

# 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, NOVEMBER 30, 1864.

NEW SERIES---VOL. 6, NO. 25.

## THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER

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

AT  
Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.

OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE  
PUBLIC SQUARE.

Subscription: \$2.00 in advance; \$2.25 at the expiration of six months; \$3.50 after the expiration of the year. Advertisements inserted at \$1.50 per square for three insertions, and 50 cts. a square for each additional insertion; (ten lines of text counted a square.) A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. All communications, of all kinds, executed in the best style, and on reasonable terms, at the "Messenger" Job Office.

## Waynesburg Business Cards.

### ATTORNEYS.

**FURMAN & BITCHIE.**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
Waynesburg, Pa.  
Office: Main Street, one door east of the old Bank Building.  
Business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette Counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention.  
Particular attention will be given to the collection of Accounts, Bounty Money, Back Pay, and other claims against the Government.  
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

**MC CONNELL & HUFFMAN.**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
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Office in the "Wide World," East Door.  
Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention.  
Waynesburg, April 23, 1862-ly.

**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-ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

**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 carrying of the same. Also, a full and complete set of the "SOLDIERS' BACK PAY" law, and all the necessary forms and instructions for the carrying of the same. Also, a full and complete set of the "SOLDIERS' BOUNTY MONEY" law, and all the necessary forms and instructions for the carrying of the same. All of which business, upon due notice, will be attended to promptly and accurately if entrusted to his care.  
Office, No. 2, Campbell's Row--April 8, 1863.

**PHYSICIANS.**  
**Dr. T. W. ROSS,**  
Physician and 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-ly.

**MINOR & CO.,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

**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-ly.

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**JOHN MUNNELL,**  
Dealer in Groceries and Varieties, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street.  
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

**WATCHES AND JEWELRY**  
**S. M. BAILY,**  
Main street, opposite the Wright House keeps on hand a large and elegant assortment of Watches and Jewelry. Watches and Jewelry will be repaired and cleaned. (Dec. 15, 1861-ly)

**BOOKS &c.**  
**LEWIS DAY,**  
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Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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**SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,**  
Saddler and Trunk Maker, old Bank Building.  
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

**BANK.**  
**FARMERS' & DROVERS' BANK,**  
Waynesburg, Pa.  
A. & BLACK, Pres't; J. LAZEAR, Cashier.  
WEDNESDAY  
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

**Hices' Lading.**  
**DAILY MAIL HACK**  
RUNNING REGULARLY BETWEEN  
WAYNESBURG AND HICES' LADING.

Understanded respectfully informs the generous public, that he has placed up in the Court House, a large and complete set of the "SOLDIERS' BACK PAY" law, and all the necessary forms and instructions for the carrying of the same. Also, a full and complete set of the "SOLDIERS' BOUNTY MONEY" law, and all the necessary forms and instructions for the carrying of the same. All of which business, upon due notice, will be attended to promptly and accurately if entrusted to his care.  
THE WYOMING DOGGER, Proprietor.  
Waynesburg, Pa., Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

**WAYNESBURG STEAM MILL.**  
Understanded respectfully informs the generous public, that he has placed up in the Court House, a large and complete set of the "SOLDIERS' BACK PAY" law, and all the necessary forms and instructions for the carrying of the same. Also, a full and complete set of the "SOLDIERS' BOUNTY MONEY" law, and all the necessary forms and instructions for the carrying of the same. All of which business, upon due notice, will be attended to promptly and accurately if entrusted to his care.  
THE WYOMING DOGGER, Proprietor.  
Waynesburg, Pa., Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

## Select Poetry.

### If We Knew.

If we knew the cares and crosses  
Crowding around our neighbor's way;  
If we knew the little losses,  
Sooily grievous, day by day,  
Would we then so often chide him  
For his lack of thrift and gain--  
Leaving on his heart a shadow,  
Leaving on his life a strain?

If we knew the clouds above us,  
Hold but gentle blessings there,  
Would we turn away all trembling,  
In our blind and weak despair?  
Would we shrink from little shadows,  
Lying on the dewy grass,  
While 'tis only birds of Eden,  
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,  
Quivering through the heart of pain,  
Would our hearts, I dare to doom them,  
Back to laments of gait and strain?  
Life has many a tangled crossing;  
Joy hath many a break of woe,  
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest,  
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms  
For the key to other lives,  
And with love toward erring nature,  
Oberish good that still survives;  
So that when our disrobed spirits  
Soar to realms of light again,  
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us  
As we judge our fellow men."

### The Light at Home.

The light at home! how bright it beams!  
When evening shades around us fall;  
And from the lattice far it gleams,  
To love, and rest, and comfort all;  
When wearied with the toils of day,  
And strife for glory, gold, or fame,  
How sweet to seek the quiet way,  
Where loving lips will kiss our name,  
Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night,  
The wayward wanderer homeward flies,  
How cheering is that twinkling light,  
Which through the forest gloom he spies!  
It is the light of home. He feels  
That loving hearts will greet him there,  
And safely through his bosom steals  
The joy and love that banish care  
Around the light at home.

The light at home--how still and sweet  
It peeps from yonder cottage door--  
The weary laborer to greet--  
When the rough toils of day are o'er!  
Sad is the soul that does not know  
The blessings that the beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the heaviest heart  
Around the light at home.

### The One Truth.

I ask a perfect creed;  
O that to me were given  
The teaching that leads none astray,  
The scholarship of heaven!  
The one whole truth I seek,  
In this sad age of strife;  
The truth of Him who is the Truth,  
And in whose truth is life!

Truth which stands true rest;  
Which is the grave of doubt;  
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,  
And casts the falsehood out  
--Rev. H. Bonar.

### A Sad Case.

The heart of the patriot and philanthropist is sickened by the too frequent details of the privation and suffering to which the families of the brave men who have gone forth to battle in the sacred cause of their country. A case has very recently come to our knowledge in which sympathy for the helpless victims of want and penury struggle for the mastery with feelings of scorn and indignation against the base wretch who could be so hopelessly depraved as to deprive them of their just dues, earned under most peculiar and trying circumstances. A poor woman, whose husband is in the army, and who has not received any money from him for the last four months, almost driven to despair for want of means to support herself and three little children, offered to enact the part of scavenger for her neighbor, for which she was to receive four dollars. She went to work in the night time, performed the disgusting job, and when claiming from the unfeeling and unnatural neighbor her hard-earned pay, he gave her only two dollars and fifty cents, telling her that she had earned the money in a very short time, and ought to be satisfied. She has instituted a suit before Justice Kuhn to recover the balance. Comment upon such base conduct is unnecessary. The case of the poor woman strikes us as an exceedingly proper one for the intervention of our humane and charitably disposed citizens. --Detroit Advertiser.

**A CURIOUS THOUGHT.** A little boy sitting near a window, when the sun shone brightly, casting long, dark, and suddenly called out, "Oh, mother, I'm full of glory for I have swallowed a whole angel of comfort."

## Miscellaneous.

### MARENGO.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

When Napoleon returned from Egypt, the latter part of the year 1797, he found Republican France assailed, both by sea and land, by the combined fleets and armies both of England and Austria. The peril of France was so great that dictatorial power seemed essential for its salvation. Napoleon by general acclaim, was placed at the head of the Government with the title of consul.

His first act was to write to both England and Austria, imploring peace. Both Governments contemptuously refused to heed his appeal. An Austrian army 150,000 strong was on the banks of the Rhine, menacing the Northern provinces of France. Napoleon placed 150,000 veterans, the elite of the French army, under the command of Moreau, and sent them to repel these invaders. The work was effectually accomplished in the great battle of Hohenlieden.

The Austrian General Melas, with 140,000 men were marching upon France through western Italy. He had already reached the plans from which the Alps ascend, and was preparing to penetrate France through the undefended defiles. Napoleon formed the plan of presenting no resistance to the head of these formidable columns, but secretly to cross the Alps, where his passage would not be thought of, and to assail the foe unexpectedly, and with an overwhelming energy in the rear.

65,000 troops were assembled at points on the Eastern frontier of France, where they could attract but little observation, but from which, at a few hours notice they could be concentrated at the contemplated rendezvous at Dijon. From this station, at the foot of the Alps, almost with a rush they were to cross the pass of the Great Saint Bernard, and to sweep down like an avalanche upon the Austrian hosts.

The minutest details of the expedition were arranged with the utmost care, that there should be no possibility of failure. Immense magazines of provisions were collected. An ample amount of gold was placed in the army chest to hire the peasants, with their mules, to aid in dragging the guns over the pass. Mochaic shops rose as by magic, all along the way, to repair promptly every possible breakage. The ammunition was stored in small boxes, which could be transported on the backs of mules. Hospitals were established on both sides of the pass.

On the summit of the mountain is a convent of world-wide renown. The monks were provided with an ample supply of bread and cheese and a cup of wine to present to each soldier as he passed. Napoleon superintended all these details, while at the same time he arranged all the combinations of the campaign. As the precipitous path could only be trod in single file, the carriages were taken to pieces, and slung on poles, carried by men. Large pine logs were split and hollowed out, so that the heavy guns could be fastened in the grooves, and thus they were dragged by a long string of mules, in single file. When the mules failed a hundred men were harnessed to a single gun. The summit of the pass is eight thousand feet above the sea. The distance across, from the plains of France to the plains of Italy, is twenty miles.

Though there were several disasters by the way, and not a few lost their lives, the feat which had been deemed impossible, was accomplished, and the army appeared, as if it had descended from the clouds upon the plains of Italy traversing the banks of Aosta. The Austrians, who were eagerly crowding upon the frontiers of France, had no conception of the peril thus gathering in their rear.

Melas heard the tidings, and alarmed, began to concentrate his forces. Napoleon gave him not a moment of leisure. To Lannes and Murat he issued the order, "Gather immediately your divisions at Stradello. You will have on your hands fifteen or eighteen thousand Austrians. Meet them and cut them to pieces. It will be so many enemies less on the day of decisive battle we are to expect with the entire army of Melas."

The prediction was true. Lannes and Murat encountered 18,000 of the foe at Montebello, strongly posted with batteries which swept the plain. The French soldiers, inspired by the almost miraculous power, with which Napoleon infused his own spirit into his troops, appeared to pay no regard to shot or shell. Though but 8,000 in number they rushed upon the entrenched foe.

"At the first discharge of the hostile batteries," said Lannes, "I could hear the bones crash in my division like glass in a hail storm."  
For nine hours the carnage continued. Just as the Austrians were routed, and were flying before their victors, Napoleon appeared upon the field. Lannes had been the hero of this bloody day. As he stood amidst mounds of the dead, Napoleon grasped his hand and said, "You have done well, and conferred upon him the title of the Duke of Montebello."

Four days after this, Napoleon with but 30,000 men, encountered Melas with 40,000 troops upon the plain of Marengo. The Austrian force included 7,000 cavalry, and 200 pieces of artillery. The French General Desaix, with 6,000 men was nearly 30 miles from the field.

Fortunately, when reclining in his tent he heard the first crash of the battle, as it came booming over the fields like distant thunder. His troops were instantly on the march, and they pressed forward with all possible speed to the aid of their comrades.

All the day long Napoleon held his ground against a foe outnumbering him two to one. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. The contending hosts were within pistol shot of each other, and in many cases blending in the fiercest fight. On parts of the field the French exhausted and overpowered, were retreating in confusion, pursued and cut down by the cavalry of the foe. Napoleon by his personal supremacy, still held a few squares together, slowly, reluctantly, but in good order retreating, while the victorious Austrians closely followed them, ploughing their ranks with two hundred pieces of artillery. Melas doubted not that he had gained the day, and dispatched couriers throughout Europe to announce his victory.

Just then the solid columns of Desaix appeared, impetuously entering the plain. Desaix cast an anxious glance over the confusion, around him, and upon the broken bleeding, and retreating battalions of the French, and spurring his horse, galloped to the point where Napoleon stood enveloped in the smoke and dust of the conflict.

"I see," said Desaix, "that the battle is lost. I can do no more for you I suppose, that to cover your retreat."  
"By no means," Napoleon replied. "The battle I trust is gained. Charge with your column. The disordered troops will rally in your rear."

Desaix, at the head of his division, made an impetuous charge upon the front of the advancing foe. At the same time Kellerman received an order to charge the foe in the flank with his cavalry. The change was like one of magic. In an instant the whole aspect of the field was transformed. Those on the retreat were partially rallied by the voice of Napoleon as he rode along their broken ranks.

"My friends," said he, "we have retreated far enough. It is now our turn to advance. Recollect that I am in the habit of sleeping on the field of battle."  
The French now raised shouts of victory, which rose above the thunders of the canonade. A panic and a well-founded one, now pervaded the ranks of the Austrians. In the wildest confusion they broke and fled. They were pursued, cut down, and trampled beneath the iron hoofs of Kellerman's dragoons. When the sun went down behind the distant Alps, after witnessing 12 hours of this frightful carnage, more than 20,000 human beings were strewn upon the plain wetting in blood.

The rout of Melas was so entire that escape was hopeless, and he was at the mercy of his victor. Napoleon rode over the field, and gazed sadly upon the aspect of misery spread everywhere around him. As some ambulances passed him laden with the mutilated forms of the wounded, he stopped and uncovered his head, saying:  
"We cannot but regret not being wounded, like these unhappy men, that we might share their sufferings."

Under the influence of these feelings he took a pen, upon the gory field, and wrote as follows to the Emperor of Austria:  
Sire:--It is on the field of battle, amid the sufferings of a multitude of wounded, and surrounded by 15,000 corpses, that I beseech your majesty to listen to the voice of humanity, and not to suffer two brave nations to cut each other's throats for interests not their own. It is my part to press this upon your majesty, being upon the very theatre of war. Your majesty's heart cannot feel it as keenly as does mine."

The letter was long and eloquent, but unavailing. England and Austria still continued the strife until the French armies, within sight of the steeples of Vienna, compelled a peace.

### A Touching Incident.

A correspondent of the Blair county (Pa.) *Why* furnishes that paper with the particulars of the following interesting incident of which he was an eye-witness. It occurred a few years ago on the line of the great internal improvement of that State. It was one of those acts of genuine kind-heartedness which fill the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is something of the angel still in our common nature.

At the point this side of the mountain, where occurred the trans-shipment of passengers from the West, was moored a canal boat awaiting the arrival of the train or starting on its way through to the East. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sun-embrowned man, stood by his craft superintending the labors of his men when the cars rolled up, and a few moments after a party of about a half dozen of gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the captain, addressing him something after this manner:

"Sir, we wish to go on East, but our further progress to-day depends upon you. In the cars we have just left a sick man whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If he goes we remain, but what say you?"  
"Gentlemen," replied the captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?"  
To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer; when without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car, and entering, beheld in one corner a poor, emaciated, worn out creature, whose life was nearly eaten out by that cancer worm--consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke to him "O, sir," said the shivering invalid looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectation, "are you the captain, and will you take me? God help me! The passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence, and are so unkind! You see sir, I am dying, and oh, if I am spared to reach my mother, I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor printer, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die."  
"You shall go," said the captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip."  
By this time the whole crowd of passengers were grouped around the boat, with their baggage piled on the path and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage.

A moment more and that decision was made known, as they beheld him coming from the cars with his dying burden cradled in his arms. Pushing his way through the crowd with the sick man, he ordered a mattress to be spread in the choicest part of the boat where he laid the invalid with the care of a parent. That done the captain ordered the boat to be got ready for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to pervade the astonished passengers--that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and in a few hours after, another committee was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin.

He went, and from their midst there arose a white-headed man, who, with tear-drops in his eyes, told that rough, sun-browned man that they felt humbled before him, and they asked forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of true sympathy was broken in the heart of nature, and its waters swelled up, choking the utterance of all present.

On the instant, a purse was made up for the sick man, with a "God speed" to his home, to die in the arms of his mother.

**Married the Wrong Lady.**  
Love is a very uncertain thing, and it is not safe to be too certain of the symptoms until they are unmistakable. The following will explain our meaning:

Vienna has been stirred up, lately, by the comical result of a strange love story. It seems that in the house of one Herr Kuhne, a teacher of languages, Dr. Kant, a young lawyer, happened to make the acquaintance of a lady, burdened with some property and thirty years. The lady being unmarried, evinced particular interest in the young, shy, and rather abashed man of law. She made love to him, in fact, very strongly, and persuaded him to visit her at her house. But alas! he loved another lady. One evening, while conversing with the doctor, she said:

"With your favorable idea of matrimony, may I ask if you ever thought of marrying yourself?"  
Dr. Kant, sighed, and his eyes resting on the ground, hesitatingly muttered in reply--  
"And but?" he continued, "the lady is rich, very rich, and I am poor. I am afraid I could hardly aspire to her hand, and rather than allow myself to be taxed with sordid designs, I will bury my passions in my breast, and leave it unavowed forever."

At an early hour the following day she, however, betook herself to a solicitor, and in legal form, declared her wish to present and hand over his property the sum of 150,000 guilden--(£15,000)--to Dr. Kant. When the document had been signed, countersigned, and duly completed, she sat down in the office, and, enclosing in it an elegant envelope, added a note to the following effect: "Dear sir--I have much pleasure in enclosing a paper which I hope will remove the obstacle in the way of your marriage. Believe me, &c., Alace Martini." Dr. Kant, for he and no other was the addressed, was the happiest man in the world on receiving this generous epistle. Repairing at once to the parents of Fraulein Fische, the lady of his love, he proposed for and received the hand of a girl who had long been flattered by his delicate though unproved attentions. His reply to Fraulein Martini, besides conveying his sincere thanks, contained two cards de visite, linked together by the magnificent rose-colored ribbon. Miss Martini forthwith sued the happy bridegroom for restitution, but, as no promise of marriage had been made, the case being by two successive courts, decided against her.

**A Nail in the Stomach.**  
A correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes:  
Upon reading the account in the morning papers of the fatal result which occurred to a gentleman from swallowing a nail, I felt much regret that I had not, for the benefit of the public generally, made the following case known. A few years since the landlady of the house in which I was residing informed me, in a state of great alarm, that one of her children, about four years of age, had swallowed a nail. She said that she was sure of the fact, and that it was an iron nail about two inches long. She requested my advice as to how to act, and as to whether she should give the child a dose of castor oil. I told her not to give the child anything to relax the bowels, and upon reflection I advised her to make the child a hard dumpling for its dinner. As I was quite aware that the case was dangerous, I also advised her to consult a medical man. This she did, and informed me that he quite agreed with my opinion; and I was pleased to find that she had not brought back any "mixture."

In the evening she again consulted me as to the child's supper, and I advised another dumpling, with as little drink as possible. The next morning she informed me that the child had slept well, and had not exhibited any symptoms of hysterics. Upon asking me what she should give the child for breakfast, she could not refrain from smiling when I advised another hard dumpling. In the course of the forenoon, however, she smiled most satisfactorily upon entering my room, at the same time placing before me an iron spiked nail, about an inch and a half long, which the child had passed without having shown any consciousness of its presence. I had much difficulty in persuading the mother that I was not connected with the medical profession, but was merely guided by a general knowledge of the intestinal organs and by common sense.

Rev. Dr. Cheever writes, in the *Independent*, that, "After the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of our citizens, with the corresponding frightful desolation and demoralization of a four years war, and a debt of two thousand millions of dollars, we are in all other respects, just where we were when Mr. Lincoln began his career." Now what is to be done with an eminent clergyman and abolitionist who will talk such naughty copperheadism as that?

"Good manners are a part of good morals, and it is as much your duty as your interest to practice in both."

## Sizing Down the Age of Man and Woman.

The man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the railway brakeman. His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in the capacity. At the same age dies the factory workman, through the cramped influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages, and unremitting toil. Then comes the railway baggage man, who is smashed on an average at 30. Milliners and dress-makers live but little longer. The average of the one is 32, and the other 33. The engineer, the fireman, the conductor, the powder-maker, the well digger, and factory operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die on an average under the age of 35. The cutter, the dyer, the leather-dresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer, the shoe cutter, the engraver, and the machinist, all of whom lead confined lives in an unwholesome atmosphere, do not reach the average age of 40. The musician blows his breath all out of his body at 40. Then comes trades that are active or in a pure air. The baker lives to an average age of 54, the butcher to 49, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the furnace man to 42, the mason to 49, the stone cutter to 43, the tanner to 49, the smith to 41, the weaver to 44, the drover to 40, the cook to 45, the inn-keeper to 49, the laborer to 44, the domestic servant (female) to 43, the tailor to 42, the tailor to 41. Why should the barber live till 50, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness and soap and water? Those who average over half a century among mechanics are those who keep their muscles and lungs in healthful and moderate exercise, and not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till 52, the cooper till 52, and the wheelwright till 50. The miller lives to be whittened with the age of 61. The rope-maker lengthens the thread of his to 55. Merchants, wholesale and retail, to 52. Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average 55. Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. The sailor averages 43, the caulker 64, the sailmaker 52, the stevedore 56, the ferryman 65, and the pilot 64. A dispensation of Providence that "Maine Law" men may consider incomprehensible is, that brewers and distillers live to the ripe old age of 64. Last and longest lived come paupers, 67, and "gentlemen" 68. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves and live on their neighbors' outlast all the rest.

**Family Circle.**  
Family Intercourse.  
This is a sore subject to touch. One feels like treading on a hundred corns all at once. Nearly every family has its sore spot--its dark corner--its private closet, carefully locked up and the interior hidden from the light of day. It seems strange to say that most family difficulties arise from the ignorance of the different members of each other, and yet it is sadly true. Many families live together for years, and separate, knowing less of each other's secret feelings, motives, and the springs which guide action, than of others who have lived together outside the family circle. Small jealousies, petty selfishness, and in and produce estrangement, which frequently mar the happiness of a lifetime.

There is little appreciation of the divine beauty and loving graceful possibilities of the family relation. It is common a fact that we lose sight of the sun shines, or that the dew is on the rain fall. The sweet name of brother, sister, falls upon the ear, without meaning, while we are constantly associated with them, and in the habitual enjoyment of their kind offices, it is only long after, when, perhaps, some bright eyes have become dimmed, and the weary, tired heart seeks solace among strangers, that the magic of household names, and the deep, tacit meaning of the household relationship is really felt.

Of course, the fault of this lies with the parents. Precept is of little use without example. Some parents request with "If you please," or "Have the kindness," and then wonder why their children cannot be "mannerly" like other people. We have known the sons of a poor widow, who on no account would have permitted themselves to sit down to a table with their mother, without first arranging their toilet in the best manner their circumstances would permit, never suffered her to matter what the temptation, to attend church or her weekly prayer meeting alone. This consideration extended to their minutest acts of their daily life, and was most charming to see. The mother, it is hardly necessary to say, had carefully practiced towards her children that respect of their feelings, and thoughtfulness of their wants, which she afterward received from them.

The great want in families is justice and reciprocity and that forbearance which it is necessary for mortals always to exercise towards each other. We willingly accept it from others, but we are not willing to give it in return. We establish a claim on some individual circumstances, or the bare fact of relationship, and impose burdens and expectations without a thought of alleviation on our own part. Children make the life of their parents one of never-ending toil and anxiety, and often refuse even the poor reward of their love and confidence. Sisters demand aid, protection and favors of all sorts from their brothers, and if asked to make their shirts, and mend their shoes, or even hem their handkerchiefs in return, would have a thousand excuses, or, perhaps, flatly refuse the needed service.

Habitual politeness is a valuable element of family intercourse. A courteous, rude; speech is less excusable, addressed to a father, mother, brother or sister, than if used to a stranger or a simple acquaintance, and yet how common it is.

**Take Your Wife with You.**  
What a blessing is labor, whether of the hand or of the brain! How it sharpens the appetite for sport! What an excitement yet one enjoys a holiday in the country after three or four weeks of hard work! Shaking the dust of care from the feet of the soul, one passes at once from purgatory into paradise--and but for the previous purgatory, the paradise would have few charms. What do rural people know of rural felicity? Nothing. Their accustomed senses take little note of the meadows flushed with clover blossoms, or of the deep, low anthem of the happy gathering bees. In them familiarity with Nature has bred indifference to her attractions; but the city man, untraced for a day or two, sees with other's eyes, hears with other ears than those which he cannot thoroughly enjoy his country holiday alone--Adam, fresh from the dust, no doubt thought Eden a very pretty place, but he soon got tired of wandering about the garden by himself, and went to sleep. It was not until Eve joined him that he became thoroughly alive to the loveliness of the scene.

"The world was sad, the garden was dead, and man, the hermit, sighed, and yearned, smiled."

Therefore, man of the town, don't forget to take your wife, if you have one, with you, when you go a-planning in the green and flowery beyond the bricks. If a bachelor, persuade a friend or two to accompany you on your trip; and, if blessed with a better, invite her to make one of the party.

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