

# The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1864.

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**THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER**  
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AT  
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OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE  
PUBLIC SQUARE.  
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Waynesburg, April 25, 1863-7.  
**DAVID CRAWFORD,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office in the Court House, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.  
Waynesburg, Pa., July 30, 1863--17.  
C. A. BLACK, JOHN PHELAN,  
**BLACK & PHELAN,**  
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Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.  
Sept. 11, 1861--17.  
**SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!**  
**D. R. P. HUSS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PENNA.  
HAS received from the War Department at Washington, D. C., official copies of the several laws passed by Congress, and all the necessary Forms and instructions for the prosecution and collection of PENSIONS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphans, children, widowed mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, which business, (upon due notice) will be attended promptly and accurately if entrusted to his care.  
Office, No. 2, Campbell Row--April 8, 1863.  
**G. W. G. WADDELL,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
OFFICE IN THE REGISTER'S OFFICE, Court House, Waynesburg, Penna. Business of all kinds solicited. HAS received official copies of all laws passed by Congress, and other necessary instructions for the collection of PENSIONS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphans, children, &c., which business if entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.  
Waynesburg, January 5, 1862.  
**PHYSICIANS**  
**Dr. T. W. ROSS,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, MAIN STREET,  
Opposite and nearly opposite the Wright House.  
Waynesburg, Sept. 22, 1863.  
**DR. A. G. CROSS**  
WOULD very respectfully tender his services as a PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He holds by a due recognition of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.  
Waynesburg, January 5, 1862.  
**MERCHANTS.**  
**WM. A. PORTER,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861--17.  
**MINOR & CO.,**  
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861--17.  
**BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.**  
**J. D. COSGRAY,**  
Boot and Shoe maker, Main Street, nearly opposite the "Farmer and Drover's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.  
Sept. 11, 1861--17.  
**GROCERIES & VARIETIES.**  
**JOHN MUNNELL,**  
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861--17.  
**WATCHES AND JEWELRY**  
**S. M. BAILY,**  
Main Street, opposite the Wright House keeps always on hand a large and elegant assortment of Watches and Jewelry.  
Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry will receive prompt attention.  
(Dec. 15, 1861--17).  
**BOOKS &c.**  
**LEWIS & CO.,**  
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers: One door east of Porter's Store, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861--17.  
**SADDLES AND HARNESS.**  
**SAMUEL MALLISTER,**  
Saddle, Harness and Trunk Maker, "Old Bank" Building, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861--17.  
**BANK.**  
**FARMERS' & DROVERS' BANK,**  
Waynesburg, Pa.  
C. A. BLACK, Pres't, J. LAZEAR, Cashier.  
WEDNESDAY  
Post. 11, 1861--17.  
**Legal Notice.**  
LETTERS testamentary upon the estate of ROOZ BOYDSTON, Esq., late of Perry Co., Greene County, Pa., having been granted by the Register of said county to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to pay the same, and those having claims against said estate are requested to present them duly authenticated for payment.  
MARY BOYDSTON, Ex'ca.  
THOMAS B. BOYDSTON, Ex'r.  
Apr. 27.

**Select Poetry.**

The following beautiful poem is from a new publication called "The Thirty Poets," from the pen of that sweetest of all American Poets, Wm. Cullen Bryant. It is one of the most graphical scenes from the drama of human life we have ever read:

**Waiting at the Gate.**

Beside a massive gateway, built up in years gone by,  
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,  
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,  
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,  
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;  
I hear the wood thrush piping one mellow descent more,  
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,  
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;  
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought,  
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour  
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power,  
I muse while still the wood thrush sings down the golden day,  
And as I look and listen the sadness wearies away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws  
A look of longing backward and sorrowfully goes;  
A blooming maid, unloading the roses from her hair,  
Moves merrily away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!  
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkness as we gaze!  
Oh breath of Summer blossoms that in the restful air,  
Scatters a moment's sweetness and then flies we know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise just shown and then withdrawn;  
But still the sun shines round me; the evening birds sing on,  
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,  
In the soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,  
The sweet smile quenched forever and stilled the brightly shout,  
Oh frail, frail tree of life, that upon the green sward strows  
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,  
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride,  
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,  
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,  
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,  
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye  
Of Him, the Giver of their life, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,  
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;  
And in the sunshine streaming, on quiet wood and lea,  
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

**Occupation of Children.**

The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly developed necessity, and if not turned to good account will be productive of positive evil, thus verifying the old adage, that "Idleness is the mother of mischief." Children should be encouraged, or if indolently disinclined to it, be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet which they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short they should learn to be as independent of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude and reverse of fortune that may befall them. I know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.

**Miscellaneous.**

**The Motherless Drummer Boy.**  
B. F. Taylor, in a recent letter to the Chicago Journal, thus refers to the story of Johnny Clem, the motherless atom of a drummer-boy, "aged ten," at the battle of Chickamauga. He says: At Chickamauga he filled the office of "maker," carrying the guidon whereby they form the lines; a duty having its counterpart in the surveyor's more peaceful calling, in the flag man who flutters the red signal along the metes and bounds. On the Sunday of the battle the little fellow's occupation gone, he picked up a gun that had slipped from some dying hand, provided himself with ammunition and began putting in the periods quite on his own account. Blazing away close to the ground, like a fire fly in the grass. Late in the waning day, the war left almost alone in the whirl of battle, a rebel colonel dashed up, and looking down at him, ordered him to surrender: "Surrender," he shouted, "you little!"

The words were hardly out of the rebel's mouth when Johnny brought his piece to "order arms," and as his hand slipped down to the hammer he pressed it back, swang up the gun to the position of "charge bayonet," and, as the officer raised his sabre to strike the piece aside, the glancing barrel lifted into the air, and the proud colonel tumbled dead from his horse, his lips fresh stained with the syllable of vile reproach he had hung upon a mother's grave in the hearing of her child: A few moments ticked off by musket shots, and the tiny gun was swept up at a rebel swoop, and borne away a prisoner. Soldiers, bigger but not better, were taken away with him, only to be washed back again by a surge of Federal troopers, and the prisoner of thirty minutes was again John Clem "of ours," and General ROBERTSON made him a sergeant, and the stripes of rank covered him all like a mouse in harness, and the daughter of Secretary CHASE presented him a silver medal appropriately inscribed, which he worthily wears, a royal order of honor, upon his left breast, and all men conspire to spoil him, but, since few ladies can get at him, perhaps he may be saved.

**The Influence and Pleasures of Home.**

Self control and discipline must be learned at home, or license in after life will surely follow. Let home be the nursery of truth, of refinement, of simplicity, and of taste. Study to make it attractive to your children by every means in your power, and lose no opportunity for improving their minds and cultivating their home affections. Let system and order, industry and study, taste and refinement, be cultivated at home, and comfort, harmony, and peace will reign within your dwelling, however humble. Do your children love music, or drawing, or flowers? encourage their taste to the utmost of your ability. Indeed, when the love of music pervades a family, and is judiciously cultivated, it is an important aid in the training of children, for the child whose soul is touched with melody easily yields to the voice of affection and seldom requires severity. More than this, the harsh tones of the father's voice, as it commands, and the cutting tones of the mother, as she forbids, become milder and more persuasive, if accustomed to join with their children in these recreations, and thus both parents and children are mutually refined and elevated. Let me add that I cannot conceive of any purer enjoyment than is felt by the head of a family, as wife and children gather about him, and pour forth their sweet voices in songs of praise at the morning sacrifice and the evening oblation. If the father has money to spare, I do not doubt that he might make a good investment in a piano, a melodeon, or some other instrument, to accompany the voices of his wife and children, provided that practice on these instruments be not allowed to interfere with the practice at the kneading trough, the wash-board, or with any other duty that a true woman, be she daughter, sister, wife or mother, ought to understand. These duties and these pleasures are in no degree incompatible with each other, or out of keeping with a farmer's home. Whatever tends to develop the intellect, to refine the taste and purify the affections, may find a fitting place in every farmer's house. If he has wealth, none has a better right to adorn his walls with the gems of art, and surround his home with all that is beautiful in cultivated nature.

**An Explanation of Faith.**

A female teacher of a school that stood on the banks of a quiet English stream, once wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith. While she was trying to explain the meaning of the word, a small covered boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she exclaimed: "If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me, would you not, even without seeing it yourselves?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the scholars. "Well that is faith," said the school-mistress. The next day, in order to their recollection of the lesson, she inquired: "What is faith?" "A leg of mutton in a boat!" was the answer shouted from all parts of the school room.

**Marked Articles.**

Some of the marks which are fastened on the blankets, shirts, etc., sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers, show the thought and feeling at home.

Thus, on a homespun blanket, worn but washed as clean as snow, was pinned a bit of paper, which said: "This blanket was carried by Milly Abbrich (who is ninety-three years old) down hill and up hill, one and a half miles, to be given to some soldier."

On a bed-quilt, was pinned a card, saying: "My son is in the army. Whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and most of six nights, let him remember his own mother's love."

On another blanket was this: "This blanket was used by a soldier in the war of 1812--may it keep some soldier warm in this war against traitors."

On a pillow was written: "This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died resting on it; it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it to the soldiers."

On a pair of woolen socks was written: "These stockings were knit by a little girl five years old, and she is going to knit some more, for mother says it will help some poor soldier."

On a box of beautiful linc was this mark: "Made in a sick room, where the sunlight has not entered for many years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have bid their mother good-bye, as they have gone out to the war."

On a bundle containing bandages was written: "This is a poor girl, but it is all I had; I have given my husband and my boy, and only wish I had more to give."

On some eye-shades were marked: "Made by one who is blind. Oh! how I long to see the dear old flag that you are fighting for!"

**The Power of Love.**

Amid the gloom and travail of existence suddenly to behold a beautiful being, and as instantaneously to feel an overwhelming conviction that with that fair form forever our destiny must be entwined; but there is no more joy but in her joy, no sorrow but when she grieves: that in her sigh of love, in her smile of beauty, hereafter, is all bliss; to feel our fainty ambition fade away, like a shivered gourd before our vision; to see her a juggle and posterity a lie; and to be prepared at once, for this great object, to forfeit and fling away all former hopes, ties, schemes, views to violate in her favor every duty of society; this is a lover, and this is love! Magnificent, sublime, divine sentiment! An immortal flame burns in the breast of that man who adores and is adored. He is an ethereal being. The accidents of earth touch him not. Revolutions of opinion, are to him but the clouds and meteors of a stormy sky. The schemes and struggles of mankind are, in his thinking, but the anxieties of pigeons and the fantastical achievements of apes. Nothing can subdue him--He laughs alike at loss of fortune, loss of friends, loss of character. The deeds and thoughts of men are to him equally indifferant.

He does not mingle in their paths of callous bustle, or hold himself responsible to the airy impostures before which they bow down. He is a mariner, who, in the sea of life, keeps his gaze fixed on a single star; and if that does not shine he lets go the rudder, and glories when his bark descends into the bottomless gulf.--D. Leavitt

**Empty Bottles Navigating the Ocean.**

Captain Beecher, editor of the "English National Magazine," has compiled within the last ten years the following curious voyages of bottles thrown into the sea by unfortunate navigators. A good many bottles thrown into the sea next to the African coast found their way to Europe. One bottle seems to have anticipated the Panama isthmus, having traveled from the Panama Isthmus to the Irish coast. Another crossed the Atlantic from the Canaries to Nova Scotia. Three or four bottles thrown into the sea by Greenland mariners of Davis's Straits, landed on the northwest coast of Ireland. Another one made a curious trip, swam from the South Atlantic Ocean to the west coast of Africa, passed Gibraltar, went along the Portuguese coast of France, and was finally picked up on Jersey Island. One bottle was found after sixteen years' swimming, one after fourteen, and two after ten years. A few only travelled more than one year, and one only five days. This was sent off by the Captain of the Race Horse, on the 17th of April in the Caribbean Sea, and was found on the 22d, after having gone through degrees longitude (210 miles), western direction. Captain McClure, of the Investigator, threw a bottle into the sea in 1850, on his way to Behring's Strait. It swam 3,500 miles in two hundred days, and was picked up on the Honduras coast.

Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with the sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other impatient at such a display of rural ignorance exclaimed: "What for? why for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him."

**The Mother's Remorse.**

The child was so sensitive, so like that little shivering plant that curls at the breath and shuts its heart from light. The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin, and the most mournful blue eyes. I had been trained by a stern, strict, conscientious mother. I was a fragile plant, rebounding at every shock of fortune could not stand, though the line tanned me. I fancied, alas, that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature, so one day when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and on sending her to her little couch, said:

"Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, with astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open. I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then; and I let her with big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her lips quivering--Presently I went for her.

"O, mamma, you will kiss me! I can't go to sleep if you don't," she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, as she held out her hand to me.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That is the way I have been trained until I was a submissive child, and I remember how often I had thanked my mother since her straightforward course. I knelt by her bed and whispered: "Mother, can't I kiss you to-night?" "Then the words seemed to choke me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement. I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with suppressed sobs, and saying: "Mother, please Ellen will mind her better after this," left the room for the night.

It might have been about midnight when I was awakened by the nurse.--Apprehensive, I ran to the child's chamber. I had a fearful dream; Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up, crimson from the forehead to the throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back at her glance. A raging fever glared up her face. From that night her words poured into my anguishing heart: "Oh! kiss me, mother, do kiss me, mother, I can't go to sleep. You'll kiss your little Ellen, won't you? I can't go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll kiss me. Oh! kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep."

Holy little child, she did go to sleep one gray morning, and never woke again--no never! Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out in the beautiful eyes--whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me; but with her last breath she whispered, "I will be good, dear mother, if you will only forgive me."

Kiss her, God knows how passionate and unavailing were my kisses on her cheek after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if only once, that I would have yielded up my life could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is unavailing now. She lies in her little tomb, there is a marble urn at her head, and a rose-bud at her feet--there grew sweet summer flowers: there waves the gentle grass; there blinks sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky shewn down to-day, and there lies the freshness of my heart.

Parents you should have heard the pathos in the voice of that sad mother, as she said: "There are plants that spring into great vigor if the heavy pressure of a footstep crush them, but, oh, there are others that even the pearls of the light dew bend to the earth."

Mothers and fathers, be kind to the little ones. Do not wait till the daisies grow over their bosoms before you learn to chide them in love. Kiss them before you strike them. By and by you must leave them; but leave no thorns in their memory!

**HOME COURTESIES.**--A correspondent gives us this experience:--"I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfeeling world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I have made my home in the course of about nine years, there were only two or four that could be properly designated as happy families, and the source of trouble was not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark! Not over three or four happy homes in twenty, and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied! Ah, in the "small voice" courtesies of life, what power resides. In a look, a word, a tone, how much happiness or disappointment may be communicated. Think of it, reader, and take the lesson home with you.--Life Illustrated.

How to SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.--Set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and poor; inquire into their wants and minister to them. I have often tried this method, and have always found it to be the best medicine for a heavy heart.

**An Industrious Monarch.**

Peter the Great once passed a whole month at the forges of Maier, during which time, after giving due attention to the affairs of State, which he never neglected, he amused himself with seeing and examining every thing in the most minute manner, and even employed himself in learning the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well, that one day before he left the place he forged eighteen pools of iron, and put his own particular mark on each bar. The boys and other noblemen of his suite were employed in blowing the bellows, stirring the fire, carrying coals, and performing the other duties of a blacksmith's assistant. When Peter had finished, he went to the proprietor, praised his manufactory, and asked him how much he would give for a pair of pool?

"Thee wouldst be a king, an' answerd Mulla.

"Very well, answerd the czar, "I have earned my wages."

Maier brought eighteen pieces, offered them to Peter, and told him that he could not give a workman like his majesty's less per pool.

Peter refused the sum, saying, "keep thy pieces, I have not wrought better than my other man; give me what you would give to another; I want to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need."

At the same time he showed him his shoes, which had been once mended and were again full of holes. Peter accepted the eighteen altins, and bought himself a pair of new shoes, which he used to show with much pleasure, saying: "These I earned with the sweat of my brow."

One of the bars of Iron forged by Peter the Great and authenticated by his mark, is still to be seen in Istia, in the forge of Maier. Another similar bar is preserved in the cabinet of curiosities at St. Petersburg.

**Sleep.**

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers; this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died having maniacs; thus it is also, that those who are starved to death are insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these:

1. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep.
2. That this saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate.
3. Give yourself, your children, your servants--give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, compelling them to retire at some regular hour, and to rise the moment they wake; and within a fortnight, nature will, with almost the regularity of the sun, unclose the bands of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of system.

This is the only safe and sufficient rule: and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself. Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

**PATRONIZING THE POOR.**--How often have I heard the unfortunate working man lectured as if he were a little charity-child, bound as to his nasal development, strictly literal at his Catechism, and edited by Providence to walk all his days in a station of life represented on festive occasions by a mug of warm milk and water and a bun! What pograms of jokes have these ears tingled to hear let off at him, asinine sentiments, what impotent conclusions, what spelling-book moralities, what adaptations of the orator's insufferable tediousness to the assumed level of his understanding! If his sledge-hammers, his spades and pick-axes, his saws and chisels, his paint-pots and brushes, his forges, furnaces, and engines, the horses that he drove at his work, and the machines that drove him at his work, were all toys in one little paper box, and he the baby who played with them, he could not have been discoursed to more impertinently and absurdly than I have heard him discoursed to, times innumerable. Consequently, not being a fool or a lawner, he has come to acknowledge his patronage by virtually saying: "Let me alone. If you understand me no better than that, sir and ma'am, let me alone. You mean very well, I dare say; but I don't like it, and I won't come here again to have any more of it."--At the Year Round.

**SENSIBLE MAXIMS.**--Never taste an atom when you are not hungry--it is suicidal. Never hire servants who go as sisters, cousins, or anything else. Never speak of your father as "the old man." Never reply to the epithet of a drunkard, a fool, or a fellow. Never speak contemptuously of woman-kind. Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend, however bitter now. Never smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible. Never stand at the corner of a street. Never insult poverty. Never eat between meals.

The Federal debt increased \$100,000,000 in the month of March.

**Family Newspapers.**

Few persons have any just conceptions of the extent of their indebtedness to the papers for the information they possess and the moral sentiments they cherish. Compared with the past ages of the world, this is a remarkably enlightened period.

A large portion of the people have a considerable share of correct information on almost all topics of any importance. Religion, geography, history, and the political condition of the world, political economy; the important features of practical philosophy; something of geology; chemistry as applied to agriculture and the mechanic arts, and many other subjects are familiarized to the popular mind. Most persons can talk intelligently about them, pretending to learning and research.

But how do they come by this knowledge? Not at schools nor at books generally, but by picking up, here and there from newspapers, small instalments.

Let any one ask himself where he obtained his knowledge of any particular fact. He is probably unable to tell, because it came silently, imperceptibly in newspapers. The same is true in regard to our best moral sentiments. They are suggested, reiterated, and fastened on the mind by the press. The pulpit does much parental instructions in many instances, does much; and the press more than both. Let any reader of a well conducted paper open its pages and consider well its contents. There are in a single number sometimes one hundred distinct articles, each one carrying an idea, a fact or a sentiment, and stated or illustrated so as to produce an effect in enlarging the readers store of knowledge, or giving a right direction to the thought, feeling or action. Must not all this have its influence on the reader?

No reflecting man can fail to see that the many visits in a year of a well conducted paper, with a corrected, elevated tone and vital interest in its contents, must exert a great moral influence upon domestic life. Children growing up under such an influence are far more likely to be intelligent, correct in their opinions and morals, and better prepared for the active duties of life, than they could possibly have been without it.

**The Simple Secret.**

Twenty clerks in a store--twenty young men in a village. All want to get along in the world, and all expect to do so. One of the clerks will rise to be a partner, and make a fortune. One of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential and prosperous citizen. One of the apprentices will become a master builder. One of the villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch. But which is destined to become a lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will displace his competitors, is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who never gets in debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money into a savings bank. There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this old dusty highway. But the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and a serene old age, all go this road.

**Wear a Smile.**

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make everybody round you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by logs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

**Rebel Prison Fare.**

One of Colonel Dahlgreen's men who escaped from Richmond writes that there were Union prisoners in the Libby Prison with him "who actually ate horse beef, and even dog, and were glad to get it;" and he adds: "One man I saw in the prison before I went to the hospital had one of the dog's paws that he ate of on the Island. He said that he was going to keep it and fetch it to our lines when he came. The prisoners on Belle Island, although nearly exhausted from exposure and starvation, were detailed to carry wood about three-fourths of a mile. Some of them were so weak they could hardly get around, and would refuse to fetch wood.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, habitually and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up and roughen the habits that form it.