

# The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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Would very respectfully tender his services as a Physician and Surgeon, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.  
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## Agricultural.

### HINTS TO FARMERS.

We have printed in the course of the past ten years, a large amount of useful matter, principally original, addressed to the practical minds of the farmers, with a view to make them more systematic in their business, and consequently to possess a more accurate knowledge of the results of their labors, than has usually been the case. The following which is added to the mass, we find, without a source and we copy it as worthy of perusal and remembrance.

Those who have never kept, in detail, a record of the income and expenditures of the farm, will find the present just the period to commence an operation of this nature. You ought to know, at the expiration of each year, the amount that has passed through your hands—the receipts, and what has been paid out—what purchased, and what sold, and the exact state of your finances. Any person doing business without a full knowledge of this department, is working in the dark.

BE SYSTEMATIC.—Here we have one of the first principles of successful agriculture. Let all your transactions be in a business like manner. Take note of every operation, whether you buy or sell, receive or disburse, sow or reap, make a promise or a bargain. To do this, it will be necessary to keep a diary; and we say, do so, if for no other object than as a ready means of comparison.

BE THOROUGH.—Never half do anything yourself, nor permit your men to glide over their labors. "If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well," would prove a golden maxim to thousands of farmers if they would not only adopt it as a portion of their creed, but exemplify its teachings in their daily life. Away with these scrappers—men that go beneath the surface are the kind wanted.

LEAVE YOUR LAND IN GOOD HEART.—It should be the object of every tiller of the soil to leave his land in good condition after the removal of a crop, and, at the same time, obtain as many remunerating returns as possible. This can be done only by husbanding all the sources of fertility upon the farm, and adding thereto in every available manner. This is the Alpha and Omega of progressive agriculture. Never boast of a "back account" if it is obtained at the expense of your farm.

STUDY YOUR PROFESSION.—It is not alone the energy that wields the plow or spade that inspires success.—There is a "higher law," the culture of the mind, and it must go hand in hand with the culture of the soil.—The relations of science to the farmer's calling are intimate. Good books are aids in the attainment of knowledge, but never pin your faith to the ipse dixit of any individual—think, experiment and judge for yourself.

STICK TO THE FARM.—Amid your plans for the future, never for one moment, harbor the idea of bettering your condition by entering the arena of commercial life. Do not exchange a home of quiet, real enjoyment for the turmoil and illusion of a city residence. Barter not sweet repose for visions of empty wallets, nor let notes due on the morrow assume the prerogatives of the nightmare. Very poor comforts for care and anxiety are these little realities in the commercial world. Stick to the Farm.—What though hard labor be the every day command, it is noble, beautiful and conducive to the development of the whole man.

### MAPLE SUGAR.

The following timely article is from a large sugar manufacturer of New Hampshire:

We have been in the practice of making annually, in our sugar establishment, from 2,500 to 3,500 pounds of maple sugar; and when we could obtain from two to four cents per pound more than the cost of the best loaf and granulated sugars, we have sometimes sold ourselves so short as to be obliged to buy for home use a barrel or two of the best granulated sugar. Much depends, however, upon the manner in which maple sugar is made. We make our sugar in this way:

Our buckets and holders are all thoroughly scalded and rinsed previous to setting. Our evaporating pans, of which we use eight, are scraped, washed, and made perfectly clean before use. We then endeavor to gather and evaporate the sap, as speedily as possible after it has left the trees, to a consistency a little thicker than molasses.

It is then strained and set aside until we are ready to sugar it off.—When we commence this process, to syrup enough to make forty pounds of sugar we add one pint of milk and one or two eggs well beaten and mixed together. Place the syrup over the fire, and when the skum rises skim it off for future use. After the skimming is thorough, remove the syrup from the fire and strain it through flannel, to remove all little curds, which, if suffered to remain, would not only injure the quality, but, by settling to the bottom, would

endanger burning. Now we wash our evaporating pan, return the syrup, and place it over a brisk fire, and evaporate as quickly as possible to the right consistency. If it is to be caked, it must be harder than tub sugar, or to stir off dry. Keep saleratus and all other drugs out of your sugar, if you desire a pure maple taste and a wholesome article.

When the season is through, gather your utensils, and scald and scrub every one perfectly clean, if you wish to continue making good sugar in the future. In this order the evaporating pans are excepted, which should be put away in a dry place with the glazed coating on them, which is the best protection from rust.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

## Miscellaneous.

### The Fredericksburg Battle-- Scenes in the Hospital.

At the hospital we found poor Bayard. Of all the ghastly wounds I saw that day, his was the most awful. It needed but a glance to see, as he calmly stated to those who visited him, "that his days on earth were numbered." If his wound had been a mere scratch, he could not have been more cool, quiet, and collected. He talked calmly of his death as of a settled thing, and only inquired particularly how much time he had left on earth. He was told, "perhaps forty-eight hours." He did not live twenty-four hours. My heart sank within me as he gave me his hand in farewell, and I almost murmured, "Why are the best taken?" The large house to which the wounded were brought, was now filled with mutilated and dying men. Cries and groans resounded from every apartment. Ghastly and bloody wounds met the eye in every direction. Some had their eyes shot out, the tongues of some were swollen out of their mouths; some had their bodies shot through; others were torn and mangled by shell and solid shot, and all were crowded wherever there was any space. The surgeons were hacking off limbs and crans by the dozen. The odor of blood was oppressive.—One man called me to him, thinking I was a surgeon, and said that one of his wounds had been dressed, but he found that he had another, which was bleeding rapidly. Another poor fellow held up his arm to me, with a great bulging hole in it, and asked with an expression of pain and anxiety that I could scarcely endure, whether I thought he would have to lose it? Such is the horrid reality of war behind the painted scenes of honor, glory, and romance. However cold an ear the poor fellows may have turned to the story of the Cross when in health, as a general thing they were ready enough now to listen to the offers of mercy. One wounded boy had his leg taken off just as he was entering the hospital, which building was under fire all day, and was repeatedly struck. The scene from the windows of the hospital was truly splendid as night came on.—Innumerable camp-fires gleamed from the hill-sides, and occasionally the darkness was lighted up by the flash of cannon. But weariness, and the knowledge that our own regiment might be engaged the next day, caused me to seek a place of rest. The medical department of our brigade had been rendered small by the absence of some of its members, and it might be that our duties on the morrow would be very arduous. The ground outside the hospital was so tramped up, muddy, and filled with horses, that it was impossible to sleep there. But there was a stone alleyway under the hospital, filled with tobacco in the leaf, part of it lying on the ground, and part drying overhead. One end of this place was already filled with wounded men, but the surgeon in charge said that the other would not be occupied before morning, and that I had better stay there. As a light came I saw something white lying near the wall. I first thought it was a dog, and going up, I stirred the object with my foot.—On looking closer, I found that it was a ghastly pile of arms and legs from the amputating room. But I had seen so much of blood and horror during the day, that I had grown callous. I quietly spread my blankets within ten feet of the bloody heap, and listened sadly to the shrieks and groans from the hospital above till I fell asleep. The reopening of the battle on Sunday morning awoke me, and as I was rolling up my blankets, a shell bursting near warned me to hasten. I joined the regiment, and with it recrossed the river. We have since been doing picket duty on the Rappahannock.

Many a careless light-hearted soldier wore an anxious troubled look that day, as we stood facing the rebel batteries, and many a loud-mouthed, coarse, swearing fellow, was quiet and pale. But I saw no finching or skulking. You at the North who cooly read about battles in an arm-chair, know little of a man's sensation who stands in front of the enemy's guns. He hears shot and shell scream and explode over and around him. Before him rises the sulphur-

tom's Bridge, stopped over a thousand men. An officer informed me that after we had driven the enemy beyond our first entrenchments, he visited Gen. Casey's camp, and found more men bayoneted and shot inside the shelter tents than outside of them. As Gen. Casey, in his report, has not designated the regiments who did not behave well, I do not feel called upon to name them.

### HOW TO TREAT AN IDLE HUSBAND.

The people (the inhabitants of New-Zealand) are much attached to their chiefs. If they require an additional patch of land, or liberty to build a house anywhere, it is granted. If they quarrel among themselves, or have complaints to make, the head chief's ear is kindly opened to all—the poorest man as well as to the petty chief. If invasion threatens their district, he is in the front ranks to repel it; and let the war cause a sharp skirmish or a great battle, he is always in the front, and where danger presses most, so that he has their love and respect. The head-chief often interferes in minor matters of a domestic nature. For instance, if a lazy fellow has a wife or two and a few children, and through his love for fishing, dancing, or loitering idly about, neglects to bring in the necessary supplies for his family, a complaint is made. The chief visits the house in person, and, if he sees just grounds for punishment, he orders out the whole population of the village. Men, women, and children arm themselves with a stiff birch, made of canes, and then form a double line about six feet apart, and wait, with anxious glee, the approach of the delinquent. At last he is placed at one end of the line, amidst a shower of yells, screams, jibes, etc. The word is given by the chief, and away he darts at his utmost speed. According to his deserts, he may get off with running the lines once, or may have to do so twice or thrice; but he is skilled in cunning and fleetness that can run the lines once without having the skin tickled for him by the hearty application of the birch, wielded by some strong woman. As the punishment is not of a fatal kind, the whole affair creates unrestricted merriment. For one month afterwards his family are provided by the public at large under the fatherly superintendence of the chief. At the expiration of that time, if he has all domestic matters in perfect order, as a good father and provident husband used to have, he again resumes his place in society, and shortly afterwards helps, with an experienced hand, to fagellate some one else.—*Coulton's South America.*

### JAMIE FURGESON.

In the early days of our country the Scotch-Irish Covenanters were numerous in the western counties of Pennsylvania—a branch of the Presbyterian family. The Covenanters of those days used "Rouse's" version of the Psalms exclusively, and held the composition of Watts and others in utter detestation; and so tightly did they draw their sectarian lines, that for a Covenanter to attend, even once, the services of any other church, though it might be of the Presbyterian order, was considered a crime almost as bad as sheep-stealing. James Ferguson—or, as he was generally called, Jamie Ferguson—a well-to-do farmer of Washington County, was a member of the Rev. Mr. Buchanan's congregation, and one of the strictest of the strict in all matters of church doctrine.

"Having set up a distillery he became, in another sense also, very often more right and more blue than any of his fellow members—which, indeed, is saying a great deal on that point.

"His parson (a truly good man, but suspected of using Watt's book in the family devotions) did every thing in his power to reclaim him.—Suspensions from church-membership and restorations thereto followed each other for some time, until the good parson, losing patience, resolved if possible to effect a radical cure, and excommunicated with him in the strongest terms. Jamie confessed his numerous shortcomings. [Men are wonderfully ready to confess themselves great sinners; but they are such.] "Quet it, mon," said the good parson, in his broad dialect, "quet it at once. No more of this aye sinnin' an' aye repentin'; but quet it entirely, or you'll become a disgrace to the congregation!"—This was rather too much for Jamie, substantial man as he was, and a liberal contributor to the support of the church. It put him on the offensive. He began to think he was not altogether so bad as other men, or even as his own pastor, in some respects; and he determined to retaliate.

"I know I am a poor weak body," said he, "I acknowledge that I do get a little drunk, or so, occasionally; but I never sing any of Watt's psalms." The parson withdrew; and Jamie

### Gen. Casey's Division at Fair Oaks.

It will be remembered that a storm of censure has been visited upon Gen. McClellan for the tone of his dispatch, in which he spoke of the discreditable behaviour of Gen. Casey's division at the battle of Fair Oaks. Gen. Heintzelman's report has just been published. He says:—The defensive works of Gen. Casey's position, in consequence of the increasing rains, and the short time allowed him for labor with entrenching tools, were in a very unfinished state, and could oppose but a feeble resistance to the overwhelming mass thrown upon them. The artillery was well served, and some of the regiments fought gallantly till overwhelmed by numbers. After they were once broken, however, they could not be rallied. The road was filled with fugitives (notfall from this division) as far as Boston's Bridge. Col. Starr's regiment of Gen. Hooker's division, had to force its way through them with the bayonet, and a guard I placed at Bos-

ton's Bridge, stopped over a thousand men. An officer informed me that after we had driven the enemy beyond our first entrenchments, he visited Gen. Casey's camp, and found more men bayoneted and shot inside the shelter tents than outside of them. As Gen. Casey, in his report, has not designated the regiments who did not behave well, I do not feel called upon to name them.

### FRANCOIS XAVIER.

Some three centuries and a half ago, the little kingdom of Navarre gave birth to an extraordinary man. His family on both sides was among the proudest of ancestral Spain.—While his elder brothers were fired with the military ardor which had filled the escutcheon of their fathers with deeds of renown, Francis, called also, from his mother's family, Xavier, was smitten with a passion for letters. His education was completed at Paris, and there where five centuries before Abelard had drawn upon himself the eyes of Europe, and attracted to his lectures admiring thousands, Francis was now expounding that same Aristotle, and was rapidly winning a similar popularity.

He had fallen upon an auspicious hour. It was the dawn of a new era. Faust had just revealed the magic of movable types. The Portuguese had opened the ocean pathway to the East Indies. Columbus had returned from his discovery with a story that electrified the nations. Luther and his coadjutors were agitating Europe with the profoundest religious sensation. At this opportune moment Ignatius Loyola, one of the great founders, made his appearance in Paris. He had as yet found but two men fit to become his associates. He presently marked Xavier for the third. He sought his acquaintance, and laid open to him the glory of converting the infidels to Christianity, but his words fell on ears deaf to every thing but the glory of this present world, which was just then opening to the rising philosopher in its brightest splendors.—And "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" was the solemn message which he reiterated from day to day and from month to month, till at length, in an hour of sadness, it struck a new chord in the heart, which had at first spurned so grave an admonition. The great thought which now began to find an echo within him, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" went on—deepening its own impressions till it transformed the world and him. The world, which had been his god, he now despised and spit upon; its honors were faded rags; its majesty mean; its riches despicable dust.—He literally forsook father and mother, and houses and lands, for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He seized the first opportunity to sail to India as a missionary, and passing on his way to the seaport almost within sight of the home of his childhood, he refused to look upon it with his eyes; refused to see the face of kindred; refused the final adieu of a fond mother, lest the tenderness of earthly affections should shake the steadfastness of his soul.

Arrived in India, he went up and down the valleys, and over the mountains, and through the islands, learning the languages of the natives by miracle, and preaching Christianity with a zeal which brought hundreds of thousands to seek baptism at his hands. With an art which none but a disciple of Loyola could imitate, he knew how to become all things to all men.

Repulsed by the Emperor of Japan for the meanness of his garb, he forthwith arrayed himself in the gorgeous priestly robes of the Bonzes, and, presenting himself again to the monarch, with a tone of authority he commanded reverence and obedience, and thus, through the edict of the emperor, a nation was converted in a day. He now looked over to the broad valleys of China, and burned to add her hundreds of millions to the list of his converts; and midway in his voyage to this enterprise, which was to be the crowning glory of his life, his great soul was obliged to forsake the frail body that refused to sustain this additional labor.

It matters little that we say he was a Jesuit, and that his converts were no better in their baptized heathenism, who shall claim perfection of creed or act for any man?—That which is worthy of our attention is the superhuman energy of a great soul under the inspiration of a great idea. Here was an earnest man penetrated with a conviction of the thing appointed him to do, and he did it with a might that will stand to all ages the astonishment of the world. In this example of the single eye, the undaunted courage, the unflinching aim, Francis Xavier exhibited all the human elements of moral power in the highest degree. And the minister of the Gospel, whether in heathen or in Christian lands, India in these things, and shall in addition have his soul filled with the light of truth and with the Holy Ghost, shall even in the blaze and stir of this nineteenth century, give a new impulse to the moral world, and a higher tone to the Christian life.

### Frightful Casualties on Oil Creek.

The following are the details of a terrible calamity near Titusville, which we have already briefly noticed:

On Saturday afternoon, Jan. 31st, a shocking accident occurred on the McIlhenny farm, on Oil Creek, by which three estimable ladies lost their lives. About four o'clock in the afternoon, a fire broke out in the house of H. C. Poole, blacksmith and machinist, burning it to the ground in a short time, and in it the bodies of his wife and only daughter, also the wife of Silas Gonzales, formerly of Stark county, Ohio. Miss Poole had been visiting Mrs. Gonzales during the afternoon, and the two started to a store on the McIlhenny Farm. The house of Mr. Poole being on their way they stopped. In less than five minutes from the time they were seen entering it the house was discovered to be in flames.—Three men, who were near, rushed to the house and tried to open the door, but found it fast at the bottom.—They then took a plank and forced it open, but they had just time to see 2 of the bodies lying black and lifeless near the door when the flames forced them to retreat. All possible exertions were made to save the house and rescue the bodies, but all in vain. It was nearly an hour before the bodies were recovered. They were then a black and shapeless mass, and could only be identified by fragments of their clothing that lay beneath their bodies. Mrs. Gonzales and Poole were both in the prime of life, and Miss Poole was a beautiful and accomplished young lady of sixteen. They were highly esteemed by the community among whom they resided, and their dreadful fate is sincerely deplored. Mrs. Gonzales leaves three small children. Mr. Poole was absent in Erie, and Mr. Gonzales was in Pittsburgh. The cause of the accident is all conjecture. Ten gallons of refined oil were known to be in the house, sitting up stairs.

### Shocking Accident to Union Paroled Prisoners in Richmond--A Number Drowned.

The Richmond Examiner of the 26th ult. says:

Between 4 and 5 o'clock yesterday morning, while upwards of 1,000 exchanged prisoners were being conducted from the Confederate States Prison to the Petersburg depot, for transportation to City Point, the foot bridge spanning the basin at Right street gave way, while the line was passing over it, and went down a wreck, in ten feet of water, carrying with it all upon the bridge, from 50 to 80 in number. The utmost excitement at once ensued among the prisoners, and the members of them under guard the company having exerted themselves strenuously to rescue them, but the morning being dark and cloudy, their efforts were attended with but partial success.—On calling the roll, 21 of the prisoners were found to be missing, or, at least, not answering to their names. Two of the guard, members of Capt. Maule's company (E.) City Battalion, were also missing, and it is feared they have shared the fate of the prisoners.

Notwithstanding the lamentable mishap, the prisoners were sent on to Petersburg by the regular train.—During the morning throngs of persons assembled on both banks of the basin and at the bridge to witness the preparations for recovering the bodies from the basin. At the suggestion of Coroner Sanxay, the outlets were opened for the purpose of drawing the water off; but the basin emptied slowly, and up to 5 o'clock p. m. yesterday but three bodies had been discovered, two of them Union prisoners, and the third the body of a Confederate soldier that had evidently been in the water a month or more.

Darkness approaching, the further search for the victims was postponed until this morning, when an official investigation will be held.

It is stated that the fallen bridge was constructed after a pattern introduced from Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Greek Question is settled at last by the selection of Duke Ernest, of Coburg, to fill the vacant throne of Greece. Duke Ernest is a brother of the late Prince Albert, and of course uncle to Prince Alfred, of England, who, as the Duke is childless, is next of kin, and his heir to the vacated dukedom. The Duke is said to be an excellent man, of large and liberal views.

The best way to do good to ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather, is to scatter.

The evil that men do lives after them, but the good is oft interred with their bones.

### Ceremony was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

Ceremony was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.