

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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PURMAN & RITCHIE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office on the South side of Main street, in the Old Bank Building.
Jan. 1, 1862.

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

R. W. JOWNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office in Ledwith's Building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.

M'CONNELL & HUFFMAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office in the "Wright Bldg.," East Door. Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention.
Waynesburg, April 25, 1862.

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

BLACK & PHELAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.
Sept. 11, 1861.

PHYSICIANS.

B. M. BLACHEY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office--Blachley's Building, Main St., Waynesburg.
Respectfully announces to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, that he has returned from the Hospital Corps of the Army and resumed the practice of his profession at this place.
Waynesburg, June 11, 1862.

DR. A. J. EGGY
Respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, as a Physician and Surgeon. Office opposite the Republican office. He holds a due appreciation of the laws of human life, and health, and native medicine, and strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
April 9, 1862.

DR. A. G. CROSS
Physician and Surgeon. Office in the Old Bank Building, Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861.

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April 9, 1862.

M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary. Dealer in Patent and Old, the most celebrated, Extract Medicines, and Pure Liquors for medicinal purposes.
Sept. 11, 1861.

MERCHANTS.

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

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

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

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

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Shoemaker and Boot Maker. Corner, Main street, between the School and Looking Glass Stores, made to order on short notice.
Sept. 11, 1861.

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JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of all sizes, and Glass and Looking Glass Plates.
Sept. 11, 1861.

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Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods, Caswell, Wilson's N. B. Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861.

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Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Manuscript and Paper. One door east of Porter's Store, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861.

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SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,
Saddler, Harness and Trunk Maker, Old Bank Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861.

TOBACCOONISTS.

HOGGER & HAGER,
Manufacturers and wholesale and retail dealers in Choice, Choice and Best Cigars, Canned Goods, &c., in the Hamilton House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861.

Select Poetry.

DICKENS' CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Hush, I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
I have got no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud and thankful, too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling--thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have seen thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day--
Soon I know will want and fever
Waste thy little life away.
Famine makes thy mother reckless,
Hope and joy are gone from me;
I could suffer all, my baby,
Had I but a crust for thee.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is sore oppressed;
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me;
He will take us to his heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling--thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

Miscellaneous.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF JUDICIAL ERROR.

It is doubtful whether all the collections of *causes celebres* in the world contain such an extraordinary case of judicial error as the one which has just been redressed by the assize court of the Somme. On August 13, 1861, the assize court of the Nord found a young married woman, named Rosalie Gardin, guilty of the murder of her father, Martin Doize, and the jury having, out of compassion, given her the benefit of "extenuating circumstances," she was sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor for life. The evidence against her raised nothing more than a case of slight suspicion, founded upon her having been at times on bad terms with her father, but she had confessed to a matron of the prison of Hazebrouck, and she did commit the murder; and although she retracted this confession at the trial, both judge and jury believed her first statement, and she was convicted on the strength of it. There is now not a shadow of doubt that this woman was innocent. She passed upward of a year in penal servitude, pursuant to her sentence, during which time she constantly expressed a confident trust that God would one day prove her innocence; and whenever she wrote to her husband, she begged him to expend money in masses. On August 16, 1862, the same assize court, upon overwhelming evidence, strengthened by a full confession, found that Martin Doize was murdered by two notorious robbers, named Vanhalwyn and Verhamme, and sentenced them--the one to death, and the other to hard labor for life. The court of cassation then quashed both the verdicts, on the ground that they were incompatible the one with the other, and sent the three prisoners to be tried *de novo* by the assize court of the Somme.

At this new trial it was proved conclusively that the murder was committed by Vanhalwyn and Verhamme, who moreover, renewed their confessions. But how did it happen that the poor woman Gardin, of so sound mind, charged herself untruly with the frightful crime of parricide? The answer, the shocking, the heart-rending answer is that she was goaded into confession by the torture of solitary confinement. For two long months this innocent woman, who moreover was *enclave* of her first child at the time, was locked up by herself in a cell to which air and light were only admitted by an aperture a few inches square, made by the removal from the wall of a single brick. The sole furniture of this horrible dungeon was a fetid tub and a straw mattress laid on a brick floor. The mattress was daily taken away to be aired pursuant to sanitary regulations, and then the unfortunate creature, who never had a chair to sit upon, could not even lie down, except upon the cold bricks. The prison matron, who brought her the daily prison food, told her continually that if she would confess she would be taken out of that place, and would not have her head cut off. This woman was herself a convicted prisoner in a state of probation, and it was her interest to curry favor with authority by extracting confessions. At the end of two months the poor woman whose terrible position was aggravated by those nervous feelings and fancies which notoriously accompany the advent of maternity, felt herself abandoned by God and man, at least in this world; the idea struck her that if what the woman constantly told her was true, that by a confession she might get out of the

"black hole" and prevent her "head being cut off" (these are her own expressions,) she would at any rate be spared to bring her child alive into the world. This natural and mysterious feeling was not, doubtless, expressed in poetical or polished language. The much to be commiserated victim is in a very humble rank of life, and speaks no language but the Flemish of French Flanders. Her answers to the interrogatories of the judge were conveyed through an interpreter. This circumstance serves to diminish the astonishment which must be felt at the mistake committed by the assize court of the Nord. The convict prison matron, however, eagerly reported to her superiors that Rosalie Gardin had confessed her crime, and therefore the prisoner against whom no evidence had been found was ushered into the study of the Judge of Instruction. This functionary, who, without being more cruel than the rest of mankind, feels as much professional pleasure in hunting down a prisoner as a Leicestershire huntsman in recovering a cold scent, invited Rosalie Gardin to repeat her confession. She, being restored to the light of day, said at first that she had told a story, and that she did not murder her father; but when he spoke severely to her, the fear of being immediately sent back to the "black hole" operated so strongly upon her nerves that she repeated the false avowal, and the judge forthwith recorded it against her, doubtless with such "addition" and rhetorical aggravation as it is the "nature" of the judges of instruction to indulge in. Poor Rosalie gave birth to her child--her first child--prematurely in prison, and, as is not astonishing, this offspring did not live long. At the new trial, which began on November 17, and finished yesterday, the innocence of Rosalie was made to appear as clear as day. She was acquitted. Her counsel, M. Lambert de Beaulieu, cited some opinions of M. Dupin, M. Berenger, now a judge of the court of cassation, and other high authorities, tending to show that solitary confinement before trial, (*le secret*), as now practiced in France, is nothing else than a revival of the torture, that it is quite as inhuman, and that it tends to extort false confessions. Let us hope that this fearful instance of the abuse of the system will lead to its reformation.

ANOTHER GOLDEN WEDDING.
The following lines written by Hon. J. G. Saxe, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the marriage of Col. Henry and Mrs. Ann Potter, of Waterford, Ct., are certainly very beautiful. We give them to the readers of the Secretary as too good to keep, though we perhaps trespass upon the intentions of the modest pair in whose behalf the tribute was penned. They chose to let the 17th of November, 1862, pass without a formal demonstration in these sorrowful times, but they highly appreciate this and other tokens of remembrance.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.
A Golden Wedding! would that I might be
A quiet guest in that good company,
When bride and bridegroom fondly meet again,
Renew their vows, and try to blush in vain!
While thronging friends their cordial tribute pay,
And wish them "joy" upon their "wedding day."

God bless the pair, permitted thus to prove
A round half-century of wedded love!
And may they live for more, they cannot pray,
To see the nation's peril passed away,
To see the reign of red rebellion cease,
And warring States proclaim a lasting peace.

Then may they say, with happiness serene,
"We thank Thee, Lord, for what our eyes have seen."
"We thank Thee for the boon of earthly love,
"O make it perfect in the world of love!"
JOHN G. SAXE.
November 17, 1862.

Judges, Rum and Orime.
There is scarcely a crime come before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink. Judge Coleridge.

If it were not for this drinking, you (the jury) and I would have nothing to do. Judge Patterson.

Experience has proved that almost all crime into which juries have had to inquire may be traced, in one way or another, to drunkenness. Judge Williams.

I find, in every calendar that comes before me, one unfulfilling source, directly or indirectly, of most of the crimes that are committed--intemperance. Judge Whiteman.

Boys, let the liquor alone. An Honest Life.

The poor pitance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the track! A vast desert lies open in retrospect; wearied with years and sorrow, they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall, and you are to go a little further, and you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with events, which come not in succession, but hurrying fiercely upon you, and each with its own influence.

A WASTED LIFE.

While spending a few summers weeks in a charming inland town of Massachusetts, a year or two ago, I noticed one Saturday night what seemed a singular celestial phenomenon. The western sky, a little above the horizon, was tinted with a reddish hue, flickering like the aurora, but the sweeping waves and the pyramidal shooting toward the zenith were alike wanting. I watched the curious phenomenon for ten or fifteen minutes, when it gradually faded from the heavens, and I retired for the night, speculating on its origin and cause, and hoping to hear from others who had witnessed it a satisfactory solution.

In the morning the mystery was easily solved, for I learned that an old house, lying in a deep valley, about a mile from the village, had been consumed by fire, and an old man, its only occupant, had perished in the flames. I wondered that the possibility of such an event had failed to occur to me, but the perfect silence of the night, unbroken by any cry of fire or ringing of bells, had deluded me into the belief that the phenomenon was celestial rather than terrestrial. If my memory is not at fault, no one saw the burning building, and its wretched inmate perished without any attempt to rescue him. Much sympathy was expressed for him by the boarders in our hotel, and many took an early walk to look on the smoking pile of ruins.

About noon one of the selectmen of the town waited on me with a request that I would conduct the funeral services, at the interment of the remains. The three clergymen of the town happened to be absent on exchanges, but it was thought desirable that some religious formalities should close a career which had been strangely reckless of all religious obligations.

I consented to perform the services, and listened in sadness to the life history of a self-ridden man. He had commenced life with a good prospect of success, and by skillful craftsmanship (he was a mason by trade) secured a liberal patronage, and seemed likely to realize a handsome competence, if not large wealth. He married early and reared a family of children, who grew up to be excellent and honored citizens.

But he acquired an appetite for strong drink, which soon became uncontrollable and hurried him from one stage to another in social degradation. His wife forsook him, and though persuaded to return several times by promises of amendment, at length refused to hold any communication with the wretched man. His sons, ashamed to live in the vicinity of their fallen parent, removed to a distant State. The neighbors, who remembered his former good conduct, aided him for a time with sympathy and more substantial help, till, one by one, disgusted with his besotted course, they denied him access to their dwellings, and passed his door without a greeting. His profanity was frightful to hear, and not the smallest confidence could be placed in his word. Little employment could be found, for people were reluctant to be brought in contact with his vile habits.

The last few years of his life were spent in almost unmingled wretchedness. In winter, from inability to procure fuel, he found lodgings in the poor-house, where his days dragged heavily and in bitter repining, because he could procure neither rum nor tobacco, except by stealth. In the summer he returned to his miserable hovel, where he lived alone, visited only by others as degrading as himself, subsisting on the scantiest fare, but comforting himself, whenever a little money could be earned, with his jug and pipe. He often spent days together in an intoxicated state, without leaving the house, or looking on the face of man.

On the day preceding the fire, he had been seen by a neighbor, hurrying home with his jug and a paper of tobacco, and muttering to himself that he would not submit to such disgrace longer, but would at once disengage himself from the place. This was the last seen of him, till a little pile of bones, with burnt flesh clinging to them, was taken from the smoking ruin. No one knew the cause of the fire. Whether he deliberately set fire to his dwelling, weary of his wretched life, or in a fit of intoxication pulled coals from the stove, or let fire fall from his pipe on the heap of straw which made his only bed, is known only to the Omniscient One. The desolateness of the death was in keeping with the abandonment of his life.

A large company gathered on the beautiful knoll where his remains were interred, and as the rays of the setting sun fell on the green turf and the overshadowing trees, many felt with the preacher, the striking contrast between the goodness of God and the wretchedness entailed by human sin. Many, it is to be hoped, laid to heart the words of the wise man, "He that sinneth shall be brought to his own end."

A THOUGHTFUL WIFE. A friend says he had a dear, loving little wife, and an excellent housekeeper. On her birthday she moved her low rocking-chair close to his side. He was reading. She placed her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly toward his coat-sleeve. He felt nice all over. He certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature! an angel! She moved her hand up and down his coat-sleeve. "Husband," says she, "What, my dear?" "I was just thinking," "Was you, my love?" "I was just thinking how nicely this suit of clothes you have on would look on a young couple." He says he felt very great.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

I have heard a good deal of the tenacity with which English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but (not to suggest that an American eye need use any cultivation before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age) it strikes me that an English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as her physique goes, than anything that we western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think her made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down, it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, when she looks as if nothing could ever move her. She imposes awe and respect by the muchness of her personality, to such a degree that you probably credit her with far greater moral and intellectual force than she can fairly claim. Her visage is usually grim and stern, not always positively forbidding, yet calmly terrible, not merely by its breadth and weight of feature, but because it seems to express so much well founded self-reliance, such acquaintance with the world, its toils, troubles, and dangers, and such sturdy capacity for tramping down a foe.

Without anything positively salient, or actively offensive, or, indeed, unjustly formidable to her neighbors, she has the effect of a seventy-four gun ship in time of peace; for, while you assure yourself that there is no real danger you cannot help thinking how tremendous would be her onset if pugnaciously inclined, and how futile the effort to inflict any counter injury. She certainly looks tenfold--nay, a hundredfold--better able to take care of herself than our slender-framed and haggard woman kind; but I have not found reason to suppose that the English dowager of fifty has actually greater courage, fortitude, and strength of character than our women of similar age, or even a tougher physical endurance than they. Morally, she is strong, I suspect, only in society, and in the common routine of social affairs, and would be found powerless and timid in any exceptional straight that might call for energy outside of the conventionalities amid which she has grown up.

You can meet this figure in the street, and live, and even smile at the recollection. But conceive of her in a ball room, with the bare, brawny arms that she invariably displays there, all the other corresponding development, such as is beautiful in the maiden blossoms, but a spectacle to howl at in such an over-blown cabbage rose as this.

Yet, somewhere in this enormous bulk there must be hidden the modest, slender, violet nature of a girl, whom an alien mass of earthliness has unkindly overgrown; for an English maiden in her teens, though very seldom so pretty as our own damsels, possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half-blossom, and delicately folded leaves, and tender womanhood shrouded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls often fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment. It is a pity that the English violet should grow into such an outrageously developed peony as I have attempted to describe.

I wonder whether a middle-aged husband ought to be considered as legally married to all the accretions that have overgrown the slenderness of his bride, since he led her to the altar, and which makes her so much more than he ever bargained for! Is it not a sounder view of the case, that the matrimonial bond, cannot be held to include the three fourths of the wife that had no existence when the ceremony was performed? And as a matter of conscience and good morals, ought not an English married pair to insist upon the celebration of a Silver Wedding at the end of twenty-five years, in order to legalize and mutually appropriate that corporeal growth of which both parties have individually come into possession since they were pronounced one flesh?--Nathaniel Hawthorne.

A THOUGHTFUL WIFE. A friend says he had a dear, loving little wife, and an excellent housekeeper. On her birthday she moved her low rocking-chair close to his side. He was reading. She placed her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly toward his coat-sleeve. He felt nice all over. He certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature! an angel! She moved her hand up and down his coat-sleeve. "Husband," says she, "What, my dear?" "I was just thinking," "Was you, my love?" "I was just thinking how nicely this suit of clothes you have on would look on a young couple." He says he felt very great.

The Family Circle.

TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

I heard a father the other day--a hale, happy man--praising his boys, four sturdy fellows, who had escaped the dissipation and excitement of a city life, and were now as fresh in heart and as ruddy in face as when they prattled about their mother's knee. I had seen so much of parental sorrow over sons gone astray, corrupted physically and morally, that I ventured to ask my friend, the happy father, how it was that he had been able to save his boys from the contamination of evil associations and bad habits.

"The way is simple enough," he said, "neither original nor in any way remarkable. I keep my boys home of evenings, by making their home a pleasanter place than they can find elsewhere. I save them from the temptation of frequenting doubtful places of amusement by supplying them with better pleasure at home. Many things which I considered improper, or at least frivolous, I encourage now, because I find my sons desire them, and I prefer that they may gratify their desire at home and in their mother's presence, where nothing that is wrong will come, and where amusements, which, under some circumstances, may be objectionable, lose all their venom and become innocent and even elevating. I have found that the danger is more in the concomitants of many amusements than in the amusements themselves; that many things which will injure a young man in a club or among evil associates, are harmless when engaged in with the surroundings of a home. As long as children are children, they will crave amusement, and no reasoning can convince them that it is wrong to gratify their desire. When they hear certain things denounced as sinful by those whose opinion they hold in reverence, and are tempted by the example of others who defend them, to disobey their parents' wish and participate in them, a long downward step is taken; parental authority and parental opinions are held in less reverence; the home that ostracises these amusements becomes a dull and tiresome place; and, in secret places, among companions, they seek for them, until at length conscience is seared, filial feelings overcome, and parents are compelled to sigh over the lost affections and confidence of their children."

"I have endeavored," said this father, "to join with my boys, and be a boy with them in their pleasure. And I do believe there is no companion they are merrier with, and delight in more, than the old boy. If I think a place of amusement is innocent, and will please them, out we go some evening, mother, boys, girls and father, and enjoy the world all the more because we are together, and do not go too often."

"But we don't care to be out from home much. We have a way among ourselves of keeping up a kind of reading society, and we are apt to get so engaged in the book we are reading that we feel little like leaving it. We take great care of a fine readable book--useful books, works of travel, essays, good biographies of good men, and the like; then we read them aloud in the evening, when we are all at home from school, or store, each taking a turn at the reading. It looks to me a pretty picture--mother and the girls sitting at the tables, Tom reading aloud from 'Tom Brown's School Days'--a great book with us--and myself in dressing-gown and slippers at the fire, and Fred and Willie near at hand. We are all listening eagerly to the history of the sturdy Tom. Fred is feeling the muscles of his arm wondering how it would compare with that of the young Russian. And we are all, to my thinking, a happy, comfortable family."

"At half-past nine o'clock I suggest that the time is up; but Tom begs to be allowed to finish his chapter, and, nothing loth myself, I assent. In a few minutes I have my big Bible on my knee, and my spectacles out, and am reading the 15th chapter of John: 'I am the true vine, and my father is the husbandman.' We sing our evening hymn; to-night I start the good old evening hymn, commencing:

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light."
"We kneel together in prayer to the Father of all; and then the children are off to bed, and two happy people, my wife and myself, are left to thank God for the many blessings he has granted us."

I left this man, with many thoughts and self-condemnation, determined that day to see what I could do to make another delighted family circle. I have begun and so great has been my success, and so abundant my reward, in a joyous heart, and a cheerful, trusting family that I would some others might try the same.

"You see, grandmamma," said the very educated boy, "we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Blasphemous!" cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make. Now, in my younger days, we just made a hole in each end, and suck'd."

A man who is not able to make his bow to his own conscience, every morning, is hardly in a condition to salute the world respectfully at any other time of the day.

It is the ordinary way of the world, to keep fully at the helm, and guide the vessel.

GOOD NATURED MEN.

If there be one thing that a man should be more grateful for than another, it is the possession of good nature. I do not consider him good tempered who has no temper at all. A man ought to have spirit, strong, earnest, and capable of great indignation. We like to hear a man thunder once in a while, if it is genuine, and in the right way for a right man. When a noble fellow is brought into contact with mean and little ways, and is tempted by unscrupulous natures to do unworthy things; or when a great and generous heart perceives the wrong done by lordly strength to shrinking, unprotected weakness; or where a man sees the foul mischiefs that do sometimes rise and cover the public welfare like a thick cloud of poisonous vapors--we like to hear a man express himself with outburst and glorious anger. It makes us feel safer to know that there are such men. We respect human nature all the more to know that it is capable of such feelings.

But just these men are capable of good nature. These are the men upon whom a sweet justice in common things, and a forbearance toward men in all the details of life, and a placable, patient and cheerful mind, sit with peculiar grace.

Some men are much helped to this by a kind of bravery born within them. Some men are good natured because they are benevolent, and always feel in a sunny mood; some, because they have such vigorous and robust health that care flies off from them, and they really cannot feel nettled and worried; some, because a sense of character keeps them from all things unbecoming manliness; and some, from an overflow of what may be called in part animal spirits, and in part, also, hopeful and cheerful dispositions. But whatever be the cause or reason, is there anything else which blesses a man in human life as this voluntary or involuntary good nature? Is there anything else that converts all things so much into enjoyment to him? And then what a glow and light the carries with him to others! Some men come upon you like a cloud passing over the sun. You do not know what ails you but you feel cold and chilly while they are about, and need an extra handful of coal on the fire whenever they tarry long.

Others rise upon you like daylight. How many times does a cheerful and hopeful physician cure his patient by what he carries in his face, more than by what he has in his medical case! How often does the coming of a happy-hearted friend lift you up out of a deep despondency, and before you are aware, inspire you with hope and cheer. What a gift it is to make all men better and happier without knowing it! We don't suppose flowers know how sweet they are. We have watched them. But as far as we can find out their thoughts, flowers are just as modest as they are beautiful.

These roses before me, salfatine, lamarque, and saffron, with their geranium leaves (rose) and carnations and astilbon, have made me happy for a day. Yet they stand huddled together in my pitcher without seeming to know my thoughts of them, or the gracious work which they are doing! And how much more is it to have a disposition that carries with it, unvoluntarily, sweetness, calmness, courage, hope, and happiness, to all who are such? Yet this is the portion of good nature in a real, large-minded, strong natured man! When it has made him happy it has scarcely begun its office.

In this world, where there is so much real sorrow, and so much unnecessary grief or fret and worry; where burdens are so heavy, and the way so long; where men stumble in rough paths, and so many push them down rather than help them up; where tears are as common as smiles, and hearts ache so easily, but are poorly fed on higher joys, how grateful ought we to be that God sends along here and there, a natural heart singer--a man whose nature is large and luminous, and who, by his very carriage and spontaneous actions, calms, cheers, and helps his fellows. God bless the good natured, for they bless every body else.--Becher's Eyes and Ears.

"You see, grandmamma," said the very educated boy, "we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Blasphemous!" cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make. Now, in my younger days, we just made a hole in each end, and suck'd."

A man who is not able to make his bow to his own conscience, every morning, is hardly in a condition to salute the world respectfully at any other time of the day.

It is the ordinary way of the world, to keep fully at the helm, and guide the vessel.