

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Family Paper---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Science, Art, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

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Waynesburg, April 25, 1862-ly.

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Waynesburg, June 11, 1862-ly.

DR. D. W. BRADEN,
Physician and Surgeon. Office in the Old Bank Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

DR. A. G. CROSS
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 health, and strict attention to hygiene, to merit a share of public patronage.
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DR. A. J. EGGY
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 human life and health, so native medication, and strict attention to hygiene, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
April 9, 1862.

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Office in the old Roberts' Building, opposite Day's Book Store.
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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Dealer in Men's and Boys' Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Hats and Caps, &c., Main street, opposite the Court House.
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, Manuscript and Paper. One door East of Porter's store, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

Miscellaneous.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

A TRUE STORY.

"Out of my sight! You are a calamity and distress to all your family. Away with you, and join the army if you can do nothing else. You will then stand some chance of getting shot, which will be a good thing for all concerned, and the quicker it takes place the better."

Reader, who do you think said that? And to whom do you think it was said?
Why, a father said it; he said it to his own son.

"What a monster!" do you cry? Nay; he was a church-member. He prayed, morning and night, with his family. There is no doubt he intended, and sometimes tried, to be a good man. But he was enraged at his boy, and this caused his unchristian language. You may judge, by the language he used, how he had brought up that unfortunate boy.

You judge correctly, and the boy was what you naturally imagine him to be. The father was getting his reward now for having so neglected his duty in the training of his son. But he could not bear, with any sort of patience, the wayward conduct of his son, and so ragged and railed at him that everything in Edgar which was bad became a thousand-fold worse. The mother—as mothers will—clung in love and patient pity to her boy, and her soul was in agony to witness the violent scenes between him and his father.

She talked faithfully to both; but neither would hear. The father declared the boy to be reprobate and worthless, and the son said, desperately, that his father hated him, and that this conviction embittered and poisoned his heart so that it was impossible for him to be good. "Even for your sake, mother," he sobbed, "for which I often do try to do better."

The night after the words with which our sketch is commenced were uttered Edgar was late home. When he came it was to announce that he had enlisted, and was to march at noon the next day.

The mother worked and wept all that night. At the right time next day her boy's knapsack was ready. He went without seeing his father. The troops passed the door of his home. Edgar's pale and despairing face was lifted to the pale, drenched face that looked down, searching for him in the ranks, from his mother's window.

"God protect my poor boy," her white lips murmured. Edgar knew what those were, though he could not hear them. He kissed his hand to his mother, and tried to smile on her, but the woe in his great, dark eyes would not be thus veiled, even for one moment. He bowed his head and passed on.

The trouble, the bone of contention, the "calamity" was gone out of the home of poor Edgar. The father looked gloomy, but said not a word of regret. He never seemed to reflect that his son had not come unbidden into life, nor that it is a crime in any man to evoke a life that he does not try his best to render good and happy. He should have blamed himself far more than he did Edgar for all the faults of the latter. But that he never did. He thought children ought to come up all right, no matter how they were treated, and he was ready to destroy those that did not turn out well.

Reasonable, sensible; but many men are so. It is one of God's unfathomable mysteries, why he permits such to become fathers. O, poor, ill-fated babes! that are born into the families of such fathers. But God will surely make allowance, when the judgment sets, for the children who were never trained up in the way wherein they ought to go. We will anchor our souls on this hope.

was third upon the list of killed.—His body was brought home, and when it lay straightened for the grave, with the red mark just under the edge of the brow, waving locks, with the bullet-hole in the left breast, with the dark lashes laying heavily on the white cheeks, with the beautiful features set in eternal rest, and the strong, young limbs, that had done good service for their country, helpless and cold, his father stood beside his coffin and looked upon him, and tears (was there not reason for them?) dropped slowly from the stern man's eyes. What his thoughts were none knew; but he was taken at his word. His wish was granted. Will any father be warned by this? —*Watchman and Reflector.*

ALCOHOL DIMINISHES MUSCULAR POWER.

Alcoholic drinks diminish muscular power. The well known case of our countryman, Dr. Franklin, is in point. He could carry heavier weights, and had a greater power of endurance of labor, on his beverage of simple water, than his beer-drinking companions in a London printing office.

The Turkish porters at Constantinople and Smyrna are celebrated for strength. "The boatmen and water-carriers of Constantinople are decidedly, in my opinion," says Mr. W. Fairbairn, an eminent machinist at Manchester, "the finest men in Europe, as regards their physical development, and they are all water-drinkers."

My friend Captain S. Rea, who thirty years ago, frequently visited Smyrna, assures me that he never witnessed such feats of strength as are exhibited by the porters there. In unloading vessels freighted with Havana sugar, each porter carries a box of sugar upon his back from the vessel to the store-house; and this is done all day without complaint.—The weight is over four hundred pounds; as their pay is in proportion to the weight of their burdens, Capt. R. has frequently seen them call for a bag of coffee to be placed upon the box of sugar, and in one instance two bags, the weight being about seven hundred and fifty pounds. And what is still more extraordinary, from the office of Mr. Offley, the American agent there, a porter was seen carrying a load of boards so large that the individuals present had the curiosity to detain him, and to have it weighed. Capt. R. saw it weighed, and paid his proportion for the gratification. The weight was nine hundred and five pounds. The drink of these porters was nothing but water, and bread the staple article of food.

The Hon. Mr. Buckingham assured me that he had frequently seen, at Calcutta, those Himalaya mountaineers, who are trained to athletic exercises, pitted against English Grenadiers in running, leaping, carrying of weights, and throwing of missiles; and that one of them was nearly equal in strength to three of the English. Their sole drink was water, and their food rice.

In 1786, Jaques Balmat, that enterprising guide at Chamouni, who had long entertained the project of being the first to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, made the attempt, provided with food and a small bottle of brandy. He gave out long before completing the ascent, and returned.—He next carried a bottle of wine with his food; this attempt failed also.—A third time he took water only, with a little syrup to flavor it for his drink, and succeeded in planting the first human foot upon the summit of that far-famed mountain.—*Mussey.*

TRUTH AT HOME.

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in a house. All comfort has gone when suspicion has once entered—when there must be reserve in talk and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place general confidence in their children, and receive what they say freely, unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any one. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disgracing their poor child while there is a chance of its cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assiduous help, as if he were suffering under some disgusting bodily disorder. If he can be cured, he will become duly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fails, means must of course be taken to prevent his example from doing harm; and then, as I said, the family peace is broken up, because the family confidence is gone. I fear that, from some cause or another, there are but few large families where every member is altogether truthful. But where all are so organized and so trained as to be wholly reliable in act and word, they are a light to all eyes, and a joy to all hearts. They are public benefactors, for they are a point of general reliance; and they are privately blessed within and without. Without, their life is made easy by universal trust; and within their home and their hearts, they have the security of rectitude, and the gladness of innocence.—*Harriet Martineau.*

LEARN TO THE LAST.

Socrates at an extreme age learned to play on musical instruments for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature; yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccaccio, who are dying of ennui, and regret that they were not educated to a taste of literature; but now they are too old.

Ludovico at the age of 115, wrote the memoir of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty, and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers for the want of a taste for natural philosophy. But they are too old to learn.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthful old age gives the man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of *Iliad*; and its most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study and struck out in an entirely new pursuit either for a livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. Every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, *I am too old to study.*

EXPENSE OF TOBACCO.

We clip the following from the *Illinois Son of Temperance*. If the calculation be extended to the whole Union, what a sinful waste of property is lavished over the United States in the use of tobacco, with no adequate gain, but an immense loss, to say nothing of the invasion on cleanliness and comfort of individuals:

There is no apology for any man, rich or poor, who consumes money for this nuisance; but is not this especially unbecoming in you when your friends give you money simply for the necessities of life? Is it not a perversion of funds? The evils of tobacco, it is true, are overlooked by Church and State, and hence your friends do not consider for a moment that a part of their money is wasted on a vile poison.—Tell them, as they pass you the next dollar, that you shall use one-eighth of it on cigars, and they might give you to understand that, were it not for your family, they would never aid you with another farthing.—Money for rum, gambling or tobacco, is all the same in the eye of common sense!

You say, your tobacco does not "cost much." What victim of the weed will allow that his tobacco does cost much?

You, my friend, have paid enough for it to give your wife a twenty-five cent delaine, or each of your girls a pretty bonnet, or each of your boys a pair of boots. You are about fifty years old, and I understand you to say that you began to use cigars at fifteen. Take the following calculation, altogether too low, and you will see that you have expended \$1,383.35!

Garibaldi, who masters kingdoms, says he can live on eight cents a day! Is it not a shame that any man should waste even eight cents a day on a loathsome poison? Is it not a sin?

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become a subject; no man can safely command, that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

A sudden elevation in life, like mounting into a rarer atmosphere swells us out, and often pernicious.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it must certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps, the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental power in vigorous exercise, to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen the most, or who has read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it a man who can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy had pre-eminence not because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.—*Daniel Webster.*

Spilling for a Fight.
A letter from an officer who was with Burnside's expedition at the battle of Camden, says: I met Col. Robie, of Binghamton, during the battle, with his cap stuck on the back part of his head, looking the happiest man I ever saw. I remember meeting him as he was leading the centre of the regiment over a heavy ditch, with sword drawn, and hearing him speak to and encourage the boys on. Just then, a tremendous volley was poured into the rebel nest. "That's it! A good one!" he cried. They returned a perfect shower of grape and canister, tearing through and over us. Col. Robie's countenance was beaming, and turning to the men, he called out: "Come on, my children, I'll die with you! Press on, my boys! Now is the time to show yourselves!" And as the rifled shell goes singing by his head, he cries in his joy: "Ye Gods! Isn't this a handsome fight!"

An Affecting Incident of the Battle of Fair Oaks.
Among those brought to White House was a rebel colonel, who had been shot through the lungs. As he appeared to be dying, Mr. Barclay asked him if he wished anything done. He said, "Yes," and gave the commissioner the names and address of his wife and children. "And now," said he, ask God to forgive me for ever having anything to do with this wicked rebellion." Mr. Barclay asked if he desired him to pray with him. He answered in the affirmative, and after a prayer, petitioning the forgiveness of Almighty God for his sins, and His fatherly interposition on the soon-to-be widowed wife and orphaned children, the penitent Carolinian raised his trembling arms and threw them about the neck of Mr. Barclay, and kissed him again and again.

She Wouldn't Swap.
A private of the Twentieth Massachusetts regiment was taken prisoner at Ball's Bluff last fall, and confined at Salisbury, North Carolina.—Some weeks since a friend called upon his wife with the assurance that her husband would probably be exchanged for a rebel then in our hands. "I won't have him," cried the woman in alarm; "I love Tom, and won't have him exchanged; I don't want a rebel husband." The friend corrected the woman's misapprehension; the absent husband was finally released, and she learned that for once "exchange was no robbery."

ONE STERNE, who has been imprisoned for debt in Dublin prison for thirty-six years, died in his cell a fortnight since. He was formerly the possessor of a large fortune and once occupied an official position at the British War Office. In early life he eloped with the wife of an eminent barrister of London, afterwards forsook her, and in the year 1824 was arrested for a debt of £300, and having spent all his fortune was committed to prison, where he remained until his death. He was allowed a sum of ten shillings a week by a distinguished judge who pitied him, but did not mingle with the other prisoners, and in his latter years was exceedingly morose. He had abundant cause for melancholy, if not remorse.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.—Senator Wilson calls Senator Chandler a drunkard, Senator Wade calls Senator Cowan (one of the ablest and most respectable members of that body) a dog, and Senator Sumner accuses Senator Sherman of being a slavery eulogist; all Republicans.

Elias Howe, of Bridgeport, inventor of the sewing machine, and one of the wealthiest men in Connecticut, after giving \$2,000 for the enlistment fund, has enlisted himself unconditionally, and announced that he will not procure a substitute.

Political.

TAXATION AND ABOLITION.
Though the war creates a necessity for higher taxes than the American people have before known, the people can and do appreciate this necessity, and they will cheerfully pay the taxes if they can feel assurance of two things:

1. That the war shall be conducted to its end for the simple, legitimate object for which it was commenced.

2. That waste and profligacy and corruption in the public expenditures shall be made with the strictest economy consistent with energy and efficiency in the prosecution of the war.

Nothing can so much cripple the ability of the people to pay the taxes as to divert the war from the legitimate object for which it was commenced to the legitimate object of abolitionism.

Whatever reduces the wages of labor reduces the ability of the people to pay the taxes.

Slavery cannot be abolished in the South without throwing into the North an immense negro population which will become competitors of white labor, reducing prices to the starvation point. Illinois, to be sure, has opposed a barrier to the coming of this population, but surrounding States have not, and she would hence suffer about as much from the competition as they. Nor does the evil stop here. The surplus of labor would create the necessity for more taxes to support the laborers who could not support themselves. Practically the redundant negro population would have to be supported by increased public taxes levied upon reduced prices of labor.

We say nothing of the demoralization of society, and the decline in the value of property always consequent upon the presence of a large free negro population. Our suggestions have reference only to the present question of taxation.

The people of the country can bear, or they will try to bear the taxes necessary to carry the war to a legitimate termination. They cannot bear the taxes which will come to them if the war shall be used for the abolition of slavery.

The people must not wait until the gigantic evil shall be upon them; they must take the alarm now, and that alarm must move them to the consideration of the absolute necessity of a revolution in Congress at the ensuing election.—[Chicago Times.

VERY TRUE.
Horace Greeley, in discussing the mileage question with a member of Congress, Cyrus Aldrich, says: "It is important—I grant you—that the next Congress should be Republican; it is further important that it should be honest and frugal. War—Debt—gigantic Expenditure—enormous Taxes—generations of arduous struggle to avert National bankruptcy—such is the prospect before us. Retrenchment and frugality, always desirable, have become indispensable. No orthodoxy in politics can save from downfall any party ascendancy that is not heartily and thoroughly devoted to Public Economy and the cutting off of every needless, the cutting down of every inordinate outlay. If the Republicans do not realize this necessity, the scepter will fall from their hands.—That they may be so wise as to be honest, is the earnest prayer of Yours, H. G.

The President Compliments Congress.
A Washington letter to the *New York Commercial* says: There is reason to believe that the President receives no small amount of advice from politicians, who intrude upon him with their opinions, and who are sometimes rather more emphatic than courteous. "I tell you, Mr. President," said a Senator one day, "unless a proposition for emancipation is adopted by the Government, we will all go to the d—l. At this very moment we are not over one mile from h—l." "Perhaps not," replied the President, "as I believe that is just about the distance from here to the Capital, where you gentlemen are in session."

There was one statesman, says the *Chicago Times*, who comprehended the magnitude of the rebellion at the breaking out of it. Douglas, on his way from Washington, just after the President had issued his proclamation declaring the existence of insurrection and calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers to suppress it, said, in a speech at Indianapolis, that the call should have been for half a million of volunteers. Had the President comprehended, as DOUGLAS did, the magnitude of the rebellion, and had he called for half a million of troops at the outset, and placed them under proper military direction, the rebellion, in its armed aspect, would have been suppressed in ninety days.

FLUCTUATIONS IN WALL STREET.

The Albany *Standard* claims to have received the following telegrams from the feverish commercial barometer in Wall street, where "merchants most do congregate":—New York, July 19, 10 A. M.—Stocks feverish, a rebel having been seen making towards Winchester with a loaded pistol.

11 A. M.—Stocks lower, a rebel skiff having crossed the James River, throwing brick bats at one of our gunboats.

12 M.—Great reaction in stocks, a telegram having just been received that Jeff Davis is down with the cholera morbus.

1 P. M.—It is reported that Davis took paregoric, and is now better; stocks depressed; Government sixes declined 2 per cent.

2 P. M.—Stocks buoyant, the news of the taking of two blacksmith's shops and a buggy, by eight members of Banks' Cavalry, having infused fresh confidence in the market.

2:30 P. M.—A rain just commenced; stocks lower, as operators fear the rain may carry away the James River; 7:30s declined 1 1/2 per cent since the shower commenced.

HORRID TRAGEDY IN CANADA.

We learned last week, from a gentleman from Archbassville, says the *Quebec Chronicle* of July 23d, that a shocking tragedy had occurred in the township of Stanfold, about three miles from the station, some time yesterday morning. A woman named Madame Bourret, who had manifested symptoms of insanity years ago, and before her marriage, and whose husband is now in the United States, murdered her seven children and then cut her own throat. It appears that on Sunday night there was a willow at her house, and the thing must have occurred between the departure of the guests and morning, for at an early hour in the morning, Madame Bourret's daughter, who had been at the willow, but resided at St. Norbert, called at her mother's to see her. Finding the door closed, she looked through the window, and was then shocked to see eight corpses—those of her mother, her brothers and sisters. The eldest of the murdered children, a girl fourteen years of age, seems to have had a desperate struggle for her life, for the bodies of mother and daughter were lying close together, and the mother had several wounds on her arm apparently inflicted by an axe that was also close to the bodies. The daughter's throat and arm were cut, evidently with a razor, which the rigid fingers of the mother still tightly grasped when the tragedy was discovered by the surviving daughter. All the doors and windows were found barred on the inside, thus, of course, leading to the conclusion that the dreadful deed had been committed by some one inside.

Appointments of Rear Admirals in the United States Navy.

The President has commissioned the following named captains to be rear admirals on the retired list, under the recent act to establish and equalize the grade of line officers of the navy:—Charles Stewart, George C. Read, Wm. B. Shubrick, Joseph Smith, George W. Storer, Francis H. Gregory, Elia A. F. Lavalette, Silas H. Stringham and Hiram Paulding. And the following named captains to be rear admirals on the active list:—David G. Farragut, I. M. Goldsborough, Samuel F. Dupont and A. H. Foote. The law provides that the rear admirals shall be selected by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, from those captains who have given the most faithful service to their country.

For once the course of true love runs smoothly. When the Duke of Portland died recently in England he tried to prevent the marriage of his daughter, Lady Mary Bentinck, with Sir William Topham, by stipulating in his will that her dowry of £32,000 should be withheld in case she disobeyed his commands. The lovers were warmly attached, and Sir William carried the case into court, determined to have the lady and her portion with her. The court decided that the Duke had no right to encumber the appointment of money under a marriage settlement with such capricious conditions, and the funds were made over to Lady Mary—whereupon the lovers were made happy. Lady Topham may enjoy her married life with means enough to sustain her rank among the aristocracy of England.

DEAD BELOW HIS HEAD.—The Boston *Herald* says:—Deacon Wm. Colburn, of Lincoln, a man about 70 years of age, fell from a load of hay on Thursday, breaking his spine near the neck. He was alive yesterday morning, but his body below the head was completely paralyzed. His mind was perfectly clear, and he could move his head and articulate well.