The Waynesburg Messenger.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
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

R. A. M'CONNELL. J. J. RUFFMAN.

M'CONNELL & RUFFMAN,

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Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention.

Waynesburg, April 23, 1-62—1y.

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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, PENN'A.

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 promptly and accurately if entrusted to his care

Office, No. 2, Campbells 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. 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, Int. 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.

FARMERS' & DROVERS' BANK,

Waynesburg, Pa.

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

DISCOUNT DAY,
WEDNESDAY

Sept. 11, 1861—1y.

Rices' 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 up at the route two new and commodious Hacks for the accommodation of the traveling community. One will leave the Adam's House, Waynesburg, every morning, Sundays excepted, at 7½ o'clock, and will arrive at Rices' Landing in time for the Boat to Pittsburgh, the other will leave Rices' Landing at the same time and arrive in Waynesburg at noon. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of passengers.

TIMOTHY DOUGHER, Proprietor.

ugust 7th, 1861. no. 9.

WAYNESBURG STEAM MILL.

WM. ROGERS respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has leased the NEW STEAM Mill, at Waynesburg, Pa., where he will always be found ready to accommodate all who may call on the shortest notice. Grinding done on the same terms as by water mills. FLOUR and FEED kept constantly on hand. Orders for either can be left at the Miller's residence.

Jan. 27, 1862

THE CRY IS MAC, MY DARLING.

AIR:—*Oh, my Nora Creina, dear.*"

Mac, my darling, proud I am
To hear that you've been nominated;
Last we met at Antietam,
Where you the rebel might abated.
In the seven day's fight I stood
Beside you on the hills and meadows,
And while our brave boys poured their blood
We knew your heart was throbbing with us!
O my captain, dear and true,
The coward tongues that would ignore you
Are base as false—thank heaven they're few!
Your soldiers trust you and adore you.

Abe may crack his jolly jokes,
O'er bloody fields of stricken battle,
While yet the ebbing life tide smokes
From men that die like butchered cattle.
He, ere yet the guns grow cold,
To pimps and pets may crack his stories;
Your name is of the grander mold.
And linked with all our brightest glories!
O my General, dear and true,
The lying tongues that would defame you
Are base as false—thank heaven they're few!
For as our chosen chief we claim you.

They say—these dogs of currish heart,
Who never heard a bullet whistle—
You'd let the Union drift apart
Like down-flakes from a shaken thistle;
They say, O captain—but the words
Stick in our throats—we can't adjust 'em—
But litt to heaven our dented swords
And answer only this, "We trust him!"
Yes, oh friends of rights and laws,
Despite the sneers of tool or craven,
Where hearts beat highest for the cause,
You have your home, your shrine and haven!

With patient toil and pitying breast
You sought your soldiers' blood to treasure;
Nor ever tried the cruel test
How much we could endure to measure:
They feared you, for they saw our love;
To win success they would not let you—
But while the white stars shine above.
The boys you led will ne'er forget you!
Yes, oh captain! loved and true—
Desert you—we would perish rather;
Thank heaven the hearts are not a few
That call you brother, friend, and father!

Political.

☞ Said Henry Clay: With Abolitionists the rights of property were nothing, the deficiency of the powers of the General Government is nothing, the acknowledged and incontestible rights of the States are nothing, a dissolution of the Union, and the overthrow of a government in which are concentrated the hopes of the civilized world are nothing. A single idea has taken possession of their minds, and onward they pursue it, over-looking all barriers, reckless and regardless of all consequences."

They were prophetic words. Had Mr. Clay lived to see the realization of all that he foresaw and foretold of the Abolitionists, had he lived to see their mad dreams become the settled policy of a President and his Cabinet—to see the Constitution made to bend and break whenever it stands in the way of their fanatical schemes, it is not hard to tell to what side his great soul would have swayed, or for what cause his matchless tongue would have pleaded in this hour of public shame. He would have made the North ring with such speeches for McClellan as he could only make. As it is, the words he left behind him, when he died, plead trumpet-tongued for the overthrow of Abolitionism, and the triumph of the only party of the constitution.

The End of the War.

We are asked fifty times a day, more or less, when we think this war will end. As we have no right to think, in the absence of data to think upon, we are sometimes at loss for an answer.—However for the information of those who are practically inquisitive and anxious upon the subject we will relate a dream that a friend of ours had upon the duration of the war, which may throw some light upon the subject.—He dreamed that he awoke from a sleep of fifty years, and found himself on the south bank of the Rapidan. He saw a little distance from where he awoke a Corporal with seventeen men and a wheel-barrow. He approached, and asked what the little gathering meant. "This," replied the Corporal, "is the Army of Northern Virginia,"—"Where are the Yankees?" inquired our friend. "They are on the other side of the river," replied the Corporal. "They have the advantage of us in numbers and transportation, as they have twenty-one men and two wheel barrows; but we expect to get the advantage in position, will whip them, and then the war will end."

As this is the best information we have about the probable duration of the war, we give it free gratis for nothing at all.—*Southern Paper.*

Political Nomenclature.

Will you be kind enough to give your readers a true definition of the following terms: Democrat, Butternut, Copperhead, Rebel and Traitor.

The Gazette and Commercial would give us the impression that they are synonomous terms—all meaning one and the same thing.

I heard a conversation yesterday in which the following questions and answers were presented:

Ques.—What is a Copperhead?

Ans.—A White man who thinks himself better than a nigger.

Ques.—What constitutes a Union man?

Ans.—A white man who thinks himself equal to a nigger.

Ques.—What constitutes an Unconditional Union man?

Ans.—A white man who thinks a nigger better than himself.

The answers were understood to be from a Lincoln standpoint in this Lincoln State of West Virginia.

McClellan in the Army.

A sick soldier in the hospital at City Point, Va., who was formerly Secretary of a Bell and Everett club, in a letter to the N. Y. Express, says:

"The sentiment in the army is great for little Mac. Not ten soldiers in a hundred go for Lincoln, and if they do they hail of course from Massachusetts and other New England States: but even these are in a great number for Little Mac. I fought under him at Antietam, and I love him. You need not ask any soldier but what he'll say, 'I go for Little Mac—you bet.' I see signs every day that Lincoln is politically dead, if our people will do the thing up right. The soldiers will do their part. A vote to-day was taken in a crowd of wounded soldiers, and it stood as follows:

McClellan,	78
Lincoln,	21
Grant,	5

These are straws.

☞ The Tribune has been driven quite out of its five wits by the admission of the official organ of the Jefferson Davis government that, "whether for peace or for war," the rebels prefer Lincoln to McClellan. The preference is so obviously rational from the rebel point of view—it is so day-light clear that, as the Richmond Enquirer says, "McClellan is by far the more dangerous man for the south;" it is so incontrovertibly certain that "had McClellan's policy been persistently followed, "and the war conducted on the principles of civilized warfare, he might have divided our (the Southern) people and, perhaps, conquered our (the "southern) liberties," that the Tribune fairly writhes under the transfixing truth, and can find no hope save in what the scripture calls the "refuges of lies." It absolutely flings itself upon the idiotic invention that the Richmond Enquirer's article was written at the North and sent to Richmond for publication! Idiotic as the invention is, it is not even original. It is a simple imitation of Mr. Seward's brilliant assertion that the Chicago platform was concocted in Richmond and endorsed by the London Times!

Truly are the mighty fallen, when the Tribune sits for droppings of falsehood at the feet of William H. Seward!

☞ The country has not yet begun to feel the pressure of the vast debt which has accumulated during the four years of war. Only after the confusion and excitements of war have subsided in the public mind, and the people come to examine into the damages sustained, will it become apparent how irrevocably the nation has been swamped in debt and how burdensome will have to be the taxes to keep the Government from sinking beyond recovery. The nation cannot endure a much longer period of war like this, wherein every energy and resources is directed to destructive purposes, and live. One, two, or three more years of desolating war, must prove fatal if managed as in the past. It is of the greatest importance, therefore, that the highest military talent and the most enlightened statesmanship should be placed at once at the head of the Government. In Gen. McClellan the people will find both these requisites: and whether to make peace or prosecute the war to a speedy conclusion, he is the man to choose.

☞ Hon. Lewis Cass addressed the following letter to the First Ward McClellan Club of Detroit:

DETROIT, Sept 28, '64.

Dear Sir:—The state of my health has confined me to the house for some months, and prevents me from accepting your invitation to attend the meeting this evening at the McClellan Club of the Firt Ward. But I avail myself of the opportunity to say that I approve the nomination of Gen. McClellan, and shall vote for him at the next Presidential election if able to attend at the polls.

Wishing that success may reward your exertions, I am, dear sir, respectfully yours. LEWIS CASS.

W. S. Biddle, Esq.

We presume that after this, the Abolition journals will not claim him as a convert to Lincolnism.

Miscellaneous.

Adventure with a Boa Constrictor.

[*From Capt. Speke's Book on the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile.*]

At the earliest possible moment after our camp had been pitched, a hunt was set afoot, and Captain Grant, myself and some attendants, were soon making our way to "the path." There were no animals there when we arrived, except a few hippopotami, and we were, therefore, obliged to wait the coming of some more palatable game. Our patience, however, was severely taxed: and after a long delay, we were about to "bag" a hippopotamus, when one of our attendants, perched in a tree about half a mile distant, began waving his blanket.—This was a signal that game was approaching. We immediately drew into cover, and awaited the coming up of the latter.

We were not delayed long, for presently a long column of animals, from the elephant to the hoo-doo, appeared in view, trotting at a good pace in the river. Their flanks were soon presented to us, and each selecten his object, fired. McColl shot a fine young Buffalo cow, whist Captain Grant was equally successful with a hoo-doo, and several spears, cast by our attendants, stopped the career of one or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, hoewver, occurred an unexpected adventure, that finished our sport, at least for that day. I had sprung forward, immediately after firing, in order to obtain a fair shto at a huge elephant that I wanted to bring down on account of his immense tusks. I got the desired aim, and pulled the trigger of my second barrel. At the moment of my doing so a wild cry of alarm, attere I by one of the blacks, called my attention. Glancing round, my eye chanced to range up into the foliage of the tree beneath which Captain Grant and myself had lain for several hours previous My feelings may possibly be imagined, as I beheld an enormous boa constrictor, Whose hideous hea i and neck, projected some distance into view, showed that he was about to make a final spring. His direction was certainly toward me and as he flashed from his position like a thunder bolt, I gave myself up for lostere aid could reach me, fold after fold of the monster, would have crushed my strong frame into a quivering pulp. I felt, seemingly caught in a whirlwind of dust, and a strange indescribable scuffle ensued In the midst of this terrible strife, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of a second victim, and even after the time that has elapsed since then, I still recollect with what vividness the thought shot across my mind, that this second victim was Captain Grant, my noble companion. At last after being thus whirled about for several seconds, each second seeming to be interminable, there ensued a lull, a stillness as of death, and I opened my eyes, expecting to look upon those unexplored landscapes which are seen only in the country bey ond the tomb. Instead of that, I saw Captain Grant levelling his rifle toward me, while, standing beside and behind him, were the the blacks, in every conceivable attitude of the most intense suspense.

In a moment I comprehended all.—The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune had attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left forearm only had been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb laid just in front of the shoulder at the root of the neck, and thus had a soft bed of flesh into which it was jammed, as it were by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that was like iron in hardness As I saw Grant about to shoot, a terror took possession of me, for if he refrained I might possibly escape, after the boa released his folds from the dead cow. But should he fire and strike the reptile it would, in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces. Even as the idea came to me I beheld Grant pause. He appeared to fully comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living, and that my delivery depended on the will of the constrictor. We could see every line on each other's face, so close were we, and I would have shouted or spoken, or even whispered at him, had I dared. But the boa's head was reared within a few inches of mine, and the wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared, stared like a dead man at Grant and at the blacks.

Presently the serpent began gradually to relax its folds, and after re-tightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then paused. The next iron-like band was the one which held me prisoner, and as I felt it little by little, little by little and gasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps, upon being freed, the benumbed arm, uncontrolled by my will, might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay. And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest, and then fare well to the sorrods of the life. O, how hardly, how desperately I struggled to command myself. I glanced at Grant and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes and saw them still gazing, as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head and saw its bright deadly eyes, watching for the last sign of life in its prey. Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold on my arm and its mottled skin I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk. Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself! The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one was easing. Should I dash away now, or wait a more favorable movement? I decided upon the former, and with lightening speed I bounded away toward Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the same instant. For the first time in my life, I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down, I remained in a semi-couscious state for several minutes.

When I fully recovered, Grant and the over-joyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, who was still writhing in his death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous, dying strength. For yards around where he lay, grass and bushes and saplings, in fact everything except the more fully growing trees, were cut clean off, as though they had been trimmed with an immense scythe. This monster when measured, was fifty-one feet two inches and a half in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of its body, the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of.

Sorrows of Great Men.

Greatness confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life Its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the Israelitish monarch experienced. He sought in piety that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disquietudes of state by the exercisses of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use: delivered out as services for Israelites under the law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the gospel, they present religion to us in the most engaging dress, communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal, while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination." Indited under the influence of Him to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands and lose their fragrance; but those unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odors are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellences will desire to taste them yet again and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them best.—*Bishop Horne.*

Moral Courage

Young man, would you become morally strong? Would you grow up perfectly competent to resist every foe to your happiness, every enemy which may dispute your progress in the way of noble manhood? Would you fit yourself for usefulness in this world and for happiness in the next? Then listen to the feeblest voice of conscience, calling you to duty and to right. There is no more certain method of cultivating and promoting moral strength than by heeding continually that light which "lighteth every man which cometh into the world." When some specious temptation is presented before you, when there is thrown over it the witching gauze of fashion and show, do you not hear that gentle and precious voice bidding you look away and shun the specious temptation? That voice is soft as the whispers of angels, and as kind as the melting tenderness of a mother's pure love. You cannot disregard it but at your imminent peril. Every time you listen with attention, your ear becomes keener to hear and your strength more competent to resist temptation. It will soon become easy to do right. The charm of temptation would lose its power over you.—*Morning Star.*

A Good Anecdote.

The late Archbishop of Dublin, dining one day in a large company, a dandy dragoon officer said in a loud voice across the table, "My lord, can you tell me the difference between an Archbishop and an ass?" The Archbishop replied politely in the negative. "Aw I'm said the swell, "well, you see, the one carries a cross on his breast, and the other on his back! Have I now it?" "Very good", said the Archbishop quietly; "now can you tell me if you know the difference between a dragoon and a donkey?" "Difference between a dragoon and a donkey! Aw, 'pon my word I don't see it." "No, indeed" said Archbishop Whately gravely, "neither do I."

The Mother's Influence.

A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, stood at her garden gate; by her right hand a son of sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. "Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you never will drink." Said he, for he told me the story, "I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope—and, during forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, my mother's form by the garden gate, on the hill-side of Vermont, rose up before me: and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor." Was that not sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half: "for," said he, "yesterday, there came into my counting room a man of forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' 'No,' said I. 'I was brought once,' said he to my interman, drunk, into your presence, on ship-board: you were a passenger: the captain kicked me aside: you took me into your birth, kept me there until I slept off my intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said, Never that I knew of—I never heard a mothers voice. You told me of yours at the garden gate: and to-day, twenty years later, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me."—How far back that little candle throws its beam—the mother's word on the green hill-side of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!

What our Nation Needs.

As a nation, we need many things, but if we are to hand down to generations who will succeed us the institutions which our fathers bequeathed to us, we need and must have a controling principle of sacred love. Dr. Stearns, in a sermon before the Massachusetts Legislature, has some pertinent words upon this point. He says:

"You cannot educate a people for high civil worship without religion. Look over the earth: Christian nations tower like mountains above others, and those are highest in which Christianity has the most power. But I will dwell here only on one point. In order to a moderate religious influence in a community, there must be an immense religious power in portions of it. A cool inculcation of Christian moralities upon the masses is not enough; there must be enthusiasm somewhere. Fig trees will dry up when the sales are stayed, unless there are hot suns to feed them. So, if you would find those commanding religious natures, you must be assisted by those deep experiences in many persons which belong to the highest type of godliness. The patriot who thinks he can educate the people in schools without the churches: the Christian who thinks the churches can be powerful without an intense Christian life among some of the members,—has never learned the laws of influence. As in every human being there must be a pulsating heart in order to put vigor in the limbs, so there must be vast numbers of devoted Christian people—a strong central religious life—if you would have a general life, or expect to restrain and guide a community by a sense of religion."

An Eloquent Sentence.

At the laying of the corner-stone of a new Wesleyan church at Dolston, England, a hymn was sung which was composed for the occasion by Miss Rowley, a grand daughter of Dr. Adam Clarke. In the course of an able address, the Rev. W. M. Punshon said: He was not there to inaugurate a hall of learning, a palace, an hospital, an asylum for the mentally afflicted; but the building about to be erected would possess claims far superior to any of these institutions—having all their advantages concentrated in one. It would be a hall in which the holiest science would be inculcated; a palace in which the King of Heaven would hold his court; an hospital in which sick of all diseases and all ages would be healed by the Physician of souls; an asylum in which men would be brought to their right mind and sit at the feet of Jesus.

☞ PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.—A meeting of gentlemen representing the different evangelical denominations was held at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in Boston, on Monday afternoon, to consider the subject of taking measures for a distinct and solemn recognition of the overruling Providence of God in the present condition of our country. It was voted to hold a Union prayer meeting on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon of each week, and a committee representing the different denominations was appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

☞ Mr. Longett, of the firm of Hayward & Longett, booksellers, Cornhill, London, died on the 3d of September, in great suffering, from swallowing an iron nail with his food, a few days previously.

☞ The oldest person now living in Vermont, is Peter Nassan, colored, born on the island of St. Kitts, about 1784.

Select Poetry.

I Ask Not.

I ask not that the joys of earth
May ever this be mine,
I only ask that light divine
Within my heart may shine,
To banish night,
And guide aright,
And make me wholly Thine.

I ask not that the cup of life
Be free from sorrow's stain,
I only ask that in the strife
Some joy may follow pain;
Some ray from Thee
May follow me,
And make me smile again.

Nor do I ask that fame may lay
Her laurels at my feet;
Enough to feel around my way
Thy sunlight falling sweet,
A glory shed
Around my head,
From thy dear mercy-seat.

I ask not that my years may grow
To number many more,
Thou knowest best, and knowing so,
I journey to the shore,
With tranquil breast,
And fears at rest,
And ask for nothing more.

A. E. C.

Little Sue.

Pleasant smile and kindly words,
Gentlest eyes of blue,
Carol sweet as summer birds—
Loving, lovely Sue!

Busy fingers all the day
Willing fingers, too,
Footsteps eager to obey—
Useful little Sue!

Ready tears for others' woe,
Blessing like the dew,
Whispers falling soft and low—
Thoughtful little Sue!

Trusting heart to Jesus given,
Loving, and true,
Garland bright laid up in heaven—
Happy little Sue!

Message from the Moon.

Of all the heavenly bodies the moon is nearest to us, and the most closely observed. It is especially interesting as the boundary between astronomy and meteorology; every thing above the moon is in the celestial heavens, and consequently belongs to the [illegible] science; everything below the moon is the terrestrial sky, in the atmosphere, and therefore lies within the domain of the latter. The connection between the moon and earth is closer than is often suspected. If a line be drawn from the centre of the earth to the centre of the moon, there lies in it a point (much nearer to the moon than to us) where the moon's and earth's attraction of any material object are exactly equal. If the object be removed a little towards us, it will fall upon the earth; a little the other way, it will be drawn towards the moon. Arago has calculated the force necessary to shoot a body from the moon to reach this intermediate point of equilibrium, and finds it by no means an impossible or unattainable force. Consequently it is not improbable that many (though perhaps not all) of the meteoric stones that fall are sent hither from the moon. It would be very possible for an inhabitant of the moon, supposing such an inhabitant to exist, to keep up a daily communication with the earth by means of projectiles. For us to reply to the correspondence would be immensely more difficult.—*At the Fire Round.*

A Patriotic Boy.

When Lieutenant Governor Patterson was Speaker of the legislature of one of our States some dozen boys presented themselves for the place of messenger, as it is usual at the opening of the House. He inquired their names and into their condition in order that he might make the proper selection. He came in the course of his examination to a small boy, a bright looking lad. "Well, sir," said he, "what is your name?" "John Hancock," was the answer. "What," said the Speaker, "you are not the one that signed the Declaration of Independence are you?" "No, Sir," said the lad, straightening himself to his utmost proportions, "but I would if I had been there." "You may be one of the messengers," said the Speaker.

Live for Something!

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a principle of good in the spirit and power of their lives, to point to their own consciousness of their happiness; not a line they wrote, could a word they spoke, could be recalled, made to live? Their breath was in their nostrils, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Would you thus live and die? Live for something, be good and do good, that you may enjoy the consolations of the Christian, when storms of time can never destroy.