

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Weekly Family Journal---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

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THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER

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Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.

OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE
PUBLIC SQUARE. -C-

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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. 28, 1863-15.

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Office in the Court House, one door east of the old Bank Building.
All business entrusted to them will receive prompt attention.
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Sept. 11, 1861-15.

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Office in the "Wright House," East Door. Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention. Waynesburg, April 23, 1862-15.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in the Court House. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
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Sept. 11, 1861-15.

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D. R. F. 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, orphan 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, 1863.

G. W. G. WADELL,
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OFFICE IN THE REGISTER'S OFFICE, COURT 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., which business if entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. May 15, 63.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. T. W. Ross,
Physician & Surgeon.
Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON MAIN STREET,
East, and nearly opposite the Wright house.
Waynesburg, Sept. 25, 1863.

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.

DRUGS.

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.

MERCHANTS.

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.

MINOR & CO.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861-15.

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, 1861-15.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of all sizes, and Gilt Mounting and Looking Glass Frames.
Sept. 11, 1861-15.

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861-15.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

S. M. BAILY,
Main street, opposite the Wright House keeps always on hand a large and elegant assortment of Watches and Jewelry.
Sept. 11, 1861-15.

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LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers. One door east of Porter's Store, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861-15.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,
Saddle, Harness and Trunk Maker, old Bank Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861-15.

Miscellaneous.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

The London Globe gives the following interesting account of the rise and present position of the "money kings of Europe," the famous house of Rothschild:

"Among all the congresses held this summer, of princes, lawyers, musicians, schoolmasters, social science men, political economists, and a hundred others, one very notable meeting has almost escaped public attention. A few days ago our Paris correspondent told us that a congress of the members of the illustrious house of Rothschild has been setting at Paris. The purport of the meeting was nothing less than to re-arrange the dominions of the great banking dynasty. In one word, the great object of the Rothschild congress was to reduce the five branches of the house who now rule Europe to four, and following the example of Garibaldi, to strike another sovereign of Naples from the list of reigning monarchs. Henceforth there are to be but four kings of the house of Rothschild, with secure thrones at London, Paris, Vienna and Frankfurt.

"It is now exactly a hundred years since a poor Jew, called Mayer Anselm, made his appearance in the city of Hanover, barefooted, with a sack on his shoulders, and a bundle of rags on his back. Successful in trade, like most of his co-religionists, he returned to Frankfurt, at the end of a few years, and set up a small shop in the 'Jew lane,' over which hung the signboard of a red shield, called in German Rothschild. As a dealer in old and rare coins, he made the acquaintance of the Serene Elector of Hesse Cassel, who, happening to be in want of a confidential agent for various open and secret purposes, appointed the shrewd-looking Mayer Anselm to the post. The Serene Elector, being compelled soon after to fly his country, Mayer Anselm took charge of his cash, amounting to several millions of florins. With the instinct of his race, Anselm did not forget to put the money out on good interest, so that, before Napoleon was gone to Elba, and the illustrious Elector had returned to Cassel, the capital had more than doubled. The ruler of Hesse Cassel thought it almost a marvel to get his money safely returned from the Jew lane of Frankfurt, and at the Congress of Vienna was never tired of singing the praise of his Hebrew agent to all the Princes of Europe. The dwellers under the sign of the Red Shield laughed in their sleeves; keeping carefully to themselves the great fact that the electoral two millions florin had brought them four millions of their own. Never was honesty a better policy.

Mayer Anselm died in 1812, without having the supreme satisfaction of hearing his honesty extolled by kings and princes. He left five sons, who succeeded him in the banking and money lending business, and who, conscious of social value, dropped the higher-sounding name of Rothschild, taken from the signboard over the parental house. On his death-bed their father had taken a solemn oath from all of them to hold his four millions well together, and they have faithfully kept the injunction. But the old city of Frankfurt clearly was too narrow a realm for the fruitful sowing of four millions; and, in consequence, the five were determined after a while to extend their sphere of operations by establishing branch banks at the chief cities of Europe. The eldest son, Anselm, born 1773, remained at Frankfurt; the second, Solomon, born in 1774, settled in Vienna; the third, Nathan, born in 1777, went to London; the fourth, Charles, the infant terrible of the family, established himself in the soft climate of Naples.

The Hair.

As to men, we say, when the hair begins to fall out, the best plan is to have it cut short, give it a good brushing with a moderately hard brush while the hair is dry, then wash it well with warm soap-suds, and rub into the scalp, and about the roots of the hair, a little bay rum, brandy, or camphor water. Do these things twice a month--the brushing of the scalp may be profitably done twice a week. Dump the hair with water every time the toilet is made. Nothing ever made is better for the hair than pure soft water, if the scalp is kept clean in the way we have named. The use of oils, or pomatums, or grease of any kind, is ruinous to the hair of man or woman. We consider it a filthy practice, almost universal though it be, for it gathers dust and dirt, and soils whatever it touches. Nothing but pure soft water should ever be allowed on the heads of our children. It is a different practice that robs our women of their most beautiful ornament long before their prime. The hair of our daughters should be kept within two inches until their twelfth year.

A Berlin Professor finds that Europe contains 272,000,000 of inhabitants; Asia, 720,000,000; Africa, 89,000,000; America, 200,000,000; Polynesia, 2,000,000. Total, 1,283,000,000. Of the little crowd, about 32,000,000 die in each year, which is 87,761 a day, or 61 a minute. Another professor calculates that 36,627,343,274,075,855 people have lived on the earth since its creation.

Murder of David Rizzio--Permanency of Blood-Stains.

On the evening of the 9th of February, 1565-6, David Rizzio, the Italian Secretary of Mary of Scotland, was murdered in Holyrood Place, by certain Protestant leaders of her court, with the assistance of her husband, Lord Darnley. The poor foreigner was torn from her side as she sat at supper, and dragged through her apartments to the outer door, where he was left on the floor for the night, dead, with fifty-six wounds, each conspirator having been forced to give a stab, in order that all might be equally involved in guilt and consequent danger. The Queen, who was then pregnant of her son (James I. of England) deeply resented the outrage; indeed, there is reason to believe that it affected her so as to become the turning-point of her life, giving her in the first place a strong sense of the unworthiness of her husband, who perished little more than a year after.

The floor at the outer door of the Queen's apartments presents a large, irregular, dark mark, which the exhibitor of the place states to be the blood of the unfortunate Rizzio. Most strangers hear with a smile of a blood-stain lasting three centuries, and Sir Walter Scott himself has made it the subject of a jocular passage in one of his tales, representing a Cockney traveler as trying to efface it with the patent scouring drops which it was his mission to introduce into use in Scotland. The scene between him and the old lady guardian of the place is very amusing; but it may be remarked of Scott, that he entertained some beliefs in his secret bosom which his worldly wisdom and sense of the ludicrous led him occasionally to treat comically or with an appearance of scepticism. In one of his novels--the Abbot--he alludes with a feeling of awe and horror to the Rizzio blood-stain; and in his Tales of a Grandfather, he deliberately states that the floor at the head of the stair still bears visible marks of the blood of the unhappy victim. Joking apart, there is no necessity for disbelieving in the Holyrood blood-mark. There is even some probability in its favor. In the first place, the floor is very ancient, manifestly much more so than the late floor of the neighboring gallery, which dated from the reign of Charles II. It is in all likelihood the very floor which Mary and her courtiers trod. In the second place, we know that the stain has been shown there since a time long antecedent to that extreme modern curiosity regarding historical matters which might have induced an imposture, for it is alluded to by the son of Evelyn as being shown in 1722. Finally, it is matter of experiment, and fully established, that wood not of the hardest kind (and, it may be added, stone of a porous nature) takes on a permanent stain from blood, the oxide of iron contained in it sinking deep into the fibre, and proving indelible to all ordinary means of washing. Of course, if the wearing of a blood-stained floor by the tread of feet were to be carried beyond the depth to which the blood had sunk, the stain would be obliterated. But it happens in the case of the Holyrood mark, that the two blotches of which it consisted are out of the line over which feet would chiefly pass in coming into or leaving the room. Indeed, that line appears to pass through and divide the stain--a circumstance in no small degree favorable to its genuineness.

Alleged examples of blood-stain of old standing, both upon wood and stone, are reported from many places. We give a few, extracted from the *Notes and Queries*: Amidst the horrors of the French Revolution, eighty priests were massacred in the chapel of the convent of the Carmelites at Paris. The stains of blood are to be seen on the walls and floor. "At Cothele, a mansion on the banks of the Tamer, the marks are still visible of the blood spilt by the lord of the manor, when, for supposed treachery, he slew the warder of the draw-bridge."

"About fifty years ago there was a dance at Kirton-in-Lindsey; during the evening a young girl broke a blood-vessel and expired in the room. I have been told that marks of her blood are still to be seen. At the same town, about twenty years ago, an old man and his sister were murdered in an extremely brutal manner, and their cottage floor was deluged with blood, the stains of which are believed yet to remain."

A Blessed Day.

Somebody has said, and truly too, that Sunday is a blessed day to a man who necessarily catches but brief glimpses of home during the toiling week; who is off in the morning while the little eyes are closed in slumber, nor back at night until they are sealed by sleep! What would he know of the very children for whom he toils were it not for the blessed, breathing respite of Sunday? What honest workman's child will ever forget this day, when clean and neat, it is his privilege to climb papa's knee, and hang about his neck, and tell him all the news which goes to make up his narrow, little world. "Narrow," did we say? We recall the word, for it widens out into the boundless ocean of eternity. Sunday for the workman's children! So would he have it--a day hallowed by sweet, pure, home influences; when the little band, quite complete, shall rest from labor, and Love shall write it down the blessed day of all the seven.

"Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

Jenny Wade, the Hero of Gettysburg.

The country has already heard of John Burns, the Hero of Gettysburg--of how the old man sallied forth a host within himself, "to fight on his own hook," and how he fell wounded after having delivered many shots from his trusty rifle in the faces and the hearts of his country's foes. John Burns' name is already recorded among the immortal, to live there while American valor and patriotism, have on admirer and an emulator. But there was a heroine as well as a hero of Gettysburg. The old Hero, Burns still lives--the heroine, sweet Jenny Wade, perished in the din of that awful fray, and she now sleeps where the flowers once bloomed, and the perfume laden air wafted lovingly over Cemetery Hill. Before the battle, and while the national hosts were awaiting the assault of the traitor foe, Jenny Wade was busily engaged in baking bread for the national troops. She occupied a house in range of the guns of both armies, and the rebels had sternly ordered her to leave the premises, but she as sternly refused to do. While she was busily engaged in her patriotic work, a mine ball pierced her pure heart, and she fell a holy sacrifice in her country's cause.

Almost at the same time a rebel officer of high rank fell near where Jenny Wade had perished. The rebels at once proceeded to prepare a coffin for their fallen leader, but about the time that was finished the surging of the conflict changed the position of the armies, and Jenny Wade's body was placed in the coffin designed for her country's enemy. The incidents of the heroine and the hero of Gettysburg are beautifully touching, noble, and sublime. Old John Burns was the only man of Gettysburg who participated in the struggle to save the North from invasion, while innocent Jenny Wade was the only sacrifice which the people of that locality had to offer on the shrine of their country.

Let a monument be erected on the ground which covers her, before which the pilgrims to the holy tombs of heroes of Gettysburg can bow and bless the memory of Jenny Wade, let them send a committee to Harrisburg, and our little boys and girls will assist in soliciting subscription for the holy purpose. Before the summer sunshine again kisses the grave of Jenny Wade; before the summer birds once more carol where she sleeps in glory; before the flowers again deck the plain made famous by gallant deeds, let a monument rise to greet the skies, in tokens of virtue, daring, and nobleness.--*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

Sleep.

The morbid nervousness of the present day appears in several ways. It brings a man sometimes to that startled state that the sudden opening of a door, the dash of the falling fire-irons, or any little accident, puts him in a flutter. How nervous the late Sir Robert Peel must have been when, a week before his death, he went to the Zoological Gardens, and when a monkey suddenly sprang upon his arm, the great and worthy man fainted! Another phase of nervousness is, when a man is brought to that state that the least noise or cross occurrence seems to jar through the entire nervous system--to upset him, as we say; when he cannot command his mental powers except in perfect stillness, or in the chamber and at the writing table to which he is accustomed; when, in a short time, he gets fidgetty, easily worried, full of whims and fancies, which must be indulged and considered, or he is quite out of sorts. Another phase of the same morbid condition is when a human being is impressed with vague, undefined fears that things are going wrong; that his income will not meet the demands upon it; that his mental powers are leaving him--a state of feeling which shades rapidly off into positive insanity. Indeed, when matters remain long in any of the fashions that have been described, I suppose the natural termination must be disease of the heart, or a shock of paralysis, or insanity in the form either of mania or idioey. Numbers of commonplace people who could feel very acutely, but who could not tell what they felt, have been worried into fatal heart disease by prolonged anxiety and misery. Every one knows how paralysis laid its hand upon Sir Walter Scott, always great, lastly heroic. Protracted anxiety how to make the ends meet, with a large family and an uncertain income, drove Southey's first wife into the lunatic asylum; and there is hardly a more touching story than of her fears and forebodings through nervous attacks year after year. Not less sad was the end of her overwrought husband in blank vacuity; nor the like end of Thomas Moore. And perhaps the saddest instance of the result of an overdriven system in recent days, was the end of that rugged, honest, wonderful genius, Hugh Miller.--*Reveries of a Country Parson.*

Stitch, Stitch, Stitch.

At a meeting of sewing women in Brooklyn, on Monday night, several gave their experiences in working for large establishments. One woman said that from seventy to seventy-two cents per dozen was paid for drawers in New York. She had called at a shop in Concord street, and they offered her four cents and a half per pair for drawers and army shirts--could make twenty-two cents per day on the work. Her husband died of fever contracted in the army, and being without means was compelled to support herself and child, five months old, by doing such work as she could get. Another woman stated that she got one cent a piece for making haversacks for the United States Sanitary Commission, and could make thirty-five cents a day at it. Several others made similar statements.

The Gallant Six Hundred.

The battle of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, of which we had an account some days ago, was fought and won by the 5th Kansas cavalry, the 1st Indiana cavalry, and one militia company less--than six hundred men in all. They fought and kept at bay, for five hours, four thousand of Marmaduke's men, and finally made them beat an inglorious retreat. "Bravely they fought and well, The gallant six hundred."

The enemy's loss was 53 killed, 164 wounded, and 33 prisoners. Our loss was 11 killed, 27 wounded, and one missing.

What They Knew 1800 Years Ago.

The letters of the Rev. Mr. Thompson, written during his recent tour in Europe, Africa and Asia, published in the New York Independent, are highly instructive and entertaining. We subjoin an extract relating to the "Lost Arts":

"The author, on the 1st of January, 1863, approached Pompeii, one of the cities overwhelmed by the ashes and cinders of Vesuvius, on its memorable eruption about half a century subsequent to the commencement of the Christian era. In the suburbs stands the first object which was not long since brought to light after a burial of ages; it was the large and elegant mansion of Arrius Domitius, which bears numerous inscriptions as legible now as the day after they were made; together with many traces of the great wealth of the occupant. Tombs and ornaments remain along the road outside the city; within are rows of shops and houses on both sides of the principal street, which is laid open for a half a mile.

The portable articles found on the premises, that serve to identify each house, have all been removed to the Museum at Naples; also the finer frescoes and mosaic. Enough of these remain, however, to show the luxurious and lascivious taste of the inhabitants. Here is a living commentary upon the concluding verses of the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans. The shocking memorials of human depravity here found, and now collected in the secret chamber of the Musee Boronico of Naples, are no longer to be seen upon any terms--the Pope, when in exile at Naples, having prohibited their exhibition as contrary to good morals. But every memorial of Pompeii shows it to have been a city of lust--a second Sodom. The man of letters who should select such subjects for the frescoes of his walls as are found in the house of Sallust would be scouted from our modern society.

Yet wonderful was the perfection of art as here exhibited; amazing was the wealth of a city adorned with such temples, theatres and other public edifices as yet are found in their old places and proportions, along these silent streets; vast, too, was the wealth of private citizens who dwelt in these houses, whose floors are rich mosaics, whose walls are adorned with elaborate frescoes, whose courts are surrounded with marble pillars and beautiful marble vases and fountains. In the garden of one house recently exhumed, the statuary has been left precisely as found, pretty little groups surrounding the fountain, whose very pipes can be traced from the reservoir above.

There is nothing new under the sun, not even our patent method of heating houses and warming water for baths. This was done at Pompeii, by means of flues of tiling carried around the rooms, within the walls, and having apertures for the escape of heat from the furnace below. Walker, Chilson, &c., have invaded the patent of some luckless dealer in furnaces at Pompeii, who was buried at last in ashes and cinders.

We don't know so much, after all, in America, in this nineteenth century. Take away the knowledge of the Gospel, and we know nothing in comparison with these ancient lords of the arts and elegancies of life.

The streets of Pompeii are rectangular, and were better paved, and probably better regulated, than the streets of New York. The houses were much better built. The cement made 2,000 years ago is like a rock to-day. There are no Twenty-first street contractors here. How wonderful is the preservation of these walls--in ashes, to be sure, but in themselves proof against decay! How perfect the pillars, the mouldings, the capitals! How distinct and how delicate the paintings on the walls and ceilings! How admirable the arrangements of the houses and gardens! How beautiful--but we must not linger at Pompeii. Its gloom is the more oppressive for the sunshine upon its desolation.

"Only One Hundred Killed."

Rev. A. M. Stewart, Chaplain of the 102d (Old Thirteenth) Pennsylvania Regiment, writing from Brandy Station, Va., after the late battle at Rappahannock Station, states that the enemy were attacked in their stronghold, and must have been somewhat surprised and confused, else they would have killed and wounded thousands of our troops. He then continues in the following strain:

Only about one hundred were killed, and three hundred wounded. Yet how strange this language, "only one hundred killed!" Cruel war does greatly transform both our language and our sensibilities. "Only one hundred killed!"--Only one hundred noble young men in the flower of manhood swept together into eternity. Only a hundred homes and home circles thus quickly thrown into inconsolable sadness and irreparable grief. Were one hundred young men belonging to your fire companies crushed to death in a moment, under the ruins of some burning building, what a thrill of horror would pervade the whole city--yes, the entire community? Each daily paper throughout the country, for a number of issues thereafter, would be filled with sickening details of the awful, the appalling calamity. When, however, "only one hundred killed in the battle of the Rappahannock," is read by millions next morning, no other emotion is excited thereby save perhaps that of joy--a kind of pleasing breakfast repast.

Early next morning (Sabbath) I passed entirely over the scenes of last evening's bloody struggle. All quiet now. The wounded had been sent away during the night, and the sixteen hundred prisoners conveyed far to the rear. The dead were being collected into groups in order to be covered up in trenches then digging by their living comrades. All were buried just as they fell--uncovered and shrouded in their bloody garments--perhaps the fittest burial for the brave soldier. At one place within the enemy's works were collected and laid side by side for interment, thirty from the 6th Maine regiment. All noble looking young men; still, calm, bloody, dead. They came from that far off Northeast, to sleep their last long sleep on the quiet banks of this lonely river. Nearly every one of these had received the death wound in the face, the neck, or upper portion of the breast, as they marched directly up to the muzzles of the rebel rifles.

Morbid Nervousness.

The morbid nervousness of the present day appears in several ways. It brings a man sometimes to that startled state that the sudden opening of a door, the dash of the falling fire-irons, or any little accident, puts him in a flutter. How nervous the late Sir Robert Peel must have been when, a week before his death, he went to the Zoological Gardens, and when a monkey suddenly sprang upon his arm, the great and worthy man fainted! Another phase of nervousness is, when a man is brought to that state that the least noise or cross occurrence seems to jar through the entire nervous system--to upset him, as we say; when he cannot command his mental powers except in perfect stillness, or in the chamber and at the writing table to which he is accustomed; when, in a short time, he gets fidgetty, easily worried, full of whims and fancies, which must be indulged and considered, or he is quite out of sorts. Another phase of the same morbid condition is when a human being is impressed with vague, undefined fears that things are going wrong; that his income will not meet the demands upon it; that his mental powers are leaving him--a state of feeling which shades rapidly off into positive insanity. Indeed, when matters remain long in any of the fashions that have been described, I suppose the natural termination must be disease of the heart, or a shock of paralysis, or insanity in the form either of mania or idioey. Numbers of commonplace people who could feel very acutely, but who could not tell what they felt, have been worried into fatal heart disease by prolonged anxiety and misery. Every one knows how paralysis laid its hand upon Sir Walter Scott, always great, lastly heroic. Protracted anxiety how to make the ends meet, with a large family and an uncertain income, drove Southey's first wife into the lunatic asylum; and there is hardly a more touching story than of her fears and forebodings through nervous attacks year after year. Not less sad was the end of her overwrought husband in blank vacuity; nor the like end of Thomas Moore. And perhaps the saddest instance of the result of an overdriven system in recent days, was the end of that rugged, honest, wonderful genius, Hugh Miller.--*Reveries of a Country Parson.*

Denmark.

The death of King Frederick the Seventh, and the acceptance of the throne of Denmark by his cousin, King Christian the Ninth, was a fact thought likely to lead to a settlement of the difficulties between that Government and the Germanic confederation. But, according to the London Times, the new accession will only complicate and emburthen matters still further; for the Danish refuse to receive Christian as their monarch, and call upon the Confederation to sustain them. Christian is father-in-law to the Prince of Wales, and father to the King of Greece.

How Tailoresses are Paid.

At the meeting of female operatives in New York, the following facts were elicited in reference to the payments received by the tailoresses for the work they are employed in:

A cloakmaker stated that she received forty cents for making a lady's cloak of the large size, the work occupying a day and a half. Some shirtmakers present remarked that all they received for making a dozen shirts was sixty cents, the time required on the work, even with a sewing machine, being a day and a half. Fine shirts brought them one dollar per dozen, all finished. Flannel shirts from four to six cents each, the storekeeper selling them for three dollars each! Overalls and drawers brought fifty cents per dozen--making six being a good day's work. Those engaged in making boys' clothing said all they received for making a whole suit was sixty-eight cents each suit, requiring fourteen hours' labor on it. Sackcoat makers stated that they received for making a dozen four dollars, out of which to baisters forty-eight cents, rent of machine, eighteen cents, and cotton fifty cents, leaving a balance of eighty-four cents for profit on each half dozen made. Baisters on cavalry pantaloons get eight cents a piece, and can only finish four a day. Linen coats bring twenty cents each, ten hours being required to finish two of them. Cap-makers get thirty-five cents per dozen, and it requires a smart woman to complete a dozen between daylight and nine at night. The statements of the insults and slights these poor women are obliged to submit to from the little despots who have the direction of the large manufacturing establishments, would excite the indignation even of a city railroad director. Most of those who related their experience at the meeting were young women, but there were others present of an older growth, whose poverty-stricken appearance and unhealthy bodies spoke volumes of the privations they were subject to, though they were industrious, honest, and hard-working people. We trust the infamous oppression this class of metropolitan society is exposed to will be fully ventilated, and its authors publicly exposed before the matter is done with.

Guns Taken by Gen. Grant.

General Grant has captured more cannon from the enemy, than all the other Union Generals together. From Chattanooga, it is reported that he has taken more than sixty field and siege pieces. These, added to previous captures, will place nearly 600 cannon to Grant's credit--more guns than were ever taken in one war by any General since the invention of artillery. General Grant has made the following captures of artillery:

At Fort Donelson	136
In the battles of Vicksburg campaign	60
At Vicksburg	820
At Chattanooga	60
Total	1076

Five hundred and eighty-six guns! Quite enough to erect a monument over the rebellion.

Murderer Executed.

Peter E. Slocum, a former employee of the Bath Hotel at Long Branch, N. J., was executed in the Mammoth county jail at Freehold, last Friday, for the murder of his wife, by shooting, in July last. The wretched man made a long and illiterate speech from the gallows, denying his guilt, but expressing himself resigned to his fate, which he met with remarkable fortitude. It was proved on the trial that he was in love with his wife's sister, Alcine Chase, with whom he had been on terms of improper intimacy, and this was the supposed motive of the murder. Slocum was about thirty-five years of age, and leaves three children in destitute circumstances.

Our National Necropolis.

It is a fact not generally known, but which ought to be known in connection with the recent national ceremonies at Gettysburg, that the killed and wounded in that great encounter was greater than the loss at Waterloo. At Waterloo the Allies lost 20,000 in killed and wounded, the French about the same number. At Gettysburg the Union army lost 4,000 killed and 12,000 wounded, the rebels 5,500 killed and 21,000 wounded. Our total loss was a little over 23,000, that of the rebels 40,000. Such terrible facts gave the consecration ceremonies a sad and mournful importance. It is emphatically our national necropolis.

Hard Fare.

Assistant Surgeon L. L. Brown, recently from Richmond, says that on the 3rd ult., so intense was the hunger among our prisoners at Libby Prison, two privates of the Wisconsin Battery, with several members of the 2d Michigan, killed a dog which entered the cell, and made soup from the carcass, which they gladly exchanged with their fellow prisoners for corn bread. This fact is vouched for not only by Surgeon Brown, but by several other gentlemen. The fearful condition of our prisoners at Richmond, they say, we have no conception of.

A young man will compliment his sweetheart by telling her that her breath has the perfume of roses, without being ashamed that his own has the stench of whiskey and tobacco.