

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1863.

NEW SERIES.--VOL. 5, NO. 2.

THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER,
PUBLISHED BY
R. W. JONES & JAMES S. JENNINGS
AT
WAYNESBURG, GREENE CO., PA.
OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

TERMS:
Subscription--\$2.00 in advance; \$3.25 at the expiration of six months; \$4.50 after the expiration of the year.
Advertisements inserted at \$1.25 per square for three insertions, and 25 cts. a square for each additional insertion; ten lines or less counted as a square.
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Waynesburg Business Cards.
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WYLY, BUCHANAN & HUSS,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
WAYNESBURG, PA.
Will practice in the Courts of Greene and adjoining counties. Collections and other legal business will receive prompt attention. Office on the South side of Main street, in the Old Bank Building. Jan. 25, 1863--15.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
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Office in the "Bright" Bldg., one door east of the old Bank Building.
All business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette Counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention. Sept. 11, 1861--15.

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Office in J. Edw. H. Building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.

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Sept. 11, 1861--15.

BLACK & PHELAN,
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Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!
D. R. P. HUSS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PENNA.
Has received from the War Department at Washington, D. C., official copies of the several laws passed by Congress, and all the necessary forms and instructions for the prosecution and collection of PENSIONS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphans, widowed mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, which business, upon due notice, will be attended to promptly. Congress is entitled to his share. Office in the old Bank Building--April 8, 1863.

G. W. G. WADDELL,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office in Campbell's Row opposite the Hamilton House, Waynesburg, Penna. Business of all kinds solicited. Has received official copies of all laws passed by Congress, and other necessary instructions for the collection of PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, widows, Orphan children, &c., and business if entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
May 13, '63.

B. M. BLACHLEY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office--Bishop's Building, Main St., Waynesburg and vicinity. He has returned from the Hospital Corps of the Army and resumed the practice of medicine. June 11, 1863--15.

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 proposes by a due application of the laws of human life and health, to secure a liberal share of public patronage.
April 9, 1863.

M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary, and Dealer in Paints and Oils, the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Liquors for medicinal purposes.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

WM. A. PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, in the Hamilton House, opposite the Court House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861--15.

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods Generally, "Bishop's" Bldg., Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

Select Poetry.
THE DRUMMER BOY.
He lay upon the hillsides where the bullets could not come,
Down in the grass, his soldier cap was thrown beside his drum,
A stain was on his uniform, a dark stain on his vest,
And on the little sunburnt hand, that lay upon his breast.
A stranger in a foreign land; for, far from him that day,
His dark-eyed mother watched the waves, by Naples' silver bay,
She heard the soft, sweet chiming sound, she heard the boatman's oar,
She waited on that vine-clad rock, for one who'd come no more.

The soft wind swept the way grass, and in the war-field's gloom,
God's sweet blue violets looked up, the peach trees were in bloom,
He saw the lurid sun go down, he saw the red clouds gleam,
He closed his eyelids wearily, and dreamed a fevered dream:
He dreamed he saw the flashing arms, he saw the camp fires glow,
Wild music rose exultingly, he heard the trumpets blow,
And onward swept the crimson flags, and through the rolling drum,
A voice cried, See the laurel wreaths, we fight for glory, Come!

Again the vision swept away, he saw a mingled throng,
The poor, the lame, the blind of earth, pressed eagerly along,
No glory lit that thorny path, no light that man could see,
But sweetly rose a gentle voice, My children, come to Me.
He thought of all the laurel-wreaths, the glory of the strife,
He heard the trumpet-call ring out, along the march of life,
Again he saw the red flags wave, again he heard the drum,
And through them all, that gentle call, My weary children, Come.

He woke in languor and in pain, men said he died alone,
They made him there a little grave, and raised a nameless stone,
His two small hands were clasped in prayer, upon a silent breast;
The emigrant had found a home, and love and life and rest.
Wild flowers and grasses spring above that lonely little grave,
His dark-eyed mother looks to-day on Naples' silver wave,
She shall wash o'er the burning southern sky, the twilight calm and mild,
But never, till the day of God, her eyes shall see her child.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?
Not high raised battlements or labored mounds,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad armed forts,
Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-browed baseness waits perfume to pride,
No men--high-minded men,
With power as far above dull brutes endowed
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold brutes or brambles rude--
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a state.

Advantages of Years.
You are "getting into years."--Yes but years are getting into you--the ripe, rich years, the genial, mellow years, the lusty, luscious years: One by one, the crudities of your youth are falling off from you, the vanity, the egotism, the insolence, the bewilderment, the uncertainty. Nearer, and nearer, you are approaching yourself. You are becoming master of the situation. You are consolidating your forces. Every wrong road into which you have wandered has brought you, by the knowledge of that mistake, so much closer to the truth. You no longer draw your bow at a venture, but shoot straight at the mark. Your possibilities concentrate, and your path is cleared. On the ruins of shattered plans, you find your vantage ground. Your broken hopes, your thwarted purposes, your defeated aspirations become a staff of strength with which you go to sublime heights.

Victor Emanuel's Marriage.
The King of Italy has just concluded a morganatic marriage with the beautiful Rosina, whom he first saw on the battle-field of Magenta. She is the daughter of a simple drummer in the army; but the King's partiality has since made her a Countess of Miraflores. So ardent is his love for her, that he told his ministers, who tried to dissuade him from taking that step, that he would sooner marry a peasant woman than the marriage with her.

A series of services for the people under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has been inaugurated. The first sermon was preached by the Bishop of London.

Miscellaneous.

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC MAN.
Major Charles Darrabee, well known to a large number of our citizens, died at his place of residence in this city, at about two o'clock, yesterday morning. He was eighty-one years of age. He retired the night before, as well, apparently, as he has been for several months past. The history of the man is full of interest. In 1801 he first came to Hartford, from Windham, his native town. He lived with the Rev. Nathan Perkins, doing his farm-work for some time, and remained about the "west parish" till 1808, when he received a commission in the army. He proved a faithful soldier, and at the battle of Lundy's Lane received a gunshot wound in the left arm, which rendered its amputation necessary. Up to the time of his death he received a pension from the government; at one time it was twenty-five dollars a month, but subsequently was increased to forty dollars.

Major Darrabee was worth property to the amount of several thousand dollars, which he devoted entirely for the benefit of lame, deformed, and maimed females. His will, dated June, 1847, bequeathed all his real and personal estate to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of Hartford, and the Selectmen of the town of Hartford, that the annual income may be appropriated "for the relief and benefit" of the persons named, "selecting the most needy;" for which purpose "said estate is to constitute and remain a perpetual and permanent fund, to be called, "The Larrabee Fund." Subsequently, in a codicil, he gives to the town of West Hartford the sum of five hundred dollars, to be invested and the interest thereon applied as stated in the Hartford bequest. In reference to the disposition of his body after death, he leaves a written memorandum addressed to Mr. Roberts, the undertaker. It exhibits some of the peculiarities of the man. He says:

"My grave must be dug but four feet deep, and midway between the obelisk and south part of the fence." [He had a lot in Spring Grove Cemetery.] "When the spring has come, and the grass has grown well, then earth must be added to raise my grave two feet above the adjoining surface of the ground. The top of the grave must be three feet wide, and eight feet long, with a gentle slope all around it; and may this turf have a good and substantial growth every summer! My head must be placed at the west end of my grave, so when I rise, or am called to judgment, I may face the sun. * * * I have had an engagement many years with Mr. Roberts to furnish my dead body with a coffin. I want a well-made coffin, but I do not want a coffin's worth of fancy work and materials upon it. I do not want a box for my coffin, for I desire to lie as near my mother's earth as possible."

I have not room for extracts from the written papers he leaves. It was his desire that his writings in MS. should be published in pamphlet form, and likely they will be. Though a peculiar man in many respects, yet, quite natural to a person of his advanced age in life. Mr. Darrabee possessed a warm, sympathizing heart for the afflicted, particularly those who were maimed in body. His notions of things were queer, but his motives were thoroughly honest. He was firm in his opinions, many of which hardly touched the chord of this generation. But we cannot wonder it. He was schooled in the last century. It is true to say he was a good man, and deserved, as he had, many friends.--*Hartford Courier.*

Our Best Parlor.
Don't keep a solitary parlor, into which you go but once a month, with your parson or sewing society. Hang around your walls pictures that shall tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to different lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plant in the waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the still homestead shall come across the desolation, bringing light, hope, and love. Have no dungeon about your house--no room you never open--no blinds that are always shut.

The Stoneman Expedition.
The official report of Gen. Stoneman will show the following losses: Officers wounded, one; missing, fourteen; men wounded, eight; missing, one hundred and forty-nine; killed, eight. The command of Gen. Stoneman captured forty-three officers, six hundred and thirty-five men, two hundred and two mules, two hundred and thirty wagons, and six hundred and fifty-six horses.

THE FIRE-ESCAPE DOG.
We find in one of our London Magazines, *Early Days*, the following account of a sagacious dog which will interest our young readers:
There is a noble band of heroic men in London, who have charge of the fire-escapes--a contrivance for letting persons down from the windows of a house that is on fire. Samuel Wood, one of the bravest of these brave men, has saved nearly one hundred men, women, and children, from the flames! Much of his success, however, is justly due to his wonderful little dog "Bill," around whose neck the inhabitants of Whitechapel have placed a silver collar, in token of his valuable services during the nine years that he has been the fire-escape dog.

Bill, like his master, has to be very wakeful, and at his post of duty all night; and therefore he sleeps during the day, close to his master's bed. He never attempts to run out of doors until the hour approaches for them to go to the station. Bill does not allow his master to sleep too long. He is sure to wake him if he is likely to be too late. How the dog knows the time, is a puzzle; but know it he does. When the fire-escape is wheeled out of Whitechapel churchyard, at nine o'clock, Bill is promptly at his post. When an alarm of fire is heard, Bill who is at other times very quiet, now begins to bark furiously. Wood has no need to sound his rattle, for the policemen all around know Bill's bark so well, that they at once come up to render their valuable help. If the alarm of fire takes place where there are few people in the streets, Bill runs round to the coffee houses near, and pushing open the doors, gives his well-known bark, as much to say, "Come, and help, men! come, and help." Bill has not to bark in vain. His call is cheerfully obeyed.

In dark nights the lantern has to be lit, when Bill at once seizes hold of it; and, like a herald, runs on before his master. When the ladder is erected, Bill is at the top before his active master has reached half way! He jumps into the rooms, and amid thick smoke, and the approaching flames, runs from room to room, helping his master to find and bring out the poor inmates.

On one occasion, the fire burned so rapidly, and the smoke in the room became so dense, that Wood and another man were unable to find their way out. They feared that escape was hopeless. Bill seemed at once to comprehend the danger in which his kind master was placed, and the faithful creature began to bark. Half suffocated, Wood and his comrade, knowing this to be the signal, "Follow me," at once crawled after Bill, and in a few moments they were providentially led to the window, and their lives were saved.

On another occasion, a poor little kitten was found on the stairs of a house that was on fire. Bill immediately drove the kitten down from stair to stair, until it reached the door, and was there tenderly taken up and cared for by a kind-hearted policeman.

Richly does Bill deserve his silver collar. It bears this inscription:--
"I am the Fire-Escape Man's dog, my name is Bill.
When 'fire' is called, I am never still;
I bark for my master, all danger I brave,
To bring the 'Escape,' human life to save."

Poor Bill, like human beings, has had his trials and sufferings as well as honors. At one fire, through a hole burnt in the floor, he fell down into a tub of scalding water, from which he suffered dreadfully, and narrowly escaped a painful death. On three other occasions he had the misfortune to be run over; but with careful doctoring he was soon able to resume his duties. When we last patted Bill on his head, he was suffering from a cough which has never left him since his last accident. Since the above was written, poor Bill has died, through injuries received at a fire.

EATING HABITS.
The most common way to a premature grave and one of the shortest cuts to that destination is down a man's throat. There is a multitude which no man can number, daily eating immoderately, thus sapping the constitution and laying the foundation for innumerable ills and a too early grave. The wise man does it, and the fool; the virtuous and the abandoned; the kind and the cross, of all climes, are among the errorists. But there are some who are wise as to this point, and the number is increasing; the number of those who are men and women of force; who think for themselves; who have vigor of intellect enough to compare causes and effects, antecedents and consequents. There is constantly coming to us the knowledge of mothers, who, by the teachings of this Journal, have been led to regulate their households rationally, and are reaping a rich reward in the shape of health for themselves, and what is dearer still, increasing health for their children.

The first point in the philosophy of eating is to perform that very necessary business with the greatest regularity. A young Scotch trapper, Thomas Gleday, told us thirty years ago, that the Indians, with whom he had been hunting, ate but once a day, and that was in the early evening; that then, a single individual would consume several pounds of meat, smoke his pipe, lie down to sleep, get up by the dawn, hunt all day, eating nothing until the night again. An old beau of Washington city took it into his head that eating was a trouble, and that he would perform that process but once a day. On occasions of his being invited out in the evening, he felt compelled to take something, although he had eaten his regular dinner; but then he would eat nothing at all next day. These irregularities were very rare; he died when nearly eighty years of age, a sprightly and gallant old beau to the last.

On the other hand, persons who are regularly irregular seem to live a good while. Captain Hall lately, in this city, the case of some esquimaux, who, being carried to sea on a cake of ice, ate absolutely nothing for the space of thirty days, when each man swallowed about thirty pounds of meat and oil, and neither burst up nor died. But observation has shown that, both as to man and beast, regularity in the hours of eating is indispensable to a healthful, thriving condition. Most articles of food require several hours to be placed in condition to be passed out of the stomach; and if a new supply of food is introduced before this process of digestion, or conversion, is completed, the former food is not passed out until the latter has been brought to its own condition; the result of its being kept warm for so long is, that it begins to decay, gas is generated, and the whole mass is corrupted. Those who eat often, who eat between meals, always have wind on the stomach and other places; but if it cannot escape, it causes a feeling of weight or oppression, which is dyspepsia, that horrid hag which has a thousand ails in her train. Half "the girls" have dyspepsia before they are seventeen, in consequence of their voracious nibbling at every thing eatable in the house. The most natural and healthful times for eating would seem to be at daylight, noon and sundown; and the last meal being very light indeed.--*Hall's Journal of Health.*

KEEP THE CONSCIENCE CLEAR.
Whoever believes that knavery, cruelty, hypocrisy, or any other vice, can, under any circumstances, prompt even the temporal happiness of him who practices it, is but a superficial observer and a shallow reasoner. In the world's parlance, men who acquire wealth and influence by unvarnished means are called prosperous. But what is prosperity in the true and legitimate sense of the word? Webster tells us: "Advice or gain in anything good." No man can be deemed truly prosperous whose conscience is ill at ease, and whoever enriches himself at the expense of justice, duty and honor, plunges his soul, even here, into a state of adversity which no indulgence of the senses, no adulation of time-servers and parasites, nothing that money can buy or power command, will effectually or permanently relieve.

Another strange argument in favor of doing right is, that out of every hundred men who seek wealth by dishonorable roads, ninety-nine come to poverty and shame. This is a statistical fact, and taken in combination with the undeniable truth, that the small percentage of aspiring knaves who win their game foul in their souls that it has been dearly won at the sacrifice of inward peace and self esteem, should long ago have made all the world honest on selfish principles.

The retrospect review of a disappointed scamp must be melancholy in the extreme. He sees, of course, with terrible distinctness how each departure from rectitude helped to cloud his life, sink him deeper in misery, and alienate from him the

sympathies of the noble and good--He is conscious of the besotted blindness which led him to put his trust in cunning and chicanery, instead of choosing the path of duty and leaving the consequences to Providence, and is compelled to acknowledge to himself that roguery is the twin of folly, and a pure life the best evidence of a sound brain as of a Christian spirit.

Be assured, therefore, that it is good worldly policy to keep the conscience clear. It tends to comfort, content, real happiness; nor can this fair earth, and the excellent things with which it abounds, be thoroughly enjoyed by the Croesus to whose gold cling the curses of the world. He is however, the grand test of the wisdom or folly which shaped its course. Sir Walter Scott's dying words tell the whole story: "Be a good man, Lockhart, nothing else will comfort you when you come to lie here."

STATISTICS OF THE GLOBE.
The following curious facts are stated by the *Abeille Medicale*: "The earth is inhabited by 1,285,000,000 inhabitants, namely, 369,000,000 of the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 of the Mongolian race, 190,000,000 of the Ethiopian; 1,000,000 of the American Indian; and 200,000,000 of the Malay races. All these respectively speak 3,004 languages, and profess 1,000 different religions. The amount of deaths per annum is 333,333,333, or 91,954 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute or 1 per second; so that at every pulsation of our heart a human being dies. This loss is compensated by an equal number of births. The average duration of life throughout the globe is 33 years. One fourth of its population dies before the seventh year, and one-half before the seventeenth. Out of 10,000 persons, only one reaches his hundredth year; only one in five hundred his eightieth, and only one in 100 his sixtieth. Married people live longer than unmarried ones; and a tall man is likely to live longer than a short one. Until the fiftieth year, women have a better chance of life than men, but beyond that period the chances are equal. Sixty-five persons out of 1,000 marry: the months of June and December are most frequent. Children born in spring are generally stronger than those born in other seasons. Births and deaths chiefly occur at night. The number of men able to bear arms is but one eighth of the population. The nature of the profession exercises a great influence on longevity. Thus, out of 100 of each of the following professions, the number of those who attain their seventieth year, is among clergymen, 42; agriculturists, 40; traders and manufacturers, 33; soldiers, 32; clerks, 32; lawyers, 29; artists, 29; professors, 27; and physicians, 25; so that those who study the art of prolonging the lives of others, are most likely to die early, probably on account of the effluvia to which they are constantly exposed. There are in the world 385,000,000 of Christians, 5,000,000 of Jews, 600,000,000 professing some of the Asiatic religions, 160,000,000 of Mohammedans, and 200,000,000 of Pagans. Of the Christians, 170,000,000 profess the Catholic, 76,000,000 the Greek, and 80,000,000 the Protestant creeds.

FIRST SHOT IN THE REVOLUTION.
The first American who discharged his gun on the day of the battle of Lexington, was Ebenezer Cook, who died at Deering, N. H., about fifty years ago. He resided at Lexington in 1775. The British regulars, at the order of Major Pitcairn, having fired at a few Americans on the green in front of the meeting house, killing some and wounding others, it was a signal of war. "The citizens," writes one, "might be seen coming from all directions in the roads, over the fields and through the woods, each with his rifle in his hand, his powder horn to his side, and his pockets provided with bullets." Among the number was Ebenezer Cook.

The British had posted a reserve of infantry a mile in the rear, in the direction of Boston. This was in the neighborhood of Mr. Cook, who instead of hastening to join the party at the green, placed himself in an open cellar at a convenient distance for doing execution. A portion of the reserve was standing on a bridge, and Mr. Cook commenced firing at them. There was no other American in sight. He worked valiantly for some ten minutes, bringing down one of the enemy at nearly every shot. Up to this time not a gun had been fired elsewhere by the Americans. The British greatly disturbed at losing so many men by the random fire of an unseen foe, were not long in discovering the man in the cellar and discharged a volley of balls which lodged in the walls opposite. Mr. Cook, remaining unharmed, continued to load and fire with the precision of a distinguished marksman. He was driven to such close quarters, however, by the British on his right and left, that he was compelled to retreat.

Our Victory on the Mississippi.
The success of General Grant is regarded by the military authorities, says a *Herald* Washington dispatch, as incomparably the most important of the whole war. It is estimated that it breaks the backbone of the rebellion and paralyzes the whole rebel movement. It places Missouri, Arkansas and Texas at the mercy of the Union forces, cuts off the main rebel armies from their usual supplies of grain, cattle and war materials, most of which were received through Texas, gives to the United States the control of more than a million bales of cotton and large quantities of other productions, secures to the great Northwest the free navigation of the Mississippi river, and opens avenues for the advance of the Union armies into the very heart of rebellion. The Union re-possessions of Vicksburg is regarded as worth more than the capture of a thousand Richmonds.

The sentence of death passed by court martial against William S. Burgess, Thomas Harkins alias Hawkins, and George Tink, convicted of being rebel spies has been approved by the President, and their execution, by hanging, will take place on Friday, the 29th, inst., at Sandusky, Ohio.

The President has also approved of the sentence of court martial in the case of John C. Shore, a private in the one hundred and ninth Illinois volunteers, convicted of desertion and ordered to be shot. The execution will take place at Sandusky on the same day.

He had just one bullet left, and that was through an orchard, and not one moment was to be lost; he leveled his gun at the man near by, dropped the weapon and the man was shot through the heart. The balls whistled about him. Lock reached the brink of a steep hill, and throwing himself down upon the ground, tumbled downwards, rolling as if mortally wounded. In this way he escaped unhurt. At the close of the war he moved to New Hampshire, where he resided until his death, twenty years after. He lived in seclusion and died in peace.

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.
Few things are more painful to look upon than the self-renunciation, the self-abnegation of mothers--painful both for its testimony and its prophecy. Its testimony is of over-care, over-work, over-weariness, the abuse of capacities that were bestowed for most sacred uses, an utter waste of most pure and living waters. Its prophecy is of early decline and decadence, forfeiture of position and power, and worse perhaps than all, irreparable loss and grievous wrong to the children for whom all is sacrificed.

To maintain her rank, no exertion is to great, no means too small. Dress is one of the most obvious things to a child. If the mother wears cheap or shabby or ill sorted clothes, while the children's are fine and harmonious, it is impossible that they should not receive the impression that they are of more consequence than their mother. Therefore, for her children's sake, if not for her own, the mother should always be well-dressed. Her baby, so far as it is concerned in the matter, instead of being an excuse for a faded bonnet, should be an inducement for a fresh one. It is not a question of richest and poverty; it is a thing of relations. It is simply that the mother's dress--her morning and evening, and street and church dress--should be quite as good as, and if there is any difference, better than her child's. It is of no matter of consequence how a child is clad, provided only its health be not injured, its state corrupted, or its self-respect wounded. Children look prettier in the cheapest and simplest materials, than in the richest and most elaborate. But how common is to see the children gaily caparisoned in silk and feathers and furbances, while the mother is enveloped in an atmosphere of cottony fadness! One would take the child to be mistress and the mother a servant. "But" the mother says, "I do not care for dress, and Caroline does. She, poor child, would be mortified not to be dressed like the other children." Then do you teach her better. Plant in her mind a higher standard of self-respect. And be so nobly and grandly a woman that she shall have faith in you.--*Gail Hamilton in the Atlantic Monthly.*

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A Tragedy has taken place at St. Petersburg which has created a powerful sensation. A very pretty young widow of the German Theatre, who was teased with the addresses of a Polish Count, of the reasonable and unromantic age of fifty, told him she was determined to have nothing to do with him, but to marry again; whereupon, as a friend, and begged a last *petit-a-tete* at dinner, and after the *petit-a-tete* drew out a brace of pistols and shot the poor actress dead, and then shot himself, but survived for a few hours.