

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1862.

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Job Printing, of all kinds, executed in the best style, and on reasonable terms, at the "Messenger's" Job Office.

Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

A. A. BURMAN, J. G. RITCHIE,
PURMAN & RITCHIE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
[All business done in Washington, and Fayette Counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention. Sept. 11, 1861--ly]

J. A. J. BUCHANAN, W. C. LINDSEY,
BUCHANAN & LINDSEY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
[Office on the South side of Main street, in the Old Bank Building. Jan. 1, 1862.]

R. W. DOWNEY, SAMUEL MONTGOMERY,
DOWNEY & MONTGOMERY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
[Office in E. W. Jones' Building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.]

E. A. MCCONNELL, J. J. RUFFMAN,
MCCONNELL & RUFFMAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
[Office in the "Wright" Bldg., 46 1/2 East Door. Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention. Waynesburg, April 25, 1862--ly]

DAVID CRAWFORD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in days' Building, adjoining the Post Office.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

C. A. BLACK, JOHN PERMAN,
BLACK & PERMAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
[Office in the Court House, Waynesburg. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.]

PHYSICIANS.
B. M. BLACKLEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN SURGEON,
Office—Blackley's Building, Main St.,
Waynesburg, Pa.
[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, January 8, 1862.]

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

DR. A. G. CROSS
WORLD 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 business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage. Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

DR. A. J. BOGGS
RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity. He has returned from Surgeon's Office opposite the Republican office. He has a due appreciation of the laws of human life and health, and a strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage. April 9, 1862.

DR. T. P. SHIELDS,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN.
Office in the "Wright" Building, opposite Day's Book Store.
Waynesburg, Jan. 1, 1861.

DRUGS.
M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary, and dealer in Paints and Oils, up and celestials, and Medicines, and Pure Liquors for medicinal purposes.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

MERCHANTS.
WM. A. PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

ANDREW WILSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Drugs, Notions, Hardware, Queensware, Stoneware, Looking Glasses, Iron and Nails, Bows and Shins, Hats and Caps, Main street, one door east of the Old Bank.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, in the "Henderson" House, opposite the Court House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

MINOR & CO.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

CLOTHING.
N. CLARK,
Dealer in Men's and Boys' Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattines, Hats and Caps, &c., Main street, opposite the Court House. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

A. J. CLOWERS,
Dealer in Men's and Boys' Clothing, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Old Bank Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.
J. D. CONGRAY,
Boot and shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's" and "Drovers' Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

N. H. McClellan,
Boot and shoe maker, Main street, corner, Main street, and Shives of every variety always on hand or made to order on short notice. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.
JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, Glass of all kinds, and Oil, Mustard and Looking Glass Plates. [Cash paid for good raising Apples. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.]

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

BOOKS &c.
LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Books, Stationery, and Printing, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

Select Poetry.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

We love the friends our hearts hold dear,
Our sisters and our brothers,
But most of all, we ought to love
Our dear devoted mothers.
Although this world is dark and drear,
Its joys partake of sadness,
Yet, now and then there will appear
A beam of love and gladness.

A friend may love us long and well,
And cling through joy and sorrow,
But then some cursed evil spell
May chill his love to-morrow!
But firmer than the love of friends,
And stronger than all other,
The purest love we ever knew
Is that of our dear mother.

A sister's love is fond and true,
And full of tender feeling,
Appreciated by the few,
And often unrevealing;
But dearer than a sister's love,
And fonder than all others,
The dearest, sweetest love on earth
Is a devoted mother's.

A brother's love is firm and true,
A father loves us longer,
A wife's devotion's greater still,
And her affection stronger;
But dearer than these loves combined,
And sweeter than all others,
There is no love as true and kind
As a devoted mother's.

They tell that spirits hover round,
From evil so defend us,
That friends whom once we knew on earth
In heaven may still befriend us;
But dearer here than angel's love,
And purer than all others,
The love on earth we need the most
Is a devoted mother's.

Then let us prize our mother's more,
While they are left to love us,
And cherish in our hearts their words,
If now they watch above us;
And ne'er forget, or treat with slight,
That love above all others,
Which filled, forever burning bright,
The hearts of our dear mothers.

Miscellaneous.

MY FIRST YEAR OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

It is no fiction I sit down to chronicle this evening. As I look back through the long vista of years and review the early days of my married life its perplexities and cares come up before me in far more vivid colors than its joys; though the retrospect often provokes a laugh where the real experience caused bitter tears.

I was just twenty years old when I became the wife of a clergyman, a poor country pastor. It was a love match and with the usual thriftlessness of lovers, I think it did not then occur to us that we could not live up on love, or that it would need such vulgar appliances as roast beef and palatable puddings to preserve in its purity the divine essence of the grand passion.

Everybody said that I was totally unfit for a minister's wife. I was naturally exceedingly joyous and mirthful, and without a particle of the staid dignity expected from persons in my position; while my husband was a grave, thoughtful man, endowed by nature with a commanding personal appearance and prepossessing manners. I do not wonder now that people could see the impropriety of his choosing me for a wife when so many pattern women stood ready to accept him. My own family had but one objection to the match; it was poor and I had no idea of practical housekeeping.

Ab, how well I remember the first washing day. My husband after vainly trying to persuade me to hire a washerwoman, (I knew he could not afford it) came into the back kitchen to help me himself. We were very merry at first, but after rubbing off little patches of skin from every knuckle, and burning our arms till they looked like illustrated maps of some unknown country, we began to find out there was but little poetry and no fun in the wash-tub.

But the ironing day was worse yet—nothing but pride kept me from rolling those starched shirts in to a bundle and taking them across the field to my mother's kitchen. I forgot to mention that we had taken up our abode in a parish but one mile distant from my father's house. I had never ironed any starched clothes of any description, but my brothers at home had imbibed very exalted ideas in regard to the importance of immaculate shirt bosoms. My husband told me all that he could remember of his mother's method, and then betook himself to his study. Shall I ever forget the feelings when the flat iron, heated never so hot, smelt its woe, and I was obliged to do the grim-

ous surface, suddenly struck up an attachment for the same, and when it forcibly separated left its whole image and superscription behind, in black and brown colors. I have that shirt now. I keep it to show to those wise mother's who are training their daughters for future usefulness. But it was in cooking that I found my chief trouble. All my attempts in that line, at the time I commenced housekeeping, had resulted in spoiling several kinds of rich cake, concocted in accordance with those possible receipts which fill our modern cookery books. I had never made a loaf of bread in my life. Baker's bread served us for a time—for so long a time, indeed, that we found out all its good qualities, and have not tasted its excellencies for many years.

We had been married and settled nearly a fortnight, when one morning my husband came in with a letter in his hand and a very anxious expression on his face. I sprang up from my seat, nearly upsetting the breakfast table which was prepared for him.

"What is the matter, Frank?" "Is any body sick or dead? have you got bad news?"

"No. At least it ought not to be bad news."
"Well what is it? Something serious, I know from your looks."
"No, Hattie, nothing of the kind. Only I feared it might annoy you. It is only a note from my college chum, Fred Knowles, saying that he is going to Boston and will call on us—and get his dinner to day," said my husband finishing the subject reluctantly.

It was my first call to entertain company, and knowing by this time my ignorance, I shrank back affrighted from the prospect. I confess, to a feeling of deep mortification that my husband could not receive his most intimate friends without so serious a drawback upon his pleasure. All my natural energy and pride was aroused, and I determined to become a good, practical housekeeper at whatever cost of time or labor. But the present emergency was first to be attended to.

"I suppose I had better get some fresh loaves from the bakery?" Frank looked at the dry, light slices on the breakfast table as he spoke.

"Yes, I think so. And some meat, Hattie. That forlorn old roast has lasted for a fortnight. I am sure—I think I should recognize its bones if I saw them in Africa. Do you think you could broil a steak, Hattie?"

"Yes. But, Frank, you must come out of the parlor and overlook me. And if you will get me some peas and lettuce, and other vegetables, I shall get up a famous dinner."

A half smile flitted over his face. "He had heard of my famous dinner before."

"Well we must do our best. The cars will not arrive till two o'clock so there will be plenty of time for marketing and cooking."
"Is Mr. Knowles very particular?" I asked, timidly. "Will he notice if things just go a little wrong?"

"Perhaps not. But he will have natural curiosity in regard to the capabilities of his friend's wife. But think we shall do very well."

"I am sure you shall," was my encouraging response, inspired by a bright idea that suddenly occurred to me. In accordance with it, my husband had no sooner started for the market, than I, slipping on my hat and shawl, started on a long walk through the fields and woods. I was going to consult my mother about dinner. I surprised her by bursting into the dining room, quite out of breath from my hurried walk, just as the family were sitting down to a late breakfast.

"Is it Hattie, or her ghost?" asked my father, getting up to welcome me.

"If my memory serves me, our Hattie used to be a late riser."
"Housekeeping improves me, papa."
"Don't wait to talk," said mama. The coffee will be spoiled. Take off your bonnet, Hattie, while I get another cup and plate and we will chat afterward."

"No I thank you. I cannot stop a minute." Mama opened her eyes in astonishment.
"You are not going to walk directly back again. Let me take your shawl!"
"But I must go. We are going to have company to dinner. Frank's chum. And I want to know how long to broil the potatoes and other

Such a chorus of laughter as interrupted me. "Why, my dear child, broil them until they are done."
"I know as much as that mamma; but when must I begin them to have them done at the right time? I have got peas to cook, and beef steaks, and I ought to make a pudding. Oh dear!"
They all laughed again, as much at my distressed looks as at my ignorance. I did not join them; indeed it was as much as I could do to keep back my tears.

"I have been searching everywhere for you," he said, "and I could almost find it in my heart to scold you for causing me so much anxiety, but your safe return satisfies me, especially as your excursion has brought your mother to aid us in our extremity. But, Hattie, I must insist on your having no more private walks."

"Ah, sir, if you had known you would have forbidden it. That would have spoiled all."
I have no doubt that Mr. Knowles left us that day under the impression that my husband had secured a matrimonial prize. But I felt like a hypocrite for weeks afterwards.

It came to pass after many days, that bakers' bread became unendurable. I tried to believe in it—I praised and tasted; but it would not do. Its glory had departed. I began heartily to approve of Pharaoh's course in lifting the head of the chief baker from off his shoulders and hanging him upon a tree; but I saw no way out of my trouble. I had tried many times to raise bread but had not succeeded in making any fit to appear on the table. I had a trifle better success in making milk biscuit though I never could guess right as to the amount of soda required. Sometimes they were yellow enough to be mistaken for nuggets of virgin gold; but oftener they had the appearance of having been hardened and compacted in a cheese press. My husband pretended that they were passed through heavy rollers like those they used in iron foundries. At first I tried to work the cold biscuit into puddings and griddle cakes, but their peculiar solidity frustrated all such attempts to economize. But when the case appeared hopeless I had still one resource. There was a wide ditch behind the garden and in its dark waters I buried my biscuit out of my sight. Inexperienced girls should never commence housekeeping without a convenient ditch at hand. But my troubles did not end here. In an evil hour a neighbor's hen hatched a big brood of ducklings, which in due time found their way to a cache of provisions. The biscuit so long in soak had now a resurrection and I remember watching the fowls as they tried to divide them with their strong bills.

"My dear, dear Hattie," said my husband one morning after the usual toil of breakfast was over, "don't you think you could learn to make raised bread?"
"I cannot tell; I am quite discouraged."
"You have learned to cook so many things in so short a time," he went on encouragingly, "that I am sure if you had some one to give you a few hints about the best method you would succeed admirably. Why don't you consult your mother?"—She is a superior cook."

"You forget, Frank, how we resented it when my mother, and sister, and aunts, and, in fact, all our friends predicted our present perplexities. No, it would be too mortifying to go home for counsel in this matter. Indeed, consulting any one. I give all my visitors bakers' bread, and they having it only occasionally, seem to like it."

"Suppose we try boarding, Hattie?"
"We cannot afford that; and besides, we want a home by ourselves. You would not be contented to give up our home liberties and privileges, Frank. If it were not for the eternal bread question, we could get a little enjoyment out of life; but comfort is now out of the question. I wish, Frank," I added, pettishly, "that you had married a housekeeper and I had gone into a convent!"
His face flushed.

"I was not finding fault Hattie—I am a ignorant, and I am sure I could not get along with the countless details of kitchen work half as skillfully and cheerfully as you do. I think you will conquer this difficulty in time."
"In time, it ever," I responded, ungraciously. "I hope there will be no breadmaking in eternity."

"He looked at me in surprise for a moment, but did not reply. The marked irreverence of my language affected him painfully; but he saw that I was in too reckless a mood to be reasoned with."
After he had finished his study I sat down to think. I felt wicked and unhappy. I knew I had spoken unkindly and ungraciously to my husband, who was unwearied benevolence and gentleness, amid the inconveniences caused by my incompetency, had so often excited my gratitude. Alas! that so much misery could result from the want of a good loaf of bread!

A sudden resolve inspired me.—Without waiting to clear away the breakfast things, I went to a kind old lady in the neighborhood, and after confessing my ignorance, begged to be initiated into the mysteries of bread-making.

"There is no trouble," said the old lady, "if you have good yeast."
"But I have tried yeast and my bread soured."
"You let it stand too long. It must be put into the pans as soon as it is light, and then stand until it begins to come up again."
"But where can I get good yeast?"
"At the bakery. I get mine there. You can't help having good bread if the yeast is right. Only be sure to bake it soon enough."

I was on my way to the bakery a mile distant. The fresh air and pleasant sunshine had their usual influence upon me, and I began to get back my lost courage and cheerfulness.

"After all," I said to myself, "I must succeed if I persevere. I am not naturally dull, and I will learn to make good bread, if it takes me a year."
I procured a pint of yeast and hastened home with my treasure. I determined that the "hoisting" element should not be lacking in quality, so I put into the flour all the yeast I had bought, only adding a cup of milk to soften it sufficiently. It smelt very strong of hops, but I thought that would bake out.

I had scarcely placed it in a warm corner by the stove to rise, when I recollected Mrs. Lee's caution about baking in time to prevent its souring.

"I must run no risk of that, at all events," I said. "I am sure there is yeast enough to raise it, if I bake it directly. It can raise in the oven, to be sure. Dear me, how green it looks! But it will come all right in the baking, I dare say."
So without further delay I placed it in the oven. I would not, if I could, describe its appearance when it came out. I did not wait to test its quality, but threw it almost hissing hot, into that long suffering ditch. I am afraid it is there now. It is many years since I left the place, but I often fancy half a dozen ducks hard at work upon it.

At first he looked much alarmed but he soon comprehended the state of affairs. He came and sat down by me, and drew my head from the hard table upon which it had rested to his shoulder. How soothingly and encouragingly he talked to me. He seemed quite to have forgotten my provoking language to himself, and only to be anxious to comfort me.

After a time I told him of the sad experience of the morning—the long, fatiguing walk, the attempt to obtain instruction, and the hopeless result. It was anything but a funny story to me; but I felt him tremble as I proceeded, and when I concluded with the amiable wish that the ducks might be choked to death if they ever brought that bread up to the light of day, he broke out into a fit of laughter such as I have never seen him indulge in. It was a long time before he was sober enough to speak.

"I think, Hattie," he said, "that you have at least taken one step in the right direction."
"How?"
"Why, after confiding in old Mrs. Lee, it will not now be difficult to tell her of your failure, and to ask for the privilege of mixing a few loaves under her direction. You will easily get the art in this way, and she is too kind to care for the trouble."

"To be sure, Frank. I wonder I did not think of that. I shall try very hard, and you will have a housekeeper yet."
"And you will not sigh for a convent, Hattie?"
"Ah, Frank! It is fortunate that I have a considerate husband. Everybody would not forgive such a temporary exhibition this morning."
We extemporized a lunch to serve for our dinner and then I again set off to visit Mrs. Lee. At last I learned how to make bread.

I would fill many pages with such doleful reminiscences, and should be willing to do so if I could convince one young girl of the importance of practical household knowledge, or make her understand how such comfort and grace of a home depend upon the domestic habits of the mistress. But I will not do so, as I have never stated what a happy tree, that I

can now cook a dinner, clear starch and iron, preserve and pickle, knit stockings and darn them, all in unexceptionable style. If any one doubts it, let him or her come and pass a week at the pretty parsonage in the rural village of Lansdowne.

MAXIMS FOR PARENTS.

"When the ground is soft and gentle, it is time to sow the seed; when the branch is tender we can train it easier; when the stream is small, we can best turn its course."

1. Begin to train your children from the cradle. From their earliest infancy inculcate the necessity for obedience, instant, unhesitating obedience. Obedience is very soon understood even by an infant. Read Prov. 22: 6; Col. 3: 20; Eph. 6: 1-3.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children understand that you mean exactly what you say.—Gen. 18: 19, 1 Sam. 3: 13; 1 Tim. 3: 4.

3. Never give them anything because they cry for it.

4. Seldom threaten; and be always careful to keep your word. Prov. 19: 13; 23: 13, 14; Lev. 19: 3.

5. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.

6. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in a passion. Be as calm as a clock, yet decisive. Prov. 14: 29; 16: 32.

7. Do not be always correcting your children; and never use violent and terrifying punishments. Take the rod. (so Solomon says) let it tingle, and pray God to bless it. A little boy had been guilty of lying and stealing. His father talked with him on the greatness of the sin, told him he must punish him, represented to him the consequences of sin as far worse than his present punishment, and then chastised him. These means were made a blessing to the child, and from that time he shunned both falsehood and dishonesty. A few angry words and violent blows would have produced no such effect. Prov. 13: 24; 22: 15; 29: 15; Eph. 6: 4.

8. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the same circumstances at another. Exod. 20: 12; Prov. 5: 20; 22: 9.

9. Teach them early to speak the truth on all occasions. If you allow them to shuffle and deceive in small matters, they will soon do it in greater, till all reverence for truth is lost. Prov. 12: 16, 22.

10. Be very careful what company your children keep. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."—Prov. 13: 20.

11. Make your children useful as soon as they are able, and find employment for them as far as possible. Prov. 10: 4; 18: 9; 19: 15; Thess. 3: 10.

12. Teach your children not to waste anything; to be clean and tidy; to sit down quietly and in good order to their meals; to have "a place for everything, and everything in its place." 1 Cor. 14: 40; John 6: 12.

13. Never suffer yourself to be amused by an immodest action; nor, by a smile, encourage those seeds of evil, which, unless destroyed, will bring forth the fruits of vice and misery. Eph. 5: 11, 12.

14. Encourage your children to do well; show them you are pleased when they do well. Prov. 1: 8, 9.

15. Teach your children to pray by praying with and for them yourself. Maintain the worship of God in your family if you desire his blessing to descend on you and yours.—Josh. 24: 15; Psalm 101: 2.

16. Impress upon their minds that eternity is before them, and that those only are truly wise who secure eternal blessings. Say, "My child, what concerns you most, what I am most anxious about, is not what you are to be, or to possess here for a little while, but what you are to be, and to have forever." Deut. 6: 7; 2 Tim. 3: 15; Matt. 19: 14.

17. Above all, let all parents be themselves what they would wish their children to be; for it is only by the power of the Gospel of Christ in our own hearts that we shall be enabled to bring up our children for God.

A Matrimonial Card.

I have lived solitary long enough; I want somebody to talk at, quarrel with, then kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open to proposal from young ladies and widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition, and hair of any color but red. As nearly as I can judge of myself, I am not over eighty nor under twenty-five years of age. I am sound in limb and on the nigger question; am very correct in my morals, and first rate at nine pins; have a respect for the Sabbath, and never drink only when invited. Am a domestic animal, and perfectly docile when shirt buttons are all right. If I possess a prodigious virtue, it is that of forgiving every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle. Money is no object, as I never was worried with any and never expect to be.

APPLYING THE TEST.

The following dialogue occurred on the sidewalk of one of the streets in this city: yesterday, between a Democrat and Republican who happened to meet:

Republican.—I have heard it said repeatedly that you are secessh.

Democrat.—Probably you have.—But let us see who is secessh, you or me. I propose that we both go before a Notary Public and each take the oath of allegiance to the Constitution as it is, and of fidelity to the Union as it was before secession began. Will you do it?

Rep.—Hem! Well, I don't know. I think it's hardly worth while.

Dem.—(starting)—Come along—I am ready to take the oath, and if you are not a secessionist, you certainly are. Come, it is but a step to Squire Miller's office, and it will not take ten minutes. I will pay for both. (Republican moves off. Are you not for the Constitution and the Union?)

Rep.—Hem! Yes, if slavery is abolished.

Dem.—Then you are not for the Constitution as it is, for that recognizes the existence of Slavery in the Union. You are, therefore a secessionist. If you are not, you will go with me and take the oath of allegiance to the old Constitution and the old Union. (Exit Republican, sneaking off with both hands behind him, pressing down his coat tail.)—Ohio Statesman.

FATHER AND SON.

"As the old cock crows the young learn." A good story is told of a man and his wife who were almost constantly quarrelling. During their quarrels their only child (a boy) was generally present; and of course heard many of his father's expressions. One day when the boy had been doing something wrong, the mother intending to chastise him called him and said:

"Come here sir; what did you do that for?"

"The boy, complacently folding his arms and imitating his father's manner, said:

"See here, madam, I don't wish to have any words with you."

FAVORITES.

"I have ever found," says a sensible writer, "that the men who are really most fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, nay, reverence them, are seldom most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A true respect for woman leads to respectful actions towards them; and respect is usually a distant action, and this great distance is taken by them for neglect and want of interest."

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A DEMOCRAT AND A REPUBLICAN.

"You Democrats read a complaint that your party doctrine in favor of a hard currency isn't being carried out, for we've got a currency now hard enough in all conscience."
"Yes, this shinplaster system is the hardest kind of a currency."—Hartford Times.

Small Daniel Webster said: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply repaid is its patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the Gazette he takes. It is scarcely possible to fill a sheet without putting in it something that is worthy the subscription price. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those who had access to some good newspapers and those who had not. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence."

Could be Reconciled.—The Duke de Roquelaure was one day told that two ladies of the court had quarreled and very much abused each other.

"Have they called each other ugly?" he asked.

"Very well," said he, "I can reconcile them."

"Well, what next?" said Mrs. Farrington, as like, who was reading the war news—"the pickets were driven in five miles." "Bless my poor soul, but that will make a strong fence. I suppose they had to be driven in deep to keep the Seasoners from digging out under them."

An eminent physician has discovered that the night mare, in nine cases out of ten is produced by owing a bill for a newspaper.

Slang phrases especially when made use of by woman, which they often are, are disagreeable—not to say disgusting.

The right man in the right place.—A husband at home in the evening.