AUamesburg

Messenger.

A CAeekly Family Fournal--- Peboted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Foreign, Pomestic and General Intelligence, Kc.

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Sept. 11, 1861—1v.

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Troffice in the "Wright Heart" East Door.
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the solicited. Has received official copies of all the twise passed by Congress, and other necessary instructions for the collection of PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY,

PHYSICIANS.

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

Was needing, Sept. 23, 1863.

DR. A. G. CROSS

WOLLD very respectfully tender his services as a PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, to the people or Wagnesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to buildness, to merit a share of public patronage.

Wagnesburg, January 8, 1862.

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WM. A. PORTER, Wheeling and Betail Dealer in Foreign and Dom Cry Goods, Greceries, Notions, &c., Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

R. CLARK, Basior in Dry Goods, Groceties, Hardware, Queens ware and notions, in the Hamilton House, oppositing Court House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—19.

Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Grochries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main street.

Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

MOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

J. D. COSGRAY. pane and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Drover's Bank." Every style of Belly and Spoes constantly on hand or made to order. Sept. M., 1861.—17.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES

JOSEPH YATER. Dealer in Grossries and Confectioneries, Notions Melicines, Perfameries, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass o ali sizes, and Glit Moulding and Looking Glass Plates 115 Cach paid for good eating Apples.

JOHN MUNNELL, Bealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety mode (Controlly, Wilson's New Building, Main street, Sept. 11, 1801—1y.

TORES AND JEWELRY S. M. BAILY,

Main street, opposite the Wright House keeps at water hand a large and elegant assortment of Watches and Jewelry.
The Pairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry will remove present attention. (Dec. 15, 1861—19

BOOKS, &c. LEWIS DAY. pagier in School and Miscelleneous Books, Station-cry, ant, Migaines and Papers: One door cast of Penter's Store, Main Street. Sert. 11, 1861 iv.

SADDLES AND HARNESS. MANUEL M'ALLISTER, Assembly, Harnous and Trunk Maker. ald Bank Build-

FAMERS' & DROVERS' BANK. and the state of t

Miscellaneous.

From the Journal and Messenger. Our Soldier Son.

It is the morning after the news of a great battle. Yesterday, flying run.orsethereal escapements from the telegraph wire caught the ear of now and then one, but the morning's paper spreads out upon its inside—'A Great Battle going on !'-Federals victorious !- Loss on both sides very

We clutch the damp, folded sheet from the nearest news boy, and glance down the column headed "Last night's telegraph."-It is true—another of those desperate collisions between men of the same language, and blood, has come. But here is no official signature—we doubt the story—we want an excuse to disbelieve it.

We have grown familiar with a style of newspaper filling called sensation rumors.-Thrice have we been two days in terror for the safety of the National Capitol, and twice have we, with incredible simplicity, illuminated for the taking of Richmond. No more of that! We re-peruse the telegram-it must be true, and our souls are filled with a sudden and awful sense of the mighty interests that are being decided in so fearful a manner. For two days the fight has been going on-it is raging still; God only knows what the end will be!

It is a glorious morning of September—a

But a change has come over it all now. the screams of mortal agony—we hear them take them with the bitter thought that he is

onets, brows that have beamed in the light ty, as if it were a legend of long ago. His of our fire-sides are under those soldier mother and the old doctor will soon have caps, blackened with powder—and Oh, there him up again. is one somewhere there, dearer to us than ing from the first moment. He must be in

There is a picture store on the street for the hundreth time. But the vinethe wonders between their crimson-lighted to you, and he said tell you that he wasn't recesses, are as though we saw them not.-We are saying to ourselves continually, Shall we be victorious? Is he living or

Turning abruptly away, we are aware that a group of men near by are reading a large placard just placed upon a board.— 'Latest News" it reads, in large, disjointed, blue letters. "A Battery Captured! Our loss ten thousand! The Seventh made a gallant charge-The most bloody battle of the war!" One and another stops to read, and passes silently on. We do not know how many with these staring announcements take up a burden as heavy as our own. It all may or may not be true.

Two ladies are near us, pleasantly chatting over the morning shopping. How can they think of that now? Are any of all this throng, intent on their pleasure or their gain-thinking what it is to rush up to the mouths of blazing cannon, to march steadily at the word of command through a rain whose drops pierce flesh, and bone, and brain-to see in the distance a heap of the dead, and the Star-Spangled Banner clutched from their stiffening hands by the insolent foe. And this is going on now-it is being done for us, who walk this pavement in safety, while they are struggling and dying there. Ten thousand lost! Can it be possible that he will escape? Is his dead body lying there mangled, trampled—that head whose beyish curls lay on our kneed? We talked of him at our morning meel-he

whole again? Yesterday we were looking through a photagraph album, and a dear, noble face caught our attention. "He was shot at Gettysburg," they said, "and the last we knew of him he was lying in an outhouse, with his mutilated companions, begging for water." Oh, God ;-to think our boy may be lying just so now, and the refreshing streams of this fountain playing

here, and running to waste! But these torebodings are unmanly and wicked. He may be safe. We shall know soon. The first news is always disrorted .-We are soon absorbed in the prospects of the impending election, and are only conscious of an undefined something that would mar our peace if we should think of it. As we enter the door of our home, we see his hat hanging just where he placed it when it was exchanged for the soldier's cap. We have never moved it. There is a sharp pang as we

Days go by. The papers have long details

of the battle. We read them every one .-We follow his Division through all. If "fought bravely" we read with pride, and -one day, casualties in the ---th O. V. I. that was his regiment-many names strange names-or, on to the end-not his name, thank God! He must be safe, then. We are glad this anxiety is over. Yet it would be better if there was a letter from him-he always writes-but the mails are irregular at such a time. We are at the summer day, with the last perceptible haze Post Office morning and evening, among all of autumn over its ripe lovliness. The full the letters looking only for the one directed eastern light whitens the statue among the in his hand. It does not come. One eventrees of the Park, and makes glistering sil- ing a friend silently hands in a paper convery plumes of the jets of the fountain. The taining full returns. We read it, and know very curb stones have looked cheerful as that one boy is wounded and missing. The we stepped along, and the new spring and great cloud that has been lowering over the freshness of morning activity has given the horizon of our home rolls up over it. There streets a pleasant air of busy life, and seem- is silence at the household board, and pale ed to reanimate the very dray horses in their faces and tearful eyes gather around the evening lamp. 'Wounded and missing' seems written on every hand. A prisoner, likely-A gloom is between us and the sun; there that is a dreadful word to us. Was he is a taint of blood in the autumnal air—the slightly wounded, perhaps, and will soon be bustle of business and hum of trade grate exchanged? Was hand or foot shot away, on our ears. Can they not cease for a mo- and did the rebel surgeons handle him tenment, while the weal or woe of millions is derly? Is there no way we can reach him, trembling in the balance? We are trans- and send him something from Lome? Evported in fancy to the distant field, and ery household comfort and luxury—the clean stand amid its battle smoke. We see the bed at night and the refreshing bath in the long, surging lines of living men within it. morning—the snow-white table, the fresh The yell of onset, the thunder of artillery, butter, and many a favorite dish of his—we deprived of all. But we will not think him cloud that will hide the sun forever to many nurse him so tenderly in that room of his who are entering it, there are faces and that he will forget the pain of his wounds. forms familiar to us, hands that we clasped, and with all the home circle clasped around bidding God speed, are grasping those bay- him, he shall tell us the story of his captivi-

A week ago, we said thus to ourselves as anything else the earth contains. Where we went up the Post Office steps half exis he? It is of HIM we have been think- pecting to find the long looked for letter .-A strange voice accosted us-'Are you Mr. -?' 'Yes sir,' 'You had a son in the 87th Ohio?' 'Yes.' 'I was on my way to where we are passing, and the engravings to your office. I was taken prisoner at the in its windows have never failed to arrest same time, and was with him when he died." our steps. There is a landscape in South There was a pause unbroken, and the voice America, where the rugged outlines of in- went on: 'He was shot in the side and in accessible peaks under a glowing tropical the face, but he lived two days. We were sky, make a strange mingling of Patagonia all in an old shed, and didn't have anything and Italy. Near it is placed, 'the Huguenot to eat but some corn meal, and that isn't Lovers.' You see they are parting on the the stuff for a wounded man. When I found Eve of St. Bartholomew. Mechanically we who he was I did everything I could for turn towards the window and stand gazing him, but the rascals took everything from us. He could not speak much, being so woundcovered wall, with the sad, tender figures ed, but he made out to ask me to cut off a piece in its shadow—the peaks of the Andes, and of his hair, and if ever I got back to bring it

sorry to die for his country.' What more was said of the last hours we scarcely knew then. A half hour afterward we were walking along the lake shore, the autumn winds breaking over its angry waters, and a folded piece of soiled paper held tightly in our hands. How shall his mothcup pass from, me nevertheless,'-we could not finish the prayer then.

And now the hat that hung so long in the hall, and the boots drew off last-all the familiar things that were his are laid away in the darkened and silent room we were going to make so pleasant for him when he came

In a secret drawer in the library is a lock of dark brown hair-we have but just glanced at it, but we know it is matted and stiffened at the end. It is all we shall ever see of our cherished son.

Voltaire's last Words. Voltaire was fertile and elegant, his obervations are very acute, yet he often betrays great ignorance when he treats on subjects of ancient learning. Madame de Talmond once said to him; "I think, sir, that a philosopher should never write but with the endeavor to render mankind less wicked and unhappy than they are. Now you do quite the contrary; you are always writing against that religion which alone able to restrain wickedness, and to afford us consolation under misfortunes." Voltaire was much struck, and excused himself by saying that he only wrote for those who were of the same opinion as himself. Tronshin assured his friends that Voltaire died in great agonies of mind. "I die founken by

Philosophy of Exercise.

All know that the less we exercise the less health we have, and the more certain are we to die before our time.-But comparatively few persons are able to explain how exercise does? promote health. Both beast and bird, in a state of nature, are exempt from disease, ex- They who have kept their spirits' virgin cept in rare cases; it is because the unappearable instinct of searching for their necessary food impels them to ceasless activities. Children, when left to themselves, eat a great deal and have excellent health, because they will be doing something all the time, till they become so tired they fall asleep; and as soon as they wake they begin right away to run about again; thus their whole existence is interesting and pleasurable. The health of childhood would be enjoyed by those of maturer years, if, like children, they would eat only when they are hungry, stop when they have done, take rest in sleep as soon as they are tired, and when not eating or resting, would spend their time diligently in such muscular activities as would be interesting, agreeable, and profitable. then, with another feeling—it "suffered ter-ribly." Searching—we feel rather than see out an enlivenment of the feelings and the mind, is of comparatively little val-

1. Exercise is health producing, because it works off and out of the system its waste, dead, and effect matters; these are all converted into a liquid form, called by some "humors," which have exit from the body through the "pores" of the skin, in the shape of prespiration, which all have seen, and all know is the result of exercise, when the body is in a state of health. Thus it is, that persons who do not perspire, who have a dry skin, are always either feverish or chilly and are never well, and never can be as long as that condition exists. So exercise, by working out of the system its waste, decayed, and useless matters, keeps the human machine "free;" otherwise it would soon clog up, and the wheels of life would stop forever!

2. Exercise improves the health, because every step a man takes tends to impart motion to the bowels; a proper amount of exercise keeps them acting once in every twenty-four hours; if they have not motion enough, there is constipation, which brings on very many fatal diseases, hence exercise, es- old, but she has outlived her discretion pecially that of walking, wards off innumerable diseases, when it is kept up to an extent equal to inducing one action of the bowels daily.

3. Exercise is healthful, because the ore we exercise the faster If we breathe faster, we take that much more air into the lungs; but it is the air we breathe which purifies the blood, and the more air we take in, the more perfeetly is that process performed; the when a person's lungs are impaired, he does not take in enough air for the wants of the system; that being the case, the air he does breathe should be the purest possible, which is outdoor Hence, the more a consumptive stays in the house, the more certain and more speedy is his death.

Rules for Winter. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed that by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become warmed before reaching the lungs, and thus prevent the shocks and sudden chills which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease. Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open door or window.— Let more cover be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra cover within easy reach in case of a sudden and great change in the weather during the night. Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street corners, after having walked even a short distance. Never ride near an open window of a vehicle for a single half minute, eser be told of this? 'If it is possible, let this pecially if it has been preceded by a walk; valuable lives have thus been lost or good health permanently destroyed. Never put on a new boot or shoe in the beginning of a journey. Never wear India rubber in cold, dry weather. If compelled to face a bitter cold wind, throw a silk handkerchief over the face; its agency is wonderful in modifying the cold. Those who are easily chilled on going out of doors, should have some cotten batten attached to the vest or other garment, so as to protect the space between the shoulder-blades behind, the lungs being attached to the body at that point; a little there is worth five times the amount over the chest in front. Never sit more than five minutes at a time with the back against the fire or stove. Avoid sitting against cushion in the back of pews in churches; if the uncovered board feels cold, sit erect without touching it. Never begin a journey until breakfest has been eaten. After speaking, singing, or preaching in warm room in winter, do not leave it complete. for at least ten minutes, and even then close your mouth, put on the gloves, wrap up the neck, and put on cloak or overcoat before passing out of the door, the neglect of these has laid many a good and useful man in a premature grave. - it would seem that neither dissipation

Select Poetry.

"Blessed are the Pure in Heart." BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

whiteness

Undimmed by folly and unstained by sin, And made their foreheads radiant with the

brightness Of the pure truth whose temple is within-They shall see God.

Freed from the thrall of every sinful passion. Around their pathway beams celestial light; They drink with joy the waters of salvation, And in His love whose love is infinite. They shall see God.

Though clouds may darken into storms around them, The Promise pours through all its steady

rays: Nor hate can daunt, nor obliquy confound

Nor earth's temptations lure them from the way That leads to God.

They shall see God! Oh, glorious fruition Of all their hopes and longings here below They shell see God in beatific vision. And evermore into his likeness grow-

Children of God. So when the measure of their faith is meted, And angels beckon from the courts on

high---Filled with all grace, the work divine com-

They shall put on their immortality, And dwell with God.

Truth is Stranger than Fiction. The Chicago Journal gives the following sketch from the Police Court in

that city: The name of Ellen Welch is called by the clerk, and forth from the prisoners' pen walks a disheveled, dirty, haltdrunken woman, led by a policeman, who escorts her to the box allotted for such as she is, between the desks of the Justice and the Clerk. She is not

"You're charged with vagrancyguilty or not guilty?" says the Clerk, abruptly.

and her virtue.

The woman answers sullenly, not we breath. with a pang of conscience, but to save costs, "Guilty."

The policeman who brought her in is sworn, and testifies that he found her upon the street, partially intoxicated, at an unreasonable hour. He has seen purer the blood is, as everybody konws, her so frequently, of late, and she seemthe better the health must be. Hence, ed to have no regular home, occupation, nor habits, save those of the debasing kinds.

"Five dollars, and ninety days in Bridewell. Call the next;" and, under this sentence, the poor, depraved Ellen Welch is removed to make her way for another "one more unfortunate," and she is forgotten by the spectators and the newspaper reporters within 5 minutes afterwards.

Were this all that we knew of poor Ellen Welch, we should never have cumbered our note-book with the incident; in fact, our left hand neighbor, who "does" the police sensations for our --- street cotemporary utters an audible

"Pshaw! no item there!" -and runs his pencil savagely through

the unfortunate vagrant's name, which he had previously noted down.

No item there! Isn't there, indeed?

Listen: Ellen Welch was the niece of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish orator and agitator, the daughter of his sister Mary O'Connell; and Etten Welch could claim as her father the Lord of Kearney Castle—a man of opulence and influence in his section of the country. Ellen had enjoyed all the advantages that such a father and his position could bestow in her youth, but, alas! in an unfortunate hour she bestowed her young affections upon a man to whom her father would not give her hand .-He was an officer, but he gave up his position and persuaded her to elope with him. Leaving Ireland, they reached Philadelphia, where they resided one year, when death removed the husband. His widow subsequently came to Chicago, where she again married, but her second husband, too, was

soon taken from her, by drowning. Thrown upon her own resources, she maintained herself for a time by her needle, but ere long she fell into disreputable company, who defrauded her not only of her clothing, but also of a quarterly stipend of \$30 which was bestowed upon her by her father, through the agency of the parish priest. Gradually she acquired a taste for spirituous liquors, and then sank deeper and deeper uutil her degredation became

she was when we first saw her. Possessing a constitution as tough as iron, when she told us her history, a sketch of which we then published. Her statements were substantiated by reliable parties, and fully corroborated by a Catholic priest, to whom her quarterly

allowance was entrusted. We think it a safe estimate to say that during the past 8 years she has spent three-fourths of her time in confinement. Good natured, joviel, witty, and smart, it cannot be that she is wedded to such a life, and low as she has sunk in the social scale, we doubt not that she might be reformed and reclaimed if a helping hand were extended.-Where are the managers of the Erring Woman's Refuge?

Duration of Life.

With the inheritance of a good constitution, and with a rational mode of life from first to last, undoubtedly the human race would reach the age of one hundred years and upwards, in health and cheerfulness. The natural life of man appears to be four times as long as the period of growth, or in other words, growth occupies one quarter of the natural life. The human race, in general, reach maturity in twenty-five years, taking males and females togethermales at the age of twenty-eight, females at twenty-two. Bad constitutions come to maturity sooner than that. and remarkably good ones later. Persons who live to the age of one hundred years and upwards, without atdoubt more than thirty years in growgrowth undoubtedly prevails with all and daughters complain of their field animals and vegetables, from the endu- of labor. No wonder that soiled field and from a spear of grass to the big trees of California, which are known to have grown thousands of years, but whose ages are unknown. By a great many persons health is ignorantly and carelessly destroyed. Almost every one commits slow suicide. Life is shortened at the rate of about twenty-five years. Those who die at seventy-five might have lived twenty-five years

In the first place, the constitution depends on that of the parents. In the next place, injury to health begins before birth. Whatever injures the mother, has the same effects on her unborn many a weary burden light by its silent child, as errors in diet, hard work, de- teachings. We sing in such a kitchen ficient exercise, care, anxiety, grief, unjust because we cannot help singing, governed passions, etc., etc. It is objand a sad heart has no place there. vious that great prudence on the part of And now as we, shivering, wrap our the prospective mother is doubly

some way of eating after it is cooked ._ us a Cheery Kitchen. It is doubtful which of the three faults does most harm.

Only a little too much food, or that fancy. Too much food checks the growth of the body, and lays the foundation of nearly all diseases. Partly shouldered. A rational abstemiousness preserves health, cheerfulness, and life, and the food should be lessened accordingly. Ardent spirits, by calling forth the stomach, and unfit it for food .-Paregoric, from the opium it contains, when given freely to infants to quiet them, dwarfs the body and mind, and destroys the health.—Investigator.

What Judge Edgerton Says of Idaho.

The Akron (Ohio) Beacon publishes the substance of a conversation with Hon. Sidney Edgerton, formerly member of Congress from this State and now U. S. Judge in the Territory of Idaho. He says the population of the Territory is now about 17,000, but will probably reach100,000 by next Dec. For agricultural purposes the valleys are extremely fertile, equaling, if not surpassing, any portion of the world for raising stock. Cattle require no "foddering," but run out all winter and become fat to study and recite new languages, er upon the bunch of buffalo grass, which is very abundant and nutricious. There are no rains there at all, and in the valleys comparatively but little snow, but abundant facilities for irrigation, as mountain streams are very numerous and never-failing. Large preparations are being made for agricultural cultivation in the valleys of Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin, and in Bitter Root large herds of cattle are being raised, and flouring mills are already in operation.

Of the mineral resources of the Territory, Judge Edgerton speaks in the most glowing terms, the country being We have been in the habit of seeing rich in quartz lodes, bar and gulch dig-Ellen at the Police Court during the gings. There are already two quartz past six years, and what she is to-day mills in operation, that came in late in the season, both taking out large quantities of gold, and two more on the way. The bur and guich diggings are

cares as little about her distinguished offered the proceeds of a pan of dirt, if ancestors as she did three years ago, he would wash it out himself, the "shake" yielding him the snug little "pile" of \$30,05. A Mr. Hacklay also invited him to take a "shake" out of his claims, which yielded just \$40.-The Judge exhibited some fine samples of quartz, nuggets and fine gold, as well as some solid bars, the product of the quartz, all of which were certainly very rich specimens of the precious metal.

Want of Cheery Kitchens.

A farmer's wife writes as follows on this subject in the New England Farmer. She utters some truths that may be applicable to more than one house keeper who reads this.

Very much is written and said about pleasant and tastefully furnished parlors. but the kitchen is left quite in the background, except as it is described in stories of the olden times with ponderous beams overhead, from which hung festoons of dried pumpkins, apples," &c. It is too important a part of home to be neglected. The parlor must be cool, and airy, and sunshiny; but the kitchen may be everywhere there is room for it, with a view from curtainless windows of barnyard or the wood pile-no paint or carpets on the floor, no paper on the walls, furnished with chairs and tables, and also with clothes frames and wash tubs, and a line of dish towels over the stove, and a row of old hats, costs and frocks for ornaments. This is a picture of too many of farmer's kitchens of the place where we housekeepers extention to the rules of health, were no pect to spend a considerable portion of our time. No wonder that mothers ing. The same proportion of life to look careworn, and that farmer's wives ring elephant to the transient butterfly, morning dress are seen; for clean calico, white collars and smoothe hair. could never feel at home in a dingy, cheerless kitchen, and a man who will not provide a pleasant one, deserves to take his breakfast every morning opposite a slovenly looking wife.

I think now of one cheerful kitchen. simple one, to be sure—but the morning sun looks in through woodbine and roses, and never goes behind the western hills without giving us a good night glance—and the morning glories love to peep in and throw their dancing shadows on the shining floor. The distant views of hills and wood lands make

to convince ourselves that winter is not After birth, the greatest cause of almost here, yet gladly bring our books sickness, and a short life, especially in and knitting work around the big cook this country, is wrong eating, which in- stove for the evening, do husbands and cludes three faults: too much food, un- fathers bear my humble plea in behalt wholesome cooking, and an unwhole- of the 'suffering sisterhood,' and give

Memory.

Sir Wm. Hamilton tells some marvelwhich is irrationally eaten, deranges the lous stories in his lecture on "Memory." digestion of the meal, which makes it- Ben Jonson could not only repeat all he self known by unpleasant feelings. - had written but whole books he had Overloading the stemach is begun in in- read. Neibuhr in his youth was employed in one of the public offices of Denmark, where part of a book of accounts having been lost he restored it from this cause a great part of the from his recollection. Seneca complains young men are slender and round- of old age, because he cannot, as he once did, repeat two thousand names in the order they were read to him: to a great age. "Eating to live," makes and avers that on one occasion, when living to eat, as temperance is a pleas- at his studies, two hundred unconnecture. In old age the stomach loses in a ed verses having been pronounced by great measure its power of digestion, different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order, proceeding from the last to the first utterall the powers of digestion, wear out ed. A quick and retentive memory, both of words and things, is an invaluable treasure, and may be had by any one who will take the pains. Theodore Parker, when in the divinity school, had a notion that his memory was detective, and needed looking atter, and he had an immense chronological chart hung up in his room. and tasked himself to commit the contents, all the names and dates from Adam and the vear one down to Nimred. Ptolemy Soter, Heliogabulus, and the

> Our verbal memory soonest fails as unless we attend to it and keep it fresh and in order. A child will commit and recite verbation easier than an adult, and girls than boys. To keep the verbal memory fresh, it is capital exercise commit and treasure up choice passages, making them a part of our mental

A PILL FOR YOUNG LOVERS .- A gentleman of this city, who is a devout Christian, and the happy father of some half-a-dozen buxom daughters, has adopted a novel expedient for breaking up the practice certain young men have of coming "sparking Sunday night."-He makes each of the young ladies in turn read a chapter in the Bible, and closes the meeting with prayer. - Chicago Journal.

THE HEIGHT OF NIAGARA SURPASSED. -A detachment of troops recently scouting in the valley of the Smales fork of the Columbia river, discovered a had received our last letter and the half is gods and man, "exclaimed he is those sufful he is those sufful man in a premature grave.—"It would seem that mention in a premature grave. The best and mention in a premature grave.

Never speak under a house support was a seem to the mention of the Columbia river, discovered and the premature grave. The best and mention in a premature grave. The best and mention in a premature grave. The best and mention in the world. The sentence of the columbia the mention in the world. The sentence of the columbia the mention in the world. The sentence of the columbia them was a premature grave. The best and mention in the world. The sentence of the columb