A Tamesburg

Messemmer.

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

"When I had laid him in bed, now

"I need not tell you how wild with

-Little Pilgrim.

naked."

practice.

NAKED ARMS AND NECK.

died some years since in Paris, de-

I have often thought if a mother

were anxious to show the soft, white

round hole in the little thing's dress,

Put the blub of a thermometor in a

degrees below the temperature of the

witness the same cure. — Lewis' Gym-

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

came back to his little bed, all safe, and

soon he and his little brother were fast

and fell asleep. He carried her himself

to her chamber, and said, "Nellie would

would not like to go to bed and not say

her prayers." Half opening her large

"Now I lay me down to sleep,

some shabby men about the door, they

were afraid they were bailiffs in search of

one of them. Not knowing which was in

danger, Fox opened the window, and call-

ing to them said, "Pray, gentlemen, are

"giveth his beloved sleep."

asleep again.

Need I say when these currents of

A distinguished physician, who

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1862.

NEW SERIES .-- VOL. 4, NO. 25.

THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER, PUBLISHED BY R. W. JONES & JAMES S. JENNINGS,

WAYNESBURG, GREENE CO., PA.

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The parameter of the

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Ps.
The All business in Greene, Washington, and Fayetta Ceanties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt
stention.
Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

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

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Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

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B. M. BLACHLEY, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEOM.

Office-Blackley's Building, Main St. DESPECTFULLY 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.

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DR. A. G. CROSS

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due appre-sisting of human life and health, and strict attention to bunkliess, to morit a share of public patronage. Waynesburg. January 8, 1862.

DR. A. J. EGGY DESPECTIFULLY offers his services to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, as a Physician and largeon. Office opposite the Republican office. He opes by a due appreciation of the laws of human life and health, so native medication, and strict attention business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage. April 4, 1882.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly,

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N. H. McClellan. Boot and Shoe maker, Blachley's Corner. Main street.

Boots and Shoes of every variety always on hand or and got up into my lap.

Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

Boot and Shoe maker, Blachley's Corner. Main street.

Land got up into my lap.

"'Mamma cry?—mam.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

JOSEPH YATER, Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumeries, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of all sizes, and Git Moulding and Looking Glass Plates. IT—Cash paid for good eating Apples. Sept. 11, 1861—iy.

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SADDLES AND MARNESS. SAMUEL M'ALLISTER, Saddle, Harness and Trunk Maker. old Bank ing Main steam. Bept. 11, 1861—ir

TOBACCOMISTS. MOOPER & HAGER, Malicons and wholesale and retail dealers in the later in

Select Noetru.

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

BY MISS MULOCH.

[From many a household of our stricken land prayers as full of agony and anxious, strained, half-crazed supplication for loved ones periling their lives hy many a river

and stream, the scene of as bloody conflicts as that of Alma, are going up daily and hourly. Who but those watching, waiting, hoping, fearing, know how hard it is to say—"Oh God, Thy will be done?"]

Willie, fold your little hands, Let them drop that soldier toy; Look where father's picture stands-Father, who here kissed his boy

Not two months since-father kind, Who this night may-never mind Mother's sob, my little dear, Call aloud that he may hear, Who is God of battles-say, "Oh, keep my father safe this day,

By the Alma River." Ask no more, child; never heed Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk. Right of nation or of creed, Chance poised victory's bloody work;

Any flag in the wind may roll On thy heights, Sebastopol; Willie, all to you and me Is that spot, where'ereit be,

Where he stands,-no other word! Stand-God, sure the child's prayer heard,-By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells Ringing through the town to-day; That's for victory. Ah, no knell For the many swept away-Hundreds-thousands! Let us weep, We may need not-just to keep

Reason steady in my brain, Till the morning comes again, Till the third dread morning tells, Who they were that fought and fell. By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child, Poor the bed is, poor and hard, Yet thy father, far exiled, Sleeps upon the open sward Dreaming of us two at home;

Or beneath the starry dome, Digs out trenches in the dark Where he buries-Willie, mark-Where he buries those who died Fighting bravely at his side, By the Alma River,

Willie, Willie, go to sleep, God will keep us, O, my boy; He will make the dull hours creen Faster, and send news of joy,

When I need not shrink to mee Those dread placards in the street, Which for weeks will ghastly stare In some eye —Child say thy prayer Once again; a different one;

Say, "Of God, thy will be done By the Alma River."

The Kamily Circle.

GIVING AWAY THE BABY. funeral," said the widow, "and I think over it, and try to realize how for the best; but oh! it's so hard to it could be so. Only the Sunday be- give him up. fore, he had been sitting with me,

"It seemed to me I must see his surely lift the latch and come in, and of my rich neighbors. After considten did-'Mother, what would you take for this little brother?"

"Even the baby missed him, and ter how poor we might be." would come and stand at my knee, my poor heart would break. The and presently Willie saidtwo eldest children were at school: the rest were out playing, so that I the fields, and they won't go to bed

"'Mamma cry?—mamma mustn't:'

and then cry more bitterly. his childish way. She took it off, ied herself out, and was lying on a and gave it to him, saying-

"Won't you come to be my little boy, Charlie?' "My mother's heart took fright at | me at once. once. They had no children, and I seemed to feel as plainly as if they yet smiling all the while to find himhad told me, that they had come to self in my arms.

ask me for one of mine. "'No, no; mother couldn't spare him,' I said, quickly snatching him away, almost rudely, I feer. "My dear woman, began Mr. Los silliest of women; but their cold words religion.

rimer, have you thought seriously of only made me the more determined, the impossibility of your getting and we started back in less than half along with five children, under an hour after we came, I carrying twelve years of age? It has required the baby; Willie offered to help me, all your husband's efforts to make a but I felt as though I could carry living for you—how can you hope to him in my arms forever. do it without him?"

"'We offer,' joined in his wife, 'to fast asleep, but still sobbing, and take the most helpless of your little reaching out his little hands, to feel ones—to give him all the advantages if I was there, I said, 'God helping The hair on his forehead was carelessly we would our own child; and surely me, come what will, I will never part you must see that God's hand is in it with one of my living children again, -that through us He intends to help and I never did.

"I need not tell you how long I joy the rest of the children were withstood all their arguments. But when they found the baby in bed at last overcome by their entreaties, next morning: they almost fought I consented to consider the matter. over the little fellow, and from that In two days, they came for an ans- day forth it was their greatest pleawer. I never mentioned their visit sure to amuse Charlie and have him to any of the children, and I had with them. changed my mind almost every hour since I had seen them. At last con- many blamed me, and many favors vinced that it was for the child's that my rich neighbors might have good, I consented to give him up.— done me they withheld, I think, for When I went to dress him to go, my my folly, as they called it But a gered over every article I put on had always nursed their own chilhim, and every dear curl over and dren, said I did right. We had over before I could get it to please | many trials, and often scarcely a me; and I kissed the little white crust of bread in the house; but our shoulders until they were all rosy. hardships only bound us the more But at length he was ready, and I closely together. thought he never looked so pretty.— He was full of animation, for he was and blessings to me. God took care old enough to know what it meant to of one for me; but as Willie said, we 'go riding,' and he clapped his hands, knew that was for the best. The and laughed aloud at the horses, as rest married in the course of time. they were driven up. I handed him and left me; but the prop of my old soon,) and he never even looked at and comfortable home, has never left Oh, how jealous my aching me since the day I gave him away."

heart grew! "When I came back into the house, the first thing my eye fell on was his cradle. I could only throw myself on it, and sob aloud. Then came the trial of telling the whole truth to clared, "I believe that during the the children. None of them seemed twenty-six years I have practiced reconciled, and I felt that the worst my profession in this city, twenty was to come when the two eldest thousand children have been carried should return from school. I almost to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the dreaded to meet them, especially absurd custom of exposing their arms Willie: he was like his father, so quiet and calm, outwardly, but hiding beneath his apparent coldness the strongest, deepest feelings. But skin of her baby, and would cut a the others went to meet them as they came home, and I was pleasant- just over the heart, and then carry ly disappointed in the way the old- it about for observation by the comest took it. He seemed to feel that pany, it would do very little harm .-I had done it for the best, and that But to expose the baby's arms. he must hide his own sorrow for my members so far removed from the sake. He was more thoughtful for heart, and with such feeble circulamy comfort, gentler than ever, only tion at best, is a most pernicious

very still and grave. "The day ended, as the longest will at last, and it came time to go baby's mouth, and the mercury rises to bed. I had taker Willie to sleep to 99 degrees. Now carry the same down stairs near me. Since his fath- to its little hand; if the arms be bare er's death, the other children and the evening cool, the mercury slept just above us. Well, when will sink to forty degrees. Of course came to lie down, there was all the blood which flows through the empty pillow! Baby had always those arms must fall from 20 to 40 laid his little rosy face as close to mine as he could get it, and slept heart. with one little warm hand on my neck. All my grief broke out afresh when I thought of him. Willie raised

child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I "It was the day after my husband's up at last, and said, earnestly-"'Mother, its Charlie you are cry- add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affection was so stunned by his sudden death ing for, isn't it?' ed at its frequent recurring affect that I could do nothing but sit and "'Yes,' I answered, 'I know it's of the tongue, throat or stomach.

"'Mother,' continued the child, watching the baby, as he sat in the 'when fathor died, we knew it was sunshine laughing and clapping his for the best, because God took him little hands, as the shadows of the from us; but I have been thinking trees were flung across the bare floor, ever since we laid down how poor physician has daily opportunity to and moved by the passing breeze. little Charlie must be crying for Now the child was sitting in the same you, and how God give him to us, to nastics. spot, the warm October sun stream- love him, and keep him; and now ing on his bright curls, and making you have given him away. If he him look so pretty—so like a picture; had meant him to be Mr. and Mrs. but the father was gone from us for- Lorrimer's baby, wouldn't he have given him to them at first?"

"The chiid's words carried more dear face once more—that he would weight with them than the arguments "Oh, if I only had him back, he he cried, saying that he was afraid. Upon

"Mother, it's only half a mile across was quite alone. By and by the ba- for a long time at Lorrimer's: let us by was tired of his play, and came go and get Charlie. Why, mother, I seem to hear him crying now.'

"Urged by the child's entreaties he lisped out, and wiped my wet face | and the foud promptings of my own with his little chubby hands; but I heart, I consented. I think I never could only hold him closer to me, walked half a mile so quickly in my life, and neither of us spoke until we "Just then, Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer reached the mansion. Then we drove up in their handsome carriage. stopped a moment for breath, and They lived not far off, and were our sure enough we could hear baby richest neighbors. When I had in- screaming at the top of his voice. vited them in, and had dried my We went round to the sitting-room blue eyes, she dreamily articulated, tears a little, they seemed at a loss door and knocked. They seemed and went and stood at the lady's hired nurse was walking with the knee, and pointing to her heavy gold child up and down the floor, trying bracelet, said—'Pretty, pretty!' in topacify it. Mrs. Lorrimer had wear

> lounge. "'Come to mother,' Willie said, and he brought the little fellow to were together in a house, when seeing

"How he clung to me, still sobbing,

"'I cannot give him up,' I said, at last, when I could get my voice clear. 'You must let me take him home.' "They evidently thought me the

A confirmed Christian is one that taketh self-denial for the one-half of his

you fox-hunting, or hare-hunting?"

THE PAUPER CHILD'S BURIAL. Stretched on a rude plank the dead pauper

No weeping friends gathered to bear him away; His white, slender fingers were clasped on

parted; No one cared for him, the desolate-hearted; In life none had loved him; his pathway, all sear. Had not one sweet blossom its sadness to cheer.

No fond, gentle mother had ever caressed In tones of affection and tenderness bless-

For ere his eye greeted the light of the "When the affair came to be known, His mother had passed in her anguish away.

Poor little one! often thy meek eyes have resolution almost failed me. I lin. few poor women like myself, that The smiles of affection, of kindness unbought; And wistfully gazing in wond'ring sur-That no one beheld thee with pitying eyes.

> And when in strange gladness thy young voice was heard, "All my children proved comforts As in winter's stern sadness, the song of a Harsh voices rebuke thee, and cowering

in fear.

Thy song was nushed in a sigh and a tear And when the last pang rent the heartto his new mother, (the children supposed that he was to come back management give me this plentiful And burst from thy bosom the last sigh

of pain, No gentle one soothed thee, in love's melting tone, With fond arms around thee in tenderness

Stern voices and cold mingled strange in thine ear With the songs of the angels the dying And thrillingly tender, amid Death's alarms.

her arms. Thy fragile form, wrapped in its coarsest In slumbers as sweet as if pillowed on

Was thy mother's voice welcoming thee to

while on thy coffin the rude clods are pressed,
The Good Shepherd folds the shorn lamb to His breast.

Miscellaneous.

A WIFE ON THE BATTLE FIELD, The following extract from a letter, dated at Corinth on the 16th almost to suffocation. inst., has been published. It vividly blood flow back into the chest, the

I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness. or choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping its arms and hands warms. like a frightened child. Every observing and progressive "But do not wonder at it. Mv

dear husband lies beside me, wounded unto death, perhaps. I have lost all hopes of saving him, though I thank God for the privilege of being his moment beside him. And be-TRUST.—A few nights since, two little sides all this, all around me the sufboys were lying together in their trundle- ferers lie mouning in agony. There bed. Willie, the elder of the two, who has been little time to attend to them, was only six years of age, awoke in the poor fellows! True, the surgeons night, very thirsty. Being told that he are busy all the time, but still the wounded have not been brought in, take our child up, and say, as he of- ering a moment, I said, impulsively— could jump up and get himself some water, and it seems as if the time will never come when our brave boys shall should never go away again, no mat- this his little brother, two years younger bave been made as comfortable as than himself, spoke encouragingly to him, circumstances may permit. It is "The moon was shining so bright and said, "God is wight here, Willie! awful to look around me; I can see Willie!" So Willie jumped up, and went and yet am helpless to aid them any and got himself some water, and then of consequence.

"Since night before last I have not left my husband's side a moment, except to get such things as I required, or to hand some poor fellow a cup A PRAYER.—A father came home from of water. Even as I write, my his business at early evening, and took his heart throbs achingly to hear the as it was the means of procuring Very few people who have never been little girl upon his knee. After a few deep groans and sharp cries about him riches and pleasure, whereas dove-like caresses, she crept to his bosom me. F. is sleeping, and I dare not Desaix loved glory for itself and declose my eyes lest he should die spised everything else. Desaix was while I sleep. And it is to keep wholly wrapped up in war and glory. awake, and in a manner relieve my To him riches and pleasure were over burdened heart, that I am wri- valueless, nor did he give them a moting to you now under such sad au- ment's thought. He was a little. spices.

how to begin the conversation, but balf-frightened when they saw who Charlie had slid away from my side, it was, but asked us in politely. A then adding, in a sweet murmur, "He made on Gen. McArthur's division, despising comfort or convenience. knows the rest," she sank on her pillow, and we could plainly hear the roar When in Egypt I made him a presleaving herself in His watchful care who of the artillery here, as it is about ent of a complete field equipage sev-Charles Fox and his friend Mr. Hare, both much incommoded by duns, had seen F. a moment early in the morning, but wher he bade me good-

condensed in a single sentence.

bye, said hurriedly, as he tore himself away:—'Pray for me, my wife; and if I fall, God protect you!"— There was something in his look and tone which struck a chill to my heart, and every moment after] his breast, knew the fight had begun, I felt as if The pauper child meekly lay taking his he had indeed fallen. I cannot tell myself; I was only thinking of F .-Then I got the word that he had been hotly pursued by the rebels

and had fallen back. "Late in the afternoon I succeeded in gaining a little intelligible information. Poor Gen. Hackleman was shot through the neck, while giving a command, and fell mortally woundo'clock the same night, I have since and much loss of time. learned. Up to the time of receiving the wound he had acted with the greatest bravery and enthusiasm. tempered by a coolness that made every action effective. When dusk conflict I learned that Gen. Oglesby had been dangerously wounded, but could gain no intelligence of my husband. I could not bear the susas it seemed to search for him then,

started out to the battle field. "Oh, how shall I describe the search of that night? It looked like madness. It was madness. But all night long I struggled amongst bleeding corpses, over dead horses, trampled limbs, shattered artilleryeverything that goes to make up the horror of a battlefield when the conflict is over. They were removing the wounded all night. Oh, how awful to stumble over the dead and hear the cries of the wounded and dying alone, and in the night time. I had to start off alone or else they would not have let me go.

"As you may suppose I could not fling on the ground with his great clumsy find him, either amongst the living or the dead. But the next morning, just after sunrise, I came to a little clump of timbers where a horse had fallen-his head shot off and his body half covering a man whom I supposed dead. His face was to the closer, I perceived a faint movement of the body, then heard a faint moan.

I stooped and turned the face upward. The head and face were both covered with blood, but when I turned it to the light I knew it in spite of its disfiguration. Oh God, the

"With a strength I thought importrays the fearful emotions and possible in me, I drew him, crushed mind of an observer during the pro- cass of our poor old horse, whom we gress of the battle, and relates many had both so loved and petted, and harrowing scenes of war which, if dipping my handkerchief in a little given him. Presently Dick said: described, world seem "stranger than pool of water amongst the bushes, fiction:"-"Oh, my friend! how can bathed his face and pressed some I tell you of the tortures that have moisture between his parched, swolnearly crazed me for the last three len lips. He was utterly insensible, days. Pen is powerless to trace, and there was a dreadful wound in words weak to convey one tittle of his head. Both limbs were crushed the misery I have endured. I hopelessly beneath the horse. He thought myself strong before. I was utterly beyond the reach of huhave seen so much of suffering that | man skill to save, but as soon as pos-I thought my nerves had grown sible I had him conveyed to the steady, and I could stand anything; hospital. I have nursed him ever but to-day I am weak and trembling | since, hopelessly and with a heart

breaking with grief. mothers, are to-day mourning the had effectually prevented the adherence dead and dying, even as I mourn my dving! He has not opened his eyes to look at or spoken to me since he fell. Oh! could he but speak to at once patented the invention-had me once before he dies, I should "chalking" machinery contrived, and give him up with more resignation. soon took the lead in the cotton spinning But to die thus-without a look or word! Oh, my heart is breaking!"

DESAIX. Seeing that Desaix is one of the

three Generals named as pattern warriors in the letter of General Scott just given to the public, our calling 'Papa! pspa!' until I thought ly that it was almost as light as day, God is wight here! you needn't be afraid, every imaginable form of suffering, readers will perhaps be gratified if we reproduce Napoleon's estimate of generals I ever had under me," said Napoleon to O'Meara at St. Helena, being dunned for unpaid debts to greatest talents; especially Desaix, as Kleber only loved glory inasmuch black looking man, about an inch "On the morning of the 3d instant shorter than I am, always badly two miles and a half distance only eral times, but he always lost it .-Wrapt up in a cloak, Desaix threw from this place. Oh, the fearful ag- Wrapt up in a cloak, Desaix threw a peasant, who is one handred and ony of that awful, awful day! I himself under a gun and slept as conforty-seven years old, and still hale tentedly as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. dier, and re-married at the age of ceedings, he was called by the Arabs toes. An English farmer recently the just sultan. He was intended remarked that "he fed his land be- by nature for a great general."fore it was hungry, rested it before it There are features in this picture of was weary. and weeded it before it a great general by a greater one that was foul." We have seldom, if ever, we would fain commend to the espeseen so much agricultural wisdom cial study of some of our own gener.

"CHALK YOUR BOBBINS,"

Every one knows that old Sir Robert Peel, father of the late Prime Minister of England, and grandfather of the present Baronet, made his money by cotton spinning. In the early part of his career his business was not remarkably extenhow long it was before I heard that sive, but suddenly he made a tremendous Oglesby's brigade was engaged, but start, and soon distanced all his rivals .it seemed an age to me. After that He grew immensely rich, as we all know, my agony was nearly intolerable .- but we do not all know the lucky accident I never had a thought of fear for to which he was indebted for his enormous wealth.

In the early days of the cotton spinning machinery, a great deal of trouble used to be caused by filaments of cotton adhering to bobbins, or tapes, which then formed portions of looms. These filaments accumulating soon clogged the wheels and other parts of the machinery, and rendered it necessary that they should be ed. He died between ten and eleven cleared, which involved frequent stoppages

The great desideratum was to find out some plan of preventing this clogging by the cotton, and Sir Robert, or Mr. Peel as he was then, spent vast sums in experiments. He employed some of the ablest machinists in the country-among them at last put an end to the first day's James Watt-who suggested various corrections, but in spite of all they could do, the inconvenience remained—the cotton would adhere to the bobbins, and the evil appeared to be insurmountable.

pense: Dark as it was, and hopeless the wages of the operatives, who, on Saturdays, generally came short in proportion to the stoppages during the previous days. It was noticed, however, that one man always drew his full pay-his work was always accomplished—in fact his loom never had to stop, while every other in the factory was idle. Mr. Peel was informed of this, and knew there must be a secret somewhere. It was important that it should be discovered if possible. The man was watched, but all to no

> "pump" him, but they couldn't; at last, Mr. Peel sent for the man into his private office. He was a rough Lancashire man-unable to read or write-little better indeed than a mere animal. He entered the 'presence" pulling his forelock and shuf-

> purpose; his fellow workmen tried to

wooden shoes. "Dick," said Mr. Peel, "Ferguson, the overlooker, tells me that your bobbins are always clean—is that so?"

'Ee's Master, 't be." "Well, Dick, how do you manage ithave you any objection to let me know?" "Why, Master Pill, 't be a soart o' saground, but as I stooped to look cret loike, you see, and if oi told, t' oth-

ward. The head and face were both make all the looms in the factory work

your price, Dick, and let me have your

secret.' Dick grinned, scratched and shook his great head, and shuffled for a few minutes. while Mr. Peel anxiously awaited his reanxious thoughts which torture the and bleeding, from beneath the car- ply. The cotton lord thought his servant would probably ask a hundred pounds or so, which he would have most willingly "Well, Master Pill, I'll tell 'ee all about

it, if you'll give me—a quart o' beer a day as long as I'm in the Mills—you'll save that ten." Mr. Peel rather thought he should, and quickly agreed to the terms

'You shall have it. Dick, and half a gallon every Sunday into the bargain." "Well, then," said Dick, first looking cautiously round to see that no one was near-"this it be," and putting his lips close to Mr. Peel's ear, he whispered :-"Chalk your bobbins!"

That indeed was the great secret. Dick had been in the habit of furtively chalking "Oh! how many wives, how many his bobbins, which simple contrivance of the cotton. As the bobbins were white the chalking had escaped detection. Mr. Peel was a sagacious man, and saw through the affair at a glance. He

his princely fortune. It is but right to add that he pensioned Dick off handsome-.... Poverty.

department. This was the foundation for

Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred .-His income is ten thousand, and by that celebrated officer. "Of all the habit he spends twelve or fifteen thousand, and he suffers enough from "Desaix and Kleber possessed the kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not run in debt, is the happier of the two. rich will believe this, but it is true as God's word. There are people, of course, who are wealthy, and enjoy their wealth, but there are thousands upon thousands, with princely incomes, who never know a moment's peace, because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO VEGETARIANS. -In Moravia there is a man living. and hearty. He was formerly a sol-Upright and honest in all his pro- ninety. He lives on wilk and pota-

> A female poisoner, Constance Wilson, has been sentenced to death in England, for murdering by poison. She administered colchionm, and, it is believed, has, like Dumoliard, filled a cometery by her crimes: