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

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1862.

NEW SERIES .-- VOL. 4, NO. 20.

THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER,

PUBLISHED IN R. W. JONES & JAMES S. JENNINGS,

WAYNESBURG, GREENE CO., PA.

RFOFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

THE WELL

Susscription.—\$1 50 in advance; \$1 75 at the expiration of six months; \$2 00 within the year; \$2 50 after the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1 00 per square for three insertions, and 25 cents a square for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less counted a square.)

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B. M. BLACHLEY, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office-Blackley's Building, Main St. ESPECTFULLY 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, 1362.-1y.

DR. D. W. BRADEN, Physician and Surgeon. Office in the Old Bank Sailting, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—1v.

DR. A. G. CROSS

Wynesburg January 8, 1962.

DR. A. J. EGGY DESPECTFULLY offers his services to the citizens R. of Waynesburg and vicinity, as a Physician and Rargson. Office opposite the Republican office. He happen by a due appreciation of the laws of human life had beath, so native medication, and strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage. April 9, 1886.

DRUGS.

M. A. HARVEY, Druggist and Apothecary, and dealer in Paints and Oils, the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Library for medicinal purposes.

Sept. 11, 1661—17.

MERCHANTS.

WM. A. PORTER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Dome . Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street. tic Dry Goods, Grocer , Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

ANDREW WILSON, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Drugs, Notions, Rardware, Queensware, Stoneware, Looking Glasses, Iron and Nails, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Lain street, one door east of the Old Bank. Sept. 11, 1861—iy.

R. CLARK, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, in the Hamilton House, opposite the Court House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—19.

MINOR & CO., Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Grocories, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green Mouse. Main, street.

Sept. 11, 1861—Iy,

CLOTHING.

N. CLARK, Dealar in Men's and Boys' Clothing, Cloths, Cassi-eres, Satinets, flats and Caps, &c., Main str.et, op-sits the Court House. Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

A. J. SOWERS. Dealer in Men's and Boys' Clothing, Gentlemen's Fur-ishing Goods, Beots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Old ank Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—4m nishing Goods, Beots and Sh Bank Building, Main street.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS. J. D. COSGRAY,

Sect and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite e "Farmer's and Droyer's Bank." Every style of som and Shoes coustantly on hand or made to order. Sept. 11; 1861—1y. N. H. McClellan.

Boot and Shoe maker Blachley's Cerner, Main street. Boots and Shoes of every variety always on hand or made to order on short notice? Sept. 11, 1861—19.

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JOSEPH YATER, Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumeries, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of all singer, and Olit Moulding and Looking Glass Plates. If T. Cach fails or good eating Apples. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

JOHN MUNNELL, Dealer in Arecories and Confectionaries, and Variety leads Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street.

BOOKS, &c. LEWIS DAY,

PLES AND HARMES SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,

Select Moetry.

TO MY HUSBAND.

BY BELLIE Z. SPENCER.

shades are flitting, 'round me like a spell;

Breathes the last tones of the nearest, the fondest and the dearest,

Still within my ears in a tremulous fare-

is hard to think us parted—trusting, trusted-still true-hearted, And that many links may crumble from

the lengthening chain of Time Bre my lips shall feel thy pressing, or my hair the light caressing That have filled my heart with rapture and a love almost sublime.

Ahl our lives have twined together like the vines in sunny weather, And we never thought to part until

death should break the chain ith which golden love had bound us, weaving like a halo round using joys, ignoring pain.

Yet thou'rt gone! Thy country calls thee, Faction's gory cloud enthralls thee, And I never more may look into the blue depths of thine eyes;

ever hear thy loved voice stealing, with its deep, rich freight of feeling, On my ear in gentle murmurs, as the

evening's glory dies. Life seems rife of every beauty, I have scarce a heart for duty,

As I sit here thinking, thinking of thee, darling, far away. Cears are falling fast and faster. Heaven grant that no disaster

May make the gloom eternal that is on my heart to-day.

Yet, in all my pain and sorrow, could I call thee back to-morrow, Dear, my lips should never breaths the

word to hasten thy return; so wildly throbbing I could never quench the spark that on

thy bosom's altar burns. No, my heart may wander, darling-still

I see the diamond sparkling, Of the star that yet shall dawn to bid us hope for peace once more.

infant in its gladness, To think how fond I'll gree the bloody strife is o'er.

['ll not think of death and slaughtertinged with blood the chrystal water Of the purling streams that murmur through the forests of our land,

But of banners proudly streaming, where the camp fires now are gleaming Hear the rolling shout of millions peal from Freedom's fearless band.

See I thee, bold, brave and daring, on thy manly forehead wearing

The shadow of a purpose strong as every pulse of life. ee thee strike the foe before thee, while

the rolling clouds sweep o'er thee, On mid clashing sword and sabre, in the hottest of the strife.

would never have thee falter-better, death or felon's halter

Than to see our cause defeated and nation bound in shame;

ere I a man, grim death should claim me, ere a coward's thought should Or the stigma of inaction rest upon my

Love! God have thee in his keeping ever,

waking or in sleeping; Every hour I breathe a prayer for our country's cause and thee,

And I feel his love will fold thee, till mine eyes again behold thee, In the pride of manly beauty and the

flush of victory.

THE INTERBOGATION POINT .- One day, as Pope was engaged in translating the Iliad, he came to a passage which neither he nor his assistant ing with a sad patience till we meet could interpret. A stranger, who to part no more. stood by, modestly suggested that "there was an error in the print?" adding, "read as if there was no mark | ing a father's love or care. Little | rights as well as their duties. They of interrogation at the end of the line, and you have the meaning at long, and my blue-eyed Edgar will which camp discipline enables some once." Pope's assistant then rendered the passage without difficulty. Pope was chagrined; he could never endure to be surpassed in anything. Turning to the stranger, he said, in a sarcastic tone, "Will you please to tell me what a mark of interrogation holy work. Tell my two mothers I is?" "Why, sir," said the stranger, call God's blessing upon them. I ing at heart that they have been scanning the ill-shaped poet, "it is a wait for you there. Come after me, robbed of a precious right of rest

A quaint old minister, after read. reading his text—"I said in my baste, all men are liars"-began his sermon very thoughtfully : "Ave David. ye said it in your haste, did ye? If ye had lived in these days, and in this putrish; yo' might have said it at shot struck his beart, and he felt to

that asks questions!"

Miscellaneous.

A TOUCHING LETTER. The following letter from an officer of our army to his wife, written just am sitting, idly sitting, where the evening | before going into battle, was read at the Anniversary of the Fulton street And the memory of the past is drawing Prayer-meeting, by Rev. R. W. Clark, of Brooklyn. Its admirable spirit and affectionate and patriotic language will commend it to all of our

"MY VERY DEAR ----: The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days, perhaps to-morrow, and lest I should not be able to write to you again, I feel impelled to write a tew lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more. Our movement may be one of a few days' duration, and full of pleasure, and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. 'Not my will, but thine, O God! be done.' If it is necessary that I should fall on the battle-field for my country, I am ready. I have no misgivings about or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does Every thought and every feeling grasp- not halt or falter. I know how strongly American civilization now leans on the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before as through the blood and sufferings of the Revolution, and I am willing, perfectly willing, to lay down all my joys in this life to help maintain this Government and pay that debt. But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours, and replace them in this life with cares and sorrows-when, after having eaten for long years the bitter fruits of orphanage myself, I must offer it as the only sustenance to my dear little children, is it weak or dishonorable that while the banner of my purpose floats calmly and proudly in the breeze underneath me, unbounded love for you, my darling wife and children, should struggle in fierce though useless contest with my love of country? I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm sum-Tho' I sit so sadly sobbing-with a heart mer Sabbath night, when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them enjoying perhaps the last sleep before that of death, while I am suspicious that death is creeping around me with this fatal dart as I sit communing with God, my country, and you. I have sought most closely and diligently, and ofter, in my heart for a wrong motive for thus And my soul leaps in its sadness, like an hazarding the happiness of those I love, and I could find none. A pure

> "My love for you is deathless; it seems to bind me with mighty cables which nothing but mountains could break, and yet my love of country comes over me like the wind, and bears me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battle-field. The memories of all the happy moments I have spent with you come creeping over me; I feel most grateful to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. How hard it is for me to give them up, and burn to ashes hopes of future years, when, God willing, we might still have lived and loved together, and seen our sons grow up to honor and manhood around us! I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me (perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar) that I shall retgrn to my loved ones unharmed; but if I do not, my dear — , never forget how much I love you. When my last breath escapes me on the battle-field, it will whisper your name. Forget my many faults and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and how foolish I have oftentimes been, and how gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortunes of this world to shield you and your children from harm; but I cannot! I must watch you from the spirit-land, and hover near you while you buffet the streams be said of the "fit food for powder" with your precious little freight, wait- of a portion of the rank and file of

love of my country and the princi

ples I have so often advocated before

the people, and another name of hon-

or that I love more than I fear death,

have called upon me, and I have

obeved.

"As for my little boys, they will grow up as I have done, never know- and religious men-conscious of their Willie is too young to remember me may endure the petty despotism keep my frolics among the dim mem-ories of his childhood. swaggering, swearing, drunken offi-cer to established over them, but ories of his childhood.

"I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care, and in your development of their characters, feel- necessary fatigue of fighting Sunday ing that God will bless you in your little, crooked, contemptible thing and lead thither the little children." The audience appeared to be much devout. They expect to return to affected while the letter was being

> "The officer sent the letter to his wife," said the speaker, and with the made them objects of affection in the morning sun the roll of the trumpet called him to the battle-field. He stains and in their hearts they honwent over to meet the enemy. A er the appropriot piller who seeks to rise no more."

man. In woman there is at once a and profanity. subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really vour friend, will have a sensitive realways desires to be proud of you.-At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious mean pure friendship-those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love, except in the married have that, he need not seek elseand there will be an unheeded gap even its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships, when disparities of years and circum- sister?" stances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely was a great help to his genius; and Montaigue's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wislom the date in which he finds, in tainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essayist, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude and retirement, as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendship is to a man "præsidium et dulce" dows parted carefully in the centre decus"—bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable without it all his ing sun; the bed, with its not less him knowledge of the world.—Bul-

MOBALS OF THE ARMY.

"double quicks." Grant all that may

our ranks of volunteers are crowded

by self-respecting, intelligent, moral

they will detest the despot. They

may perform the unwelcome and un-

service exacted of them; but it will

be under protest, and with the feel-

for the weary, and worship for the

their homes when the war is over:

and they want to carry with them

the mandy Christian virtues which

home-circle, undimmed by camp-

quant, their, morals, and promote their higher wellfare. They know,

Military officers are too apt to for-

It is a wonderful advantage to a and that proper preparation for its there no more, nor a shadow of man, in every pursuit or avocation, casualties does not lie in the pathway to secure an adviser in a sensible wo- of Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness

MY LITTLE BLIND SISTER.

Not many miles from Alderbrook, the dear old home of Fanny Forresgard for your character, honor, re- ter," lived our little blind Nellie.pute. She will seldom counsel to do Long years, dear children, have rolla shabby thing, for a woman-friend ed away, and been numbered with those that are no more, since this little star of light was born in our than your male friend. She there- home, and yet as distinctly as the calloccasionally and pray with him. fore seldom counsels you to an im- events of yesterday, do I remember The minister, however, soon fell prudent thing. By female friendship her birth, and her sad, yet beautiful through this resolution, and did not down a full glass of water taken in this

of good sense and good heart, whom thing of heaven even here on earth; he loves and who loves him. If he the sky so calmly clear, so gloriously where; but supposing the man to be radiant with the morning sun-such without such a helpmate, female as is sometimes tendered as the farefriendships he must still have, or his well to the glad Summer months. intellect will be without a garden, To my bedside came dear grandmamma, and whispered in my ear, "Darling, do you know you have a little

A sister! How, even now, though the flowers bloom over the tomb of this advantage; youth and old age the flowers bloom over the tomb of short. I thought it was not neceshave. We may have female friend-the only being endeared to me by sary to call and pray with Thomas, ships with those much older than our-that most sacred name, still, as then, selves. Moliere's old housekeeper does it make a feeling of yearning, hear me. and send a new thrill of life through every fibre of my being.

Arrayed in my little pink dress, I Marle De Gournay, an adopted, "cer- was led noiselessly into the room, to see my little sister. O what a strange, mysterious thing is a new-born babe! dows parted carefully in the centre, letting in the soft rays of the mornknowledge of books will never give snowy curtains, and the pure white mained unfinished. Yet the thought fragrant chrysanthemums -- every- at which Macaulay broke down, may thing conspiring to render it the most touch many a lesser man more. beautiful spot for the dawning of a

> ings made my heart leap--made me Ah, grandmama! dear old grand-

mamma! as well might you have ts murmuring, or the sonssters to Drumsleekie."-Frazer's Magazine. no more of it. Try it. hush their tuneful notes, as to strive to stay this overflowing fountain of

A few more days, and there fell upon our household a deep gloom.-Did you ever see a blind baby, children? Little sister Nellie was blind!

O'tis a terrible thing to be blind! to be shut out from the beautiful tinted skies and blooming flowers, and never to see the light of our mother's could only weep over little sister .--Father was silent and cold. His pride was wounded at the thought of having a blind child. Thank God! nestled lovingly upon his bosom.

Year by year, most sweet and dear to us she grew. Though blind to all the world, yet she was the light and love of our home, and no joy seemed perfect, save in the presence of little a horse go out without requesting blind Nellie.

one of those majestic steamers that plow the Atlantic. How well do I remember that calm Autumn morning when he left us. He had bade us get that American soldiers are not all farewell, and was standing on the mere "human machines," made to balcony, when Nellie stole to him, stand I shall keep up with the proload and fire Enfields, or perform and with upturned face, beaming with love, whispered-

"You will come come back to all armies, and it remains true that your little bilnd Nellie-wont you.

> "Yes, darling," he answered tenderly; and that strong man stooped down, and with tears pressed a kiss on both her sightless eyes, and with a fervent "God bless you!" stepped hurriedly from the balcony, over the shadows of the cedars, into the great an adjoining hayrick." heart of the restless world.

But from that hour, mirth departed from our fireside. Nellie, formerly so cheerful and gay, grew quiet and listless; her little cheek paled and she seemed like a lamb lost from the fold. It was in vain we moved her into the sunshine. In her slumbers, disturbed by dreams, she would call-"Papa! papa! come to your little blind Nellie !"

A few more weeks, and she lay in our mether's arms, dying ; but even mean."

INFLUENCE OF SENSIBLE WOMEN. / too, that war is death-dealing work, / before she departed, "darkness was doubt," for her little eyes opened to the light of heaven, and she whispered-"Mamma, I see-I see!"-Little Pilgrim.

THE LORD'S NO DEAF.

A poor old deaf man residing in a Fifeshire village was visited one day by the parish clergyman, who had recently taken a resolution to pay such visits regularly to his parishioners, and therefore made a promise to the wife of this villager that he would pay another visit to the deaf man till way. three years after, when happening to It was morning, such a morning go through the alley in which the state. A man's best friend is a wife as makes one feel that there is some- poor man lived, he found the wife at the door, and therefore could not avoid inquiring for her husband. "Well, Margaret," said the minis-

ter, "how is Thomas?" "Nae the better o' you," was the rather curt answer. "How, how, Margaret?" inquired

"Ou, ye promised twa years syne to ca' and pray ance a fortnight wi' him, and ye never ance darkened the

door siu syne.' "Well, well, Margaret, don't be so for he's deaf, you know, and cannot

"But, sir," rejoined the woman, "the Lord's no deaf." And the indolent clergyman shrank abashed from the esttage.

WHEN I AM GONE. Lord Macaulay, a few years before Scotland; something which pleased have often been surprised that men am gone"-there the great man's ily voice faltered, and the sentence re-For when we are gone, my friends, we may leave behind us those who Child reader, have you ever had a own sake, that the 'gone' so linked to be derived from a well conducted little baby sister? If you have, you with one's own name, touches so newspaper? As poor as I am, I can fancy what proud and joyful feel- much. We shall have had enough of would not for fifty dollars a year de-Tom expressed it) "Heaven is better enjoy of reading and hearing my clap my hands and dance about in a than Kentuck." But we can think children read, and talk about what thousand curious little capers, as I of some for whose sake we may wish they have read in the newspasaw this new object of love before me. to put off our going as long as may pers. And then, the reflection that be. "Our minister," said a Scotch they are growing up useful and intel-

rustic, "aye preaches about goin' to ligent members of society. Oh, don't heaven; but he'll never go to heaven | mention the expensespoken to the running brook to cease as long as he can get stoppin' at vance every year, and you will think

IF YOU PLEASE.

When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes universal, more unconquerable, than if you please." These were his last prayer. The child inclines to it with who had commanded the greatest and isolation. Prayer ascends armies in Europe, and was long ac- from young lips which can hardly customed to the tone of authority. eye. My poor mother! for days she conrtesies of life. In all your home talk, remember "If you please."— Among your playmates, don't forget "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "If tion. Wherever men live, in certain how soon she stole his heart, and served than all the cross or ordering under the influence of certain imwords in the dictionary. Don't forget three little words: "If you

Superfluous Caution.—A-stable keeper named Spurr would never let the lads not to drive fast. One day a man called for a horse to attend a My father was appointed captain of funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr; "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why, jest look here, old feller," said the somewhat excited young man, "I want you to undercession if it kills the horse!"

> A QUIET JOKE .- The celebrated John Wesley, with all his ministerial gravity, was addicted to joking once in a while. His servant, Michael Fenwick, complained that his name was never mentioned in the published journal. Wesley, in the next number, said: "I left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under

> Jones and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. The sermon was like a certain man mentioned in a certain biography, "very poor and very pious." "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did much better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then," said Brown.-"True," said Jones; "that is what I

Water Drinking. Improper drinking of water has killed

thousands. There have been instances where thirsty armies, after long marches, have come to some river, when the men would lie down on their faces and quaff an inordinate quantity of water, with these results: some died almost instantly, others became crazy and staggered like drunken men. Avoid drinking water as much as possible while walking. When you feel thirsty, rinse the mouth with water, but do not swallow it. Drink only when resting. Men, when heated, should not drink anything cold. Drink slowly; half a tumbler of water will suffice the thirstiest man in the world, if he drinks by sipe.

DIALOUGE ON NEWSPAPERS

"How does it happen, neighbor B., that your children have made so much greater progress in learning and knowledge of the world than mine? They all attend the same school, and for what I know enjoy equal advantages."

"Do you take the newspapera neighbor A.?"

"No, sir, I do not take them myself. I sometimes borrow one just to read. Pray sir, what have newspapers to do with the education of children ?'

"Why, sir, they have a vast deal to do with it, I assure you. I should as soon think of keeping them from school, as to withhold from them the newspaper; it is a little school in itself. Being new every week, it attracts their attention and they are sure to peruse it. Thus, while they are storing their minds with useful he died, had something presented to knowledge, they are at the same him at a great public meeting in time acquiring the art of reading. I him much. "I shall treasure it," he of understanding should overlook the said, "so long as I live, and after I importance of a newspaper in a fam-

"In truth, neighbor B., I very frequently think that I should like them but I cannot afford the expense."

"Can't afford the expense. What, let me ask, is the value of two or three dollars a year, in comparison cannot well spare us. It is not one's with the pleasures and advantages this world before long; and (as Uncle prive myself of the happiness I now

> PRAYER A UNIVERSAL OHARAC-TERISTIC OF MAN.

Alone of all beings here below, man prays. Among his moral instincts to him in a saucer, and asking if he there is more none natural, more words. How much kindness and a ready decility. The old man recourtesy is expressed by them! He curs to it as a refuge against decay Prayer ascenda murmur the name of God, and from did not despise or overlook the small dying lips, which have scarcely strength to pronounce it. Among every people, famous or obscure, civilized or barbarous, we meet at every step with acts and forms of invocayou please" will make you better circumstances, at certain hours, and pressions of soul, the eyes are elevated, the hands join themselves, the knees bend in order to implore or render thanks-to adore or to appease. With transport or with trembling, publicly or in the secret of his heart, it is to prayer that man applies as the last resource to fill the void of his soul, or to help him to bear the burden of his destiny. It is in prayer that he seeks, when everything else fails him, support for his weakness, consolation in his sorrows, hope for his virtue.—Guizot.

> shocking Affair in Harrisburg. A Child Abducted and Murdered,-On Friday evening a girl of five years amed Mary Elizabeth, daughter (of Emanuel German, of Harrisburg, was missed, and it was subsequently ascertained had been seen in company with a man supposed to have been a discharged soldier. No trace of the child was discovered until Monday forenoon, when two little colored boys discovered her dead body in a swamp near the Cemetery. The child had been shot directly through the throat, carrying away one side of the neck, and

> inflicting a frientful wound. It was also discovered that a knife had been used on her throat. The perpetrator of the marder has not vet been discovered A rumor is circulated that the child was probably mistaken for a daughter of Gov. The Governor has offered a reward of \$1,000 for the arrest of the vH-

> An idle man always thinks he has a right to be affronted if a busy man does not devote to him just as much of his time as he himself has leisure to waste. The truth is, that our social ethics grew into their present form at a time when the pressure upon each man's working powers had not reached to a tenth of its present intensit