ship in pieces, and thus cut themselves off from the rest of the world.

And now, what had they gained by the mutiny? Could they make home here and be happy? Ah, no. With no society but savages and their own wicked thoughts, forever banished from happy England, or returning to it as felons, these men were miserable indeed. Fletcher Christian tried to preserve order as well as he could; much of his time was spent on a high cliff, which he called his "look-out," where he could look over the ocean and watch a distant sail; for the sight of a ship filled them with terror, lest it might be coming to capture them, and carry them to England for punishment. What would not Christian have given to undo all that he had done? but that could not be, and he must reap the bitter fruits of wrong doing. Terrible quarrels took place among them, ending in bloodshed, until almost every man was killed.—Christian himself was murdered, and at last only one man remained alive.—An English sailor, John Adams.—How true is it that "the way of transgressors is hard," very hard.

Poor Adams had seen better days; and when he thought of his happy English home and his present miserable state, it led him to serious reflection. Happily there was saved from the ship "Bounty" a Bible, and the sailor opened this long neglected book to find some ray of comfort. Often he sat in his hut to read it. He felt that he was lost, and there he found the Saviour of lost men, saying, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—John Adams laid hold of this offer of mercy; he went in faith to this Saviour, and found peace in trusting in him, and henceforth he was a penitent and changed man. And now there began to spring up in this little island a holy Bible influence. Adams was surrounded by the children of his murdered companions, and these he determined to instruct in the knowledge of God. He had morning and evening prayers, and he rewarded their good behavior by reading to them the Scriptures, in which they took great delight; and the little island began to bear the golden fruit of industry and peace and love.

In 1808 an American vessel touched at the island; and what was the surprise of the captain to find such a company in such a spot, and to find them descendants of the mutineers of the English ship "Bounty." On his return home he sent word of his discovery to England, and this was the first news they had received of their fate. After a while an English ship-of-war was seen approaching the island, and John Adams then thought his hour had come; but he was soon comforted with the tidings that he was not to be arrested. The English captain was delighted to find everything true which the American had said; there were neat huts, pretty gardens, and religious and kind grown-up young people, with their children. Some of them were invited to visit the ship, and take a lunch in the cabin. Before eating, they clasped their hands and said solemnly, "For what we are going to receive,

the Lord make us truly thankful," and the act deeply affected the officers of the ship, who perhaps were not in the habit of thanking God for their daily bread. The Lord's day was kept holy, and the services highly prized.

John Adams lived until 1827; he was loved and obeyed, as the father, minister, and friend of the little flock. Just before he died, a pious man arrived at the island, who came to live and labor for the islanders, and Adams welcomed him as a man sent by God to succeed him. A sweet Christian love sprang up between him and the people, and at the death of Mr. Adams he became their pastor and teacher. His name was George Nobbs. Many years afterwards the Pitcairners wanted him to be regularly ordained for the ministry, and for this purpose he left his island home and visited England in the next ship that came. He had then been there twenty-six years, and perhaps it was no wonder, even while he was cordially received by all good people, and was introduced to the Queen, that he pined for Pitcairn. "I long to go home to my little flock," he used to say. This was in 1852. He was ordained chaplain of the island, and money was raised to buy a good bell for his church, a clock, and many other useful things. He went back, and safely arrived in the island, to labor for the people there.

And now we will close this beautiful story of God's grace and love in the words of another, who says, "No body can read the history of Pitcairn without being deeply affected by the results flowing directly and unmistakably from the revelation of God to man. It was a fountain of living waters in the desert, making the wilderness blossom as the rose."—*Child's Companion.*

### WARNINGS AND PROVIDENCES.

The proof of the following statement, taken from the Courier de l'Europa, rests not only upon the known veracity of the narrator, but upon the fact that the whole occurrence is registered in the judicial records of the criminal trials of the Province of Languedoc. We give it as we heard it from the lips of the dreamer, as nearly as possible in his own words:

As the junior partner in a commercial house at Lyons, I had been traveling for some time on business of the firm, when one evening, in the month of June, 1761, I arrived at a town in Languedoc, where I had never before been. I put up at a quiet inn in the suburbs, and being very much fatigued, ordered dinner at once, and went to bed almost immediately after, determining to begin very early in the morning my visits to the different merchants.

I was no sooner in bed than I fell into a deep sleep, and had a dream that made the strongest impression upon me. I thought that I had arrived at the same town, but in the middle of the day, instead of the evening, as was really the case—that I had stopped at the very same inn, and gone out immediately, as an unoccupied stranger would do, to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place.—I walked down the main street into another street, crossing it at right angles, and apparently leading into the country. I had not gone very far when I came to a church, the Gothic portal of which I stopped to examine. When I had satisfied my curiosity, I advanced to a by-path which diverged from the main street.

Obedient an impulse which I could neither account for or control, I struck into this path, though it was windy, rugged and unfrequented, and presently reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several gaps in it wide enough to admit four carts abreast. I approached an old well which stood solitary and gloomy in a distant corner, and looking down into it beheld distinctly, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and wide gashes whence the blood was flowing.

I would have cried out, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. At this moment I awoke with my hand standing on end, trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration standing on my forehead—awoke to find myself comfortably in bed, my trunk standing behind me; birds warbling cheerfully near the window, while a clear young voice was singing a provincial air in the next room, and the morning sun was shining brightly through the curtains.

I sprang from the bed, dressed myself, and, as it was yet very early, I thought I would seek an appetite for my breakfast by a morning walk. I went accordingly into the street and strolled along. The further I went the stronger became the confused recollection of the objects that presented themselves to my view. "It is very strange, I thought; I have never been here before, and I can swear that I have seen this house, and the next, and the one on the left." On I went till I had crossed the corner of a street crossing the one down which I came. For the first time I had remembered my dream, but put away the thought as too absurd; still, at

every step I took, some fresh point of resemblance struck me. "Am I still dreaming?" I exclaimed, not without a momentary thrill through my whole frame. "Is the agreement to be perfect to the very end?"

Before long I reached the church with the same architectural features that had attracted my notice in the dream, and then the high road along which I pursued my way, coming at length to the same by-path that had presented itself to my imagination a few hours before—here was no possibility of doubt or mistake. Every tree, everything was familiar to me. I was not at all of a superstitious turn, and was wholly engrossed in the practical details of commercial business. My mind has never dwelt on the hallucinations, the presentiments, that science either denies or is unable to explain; but I must confess that I now felt myself spell-bound as by some enchantment—and with Pascal's word upon my lips, "a continued dream would be equal to reality"—I hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring me to the cottage, and this was really the case. In all its outward circumstances it corresponded to what I had seen in my dream. Who then could wonder that I determined to ascertain if the coincidence would hold good in every point? I entered the garden and went to the spot where I had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed—well, there was none. I looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, went round the cottage, which appeared to be inhabited, although no person was visible, but no where could I find any vestige of a well.

I made no attempt to enter the cottage, but hastened back to the hotel in a state of agitation difficult to describe; I could not make up my mind to pass unnoticed such an extraordinary coincidence—but how was any clue to be obtained to the terrible mystery?

I went to the landlord, and after chatting with him for some time on different subjects, I came to the point, and asked him to whom the cottage belonged, that was on a by-road that I described to him. "I wonder sir," said he, "what made you take such particular notice of such a wretched little hovel. It is inhabited by an old man with his wife, who have the character of being very morose and unsober. They rarely leave the house, see nobody, and nobody goes to see them; but they are quiet enough, and I never heard anything against them beyond this. Of late, their very existence seems to have been forgotten; and I believe, sir, that you are the first who, for years, have turned your steps to the deserted spot."

These details, far from satisfying my curiosity, did but the more provoke it.—Breakfast was served, but I could not touch it, and I felt that if I presented myself to the merchants in such a state of excitement they would think me mad; and, indeed, I felt very much excited. I paced up and down the room, looked out of the window, trying to fix my attention on some external object, but in vain. I endeavored to interest myself in a quarrel between two men in the street—but the garden and the cottage pre-occupied my mind; and at last, snatching my hat, I cried, "I will go, come what may!"

I repaired to the nearest magistrate, to inform him of the object of my visit, and related the whole circumstance, briefly and clearly. I saw directly that he was much impressed by the statement.

"It is indeed, very strange," said he; "and after what has happened, I do not think it proper to leave the matter without further inquiry. Important business will prevent my accompanying you in a search, but I will place two police at your command. Go once more to the hovel, see its inhabitants, and search every part of it. You may perhaps make some important discovery."

I suffered but very few moments to elapse before I was on my way, accompanied by two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. We knocked, and, after waiting some time, an old man opened the door. He received us somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion, nor, indeed, of any other emotion, when we told him we wished to search the house.

"Very well, gentlemen, as fast as you can as you like," was the reply.

"Have you a well, here?" I inquired.

"No, sir, we are obliged to go for water to a spring at a considerable distance."

We searched the house, which I did, I confess, with a kind of feverish excitement, expecting every moment to bring some fatal secret to light. Meanwhile the man gazed upon us with an impenetrable vacancy of look, and we at last left the cottage without seeing anything that could confirm my suspicions. I resolved to inspect the garden once more; and a number of idlers having been by this time collected, drawn to the spot by the sight of a stranger with two armed men, engaged in searching the premises, I made inquiries of some of them whether they knew anything about the well in that place. I could get no information at first, but at length an old woman came slowly forward, leaning on a crutch.

"A well," cried she, "is it a well you are looking after. That has been filled

thirty years. I remember as if it were only yesterday, how, many a time, when I was a young girl, I used to amuse myself by throwing stones into it, and hearing the splash they used to make in the water."

"And could you tell me where that well used to be?" asked I, almost breathless with excitement.

"As near as I can remember, on the very spot on which your honor is standing," said the old woman.

"I could have sworn it," thought I, springing from the place as if I had trod on a scorpion.

Need I say that we set to work to dig up ground. At about eighteen inches deep, we came to a layer of bricks, which, being broken up, gave to view some boards which were easily removed, after which we beheld the mouth of the well.

"I was quite sure it was here," said the woman. "What a fool the old fellow was to stop it up, and then have to go so far for water."

A sounding-line, furnished with hooks, was now let down into the well, the crowd pressing around us, and breathlessly bending over the dark hole, the secrets of which seemed hidden in impenetrable obscurity. This we repeated several times without any result. At length, penetrating below, the hooks caught in an old chest, upon the top of which had been thrown a great many large stones. After much time and effort we succeeded in raising it to daylight. The sides and lid were decayed and rotten; it needed no lock-smith to open it; and we found within what I was certain we should find, and which paralyzed with horror all the spectators who had not my preconceptions—we found the remains of a human body.

The police officers who had accompanied me now rushed into the house and secured the person of the old man. As to his wife, no one could at first tell what had become of her; after some search, however, she was discovered hidden behind a bundle of faggots.

By this time nearly the whole town had gathered around the spot; and now that this horrible fact had come to light, everybody had some crime to tell of, which had been laid to the charge of the old couple. The people who predict after an event are numerous.

The old couple were brought before the proper authorities, and privately and separately examined. The old man persisted in his denial most pertinaciously, but his wife at length confessed that in concert with her husband she had once, a very long time ago, murdered a peddler, whom they had met on the high road, and who had been incautious enough to tell them of a considerable sum of money which he had about him; and whom, in consequence, they induced to pass the night at their house. They had taken advantage of the heavy sleep produced by fatigue, to strangle him. His body had been put into the chest, the chest thrown into the well, and the well stopped up.

The peddler being from another country, his disappearance had occasioned no inquiry; there were no witnesses of the crime, and its traces had been carefully concealed from every eye; the two criminals had good reason to believe themselves secure from detection. They had not, however, been able to silence the voice of conscience; they fled from the sight of their fellow men; they thought they beheld, wherever they turned, mute accusers; they trembled at the slightest noise, and silence thrilled them with terror. They had often formed the determination to leave the scene of their crime, to fly to some distant land; but still some undefinable fascination kept them near the remains of their murdered victim.

Terrified at the deposition of his wife, and unable to resist the overwhelming proofs against him, the man at length made a similar confession, and six weeks after the unhappy criminals died on the scaffold, in accordance with the sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse.

### STATISTICS OF HUMAN LIFE.

The total number of human beings on earth is now computed in round numbers at 1,000,000,000.—They speak 3,064 now known tongues, and in which upwards of 1,100 religions or creeds are preached. The average age of life is 33 1-3 years.—One-fourth of those born die before they reach the age of 7 years, and the half before the 17th year. Out of 100 persons only six reach the age of 60 years and upwards, while only one in 1,000 reaches the age 100 years. Out of 500 only one attains 80 years. Out of the thousand million living persons 530,000,000 die annually, 91,000 daily, 3,730 every hour, 60 every minute, consequently one every second. The loss is, however, balanced by the gain in new births. Tall men are supposed to live longer than short ones. Women are generally stronger proportionately than men until their 50th year, after which they are weaker. Marriages are in proportion to single life (bachelors and spinsters) as 100 : 75. Both births and deaths are more frequent in the night than in the day. One-fourth of men are capable of bearing arms, but not one of 1,000 is by nature inclined for the profession. The more civilized a

country is, the more full of vigor, life, and health are the people. The notion that education enfeebles and degenerates the human frame is not borne out by fact.

### DE UNITED STATES HOTEL.

BY ONE OF DE BOARDERS.

The Logan Gazette has gone into the pot-cakes again. Here is its latest and best effusion:—

I've took rooms for the season—I've cuttin' quite a swell,  
I've stoppin' at a tavern—de United States Hotel.

Ole Uncle Sam's de landlord—we eat and drink our fill—  
And de wisdom ob de measure is, dar's nuffin for de bill!

O, hi O Dinkum Darkey,  
De white trash can't afford  
To take rooms at de tavern  
Where de culled gentry board.

De 'possum it was lubly—but we've better grub dan dat;  
De hoe-cake it was 'nificent, de raccoon sweet an' fat—  
But 'possum, 'coon and hoe-cake—I bid you all farewell!

You wouldn't suit de S'ciety at Uncle Sam's Hotel.  
Ole, hi O Dinkum Darkey,  
Oh don't you hear de bell?  
It's ringin' for de boardahs  
At Uncle Sam's Hotel.

And don't you know de boardahs?—de accomplished Dinah Crow—  
De scrubstiahin' Pompey, and de gallant Mistah Snow—  
And all ob de "born equals," no matter whar dey dwell,  
Are goin' to be boardahs at Uncle Sam's Hotel.

Oh, hi O Dinkum Darkey,  
Oh berry sure am I,  
De best ob all de taverns  
Is kept by Uncle Sam.

De scrubstiahin' Pompey, when he sits down to dine,  
Just hear him call de watah, to fetch along de wine!—  
And see de little white boys a helpin' Mistah Snow,  
And bringin' chicken fixins to de lubly Dinah Crow!

Oh, hi O Dinkum Darkey,  
I've cuttin' quite a swell,  
I've took rooms at a tavern—  
De United States Hotel.

It's a mighty big old tavern, dat United States Hotel!  
It has sixty 'ousand boardahs, and it 'commodates 'em well;  
It has rooms for all of Dixie, an' I 'spect dey'll all be here.

Oh, hi O Dinkum Darkey,  
We have no bills to pay—  
Dey charge 'em to de white trash,  
I hear de landlord say.

Oh, take de mattock, white man!—de shubble and de spade—  
We boardahs hab no work to do, we all hab quit de trade!—  
But 'fore you pay de board bills, you'll hab to tug and sweat,  
And wish you wasn't white trash a 'ousand times, I'll bet!

Oh, hi O Dinkum Darkey,  
Oh don't you hear de bell?  
It's ringin' for de boardahs  
At Uncle Sam's Hotel.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?  
With due attention to temperance, exercise, and early hours, you may set dyspepsia at defiance. Neglect one of these precautions, and you lay yourself open to the approaches of the enemy—neglect two of them, and it is hardly possible that you can escape. And above all things, keep this in mind, that no other disease or affection of the body is so stealthy or insidious as dyspepsia. If the first few instances of carelessness or transgression were to be visited with the pains and penalties that afflict the patient when the malady has become chronic, few men would be so insane, or so obstinately reckless, as to postpone the work of reformation. But the earlier symptoms are rarely of an alarming kind. The appetite is not sensibly affected, though the digestion is impaired; and the complaint seems to be limited to flatulency and heartburn. Such unpleasant sensations, however, can be easily removed. Essence of ginger and fluid magnesia seldom fail to give relief, and the patient flatters himself that there is no ground for apprehension. But the symptoms do not disappear. They recur with greater frequency; and the antidotal doses, though increased, are found to have lost their efficacy. The stomach has now become more seriously deranged. All kinds of foods generate acid; and in this stage the patient usually has recourse to the carbonates of soda or potash, which in their turn give a temporary relief, though without in any way arresting the disorder. By this means dyspepsia, like an insidious serpent, has fairly folded the victim within its embrace, and is squeezing him at its leisure. Everything he eats disagrees with him, and seems to undergo some wondrous transformation. That which was served up at the table as haggis, seems converted, two hours afterwards, into a ball of knotted tow—a mutton chop becomes a fiery crab, and every rice pudding has

the intolerable effrontery to become a hedge-hog. After that comes nausea and vomiting. You derive no benefit from the food you swallow. From twelve stone weight you dwindle down to ten. Your countenance becomes ghastly, your eyes hollow, and you totter prematurely on your pins. The mere notion of exercise becomes distasteful. You feel as if you had no strength for anything. You are pensive, moody, and irritable. Your mind loses its elasticity and power; and when you sit down to compose, instead of manly matter, you produce nothing but the drestiest of drivel.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### POETS-LAUREATE.

The first patent regularly issued for the establishment of the office of poet-laureate was dated 1630, in the sixth year of Charles I. By this patent, it was provided that this court dignitary should receive yearly the sum of £100, besides a tierce of canary wine out of the Royal cellars. The troubles of the Civil Wars, however, retarded the operation of this regulation, and Davenant, who remodelled and spoilt Shakespeare's "Tempest," derived no further benefit from his office than the title. He was the successor of Ben Jonson, who thought he had been court poet to James I., and probably enjoyed some pension, was never formally endowed with the laureate wreath.—Davenant held the office till his death, and was succeeded by Dryden in 1668, who had the title conferred upon him by letters under the privy seal, and Tennyson is the twelfth in poetical descent from the famous author of "Alexander's Feast." The following is a list of the twelve poet-laureate since Davenant:—Dryden, Shadwell, Tate, Rowe, Ensden, Cibber, Whitehead, T. Warton, Pye, Southey, Wordsworth and Tennyson. Some of these names are so well known, that their bearers need not mention here; but a few are entirely unknown, and a few particulars may not be uninteresting.—First, then, Shadwell. This laureate was a dramatist, and great favorite of Lord Rochester, and obtained the office in 1668, when Dryden was deprived of it on account of the Revolution. Immediately upon his expulsion, Dryden wrote upon the unfortunate Shadwell, the celebrated "Mac Flecknoe." It was completely successful, and the ridiculous object of it died in 1692 from taking an overdose of opium. Nahum Tate was next. He is chiefly known from a joint production with Dr. N. Brady, of "The Metrical Versions of the Psalms," which first appeared in 1698. Poor Tate was ejected to make room for N. Rowe, whose "Tamerlane," and translation of Lucan's "Pharsalia" are well known. Ensden, who succeeded, is passed over by all the biographers and obtained the appointment solely by interest. Whitehead, who followed Cibber, brought the laureateship to its lowest ebb. His chief poem was entitled "State Dunces," and was a satire upon the ministry of the time. He attached himself to "Bubb Doddington," satirized by Pope, in his most vigorous manner, and through his interest held the laurel till 1774.—On him the famous lines of Churchill were composed—

"May I (can worse disgrace on manhood fall)  
Be born a Whitehead, or baptized a Paul?"

Thomas Warton is not entirely unknown. His "History of English Poetry" has done good service to Spenser and Milton, and will always remain a repository of various and curious information. He died in 1690, when he had only reached the reign of Elizabeth. He was succeeded by Pye, the Berkshire squire, M. P., and Commissioner of Police. He achieved a translation of Aristotle's "Poetics," and this, with a small volume of poems, raised him to the laureateship. The names of Dryden, Cibber, Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson will live for ever, and their lives are, or should be, "familiar in our mouths as household words," and we need give no details concerning them.

### SENSIBLE ADVICE.

Professor Silliman, of New Haven, recently closed a Smithsonian lecture by giving the following sensible advice to young men:—"If therefore, you wish for a clear mind and strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life, and power prolonged in old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks above water and mild effusions of that fluid, shun tobacco, opium, and everything else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutritious fluid, and mild diluted drinks, of which water is the base, and you will need nothing beyond these things except rest, and due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy, and useful lives and a serene evening at the close."

Joseph C. Hays, Postmaster of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, has been arrested and held to bail in the sum of \$3,000 for robbing the mails.

Two pebbles in our path weary us and make us spot-sore, more than all the rocks.