

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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Physician and Surgeon, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He boasts of a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to business, so as to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
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April 8, 1862.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Noodles, Cakes, Pastries, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of all sizes, and all kinds of Goods, at reasonable prices.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Dealers in Choice and Virginia and local tobaccos, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

Select Poetry.

No night distills
Its chilling dew upon the tender frame;
No morn is needed there! the light which
fills
The land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep--
No bed of death enduring love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No withered flower,
Or blasted bud, celestial gardener know:
No scorching blast or fierce descending
shower,
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle word
Startles the sacred hosts with fear and
dread;
The song of peace, Creator's morning
heard,
Is sung wherever angels' footsteps tread.

Let us depart,
If homelike this awaits the weary soul!
Look up, thou stricken one! thy wounded
heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern con-
trol.

With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to tread the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling
tide,
And find the heaven of eternal day?

Miscellaneous.

PESTILENCE ADDED TO FAMINE.
Fever is added to the famine in the Lancashire district. The London *Lancet*, a good medical authority, says:--"The true spotted typhus, the formidable 'famine fever,' the dire pestilential concomitant of wide-spread and prolonged dearth, is slowly but most surely extending its ravages amongst the population of the town. Within the past fortnight the number of cases of the malady has been doubled; and the history of the outbreak throughout, so far as we have as yet ascertained the particulars, is most significant of the future. In July, one or two instances of true typhus were recorded. In August, eight cases occurred. In September, upwards of forty were registered; in October, fifty-one. Now the number has reached, if not exceeded, one hundred and forty. It is evident from the figures, that the activity of the disease is steadily becoming greater and its sphere of action wider; and sooner or later the time must come, if human help be powerless, or too long delayed to stave off the disaster, when, from the sure results of inanition the famine-stricken population will become as apt to receive and propagate the deadly infection as tinder to receive and propagate flame.

A very talkative person, who had wearied the temper of Mr. Abernethy, who was at all times impatient of gabble, was told by him, the first moment he could get a chance of speaking, to be good enough to put out her tongue. "Now, pray, madam," said he, playfully, "keep it out." The hint was taken. He rarely met with his match; but on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for by an innkeeper, who had had a quarrel with his wife, and who had scratched his face with her nails, so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Mr. Abernethy lost no time in offering his services, and he went to the inn. Upon examination, some envelopes were found in this poor fellow's pockets, directed to his brother! Here, then, lay my brother, without any doubt! A terrible sensation passed over me. I sat by him for some time in great agony of mind. We had gone into the company together to share each other's joys and sorrows: now he was gone forever! Finally, looking around me upon the scattered slain, I said to myself:--"This is not the place for man to weep. Take thou, O God of battles, the sacrifice I make. Here are forty-two of the 105th slain in defending the right. All these we surrender up to thee!" I clipped a lock of my brother's hair as a parting token. Then with my own hand I helped dig his grave, wrapped him in his blanket, carved his name upon an oak board, and holding it up as a testament, saw his body laid in the ground.

An old Scotch minister was often obliged to avail himself of the aid of probationers. One day a young man, vain of his oratorical powers, officiated, and on descending from the desk, was met by the elder with extended hands, and exhorting high praise, he said, "No compliments, I pray." "No, no, no," said the minister, "I am glad to see you here."

Keep Sheep.

Perhaps this counsel is supererogatory just at this time. All wool-growers and their neighbors are fully aware that at present prices, few if any other branches of agricultural industry are more remunerative. The unprecedented demand for woolen goods consequent upon the necessities of the immense armies now in the field and being raised, is still further enhanced by the scarcity of cotton, which brings woolen fabrics into more general use. How long this exceptional state of things may continue, it is impossible to predict with certainty, but there is good reason to suppose that even if the long wished for peace should be proclaimed within the next six months, the demand for woolens will almost certainly be such as to give a paying return for investment in sheep. One fact alone speaks volumes in favor of sheep raising. There has been imported into the United States from foreign countries, wool and woolen goods to the average amount of \$35,000,000, to \$4,000,000 for the last three years; equivalent to the yield of at least 13,000,000 sheep. It is stated by Daniel Needham of the Vermont Wool-Growers' Convention, that the average annual increase of population in this country requires the wool of 3,000,000 sheep. If these figures be only approximately correct, they demonstrate the slight danger of an overstock of sheep for many years to come. The present and prospective high tariff will keep up the price of American wool to much higher figures than have prevailed hitherto.

The scarcity of mutton has, as would be expected, been aggravated by the rise in wool. We say aggravated, because year by year before the breaking out of the war, it had been more and more difficult to procure a supply of good mutton at reasonable prices. At present this article is one of the luxuries. Very wisely, few care to sell when prospects for keeping are so good. Even if the wool market should return to its ordinary level, or below it, there is abundant encouragement for sheep raising.

Of course, each must be governed by the circumstances of his locality, both in deciding to invest in sheep, and also as to the best breeds.-- Thus, the average cost per head per annum, of keeping sheep, is estimated as follows: In Illinois 60c; Iowa, 75c; Michigan, 85c; Pennsylvania, 50c; Maine, 81; California, 75c; Vermont, \$1.30.

In Vermont, after trying almost every breed, the majority of wool-growers give the preference to the Spanish Merino, as yielding the largest return for wool. Where mutton is the principal object, as in the large cities, larger middle wool breeds, like the Southdown, are preferable. The latter breed probably combine the desiderata of both wool and mutton in a higher degree than any other raised in this country. With the additional security which the tax upon dogs will give, we may safely say the prospects of the sheep interest in this country are better than before. A word to the wise is sufficient.

AN AFFEETING INCIDENT.

An Oberlin College student, now Lieutenant in the 105th Ohio Volunteers, writes as follows from Munfordville, Ky., the last of October:-- Arriving the day after the battle, I found seven of my company in camp. The rest were killed, wounded, or scattered. Of the six hundred of the 105th who went into the engagement, one hundred and seventy-three were killed or wounded.

On the 10th inst. I helped bury the dead from our regiment. Among the forty-two we buried, I recognized many who seemed near and dear to me. One had been struck in the face by a shell; there it burst, blowing off his face altogether, and the inner portions of his head through the back part of it. His right hand was blown off at the wrist; his left arm badly mangled between the shoulder and elbow, mostly blown away from the elbow to the wrist, and the hand just hanging to the poor boy by one or two tendons.

My mind was filled with anxious thoughts for my brother, who was in the same company with me, and was still missing since the battle. Upon examination, some envelopes were found in this poor fellow's pockets, directed to my brother! Here, then, lay my brother, without any doubt! A terrible sensation passed over me. I sat by him for some time in great agony of mind. We had gone into the company together to share each other's joys and sorrows: now he was gone forever! Finally, looking around me upon the scattered slain, I said to myself:--"This is not the place for man to weep. Take thou, O God of battles, the sacrifice I make. Here are forty-two of the 105th slain in defending the right. All these we surrender up to thee!" I clipped a lock of my brother's hair as a parting token. Then with my own hand I helped dig his grave, wrapped him in his blanket, carved his name upon an oak board, and holding it up as a testament, saw his body laid in the ground.

A NOBLE BOY.

The spirit that is steadfast amid trial in devotion to principle, always commands the esteem of good men.

The person who is willing to be made the butt of ridicule, rather than yield to that which he believes to be wrong, is worthy of all praise.

A little drummer boy in one of our regiments, who had become a great favorite with many of the officers, by his unremitted good nature, happened, on one occasion, to be in the officer's tent when the banner of the soldier's life was passed around. A captain handed a glass to the little fellow, but he refused it, saying, "I am a cadet of intemperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now. I insist on it. You belong to our men to-day, and cannot refuse."

Still the boy stood firm on the rock of total abstinence, and held fast to his integrity.

The captain, turning to the major, said:-- "If is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major, playfully; and then assuming another tone, added:-- "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders."

The little hero, raising his young form to its full height, and fixing his clear blue eyes, lit up with unusual brilliancy, on the face of the officer, said:--

"Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army I promised my dear mother, on my bended knees, that by the help of God I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders; but I would rather suffer, than disgrace my mother, and break my temperance pledge."

That major and his associates are still in the army, but the little drummer boy is a wounded sufferer in the hospital at West Philadelphia.--S. S. Times.

A Singular Case of Nervous Sympat y.

A singular story is related of an occurrence in a cotton mill in Lancashire, in 1781. A girl put a mouse into the bosom of another girl who had a great dread of mice. She was instantly thrown into convulsions, which lasted 24 hours. The next day two more girls were thrown into similar convulsions, and the following day six more. A physician was sent for, but before he arrived twenty-three girls had been seized in the same way, and one man who had been employed in holding them during the first. The work in the factory was stopped, and the idea prevailed that some disease had been introduced by a bug of cotton which had recently been opened. This conviction spread through the country, and three more factories, four or five miles distant were infected although the workers in them had never seen any of the original patients, but, like them, were impressed with the belief that the plague had been caught from the cotton.

The convulsions were so violent as to require four or five persons to prevent the sufferers from dashing their heads against the wall. The doctor betought him of trying the effects of electric shocks, and the application was uniformly successful. As soon as a few had been relieved and the disorder was thus shown to be a nervous affection easily cured, and not introduced by the cotton, no fresh case occurred.--"Mental Epidemic" in *Frazer's Magazine*.

Good Receipt for Keeping Sober.
In the rural district in the North of England, the following dialogue lately took place between a friend and a shoemaker who had signed the temperance pledge:--

"Well, William, how are you?"

"O, pretty well. I had only eighteen pence and an old hen when I signed, and a few old scores; but now I have about ten pounds in the bank, and my wife and I have lived through the summer without getting into debt. But as I am only thirty weeks old yet (so he styled himself,) I cannot be so strong yet, my friend."

"How is it you never signed before?"

"I did sign; but I kept it different now to what I did before, friend?"

"How is this?"

"Why, I gas doon on my knees and pray."

Better informed persons might learn a lesson in this respect by applying to the source of strength now possessed by William, the shoemaker.

IRREVERENCE.---He who can enter a church, or a chapel, or any place dedicated to the worship of God, as he does his own habitation, or that of his horses, which is a common case, has, in my opinion, no proper notion of religious worship and is never likely to derive much edification to his own soul from attendance upon the ordinances of God.

DRINK LESS.---Many men have relieved themselves of dyspepsia by not drinking anything but cold water during their meals. A animal except man, ever drinks in connection with his food. Man ought not to. Try this, dyspeptic, and you will not wash down mechanically that which ought to be swallowed and digested before it is perished.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

A letter in the *Athenaeum*, dated Naples, October 18, mentions some interesting discoveries at Pompeii. The writer says:-- "In an extreme corner of an inner room of a small and apparently poor house, have been discovered some human bones--a rare thing in Pompeii, where most of the population had time to escape. Further researches--and it was interesting to observe with what extreme care and delicacy they were conducted--revealed yet others, until the skeletons of five persons were visible--four women and an infant, all crumpled up in a corner. The sex and age of the victims, and the very form in which they were found are suggestive of incidents and sufferings which would promise materials for an affecting tale. The arms seem to have been clasped as if all hope had been abandoned, and they had come there to die, while the legs were doubled up with the agony of their sufferings. The month of one skeleton was open, distended, and hard must have been the last expiring efforts of that poor person. The infant was in the extreme corner, where a mother's love, perhaps, had placed it, in the hope of its there finding greater protection from the storm of ashes which was raging around them, and penetrating into the most secret recesses of every building. Poor, helpless women: they were too weak or too feeble to escape, and had been abandoned by husband, father, brother--by every male friend.-- There were bronze armlets or bracelets round their fleshless bones; and by the side of them lay what were evidently the remains of a purse, in which had been inclosed twenty silver Roman coins and two copper coins. Of course the material of the purse was imperfect, and was reduced to mere tinders; still the texture was perceptible, and this it was which contained the hurried gleanings of the unhappy party. There were considerable traces of cloth, too, in the ashes, all around the bodies or skeletons--that is to say, on the ashes there were impressions as of cloth which had been laid over them and exposed to the fire. The probability appeared to be that they were the clothes of the wretched fugitives, for there were impressions, as it were, of folds."

THOUGHT ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH.

"If we would have our bodies healthy our brains must be used, and used in orderly and vigorous ways, that the life-giving streams of force may flow from them into the expectant organs, which can minister but as they are ministered unto. We admire the vigorous animal life of the Greeks, and with justice we recognize and partly seek to imitate the various gymnastic and other means which they employed to secure it. But probably we should make a fatal error if we omitted from our calculations the hearty and generous earnestness with which the highest subjects of art, speculation and politics were pursued by them. Surely in their case the beautiful and energetic mental life was expressed in the athletic and graceful frame. And were it a mere extravagance to ask whether some part of the lassitude and weariness of life, of which we hear so much in our day, might be due to lack of mental occupation on worthy subjects, exciting and repaying a generous enthusiasm, as well as to an over-exercise on lower ones; whether an engrossment on matters which have not substance enough to justify or satisfy the mental grasp, be not at the root of some of the maladies which affect our mental convalescence? Any one who tries it soon finds out how wearying, how disproportionately exhausting is an overdose of 'light literature' compared with an equal amount of time spent on real work. Of this we may be sure, that the due exercise of the brain--of thought--is one of the essential elements of human life. The perfect health of a man is not the same as that of an ox or a horse. The preponderating capacity of his nervous part demands a corresponding life.--*Cornhill Magazine*.

DIETING.

Some persons eat themselves to death, others diet themselves to death. When a man is sick he is weak, and concludes that as when he was well he ate heartily and was strong, if he now eats heartily, he will become strong again; well-meaning, but ignorant friends are of the same opinion, and their solicitations to eat become one of the greatest annoyances of a sensible invalid. Nature purposely takes away the appetite under such circumstances and makes the very sight of food nauseating. A sick man is feeble; this feebleness extends to every muscle of the body, and the stomach being made up of a number of muscles, has its share of debility. It requires several hours of labor for the stomach to "work up" an ordinary meal; and to give it that amount of work to do when it is already in an exhausted condition, is like giving a man, worn out by a hard day's work, a task which shall keep him laboring half the night. Mothers are often much afraid that their daughters will hurt themselves by a little work, if they complain of not feeling very well; and yet if such daughters were to sit down to dinner and shovel in enough provender for an elephant or a plowman, it would be considered a good omen and the harbinger of convalescence. A reverse of such procedure would restore multitudes of ailing persons to permanent good health; namely, to eat very little for a few days, eat nothing but coarse bread and work about the house industriously; or what is better, exercise in the open air for the greater part of each day on horseback, in the garden, or walking through the woodlands or over the hills, for hours at a time. Objectless walks and lazy lolling in carriages, are very little better than nothing. The effect of interested, absorbing exercise is to work out of the system the diseased and surplus matter which poisons it; this relieves the stomach of the burdens imposed upon it, and allows it time to gain strength, so as more perfectly to convert the food eaten into well-made, pure, and life-giving blood. A weakly but faithful servant, in the effort to get through with a specified amount of work, may perform it all, but none of it is thoroughly done; whereas, if a moderate task had been assigned, all of it would have been well done, so a weak stomach, indicated by a poor appetite, may be able to convert a small amount of food into pure, invigorating blood; but if too much is eaten, the attempt to "get through it all" is made, blood is manufactured, but it is an imperfect blood, it is vitiated, and mixed with that already in the system, at every beat of the heart, the whole mass its corrupted, and "I am ailing all over" is the expressive description. In another set of cases there is a morbid appetite; the unhappy dyspeptic is always hungry; and finds that he feels best while eating, and for a brief space afterwards, he is always eating and always dying. To hear him talk, you would imagine he could not possibly live long, and yet he does live and grows old in his miseries. Such may reasonably expect a cure; 1st. By eating very moderately at three specified times each day, and not an atom at any other; then in less than a fortnight sometimes these distressing cravings will cease. 2nd. Spend a large portion of daylight in agreeable outdoor activities.--*Hall's Journal of Health*.

THE LAST DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Queen Elizabeth dies, and dies of grief. It has been the fashion to attribute to her:-- "I know not why--remorse for Essex's death; and the foolish and false tale about Lady Nottingham and the ring has been accepted as history. The facts seem to be that she never held her head after Burleigh's death. She could not speak of him without tears, forbade his name to be mentioned in the council. No wonder; never had a mistress a better servant.-- For nearly half a century have these two noble souls loved each other, trusted each other, worked with each other; and God's blessing has been on their deeds, and now the faithful God-fearing man has gone to his reward; and she is growing old, and knows that the ancient fire is dying out in her; and who will be to her what he was? Buckhurst is a good man, and one of her old pupils; and she makes him Lord Treasurer in Burleigh's place; but beyond that, all is dark. I am a miserable, forlorn woman; there is none about me that I can trust."

She sees through false Cecil, through false Henry Howard. Essex has proven himself worthless, and pays the penalty of his sin. Men are growing worse than their fathers. Spanish gold is bringing in luxury and sin. The last ten years of her reign are years of decadence, prodigality, falsehood; and she cannot but see it.-- Tyrone's rebellion is the last drop that fills the cup. After fifty years of war, after a drain of money all but fabulous, expended in keeping Ireland quiet, the volcano burst forth again just as it seemed to be extinguished, more brightly than ever.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

(From the Little Pilgrim.)
SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.
One day, Freddie's little sister Carrie, hearing her father and mother talking about a name for a new little baby-brother, that had been given to them a short time before, said:--"Mamma, why don't you name him 'nallowed'?" It says in my prayer, hallowed be thy name, and I think it is a very pretty name too!"

Little Genie, when a bee had stung him, said:--"That bee acted just as if I was a flower, and he was getting honey."

One day Herbie had been told he must have no more cake, but finding one piece on a plate by itself, he took it, and giving behind his mother's chair, stole one little arm lovingly around her neck, saying, "Mamma, this piece of cake looked so lonesome, I thought I must eat it." It was hard to punish a child for disobedience under such circumstances.

Johnny, the minister's son went to his father one morning directly after family worship, saying, "Father, while you were praying, I saw a man in the garden stealing grapes."

"Well," answered the good man, "if you had been praying too, you would not have seen him."

"But father," says Johnny, "don't the Bible say we are to watch as well as pray?"

A mother trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep, one night, said to her, "Anna, why don't you try to go to sleep?" "I am trying," she replied. "But you haven't shut your eyes." "Well, can't help it; mine come unbuttoned."--S. S. Times.

Says little three old Ruth, "Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to Boston." Sister Minnie, standing by, says: "You are too little to have a muff." "Am I too little to be cold?" rejoins indignant little Ruth.--S.

A little boy, whose mother had died, came to his infant-class in Sabbath-school with a sad heart. Young as he was he felt his loss. His first words were, "Teacher, my mother is dead." And he began to cry. The teacher tried to comfort him, by telling him that Jesus loved little children and would take care of them; and that his mother had gone to heaven, where Charlie could see her again if he loved Jesus. On that Sabbath night Charlie's father, going into the parlor, saw him all alone, gazing intently at the beautiful bright moon. Talking to himself, he was saying, "I cannot see her; no, I cannot see her." "What can't you see, Charlie?" interrupted his father. "Why I cannot see mother. Teacher said to-day that mother was in heaven, where Jesus was, and I have been looking, and looking, but I can't see her. But if I love Jesus I will see her when I die. I must wait."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.---It is said that in New York the money expended this year for Christmas gifts exceeds by far, that which has gone that way in many years. A prominent jeweller on Broadway sold at retail, on the day before Christmas, \$45,000 worth of gifts, ranging from ivory paper cutters to diamond necklaces; and on Christmas morning he sold as much more, lacking only \$500.

There is the story of a Scotchman, who had got a situation for his son. The son expressed--rather too honestly--his doubts as to his qualifications for the discharge of the duties, when he was silenced with "Ma lad, ma lad," every body has sufficient qualifications for any office he has sufficient intelligence to get."

ROLLA, Mo., Jan. 7, 1863.---Rolla information has been received that Claiborne F. Jackson, the deposed Governor of Missouri, died at Little Rock about the 6th inst.