

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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Office in the Court House and adjoining building. Collections and other legal business will receive prompt attention.
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Jan. 23, 1866.—13.

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Waynesburg, April 25, 1865.—17.

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Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.
Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!
D. R. F. HUSS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PENNA.

Has received from the War Department at Washington, D. C., official copies of the several Acts and Instructions for the prosecution and collection of PENSIONS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due disabled and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphans, children, widowed mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, which business (upon due notice) will be attended to promptly, and accurately, if entrusted to his care. Office in the old Bank Building—April 8, 1865.

PHYSICIANS.

B. M. BLACHLEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office—Blachley's Building, Main St.,
Waynesburg, Pa.
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 medicine at this place.
Waynesburg, June 11, 1865.—17.

DR. A. G. CROSS
Would very respectfully tender his services as a Physician and Surgeon, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due application of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.
Waynesburg, January 8, 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 hopes by a due application of the laws of human life and health, to merit a share of public patronage.
April 9, 1862.

DRUGS.

M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary, and dealer in Patents and Oils, the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Liqueurs for medicinal purposes.
Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

MERCANTILES.

WM. A. PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, and the Hamilton Street, opposite the Court House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

MINOR & CO.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

J. D. COSGRAY,
Boot and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Driver's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass & China, and Oil and Moulding Looking Glass Plates.
Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

BOOKS &c.

LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers. One door east of Porter's Store, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS.

SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,
Saddler, Harness and Trunk Maker, old Bank Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

TOBACCONISTS.

HOOPER & HAGER,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Tobacco, Snuff and Cigars, Sugar, Coffee, Pipes, &c., Wilson's Old Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

Select Poetry.

THE COPPERHEAD.

An unknown friend sends us the following poetical effusion, clipped from a "down east" newspaper, with a request to give it a place in our columns. We do not know who is the author, but it is the finest tribute to "copperheadism" we have yet seen—

Do you uphold the Nation's cause,
And think, as Daniel Webster thought,
The Constitution and the Laws
With Union's life inwrought?
Does then your soul, indignant swell,
With scorn for the foul fiend who said,
"Your Magna Charta is from Hell?"
You are a "Copperhead!"

Do you revere our chartered rights?
And thus prove traitor—as they say,
Those Ethiopian Zeophytes,
Who now hold sway—
Do you despise the culture horde,
Upon the country's vitals fed,
Who serve corruption as their Lord?
You are a "Copperhead!"

Do you revert to former days,
The days of glory and renown,
When patriots won the statesman's bays;
And wore the mural crown?
When not the place could make the man,
But say, the man the place instead;
Where honor proudly led the van?
You are a "Copperhead!"

Do you e'er pray that strife may cease,
That war may stay his crimson hand,
And that the broad white wings of peace
May brood the land?
If such your prayer, for one, I say,
God's blessing rest upon your head!
Come, share with me the "soubriquet"
Of traitor! "Copperhead!"

When through these clouds the Union
star
Shall struggle from its sad eclipse,
And the red meteor of the war
"Neath the horizon dips,
No higher eulogy be mine,
No epitaph—if haply dead—
Than this short, cabalistic line:
"Walter, the 'Copperhead!'"

Miscellaneous.

EMBODIED JOKES.

Has not nature an element of the ludicrous in it? Are there no creations which may be regarded as mere quizzical oddities? What else can you make of the world-renowned Jack? Can any man look into his face without an irresistible temptation to laughter. Was ever anything more expressly made to be grotesque than a toad? What thing, of all the barbarous inventions in Chinese pictures, can surpass in its ridiculousness? Did you ever attentively study toad life and manners? You might do worse.—At evening, when they begin to feel the inspiration of an evening entertainment their squat forms an ungainly movements, the very drollery and earnest sobriety with which they carry themselves, the peculiar wink which they seem to intimate to you that they are keeping up a good deal more thinking inside than you might suppose, their imperturbable and unexcitable passivity, produce a comical result hardly equalled by any clown.

The bat is another jest in natural history. Its flight is the only redeeming feature of its ungracious form and manner. Ever that has a capriciousness in it that savors of gambolling. Its voice is a squeak, its mouth a burlesque upon humanity.

The monkey has been set apart for ridiculousness the world over.—He is an organized sarcasm upon the human race with variations multitudinous.

But among insects, and among beetles especially are found forms so singular, and manners so queer, that we never pass them without stopping to look at them and never look without a sense of the ludicrous.

But who ever saw on land or in water, a crab or a lobster without being struck with their comicality! If these things address themselves to a feeling of the ludicrous in our minds, is it extravagant to suppose that they sprung from some such thought in the creative mind? It seems no more strange that God should create objects for mirth in the world, than that he should have placed the faculty of mirthfulness in the human mind. Is any faculty without provision for its enjoyment? Is it not rather to be supposed that, both in the vegetable and in the animal kingdom, there are forms and processes which will never be fully appreciated until their relation to the feeling of mirth is recognized?

We do not know that laughing philosophers are desirable, but philosophers who do not know how to laugh are still less likely to be complete.—Eyes and Ears.

The Newburyport Herald considers that rum and shoulder straps are the two curses of the war.

STRANGE FIRES—A TALE OF THE MYSTERIOUS.

The following most singular phenomena have occurred at the residence of Wm. S. Stearnes and Richard Freeman, in the town of Rush, about five miles north of this city.—On Tuesday morning last, 24th ult., soon after making the fires, Mrs. Stearnes discovered the carpet burning near the stove, but to one side of it. She extinguished the fire, supposing it to have caught from the stove in some manner. Soon after the carpet was found burning near the bed which stood in the room, but entirely away from the stove. Regarding the latter fire as very curious she extinguished it, and left the room to attend her work, and being attracted by the smell of fire returned to the front room and found the straw burning in the midst of her bed, under the clothes and feather bed. She immediately carried the bed out of her house. When she returned the curtains in front of her bed was blazing up to the ceiling above. Being now thoroughly alarmed she sent her little girl, of about ten years, the only person with her, for Mr. Freeman who came and removed the carpets, clothing and beds from the stoves; while doing this, fires broke out in the pantry, burning the papers that were spread out on the shelves, also articles of cotton ignited in different parts of the chamber.—In this room a clothes rod, suspended by strings of cloth tied to rafters, was heard to fall, and the strings were found burnt.

During this time Mr. Stearnes was absent, and Mrs. S. and the little girl went home with Mr. Freeman.—When they arrived there as a precaution, the garments of Mrs. S. and the little girl were placed by themselves, a cloak worn by the girl being put on the bare floor of the bed room. In a half hour after, this cloak was burning briskly. It was removed from the room, and an hour and a half afterwards the bed in the same room was on fire. The day following, a pillow-case lying in a back room ignited, also a cloth spread over a flour barrel, and a bag containing dried fruit. These articles are all at distances from each other, and ignited at different times. A cloth which had been used to wash some bottles had been rung out and hung upon a nail and was found burning at the bottom, and part of the cloth at the same time was frozen stiff. In the afternoon a smell of fire was discovered in the chamber, and was found to proceed from a small box in which a paper, wrapping a parcel of sugar, was entirely burned from around the sugar. The box was covered by a lid which stuck quite close. A lounge also took fire in a bed room. On Thursday Mr. Stearnes returned to his house, built fires in the stoves, and soon after a fire broke out in a bed, and, in a damp cloth lying on a pantry shelf. He extinguished his fires, and has not occupied his house since, except to watch it.

Thursday night the little girl stayed at Mr. Samuel Shuster's some two miles west of Mr. Freeman's.—Friday morning a cloth lying on a shelf in the milk room of Mr. Shuster's house was found burning, and also a handful of rags struck in an outside crevice of the wall of the house. And then being informed of the occurrence by Mr. Charles Holman, of this city, and to satisfy ourselves of the truth, we went with him to the houses of Messrs. Freeman and Stearnes, and from them heard what we have related, and much more. These gentlemen are known to be men of unimpeachable veracity, and their statement is a sufficient guarantee of truth. But we ourselves saw the effects of the fire on the beds, clothing, papers and walls of the house, sufficient to satisfy us of the exact truth of every statement made; we saw the dress worn by the little girl, which ignited twice near the bottom of the skirt while on her. It was once extinguished by Mr. Freeman and once by Mr. Stearnes. While we were at the house of the latter, a fire broke out in some papers in an out-house at Mr. Freeman's. On our return we saw the fresh charred boards which the fire had burned. The fire broke out in five different rooms at Mr. Freeman's house, in no one of which there was any stove or fire-place. A watch has been constantly kept by these two families, and every article has been removed from their houses. They justly feel the greatest anxiety to have the mysteries of these fires solved. Who can do it?—Oswego (N. Y.) Press.

A Hospital Incident.
A few days ago a wounded soldier died at the Hammon Hospital at Point-lookout. On the fly leaf of his Bible was written—"If I die on the field or in hospital, in the name of humanity, write home." To this was signed his full name and address. A lock of his hair was cut off, and laid on the leaf in the bible, and this sad relic is the message to his family informing them of his death.

The Common Lot.
Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary beards of ages past;
All in one mighty sepulcher.—BYRON.

THE GEORGIAN BEAUTIES.

The May number of Harper's Magazine contains an article from Mr. Jos. E. Miller, called "A trip to the Caucasus," which is full of bright scenes and lively incidents in speaking of the Georgians beauties he says: "Another ride was over the first and second ranges of the hills, on Ascension day, of the Greek and Armenian churches, to visit a little church in a narrow valley. It was a great shrine, dedicated to St. George, who was represented all round the house as killing snakes in every possible way. It was a very good holiday, and at three or four thousand people have thronged the pilgrimage. They were mostly married women, with their breasts hung in their doll sacks in front; and the particular object of this pilgrimage was the same for which Lucina was worshipped of old, St. George, now-days, apparently having the same attributes. They—the women—went round the church, kissing the jutting angels of the walls, as Catholics do. Two large three storied buildings near answered for hotels, where the Georgians were lodged on the floors. The coup d'oeil of this large gathering was brilliant.

Every girl or woman, not told was pretty, and the costumes were very striking indeed and becoming, and the immense variety of colors, and a crowd very effective. A hand of dark velvet—say two and a half inches wide—stands up from the brow and incloses the hair. It is embroidered in bright colors—gold, green or blue. On the top of the head lies a rich folded satin handkerchief, with the corner in front. From each side falls pendent a long veil reaching to the hips. A corsage of pink satin, fitting to the throat, lies easily, as it were, on the most charming chest and bosom in the world, and unites, in a point above the waist, with a red jacket or bedice of blue. A long robe of white satin falls to the feet; no crinoline—it is not needed; a bright ribbon round the waist; narrow sleeves lace trimmed at the wrist; bright buttons along the edge of the corsage, running up to the shoulders; and itself studded with silver stars or small points, and you have the costume of a young Georgian lady.

So much for art. Perfectly round but rather small eyes, jet black; black, round well-defined eyebrows; a good forehead; nose perhaps a thought too short, for the Georgians are very amiable and have hardly the character of the Circassian or Mingrelian; a small mouth and chin, beautifully rounded, with a clear, translucent color, and you have an idea of nature. Nevertheless, when you look into the eyes of these beautiful barbarians, you feel at once that something is wanting. Like a bright boy in conversation with you, you see the mind lies dormant; the vital spark that should kindle and illumine the whole is inactive; the intellect lies awakened; and you feel that, handsome though they be, they are not strictly beautiful. But then there are so beautiful women in the world!—I have seen one or two. The hair is frequently brought down in plaits in front, and you sometimes see three or four tails—real "Kenwigs"—pendent behind, possibly a far off re-echo of the fashion immortalized by Dickens.

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 (as he styled himself), I cannot be so strong yet, my friend."

"How is it you never signed before?"
"I did sign; but I keep it different now to what I did before, friend."

"How is this?"
"Why, I gae 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.

Guiccioli, Byron's old flame is writing the poet's life. It will be curious to see that chequered career from such a stand-point of view. A contemporary says of Guiccioli: "She is sixty years old, wears a flaxen wig, false teeth and rouge, is a married woman, and is vain enough to believe she is still handsome."

The Common Lot.
Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary beards of ages past;
All in one mighty sepulcher.—BYRON.

BREVITY.

It is said of the three most influential members of the convention that formed the constitution of the United States that in all the debates of that body, no one of them made a speech of more than twenty minutes. We have good authority for stating that Alexander Hamilton, though reckoned among the more diffuse orators of his day, did not occupy more than two hours and a half in his longest argument on a trial of a cause, and his rival, Aaron Burr, not more than an hour and a quarter. A judge who was intimately acquainted with Burr and his practice, confirmed this statement, adding that within his knowledge this advocate repeatedly and successfully disposed of cases involving a large amount of property in half an hour. "Indeed," said he, "on one occasion he talked to the jury seven minutes in such a manner that it took me, on the bench, half an hour to straighten them out." He added "I once asked him, 'Col. Burr, why cannot lawyers always save the time and spare the patience of the court and jury by dwelling only on the most important points in their cases?'" to which Burr replied, "Sir, you demand the greatest faculty of the human mind, selection." He is well known to have been one of the most effective advocates in his time, and in this manner, if nothing else, he deserves to be studied and imitated. We refer to a single foreign example an eminent English barrister. "I asked Sir James Scarlett," says Buxton, "what was the secret of his pre-eminence as an advocate. He said that he took care to press home one principle, point of the case, without much regard to the others. He also said that he knew the secret of being short. 'I find,' said he, 'that when I exceed half an hour, I am always doing mischief to my client. I find it drive into the heads of the jury unimportant matter. I drive out matter more important. I had previously lodged there.'" We commend his method, and his reason for it, not only to ministers, but quite as urgently to lawyers and members of Congress.

RUSSIAN SERFS.

The 3rd of March, as is well known, was the day on which expired the period fixed by the Imperial manifesto of March 3rd, 1861, for the rural organization of the Russian serfs; but the dispositions of that document are not yet completely executed; only 100,563 acts of arrangements have been drawn up, and but 87,863 have been applied.—Two years ago 8,000,000 serfs paid the obrok, or tax for exemption from forced labor, and 7,000,000 were subjected to the compulsory service. Since that period 1,67,015 peasants have become proprietors of land; 5,000,000 are entirely freed from forced labor, and 3,000,000 are still liable to the corvée. What an amount of evils from ancient despotism to be swept away! What a number of existences to free from the yoke weighing upon so many generations! Before the 3rd of March, 1861, there were in twenty-seven Governments of Russia 1,955 schools for peasants; the number is now 6,666 an increase of 4,711 in two years. The Government of St. Petersburg seems now almost terrified at the number of the disinherited whom it has called to relative liberty; it has just re-examined the former measures adopted against the "demagogical peasants," but it will, however, in vain attempt to arrest the impulsion given.—Le Siecle.

A STUPENDOUS WORK.

A wonderful plan has been exhibited recently in Paris for a railroad across the Simplon pass. The line has been most carefully surveyed for four months by Italian engineers, who have passed that time amongst eternal snows, and now exhibit their astonishing designs and declare the work practicable at an elevation of three or four thousand feet above the sea. The estimated cost is seventy-two millions of francs. The object of, course, is to connect the Swiss Line of Geneva and the Valley of the Rhone with the Italian Cis Alpine lines. During four months, a band of engineers and their assistants, numbering forty individuals, have traced the line over mountain summits, across valleys, gorges, and precipices, living all that time in temporary sheds, and carrying with them food, clothing, and all the necessities of existence into the very heart of unexplored mountain forests. Out of about seventy miles of railroad thus laboriously laid down in these places, nearly twenty will be in tunnels and as many more in galleries, with latent openings, having arcades on one side like those of the Rue De Rivoli. The appearance of the plans is wonderful and magnificent in the highest degree, and appears the *ne plus ultra* of the daring of modern science. The execution is calculated to occupy five years, and when achieved will more than rival the famous tunnel now being perforated through Mount Cenis.

THE DEAD OF POMPEII EXHUMED.

THE RECENT REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES IN THE BURIED CITY. Some time since we published a brief account of the discovery of human remains, in a state of good preservation, in a house in Pompeii. Interesting particulars of the recent researches in the buried city are given by a correspondent of the London Athenaeum, who says that the human bodies were found in an excavation near the house called that of Alabundanza. Falling in a mass of pumice stone, these unfortunate persons had not become attached to the soil, and it was easy to cut away the ground beneath them; but above, fire, ashes and hot water had been rained upon them from the fiery mountain, causing their death, and ensuring their preservation for nearly two thousand years. On removing the debris, which consisted of the roof and ashes which had fallen into the interior of the house, something like a human form was discovered, though nothing but fine powder was visible. It occurred to Cavalier Florelli that this might be a kind of sarcophagus created by Vesuvius, and that within were the remains of one of the victims of that terrible eruption.—But how remove or preserve them? A happy idea struck him. Plaster of Paris was poured into an aperture, the interior having been discovered to be hollow in consequence of the destruction of the flesh, and mixing with and uniting with the bones, restored to the world a Roman lady of the first century.

Further researches led to the discovery of a male body, another woman, and that of a young girl; but that which first awakened the interest of the excavators, was the finding of ninety one pieces of silver money, four ear-rings, a finger-ring, all of gold; together with two iron keys and evident remains of a linen bag. These interesting relics have been now successfully removed, and are lying in a house not far distant. They are to be preserved in Pompeii, and four bronze tables, of an antique fashion, are preparing for their reception.

The first body discovered was that of a woman, who lay on her right side, and from the twisted position of her body, had been much convulsed. Her left hand and arm was raised and contorted, and the knuckles were bent in tightly; the right arm was broken, and at each end of the fragments the cellular character of bones was seen. The form of the head-dress and the hair were distinctly visible. On the bone of the little finger of the left hand were two silver rings, one of which was a gold. The sandals remain, or the soles at least, and iron or nails are unmistakably to be seen. Though the body was much bent, the legs were extended as if under the influence of extreme pain.

In an inner chamber was found the figure of the young girl lying on its face, resting on its clasped hands and arms; the legs drawn up, the left lying over the right—the body thinly covered over in some parts by the scorin or the plaster, whilst the skull was visible, highly polished. One hand was partially closed, as if it had grasped something, probably her dress, with which it had covered the head. The finger-bones protruded through the incrustated ashes, and on the surface of the body in various parts was distinctly visible the web of the linen with which it had been covered.—There was lying by the side of the child a full-grown woman, the left leg slightly elevated whilst the right arm is broken; but the left, which is bent, is perfect, and the hand is closed. The little finger has an iron ring; the left ear, which is uppermost, is very conspicuous, and stands off from the head. The folds of the drapery, the very web, remain, and a nice observer might detect the quality of the dress.

The body of the man lay upon its back, with the legs stretched out to their full length. There was an iron ring on the little finger of the left hand, which, together with the arm, was supported by the elbow. The folds of the dress on the arm, and over the whole upper part of the body were visible; the sandals were there, and the bones of one foot protruded through what might have been a broken sandal. The traces of the hair of the head and beard were there, and the breath of life, adds the writer, had only to be inspired into this and the other three figures to restore to the world of the nineteenth century the Romans of the first century. They might have fallen but yesterday, for were there not still remaining their sandals, their dress, the very tracery of their hair? They were trying to escape from destruction, for the bodies were found at a short distance one from the other, as if in the act of running. What could have induced them to remain so long it is only permitted to imagine. They were three women who, terror struck, had been unable, perhaps, to act, until aided and urged forward by the man. It may be that with that attachment which bids us all so closely to our native place

RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERING IN IRELAND.—SPEECH BY GEN. McOLLELLAN.

An immense meeting was held at the New York Academy of Music on Tuesday night, under the auspices of an association styled the Knights of St. Patrick, for the purpose of raising funds to alleviate the sufferings caused by the famine in Ireland.

Gen. McClellan was present, and being called on, responded in the following speech:—

My FRIENDS—I came here to-night as a listener and spectator, not as a participant in the proceedings of the evening. I came to hear the ablest and best of the friends and sons of Ireland plead her cause to-night. I have departed from my usual rule to avoid large assemblies, because I know that this meeting had neither partisan nor political purpose.—(Cheers.)

I knew that you had assembled for the noblest of all purposes, that of charity towards suffering brethren in a distant land. I came here simply to evince my sympathy in your cause; for I have strong and peculiar reasons for feeling an intense sympathy for and interest in all that relates to Ireland and the Irish. (Great applause.) I sprung, myself, from a kindred race. I have often seen the loyalty of the Irish to their government and to their general providence.—I have seen the green flag of Erin borne side by side with our own Stars and Stripes through the din of battle. (Cheers.) I have witnessed the bravery, the chivalry, the devotion of the Irish race, while I was a boy, on the fields of Mexico, and in maturer years on the fields of Maryland and Virginia. (Loud cheers.) It has often been my sad lot, pleasant withal, to watch the cheering, smiling patience of the Irish soldier while suffering from disease or ghastly wounds; and I have ever found the Irish heart warm and true. (Cheers.) I feel, then, that I have a right to sympathize with your cause to-night. It is most unfortunate that there are so many in Ireland who need our sympathy, but at least we should thank our God that he has given us the means to extend our hands to them. (Enthusiastic cheering.) It is perhaps unfortunate for Ireland that laws, in the making of which the Irish have had but little to do—that a government in which perhaps they have been but little represented—should have induced so many to have left their native land and sought foreign climes; but what has been the loss of Ireland has been the gain of America. (Cheers.) It has given us some of the proudest intellects that have adorned our history, countless strong arms who have developed our resources, and soldiers innumerable, on every field from those of the Revolution to those of the present sad rebellion, have upheld the honor of their adopted country. (Wild cheers.) And so, I repeat, we have gained what Ireland has lost. (Continued cheers.) One thing more before I close. We come here for no political purpose; but no true friend of his country can, in our present crisis, repress altogether the thoughts that will crowd upon his brain.—What is it that enables us now to extend our hands to your brethren across the Atlantic? What is it that our fathers and we have worked for for generations? It was to establish on this broad continent a nation, one free Government that may be the refuge of all exiles from foreign lands; and I know that I express the thoughts of every one who listens to me here, when I say that all our energies, all our thoughts, all our means, and if necessary the last drop of our blood should be given to uphold that unity and nationality. (Enthusiastic cheers.) But I did not rise to make a speech, but simply to express my warm and most cordial thanks for the greeting with which I have been honored to-night. I thank you, and shall now make way for the able and eloquent men who will plead the cause of your brethren to-night.

A Romance in Real Life.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 17th instant mentions the following incident:—Among the Confederate prisoners brought to this city yesterday was a man whose wife some months ago put on the weeds of widowhood, giving out the report that her husband had died in the Confederacy. She sold out all her furniture and effects, and with a masculine friend of hers started for New York. One of her failings was a weakness of intoxicating drinks, and while on her way North she got into a car, fell overboard and was drowned. The husband now turns up alive and a widower, while she who so readily put on the widow's weeds has become food for fishes.—Thus facts and fictions blend.

Never acknowledge an enemy, or see an affront if you can help it.—Avoid wrangling and tittle-tattle.