

# The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

J. A. J. BUCHANAN, W. C. LINDSEY,  
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Office on the South side of Main street, in the Old Bank Building.  
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Waynesburg, Pa. April 23, 1862--ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

**PHYSICIANS.**  
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**DR. D. W. BRADEN,**  
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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

**DR. A. G. CROSS**  
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Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

**MERCHANTS.**  
W. M. A. PORTER,  
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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

**R. CLARK,**  
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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, Hats and Caps, &c., Main street, opposite the Court House.  
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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J. D. COSGRAY,  
Boot and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Drover's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.  
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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JOSEPH YATER,  
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## Select Poetry.

### OUR UNION.\*

The flood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned bright Champlain,  
Streams still along the Southern Gulf, and by the Lakes of Maine,  
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand,  
And throbs in hearts, that love and grieve, by dark Atlantic's strand.  
It binds in one vast brotherhood, the trapper of the West,  
With men whose cities glass themselves, in Erie's classic breast;  
And those to whom September brings the fire-side's social hours,  
With those who see December's brow, enwreathed with gorgeous flowers!

From where Columbia laughs to meet the smiling western wave,  
To where Potomac sighs, beside the patriot hero's grave;  
And from the streaming everglades, to Huron's lordly flood,  
The glory of the nation's past, thrills through a kindred blood.

Wherever Arnold's tale is told, it dyes the cheek with shame,  
That glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill, or Moultrie's milder fame;  
And where'er, above the fray, the stars of empire gleam,  
Upon the deck, or o'er the dust, it pours a common stream!

It is a sacred legacy, ye never can divide,  
Nor take from village urchin, nor the son of city pride,  
Nor the hunter's white haired children, who find a fruitful home,  
Where nameless lakes are sparkling, and where lonely rivers roam.

Greeno drew his sword at Etaw: and bleeding Southern feet,  
Trod the march across the Delaware, amid the snow and sleet;  
And lo! upon the parchment where the natal record shines  
The burning page of Jefferson, bears Franklin's calmer lines!

Can ye divide that record bright, and tear the names apart,  
That erst were written boldly there, with plight of hand and heart?  
Can ye erase a Hancock's name, or on the sabre's edge,  
Ur wash out with fraternal blood, a Carroll's double pledge?

Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's hoary height?  
Or can the North give up her boasts of Yorktown's closing fight?  
Can ye divide, with equal hands, a heritage of graves?  
Or rend in twain the starry flag, that o'er them proudly waves?

Can ye cast lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer 'mid the gloom  
That hangs its solemn folds about your common father's tomb?  
Or can ye meet around his grave as fratricidal foes,  
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?

"Ye dare not!" is the Alleghenian thunder-toned decree;  
"Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea;  
Where tropic waves, delighted clasp our flow'ry Southern shore,  
And where, through frowning mountain gates, Nebraska's waters roar!

\*Published originally in the Vicksburg (Miss.) Whig, under the signature of J. B. C. several years ago.

**A Child's Idea.**  
A friend related to us recently a characteristic anecdote of a little child. Some months since, at the time that the Richmond papers made mention of the confirmation of Jefferson Davis in the Episcopal Church, and when it was reported that his health was failing so that he was not probably long for this world, the little girl having heard the matter spoken of in the family, asked her mother whether Jeff. Davis would go to heaven if he died. The mother replied that she did not know anything about it, and declined giving any direct answer. "Well," said the little girl, "there is one thing that I know." Being asked what it was, she said, "I know, if Jeff. Davis goes to heaven, Washington won't speak to him!"

**Statistics of Longevity.**  
The author of a work on the "Curiosities of Civilization" remarks:—It sounds strange to hear that the most healthy class of men are the scavengers, but such is the fact. Of the upper classes, the clergymen live the longest—the physician next—the lawyer next. The gentry may be reckoned as long-lived as the clergy; but the higher aristocracy are below the learned professions; and the members of royal houses, again, average three years less existence than even the aristocracy.—Hodge, under his hedge, has a chance of thirteen years longer life than a Bourbon or Guolph, on the authority of those learned in vital statistics; so that we have contrasts to ponder on in modern times which our ancestors never knew.

**Blessed are they who see the day of glory, but more blessed are they who contribute to its approach.**  
—Sæker.

## Miscellaneous.

### MARRIAGE OF LUTHER.

Luther came to Melancthon's house and requested to see Catharine alone. Margaret hastened to her and gave her the message. She entreated her friend to return with her.  
"That would not do," replied Margaret; "he said expressly alone; he undoubtedly has something very particular to say.—Now, Catharine, take courage and open your heart."  
Poor Catharine went with trembling steps to the presence of Luther.  
"I have sent for you, my child," said he, "to converse on the subject of matrimony. I hope you are convinced it is a holy state."  
"Yes sir," said Catharine.  
"Are you prepared to embrace it?"  
"No sir," she replied.  
"Perhaps you have scruples on the score of monastic vows; if so, I will mark some passages I have written on that subject, that may set your mind at rest."  
Catharine was silent.

"I perceive that I do not make much progress in my purpose. I am little used in these matters, and I had better be direct. Do you mean to abide by your monastic vows, or will you marry, like a rational woman?"  
This direct appeal seemed to arouse her courage.

"Even Dr. Martin Luther has no right," said she, "to ask that question without explaining his motive."  
"Well said, Kate," replied he, laughing. "I must tell you, then. There is a person who would gladly take you, 'for better or for worse.'"  
Catharine's color arose, and her eyes sparkled with additional brightness.

"Now say, has he any chance?"  
"You have not told me who he is," said she, resolutely.  
"And you have not told me whether you have any scruples of conscience on the subject; if you have, God forbid that I should urge you."  
"When I left the convent," said she, in a low voice, "it was because it would have been hypocrisy in me to have remained there. I took the vows ignorantly, and almost by compulsion; I embraced the reformed religion with an inquiring and willing faith. God forgive me, that I so long offered him the worship of my lips while my heart was far from him."  
"And now?" said Luther, after waiting for her to finish her sentence.

"Now," she replied, "I need not ask his forgiveness for worshipping him in spirit and in truth. I am no longer a nun."  
"Well," said Luther, "I suppose this is as direct an answer as I must expect. So, to my purpose."  
But even Luther stopped short, surprised at Catharine's emotion.

"Perhaps, my dear," said he, kindly, "I do wrong in speaking to you myself; I had better commission Margaret. I suppose women converse on these matters better together; and yet, as I have begun, I will finish. The other day, Bodenstein, the nephew of Carolstadt, came to me to solicit my influence with you. He wishes you to marry him. I told him I could have no particular influence with you, unless you have scruples of conscience about marrying. He is a clever young man, and I see no objection. He is very unlike his fanatic uncle."  
He might have talked an hour without receiving a reply. Catharine's manner had changed; there was no longer the emotion of the blush.

"What shall I tell him?"  
"Anything you please," said she, "so that I never see him again."  
"Why, this is strange," said Luther; "you did not seem to have scruples of conscience just now. My dear Catharine, you must not forget that you have no natural relations here, and this young man can be a protector to you."  
"I wish you would not speak of him," replied she.

"Is there any one else that you like better?" asked Luther.  
She made no reply.  
"Nay, speak; I have every disposition to serve you. Has any other person made the same proposition to you?"  
"Yes," said Catharine, with a little womanly pride; "Counsellor Baumgartner has made the same proposals."  
"Do you prefer him?"  
"Yes," she replied, rising; "but I am as happy as I ever expect to be. My friends assure me that I am no burden, and a help to them; and so I wish you good morning."  
Poor Catharine hastened to her room. Her dream was over. Luther, the austere, the insensible reformer, had awakened her from it. Margaret entered while her eyes were yet red with weeping. She tenderly approached and embraced her; but neither exchanged a word.

"There is no hope for Bodenstein," thought Luther; "it is evident Baumgartner is the object. Catharine is a child; if the Elestorides she is without support, except by the labor of her hands, and they do not look as if they were made for labor. I will write to Jerome Baumgartner; he is well known as a young counsellor at Nuremberg."  
Accordingly he wrote:  
"1524, Oct. 12.  
"If you would obtain Catharine von Borne, hasten here before she is given to another who proposes for her. She has not yet conquered her love for you. I shall rejoice to see you united."  
"LUTHER."  
The young counsellor received this letter with surprise and incredulity. The positive refusal of Catharine, some months before, had left no doubt on his mind, and he thought the wisest plan was to enclose the letter to her, and to inquire whether it was written with her sanction.

In the meantime, Luther's friends began to urge him to marry, particularly Melancthon. "You preach," said he, "what you do not practice."  
He protested, however, that he would not be caught in the snare; that his time was now fully occupied.

When Catharine received the letter from her former lover, she was filled with astonishment, and requested Margaret to speak to Luther on the subject. He said he had done what he thought was right and would be agreeable to all parties; but he found there was one science he did not understand—the heart of a woman.

"That is true," said Margaret, "or you would long since have perceived that Catharine's was yours; and now the mystery is out."  
It required all the evidence to convince Luther of the truth of this assertion: he was forty, and Catharine but little more than half the number of years; that she could prefer him to her young suitors seemed to him incredible. Margaret, however, had said it, and a new life opened to Luther, in the affection of a young and beautiful woman.

When he spoke to Catharine again on the subject of matrimony, he was more successful than before. He learned the history of her long attachment, which had become so much the reverie of her silent hours. The betrothment took place, and very soon the marriage followed.

**A Bat Proof Smokehouse.**  
The rats can be excluded from the smokehouse at a trifling cost by observing the following directions: In the first place, build your house of brick or stone, excavate the earth within the foundation to the depth of 12 or 15 inches. With rock well broken, (such as is used for macadamizing) spread the broken rock six inches deep, and thoroughly saturate with thin lime and sand mortar.—When this becomes hard, add another coat of rock 8 inches thick and saturate as before. Then tin the bottom and edges of the door, and the protection is complete. Three wagon loads of rock, and one of sand and ten bushels of lime, are sufficient for any ordinary sized smokehouse. So says a writer in the Valley Farmer.

### SAGACITY OF ELEPHANTS.

The following story is almost too good to be true, but we find it in one of our religious exchanges, given as authentic. It shows that elephants have a sagacity which approaches very near to reason, and it might puzzle even a shrewd metaphysician to draw the line of separation between the two:

Some Indian soldiers stationed at an outpost near Fort de Galle, in Ceylon, to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice, were suddenly sent away a few miles in order to quiet some unruly villagers. Two of the party happened to remain. No sooner had the soldiers withdrawn than a herd of wild elephants, which had been long noticed in the neighborhood, made their appearance in front of the granary.—They had been preceded by a scout, which returned to the herd, and having no doubt satisfied them that the coast was clear, they advanced at a brisk pace toward the building.—When they arrived within a few yards of the inclosure, quite in martial order, they made a sudden stand, and began deliberately to reconnoiter the object of their attack. Nothing could be more wary and methodical than their proceedings. The walls of the granary were of solid brick-work, very thick; and the only opening into the building was in the centre of the roof, to which the ascent was by a ladder. On the approach of the elephants, the two astonished spectators clambered up into a lofty banyan tree to escape mischief. They were so completely screened by the foliage of the tree that they could not be perceived by the elephants, though they could see very well what was going on below. Thick brick walls were obstacles which seemed at once to call forth the strength and sagacity of these dumb robbers. Nothing daunted by the greatness of difficulty which they had to surmount, they began their operations at the angles of the building. A large male elephant, with tusks of an immense size, labored for some time to make an impression; but after awhile his strength was exhausted, and he retired. The next in size and strength advanced, and exhausted his exertions, with no better success. A third then came forward, and applying those tremendous levers with which his jaws were armed, and which he wielded with such prodigious might, at length succeeded in dislodging a brick. An opening once made, other elephants advanced, when an entrance was soon obtained sufficiently large to admit them. As the whole herd, could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small bodies of three or four. When they had taken their fill, they retired, and their places were immediately supplied by the next in waiting, till the whole herd upward of twenty, had made a full meal. By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, which was readily understood, and those that were still in the building immediately rushed out and joined their companions. One of the first division, after retiring from the granary, had acted as sentinel, while the rest was enjoying the fruits of their sagacity and perseverance. He had so stationed himself as to be enabled to observe the approach of an enemy, and upon perceiving the troops as they returned from the village he sounded a signal of retreat, when the whole herd flourishing their trunks, moved rapidly into the jungle. The soldiers, on their return, found that the animals had devoured a greater part of the rice. A ball from a field piece was discharged at them in their retreat; but they only wagged their tails, as if in mockery, and soon disappeared in the recesses of their native forests.

**Sixty Years of Married Life.**  
A few days since the Rev. David Lewis, of Newark, Ohio, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his marriage. A very large assemblage of relatives and friends were present, including those from Vermont and Massachusetts. The respective ages of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were eighty and seventy-nine. Two visitors from the Eastern States had numbered, one seventy-eight years, the other eighty, and all seemed to enjoy almost the vigor of youth. This happy meeting took place at the residence of Dr. Miner, and the hostess on this occasion was dressed in a bridal robe of her mother's, worn sixty years ago, with sleeves to the elbow, short waisted and flowing train, and a cap of corresponding antiquity. Upon the table was spread the beautiful wrought linen, the handiwork of that mother in her maiden days, and graced with the same antique blue china ware. Here were the same mugs that contained the sparkling cider, the tall coffee pot, and the same tea pot that was by its side, with its surrounding group of cups, and even the tiny silver spoons that had been used at the marriage feast.

**Origin of the Seckel Pear.**  
The uniform and universal excellence of this pear no intelligent person will doubt, but its origin is not so fairly undisputed. In this respect it ranks with the Delaware grape.—A correspondent of a Minnesota paper says that in the year of 1761, a Frenchman, banished from his native country, came to America, and settled on a point of land below Philadelphia. Not long after he had built his cabin, he observed a young pear tree growing up near his door. He guarded it until it came to age of bearing fruit, when he was rejoiced to find the product of superior quality. He carried a few to market, where they found ready purchasers. And so on for ten or fifteen years his seedling pear tree brought him a handsome little income. The Frenchman kept the whereabouts of the tree a secret as long as possible, and when it was discovered, he forbade citizens to be taken from it. As he always kept an old sickle hanging on a limb of the tree, it came to be called the Sickle tree, and hence the Seckel. In the year 1821, he died, and bequeathed his little home and favorite tree to Stephen Girard by will. The original tree is believed to be still alive.

**Singular Death of a Scotch Minister.**  
The Edinburgh Courant says:—Last week there died in the Fever Hospital, Dunfermline, a man fifty-five years of age, named Andrew Hutton, better known in the western district of Fife as the "African Chief." For a number of years he has lived in the most miserly manner, hardly allowing himself enough of food to sustain life, and the little he did take was of the coarsest description.—Many amusing stories are told of his parsimonious habits. The immediate cause of death was eating the leaves of ash trees. He had been walking along the edge of a field bordered by these trees, on the fallen leaves of which the cows were feeding greedily. He thought the animals seemed fat, and that if the leaves were good for them they could not be bad for him. He accordingly gathered a quantity and took them home, and after boiling them, fed on them for several days. The consequence was that he was taken ill and removed to the hospital, where he died after some days of great suffering. On searching his house after death the relatives came upon an old tea-kettle, in which was found a check for £70, the interest on which had been accumulating for seventeen years, and a book showing a balance of £61 to his credit in the National Security Saving Bank. Several £1 notes, and a great quantity of loose money in half crowns, shillings and smaller coins were also found in the most out-of-the-way places. Hutton was also possessed of considerable property in Dunfermline. He was a great reader, and well versed in several languages.

**FATHER WALDO IN ALBANY.**  
Rev. Dr. Sprague gives the New York Observer an interesting account of the venerable Daniel Waldo's late visit to Albany. The old gentleman preached, the first Sabbath after his one hundredth birthday, in Dr. Sprague's pulpit, and of the sermon the Doctor says:  
"As the notice that he was to preach had been previously given through one or more of our newspapers, many were drawn from other congregations, so that he found himself in a crowded house. He performed the whole service, with the exception of the invocation and reading of the Scriptures and hymns, and he went through the whole with so much ease and appropriateness, that I venture to say that not a person present, who had been ignorant of his age, would have fixed it at a day beyond eighty; and I have heard several say that they would not have supposed him more than seventy-five. His sermon, which had just been written, was from Psalm 34: 11, 14; and he read it with much more ease than I expected, though he occasionally left his manuscript and extemporized. The main design of it was to furnish a recipe for a long life; it occupied about thirty-five minutes in the delivery; and from beginning to end he was listened to with earnest and unabated attention. One of his most intelligent hearers remarked, that it would have been a good sermon for a man of any age; but for one a hundred years old, it was truly marvelous. On his return from church, he showed no signs of fatigue, and said that he felt none; and, but for the imperfection of his sight, he expressed the confident belief that he could preach three times on a Sabbath without any inconvenience. He has remarked also that he believed he could walk ten miles a day on level ground, if he might take his own time for it; and I have seen nothing to lead me to doubt the correctness of his opinion. He attended church in the afternoon, but took no part in the service."  
"Father Waldo, I have always found full of interesting incidents illustrative of the past, but have never seen him when his communications have been more interesting, or his memory has seemed more trustworthy, than during his late visit."

**VANITY REBUKED.**  
The celebrated Robert Hall once visited London for the purpose of hearing the noted Dr. Mason, of New York, deliver a discourse before the London Missionary Society.—The extraordinary effect which the masterly address produced was the theme for the time of general observation, and Hall was among the most enthusiastic of its admirers. Shortly after his return to Leicester, a certain clerical gentleman made him an accidental visit, when Mr. Hall requested him to officiate in his pulpit that evening, assigning as a reason that he had just returned from London oppressed with a sense of the wonderful eloquence of Dr. Mason of New York. The visitor affected a desire to be excused preaching before so distinguished a scholar as Mr. Hall. The latter, however, would take no denial, insisting that if he did not, there would be no sermon that evening.

Our clerical novice, who is described as "a little pompous personage—a man of great verbosity and paucity of thought"—at length acceded to the request, and ascended to the pulpit. At the close of the services, Mr. Hall, with great warmth of feeling, thanked him for his discourse, which he said had given him more comfort than any sermon he had ever heard in his life. This assertion inflamed the vanity of the one, and provoked the sarcasm of the other. The former, with ill-concealed eagerness, urged Mr. Hall to state what there was in the effort that afforded him so much pleasure. He replied, "Sir, I have just returned from hearing that great man, Dr. Mason, of New York. Why, sir, he is my very beau ideal of a minister. He reminds me more strongly than any other of our day, of what one might suppose the Apostle Paul to have been. Such profound thought, such majesty of diction, and such brilliancy of illustration I have never heard equalled; and it left me with such an overpowering conviction of my own insignificance, that I resolved never to enter the pulpit again;" and rising up, he energetically exclaimed: "but thank God, I have heard you, sir, and I feel myself a man again."

"President" Jeff. Davis has sent a telegraphic dispatch to his Commander of the trans-Mississippi department, ordering him to demand the surrender of the Missouri General McNeil, who shot ten rebel bushwhackers at Palmyra, and in case of refusal, to execute ten United States officers in retaliation. "If this path is once entered upon," remarks a contemporary, "the consequences can not be foreseen."

### WEBSTER AND WIRT.

Daniel Webster was once engaged in a case in one of the Virginia courts, and the opposing counsel was William Wirt, author of the *Life of Patrick Henry*, which has been criticised as a brilliant romance.

In the progress of the case Mr. Webster produced a highly respectable witness, whose testimony (unless disproved or impeached) settled the case, and annihilated Mr. Wirt's client. After getting through the testimony he informed Mr. Wirt, with a significant expression, that he was through with the witness, and he was at his service. Mr. Wirt rose to commence the cross-examination, but seemed for a moment quite perplexed how to proceed, but quickly assumed a manner, expressive of his incredulity as to the facts elicited, and coolly eyeing the witness a moment, he said:—

"Mr. K—, allow me to ask you whether you have ever read a work called *Baron Munchausen*?"  
Before the witness had time to reply, Mr. Webster quickly rose to his feet and said:—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wirt, for the interruption; but there was one question I forgot to ask the witness, and if you will allow me that favor I promise not to interrupt you again."  
Mr. Wirt, in the blandest manner, replied, "Yes, most certainly;" when Mr. Webster, in the most deliberate and solemn manner, said:—

"Sir, have you ever read Wirt's *Patrick Henry*?"  
The effect was so irresistible that even the judge could not control his rigid features. Mr. Wirt himself joined in the momentary laugh, and turning to Mr. Webster, said, "Suppose we submit this case to the jury without summing up?" which was assented to, and Mr. Webster's client won the case.

**Origin of the Seckel Pear.**  
The uniform and universal excellence of this pear no intelligent person will doubt, but its origin is not so fairly undisputed. In this respect it ranks with the Delaware grape.—A correspondent of a Minnesota paper says that in the year of 1761, a Frenchman, banished from his native country, came to America, and settled on a point of land below Philadelphia. Not long after he had built his cabin, he observed a young pear tree growing up near his door. He guarded it until it came to age of bearing fruit, when he was rejoiced to find the product of superior quality. He carried a few to market, where they found ready purchasers. And so on for ten or fifteen years his seedling pear tree brought him a handsome little income. The Frenchman kept the whereabouts of the tree a secret as long as possible, and when it was discovered, he forbade citizens to be taken from it. As he always kept an old sickle hanging on a limb of the tree, it came to be called the Sickle tree, and hence the Seckel. In the year 1821, he died, and bequeathed his little home and favorite tree to Stephen Girard by will. The original tree is believed to be still alive.

**Singular Death of a Scotch Minister.**  
The Edinburgh Courant says:—Last week there died in the Fever Hospital, Dunfermline, a man fifty-five years of age, named Andrew Hutton, better known in the western district of Fife as the "African Chief." For a number of years he has lived in the most miserly manner, hardly allowing himself enough of food to sustain life, and the little he did take was of the coarsest description.—Many amusing stories are told of his parsimonious habits. The immediate cause of death was eating the leaves of ash trees. He had been walking along the edge of a field bordered by these trees, on the fallen leaves of which the cows were feeding greedily. He thought the animals seemed fat, and that if the leaves were good for them they could not be bad for him. He accordingly gathered a quantity and took them home, and after boiling them, fed on them for several days. The consequence was that he was taken ill and removed to the hospital, where he died after some days of great suffering. On searching his house after death the relatives came upon an old tea-kettle, in which was found a check for £70, the interest on which had been accumulating for seventeen years, and a book showing a balance of £61 to his credit in the National Security Saving Bank. Several £1 notes, and a great quantity of loose money in half crowns, shillings and smaller coins were also found in the most out-of-the-way places. Hutton was also possessed of considerable property in Dunfermline. He was a great reader, and well versed in several languages.

**FATHER WALDO IN ALBANY.**  
Rev. Dr. Sprague gives the New York Observer an interesting account of the venerable Daniel Waldo's late visit to Albany. The old gentleman preached, the first Sabbath after his one hundredth birthday, in Dr. Sprague's pulpit, and of the sermon the Doctor says:  
"As the notice that he was to preach had been previously given through one or more of our newspapers, many were drawn from other congregations, so that he found himself in a crowded house. He performed the whole service, with the exception of the invocation and reading of the Scriptures and hymns, and he went through the whole with so much ease and appropriateness, that I venture to say that not a person present, who had been ignorant of his age, would have fixed it at a day beyond eighty; and I have heard several say that they would not have supposed him more than seventy-five. His sermon, which had just been written, was from Psalm 34: 11, 14; and he read it with much more ease than I expected, though he occasionally left his manuscript and extemporized. The main design of it was to furnish a recipe for a long life; it occupied about thirty-five minutes in the delivery; and from beginning to end he was listened to with earnest and unabated attention. One of his most intelligent hearers remarked, that it would have been a good sermon for a man of any age; but for one a hundred years old, it was truly marvelous. On his return from church, he showed no signs of fatigue, and said that he felt none; and, but for the imperfection of his sight, he expressed the confident belief that he could preach three times on a Sabbath without any inconvenience. He has remarked also that he believed he could walk ten miles a day on level ground, if he might take his own time for it; and I have seen nothing to lead me to doubt the correctness of his opinion. He attended church in the afternoon, but took no part in the service."  
"Father Waldo, I have always found full of interesting incidents illustrative of the past, but have never seen him when his communications have been more interesting, or his memory has seemed more trustworthy, than during his late visit."

**VANITY REBUKED.**  
The celebrated Robert Hall once visited London for the purpose of hearing the noted Dr. Mason, of New York, deliver a discourse before the London Missionary Society.—The extraordinary effect which the masterly address produced was the theme for the time of general observation, and Hall was among the most enthusiastic of its admirers. Shortly after his return to Leicester, a certain clerical gentleman made him an accidental visit, when Mr. Hall requested him to officiate in his pulpit that evening, assigning as a reason that he had just returned from London oppressed with a sense of the wonderful eloquence of Dr. Mason of New York. The visitor affected a desire to be excused preaching before so distinguished a scholar as Mr. Hall. The latter, however, would take no denial, insisting that if he did not, there would be no sermon that evening.

Our clerical novice, who is described as "a little pompous personage—a man of great verbosity and paucity of thought"—at length acceded to the request, and ascended to the pulpit. At the close of the services, Mr. Hall, with great warmth of feeling, thanked him for his discourse, which he said had given him more comfort than any sermon he had ever heard in his life. This assertion inflamed the vanity of the one, and provoked the sarcasm of the other. The former, with ill-concealed eagerness, urged Mr. Hall to state what there was in the effort that afforded him so much pleasure. He replied, "Sir, I have just returned from hearing that great man, Dr. Mason, of New York. Why, sir, he is my very beau ideal of a minister. He reminds me more strongly than any other of our day, of what one might suppose the Apostle Paul to have been. Such profound thought, such majesty of diction, and such brilliancy of illustration I have never heard equalled; and it left me with such an overpowering conviction of my own insignificance, that I resolved never to enter the pulpit again;" and rising up, he energetically exclaimed: "but thank God, I have heard you, sir, and I feel myself a man again."

"President" Jeff. Davis has sent a telegraphic dispatch to his Commander of the trans-Mississippi department, ordering him to demand the surrender of the Missouri General McNeil, who shot ten rebel bushwhackers at Palmyra, and in case of refusal, to execute ten United States officers in retaliation. "If this path is once entered upon," remarks a contemporary, "the consequences can not be foreseen."

**Blessed are they who see the day of glory, but more blessed are they who contribute to its approach.**  
—Sæker.

**A Bat Proof Smokehouse.**  
The rats can be excluded from the smokehouse at a trifling cost by observing the following directions: In the first place, build your house of brick or stone, excavate the earth within the foundation to the depth of 12 or 15 inches. With rock well broken, (such as is used for macadamizing) spread the broken rock six inches deep, and thoroughly saturate with thin lime and sand mortar.—When this becomes hard, add another coat of rock 8 inches thick and saturate as before. Then tin the bottom and edges of the door, and the protection is complete. Three wagon loads of rock, and one of sand and ten bushels of lime, are sufficient for any ordinary sized smokehouse. So says a writer in the Valley Farmer.

**Sagacity of Elephants.**  
The following story is almost too good to be true, but we find it in one of our religious exchanges, given as authentic. It shows that elephants have a sagacity which approaches very near to reason, and it might puzzle even a shrewd metaphysician to draw the line of separation between the two:

Some Indian soldiers stationed at an outpost near Fort de Galle, in Ceylon, to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice, were suddenly sent away a few miles in order to quiet some unruly villagers. Two of the party happened to remain. No sooner had the soldiers withdrawn than a herd of wild elephants, which had been long noticed in the neighborhood, made their appearance in front of the granary.—They had been preceded by a scout, which returned to the herd, and having no doubt satisfied them that the coast was clear, they advanced at a brisk pace toward the building.—When they arrived within a few yards of the inclosure, quite in martial order, they made a sudden stand, and began deliberately to reconnoiter the object of their attack. Nothing could be more wary and methodical than their proceedings. The walls of the granary were of solid brick-work, very thick; and the only opening into the building was in the centre of the roof, to which the ascent was by a ladder. On the approach of the elephants, the two astonished spectators clambered up into a lofty banyan tree to escape mischief. They were so completely