The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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AT

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WYLY & BUCHANAN,

Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,

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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, 1863.—13.

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Waynesburg, Pa.

OFFICE—Main Street, 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 Pensions, Bounty Money, Back Pay, and other claims against the Government.

Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

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M'CONNELL & HUFFMAN,

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Waynesburg, Pa.

Office in the "Wright House," East Door.

Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention.

Waynesburg, April 23, 1862—1y.

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.—1y.

C. A. BLACK. JOHN PHELAN.

BLACK & PHELAN,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW

Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.

Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!

D. R. P. HUSS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PENNA.,

HAS received from the War Department at Washington city, D. C., official copies of the several laws passed by Congress, and all the necessary Forms and Instructions for the prosecution and collection of PENSIONS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due 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, Campbells 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

PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY,

Due discharged and disabled soldiers, widows, Orphan children, &c., which business if intrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. May 13, '63.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. T. W. Ross,

Physician & Surgeon,

Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON MAIN STREET, 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 Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

MERCHANTS.

WM. A. PORTER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street.

Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

MINOR & CO.,

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

Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

J. D. COSGRAY,

Boot and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Drover's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.

Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

JOHN MUNNELL,

Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street.

Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

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—1y

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 1y.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,

Saddle, Harness and Trunk Maker, old Bank Building, Main street.

Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

BANK.

FAMERS' & DROVERS' BANK,

Waynesburg, Pa.

C. A. BLACK, Pres't. J. LAZEAR, Cashier.

DISCOUNT DAY, WEDNESDAY

Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

HAWKERS AND PEDLERS, LOOK OUT.

BY the act of assembly of March, 1834, Hawkers and Pedlers in Greene county are required to procure Licenses from the county Treasurer immediately, or they will be compelled to pay the penalty of "One Hundred Dollars, to be collected by summary process before a Justice of the Peace. The License is $20 dollars." J. S. JENNINGS, Treasurer.

June 29, 1864.

Miscellaneous.

A Dark Story.

Edmund Burke, one of the greatest men, spoke or wrote as follows:

"Thank God, guilt was never a rational thing; it distorts all the faculties of the mind, it perverts them, it leaves a man no longer in the free use of his reason; it puts him in confusion. He has recourse to such miserable and absurd expedients for covering his guilt, as all those, who are used to sit in the seat of judgment know, have been the cause of detection of half the villainies in the world." * * * "God forbid, that guilt should ever leave a man the free undisturbed use of his faculties. For as guilt never rose from a true use of our rational faculties, so it is frequently subversive of them. God forbid that prudence, the first of all the virtues, as well as the supreme dictator of them all, should ever be employed in the service of any of the vices. No, it takes the lead, and is never found where justice does not accompany it, and, if ever it is attempted to bring it into the service of the vices, it immediately subverts their cause. It tends to their discovery, and, I hope and trust, finally, to

As a confirmation and in illustration of the above remarks, which are full of wisdom, read the following story, told by the ex-chancellor, Lord Loughborough, afterwards Earl of Rosslyn, which I extract from a very interesting paper ("Diaries of a Lady of Quality"), in a late number of the Edinburgh Review:

"At a large school in the country, a rebellion took place among the boys. The master, very anxious to know the name of the ringleader, at length either by threats, or bribes, or both, induced one of the boys to disclose the name of Davison. He was, of course, severely punished and expelled, carrying away with him sentiments of deadly hate, instead of the affection he had formerly felt for his school-fellow. Many years intervened, during which they never had the least intercourse. The young man who had peached went to the East Indies. He returned and landed on the coast of Devonshire. Stopping to dine at a small inn, he inquired of the waiter what gentlemen lived in the neighborhood; and hearing that the squire of the parish was a Mr. Davison, the name struck him; he thought he recollected that his former school-fellow used to talk of his home in Devonshire, and while his dinner was getting ready, he determined to go to the squire's house. A maid-servant opened the door; he sent in his name, saying that, if Mr. Davison had been educated at such a school, he would recollect it. He was introduced and most cordially received by his school-fellow, whom he had found laid up in a fit of the gout, and was pressed to dine, with many apologies for bad fare, &c., Mr. Davison having, unfortunately, given permission to all his servants to go to a neighboring place, and having kept only the woman, who was his nurse. Mr. Davison appeared so rejoiced in talking over old stories with his friend, and pressed him so strongly to be charitable enough to pass another day with him, that at last he consented. Next morning the unfortunate guest was found with his throat cut from ear to ear. Of course, the maid-servant was taken up on suspicion; indeed, as it seemed impossible from its nature that the wound could be self inflicted, and as she was the only creature in the house excepting her master, who was unable to move, there did not seem to be a doubt. The trial came on; Mr. Davison appeared as prosecutor; Lord Rosslyn was his counsel. In spite of the poor girl's protestations of innocence, the case seemed nearly decided, when Mr. Davison sent a note to his counsel desiring him to ask the girl whether she heard any noise in the night; Lord Rosslyn objected; but his client insisted. This seems to have been one of those strange perversions of intellect by which guilt is ordained to betray itself when all the artifices which has accompanied it is lulled to sleep. What could have been the object of this inquiry does not appear; its effect was fatal. The girl replied that she recollected hearing a noise along the passage, which had awakened her, but that, having been much fatigued during the day, she was too sleepy to get up and inquire the cause. More questions were asked; the noise and various other circumstances described; suspicion arose against Mr. Davison; and the business ended in avowing himself the murderer. He said that from the moment in which he first beheld the face of his old school-fellow, he had determined upon revenging his ancient quarrel by the death of the offender. He had crawled on his hands and knees from his own room to that of his unfortunate guest, and unable to support himself without the use of his hands, he found great difficulty in opening the door, but, helping himself by his teeth, had at last achieved it, reached the bed, and perpetrated the horrible deed. He then crawled back, and had contrived to free himself from all blood-stains, before he got into his own bed. It was the extraordinary noise made by his crawling which had disturbed the maid servant, and, at last, led to his defection.

The people of Lancaster, New Hampshire, celebrated on the 14th inst., the hundreth anniversary of the incorporation of their town.

Terrible Story of a Young Mother.

The Frankfort (Germany) journals are teeming now with reports of a trial which was being held in that city, and which has revealed a tale of misery surpassing that which any sensation novelist has penned. The arraigned criminal was a woman in her 25th year, named Julia Krapf, who was charged with the crime of triple infanticide. Notwithstanding her youth, she looks fully fifty, so wrinkled with hardships of every kind is her face, and so bent beneath the weight of care her form. Her husband, who was an engraver, committed suicide three years since, leaving her with three young children, and nothing to support them. The poor woman worked late and early for them. She took in washing and she took in sewing, but owing to the low rate of wages, she received, she could not succeed, with all her industry, to drive the wolf from the door. But her situation became desperate when work failed altogether, and a sore foot prevented the unfortunate woman from going to seek more. Then came the landlord, who, finding her wretched sticks of furniture would not, if distrained, pay a week's rent, ordered the tenant to leave the premises. What to do, then, she knew not; and one evening as the children became clamorous for bread, she made up her mind to suffocate herself and them with a piece of charcoal which she borrowed from a neighbor. This neighbor shortly after went to Julia Krapf's lodgings, and found her still living and all the children dead. When arrested and brought to trial, the unfortunate woman, with tears streaming down her cheeks, said she could not regret what she had done, because it was more merciful to kill her children than to let them endure all the pangs of dying of starvation.

A Singular Contest.

Two gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard and the other a German, having rendered Maximillian II many services, they each, for recompense, demanded his natural daughter, Helena, in marriage. The Prince, who entertained equal respect for them both could not give any preference, and after much delay, told them that from claims they both had to his attention and regard, he could not give his assent for either to marry his daughter, and they must decide it by their own prowess and address; but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either or both by suffering them to fight with offensive weapons, he had ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who was successful enough to put his rival into it, should obtain his daughter. This strange combat between two gentlemen was in the presence of the whole imperial court, and lasted half an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded to the German, Andre Ethnarp, the Baron of Tetherd, who, when he had got his adversary into the bag, took him on his back, and placed him at the Emperor's feet, and on the following day married the beautiful Helena.

A Neglected Scratch.

A clergyman lately told a story about a man with whom he boarded when a college boy. The man was at his work one frosty morning, and happened to get a little scratch on the back of his hand. A single minute's attention would have caused it to heal in a day or two. It was neglected. A slight inflammation appeared, when a single poultice would have reduced it, but it was neglected.—The whole hand became inflamed, and should have had the best medical attention, but it was neglected. The arm and shoulder and back were seized with pain, and now all was alarm and confusion. Twelve physicians were soon in attendance to consult upon a case.—The question was, whether the cutting off the limb would save the man's life, and it was decided to be too late! The disease had gained a mortal hold, and no human skill could arrest it. A vicious habit, an indulged little sin, a neglected duty, how easily they are taken care of if we are in season with them, but how stubborn and ruinous they become if they are let alone!

A CAVE OF MUMMIES IN MEXICO.—General John Wilson, who has arrived at San Francisco, from Sonora, Mexico, has with him a few curious relics, which deserve the attention of archæologists. They consist of a human foot, with pieces of the wrapping which encloses a large number of mummies found in a cave near Chiricahin, near the line of Sonora and Chihuahua. The cave is a large one, which the mummies appear to fill to the depth of nearly forty feet; and though in the neighborhood, among the Indians, are traditions extending back some five hundred years, there is nothing that can explain the filling of the cave with these bodies, which appear to have been preserved by the presence of a large amount of saltpetre.

A young married lady traveling a few days since from New York to Syracuse, and suffering from consumption, had been laid carefully on a pillow in the cars by her husband, while her little girl remained by her side. At Little Falls she fell asleep, and the child commenced fanning her, saying mama is sleeping. A passenger, however noticed the peculiar whiteness of her lips, and on looking closely at her discovered that she was dead.

A Terrible Case of Starvation.

Says the London Daily Telegraph, June 29: Like a gaunt and ghastly shadow from another world startling a bridal feast by its unannounced intrusion—like the terrible writing on the wall—every now and then the report of a coroner's inquest drives the blood back to the heart, and turns laughter into sighs. The morning's paper, opened in the pleasant breakfast parlor, reports the great doings of England, and its mighty commerce, of its ceaseless enterprise, of the thousand evidences of its almost unimaginable wealth, of its splendor and its power; but we turn to another page, and side by side with the records of pomp and state the eye is arrested by the heading of some such paragraph as "Death from starvation." Now, it is an aged woman friendless and alone, now a strong man prostrate by sickness and stricken in his prime, anon the parent of a group of helpless children who are flung on the tender mercies of the world; for hunger knows neither age nor sex, feeding alike on all. The latest case before us illustrates the condition of a too numerous class. A poor woman named Ellen Smiles, aged fifty-seven, lived with three children in Osborn street, Whitechapel; her husband died some weeks ago, and she and her family occupied one miserable apartment, destitute of furniture, unless that name can be given to a bed on the floor.

The family consisted of two girls, eighteen and nine years, and a boy of fourteen; but the whole means of support for the four persons was derived from the labor of the eldest daughter. She was a maker of match-boxes, and early and late the poor girl toiled with aching and weary fingers to win a mouthfull of bread for those around her. The pay—if that word may be used—was two pence per gross, twenty-four dozen, boxes and lids, out of which the paste used in the work had to be found, and string provided for binding the bundles as they were finished. All her endeavors brought but five shillings, two shilling and sixpence of which went for rent, and on the other moiety four persons had to live—to sustain vitality on sevenpence—half penny each for seven days! The end is already known. The mother fell ill on Saturday week, and, by the advice of a fellow-lodger, the daughter went to the workhouse for relief. Then comes the old, old story; through ignorance she went to the wrong place; she applied to the relieving officer for Spitalfields instead of the one for Whitechapel parish, and she got nothing, but was told to come again on Tuesday morning. On Monday night the lodger heard the girl walking all the dark hours in the room where her only parent lay dying, and where death and famine reigned supreme. A doctor was sent for, and food begged from the neighbors; but the fight was past, and ere the medical man arrived the poor mother's troubles on earth were over.

At the inquest on Friday, evidence was given that the organs of the deceased were heartily, but that the stomach and intestines were perfectly empty: facts proving that she could not have taken any food for a long time previous to her decease. Many sad tales have been told in our pages of death from privation and want, but none has exceeded this in its intense agony and tragical accessories. Nothing that has ever been written or painted of human woe surpasses the night scene in this Whitechapel lodging house. The imagination of Shakespeare himself has conceived no picture more awful and heart-rending than that of the poor daughter—yet a girl in years—without food, without money, without friends, without a stool to sit on to rest her tottering limbs, alone with a dying mother and a starving brother and sister, walking around the pallet in hopeless despair, with none but the Allseeing Eye to look down and pity her. Ellen Smiles will soon be forgotten; those who are bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh will kneel at her holy grave, shed bitter tears, and turn away forever; but the main features of this human tragedy are daily played, and are too common to be kept constantly in mind by the busy public.

A Very Old Relic.

The was brought to our office on Saturday last by Elisha C. Heritage, Esq., a relic of antiquity really remarkable. It is an earthen pipkin, which bears the date it was made deeply and distinctly marked before it was put into the kiln—the year 1352—five hundred and twelve years ago—one hundred and forty years before the discovery of America by Columbus. It is in excellent preservation—a few little pieces being broken out of the upper edge. The lid, which was also dated in the same way was broken in the last twenty-five or thirty years. The family of Mrs. Heritage (who was a Miss Souder) can trace its possession back for more than a hundred years. It was brought from Germany by Peter Souder, who settled at Penn's Neck, Salem county.

Gen. McPherson, who was killed near Atlanta on Friday, was engaged to be married to a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Baltimore. The dispatch announcing his death by accident fell into her hands on its arrival. It was addressed to her mother, who, not being able to see well without the aid of her glasses, passed it to the daughter, engaged to the deceased, to read. Seeing it recorded his death she instantly fainted.—The scene was peculiarly distressing.

A New Style of Religion.

Some one, whose head is usually "level," has written out his ideas of religion as follows: It will do to read and think about:

We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late; keeps the wife from being spiteful when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindfull of the scraper and door mat; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs them; projects the honey-moon, into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom, and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that not only bears on the sinfulness of sin, but on the rascality of lying and stealing: a religion that banishes all small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, beer root from vinegar, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milk cans. The religion that is to advance the world will not put all the big strawberries and peaches on top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts.—It does not consider forty cents returned for one hundred given, according to gospel, though it is according to law. It looks upon the man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay, and who fails to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

Domestic Economy.

Three pounds of flour, at eight cents a pound, is said to contain as much nutriment as nine pounds of roast beef, which, at twenty-five cents, is $2,25; that is, twenty-five cents' worth of flour goes as far as nine times that much money spent for roast beef, as weighed at the butcher's stall. A pint of white beans, weighing one pound, and costing seven cents, contains as much nutriment as three pounds and a half of roast beef, costing eighty-seven and a half cents. Of all the articles that can be eaten, the cheapest are bread, butter and molasses, beans and rice. A pound of corn meal (Indian) goes as far as a pound of flour; so that fine family flour, at $16 a barrel in New York city in July, 1864, and corn meal at four cents, the latter is just one half less expensive. If corn and wheat were ground, and the whole product, bran and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent. of nutriment would be saved, with much greater healthfulness.

Mrs. M. C. Booth writes from Zurich, Switzerland, to the Milwaukee Life, this characteristic incident: "Yesterday, June 22d, the greatest celebration ever known in Switzerland took place at Winterthur, a thriving little city about fifteen miles from Zurich. It was given in commemoration of the foundation of the town a thousand years ago, at which time the keys were given up by Rudolph of Hapsburg, who had until then held the town. The city was crowned and garlanded in the most tasteful manner and the street procession was far more magnificent and varied than that of the usual carnival. All the old weapons were borrowed for the occasion from the various museums throughout Switzerland, and exact representations were given of numerous historical scenes heretofore considered quite too complicated and difficult for carnival representation."

Campaign Miscellany.

A soldier in Grant's army tells the following touching incident of the war: "In one of the fierce engagements with the rebels near Mechanicsville, in May last, a young Lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of shell that, on reaching Washington, after one of those horrible ambulance rides, and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear his suffering alone. Unknown to him, however, his mother, one of those dear reserves of the army, hastened up to join the main force. She reached the city at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from him untill morning.—One sat by his side fanning him while he slept, her hand on the feeble, fluctuating pulsations which forboded the results But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother then? In the darkness, she was finally allowed to glide in and take the place at his side.—She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken; but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said: 'That feels like my mother's hand! Who is this beside me? It is my mother; turn up the gas and let me see mother!" The two dear faces met in one long, joyful, sobbing embrace, and the fondness pent up in each heart sobbed and panted, and wept forth its expression. The gallant fellow, just twenty-one, his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and at last, when death drew nigh, and he was told by tearful friends that it only remained to make him comfortable, said, 'he had looked death in the face too many times to be afraid now,' and died as gallantly as did the men of the Cumberland.

A New York correspondent referring to what he saw in one of the Washington Hospitals writes thus:—"The patience of the poor fellows is wonderful, but they cry out with pain when the sponge or the doctor's hand touches the wounded limb. One brave boy of eighteen was shot through the thigh. The whole leg quivered, and his suppressed groans were awful Just as the nurse turned the light calico quilt over him, he spied a hole as big as a copper cent near the foot. "For Heaven's sake, doctor, sew up that wound in the quilt, won't you!" The flies find entrance under the sheet through the smallest aperture. The next patient was one whom the doctor had told a month ago that he couldn't live. "I will live," he answered. "I'm as good as six dead men yet." His thigh was then one great gangrenous ulcer. After three weeks of the most watchful care, it was now covered with its first skin, and the doctor says he will recover. Yet his trials are not over. "I will have to open this spot with my knife." "No, doctor, you won't, will you—it'll do without—say yes!" But the knife did its office.—"Ah, here is another schist of matter that must be opened." That was within three inches of the former.

The poor fellow begged that the doctor would make "all the matter come out of that one hole." But finding it impossible, he said, "Well, nurse, hold this arm over my head, and hold it tight." In another minute the cut was made, and this brave man will probably be on his feet in a fortnight. These scenes are heart-breaking. If those who live in comfort at home could only realize how much the soldier suffers on his hospital bed, they would work with both hands for their relief. Help, help, all you can, brothers, sisters and friends—help the Sanitary and Christian Commission.

From the Washington Chronicle.

To Obtain the Removal of the Remains of Soldiers to their Homes.

For the accomplishment of this desire of the friends of soldiers dying in army hospitals in this city, the Government provides every facility within its power, as it does to secure their decent interment here, when the bodies are not called for by their friends.

The course to be pursued by their friends is as follows: To be on hand themselves, or by deputy, fully authorized by letter or telegraph message, before the death of the soldier; go to the hospital and secure a record of the death and a request for provision for interment, signed by the surgeon of the hospital, and addressed to Captain Moore, A. Q. M., 134 F street west, with said memorandum; to proceed to said office before four o'clock P. M., and there obtain an order upon the superintendent of the issuing office for a coffin and hearse, when the body will be transported to any point in or about the city, whither the friends may desire it to be sent, whether to the embalmers, the express office, railroad depot, steamboat landing or elsewhere. The coffin should be enclosed in a box, which the friends or their agent should procure and have taken to the hospital, that the coffin may be so enclosed before its removal from the hospital. The Government furnishes said box for officers, but not for privates. The cost of the box is about six dollars.

In all these matters the agent of the State to which the soldier belonged resident in this city, can and should assist the friends or their agent. The State of Pennsylvania authorizes its agent to furnish a ticket of transportation (from this city to their homes), of the body, and one person accompanying it; the State of New York furnishes part transportation. The friends of soldiers of other States to pay all the expenses themselves.

At some of the hospitals the bodies are embalmed, but not gratis, because not at the expense of the Government; except at the Campbell Hospital, in charge of Surgeon F. F. Sheldon, where every one dying at said hospital is embalmed without any expense to the friends of the deceased. At the Armory Square Hospital, the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Jackson, prepares bodies of the patients there or from other hospitals for transportation for $10 each. The charge of regular embalmers is from $15 to $20.

Care should be taken that the bodies are well embalmed, otherwise the railroads will not carry them. They have been compelled to put them off and bury them by the roadside in several instances, on account of the miserable manner in which they were prepared.

Unless the friends secure the body before burial at this season, they cannot obtain it, for the Government allows no bodies to be exhumed until October.

Coup de Soleil.

This affection is very common at this season of the year. It is induced by the direct action of the sun's rays. The premonitory symptoms are, pressure on the head, tingling of the blood in the veins, and difficulty in breathing arising from the heat of the air. It is very seldom that persons of robust health and temperate habits are affected with it. The affection in most cases is preceded by debility of the constitution, great physical exertion, violent outbursts of passion, or immoderate potations of either cold water or alcoholic beverages. When a person is "sun struck" he falls down suddenly as if under the influence of an apoplectic fit: and unless death be the immediate result, the attack is very likely to terminate in inflammation of the brain. In all cases of "sun stroke" the antiphlogistic regimen is brought into requisition, such as the application of cold to the head, bleeding, both general and topical. Coffee and strong tea are administered sometimes in cases of great stupor.

Among the Arabs who wander in the burning desert, whose diet consists principally of vegetables and camels' milk, cases of "sun stroke" are very rare, the reason being, as alleged, that their blood is not vitiated by phologistic meats or stimulating drinks. It is said that Sir Jos. Banks remained in an oven for twenty minutes where beef was being cooked without being injured in the least.

Sun stroke was not unknown in the days of Elisha, the prophet, as we learn from the case of the Shunamite's son, 2 Kings, 4: 18—20. "And when the child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, '*My head, my head!*' And he said to a lad, carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him to his mother he sat on her knees till noon, and then died." A case is recorded also in the Apocrypha. Manasses, the husband of Judith died of *coup de soleil*. Judith 8: 2—3.—"And Manasses was her husband, of her tribe and kindred, who died in the barley harvest. For as he stood overseeing them that bound sheaves in the field, the heat came upon his head, and he fell on his bed and died in the city of Bethulia; and they buried him with his fathers in the field between Dothaim and Balamo."

The preventives of this affection are already well known, abstinence from stimulating meats and drinks; and the wearing of large leaves or wet cloths on the head. Fishermen, in order to protect themselves, fill the crown of their hats with sea weed well moistened.

The Question of Economy.

There are many reasons which now unite in commending to all the most thorough economy. The scale of taxation now provided is much heavier than we have ever known before, and future exigencies may even increase it. To meet it is a patriotic duty; but it cannot be done with ease, if at all, unless personal economy becomes the rule with our people. Secondly, the prospect now is that this year's crop will not be equal to those of the two last years, so that the partial scarcity, added to the general enhancement of prices, will be in danger of bringing a new cause of distress on the community.—Thirdly, Senator Sherman, who speaks as the probable financial leader in the Senate, says that "the limit of paper money is reached," and the new Secretary of the treasury seems to coincide with those financiers who recommend the gradual contraction of the currency. This process, immensely as it is needed, will be irksome and sure to bring on more or less of "hard times." If to these reasons we add the duty of saving in order to assist in keeping up the full strength of our armies, and helping the sick and wounded among our heroic defenders, the duty of economy will surely be apparent to all. On that side is safety, whether the war be yet long or short, or whether the much talked of crash ensues, or is averted, as by this means only it can be.