

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, AUGUST 17, 1864.

NEW SERIES--VOL. 6, NO. 10.

THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER

PUBLISHED BY

R. W. JONES AND JAS. S. JENNINGS.

AT
Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.

OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE
PUBLIC SQUARE.

TERMS

Subscription--\$2.00 in advance; \$2.25 at the expiration of six months; \$2.50 for the expiration of the year.
Advertisements--\$1.00 per square for three insertions, and for each additional insertion (five lines or less counted a square).
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Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

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

Attorneys & Counsellors 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. 25, 1864--17.

A. A. FERNAN, J. G. RITCHIE.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW

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 Tensons, Bounty Money, Back Pay, and other claims against the Government.

Sept. 11, 1861--17.

R. A. M'CONNELL, J. J. HUFFMAN.

M'CONNELL & HUFFMAN,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW

Office in the "Wright Bldg.," East Door. Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention.
Waynesburg, April 23, 1862--17.

DAVID CRAWFORD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in the Court House. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
Waynesburg, Pa., July 30, 1863--17.

C. A. BLACK, JOHN PHELAN.

BLACK & PHELAN,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW

Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.
Sept. 11, 1861--17.

SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!

D. R. P. HUSS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PENNA.

Has received from the War Department at Washington city, D. C., official copies of the several laws passed by Congress, and all the necessary forms and instructions for the presentation and collection of PENSIONS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due to discharged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphans, widowed mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, which business, upon due notice, will be attended to promptly and accurately, and entrusted to his care. Office, No. 2, Campbell Row--April 8, 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. 25, 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.

W. M. A. PORTER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--17.

MINOR & CO.,

Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--17.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

J. D. COSGRAY,

Boot and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Druggist's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861--17.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

JOHN MUNNELL,

Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--17.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

S. M. BAILY,

Main street, opposite the Wright House keeps always on hand a large and elegant assortment of Watches and Jewelry.
Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry will receive prompt attention.
Dec. 15, 1861--17.

BOOKS &c.

LEWIS DAY,

Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers. One door east of Porter's Store, Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861--17.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,

Saddle, Harness and Trunk Maker, old Bank Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--17.

BANK.

FAMERS' & DROVERS' BANK,

Waynesburg, Pa.
C. A. BLACK, Pres., J. LAZEAR, Cashier.
W. D. N. S. A. Y.
Sept. 11, 1861--17.

Luce's Landing.

DAILY MAIL HACK

RUNNING REGULARLY BETWEEN

WAYNESBURG AND RICES LANDING.

The undersigned respectfully informs the generous public, that having the contract for the carrying of the mail between the above points, he has placed upon the route a new and commodious Hack, for the accommodation of the travelling community. One will leave the Adams' Office, Waynesburg, every morning, at 7 o'clock, and will arrive at Rices Landing at 10 o'clock, and will return to Waynesburg at 12 o'clock, and will arrive at Waynesburg at 2 o'clock, and will be open for the accommodation of travellers.
TIMOTHY DOUGHER, Proprietor.
August 7th, 1864--17.

Miscellaneous.

About the Earth.

The mean diameter of our globe is exactly 7,938,889 miles; and were it solid throughout, its weight would be equal to five times that of a body of similar dimensions. But it cannot be solid throughout, though of the nature of its interior we are of course not positive. Some philosophers have maintained that its interior is filled with light only, but the more prevalent and rational opinion is that it is filled with fire--that the whole heart of the earth is one vast seething caldron. The reasons for this are the rapid increase in the temperature of the earth, as we penetrate into its bowels, and the existence of volcanoes and hot-springs upon its surface. Earthquakes, too, those dreadful visitations that convulse the earth, and that not infrequently mark large districts with ravage and destruction, attest the presence of internal fires. The rate of increment in the earth's temperature is one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer for every sixty feet, and at this rate we should find at the depth of one hundred miles a degree of heat sufficient to keep in fusion any of the rocks to be found on the surface, hence, the solid crust of the earth cannot be more than sixty or eighty miles in thickness--a mere, brittle shell.

Volcanoes are only vents or chimneys

of this great roaring furnace over which we every day walk so carelessly--Through them escape those surcharged elements, which, if they had no means of exit, must explode our beautiful world into a million atoms, and leave a void in the grand system of creation.

Carnival of Fire.

The following is a partial record of large fires which have occurred during July and which in most cases are believed to be of incendiary origin:

July 1, Louisville, hospital stores, \$1,000,500; July 1, Philadelphia, factory, \$80,000; July 4, New York, piano factory, \$160,000; July 4, Saratoga water cure establishment, \$150,000; July 5, Chicago, coopers, \$25,000; July 7, Chicago, fur store, \$70,000; July 8, Vassalboro, Me., mills, \$30,000; July 8, Salmon Falls, Vt., \$300,000; July 11, New York, Steamer John Porter, \$500,000; July 13, Waterford, Me., railroad depot, \$70,000; July 15, St. Louis, six steamers, \$500,000; July 16, Brooklyn, N. Y., warehouses, \$900,000; July 17, Lowell, Mass., tanneries, \$130,000; July 20, Farmington, Conn., store and barns, 50,000; July 22, Chicago, plaining mill, \$60,000; July 22, Springfield, Mass., stores, \$100,000; July 22, Philadelphia, wagon factory, \$300,000; July 22, Defiance, Ohio, woolen factory \$100,000; July 23, Lockport, N. Y., machine shop, \$12,000; July 24, Jamaica, L. I., hotel, crops, woods, &c., \$30,000; July 25, Syracuse, Cranger block, \$50,000. Total, \$4,566,000.

[From the Washington Intelligencer.]

A Curious Case of Burying Alive.

A slight mistake was made day before yesterday in one of the hospitals at City Point, which caused a flutter among the patients. A wounded soldier was pronounced dead by a Surgeon, and the Ward Master caused him to be put in his coffin for burial. The brethren of the Christian Commission attended the remains to the grave, opened the coffin, and were proceeding with the burial service when the soldier's hand was observed to move. On closer examination it was discovered that life was not extinct. The fatigue party detailed to bury the poor fellow refused to "let up on him," saying that they had orders to bury him and must do it.

The humane gentleman of the Commission

intimated that they "would make a corpse of him" who should attempt to bury the man before they were satisfied he was dead, and he was carried back to the hospital. The Surgeon who ordered the burial was called for, who still contended that the man was dead, and the movement of the fingers was a muscular contraction sometimes observed in defunct bodies. Other Surgeons, however, discovered pulsation, and the man lived till the next morning, when he was buried. Our informant says the case is to be reported to the proper officers.

Taming Fish.

A little girl residing near a pond in Massachusetts has succeeded in taming some of the fish, by throwing crumbs of bread, crackers, &c., into the water. The species called perch seem to be the most tractable and docile. One of them often takes the end of her finger in his mouth, while another will glide gently into her hand and turn on one side, and so remain, apparently reposing, till raised quite to the surface. The little girl walks out on a plank, sustained a few inches above the water, and before she reaches the end of the plank, the fish may be seen darting rapidly towards their feeding ground. The larger ones, especially, are disposed to drive off the smaller ones, but she keeps order among them by means of a stick with a sewing needle attached to the end of it, and when one picks a quarrel he gets a stab, and is off at once.

The universal sentiment is "Stop this war if it is for emancipation only."

The Way to Eminence.

That which other folks can do, why, with patience, may not you?

Long ago a little boy was entered at Harrow school. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction, denied to him. His master chided him for his dullness, and all his efforts then could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But, nothing daunted, he procured the grammars and other elementary books, which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of those; till, in a few weeks, he gradually began to rise, and it was not long till he shot far ahead of all his companions, and became not only leader of the division, but the pride of Harrow. You may see the statue of that boy, whose career began with this fit of energetic application, in St. Paul's cathedral; for he lived to be the greatest oratorical scholar of modern Europe--it was Sir William Jones.

When young scholars see the lofty pinnacle of attainment on which that name is now reposing, they feel as if it had been created there, rather than had travelled thither. No such thing. The most illustrious in the annals of philosophy once knew no more than the most illiterate now do. And how did he arrive at his peerless dignity? By dint of diligence; by downright painstaking--[Life in earnest.]

Now is the Time to Sow Turnip Seed.

An agricultural paper says: Let not farmers and gardeners fail to sow abundant turnip seed this year, where other crops have failed on account of the drought, or the first crop has been secured. Dig up the ground if it be ever so small a place, and plant turnip seed. There is sure to be a pressing demand for all kinds of vegetables the coming winter, and a great many can raise a profitable crop of turnips without ever knowing that they cost anything. Turnips are good both for the table and stock--for the former purpose very pleasantly taking the place of potatoes with many; and if a man should by any chance raise more than he wants for his own use, we will warrant him a good price, and cash in hand, for all he wants to sell. According to the old saying, "25th of July, sow your turnips, wet or dry." But the seed can be profitably sown as late as the first week in August, and if we have no rain before, it would probably be better to wait, as no seed could be expected to start with the ground parched as at present. But when there comes a shower, don't forget the turnips.

English officers in India love to hunt the tiger and the tiger reciprocating sometimes loves to hunt them.

The Bombay Times relates that Captains Wilmot and Dawson had been hunting in the Bo-matic hills and had killed nine tigers. They were on the point of relinquishing further sport when another tiger was scared up and wounded. Directed by traces of blood and the roaring of the brute, the two officers approached his lair on a patch of jungle on a hillside when from a height the tiger sprang upon them, knocked both over, and seizing Wilmot carried him off towards his retreat, treating the unfortunate man as a cat does a rat. He called upon Dawson to fire, which he finally did and killed the animal, but Wilmot was fatally wounded and died that night.

Friendship Between Pickets.

A curious rebel visitor came stealthily into our lines at Petersburg one night during last week. He was invited to remain and partake of a bountiful repast--coffee, pork, and "hard tack." Consent soon followed the request. While refreshing his inner man, our guards were regaled with many a story, diverted with many quiet drolleries and quaint sayings. There is something strange in these meetings--where those who on the day before cursed each other in the heat of battle, and before early dawn, at the sound of the bugle horn, may slay each other when full of bread eaten sociably together. This man came by night, not to gain information, but to eat his supper. During the day our pickets had been twitting them with what they had for supper. Soft bread, sour krait, and potatoes had just been issued. The rebels would not believe this to be a "true bill." Hence this man's visit. No one in imperfect health could relish food with so much gusto. He had brought with him that excellent sauce--of late years grown fashionable--hunger. After staying his inordinate appetite with a marching ration, he took his departure.

For Every Body.

Let the business of every body alone and attend to your own.
Don't buy what you don't want.
Use every hour to advantage, and study to make leisure hours useful.
Think twice before you spend a shilling, and remember that you will have another to make for it.
Find recreation in looking after your business, so that it will not be neglected in looking after recreation.
Buy low, sell fair and take care of the profits.
Look over your books regularly and if you find an error, trace it out.
Should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench, work hard, but never fly the track.
Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will die at last; though you should fail in the struggle, you will be honored--but shrink from the task and you will be despised.

Restless Nights.

Some persons "toss and tumble" half the night, and get up in the morning, weary, unrefreshed, and dispirited, wholly unfit either in body or mind for the duties of the day; they are not only incapacitated for business, but are often rendered so in their manners, so irritable and fretful, as to spread a gloom over the whole household. To be able to go to bed and be in a sound, delicious sleep, an unconscious deliciousness in five minutes, and enjoyed in its remembrance, is a great happiness, an inalienable blessing, and one for which the most sincere and affectionate thanks should habitually go up to that beneficent Providence which vouchsafes the laws of our being.

Restless nights as to persons in apparent good health arise chiefly from--first, an overloaded stomach; second, from worldly care; third, from want of muscular activities proportioned to the needs of the system. Few will have restless nights who take dinner at mid-day, and nothing after that except a piece of cold bread and butter and a cup or two of some hot drink; anything beyond that, as cake, pie, chipped beef, doughnuts, preserves, and the like, only tempt nature to eat when there is really no cause for it, thus engendering dyspepsia and all its train of evils.

Worldly care. For those who cannot sleep from the unsatisfactory condition of their affairs; who feel as if they were going behindhand; or that they are about to encounter great losses, whether from their own remissness, the perfidy of friends, or unavoidable circumstances, we have a deep and sincere sympathy. To such we say, live hopeful for better days ahead, and meanwhile strive diligently, presently, and with a brave heart to that end.

But the more common cause of restless nights is, that exercise has not been taken to make the body tired enough to demand sleep. Few will fail to sleep soundly if the whole of daylight, or as much thereof as will produce moderate fatigue, is spent in steady work in the open air, or on horse back, or on foot. Many spoil all their sleep by attempting to force more on nature than she requires. Few persons will fail to sleep soundly, while they do sleep, if they avoid sleeping in the daytime, will go to bed at a regular hour, and heroically resolve to get up the moment they wake, whether it is two, four, or six o'clock in the morning. In less than a week each one will find how much sleep his system requires; thereafter give it that, and no more.--*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Interesting to Farmers.

Under an order from the office of Internal Revenue, the income of a farmer must be estimated by including the total value of his crop harvested, and the profit realized upon a sale of stock. The 17th section of the act of June 30, 1864, requires such income to be estimated by including the increased value of live stock, whether sold or on hand, and the amount of sugar, wool, butter, cheese, pork, beef, mutton, and other meats, hay and grain or other vegetables, or other productions of the estate of the farmer sold during the past year for which return is made, not including any part thereof unsold or on hand at the close of the year. To ascertain the income resulting from a farm under this provision, it will be necessary to estimate the value of the live stock on hand at the beginning of the year, and to add thereto the amount paid for animals which are held alive at the close of the year. The sum thus obtained will be deducted from the amount obtained by adding the estimated value of the live stock held at the close of the year to the amount received for animals sold during the year, the amount received for meats and vegetables, the productions of the farm sold during the year, or consumed by the farmer or his family, or consumed by animals kept for purposes of pleasure. The difference thus obtained will be charged as income, and will be subject to the proper deductions for the cost of carrying on the farm. No deduction can, however, be allowed for the cost of hay or grain produced upon the farm. In other respects, the same rules will be observed in estimating the income of a farmer as that of other persons.

Four Children Smothered in a Chest.

A terrible realization of the tale of Geneva, which R. Rogers has immortalized in verse, was discovered in the townships of Newburg yesterday. On Wednesday afternoon last a man named Schoger, living near the Buckeye House (better known as Edward's Tavern), on Kinsman street road, left the house with his wife to go into the field to work. Their four children, aged from two to ten years, remained at home. On returning to the house, the parents sought in vain for their children. Search was made around the premises, over the farm and through the woods, the whole neighborhood turning out to join in it, but without success. Yesterday morning, however, their own house was searched, and in it, in an old German chest, the children were found, smothered to death, their faces black from suffocation. In their play the children had got into the chest, and the lid falling, and the spring catching, had been imprisoned in a living tomb.

A Sad Story.

Not many months ago, says the Atlanta correspondent of the Mobile Register, upon one of the most notable of our blockade runners, a very unassuming woman--scarce such, indeed, for she was hardly out of her teens--of an extremely handsome person. She had come to Nassau from Paris, and sailed thence for the South. She brought with her an abundant wardrobe, and sufficiency of means to last her two or three years at the present rates of living. Her object in visiting this country was to discover the fate of an only brother, a colonel in our service, who had placed her at Geneva at school when the war began. She had not heard from him during six months, became anxious, and finally set out on her long and perilous journey. Her brother had been killed at Gettysburg, and she found herself alone and a stranger in her native land. She went first to Augusta, then to Mobile, here she lost a trunk containing all her gold. At this critical juncture of affairs she met a very handsome field officer--fell in love--engaged first in a flirtation, then in an amour--and accompanied him as far as Atlanta on his way to the front. He fell at Chickamauga. What her life became you can guess. She died last week, and was buried in the ground in the public cemetery. There's a story for you--weep over it!

"Somebody's Boy."

Ah, yes! the veriest wreck that skulks along the by-paths of society once belonged to somebody; and human nature, selfish though it be, is too much bound into one family, and interwoven into a net-work of common sympathies and feelings, not to thrill under this consideration, if faithfully pondered and applied. "The good man," says an elegant preacher, "does not ask who the sufferer is, what is his name, or religion; he sees that he is a man, he feels that he is a neighbor, and he lifts him upon his knee, and dresses his wound, and relieves his wants; and the Saviour says to us, every one, 'Go thou and do likewise.' I love the spirit of the good woman who was running to help some poor boy who was flung well-nigh lifeless upon the road, and her neighbors said, 'Why do you run thus? he is not your boy.' 'No,' she said, 'but he is somebody's boy.' That is as it should be. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' And this principle," adds the writer, "should be kept in view pre-eminently with the young."

A young lady named White,

of Du Page, Illinois, met an untimely end recently under the following circumstances: In the absence of all the family from home, except a soldier who was sick in bed, Miss White wishing to make the coal fire burn more rapidly, took the Kerosene can, which contained about one gallon of oil, and commenced pouring it on the glowing coals. An explosion immediately took place. The fire entered the can, bursting it open at every seam and making a report that was heard at a great distance. The unfortunate girl was at once wrapped in a sheet of liquid fire. Inhaling the surrounding flame at every breath, and screaming most frightfully she ran for help. The sick soldier grasping the bed clothes, followed her to the garden and attempted to smother the devouring flames, but before they could be subdued the work of death was done. She expired after about five hours of the most intense suffering.

"Till the Wheels Rest Off."

One of the most careful railroad conductors that ever took a train over the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad, Wm. Aikerman, was inquired of by an impatient passenger, while the train was holding up at a turn-out, how long he intended to wait there. A passing train was over due, and the passengers were in a hurry to get on, as all passengers are. "I shall wait," said Aikerman, "unless the missing train arrives, or I am directed by the proper authorities to go on, until the wheels rest off." These words should be written in gold for the guidance of every conductor. They tell the whole story in a nutshell. How many lives would have been saved that have been cruelly crushed out by railroad disasters, if the rule of this model conductor had been implicitly obeyed?

Lady Wortly Montague,

the famous wit and beauty, made the most sarcastic observation that was ever published about her own sex. "It goes far," said my lady, "to reconcile me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of ever marrying one!" What if a man had said that? But see how another lady, the unhappy Countess of Landstelt, inverted the sentiment and turned the satire into the most delicate and generous of compliments. "I never beheld a beautiful woman," said Lola Montez in one of her lectures, "but I fall in love with her myself, and wish I were a man that I might marry her!"

There are 580 tenement houses

in New York, which contain by actual count, 10,935 families, or about 85 persons to each; 193 others, which contain 111 persons each; 71 others, which contain 140 each, and finally, 29--these must be most profitable--which have a total population of no less than 5,449 souls, or 187 to each house.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, July 18, '64.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:--

Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, AND THE ABANDONMENT OF SLAVERY, AND WHICH COMES BY AND WITH AN AUTHORITY THAT CAN CONTROL THE ARMIES NOW AT WAR AGAINST THE UNITED STATES, WILL BE RECEIVED AND CONSIDERED BY THE EXECUTIVE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, and will be met by liberal terms on substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Soldier in Luck--A Romantic Story

--A Private Falls Free to a Fortune.

The Detroit Free Press tells the following story:--
"At the first battle of Ball Run there was a soldier by the name of Wilson, who, like many others on that memorable occasion, straggled away from his command. After walking or rather running for several hours he became very much fatigued, and after taking good precaution that there were no rebels either within sound or sight, he lay down to sleep by the side of a fence and slept sweetly and soundly during the night. Late in the morning, when the sun was near mid-noon, he awoke to find himself in a strange land, and perhaps among the bitterest enemies of the country. But the demand of hunger soon silenced the voice of prudence and caution. Seeing a mansion on a hill in the distance, surrounded by parks and meadows, orchards and evergreens, artificial fountains and natural streams of clear running water, in fact, everything to show that it was one of the first class old Virginia plantations, the home of courtly elegance, our soldier, tired with a weary step and a fainting, fainting heart, knocked at the door of the mansion.

He was cordially received, for the old Virginia planter was faithful among the faithful. He remained long enough to recruit his wasted energies and get information as to the most direct route to Washington. But the name of the young soldier was not forgotten by the planter, nor his manly bearing and genial temperament. The soldier re-enlisted in another regiment, and at the second battle of Ball Run was severely though not dangerously wounded. He was taken to the hospital at Washington. His old Virginia friend learned of his illness. He sent to the hospital and obtained an order for permission to take him to his own home. He was removed, when through the kindness of the planter and the attention of his daughter the young man gradually recovered. A tender regard sprang up between the young lady and the young soldier, and to cut very short the turn the story in such cases made and provided usually takes, they were betrothed. The soldier returned to his northern home on furlough.

While here he learned of the sudden and severe indisposition of her who was soon to become his bride. He hastened to her side and buried her corpse. The old man before many weeks had elapsed told the young man that he intended to make him his heir, that he had no children left, and no relatives, except those who were in rebellion, and that he should now share with him his estates. He at once gave him a deed to a considerable property in Chicago. The young man a few weeks since visited that modern miracle and Babylon combined, and found that his little Chicago fortune would realize the handsome sum of \$200,000, being offered \$60,000 for a single block to which he had fallen heir. But this is not all in the strange and eventful story. The old man has but recently died, leaving all his fortune to this young soldier, which is now known to be over \$800,000.

"This wonderful tale we know will sound like fiction; but had not the facts come to us well substantiated, we should not have given them publicity."

What we Suffer from.

No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of fortune's gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us, if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them, we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as our vain and childish minds, untaught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported by prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both the states; and, having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune. [Boling-broke.]

A boy years old in Hartford,

drowned himself on Monday in order to escape the cruel treatment to which he was subjected by his father. It seems that the latter had long been harsh to this boy, as to others of his family, and that the boy told his mother that he should drown himself. He was again whipped by his father very severely on Sunday morning. On Monday when he went in bathing with the other boys, he told them also of his intention to drown himself--but they thought lightly of this threat, and did not believe, even after his refusal to come out when

they did, that he really meant to drown himself. But when they came out, he remained in--deliberately went out into deep water, and was drowned.

Family Circle.

The Scholar's Influence.

"Good morning, Miss Effie; can I speak with you a moment alone?" said a little girl to her teacher, as soon as she entered the room. She was one of those rare beings whose manners and appearance win instant love and confidence. Always happy herself, she helped largely in making others by the mere presence of her cheerful face. But this morning her teacher saw a troubled look shading the sunshine, and at once yielded the desired privacy.

"Oh! Miss Effie, what shall I do? I said what was not true yesterday. I did break the rules. Won't you please give me a bad mark? Can you forgive me? Can you trust me any more?"

"My dear child," replied her teacher; "I am sorry you have entered a falsehood, but rejoice in the moral courage which enables you to make this noble confession. But how came you to do it?"

"I ought not to have done so; but Annie was saying something funny, and you know I could not help but laugh, for she sits by my side, and then I laughed; and before I thought, I talked too. And why I should have denied it, I cannot tell; but I have been unhappy ever since, as you may know by my making up last night, two or three times, and every time that dreadful story was my first thought. Oh! it was a sad night."

The poor child's tears were falling fast, and they gathered thickly in the teacher's eyes, as she mingled commendation with reproof. Grieved while, while she rejoiced over the truly penitent child