# Atamesburg HESSEMUEC,

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

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1864.

NEW SERIES.---VOL. 5, 34.

## THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER

B. W. JONES AND JAS. S. JENNINGS

- Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.

ATOPPICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE PUBLIC SQUARE. A

THE BEEF

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OFFICE Main Street, one door east of
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waynesburg, Pa., July 30, 1863.--ly. BLACK & PHELAN. ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW Office in the Court House, Waynesburg. Sept. 11, 1861—1v.

### got Diers' WAR GLAIMS! D. R. P. HUSS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PENNA:, As received from the War Department at Wash-lington city. 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 dis-charged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphan children, wislowed mothers, fashers, sisters and broth-tre, which business, (upon due notice) will be attend-due promptly and accurately if entrusted to his care. Office in the old Bank Building.—April 8, 1863.

G. W. G. WADDELL. ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
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House, Waynesburg, Penna. Business of all
kieds soilcited. Has received official copies of all the
laws passed by Congress, and other necessary instructions for the collection of
DENGONE BOUNTIES DAGE DAY tiens for the collection of PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, Due discharged and disabled soldiers, widows, Orphan children, dec., which business if intrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. May 13, '63.

### PHYSICIANS.

Dr. T. W. Ross, Physician & Surgeon

Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON MAIN STREET, cost, and nearly opposite the Wright house.

Way neaburg, Sept. 23, 1863. DR. A. G. CROSS

OULD very respectfully tender his services as a PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, to the people of Maynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to bushness, to merita abare of public patronage.

Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

### MERCHANTS.

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R. CLARK, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens ware and notions, in the Hamilton House, opposite the Court House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—iy.

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Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

### BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

J. D. COSGRAY, Boot and shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Drover's Bank." Every style of Shoes and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order, Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

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Main street, opposite the Wright House keeps always on hand a large shell elegant assortment of Watches and Jamelry. If The pairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry will provide prompt attention [Bec. 15, 1861—19

BOOKS, &c. LEWIS DAY

Denier in School and Miscolineous Seois, Seator ary, like Magazines and Papers: One over east Printed Mirrs, Main Street. Serv. 11, 1801 ly. LADBLES AND HARNES. SAMUEL MALLISTER.

" AND THE Sapp. 14, 1865--19.

## Miscellaneous.

Death on the Cars--Sad Incident of the Late Storm.

An incident is related to us having occured on one of the snow bound trains last week, which was probably as sad in all its aspects as any of the nu- ler: -- Green River Baptist. merous perils that occurred to railroad passengers on that memorable week.

On the train that left Chicago, Thurs-

day night, New Year's eve, on the Galena Union Road, bound for Freeport and Dubuque, was a young lady named Lucinda Kane, from Elmira, N. Y., on her way to Rockford, Ill., to attend the Seminary at that place. She was but seventeen years of age. The train had not proceeded a fourth of its course before it wrs overcome by the he, at the suggestion of Dr. Rush, terrible storm, the wheels clogged with wrote his celebrated painphlet of Comsnow, and it was finally compelled to mon Sense, recommending indepenstop, completely blocked. Fortunately the passengers had, to a certain degree, prepared for a delay, and provided some eatables, which kept them from the pangs of hunger, and a good supply of wood protected them in part from the perils of the bitter cold. It was im possible, however, to ward off all discomfort, not to say suffering.

On New Year's the storm howled the whole day long, the cold wind froze everything it touched, and piled the snow in drifts around the train. Early in the day this young lady, from the etfects of the bitter weather, was taken uddenly and severely ill with the dipstheria in its worst form. She was wholly unattended and alone, with the exception of two or three casual acquaintances in young ladies on their way to the same school. The passengers, however, among whom was the usual proportion of ladies, took hold and did for her everything in their power, and save the exposed situation she had as much attention as she would have received at home. It so happened that there were three or four physicians on the in their power, yet from the want of proper remedial agents, or from intensity of the disease, they were unable to afford her relief. It was but a short time before her jaws became so set that it was impossible to give her any medicines, and she lay during the whole day out on the bleak prairie, helpless and unhelped, life fast ebbing away, and

death drawing nearer and nearer. The following night she died, her body was properly laid out, to wait their arrival at Rockford. Mean- York, June 8th, 1809, aged seventywhile the train was ploughing along two. through the drifts as best it could, death When it finally arrived at its destination, the body was left at the depot, and a made him an out cast from all respectatelegram sent to her mother. So she passed away, under circumstances afflicting in the extreme, brought in a few hours from the bloom of health suddenly to the gates of death.

cently been finally adjudicated, and the "I have no wish to believe on that submoney will be ready for distribution in ject." the course of a week or ten days .--Among them are the Memphis, the 350,88; and the landsmen, \$1,157,91. The Britannia and Victory were captured by Commander R. H. Wyman. of the Santiago de Cuba, the former yielding the sum of \$169,695,72; and 694,17, the captures being made within the space of a week. It will be noticed in this case that while the officers get liberal shares, the seamen each receive \$897,67; ordinary seamen, \$698,12; and there will be many an unheeded and landsmen, \$598,40. Another steamer was captured about the same time, which has not yet been adjudicated making altogether a very handsome sum. The Navy is in immediate want of seamen, and with such chances for fortune it is amazing that the want exists for a We may have female friendships with preacher,' Did you notice that flashy single day.—N. Y. Times.

At a meeting in the Paris Wesevan chapel, the Rev. Charles Prest, late President of the Wesleyan Conference, gave a bit of history in regard to the first two Methodist preschers, who were sent by John Wesley to America, quite different from what was the commonly received version. The common notion was that when Mr. Wesley asked in open conference "who will go to America," two men stood up at once and said, "We will go." No such miss. When the dundons was pit; by Mr. Westy, sand a man period by Mr. ... Westey, ... we we said the side of t tee "Eschweresminshed goth Matter verteber Mithibitie

the question was proposed by Mr. Wesley again, and Boardman and Pilmoor offered to go.

#### Tom Paine.

We copy the following biographical sketch of the life and character of Tom Paine, a distinguished unbeliever, from the Enegcypedia of religious knowledge upon the authority of Allen, Erskine, and Ful-

"Thomas Paine, a political writer and deist, was born in Norfolk, England, in 1737; his father, a Quaker, was a stay maker. He followed the same business; and then became an exciseman in Sussex, but was dismissed for miscon-

He came to Philadelphia in 1774, and in January, 1775, he was employed by Mr. Aitken to edit the Pennsylvania Magazine. After the war commenced, dence. For this tract the legislature of Pennsylvania voted him five hundred pounds. He was also elected by Congress in April 1777, Clerk to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; he chose to call himself "Secretary for Foreign af-At this period he wrote the For divulging some official secrets, he lost his office in January, 1779. In 1780, he was Clerk of the Assembly of Pennsylvania; in 1785. Congress voted him three thousand dollars, and the State of New York gave him five hundred acres of land, the confiscated estate of Davol, a rovalist, at New Rochelle. There was on it a stone house, one hundred and twenty, by

twenty-eight feet. In 1787, he went to Paris and London. In answer to Burke's reflections on the French Revolution, he wrote his Rights of Man. In September, 1792, he was a member from Calais of the National Convention of France, voting against the sentence on the king, offended the Jacobins, and in September 1793, was thrown into prison fer eleven months. His political writrain, but though they did everything | tings have simplicity, force and pungency; his theological, are shallow, slan-

derous, and obscene. He had written the first part of his Age of Reason against Christianity, and committed it to Joel Barlow; the second part was published in 1795, after his release. At this period, he was habitually drunk. He returned to America in 1802, bringing with him as a companion, the wife of De Bonneville, a French Book seller, having separated from his second wife. He died at New

This unhappy believer died in conriding with the benumbed passengers.— tempt and misery. His disgusting vices, his intemperance and profligacy, ble society. He is represented as irritable, vain, cowardly, filthy, envious, malignant, dishonest, and drunken. In the distress of his last sickness, he frequently called out, "Lord Jeses help Dr. Manly asked him whether from his calling so often upon the Savior, it was to be inferred that he be-Several very valuable prizes have re- lieved the Gospel. He replied at last,

### Feminine Adviser.

Britannia, and the Victory, The for- It is a wonderful advantage to a man, mer was captured by the United States in every pursuit or acception, to secure It is a wonderful advantage to a man. steamer Magnolia, and yielded the snug and adviser in a sensible woman. In sum of \$510,914,07, after paying the Woman there is at once a sudden deli- wedded. expenses of adjudication. Acting Volunteer Lieutenant William Budd is the happy man who takes as his share \$38,- an equal degree in man. A woman if 318,55, his vessel not being attached to she be really your friendf will have a a squadron at the time of the capture, sensitive regard for her character, honor and his share being three twentieths of and repute. She will seldom council the half awarded to the captors. All the you to do a shabby thing, for a women officers on this vessel belonged to the friend always desires to be proud of you volunteer service, and their several At the same time her constitutional timshares amount to a handsome sum. - idity makes her more timid than her The sailors, too, come into a small male friend. She, therefore, counsels fortune, the seamen getting \$1,- you to do an inprudent thing. By fe-736,86 to each; ordinary seamen, \$1, male friendship, I mean pure friendship —that in which there is no admixture of the passions of love, except in the

married state. A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and a good heart, wnom he loves the latter \$299.998,45, making \$469,- and who loves him. If he have that he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmeet, female friendships he must have, or his intellect will be without a garden, gap even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, are such friendshibs, where disparities of years and circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has surely this advantage; youth and old age have.those much yider and those much younger than ourselves.

Mollere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius, Montaigue's philosophy takes both a gentier and loftier charactor of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Maria de Gournay, an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essavists. "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solicitude and my retirement as one of the best part of my being. Female friendship, indeed, is to man, proidam et dulce decus bulwark and sweet ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it. all his knowledge of books will never

The Reputation of Woman. We have probably, all of us met with instances, in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female

has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those that are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend the following "hints" as worthy of consideration.

"Never use a lady's name in an improp er place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of society, lost to every sentiment of honor-every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villain and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. The slander is soon propagated and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wind, and mag nify as it circulates until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mothers and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, er the wife, of some fellow-creature.

#### Decease of a Millionaire.

The Newark Advertiser prints the folowing from a New York correspondent: Eccentric men generally cluster in this at her vitals. Every pulse of her great city. They are more concealed from heart, with its giant grante arteries and fireobservation than in the country. In Great Jones street, corner of Lafayette forest were the children of men; as the place, stands a loftv, massive, square brick house—Roosevelt has been the name on the door-plate for many years. It always had a deserted look, and the only occupant, except servants, seen to come forth from its recesses, was a crip- air trembling with the shrieks of agony, the pled man, and one or two attendents.—! Suddenly men were seen issuing from gasped prayer, until the mad waves stifled the doors, exclaiming their master was dead. The neighbors went in, and found only the inamimate remains of one who had devoted his life to the accumutheir mighty desolation. Earth, so late none were present except hirelings to do tomb-a wide, wide waste of whirling him reverence. It seems he was early waters; and naught but the hoarse winds engaged to be married. He was an edu- and the moaning deep howled the requiem of cated man, and also "born with a silver the unburied dead. Again the silent years spoon in his mouth." But disease par- fell upon the world like snow-flakes upon the alyzed him, and he lived and died worth ocean. Again from its broad plains and lofty over a million of dollars, but even his wealth not gaining for him outward sympathy or affection. It is stated he had paced his room so long with a cane that the floor had been worn through sweet dew and the genial rain. Egyptian and through more than once. In these might enslaved a chosen race; Egyptian lonely in-door walks, he had traversed an extent nearly equal to pacing the cir- their very souls. But there was brought a cuit of the globe, and then, with his ac-deliverer, whose avenging hand smote all cumulated treasure about him, he passed away unhonored and nearly unknown.-Curious fact, that his relatives are opulent, and he has given a million to found a hospital. The old legacy of value is to her whom he would have married, but who still remains venerable and un-

Mark Marks Goes to Church. Mark Marks says he went to Church yesterday, for the first time in many Sabbaths. After the service was out, stood upon the porch as the crowd passed out, to see the styles, as he declares of those passing him was exceedingly his soul ascending with the fierce flameinteresting, when put together as he heard it. One person would pass him conversing, and he would hear a portion of what was said, and another would come along conversing about something else, a part of which caught his ear, and so on. And this, said Marks, is the way it strnng out: 'Very good sermon, Mrs. ---- 'Some sort ot red stuff, trimmed with narrow blue braid.' 'No, I didn't like it one bit: 'twas cut too full around the shoulders. Didn't you see him, he sat in Mrs. ----'s pew.' 'Pshaw! Mrs. D-had one of them last fall: it's old style 'What a horrid nose he's got; I thought

Fanny said he was good looking' 'You don't say so. Have you got an invitation? 'Yes, he is a very logical plume she had on.' 'No place for a young child, any way., I got it at Talcott & Post's.' 'Got any tobacco, Jim?' Pooh! I wouldn't speak to him, any 'I should think Mary wav.' would be ashamed to wear such an out patch about Sumter is all bosh. Not half so pretty as Mrs. -- 's. though it don't look so bad, after all.' It must have cost as much as two dellars a yard. 'I don't see him once in a coon's age.'-Yes. I'll be there at seven precisely. 'I can't tell, but Sam knows all about it.' etc. And Mark says he went home

At Leicester Vermont, on the 27th utt., the wife of John G. Bullock died, on the 18th his daughter de and on the 99th the has may par Adorded there to the grape, All her ellert belle Theretilized his dith

deeply 'convinced.'

Footsteps of the Death-Angel. BY E. H. G.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

The world was young. Few were the winged days that yet had flown. The sunlight streaming from its fount on high, shed golden glory on the cloud-piled hills that walled the paradisal temple. Lofty oaks columned the green and winding aisles; star-reaching peaks propped up the azure roof, and as slowly sank the sun to his couch of tire, bright, dewy flowers, springing from the tread of angel feet, breathed forth their incense on the languid air .-'Twas even's calm, holy hour-the hour of beauty and of prayer; and the vesper breeze whispered low to the boughs that waved in wreaths around the towering columns. Two onely worshippers were there. The listenng air drank in their voices of devotion, and from the temple's vaulted sky-roof echoed their songs of praise faintly, and more faintly, until in music-whispers they died away. There was innocency then, and purity, and love. Visibly his angels came, ministers as now, for the guilt-storm had not yet broken upon human hearts, flooding them with woe. Earth rolled her growing annals on. Her summers tinged with golden grain her sunny hills, and the autumn winds rustled through boughs bending with their blushing fruitage. The high altar rose red with the blood of sacrifice. A living flame spread through the yielding air and sought the chosen pile.-Then springing forth from mortal breast, Envy first lighted the torch. Then the Death-Augel first unfurled her dark banner. Greedily the thirsty earth drank the crimson life of the second-born of man, as it gushed from fountains opened by fratricidal hands. Time sped. The world's locks began to

grow hoary. An all-cankering ruin festered blood, was a sin-throb. As the leaves of the leaves of the forest the hot breath of the Death-Angel withered them. The rushing waters surging from their cave-lairs closed yet paler her brow. Days passed, and about them-higher!-higher!-the angry, cloud-veiled heavens echoing the the drowning world's bubbling and deathcries. The foaming billows swept on over tion of wealth, and yet at his death thrilling with glad life, was a wreck-a vast hills sprang the tender herbage, the blushing flowers, and the storm-defying forests; and from the calm heaven descended the fetters gnawed their weary flesh-clanked on Egypt with a death-stroke, and whelmed in vast watery burial the oppressing host. The crystal walls of the shell-paved seaway crushed in upon them. Together sank horse and rider; and a wail that pierced the heavens went up as the dark waters closed forever

over the doomed army. The purple banner of Thebes here mouldered. Her rock-hewn caverns resound not with the din of busy life, for their tenants sleep an eternal sleep. Assyria's crown has grated the cords as the coffin was lowered! veh. the God-warned, has sunk to her tom! and, oh! as the cold clay rattled upon that's what half the people leave their dreamless slumber. The jackal's cry and the coffin-lid, how it seemed as if every clod houses on Sunday for. And while he the night-bird's shriek echo where perished stood there, he tells us, the conversation her late king, fire-enthroned and fire-girdled bursts that tore its earthly bonds asunder,

> "Unsmote by the sword, They melted like snow in the glance of the

The hosts of Sennecherib lie chill in the

The walls of Babylon are a name-s shadow. As spoke the prophet of God. her broad walls are utterly broken, her high gates are burned with fire, she is become a desolation, an atonishment, a hissing and a curse. The destroyer is destroyed; she who brake the walls and the temple of the holy city, herself lies the lowest of the low. And she, the oft-stricken nurse of the incarnate God-she, the triple-hilled city of the temple-she, too, is a desolation. Her holy walks, that saw the meek Jesus wandering homeless from door to door; that saw him pour the blood-sweat in Gethsemane; that saw the temple-vail rent, and felt earth shudder: that veiled nature's strong agony when the flesh-embodied Deity yielded to the night of death—they are but a memory. Gaunt famine stalked through her doomed palaces. Hungry, shrunken eyes and shriveled limbs strove for a crumb of life, and the white parched lips of the mether found bread in the flesh of her darling child. The glory of Solomon has departed. Squalid harinestaved triing, and hheathe their deso-

distinct Productific bloods amon has and olice children." Rome-cues miglig. Paris worlder de recognicate, alexandress do arrepost. Har bleed died, binners die empleming de

their ceaseless vigils by the grave of her greatness. Her Cessars, whose virtues and whose crimes were at once a delight and execration; her Cicero, whose burning fervor euchanxed and appalled; her Virgil, whose harp trembled eloquently with the poet's sweetest numbers; her Cincinnatus, her Camillus, her Brutus, all lie silent in the City of the Dead, shadowed by the mists of departed years. Heaven hath its enactments, and death his ministers. Tamerlane exulted in his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls; Napoleon deluged the sunny land in blood, and his hundred battlefields glisten with the bleached bones of the slain; yet it is not enough Famine like a plague spot comes upon the old world! Cities are desolated. The pallid, sunken cheek, the hollow eye, the fleshless, withered frame, tell of the fearful agony. With feeble breath men cry for bread, and sink ere bread can come. Like rain drops on a river, they fall into their narrow homes. The silent cottage, its decaying roof, its crumbling walls, its half-shut tottering door and its by-paths, deserted and grass-grown, whisper the sad story of Ireland's sufferings. Even yet a never-ending surge of want and woe rolls across the broad Atlantic and dashes against our shores. A few short months ago the electric nerves of our own happy land thrilled with an awful nessage. A scourge had fallen on the city of the South, and she sat with the dust on her pale brow. The whole continent was shadowed by the dark wings of the Death-Angel. The tombless dead reeking in decay, and the blazing corpse-piled pyramids marked the desolator's ruin. Fond hearts throbbed painfully with woe, and the ready hand of sympathy was outstretched with relief. Even yet, though in our breasts we

have buried our griefs, like the long sunset shadows, they lie lengthening evermore. I had a sister. She was all gentleness, and sweet and quiet joy; and with her halfshut, starry eyes and shadowy hair, and mute, appealing gaze, she seemed as dreaming life away. But the conquerer came, and set his seal upon her. Brighter and brighter grew the hectic upon her cheek, and paler, weeks. They called me to her bedside. It was a lovely eve; a May sunset cast its expiring beams upon her pillow; the joyous birds were hymning their evening melodies: the whispering zephyrs playing among the vine-leaves that reached in through the open window, came perfume-laden from the blushing flower-beds; and the snow cloud-crag gleamed on the azure sky like the bright shadowing of an angel's wing. She spoke not; one long, earnest, thrilling pressure of the hand was all, and with that sunset her sweet life went out. The last, lingering ray had just faded from the hills as her God took her, and her bright soul regained its star-home. The village churchyard was a beautiful spot: upon a little knoll, skirted with quiet groves a gentle stream murmuring at its foot, and here and there a tall elm or ash with wide-spreading boughs, and hoary with age. It was dotted all over with little green hillocks, and the gray, crumbling tablet, pointing the weary soul away from earth to the boundless home of the suffaite. blue of heaven until we almost fancied we heard the sweet songs of the scraphin, and felt the sweep of viewless wings. Now all unheeded are its beauties. How harshly fallen from her nerveless hand. Her Nine- how heavily it jarred as it touched the botwere falling on my heart! Years have fled, but tender memories of the loved and lost, yet come thronging up, and the soul loves to linger amid the treasured scenes of its early days, even though the sad cypress shades them.

> "Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath; But all, thou hast all seasons for thine own, O ceath!"

Time ever waves his own grief-wand over us, as the ocean of dead years bears us on. Every pulse of time is the knell of a human victim. Graves yawn by the home-hearth and in the highway—where Hope, stealing forth on glad wings, paints bright heart-pic-tures for the weary one, and where affection twines her sunny garlands. The broad earth stands thick with tombs a mighty sepulchre; and ocean-dread, mysterious ocean-a cemetry without a monument-forever ounds within her crystal caves the requiem of her dead. Every fireside hath its own vacant chair; every heart hath poured its grief-drops, and every spirit hath an angelwatcher. Torn from the loved of earth, keeping their holy vigils in the starry chambers of the Land of Light they guard and guide the fainting soul, and wait it onward onward, to the eternal heaven-home, where disease, seeny and partings never come, and where the song of triumph echoes evermore.

Herod was a wonderful gospeller for a while until John told him of his incest. So a minister is a mighty good misery and foul corruption now brood over at of his ministry to their favorite sins man with his people, until he lays the and errors .- Parr.

POOR FELLOW .- The sum of \$12,500, to which Rev. H. W. Beecher's salary was raiswhich a port of his fleck milited the middle and the 1810 (180 which excitor was the stocked de land to destructions por keep sufficient for his yearly income an parter.

Remody for Beat The New York Tribung have just received a receipt for the cure of diptheria, from a physician who says that of 1,900 cases in which it has been used not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mount throat with a wach made the Table salt, 2 drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, 1 drachm each. Mix and pulverize partition teachers. cup half full of boiling water; ois and and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two and four hours, as recovery progresses. The pa-

**Political** 

tient may swallow a little cach time.

Apply one ounce each of spirits turpen-

time, sweet oil and aqua ammonia mani-

every hour to the whole of the direct

and to the breast bone every four hours.

keeping flannel to the part.

Pretty Picture--Ain't it, Neighbor?

When this cruel war is over. And our friends all crippied are, All the nigs will be in clover, While white trash can work and awear. Blacks at ease—whites at labor. Pretty picture, ain't it, neighbor?

When this cruel war is over, Many, very many years from now, And we the taxes then are paying, Abe will catch it some, we trow! Blacks at ease, whites at labor. Pretty picture, and it, neighbor?

When this cruel war to over, And men in mge and debt and spice. The politicians will be remembered Who used our blood to grind their; area Blacks at case—whites at lebon.

#### What It's For.

Figure different—cen you, neighbor

Old Abe, tis said has "changed the base Of war's impending struggle-In fact so oft its been the case. It seems more like a juggle. Twas first to save the Union, It is now to free the nigger,

The next will be, communion With the black man's comely figure. Buck nigger chiefs and boot-black alds, While white Conscripts, are of the said;

Marched through the streets, in Haild Bull

### The Billionce.

La Democratic times we had "Gold! Gold! Geld! Gold! .... ? Bright and yellow, hard and quidente Molten, graven, hammer'd and sall'sky But now in Abolition Simes, we have Blood! Blood! Blood! Blood: 125. Bright and red to dampen the and ... And miles of graves for the dather god.

### Who Pays.

"Two car loads of contrabands, numdipped o'er the sanken grave. Oft had we bering about 150, ene half of them men, wandered here together, and plucked the arrived here to-day from Ballimera, to fragrant blossoms that sprang from the dust which city they were sent from Prince of the levely and the good, or looked thre' George's county, Maryland. The men the opening bowers up into the deep, eternal not being fit for military service, are to be employed at the Gielloro Cavalry camps, and the women and children domiciled at Freedman's Village, and in this vicinity." - Washington Correspond-

> What a comfortable thought it must be to the loyal workingman, as he counts his pay on Saturday night, 30 think that it is diminished about thirty as cent. to feed and clothe the contrabands, who before he became so philanthropic, were clothed and fed at somebody else expense. He will say to his wife: "You cannot have the stout warm dream I promised you for this winter, and mind you, no meat except twice a week. I cannot afford it. I have got to feed and clothe the colored people." He will say to his child, "no ride for you in the cars to-day, my child; that five cents has gone to some little woolly head." What a glow of universal love will thrill his breast when he sees his own suffer in order that the poor black may be made happy. He will may to himself: "How lovely is freedom! Three short years ago those immortal souls were in bondage. They were no care to me, I never nelt for them, I had not to deprive myself of a single thing for their benefit. Now, thank God they are free, and are the objects of my dearest solicitude, and I have the pleasure of supporting them. True my own children suffer for it-but still it is a great privilege and I ought to be very thankful."

The only interruption he might suffer to this self-satisfying train of thought might be the suggestion of some testorous, venomens Democrat, who much say to him: "But you too see free and nobody supports you. You have to work hard enough tor your mades wages, no one knocks of cent. from their wages to indieness." To which the mair would naturally reply: secessionist!—you Southern thizer." To this argument, there can be no reply that for the coned there a

the gracified y display all a "I'd be a continued