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Miscellaneous.

SIOK SOLDIER BOY.

A SIMPLE STORY.

One of the sickest of the soldiers brought to New York on the Ocean Queen, a week or two ago, was a young man named Henry _____, a Massachusetts volunteer. He was a little fellow---scarcely seventeen, I afterward learned---and his smooth face was very boyish and innocent in its look. The hair was cropped close on his shapely head, and his eyes, though clouded with fever, and wild-looking---for he was often wandering in mind---told of unusual intelligence, and I thought I could discover in his general appearance tokens which indicated that he had gone from a home of more than ordinary comfort, and from care that was loving and assiduous, to fight in the armies of his country, and to fall a prey to insidious disease. Like very many of the sick, he had been so much alone, had suffered so much, and was so weak, that utterance was exceedingly difficult, now that he was where there were attentive friends to watch by him, and to encourage him in his trouble. His sentences were broken, and his command of language seemed nearly gone, the words coming out disjointedly.

As the ship approached New York, and when he was told we were almost at our wharf, Henry's eye caught an unwonted lustre, and a half-smile played upon his smooth, flushed face.

"I'm so glad!"

Poor fellow, New York suggested to him quiet, and more comfort than the hospital of the camp or the crowded berth of the hospital ship could afford. It also made him feel near home and tender nursing.

"If mother only knew, she would come." "Your mother shall know, my dear boy. As soon as the ship touches the wharf, I will telegraph her, if you like."

"O, do; if she would only come."

So I took from the sick boy his mother's address---it was in a town in the suburbs of Boston, one of those beautiful suburban villages which I had often ridden through, to covet as the fit spots for happy homes.

After taking the address, I gave Henry his punch, and he soon fell into a sleep, which happily must have lasted till we were in the hospitable harbor of the Empire City, and the hurrying feet of officers and sailors above, and the slow pull of the engines awoke him.

Once fairly at the wharf, I dispatched a messenger to the telegraph office, and before many hours the mother knew that her boy was in New York, longing for the sight of her kind face, and for her loving attention.

On Sunday Henry was conveyed in an express wagon to the New York hospital. I could have wished for him a better vehicle, but it was impossible that he should have anything else. As he was borne over the gangway, I came to him, and taking his hand, bade him to be courageous, for his mother would speedily come to him.

"Thank you. I'm so glad."

And then I left him, for there were many other sick men that needed attention.

Monday morning I made my way to the hospital, and passing through the wards, crowded with fevered men, I came upon Henry, and by his side was a lady. His mother had indeed come, hurrying as fast as steam would let her, and was now laying her cool hand on the hot forehead of the tired, sick boy. He did not open his eyes as I spoke to the mother and expressed my thankfulness that my young patient had got so far a nurse, and my hopes that under such care as he would now get the fever would abate, and Henry would soon be again in his home in---

"Poor little fellow!" she said. "It does seem hard that so young a boy---not yet seventeen---should have had such hardships to endure. But he wanted to go, and I could not forbid him. Some mothers must suffer, and God has chosen me."

"Ah, yes! Many mothers must suffer. The pains which rack, the weakness which enfeebles the occupants of these many couches are not borne by them alone, but oppress the hearts of mothers, and sisters, and wives, and sweethearts in many distant homes. War lays a rude hand on the happiness of thousands of households."

Bidding the mother a good morning, and again expressing my hopes for the recovery of her boy, I left, praying that if disease or wounds should fall to the lot of my own soldier boy, God would bless him with the opportunity of his mother's care.

The next day, in the afternoon, I was again in the ward. The mother was there no longer administering to poor Henry's wants, or gently wiping his brow---for he was past the need of such care now---dead. Bearing bravely under the load of her great grief, expressing no discontent with the ordering of Providence which had decreed that her eldest born should thus, and thus early die, only thankful that God had granted her that rare privilege to close the dim eyes and witness the departure of the young spirit, she made the preparations for conveying the body to her home.

A SIMILE.

Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air,
Wheel the swallows loom in crowds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows deeper rest
Underneath and overhead.

Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall;

From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah! the souls of saints that fly
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

GARIBALDI AND THE BIBLE.

Garibaldi has a sun pursuing his studies in a Protestant College near Liverpool, England. When taking leave of him in 1856, the father said: "The Bible is the canon which will liberate all Italy." In a letter to a friend, at an earlier period, he wrote: "I recommend all Italians to read the Bible; for it is the book that will make Italy rise."

A noble sentiment of a great mind.---Worthy of our Washington, who, when the "pay list" failed, would have Congress print the dissenting army with a copy of the Bible. This is the canon that will free the world. No man can imbibe its sentiments and remain a despot; and it is worthy of the most earnest thought of the student of civil government that this bloodless engine of war may be made to send its reviving light into every "dark place of the earth." British and American commerce will sell in every mart of earth, within this year, guns and pistols, sabres and bowie knives, whisky and opium, to the destroying of both soul and body. It is easy to show that two hundred million copies of "Christ's Sermon on the Mount," can be shipped to any of these centers of trade; and that there is the most urgent call from very many of these places, for this light from heaven. There is in this city a printing machine prepared for this express purpose, and that is competent to print a half million copies a day, and a set of plates for this sermon is prepared and ready to commence the work in the Italian language, at the rate of one hundred copies for one dollar. Just as soon as those who have been praying thy "kingdom come" in Italy say so. The door for the introduction of the Bible into Italy is set wide open, and the old Waldensian spirit, that held fast to the truth during all the "dark ages," is now pleading with American Christians---"come over and help us."

---Free Nation.

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

HOW THEY MET IN HAVRE.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre on foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of his reign of terror, Talleyrand secured a passage to the United States in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow.

"Is there any American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am going to cross the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

"There is a gentleman up stairs either from America or Britain; but whether from America or England I cannot tell."

"He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who in his life was bishop, prince, and minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant he stood before the stranger's room, knocked and entered.

In the dimly lighted room sat a man of fifty years of age, his arms folded and his head bowed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the down-cast brows, and upon Talleyrand's face, with a peculiar and searching expression. His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and with the impression that the gentleman was an American, he solicited his kind feeling and offices.

"He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without friend or home. You are an American.--- Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like you doubtless has many friends."

The strange gentleman arose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning: "I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend---not one in America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room; "your name?"

REMARKABLE FOUNTAIN IN FLORIDA.

A writer in *Balloy's Boston Pictorial* gives the following description of a remarkable fountain in Florida:

"Taking a narrow path, I crossed through some dense underwood, and all at once I stood on the banks of the Wakulla Spring. There was a basin of water one hundred yards in diameter, almost circular. The thick bushes were growing to the water's edge, and bowing their heads to the unrippled surface. I stepped into a skiff and pushed off. Some very large fish attracted my attention, and I seized a spear to strike them? I answered, about four feet. He assured me that they were at least twenty feet from me, and it was so. The water is of the most wonderful transparency. I dropped an ordinary pin in the water forty feet deep, and saw its head with perfect distinctness, as it lay on the bottom. As we approached the centre, I noticed a jagged grey limestone rock beneath us, pierced with holes; one seemed to look into unfathomable depths. The boat moved slowly on, and now we hung trembling over the edge of the sunken cliff, and far below it lay a dark, yawning, unfathomable abyss. From its gorge comes forth, with immense velocity, a living river. Pushing on just beyond its mouth, I dropped a ten cent piece into the water, which there one hundred and ninety feet deep, and I clearly saw it shining on the bottom. This seems incredible, but I think the water possesses a magnifying power. I am confident that the piece could not be seen so distinctly from a tower one hundred and ninety feet high."

We rowed on towards the north side, and noticed in the water the fish which were darting higher and thither, the long flexible roots and the wild, luxuriant grass on the bottom, all arrayed in the most beautiful prismatic hues. The gentle swell occasioned by the boat, gave to the whole an undulating motion. Death-like stillness reigned around, and a more fairy scene I never beheld.

A WORD TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

A gentleman is a man who is gentle. Titles---graceful accomplishments---superior culture---princely wealth---great talents---genius---do not constitute a man with all the attributes needed to make him a gentleman, homely, or poor---and yet belong to the uncrowned aristocracy.---His face may be bronzed at the forge or bleached in the mill---his hand huge and hard---his patched vest, like Joseph's coat of many colors---and he may still be a true gentleman.

The dandy is a dry goods sign, and not a gentleman; for he depends upon his dress, and not upon his honor or virtue, for his passport to the best circles of society. "The man who has no money is poor---he who has nothing but money is poorer than he," and is not a gentleman.---Some of the most distinguished men in the world of letters---in the world of art---have been unamiable---gross---vulgar---ungentle, consequently not gentlemen.

"You are a plebeian," said a patriot to Cicero. "I am a plebeian," said the eloquent Roman; "the nobility of my family begins with me; that of yours will end with you." I hold no man deserves to be crowned with honor whose life is a failure; and he who lives only to eat and drink and accumulate money is a failure. The world is no better for living in it. He never wiped a tear from a sad face---never kindled a fire upon a frozen heart. I repeat with emphasis, he is a failure. There is no flesh in his heart; he worships God but gold. Even here at the North there are persons who deem it discredit and ungentlemanly to labor; hence vast multitudes of young men shrink the yoke of toil, and rush headlong into professions and positions for which they are totally disqualified.

There is true dignity in labor, and no true dignity without it. He who looks down scornfully on labor is like Hermes, who had a month and no hands, and yet made faces at those who fed him---mocking the fingers that brought bread to his lips.

He who writes a book, or builds a house, or tills a farm, or follows any useful employment, lives to some purpose, and contributes something to the fund of happiness. Look at that farmer; he has a share in the bank, but his bank is a bank of oloam, his share is a plowshare---and the more his share breaks his bank, the greater will be his dividends. He need not send his notes to New York to be redeemed, for Nature has endorsed them with her signature of flowers.

Toil yields the axe where woodlands bow, and the seeds sown rise in radiant bloom; Rich harvest was behind the plow, and cities cluster round the loom. Where rounded domes and tapering spires, Adorn the vale and crown the hill, Swarth labor lights its beacon fires, And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The engine with its heart of flame, And joints of brass and ribs of steel, From labor's plastic fingers came, With sighing valve and singing wheel. The kindly oak, the forest's pride, Whose stem is seamed with thunder scars, Is launched by labor on the tide, Beneath the flag of stripes and stars.

Garibaldi, the greatest hero of the age, is a working man. Henry Clay was the "mill boy of the slashes." Daniel Webster knit his iron frame into strength by working on his father's farm when young. The men who have blood-power enough in their veins to work the brain-mills upon their shoulders, are men who labor.

"Narrow Escape---THE BIBLE A SHIELD.---One of the wounded soldiers at the York Hospital, has truly made a narrow escape. A bullet passed through his arm, penetrating through a testament in a side pocket; and between the testament and his person, was a small memorandum book in the pocket containing the holy print. The memorandum book, too, was pierced almost to the inner leaf. These books saved his life.---Here is an instance that the precious scripture saves mortal life as well as immortal life.

If you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself.

THE BLOODY ABOLITIONIST AND HIS FAMILY DOG.

Your true Abolitionist is a patriotic man. At least he says so himself. Even if he did not vaunt his ardent affection for his torn and bleeding country, we should know how to place him amongst her most adorable lovers. We should know it from some remarks of his previous to the breaking out of the war as well as for his conduct since. Every day of his life, up to the Rebellion, we were accustomed to hear from his lips these delectable phrases of the loyal citizen: "No union with Slaveholders!" "Let the Union slide!" "Down with the Constitution that sanctions or allows slavery!" At the top of the drum he falls in with the Home Guards and gets others to volunteer. His boasted recklessness of life and limb is equalled only by his discreet caution not to endanger them. All the property he has, he will sacrifice to preserve the Constitution and the Union without reference to results. He tells you also that the man who even mentions the word tax is a traitor. His purse is yearning to contribute to the expense of this executive war. This is the way he talks. But actions speak louder than words. The following, told us by a reliable man, is a fair illustration: One of the kind of Abolitionists we have spoken of, living in the southern part of the county, had a house-dog which he thought a great deal of, and which was a favorite in the family. He takes the New York Tribune, and has been so in the habit of trusting that paper, that he generally gets everything wrong. Reading over the tax bill, he conceived the idea that the law had passed taxing dogs a dollar a head. He concluded to get rid of that dollar, and accordingly shot his dog. This lousy, ranting Abolitionist, who boasted that he would give all his property to sustain the war, murdered his poor dumb dog, and set his wife and children crying to cheat the Government out of a dollar. He is the Patriot. He kills his dog to cut down the expenses of the war---The Democrat, who pays his taxes, is in favor of the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was, and goes for a vigorous prosecution of the war for their perpetuation, is a TRAITOR.---Ohio Patriot.

NOT A WORD.

Has the Republican party had a word to say against WENDELL PHILLIPS, who publicly boasted that he has been engaged for nineteen years in the work of destroying the Union? Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Vice President HAMLIN, who, knowing Phillips' treasonable sentiments, publicly left the Speaker's Chair, in the United States Senate, and almost embraced him on the floor of that body? Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Senator WADSWORTH, who declared publicly in the Senate that "the man who prates about the Constitution in this great crisis is a traitor?" Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against Representative BINGHAM, who said in the House only a month or two ago, "Who in the name of Heaven wants the Cotton States or any State this side of perdition to remain in the Union, if slavery is to continue?" Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against THADDEUS STEVENS, who recently said in Congress that he "was not for the restoration of the Union if slavery is preserved?" Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against any of the fanatics who declare "the Constitution a league with hell," and "the Union a covenant with the devil?" Not a word!

Has it had a word to say against any of its friends who have plundered the treasury in one year of a greater sum than the yearly current expenses of Mr. BUCHANAN'S administration? Not a word!---Lebanon Advertiser.

CONFISCATION BILL.

The bill, as modified and altered, is a nullity, and leaves the power where it originally belonged, in the hands of the President, who, in virtue of his constitutional office of Commander-in-Chief, had a right to do the very thing that Congress pretends now to confer upon him---the right to confiscate the chattels of rebels in arms. The bill does not compel the President to do anything, but leaves it in his discretion to issue his proclamation of confiscation or not. That power he had before.---Nor does the triumph rest here.---The unconstitutional parts of the bill are stricken out by the suicidal hand of the crestfallen radical faction.---Like the scorpion girt with flame, they saw their coming fate, and they anticipated it by an act of *felo de se*. The bill, as now passed, does not affect the rights of the heirs of traitors. Real estate cannot be forfeited beyond the lifetime of the guilty individual. Moreover, it is not retrospective in its action. *Ex post facto* laws and bills of attainder are admitted to be null and void. It only deals with the future.---It has no influence on the past.---As it now stands it is a legitimate, constitutional bill, and its worst severity is mitigated by the fact that it gives the President a discretion to

SENATOR SIMMONS---SHAMEFUL DEVELOPEMENT.

From the Newport (R. I.) News.

In the course of the trial now progressing before the United States Circuit Court in this city, in which John Norris seeks to recover for services alleged to have been rendered the Providence Tool Company, in negotiating a contract with the United States Government for the manufacture of muskets, the following significant facts were elicited and sworn to. The treasurer of the company, John B. Anthony, Esq., was placed upon the stand and testified that the company had a contract with the Government to manufacture 25,000 muskets, negotiated by the assistance of Senator Simmons and several others, among whom was Senator Anthony, simply, as was supposed, out of a friendly desire on the part of those gentlemen to help their friends. There was not the slightest bargain made with any of them in reference to any remuneration for any assistance rendered.

Mr. Anthony further testified that after the contract was negotiated, Senator Simmons met him, and remarked that the company ought to make him a handsome present for that contract. Mr. Anthony thought the Senator was jesting at first, and paid but little attention to the matter. Soon, however, being waylaid again to the same purpose, Mr. Anthony said he was not authorized to do any such thing, and could not do it. Senator Simmons then went to work upon the directors, and when he met any of them, insisted that the company were in his debt, and claimed the special sum of five thousand dollars. But they all and always repudiated his claim. Mr. Anthony further testifies that the first contract (the one for which Senator S. claimed a bonus) was unprofitable, because the machinery necessary to manufacture muskets cost much more than was anticipated, and so much as to render the contract an unprofitable one. That the fact made the company very anxious to negotiate a second contract, by which they could be reimbursed for losses on the first contract. Senator Simmons was aware of this fact, and after trying the button hole process on the treasurer and collectors with indifferent success, he concluded to enter upon a little "sharper practice," by treading on the company's corns. So, whenever he met the treasurer or directors, he intimated that if they wanted his influence in negotiating a second contract they must come down with a cool five thousand. And that finally Senator Simmons being about to engage in some business speculations, told him (the witness) that he needed the money, and if they would not give it to him, they would not lend them his influence in negotiating a second contract, but would use it against them. This had the desired effect; and Mr. Anthony authorized Senator Simmons to draw on him for five thousand dollars, which was subsequently charged upon the books of the company, and that afterwards, upon requesting of Senator Simmons his note as evidence and security for the money loaned, he was treated by the Senator with very discreet silence. But, "to give the devil his due" we must add that the company succeeded in negotiating a second and more profitable contract with the Government, and that Senator Simmons did assist them by his influence with the Government, and did, like Oliver Twist, ask for more money, and kept asking for more, which he did not get. O tempora! O mores!

Don't Write There.---Don't write there," said one to a lad who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel. "Why not?" was the reply.---"Because you can't rub it out." There are other things which men should not do, because they cannot rub them out. A heart is acting for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word, is spoken. The impression may be more durable than the diamond upon the glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever. On many a mind and many a heart there are sad inscriptions, deeply engraved, which no effort can erase. We should be careful what we write on the minds of others.

A Good Example.---The quota of volunteers called for in the patriotic little town of Lexington, Mass., is twenty. The citizens of the place have liberally subscribed \$2,000 in money; that is, one hundred dollars for each man.