

# The Waynesburg Messenger.

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## WAYNESBURG MESSENGER

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## Miscellaneous.

### Washington's Great Victory.

When George Washington was a boy he wanted to enter the navy. Like many other boys he went to sea. His mother gave her consent; and yet it was plain she was not willing to have him go. A midshipman's commission had been got for him, and the vessel was about to sail. The servant was at the door with his trunk. He went in to say good-bye to his mother. He found her in tears. He saw the look of distress that was in her face; but she said not a word. That was enough for him. He went out and said to his servant, "Carry back my trunk to my room. I will not break my mother's heart to please myself." He gave up his commission and stayed at home. When his mother heard what he had done, "George," she said, "God has promised to bless those who honor their parents, and He will bless you." How true her words were! God did bless George Washington, and made him a blessing to his country and the world. Washington gained many victories afterwards, but this was perhaps the most important victory he ever gained. He conquered the British at Trenton, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown; but when he gave up his own will to please his mother, he conquered himself. The Bible tells us, "He who reth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

### A Singular Marriage in Old Times.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in a recent letter from Greenfield, Connecticut, relates the following interesting incident of his early history: "Rev. Stephen Mix made a journey to Northampton, in 1696, in search of a wife. He arrived at Rev. Solomon Stoddard's, informed him of the object of his visit, and that the pressure of his home duties required the utmost dispatch. Mr. Stoddard took him into the room where his daughters were, and introduced him to Mary, Esther, Christiana, Sarah, Rebekah, Hannah, and then retired. Mr. Mix addressing Mary, the eldest daughter, said he had lately been settled at Weatherford, and was desirous of obtaining a wife, and concluded by offering her his heart and hand. She blushing replied that so important a proposition required time for consideration. He rejoiced that he was pleased that she asked for suitable time for reflection, and that, in order to afford her the needed opportunity, he thought of his proposal, he would step into the next room and smoke a pipe with her father, and she could report to him. Having smoked a pipe and sent a message to Miss Mary that he was ready for her answer, she came in and asked for further time for consideration. He replied that she could reflect still longer on the subject, and sent her answer by letter to Weatherford. In a few weeks he received her reply, which he probably thought the most favorable ever received. Here is the much-quoted letter which was soon followed by a wedding!"

NORTHAMPTON, 1696.

Rev. Stephen Mix: Yes.

MARY STODDARD.

The matrimonial mixture took place on the 1st of December, 1696, and proved to be compounded of most congenial elements.

### Poisons in Daily Use.

Ignorance often conceals a deadly weapon in our choicest articles of food, but selfishness often conceals a greater. It manufactures and compounds poisons for others in many temptingly disguised forms. Candies, toys and cakes are ornamented or colored with various poisons. (Arsenicite of copper, and carbonate of copper are used in powder to ornament cake green, or color candies.) The blending in various ways in candies and on cakes, makes them attractive to the eye, but destructive to the health of those who use them. Cakes ornamented with colored sand, candies colored in such nice style, toys so attractive to children, cause decayed teeth, canker, intestinal inflammation, nauseating headache, colic, spasms and often convulsions. Confectionery may be prepared without coloring material, so as to be wholesome; gay colors are made of poisonous material, that ought never to be introduced into food or drinks. Wall paper, ornamented with beautiful green, pretty yellow, and lively red, often diffuses, through sitting and sleeping rooms, an atmosphere impregnated with a poisonous vapor that causes headache, nausea, dryness of the mouth and throat, cough, nervousness of spirits, prostration of strength, nervous affections, boils, watery swellings of the face, cutaneous affections, and inflammation of the eyes. These occur in more serious forms in apartments that are not constantly and thoroughly ventilated.

### Birds.

The number of creatures in one species exceeds human calculation. Wilson, in his "Ornithology," mentions a flock of passenger-pigeons that passed over Kentucky, more than a mile in breadth, and two hundred and fifty in length, containing at least two thousand million of birds. The fearful locust is sometimes so numerous in the East that they darken the atmosphere, while the sound of their wings is like the murmur of the distant ocean. Considering the vast number of species and the immense number in each, what a bountiful hand it is that supplies all their wants and provides them with a place to rest, while all move on in their own sphere without intruding on the rights of each other! a most beautiful system of perfect harmoniousness which would never be destroyed, if man, poor, fallen and disobedient, did not break in upon it.

## The Deserted Mansion of General Lee.

B. F. Taylor, in his last letter to the Chicago Journal, describes with his usual warmth of diction and poetry of idea the deserted mansion of the rebel Gen. Lee. After having wondered among the beauties, natural and architectural, in and surrounding Washington, he bends his steps to Arlington, and this is what he sees: "And now, fairly en route for Arlington, we have upon the right the swelling wooded hills, the site of the hundred liars there: it is the National Cemetery; it is the summer fallow of the old estate. Upon the left lie the Government farms, the golden fields just shorn of their glory; you catch glimpses of white tents among the foliage; you hear the stroke of the scorer's axe; you see groups of men at dinner here and there, as you slowly wind up the hill; birds flash across the road as you climb; ravines deep and shadowy invite you out from the steady stare of noon. A thousand shades of green, from the tint as delicate as the poet's thought to the dark, rich hue of the tropics, delight you everywhere. No monotony anywhere; the seeds seem to have been flung at the wind's sweet will; if art at all, it is its highest type; it is art concealed, and so akin to Nature. Here in the elder days—I said the elder not the better—the red deer troved across this splendid park, and spotted fawns lay hidden in the cedars. There where the paths make mystery and lose themselves like children in a holiday, the stately dames once walked, and the fair young Southern flowers brushed by the ranks of other flowers not thought more fair than they. Here stood, here talked the men disgraced to-day in butter and grey beyond bright honor's recognition. The mansion is reached at last, and you stand in the lofty portico, with its eight massive columns of marble. There is nothing light and elegant about it, but all its grand, almost severe. The walls are finished in stucco, and patches of it have fallen off here and there; the panels, empty filled with figures in relief, are empty and defaced; an hundred swallows nest head the cornice, as with a young neck, and the flutter of wings 'fill the silence like a speech.' The wooden shutters are fast closed. The broad doors, that once stood wide, lending to the front a hospital, almost a human smile, are sealed like the lips of the dead. I feel as I did when standing before the buried door of a tomb on Georgetown Heights, bearing a name forever fallen out of common speech. Did ever lovelier landscape greet the eye from portico before? The rolls of green washing up into richest foliage, lapse away to the Potomac with its silver flow. At your left, the old garden, that like deserted Eden lacks many hands to 'top the wanton growth,' yet makes a gorgeous show of flowers. Your eye catches the telegraph wire spun along from tree to tree, and through a crevice in the window, a paralyzed nerve of the old headquarters established here. What tidings from the field have flashed along this wire; what syllable of triumph and defeat? Before you lies Washington; and exactly in your front lifts the monument, a mighty mile stone 'to count the ages by.' Straight out beyond, the dome of the Capitol, a splendid bubble, as if an angel's breath had blown it. I push open the reluctant door and enter the deserted hall; the floor is covered with dust; the frescoes on the walls are dim with cobwebs; the arches are stained and battered. A rusty chain dangles from the ceiling, suspending a fragment of a lamp, its light put out forever. The antlered heads of old Virginia deer, trophies of some forgotten field-day, to the merry music of the hounds and the dashing leaps of the blooded hunters, yet cling to the walls like sculptures. Paintings are here, too, that have gone into history; stare enough now, and as literal as a Scotchman, but yet time has done for them what it does for books and friends and wine. I open a door and am in the dining room; there stands the table yet, the cloth removed for its old host forever; the table with its lion's claws, leaving footprints in the dust as you move it, as if the mansion were indeed a haunt for the beasts of the wilderness. Here Lafayette sat a guest; here sparkled red and white wine; here rose the song, died out so long ago in sighing; here woman's smiles shone around the board now faded out and lying. A sacred sidewalk of some ancient fashion against the wall; not so did it look in the old days, flashing in the glory of cut glass, ruby and amber. Do you mark, the doors are double opening here, and the narrow space between the walls? Wine is a truth-teller, they say, and so syllable over the third bottle could stray beyond this room to ears in-jury. I catch myself in this dim and shuttered place of banquets—alas, 'funereal baked meats' as they all seem now—trying to think how they looked who thronged it; who sat here and there and yonder, but the pictures is faded, and my hand cannot restore it. I go from room to room. Here hangs one of Arrowsmith's nunken-colored maps of North America, with no northwest in it at all, but only a symbolical bear, and 'Ho, the poor Indian!' There is a leaf of Virginia story, a picture of Pocahun-

tas. Here a stray loiterer of a velvet chair; old bureaus full of emptiness; a chest of drawers with a 'till' in the top. I had not seen one for twenty years, and lifted the lid, almost expecting to see my old-fashioned mother's gold beads, and the pencil sketch of 'the little boy that died,' for those old mothers, you know, kept their bits of treasures in the 'till.' Gilded picture frames and nothing in them; a high-post bedstead, big enough for a mill; a broken mirror with a spider webbing at the fracture; fragments of marble mantels strewn about the floor; the guest chambers carpetless as the cave of Macpelah; the football sounds as sharp as the stroke of a hammer. And so I go from room to room and think of Hogarth's picture of the end of all things, and that it wants only this to complete it. This has been Federal headquarters, I told you, and traces of the truth remain: oblong boxes marked 'Habana,' bottles suspiciously labelled 'Sillery,' and 'Old Tom,' riding gloves, tarnished spurs, 'passes' out of date, rosters of regiments in the front or in heaven, such signs on parlor doors and chamber doors as 'Quartermaster,' 'Adjutant,' 'No admittance.' A strange jumble it all is of yesterday and to-day. Retracing my steps, I go out from the heavy, darkened air of the silent house, into the glad sunlight where the trees are waving and the birds are singing, as if this were not Dead Man's Land. Not far from the mansion is the God's acre of the family; surrounded by a wall, the gray tables bearing such old historic names as Randolph, Washington, and others that sometimes had weavers to illustrate and adorn them. Returning to the portico, where the birds so bravely are bringing home the dinner, I find a soldier curled up beside the door, and lazily carving a laurel root pipe. "How do you think old Lee will like the improvements?" said he; "a freedman's village on one side, a national cemetery on the other, and his house given up to the birds, if not to the bats?"

The Maine Law in Maine. For the last fifteen years the liquor traffic has been outlawed in the Pine Tree State. And the people of that State are so fully satisfied with this kind of legislation, that the last legislature amended the law, so as to include lager beer, ale, etc. That this law is not a failure is evident from the following which we cut from a Maine paper. Of the thriving city of Lewistown it says: "The municipal authorities have the enforcement of the law under their complete control. It is a matter of extreme difficulty, except for those who are particularly well-posted, to obtain a drop of liquor for drinking purposes. The sale of ale or beer is exceedingly limited, if not entirely abolished. The worthy marshal recently made a seizure of eight hundred dollars worth of R. G. at the Lewistown House, and we have reason to believe, that the proprietor of that institution has concluded not to invest extensively in that article under the present administration. Of the city of Bath the same authority says: "We are credibly informed that there was not a single beer-pump in operation throughout the city. Of the large and flourishing town of Waterville, the seat of a Baptist college, it is said: "There is not a rum shop in this village or vicinity. They are either closed up, or the sale of the infernal stuff completely stopped. There are two public houses in the place. The 'Continental,' a temperance house from choice; and the 'Williams House,' temperance from necessity." A good place, we think, to send boys to college. From Skowhegan, a large village, it is said the law strictly enforced. When the sale of liquor was in full blast, the Sons of Temperance determined to take the matter into their own hands. They called a meeting and after various methods were suggested to break up the rum shops, they each and severally agreed to hold themselves in readiness at any time, to sign warrants issued against the rum-sellers. The scheme was completely successful, and in a very short time, every rum shop in town was effectually closed. What a blessing to have this terrible traffic closed up. Why not have it done every where?"

### Healthful Effects of the Tomato.

The tomato is one of the most healthful, as well as one of the most universally liked, of all the vegetables. Its healthful qualities do not depend on its mode of preparation for the table; it may be eaten thrice a day, cold or hot, cooked or raw, with or without salt or pepper or vinegar, and all together, to a like advantage, and in the utmost that can be taken with an appetite. Its healthful quality arises from its slight acidity, in this making it as valuable, perhaps, as berries, cherries, currants and similar articles. It is also highly nutritious. The tomato season ends with the frost. If the vines are pulled up before the frost comes, and hung up in a well ventilated cellar, with the tomatoes hanging to them, the 'love-apple' will continue ripening until Christmas. The cellar should not be too dry nor too warm. The knowledge of this may be improved to great practical advantage for the benefit of many who are invalids, and who are fond of the tomato.

### True History of the Guillotine

Appended to an account of the execution of the French prisoner, La Pomerai, the Paris correspondent of the London Times gives the following history of the guillotine, claiming to correct former versions: Of the origin and history of this famous instrument of punishment, an erroneous idea generally prevails. The popular version is that it was invented in 1785 by Joseph Ignatius Guillotin, an eminent physician and deputy for Paris in the Constituent Assembly. This is not correct. An instrument, differing from the guillotine only in its heavy and cumbersome construction, already existed in Italy. It was known in Genoa by the name of mannaia and it was by the mannaia that Beatrice Cenci was beheaded at Rome in 1605. The "mannaia," an instrument unlike the guillotine, was long known in Scotland, and it was employed on the Regent Morton, who is said to have introduced it. It was used also in Halifax, Yorkshire, in the region of Queen Elizabeth. The Duke of Montmorency was beheaded at Toloune in 1632 with the mannaia. All that Dr. Guillotin, who was a man well known for his humanity, had to do with the matter, was preparing the draft of a law in the Constituent Assembly, in 1789, to the effect that the mode of inflicting death on criminals should be the same for all alike, without any distinction of nobles or plebeians; in fact that it should be uniform. Before the revolution of 1789 the inequality that existed during life was maintained in death; the noble was beheaded, the villain hung from the gallows. But the inequality was a trifling grievance in comparison with the cruelty which accompanied the execution. There was the stake and the guillotine for those convicted of sacrilege or heresy; the tearing of limb from limb by horses for regicide; the breaking on the wheel, with the additional refinements of barbarity for crimes of other descriptions. The bill proposed by Guillotin was voted, and the Assembly enacted on the 21st of January, 1790, that "in all cases where the law pronounced the penalty of death the punishment should be the same, whatever might be the nature of the crime;" and, moreover, "that the criminal should be beheaded by means of a simple machine." The same Assembly also introduced in the Penal Code (October, 1791) this clause: "The penalty of death shall consist in the simple taken away of life, without the accompaniment of any sort whatever of torture and the convict so condemned shall be beheaded." The clause stands the same at the present day. Decapitation being thus declared the legal mode of inflicting death, the next step was to invent the simplest mechanism and the least painful for the purpose. The Committee of Legislation directed Dr. Louis, who was then perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Surgery, to draw up a report on the best mode of decapitation to be applied to criminals. The report was presented to the committee on the 7th of March, 1792, and on the 20th of the same month the Assembly passed a law, which was sanctioned on the 25th day by the king, declaring that the penalty of death should be carried out in the manner recommended in the report of the perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Surgery. In this paper Dr. Louis did no more than suggest the plan on which the instrument should be constructed; but he was enjoined to get one constructed according to his plan. A German named Schmitt, maker of harpsichords, was employed for the purpose, and on the 19th of April, 1792, Dr. Louis informed Roland, then Minister of the Interior, that "experiments had been made with Schmitt's instrument at the Bicetre on three dead bodies, and that the heads were cut off with such precision that he was astonished at the strength and celerity of its action." It was at once introduced, and the "experiments" made with it soon after the date of the latter, and for a long time afterward, were not of the harmless nature of those at the Bicetre. In the memories of Sanson, the famous headsman, recently published, a full account is given of the instrument. The first execution for which it was used was that of a highway robber, which took place on the 27th of May, and the first political execution was that of Colletot Anglemont, on the 21st of Aug. following. The machine was at first popularly known by the name of Louison, or Louissette, from the inventor's name. By some unaccountable change of public opinion, or caprice, it soon got the name of guillotine, which it keeps to this day, and will probably do so as long as it is in use, though Dr. Guillotin had nothing whatever to do with its invention or construction, and had merely proposed the measure of uniformity in the mode of execution. There is another error also very generally spread, that Guillotin himself died on the scaffold during the revolution by the instrument of which the invention was falsely attributed to him. Dr. Guillotin long survived the revolution, and died quietly in his bed in 1814.

### Hints for the People.

Credit never permits a man to know the real value of money, nor to have full control over his affairs. It presents all his expenses in the aggregate, and not in detail. Every one has more or less of the miser's love of money—of the actual gold pieces and the crisp bank notes. Now, if you have these things in your pocket you see them as you make your purchases, visibly diminishing under your eye. The lessening heap cries to you to stop. You would like to buy this, that and the other; but you know exactly how much money you have left, and you will soon be empty. You do not see this when you take credit. You give your orders freely, without thought or calculation; and when the day of payment comes, you find that you have over-run the constant. On every hand we see people living on credit, putting off pay day to the last, making in the end some desperate effort, either by begging or borrowing to scrape the money together, and then struggling on again with the canker of care eating at their heart, to the inevitable goal of bankruptcy. If people would only make a push at the beginning, instead of the end, they would save themselves all this misery. The great secret of being solvent and well-to-do, and comfortable, is to get ahead of your expenses. Eat and drink this month what you earned last month; not what you are going to earn next. There are, no doubt, many persons so unfortunately situated that they can never accomplish this. No man can guard against ill-health; no man can insure himself a well-conducted, helpful family, or a permanent income. There will always be people who cannot help their misfortunes. But, as a rule, these misfortunes they bring upon themselves by deliberate recklessness and extravagance. You may help a poor, honest, struggling man to some purpose. But the utmost you can do for an unthrifty is thrown away. You give him money you have earned by hard labor, he spends it in pleasure which you have never permitted yourself to enjoy.

### The Moon and the Weather.

Dr. Todd says: Mr. Merriam, lately deceased, probably watched the weather and made more close observations with instruments, for over thirty years, than any man living, declares in all his experience he has never been able to perceive that the moon has the least influence upon the weather. And yet, to what multitudes is this rank heresy! How they run to the almanacs to see when the moon is "new," when it "quarters," when it is "full," and predict changes in the weather at these points. The fact is, the moon is new, or quarters, or is full, once a week the year round; and in our variable climate, the weather changes often—but once a week—when it does not remain unaltered for weeks; and so, if a change in the weather takes place anywhere near the change in the moon, she is the author of the change. I have known educated men to cling to this notion instilled into their childhood. I have known men who are careful not to plant—especially beans—in the old moon. And I put it to my reader, who, as I have no doubt is wise and well educated, and free from all superstition, had you not a "beetle" rather see the new moon over the right shoulder than over the left? Don't you always think of it when you see the new moon? Can you tell why? It is one of those old roots which time and Christianity have not yet removed. So many had rather see a crow fly over the right shoulder than the left—a remnant of the old Roman notion of omens. The number and variety of superstitions which still linger and burrow in the world, like the remnant of the old Canaanites whom Israel "could not drive out," is far larger than most suppose. My wonder is, not that there are so many roots of the old tree remaining, but that Christianity has done so much toward removing them.

### Sensible.

The Committee of the Working Men's Association of New York, from whose Address we extracted, some days since, the arraignment of Abraham Lincoln for sundry high crimes and misdemeanors therein set forth, expressed, in that Address, various topics proposed to affect and interest the large class they represent. One of these, upon the working men of the North, of the emancipation of the slaves, they think could not be so detrimental to the interests of a free man. They say: "We do not want the free men of the North, as they are, but we want them to support, or as low as possible, a crowd of white men on the streets, who will want the negroes to raise cotton, sugar, and other tropical products, and articles are now becoming so scarce that they are within the reach only of the rich. If the negro is everywhere fed, the laboring man of the North is reduced to the vassalage of the middle ages. We become the serfs of Northern capitalists." "Have a weed, gran'pa?" said Tom. "Gran'pa—'A what, sir?" "Master Tom—Why, a weed—a cigar." "Gran'pa—Certainly not, I never smoked in my life, sir." "Master Tom—'Ah! then I would advise you to begin.'" President Madison during the war of 1812 in one of his annual messages called Peterburg the "cockade of the Union" because of the patriotic spirit of her citizens.

### Damascus.

Is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shores; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—"predestinal capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light from heaven above the brightness of the sun;" the street which is called Straight, in which it was said "he prayeth," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still occupy "these with the multitudes of their wares." The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter, because it was given to men to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have his in this world, is this day, what Julian called "the Eye of the East," in the time of Isaiah "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the damson, our blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal; Damascus damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII; the Damascus blade, so famous in the world for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia; and that beautiful art of wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united called Damascening, with which boxes and bureaus, swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams from Lebanon, the "rivers of Damascus," the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of Syrian gardens.

### Magnitude of the Earth.

According to a recent authority, the circumference of the globe is twenty-five thousand and twenty miles. It is not so easy to comprehend so stupendous a circle as to put down its extent in figures. It becomes more palpable, perhaps, by comparison, such as this: A railway train traveling incessantly night and day, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, would require six weeks to go round it. The cubical bulk of the earth is two hundred and sixty thousand miles. Mr. Lardner says, if the materials which form the globe were built up in a column, having a pedestal of the magnitude of England and Wales, the height of the column would be nearly four and a half millions of miles. A tunnel through the earth, from England to New Zealand, would be nearly eight thousand miles long.

### Discontent.

Herodotus tells us of a people in Africa, who live in the neighborhood of Mount Atlas whose daily custom was to curse the sun when he rises high in the heavens, because his excessive heat scorched and tormented them. We have always thought this a fine illustration of discontent which overlooks blessings and dwells upon evils. Did they forget that to the sun they cursed they were indebted for light, food, for ten thousand blessings, without which they could not live? Did they think his absence but for a short time would have made them pray for his return as their benefactor, as heartily even as they cursed him for their tormentor.

Why the Dying never Weep.—The reason the dying never weep is because the manufacturers of life have stopped forever; every gland of the system has ceased its functions. In almost all diseases, the liver is the first manufactory that stops work; one by one others follow, and all the functions of life are at length dried up; there is no secretion anywhere. No the eye in death weeps not; that all affection is dead in the heart; because there is not a tear-droplet, any more than there is moisture on the lips.

Rebels claim to be a gladdened North, of the emancipation of the slaves, they think could not be so detrimental to the interests of a free man. They say: "We do not want the free men of the North, as they are, but we want them to support, or as low as possible, a crowd of white men on the streets, who will want the negroes to raise cotton, sugar, and other tropical products, and articles are now becoming so scarce that they are within the reach only of the rich. If the negro is everywhere fed, the laboring man of the North is reduced to the vassalage of the middle ages. We become the serfs of Northern capitalists."

Few parents like to be told of the fault of a child; the reason is obvious. All faults are either hereditary or educational; and in either case to point a finger at a child, is indirectly, to reprove the parent. President Madison during the war of 1812 in one of his annual messages called Peterburg the "cockade of the Union" because of the patriotic spirit of her citizens.