

# The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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## Miscellaneous.

### The Apple Trade.

The apple crops in New Jersey and Pennsylvania have been signal failures this season. The entire products of the orchards in our own State would not fill the knapsacks of a scouting battalion of soldiers. Had the same barrenness prevailed in other localities, the chances for apple dumping and mince pies during the winter would have been extremely few. But New York has greatly increased her usual crop, and her richly laden orchards, have raised enough to supply the continent.

It is singular how the fruit market changes its location in different periods. When the spring brings the early fruits from the gardens of Delaware and the sandy nurseries of Jersey, the depots of the Eastern railroads and the wharves where the Salem and Gloucester boats discharge their cargoes are the headquarters of the fruiterers. When fall appears and melons have vanished, and the luscious peaches are frost bitten and tasteless, the Delaware wharves give place to the counter of the commission merchant, and the winter fruits are found along Broad and in Central Market streets. It is not often a cargo reaches the wharves.

The counties of Monroe, Orleans and the adjacent counties in Western New York are the great apple-growing regions. The apples are carefully picked, sweated and packed in barrels for shipment. Rochester is the great apple depot. A barrel can be purchased there for about twenty cents, and it can be filled with the finest fruit for a dollar and a half. The cost of transferring it to the city forms the chief portion of the expenses the purchaser in the city incurs. When the snow comes the apples become cheaper. Sleighs are always on hand in the country, and the trouble of transportation is much less with them than with wagons.

A good quality of apples costs from three dollars and a half to four dollars a barrel in Philadelphia at present. They are high, but so is every thing else.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

### Death of Mrs. Ex-President Pierce.

Boston, Dec. 2.—Mrs. Jane N. Pierce, wife of Ex-President Pierce, died this morning at Andover, Mass. She has been in feeble health for several years.

How much bereavement is implied in this brief announcement they only can know who enjoyed the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Pierce, and knew how close and strong were the ties of mutual affection which in this case bound the husband and wife in the bonds of imperishable love. She was a gentle and loving soul, a woman of rare social virtues beloved by an extensive circle of cherished friends, and held by them in a most affectionate regard. She had been a fragile and delicate person—little else, indeed, than a valetudinarian—ever since the death of her little son, by a railroad accident, thirteen years ago. From the effects of that bereavement she never recovered; it transformed, to her glittering display and honor and power connected with the elevation of her honored husband to what was then the most august office in the world, into the most hollow and empty of fleeting mockeries. All that assiduous care, prompted by anxious affection, could do to restore her shattered health was done by General Pierce, but even a residence in the lovely May climate of Madeira, among the vine clad steep of that most beautiful of the islands of the summer sea, failed to restore the bloom and enjoyment of life to her whose heart was already in that better Land where her lost treasure was, and whither she herself has now gone to meet her darling boy. The sympathies of thousands of friends will go out to the bereaved husband, who in this hour of affliction, is made to realize the hollowness of all worldly honors, in the crushing experience of a loss like that he is now called upon to suffer.—*Hartford Times.*

### Shoddy.

The Hartford (Connecticut) Post publishes an article on "Shoddy," which it says, "comes from one of the first business men in Connecticut." We quote from it the following:

What is shoddy? Shoddy is old, worn-out, unfelted woolen goods, made of slack twisted yarn, picked to pieces by machinery especially adapted to the purpose. It is mixed with wool of longer fibre and style, and when carded together it can be spun finer or coarser, according to the proportion it bears to the new wool making the compound. No small portion of per centage of shoddy can be thus mixed with new wool and made into yarn fit for either warp or woof, or yarn for knitting purposes. Mungo is another name for old and worn out the felted goods and broadcloth dories, picked to pieces in the same manner. It is the finer article, and when properly repaired can be worked into the finest black clothes to be found in the market. A very large proportion of all the shoddy in the market is more or less impregnated with shoddy. The same may be frequently worn by the same man, and those who do not get it from one man or another are the favored

### Smoking.

Dr. Seymour, an English physician, in a "Letter upon Private Lunatic Asylums," thus gives his experience of the evil effects of excessive smoking:

Some of the revelations on this subject are startling. Some young men still in their teens smoke forty or fifty cigars daily. Young gentlemen of rank have assured me that at college they have smoked from five in the afternoon until three or four in the morning, for weeks together. The effect of excessive smoking is to depress the circulation, the heart becomes weak, irregular in action, and the pulse is scarcely to be felt. The patient becomes frightened, and loses all resolution. Once a bold rider, he cannot mount his horse; a carriage passing rapidly in the street alarms him; his appetite fails; his mind fills with horrors, imaginary crimes and punishments. This state of things sometimes continues for years. At length the patient dies—often, very often, suddenly. The case is explained. The muscular structure of the heart—of that organ which is to distribute strength and power to every part of the system—is imperfect in its action; the left side is thin, and in some cases in which sudden death has occurred, there is little more than a strip of muscular fibre left on that side. Excessive smoking is a new vice. How many young men at school and college used to smoke some sixty years ago? Some half-dozen. How many do now? The answer is—legion. Boys of twelve years old are seen early in the morning walking in the streets with cigars in their mouths. Youths have consulted me who have just come from schools now called college, confessing that they had been in the habit of smoking constantly; and those are lads just hoping to begin the business of life.

### The Dead Monks and Nuns of Palermo.

In the caves of the Capuchins, (says the London Builder) the dead, hanging by hooks to the walls, and otherwise arranged in cases along galleries for convenience of inspection by mourners and sight-seers, can hardly be said to be buried. All are dressed in good clothing, according to their conditions of life, of the fashion of the period at which they severally died; some, in evening dress, patent leather boots, and kid gloves; young ladies in silk and satins, with wreaths upon their heads; monks in their habits, etc. They are carefully attended to, neatly arranged, dusted and labeled by the Capuchin brethren, who are the guardians of the place. Their fees for these posthumous services is about four pounds sterling. They have a mode of preserving a life-like appearance in the dead by washing the body with a solution, and by fixing glass eyes in the socket; but this is an extra of very considerable expense, and not frequently incurred by the friends of the departed. It may have been to some such process that St. Cuthbert was indebted for his celebrity of one thousand two hundred years' duration.

### Our Recipe for Curing Meat.

To one gallon of water, Take 1 1/2 lbs. of salt, 1/2 lb. of sugar, 1/2 oz. of saltpetre, 1/2 oz. of potash.

In this ratio the pickle can be increased to any quantity desired. Let the beef be boiled together, until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and to skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean.

If this receipt is properly tried, it will never be abandoned. There is one that surpasses it, if so good.—*German Town Telegraph.*

### Wonderful increase of Correspondence.

The number of letters delivered in England in 1862 was 497 millions, in Ireland 51 millions, and in Scotland 57 millions; being 24 to each person in England 9 to each in Ireland, and 19 to each in Scotland. This is an increase of 12 millions over the number delivered in 1861, and an increase of 529 millions over that of 1839, the year previous to the introduction of penny postage; making the present number of letters very nearly eight fold the number in 1839. In the London district alone, the number of letters is now nearly double that which, before the adoption of the penny postage, was delivered in the whole of the United Kingdom, London included.

### Pensions for Widows.

Pensions have been granted at Washington to the widows of two Iowa volunteers who are proved to have died in prison at Macon, Ga. in October, 1862, for want of food and clothing, and starvation and exposure. They were taken prisoners at the battle of Shiloh Tenn.—The facts were proved by fellow-prisoners since released, and admit of no doubt. The barbarous behavior of the rebels during an early date, and was not mentioned in Richmond alone.

### A Witty Auctioneer.

The following anecdotes are related of John Keese, formerly a book auctioneer in New York:

Keese is remembered by the trade with affection. He was a bright, intelligent man, and an estimable member of society. Of an old New York family, he was brought up to the book trade, I think, by one of the Quaker fraternity—Collinses—and it was only in the middle life, after various experiments in business, that he became an auctioneer. He began, if I mistake not, somewhere about the year 1845, with a sale to the trade in a large brick building in Broadway, near Courtland street. He certainly opened proceedings with an excellent entertainment of oysters and champagne. He was the life of the company, and was called upon, of course, for a speech, probably for half a dozen. One of his good things, towards the close, is worth remembering. It particularly pleased the trade at the time—"Gentlemen," said he, in allusion to the entertainment, we are scattering our bread upon the waters, and we expect to find it after many days—buttered!"

It was in retail sales, however, in the small change of the auction room, that his wit appeared to the most advantage. No catalogue could be too dull for his vivacity. He was always rapid, and an unwary customer would be decapitated by his quick electric jest before he felt the stroke. The following, among other things of the kind attributed to him, will give some notion of his pleasantries:

"Is that binding calf?" asked a suspicious customer. "Come up, my good sir, put your hand upon it and see if there is any fellow-feeling," was the ready reply. A person one evening had a copy of Watt's Hymns knocked down to him for a trifle, and interrupted the business of the clerk by calling for its "delivery." Keese, finding out the cause of the interference, exclaimed, "Oh, give the gentlemen the book. He wants to learn and sing one of the hymns before he goes to bed to-night!" *Appropos of this time-honored book, in selling a copy on another occasion, when there was some rivalry in the profession, he turned off a parody as he knocked it down:*

"Blest is the man who shuns the place Where other actions be; And has his money in his fist, And buys his books of me."

His puns were usually happy, and slipped in adroitly. Offering one of the Rev. Dr. Hawk's books, he added in an explanatory way: "A bird of pray." "Going—going—gentlemen—one shilling for Caroline Fry—why, it isn't the price of a stew." Akin to this was his observation to a purchaser who had secured a copy of Bacon's Essays for 12 cents, "That's too much pork for a shilling!"

Selling a book labelled "History of the Tartars," he was asked, "Isn't that Tartars?" "No," he replied, "their wives are the Tartars!"

"This," said he, holding up a volume of a well known type to critics, "is a book by a poor and pious girl, of poor and pious parents."

No one could better introduce a quotation. Some women one day found their way into the auction room at a miscellaneous sale of furniture. They were excited to an emulous contention for a sauce-pan, or something of the sort. Keese gave them a fair chance, with a final appeal—"going—going—the woman who deliberates is lost—gone!"

Mr. Keese is not forgotten as a book-maker as well as bookseller. He prefixed an excellent memoir of the poetess Lucy Hooper to an edition of her writings, and edited the "Opal," a volume of the "annual" order, with two volumes choicely illustrated by Chapman, entitled "The Poets of America, illustrated by one of her Painters." He delivered at least the excellent lecture on "The Influence of Knowledge," and surely no one could speak on this theme with a better grace than this cultivated, genial gentleman.

### What Mania-a-Potu is.

The reporter of the Philadelphia Press relates the following: A pretty well dressed young man stepped into the Central Station, Monday afternoon, to enter a complaint. He appeared to be perfectly sane, but it was not long before we came to the conclusion that he stood in the presence of a man who was laboring under an attack mania-a-potu. "Sir, said he, I am very much annoyed by the Reading Railroad Company; they have caused to be laid a double track from the cellar of my house to the roof; one track goes up one side of my bed and down on the other side. They run the cars all night; just as I get into a dose a locomotive whizzes by, blowing the steam whistle and ringing the bell; last night, sir, one of the locomotives flew off the track, leaped across my bed to the other track, and the engineer grained as me like a devil. The passenger all looked like devils, with horns, and some with no horns at all; each devil carried a canary bird which seemed to sing like a steam-whistle." Here the informant paused.

The man seemed to be grateful that such a course had been taken, and as he arose to depart, he said, "Sir, I wish you would remove that worm from my shoulder; only a little while ago I pulled one out of my forehead, and threw it on the pavement; just as I was about to put my foot on it, nearly a hundred ran up my leg, and I suppose this is one of them."

We removed the imaginary worm; whereupon he exclaimed, "Why there are more of them." "Wait a moment," said we; a brush was obtained and properly used. The man, evidently a gentleman, returned his thanks for our kindness, and suddenly left the office.—He was a stranger. What became of him we know not, but we thought the whole scene a first class temperance lecture.

### Jerusalem Underground.

An account of Signor Pierotti's discoveries in the subterranean topography of Jerusalem, has been published. Employed by the Pasha as an engineer, he has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stands on several layers of ruined masonry, the undermost of which, composed of deeply bedded and enormous stones, he attributes to the age of Solomon, the next to that of Herod, the next to that of Justinian, and so on till the time of the Saracens and the Crusaders. He has traced a series of conduits and sewers, leading from the "dome of the rock," a mosque standing on the very site of the altar of sacrifice in the Temple, to the valley of Jehosaphat, by means of which the priests were enabled to flood the whole temple area with water, and thus to carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices to the brook Kedron. The manner of his explorations was very interesting.

He got an Arab to walk up through these immense sewers, ringing a bell and blowing a trumpet, while he himself, by following the sound, was able to trace the exact course they took.—About two years ago, he accidentally discovered a fountain at the pool of Bethesda, and on his opening it, a copious stream of water immediately began to flow, and has flowed ever since. No one knows from whence it comes or whither it goes. This caused the greatest excitement among the Jews, who flocked in crowds to drink and bathe themselves in it. They fancied it was one of the signs of the Messiah's coming, and portended the speedy restoration of their commonwealth.

This fountain, which has a peculiar taste, like that of milk and water, is identified by Signor Pierotti with the fountain which Hezekiah built, and which is described by Josephus. The measurements and position of most of these remains accord exactly with the Jewish historian's descriptions. Some of the Signor's conclusions are disputed, but no one has succeeded in so disinterring the relics of the Holy City.—*American Presbyterian and Theological Review.*

### A German Heroine.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial tells the following good story:

"While at Iuka, Brigadier General T. W. Sweeney, who commands the second division in General Dodge's wing of the Sixteenth Army Corps, ordered that, 'no woman, white or colored, would be permitted to accompany the troops into the field,' and all who had ventured thus far 'would be immediately sent back to Corinth.' A German lady, whose husband is a soldier, determined to go with the man she loved, despite general, colonel, captain and friends, for

"When a woman will, she will, You can depend on't; And when she won't, she won't, And there's an end on't."

And her appeal to an officer, who shall be nameless, was peculiarly touching. Said she: "You nose I pese in te army mit my man in Germany; I pese in te battle at Shiloh; I pese in te battle at Corinth; I never gives you any trouble, and I links I pese just so good a soldier as anybody."

As all her words were true in detail, the case was really perplexing, and when a guard was talked of to compel her to return, she avowed her determination to go, or drown herself in the Tennessee river.

A little strategy was suggested, and it sufficed to elude the dilemma, for she borrowed a full suit of men's toggery, including slouch hat and ragged blouse, and as a soldier fully armed for the fray, she crossed Tennessee with other troops, and to day is with her husband in the tented field."

### Train Your Passions.

Passions, like wild horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes; but when allowed to have their own way they become dangerous in the extreme.

### Gen. U. S. Grant.

We saw Gen. Grant to-day, says a correspondent writing from Chattanooga on the 20th, with his usual companion a half-smoked cigar, in his mouth. He looks satisfied with the work of the past week. His men say he has but one thing more to do, and that relates to the Army of the Potomac. He must go and fight it to victory, and then his work will be well done, and the rebellion crushed. So far he is justly regarded as our greatest and most successful warrior, and yet his personal appearance does not show it in the slightest degree. See him riding along the street. An old, low, flat-crowned hat, like a hack-driver's of a rainy day, covers his head. A long unarmy overcoat envelopes his person, while a pair of brown trousers coming down over his boots, which look very much like a country boy's Sunday-go-to-meeting pair, comprise the uniform of our great General. He has just mounted his horse, and with that inevitable cigar stump in his mouth, he jogs off. His stooping form would indicate age, but his face, with his whiskers short cropped, indicate reflection and decision. In fact, to observers, he seems wrapt up in his thoughts, and the staff officer at his side often speaks twice before he gets the General's attention. He is not known to the army, and on ordering some officer to form his regiment on the evening of the fight on the hill, came near drawing out a reply from the officer which would have taken the straps from his shoulders. The Colonel was much surprised when told that "that old fellow" was Gen. Grant.

### How the Earth Yields Riches.

An official statement of the mineral wealth of Great Britain has just appeared in London, and from it we gather the following interesting statistics of what the earth yields for the enrichment of the British people.—There are over 8,088 collieries in operation, employing over a quarter of a million of persons—including seven thousand women.—The largest quantity of coal produced in one year, was 83,635,214 tons. This was in 1861. The average export of coal from England is about 7,000,000 tons a year. Of iron, seven and a half millions of tons were smelted last year, but 38,270 tons besides were imported. The value of the pig iron produced last year was nearly £10,000,000—or \$50,000,000. There are two hundred and thirty copper mines in the kingdom, of which 201 are in Cornwall and Devonshire, and they produced in the year 1862 over two hundred and twenty-four thousand tons of ore—but this gave only 14,943 tons of fine copper after refining.

The tin mines yielded more in 1862 than in previous years, the aggregate product having been 14,127 tons of ore, worth, after refining, \$5,000,000; but there is a prospect that the Cornish mines will yield still more largely this year. Tin has been obtained for more than 2,000 years in Cornwall and Devonshire, and yet the mines are more fruitful than ever. The lead mines yield nearly 100 tons a year, and the silver extracted from the lead ore in one year (1852) amounted to 686,123 ounces. Small quantities of gold have been found from time to time; one mine last year produced 5,000 ounces, worth about \$100,000. Earthly minerals—barytes, lime, salt, and the valuable clays—produce annually about eight and a half millions of dollars; and the annual value of all the mineral products is about \$225,000,000. The great coal yield, however, is the most striking item in these figures. Were the duty on coal removed, John Bull could spare us enough to bring down the prices of the speculators.

### Civilized Barbarity.

The case between England and Japan is thus briefly stated by the London Saturday Review: "Lord John Russell required the Japanese Government to pay £100,000 as a penalty for the murder of Mr. Richardson, and he also insisted on the punishment of the Daimio, Prince of Satsuma, who had protected the criminals. The Tycoon and his advisers apologized and paid the £100,000; but the Prince of Satsuma, who appears scarcely to acknowledge the authority of the central Government, abstained from offering any satisfaction. Admiral Kuper, consequently, at the request of Col. Neale, proceeded to the Daimio's residence at Kagosima, and, after some futile attempts at negotiation, seized three steamers which were lying in the port. The Japanese batteries then opened on the squadron, and Admiral Kuper was forced to burn his prizes, but he finally silenced the forts, and set a part of the town on fire. As he had no land force at his disposal, he was unable to adopt further measures of coercion, and he was compelled by a gale to leave the port before he had entirely destroyed the defences of the town."

Such is the way a Christian nation makes war upon an oriental people. Without warning, a British fleet opened its batteries upon a city of 150,000 inhabitants, of whom, in the natural order of humanity, more than one-half were helpless children, the sick, and the feeble aged. By what principle is it that a Christian nation should thus deal with a people of a different religion? Why should our sword classification of other people be so civilized, because barbarity in a civilized people?

### "Tear it to Pieces!"---Wendell Phillips.

The best reply to the above we have ever seen is that by Governor Seymour. Read it—

"What is it that makes the American home glorious beyond the castles of other portions of the world? It heretofore has been this: that when you have let down the lock into its latchet and have drawn yourself by the fireside, have assembled around you those whom you love, you could look about you and say, 'this is my castle, no man can enter here unbidden.' It was constitutional rights that made your home glorious, and you were called upon by men in power to say that this Constitution which protected you might be trampled upon under the plea of military necessity where war did not even exist—in this great State of ours. What is this Constitution of which men speak so idly? Study it and find what it means.—You men of Germany, you of Ireland, or any other European country, you know what a written constitution means, though we may have forgotten its value, who had it written down as a deed given to us more precious than the deeds of our homes, for it involves the deeds of our home, and they are nothing without the Constitution, which says that your property shall not be torn away from you without compensations and without process of law. It was a deed that made your homes valuable and sacred to you. It said that no man should seize your person except by due process of law; it gave you the right to worship your God in such a way as you pleased; it said you should not be imprisoned without the protection afforded to the innocent thus imprisoned, by the habeas corpus. You will find that the Constitution attaches itself to everything that you value in life."

### Inconceivable Supra.

A writer in a New York paper has made the following wonderful calculations: The simple interest of 1 cent at 6 per cent. per annum, from the commencement of the Christian era to the close of 1863, would be but 11 dollars, 17 cents, and 8 mills. If it had been computed at compound interest, it would require 84,940 billions of globes of solid gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, to pay the interest; and if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth, estimated to be 1,000,000,000, every man, woman, and child would receive \$4,940 golden worlds for an inheritance.—Were all these globes side by side in a direct line, it would take lightning 73,000 years to travel from end to end; and if a Parrot gun were discharged at one extremity, light traveling 192,000 miles a second, the cannon ball continuing its initial velocity about 1,500 feet per second, and sound moving through the air 1,120 feet in a second, a man at the other end would see the flash after waiting 110,000 years; the ball would reach him in 74,000,000,000 years, but he would not hear the report till the end of one thousand millions of centuries.

### Prince Christian in Luok.

By the death of Frederick VII, which took place on the 15th ult., Prince Christian, the father-in-law of the Prince of Wales, becomes King of Denmark, and was so proclaimed on the 16th, under the title of Christian IX. In the space of one year three members of one family, who a year ago must have had but indefinite dreams of Empire, have now attained the highest rank to which it was possible for them to aspire.—The father sits upon the throne of Denmark, the eldest daughter is heiress presumptive to the throne of England, and the youngest son is King of Greece. In a day of wonders there is little cause to marvel at this coincidence. It never rains but it pours; and if the star of Denmark is in the ascendant, it must be a matter of congratulation for the English people that their King "that is to be" settled his royal choice on the Princess Alexandra.

### Benefits of Saving.

There is a pleasure in saving, a husbanding small means. All the pleasures are lasting. Great speculations will tick the mind, whether they are successful or not. Such wealth produces a sick which gradual accumulation never does. A small, frugal family, neat, and yet having sufficient, with fifty dollars a year laid away, is so much consolation, a constant consolation, and a modulation of—and it is moderation that saves the world from recklessness and ruin. These quiet virtues are a well-spring of pleasure.—The fish man, when asked how he got rich, said by saving. We all get—get enough, and a little to spare. It is this "little to spare" that we should save—not exactly to get rich, but at least against a rainy day.—If it is not laying up treasure in heaven, it is at least a treasure that has some consolation, and no harm in it, which great wealth has.

### Successful Treatment of Lunacy.

Dr. Power, of the Cork Lunatic Asylum, says that by the use of the Turkish bath he has cured 76 per cent. of his patients. After a few applications they like the treatment and ask for it. The number of cures is double the proportion of cases to the old systems. Thirty deaths have diminished one-half. Thirty idiots have been so improved as to enjoy their lives and be made useful, and many persons pronounced incurable by the old system have been recovered and returned to their friends.