

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 29, 1864.

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THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER

PUBLISHED BY
A. W. JONES AND JAS. S. JENNINGS.

Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.

OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE
PUBLIC SQUARE.

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Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

W. L. WYLY. J. A. J. BUCHANAN.

WYLY & BUCHANAN,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law,
WAYNESBURG, PA.

Will 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, 1862—13.

A. A. PURMAN. J. O. RITCHIE.

PURMAN & RITCHIE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.

Office in the old Bank Building, one door east of the old Bank Building.
All business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention.
N. B.—Particular attention will be given to the collection of Penalties, Bounty Money, back Pay and other claims against the Government.
Sept. 11, 1861—12.

R. A. MCCONNELL. J. J. HUFFMAN.

MCCONNELL & HUFFMAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.

Office in the "Wright Bldg." East Door.
Solicitors, &c., which business will be attended to promptly and accurately.
Waynesburg, April 23, 1862—13.

DAVID CRAWFORD.

Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in the Court House. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
Waynesburg, Pa., July 30, 1862—13.

C. A. BLACK. JOHN FRIELAN.

BLACK & FRIELAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.
Sept. 11, 1861—12.

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 PENNSYLVANIA 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 REGISTER'S OFFICE, COURT HOUSE, WAYNESBURG, PENNA. Business of all kinds solicited. Has received official copies of all the laws passed by Congress, and other necessary instructions for the collection of PENNSYLVANIA BOUNTY BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, widows, orphan children, &c., which business, if intrusted 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, and nearly opposite the Wright House.
Waynesburg, Sept. 23, 1863.

DR. A. G. CROSS.

WOULD very respectfully tender his services as a PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON to the people of a neighboring and healthy town. He hopes by a due application of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit the esteem of public patronage.
Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

MERCHANTS.

WM. A. PORTER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861—12.

MINOR & CO.,

Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861—12.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

J. D. COSGRAY,

Boot and Shoe Maker, Main Street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Drivers' Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861—12.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

JOHN MUNNELL,

Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861—12.

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 and Cleaning Watches and Jewelry will receive prompt attention.
Dec. 15, 1861—12.

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—12.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

SAMUEL MALLISTER,

Saddles, Harness and Trunk Maker, old Bank Building, Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861—12.

BANK.

FARMERS' & DRIVERS' BANK,
Waynesburg, Pa.

C. A. BLACK, Pres't. J. LAZEAR, Cashier.
GREENE COUNTY, PA.
WEDNESDAY
Sept. 11, 1861—12.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of Administration having been granted upon the estate of Robert Reynolds, dec'd, late of Jefferson, Greene County, Pa., to Michael Reynolds and J. W. Fickling, all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, persons having claims will present them properly authenticated herewith, to the undersigned, at the residence of the Administrator, on or before the 15th day of July, 1864.
J. W. FICKLING, Administrator.

Select Poetry.

A Poetic Gem.

The following touching effusion, which was found floating around on the great sea of newspaperdom, unclaimed and uncredited, breathes the true spirit of poetry. Its perusal will not fail to awaken tender heart-emoions, revive sad family reminiscences, and cause tears to moisten the eyes of those parents whose "lambs" have gone before," and who are "longing for the faces passed away forevermore." The picture is a beautiful and touching one:

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.
O, the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children,
O, the strange, oppressive silence,
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children,
Ah! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the opening door—
Faces gone forever more!

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door,
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning;
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,
We will hear it never more
On our mirth-forsaken floor.

What is home without the children?
Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine;
Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the lambs have "gone before"
With the Shepherd evermore!

O, the weary solemn silence
Of a house without the children,
O, the strange, oppressive stillness,
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children,
Ah! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the opening door—
Faces gone forever more!

Evergreen Mountains of Life.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

There's a land far away 'mid the stars, we
are told,
Where we know not the sorrow of time;
Where the pure waters wander through valleys
of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime,
'Tis the land of our God—'Tis the home of
the soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll—
Where the way weary traveler reaches his
goal,
On the evergreen mountain of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale from its gardens
are fanned,
When we faint in the deserts of this,
And we sometimes have longed for its holy
repose,
When our spirits were torn with tempta-
tions and woes,
And we've drunk from the tide of the river
that flows
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Oh, the stars never tread the blue Heavens at
night,
But we think where the ransomed have
trod,
And the day never smiles from its palace of
light,
But we think of the smiles of our God.
We are traveling homeward through change
and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasure unchanging-
ly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines
through the tomb,
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Excuses for not going to Church,
Overslept myself; could not dress in
time; too cold; too hot; too windy;
too dusty; too wet; too damp; too
sunny; too cloudy; don't feel disposed,
no other time to myself; look over my
drawers; put my papers to rights; let-
ters to write to friends; mean to take a
walk; going to take a ride; tied to busi-
ness six days in a week; no fresh air
but on Sundays; can't breathe in church;
always so full; feel a little feverish; feel
a little chilly; feel very lazy; expect
company to dinner; got a headache; in-
tend nursing myself to-day; won't be
returned on Monday morning; wasn't
shaved in time; don't like the liturgy,
always praying for the same thing; don't
like extemporary prayer; don't like an
organ, 'tis too noisy; don't like singing
without music, makes me nervous—the
spirit is willing, but the flesh weak; dis-
like an extemporary sermon, it is too
frothy; can't bear a written sermon,
too prosy; nobody to-day but our own
minister, can't always listen to the same
preacher; don't like strangers; can't
keep awake when at church; fell asleep
last time when I was there; shan't risk
it again; mean to inquire of sensible per-
sons about the propriety of going to
such a place at church, and publish the
results.

Miscellaneous.

The London Times on Gen. Grant.

The great British organ of public opinion—the "Times"—thus daguerrotypes Gen. Grant's striking characteristics as a military commander:

If he has not achieved absolute success, he has bid for it more desperately and approached it more nearly than any of his predecessors in command. He has fully justified his reputation for dogged and unconquerable tenacity. After once breaking up from his camp he has marched straight on, incessantly closing with his adversary, always offering battle, never declining it, undismayed by losses, undeterred by the most imminent danger. For the first time in the history of this war, a great battle has been followed by an immediate pursuit, bringing another battle equally obstinate and bloody. Grant, though slightly worsted in the actions of the 6th, refused to quit his hold upon the enemy, or to plead any of the obvious excuses for suspending the operations of the campaign. It was this stubbornness of purpose which gained him his success at Vicksburg and his favor with the Northern people. They never thought him a military genius, but they believed him to be a most determined man—a man who would bring everything to the immediate issue of hard fighting, and who might either beat or be beaten, but who would never be hesitating or inactive. This estimate of his character he has fully justified. He has fought unceasingly, and has clung like a bull-dog to his work. Nor can it be added that he has fought altogether in vain; for he has advanced as he proposed to advance, and is actually a few miles further on the road to Richmond. On the other hand, it now appears beyond all doubt that the successive retreats of the confederate commander were but so many judicious and preconcerted operations of the campaign. The whole road to Richmond, be it remembered, is a series of positions which have long been studied and strengthened by the confederates, terminating in a capital fortified by all the defenses which modern art could devise, through a period of three years. Lee, if he falls back, is only falling back from one strong post to another, till he finds himself in the strongest position of all. Grant, if he falls back ever so little, gives up the game, while he persists in advancing he discovers harder work than ever before him at the end of each day's march, and separates himself from his supplies in the same proportion. Undoubtedly Grant is in a more difficult situation than Lee, for if he falls back, which, if he cannot dislodge his adversary, he must do, it will be under disadvantage still. But he is invincibly obstinate, he has uncontrolled command, he has exacted the unreserved support of the government, and he has seen the southern general retire before him. He will perhaps renew his attack upon Lee, but if he ever reaches Richmond with an effective army he will have achieved a miracle of military success.

Lord Oxmantown was at some manufactory, the name I have heard, but forgotten. In walking through the works he met with the principal, who finding him well versed in the subject, and taking him for a practical man, explained some improvement he was about to make. His lordship discovered fallacy in the plan and predicted that it would fail, but the other was confident in his calculation, and so they parted. Some time afterwards, when his lordship was walking to the House of Commons, he was accosted in the street by one who turned out to be his too confidential acquaintance, and who said: "I have been often, since we last met, wishing to see you. You was right and I was wrong, and I am going to make you an offer. My engineering foreman is going to leave me, and if you will come down, and construct the work your own way, I will give you a post." "I am much obliged," replied his lordship, "but I could not accept your offer without consulting my father." "One would think you were old enough," said the other with some scorn, "to be out of leading strings. And when can you hear from your daddy?" "I can give you an answer at once," said Lord Oxmantown, who saw his father, then Earl of Rosse, approaching. When the latter came up, he was informed of the offer, and entering into the joke, he said he was quite willing his son should accept the post if it did not interfere with his parliamentary duties. "And who is he?" "Who are you, old gentleman?" "I am Lord Oxmantown." "Eventually, the latter consented to look down for a few days in Warwickshire, and give his friend the benefit of his best advice, which ended, this time, in the thoroughly successful completion of the improvement in hand.—Bristol England Times.

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make everybody around you miserable?—You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs 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.

Among the "trophies" on exhibition at the Fair in Philadelphia, is one called "a trophy of Shiloh," which consists of the lock of a musket. The inscription tells us that this is the lock that cracked the cap, that fired the gun, that carried the ball, that caused the fall of Gen. Johnston.

the conversation. A Galena neighbor of the commanding general has been stopping here sometime and seems utterly confounded with the sudden growth of his neighbor, the tanner. He can't account for it, for he is not a marked man in his home, and nobody supposed him a great man; he seldom talked, asked no advice, gave none to any one, but always did what he agreed to and at the time.

Household Cares.

Mrs. Kirkland has very truly said that woman is never really and healthily happy, without household cares. But to perform household work is too frequently considered degrading. Even where the mother, in obedience to the traditions of her youth, condescends to labor occasionally, the daughters are frequently brought up in perfect idleness, take no bodily exercise except that of walking in fine weather, or riding in cushioned carriages, or dancing at a party. Those, in short, who can afford servants, cannot demean themselves, as they think, by domestic labors. The result is, too frequently, that ladies of this class lose what little health they started life with, becoming feeble in just about the proportion as they become fashionable. In this neglect of household cares, American ladies stand alone. A German lady, no matter how elevated her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to the health of mind and body alike. An English lady, whatever may be her position in society, does not neglect the affairs of household, and, even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, her true and happiest sphere. A contrary course to this, results in a lassitude of mind often as fatal to the health as the neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to her domestics, generally pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the world, and either wiles away from sheer ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind. If household cares were more generally attended to by ladies of the family, there would be comparatively little backbiting, gossiping, enviousness and other kindred sins, and women in good society would be much happier and much more truly lovable.

A Titled Machinist.

Several of the Paris journals tell the following story relating to the interpreter of the Japanese embassy now in Paris: Frantz Bleckmann was a native of Holland, but being of a roving disposition, embarked on board a vessel bound to Batavia, to seek his fortune. Years passed by, and nothing being heard of him, his friends at last concluded that some accident had befallen him, and that he was no longer living. His father remained in Holland, but, being unsuccessful in business, he came to Paris. Here his resources soon failed him, and on writing to a friend to solicit a small loan, he received the following letter in reply: "I send you the photographic portraits of the Japanese embassy. You will remark the face of one of those strangers, for he is the very image of your son." The father could not but perceive the resemblance; the features were certainly the same, but the closely-shaven head and the Oriental costume greatly puzzled him. He, however, went to the courtyard of the hotel in which the embassy was staying, and was so fortunate as to arrive just as the Japanese were passing to go out. The original of the portrait he at once recognized, and called out, "Is that you, Frantz?" In a moment the son—for Frantz it really was—and the old man were looked in each other's arms. The ambassadors, who witnessed the scene, were greatly moved; and old Bleckmann's troubles were now at an end, as the son is wealthy and prosperous.

Affecting Incident.

A soldier of the Ninth regiment, Massachusetts volunteers, was found on the battle-field of the Wilderness, mortally wounded and dying. As he lay supported by the comrade who had found him, he took from his bosom a picture, gazed at it, stretched out his hand and died. Not knowing his name, his comrade took the picture (it was a carte-de-visite) from the dead man's hand, and sent it to the photographer whose imprint was on the back, with an account of the circumstances, and a request that it might be exposed for recognition. It was seen the day of its arrival by two young ladies walking on the street and recognized by them as that of the dead soldier's wife. The soldiers name was Wm. Peckay, of Marblehead.

Exit Pelissier.

Old Pelissier, says the Boston Post, has thrown up his hand—dead and gone where he sent the Arabs he smothered, and burnt to death in a cave in Africa. He was an unmitigated, ferocious old brute—a good soldier, but a poor General—and was hated by the army for his ill nature and his savage temper. Louis Napoleon teased him, but kept him well in hand by giving him place and money. He was an Orleansist to the back bone, sneered at the Emperor, ridiculed and defied him, but accepted his favors, was always quarreling with the Empress, and probably feared no human being, save his wife, who young, pretty and coquette, has kept her old monstache of a husband in a constant tone of jealousy by her flirtations and her fondlings. Probably no intelligence will be more gratifying to Louis Napoleon, than the announcement of Malakoff's death, and the Empress's mourning will be of a festive character. He was a gambler, a rogue, and duelist—one of the St. Armand clique—and French mess-rooms created to this day with the scandal they ringed. He took the tower of Malakoff, and by it gained a dukedom, a pension of \$20,000 per annum and the ridicule of the wits of Paris, who compared him to the Haytian Dukes of Lemonade and Princes of Molasses Candy. Pelissier, however, pocketed the honors and the money, and resented the sarcasms. He was round and fat, but his sword-arm was as good as ever, and his fencing, if not his military abilities, were respected.

Theory of the Origin of Coal Oil.

It is probable that all instances of solid bitumen found on or beneath the surface of the earth have resulted from the hardening of drops or reservoirs of liquid coal oil. The lumps and crystals of graphite found in the oldest rocks, like the lumps of amber found in the newest, were doubtless only substances involved by sand mud. Flakes of anthracite are found in the centre of rock crystal. Gelatinous animals and fucous plants abound in those ancient seas, and ought to have provided, by their death, plenty of animal and vegetable hydrocarbon for the mineral. The old red sandstones, like more modern formations, present us, for our cabinets, innumerable flattened fish, converted into bitumen; some in so perfect a state that every scale can be counted, and every sculptured line upon them submitted separately to the microscope; others an unrecognizable mass or clump of tar. The rocks have been so thoroughly charged with animal dead matter that they emit a fetid odor whenever struck, and are technically known as stinkstones. The bituminous limestones and shales of many different geological ages are so many reservoirs of animal and vegetable oil, produced by the death and slow decomposition of successive floral and animal creations, perhaps principal caroline. The fossiliferous black shales of the central belt of the State of New York underlie Lake Erie, cross Ohio and Kentucky into Tennessee, and return through Indiana and form the beds of Lake Michigan and Huron. In Middle Kentucky the faces of the rocks are smeared and streaked with oil, fried out of them by the sun, so that the surfaces are blackened as if with tar.

Up to the horizon of these black slates, ascending in the column of deposits, gelatinous sea organisms, both animal and vegetable, seem to have constituted the principal, if not the sole, apparatus for generating petroleum.—But Dawson has lately discovered in the sandstone over them a true, angiospermous exogenous tree, not much, if any, lower in the scale of development than those of which our forests are composed. Coniferous trees began also to abound, and coal beds to be deposited in groups. Thence the higher we ascend towards and through the second and third, or great coal measures, the more abundant became the vestiges of fresh water and land vegetation, until in the tree stumps of the coal beds of Nova Scotia we find small land animals. The mosses and ferns, the rushes and reeds, minute and gigantic, of which the coal beds came, suggested the vegetable origin of coal oil. For it is near or between the three systems of coal measures proper that the amazing discoveries of subterranean reservoirs of oil had taken place. It is impossible to suppress the suspicion that petroleum is a product of the slow decomposition of vegetable tissue.

A Dutch Romance.

Several of the Paris journals tell the following story relating to the interpreter of the Japanese embassy now in Paris: Frantz Bleckmann was a native of Holland, but being of a roving disposition, embarked on board a vessel bound to Batavia, to seek his fortune. Years passed by, and nothing being heard of him, his friends at last concluded that some accident had befallen him, and that he was no longer living. His father remained in Holland, but, being unsuccessful in business, he came to Paris. Here his resources soon failed him, and on writing to a friend to solicit a small loan, he received the following letter in reply: "I send you the photographic portraits of the Japanese embassy. You will remark the face of one of those strangers, for he is the very image of your son." The father could not but perceive the resemblance; the features were certainly the same, but the closely-shaven head and the Oriental costume greatly puzzled him. He, however, went to the courtyard of the hotel in which the embassy was staying, and was so fortunate as to arrive just as the Japanese were passing to go out. The original of the portrait he at once recognized, and called out, "Is that you, Frantz?" In a moment the son—for Frantz it really was—and the old man were looked in each other's arms. The ambassadors, who witnessed the scene, were greatly moved; and old Bleckmann's troubles were now at an end, as the son is wealthy and prosperous.

Look Up.

It is what we rejoice to see—men, women and children, the rich and the poor, the old and young, always looking up. It shows the purity of your intentions, and the determination of your hearts. We never despair of a man however poor and degraded he may be, who looks up—springs up. We see in him the elements of a true man. No matter if the seas have swallowed your property, or the fires have consumed your dwellings, look up, and take fresh courage. Is your name a by-word or a reproach? Look up to the purity of the sky, and let its image be reflected in your heart. Detraction, then, will rebound from your bosom. Are you trod upon by the strong? Look up, push up, and you will stand as strong as he. Are you crowded out of the society of the rich? Look up, and soon your company will be coveted. Whatever may be your circumstances or condition in life, always make it a point to look up, to rise higher, and you will attain your fondest expectations. Success may be slow, but sure it will come. Heaven is on the side of those who look up.

A Single Pound of Steel.

Willis, describing a visit to Waltham and the manufactory of the American Watch Company, says: "A small heap of grains was shown to us, 'looking like iron filings, or grains of pepper from a pepper castor—apparently the mere dust of the machine which turned them out—and these examined with a microscope were seen to be perfect screws, each to be driven to its place with a screw-driver. A single pound of steel, costing but fifty cents, is thus manufactured into one hundred thousand screws, which are worth eleven hundred dollars."

An Incident of the Cold Harbor Battle.

Sometimes the sadness which generally prevails among the wounded and dying is banished by a ludicrous incident. An Irishman who had been fatally wounded, was advised by the surgeon to give his effects to a person near by. He pulled out his razor, and asked comically, "If he would send that home to the old woman." "Yes," said the delegate. Next come out his glasses, and then \$17.65 of which one dollar was silver. All these things he wanted sent. But when the delegate went to take them, he asked him to "Wait a bit. These doctors are not always right. Yese bether be ather seeing whether I'm going to die or not."

A Beautiful Thought.

A writer, whose life has passed its meridian, thus discourses upon the flight of time: "Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to make. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; foot-prints sacred under their drifting dust, green mounds where grass is fresh with the watering of tears, shadows even which we would not forget. We will garner the sunshine of those years, and with chastened step and hopes, push on towards the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still and the storms never beat."

The Siamese Twins.

A correspondent of the Macon Telegraph, who lately visited the Siamese Twins, gives the following account of them: "Your readers have no doubt seen those remarkable individuals, the Siamese Twins, but few of them perhaps have been to their houses and seen them in their domestic relations. Though united by a ligament as strong as life itself, they live a mile apart, spending alternately three days at the one and the other house, and allowing no circumstances to prefer their departure from the one to the other when the regular time arrives. The one at whose house you visit then leads the conversation and acts master of ceremonies, while the other speaks only as occasion or politeness may require. One has eight and the other nine children, but one of whom is in the way, the rest being girls and little boys. The twins are good neighbors, intelligent men, and thoroughly patriotic. They are, to all appearance, two separate and different men, with very little social resemblance, and a marked contrast of character. Eng is much the more positive, self-willed and uncompromising. They are seldom both sick at the same time. Why should death result from a separation of persons so unlike and so little subject to be afflicted by each other's infirmities?"

Terrible Tragedy.

Mrs. Mary Miller, of New York, who has been residing for several weeks at Fishkill Landing committed a bloody deed on Monday morning at that place, by cutting the throats of her two children (girls, aged respectively seven and two years) and then cutting her own. She is supposed to have been suffering from a spell of insanity, to which she was occasionally subject.

Who are They.

A case similar to that of Sergeant Hummerston, who was found dead upon the Gettysburg battlefield, holding a photograph of his three children, has just been discovered. It is a photograph of a woman, apparently 25 or 30 years of age, and two little girls, one about three years and standing by the side of the mother; the other about two years, sitting in the mother's lap. The little one has the thumb of her left hand in her mouth. This photograph was found in the grasp of a dead soldier on one of the Virginia battle-fields.

Edward Hunter, the wife murderer.

Edward Hunter, the wife murderer, has been sentenced to imprisonment, in the New York State prison, at hard labor for the residue of his life.—Before sentence, in reply to the usual question as to what he had to say, why sentence should not be pronounced, prisoner's counsel read a very remarkable statement, admitting that he caused the death of his wife. He claims that the deed was committed during a paroxysm of violence, superinduced by the severe injuries to his head, caused from falling head-long from the top of a stage upon a stone pavement, a few days before.

A Little girl died in Norwich

the other day, from eating almonds. A piece of the nut had lodged in some part of the intestines, producing an abscess.