

# 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, JUNE 7, 1864.

NEW SERIES---VOL. 6, NO. 1.

**THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER**  
PUBLISHED BY  
**R. W. JONES AND JAS. S. JENNINGS.**  
AT  
Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.  
OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE  
PUBLIC SQUARE. [C]  
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**WYLY & BUCHANAN,**  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,  
WAYNESBURG, PA.  
We practice in the Courts of Greene and adjoining counties. Collections and other legal business will receive prompt attention. Office in the old Bank Building, Jan. 28, 1863--13.

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Sept. 11, 1861--13.

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Waynesburg, Pa., July 30, 1863--13.

**BLACK & PHELAN,**  
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Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.  
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

**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 for the presentation and collection of Penions, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphan children, widowed mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, which business, upon due notice, will be attended to promptly and accurately, if entrusted to his care. Office, No. 2, Campbell Row, April 8, 1863.

**G. W. G. WADDELL,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
OFFICE IN THE COURTHOUSE, COURT HOUSE, WAYNESBURG, PENNA. Business of all kinds passed by Congress, and all the necessary forms for the collection of Penions, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphan children, etc., which business if entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.  
May 12, 1863.

**PHYSICIANS.**  
**Dr. T. W. ROSS,**  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON MAIN STREET, East end, 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 brings by a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.  
Waynesburg, January 8, 1863.

**MERCHANTS.**  
**WM. A. PORTER,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

**MINOR & CO.,**  
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

**BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.**  
**J. D. COSGRAV,**  
Boot and Shoe Maker, Main Street, nearly opposite the Farmer's and Drovers' Bank. Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.  
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

**GROCERIES & VARIETIES.**  
**JOHN MUNNELL,**  
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

**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--13.

**BOOKS & C.**  
**LEWIS DAY,**  
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers. One door east of Porter's Store, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

**SADDLES AND HARNESS.**  
**SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,**  
Saddles, Harness and Trunk Maker. Old Bank Building, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

**BANK.**  
**FARMERS' & DROVERS' BANK,**  
11 A. BLACK, Pres't. J. LAZEAR, Cashier.  
Waynesburg, Pa.  
W. W. WYLY & J. S. JENNINGS, V. P.  
Sept. 11, 1861--13.

**NOTICE TO DRIFTED MEN.**  
All United men who are exempt from Draft, on account of manifest physical disability, and who have not been exempted by the proper authorities, are hereby notified that they are required to appear at the office of the Surgeon General, at Washington, D. C., on or before the 1st day of July, 1864, to have their exemption papers renewed, or to be liable to be drafted into the service.  
J. S. JENNINGS, Secy.

**Family Circle.**  
**Preaching out of the Pulpit.**  
A christian mother told us, a few days ago, that ministers did not talk so frequently or plainly on personal religion in the family as they were accustomed to do twenty or thirty years ago, and that many mothers are troubled because so little is said to their children. The following incident, which we find in the Presbyterian, shows how Dr. Griffin used to work in this way:  
I have a distinct remembrance of Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin. His last sermon was preached in my pulpit, on the 10th of September, 1837. His text was Jer. 31: 31-34; the subject, "Salvation taken into God's own hand." His health was then very imperfect, and failing every day; but he preached with great energy and eloquence, nor would any have inferred from his services that he was not in full vigor of his best days. He had come to my house Saturday morning not a little fatigued by the ride from Newark, N. J., although it had been accomplished in less than two hours. Soon after his arrival, a lady from New York, who had been for many years his warm friend and admirer, called to see him. Though she had reached mat. re life, she was many years younger than Dr. Griffin. Who took her affectionately by the hand as she entered the parlor, and addressing her as his "child," requested her to sit down. "I am too much exhausted," he said, "to converse with you now, but I am glad to see you, for I have a present for you." Several persons were in the room, who heard the remark, and we soon took our seats in a semi-circle about the sofa on which he sat, waiting for him to recover breath and strength for the ceremony of making the present. After waiting in solemn silence some time, while he seemed to be breathing with difficulty, he directed his eyes to the lady, and with a tenderness and solemnity of manner which I never witnessed before, he repeated the following words of Paul to the Philippians: "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

The venerable appearance, majestic person, hoary head, grave, paternal and affectionate utterance, made an impression which no one present will ever forget.  
"And now, my dear child," said the Doctor, "on this precious truth I have been living for years, and it has been beyond all price to me. It has been my staff in these late days of physical decay, and on this I leaned as I left home this morning. I may never meet you again on earth, but I hope to find you among the redeemed and sanctified in heaven. Please to accept this wonderful truth as my parting gift."

The whole scene was more affecting and impressive than words can describe. My attention had never before been called so particularly to this passage, and I had not discovered half its meaning. It is possible that the incident I have mentioned may serve to recommend it to the special notice of your readers.

**Eight to Sixteen.**  
Lord Shaftesbury recently stated in a public meeting in London, that from personal observation he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a young man lived an honest life up to 20 years of age, there were forty-nine chances in favor, and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.  
This is a fact of singular importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly, a parent should secure and exercise actual control over a child under sixteen. It cannot be a difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases; and if that control is not very wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the fault of the parents; it is owing to the parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of 98 per cent. of the real crime in a country such as England or the United States, lies at the door of the parents. It is a fearful reflection.

We appeal to the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of bodily disease, that they are, in nearly every case, sown between sundown and bedtime, in absence from the family circle; in the supply of spending money never earned by the spender--opening the doors of confectioneries and soda fountains, of beer, tobacco, and wine shops, of the circus, the negro minstrel, the restaurant, the dance; then follows the Sunday excursion, the Sunday drive, with the easy transition to the company of those whose ways lead to the gates of social, physical, and moral ruin. From 8 to 16--in these few years are the destinies of children fixed in 49 cases out of 50--fixed by the parents. Let every father and mother solemnly vow, "By God's help, I'll fix my darling's destiny for good, by making home more attractive than the streets."

**"Then Came a Little Letter."**  
A clergyman who has lately visited one of our convalescent camps, where soldiers who are recovering from sickness or the effect of wounds are kindly cared for, says that he met an old soldier who said to him:  
"Chaplain, are you going to the North?"  
"Yes, I answered."  
"And do you ever tell what God has done for us poor soldiers?"  
"Yes, very often."  
"Do you ever speak in the Sabbath schools to the little people?"  
"Yes, I speak to the children."  
"Will you tell them what the Lord has done for me?"  
"What has the Lord done for you?"  
"He has made me a better man, and one who hopes in his mercy," said the old soldier.  
"How was that?" says I.  
"Well, I came to the war, leaving at home a pious wife and one child, a little girl. I frequently had letters from my wife, in which she said a good deal about religion. I did not want such letters. Sometimes I wouldn't read them for days; sometimes I would curse them and wonder what she could write such letters for."  
"One day I got a letter, and it had in it a little letter. I wondered who that could be from! On opening it, I found it was from my little daughter Mary. It was the first letter she ever wrote, and as she loved her father so much she said that her first letter must be to him. And then it went on to say: 'Father, you never will see dear Aunt Mary any more, your own beloved sister. She is dead now. Before she died she told me she was dying, and begged me to promise her that I would pray, and read the Bible and be a Christian, and set out at once, and meet her in heaven. I promised Aunt Mary to meet her there; and I have set out on my journey to heaven. O dear father, won't you promise your little Mary that you will set out too, so when we all die we shall meet in heaven?'"

"Chaplain! you don't know how that letter made me feel. It went like a shot to my heart, and I had no peace of mind till I set my face toward heaven. Tell the dear little children at the North how little letters from them make us poor soldiers feel and fill us with a desire to be better men."

**Welcome.**  
"Papa will soon be here," said mamma, to her three year old boy, "what can George do to welcome him?"  
"And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet.  
"Make the room neat," replied the bright little one, understanding the look, and at once beginning to gather his toys into a basket.  
"What more can we do to welcome papa?" asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to the neatness of the room.  
"Be happy to him when he comes!" cried the dear little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness, as he watched at the window for his father's coming.

Now--as all the dictionary makers will testify--it is very hard to give good definitions; but did not little George give the very substance of a welcome? "Be happy to him when he comes!"  
All parents who read this, will know that elegant apartments, and sumptuous entertainments, and formal courtesies, will not avail in welcoming their guests, unless they are happy to them when they come.  
Dear children, will you, also remember, when your little friends come to see you, that all your beautiful toys, and fine plays, and nice treats, will not give your guests a "good time," unless you are happy to them when they come. [Congregationalist.]

**THE VALLEY OF JESHOPHAT.**--The efforts the Jews have made, and the sufferings, losses, and humiliations they have borne for the purpose of sepulture in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, form a singular feature in human history. No other nation has ever thus struggled to live in their own land, but to be suffered to lay their dust therein. Many descriptions have been made of this marvellous place; but I confess none of them afforded me a notion of its actual appearance. Wandering alone past the foundation of Sileam and the arid bed of Kedron, there suddenly opened on me a perfect mountain of graves--a hill side paved with sepulchral slabs. Each stone is small, so as to lead to the conclusion that the bodies were buried perpendicularly. The slabs are almost on the level of the ground, and of equal height, so that it is literally one large pavement of Death. An appalling, almost an overwhelming sight.--Frazier's Magazine for March.

**SALE OF LINDENWALD.**--"Lindenwald," the country seat of the late ex-President Van Buren, has recently been sold by the Hon. John Van Buren, its late proprietor, to a broker in New York, for about \$36,000. The property consists of about 30 acres of the best quality of farming land. The grounds around the mansion are laid out with taste; and the garden, which is large, contains the choicest of fruit, while an extensive hot-house is filled with fruit from every clime.

**Humility.**--In the school of Christ the first lesson of all is self-denial and humility; yes, it is written above the door, as the rule of entry or admission, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." And out of all question, that is truly the humblest heart that has the most of Christ in it.

**THE OBJECTS OF THE SANITARY FAIR DEFINED.**  
**A Home for Soldiers and Soldiers' Orphans.**  
At a meeting of the Pittsburgh Sanitary Committee, held on the 29th inst., it was  
RESOLVED, That out of the funds now receiving and to be received from the Sanitary Fair, we do hereby appropriate at least 10 per cent. of the net proceeds, to be handed to the Pittsburgh Subsistence Committee, in aid of the Soldiers Home, for the sick and wounded.  
RESOLVED, That 25 per cent. of the net proceeds be set aside for a home for disabled soldiers or for the orphans of soldiers, unless the exigencies of the war shall require the expenditures for the sick and wounded of the army.  
We deem it proper to say to the public that these appropriations and dispositions of funds meet with the unanimous approval of the Executive Committee of the Pittsburgh Sanitary Fair.  
It is trusted that our action will meet with the cordial and universal approval of all our loyal and patriotic people, and that the fund of the Pittsburgh Sanitary Grand Fair, as well as those of the Pittsburgh Sanitary Committee, will be materially increased and worthy of the glorious cause.

**Voltaire.**  
The rumor which has been for some time past in circulation in Paris, that the remains of Voltaire are no longer at the Pantheon, has now been confirmed. The tomb is empty, and nothing is known as to what has become of its contents. This discovery was made through the following incident:--The heart of Voltaire, as is generally known, was left by will to the Villate family, and had been deposited in their chateau; the present Marquis de Villate, a descendant of Voltaire, having resolved to sell the estate, offered the celebrated relic to the Emperor; it was accepted by the Minister of the Interior in the name of his Majesty, and the question then arose as to what should be done with it; the most natural idea was to place it with the body in the tomb at the Pantheon,--but, a scruple arose; the Pantheon had again become a place of Christian worship, and if the tomb of Voltaire was still in the vaults, the reason was rather from a consideration that what was done could not be undone, than from any other; at all events, no fresh ceremony relative to Voltaire could take place in that building without the authorization of the Archbishop of Paris; Mr. Darby, on being consulted, before making a reply, first hinted that there was a belief that, since 1814, the Pantheon possessed nothing belonging to Voltaire but an empty tomb. In consequence it was determined to verify the truth of the report. A few days back the stone was raised, and, as the Archbishop had stated, the tomb was found to be empty! A strict inquiry into the subject had been ordered, and the Emperor has given instructions that the heart shall be enclosed in a silver vase, and deposited either in the great hall or the Imperial library, or at the Institute of France. [Round Table.]

**Take Care of your Stoves.**  
When stoves are no longer needed, they are quite frequently set aside in an out-building, or other out of the way place, with no further thought, until again wanted for use. If neglected, the rust of the summer may injure them more than the whole winter's wear, particularly the parts made of sheet iron. They should be kept as free from dampness as possible, and occasionally cleaned if rust be observed. Our plan has been to apply a coating of linseed oil to the pipes before putting them away. It should be done while the pipes are warm, but should be done thoroughly. It is not particular that it should be linseed oil--this being mentioned as the cheapest--almost any grease will answer.

**Pride.**  
We have often heard a half grown up boy say pettishly to his mother, "I don't like to be seen carrying a big bundle through the streets." But true pride is ashamed of such littleness of mind. Mr. Astor, the wealthy millionaire of New York, was reluctant to sell some goods to a young man, except for cash. The merchant paid for them, and took them on his shoulder to carry them out of the store. Mr. Astor looked in surprise; but before the merchant had gone many steps, he called him back saying, "You may buy on credit to any amount, I can trust you, sir. A man who is not ashamed to do his own work is sure to succeed."--Here is another good lesson for false pride.

**Value of Moments.**--Spare moments are like the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line, when he taught that "Sands make the mountain, moments make the year." Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful of good or evil; they are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

**MORE SOARED THAN HURT.**  
The Washington Constitutional Union says: "A large number of soldiers that have arrived here are without the slightest scratch. Some of them complain about being sun struck, while others again say they are sick. About one hundred of these fellows came up on the Lizzie Barker last night, and were not permitted to land; while many others of the same stamp have been sent back to their regiments. Among them are many officers--men who make great pretensions how they have fought, and tell how battles should be fought and won. These worthies go back in iron."

**Home Enjoyments.**  
Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses for fear your carpets may be soiled; close not your hearts against the innocent pleasures of your children. If you want to ruin your son, let him think that all fun and mirth must be left on the threshold when he comes home at night. When once he regards home as a place only to eat, drink, and sleep in, a career soon follows that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have amusement; and if they do not find it in their own homes, they will seek it in less profitable places. Let the home be made pleasant; see that the fire burns brightly; and if your children should invite you to join them in a game of "blind man's buff," don't imagine your dignity injured by complying with their request. Half an hour spent in such merriment will be a good investment for future happiness.

**Memory of Wrong.**  
A rich landlord once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a little boy of eight years, saw it. He afterwards became a painter, and painted a life likeness of the dark scene. Years after he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered any sum to purchase it that he might put it out of sight. Thus there is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life likeness reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will read them to every man. We must wash earth life again.

**Miscellaneous.**  
[Correspondent of the Boston Journal.]  
**Sunday in New York.**  
It is worth a visit to New York, to see the lower part of the city on a Sabbath morning and contrast it with the bustle and confusion all week. The South Ferry, that great receptacle for omnibusses and cars, where one's life is in danger in crossing the street, as quiet as a cathedral. Broadway is nicely swept on Saturday night, and is silent as the wilderness. Old Trinity in the lower part of the city, and the aristocratic Grace in the upper, both in sight, seem to stand as sentinels over the holy time.  
The revelers, and sons and daughters of pleasure sleep late on Sunday morning, and the portions of the city occupied by them are silent as the tomb. Passing up the west side of the city by the docks and steamboat wharfs, one is impressed with the sanitary blessing of the Sabbath, and the hold it has indirectly on all classes. The laboring men, loitering about or smoking their pipes, have on clean shirts and are shaved.  
Little children from the lowest dens, and darkest alleys of the city, come on to the sidewalk with attempt at cleanliness, and some little ribbon or ornament on their persons. The new-boys offer their papers in subdued tones, and the boot-blacks ask in a quiet voice, "black your boots?" and exhibit their own shoes polished out of respect of the day. All along the docks the utmost quiet prevails, while the piers and wharves are swept clean, and a death silence prevades these marts of trade. The sailors quietly do their work in a holiday rig and every craft has its bunting flying.

All along the wharves are stationed Bethel churches for all nations, and floating chapels where divine service is held. These are mostly attended by the "Old Country men," as they call themselves--the native of Holland, and the Lutherans. The drum shops make a compromise with the day by sanding their floors, putting their employees in clean linen, and shutting up one half of the shutter.  
The churches are generally well attended in the morning. Even the down town churches have a good congregation. Trinity church is always crowded at the morning service. Seats in the aisles are all filled. The aristocratic church-men can well afford the ride from their up-town home to this Cathedral. Their dashing teams and splendid outfits appear to great advantage on a beautiful Sabbath morning. The full choral service is also attractive.

No church in New York, holds so large, fashionable and wealthy a congregation as old Trinity, in the morning; the rest of the day it might as well be shut. Indeed the same may be said of all the fashionable churches in the city. Dr. Spring's Dr. Adams's, the Collegiate, all present a striking contrast in the crowd in the morning, and the leanness of the afternoon. We have here about a dozen sensation preachers who can grasp the crowd and get an evening audience. But for "Gospel preaching," as it is called, one sermon a day, is as much as our people care inwardly to digest.  
The sermon and the dinner of the morning being over, the lovers of pleasure, appear in their strength. The quiet of the morning gives place to revelry. Funerals that require military processions, and bands of music, are kept for Sunday afternoons. Central Park, is crowded, and fashionable people, who do not care to ride in the country, drive here in style. It is the harvest of livery men.

Everything that can go on four legs is engaged in advance. From ten to fifty dollars, is the price of a team for an afternoon's drive. Those who do not own teams and cannot afford to hire them, take the public conveyances. The same cars and boats, that bears the whippers to their churches in the morning, carry the sons of pleasure to their scenes of recreation. Theatres are open of the lower order, concert saloons, gardens, larger beer enclosures, all are crowded.  
As the day wanes, the police force is doubled, and some parts of New York, are more dangerous to visit on Sunday nights, than any other nights in the week. At 12 at night all is again still. With the early hours of Monday, Mammon awakes as a giant refreshed with wine, seizes the reins, and drives with unslackened speed till the dawn of the next Sabbath, compels him to a temporary repose.

**A Bit of Romance.**  
A woman passed through this city on Wednesday, en route to New York, who during the past three years has passed through many exciting scenes. In the early part of the war, she, with her husband and two or three children, were residing in a border state, where secessionism was rampant, and during the absence of the parents one day the children were all massacred by some of the chivalry. The wife immediately assumed male attire, enlisted in the same company with her husband, and fought side by side with him in nearly all of the battles participated in by the Army of the Cumberland. A few months since her husband received a fatal bullet while fighting by her side, and the wife, too, was subsequently wounded, and taken to the hospital, where her sex was discovered.  
Those who conversed with her say that her manners fully confirm her story. She has acquired many of the disgusting habits of the sterner sex during her campaigning, such as the use of tobacco, profanity, &c. But her patriotism is undoubted, and she has suffered a great deal in the Union cause, for all of which she is entitled to the sympathy and gratitude of a freedom-loving people. She is very bitter in her denunciations of the rebels, as she has good reasons to be.

**Advantages of Wedlock.**  
None but the married man has a home in his old age. None has friends then, but he; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the old bachelor; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unfailing assurances of care and love. He may eat, drink and revel; and he may sicken and die in a hotel or a garret, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey; but he will never know the comforts of the domestic fireside.  
The guardians of the Holborn Union lately advertised for candidates to fill the situation of engineer in the workhouse, a single man, a wife not permitted to reside on the premises. Twenty-one candidates presented themselves, but it was found that, as to testimonials, character, workmanship, and appearance, the best men were all married men. The guardians had therefore to select a married man. [Scientific American.]

**Surgery After a Battle.**  
The following passage from a recent letter written after one of the late battles, presents a striking picture of the surgeon's duties on the field:  
"Day before yesterday some 300 Rebel wounded fell into our hands. Of these, 21 required capital operations. They were placed in a row, a slip of paper pinned to each man's coat collar telling the nature of the operation that had been decided upon. Dr. Morton first passes along and with a towel saturated with ether puts every man beyond consciousness and pain.  
The operating surgeon follows and rapidly and skillfully amputates a leg or an arm, as the case may be, till the 21 have been subjected to the knife and saw without one twinge of pain. A second surgeon ties up the arteries; a third dresses the wounds. The men are taken to tents near by and wake up and find themselves cut into without torture, while a winnow of lopped off members sits the work. The last man has been operated upon before the first awakened; nothing could be more dramatic and nothing could more perfectly demonstrate the value of anaesthetics. Besides, men fight better when they know that torture does not follow a wound, and numberless lives are saved that the knife would lose to their friends and the country. Honor, then, to Morton and Jackson, the men who so opportunely for this war placed in our hands an agent that relieves the soldier from untold misery, and his friends from untold anguish."

[From the Washington Star, May 25.]  
**An Affecting Scene.**  
Mr. and Mrs. Bowditch, residents of the State of Michigan, who had two sons, Horace and Coradin, in the Seventh Michigan regiment, came to this city a day or two ago, in search of Horace, who they learned had been wounded in the battle at the Wilderness, and had been brought to this city. Failing to find him in the hospital, they yesterday visited the Sixth Street wharf. A few moments afterward the steamer Jefferson steamed up to the dock, and standing near the bow of the boat was the looked-for son, badly wounded, his right arm having been shot off above the elbow. As soon as the plank was thrown from the boat to the wharf, Mrs. Bowditch sprang on board the steamer, and throwing her arms around her son's neck burst into a flood of tears, with her head bent upon his shoulder. For a few seconds there was an affecting silence, which the fond mother broke by saying, "Horace, where is your brother Coradin?" Horace, pointing to a rough wooden box by his side, replied, "There, mother, there is Coradin!" The afflicted mother threw herself upon the deceased son's coffin, sobbing aloud in an agony of grief, while the father and wounded son stood by with bowed heads. The scene was truly a heartrending one, and it can better be imagined than described. Many of the bystanders were compelled to turn aside, while silent tears could be seen stealing down the cheeks of all. Several kind-hearted ladies present did all in their power to comfort the afflicted mother, but it was long before she could be induced to leave the side of her deceased son.

**Singular War Incident.**  
Amidst all the horrors of war, many incidents occur, amusing in themselves, and which sometimes, under the most trying circumstances, are provocative of mirth, and form subjects for camp stories months afterwards. I have seen soldiers chase hares and pick blackberries when a shower of the leaden messengers of death was falling thick and fast around them, and do many other cool and foolish things. But the following, which actually took place at Mine Run, surpassed anything I remember to have seen or heard: One of those cold mornings, while the armies of Meade and Lee were staring at each other across the rivulet known as Mine Run, moments appeared to be hours and hours days, so near at hand seemed the deadly strife, a solitary sheep leisurely walked along the run on the rebel side. A rebel vidette fired and killed the sheep, and dropping his gun, advanced to remove the prize. In an instant he was covered by a gun in the hands of a Union vidette, "Divide the word or you are a dead Johnny." This proposition was assented to, and there, between the two skirmish lines, Mr. Rebel skinned the sheep, took one half and moved back with it to his post. When his challenger, in turn, dropping his gun, crossed the run, got the other half of the sheep and again resumed the duties of his post amidst the cheers of his comrades who expected to help him eat it. Of the hundreds of hostile men arrayed against each other on either bank of the run, not one violated the truce intuitively agreed upon by these two soldiers.

**Very Married People.**  
It is usually considered a noteworthy circumstance for a man or woman to have been married three times; but of old this number would have been thought little of. St. Jerome mentions a widow that married her twenty-second husband, who in his turn had been married to twenty-two wives--surely an experienced couple. A woman named Elizabeth Masli, who died at Florence, 1768, had been married to seven husbands, all of whom she outlived. She married the last of the seven at the age of seventy. When on her death-bed she recalled the good and bad points of each of her husbands, and having impartially weighed them in the balance, she singled out her fifth spouse as the favorite, and desired her remains might be interred near his. The death of a soldier is recorded in 1784, who had five wives; and his widow, aged ninety, wept over the grave of her fourth husband. The writer who mentioned these facts added, "The said soldier was much attached to the married state." There is an account of a gentleman who was married to four wives and lived to be 115 years old. When he died he left twenty-three "children" alive and well, sons of said children being from three to four score. A gentleman died at Bordeaux in 1772, who had been married sixteen times. In July, 1768, a couple were living in Essex, who had been married ninety-one years, the husband being 107 and the wife 103 years of age. At the church of St. Clement Dames, in 1772, a woman of eighty-five was married to her sixth husband.

**Home Enjoyments.**  
Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses for fear your carpets may be soiled; close not your hearts against the innocent pleasures of your children. If you want to ruin your son, let him think that all fun and mirth must be left on the threshold when he comes home at night. When once he regards home as a place only to eat, drink, and sleep in, a career soon follows that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have amusement; and if they do not find it in their own homes, they will seek it in less profitable places. Let the home be made pleasant; see that the fire burns brightly; and if your children should invite you to join them in a game of "blind man's buff," don't imagine your dignity injured by complying with their request. Half an hour spent in such merriment will be a good investment for future happiness.

**Memory of Wrong.**  
A rich landlord once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a little boy of eight years, saw it. He afterwards became a painter, and painted a life likeness of the dark scene. Years after he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered any sum to purchase it that he might put it out of sight. Thus there is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life likeness reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will read them to every man. We must wash earth life again.

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