

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Family Paper---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Science, Art, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

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Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.
A. A. FURMAN, J. O. RITCHIE,
PURMAN & RITCHIE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
All business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette Counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

Wm. Lindsey, J. A. Buchanan,
LINDSEY & BUCHANAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office on the North side of Main street, two doors West of the "Republican" Office. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

R. W. DOWNEY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in Ledwith's Building, opposite the Court House. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

DAVID CRAWFORD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in Bayers' Building, adjoining the Post Office. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

C. A. BLACK, JOHN PHELAK,
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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Office in the Court House, Waynesburg. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

PHYSICIANS.
DR. D. W. BRADEN,
Physician and Surgeon. Office in the Old Bank Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

DRUGS.
DR. W. L. CREIGH,
Physician and Surgeon,
And dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Fats, &c., &c., Main street, a few doors east of the Bank. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary, and dealer in Paints and the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Liqueurs for medicinal purposes. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

MERCHANTS.
WM. A. PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

GEO. HOSKINSON,
Opposite the Court House, keeps always on hand a large stock of Seasonable Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, and Notions generally. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

ANDREW WILSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Notions, Hardware, Queensware, Stoneware, Looking Glasses, Iron and Nails, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Main street, one door east of the Old Bank. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, one door west of the Adams House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

MINOR & CO.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

CLOTHING.
N. CLARK,
Dealer in Men and Boy's Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Suits, Hats and Caps, &c., Main street, opposite the Court House. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

A. J. SOWERS,
Dealer in Men and Boy's Clothing, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Old Bank Building, 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.

J. B. RICKEY,
Boot and Shoe maker, Sayer's Corner, Main street. Boots and Shoes made to order on short notice. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.
JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Soap, Glass of all kinds, and Oil Moulding and Looking Glass Plates. Cash paid for good cooking Apples. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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

BOOKS & C.
LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers, Wilson's Old Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

BANK.
FARMERS' & DROVERS' BANK,
Waynesburg, Pa.
JESSE HOOK, Pres. J. LAZAR, Cashier.
WEDNESDAY.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

SALES AND HARNESS.
SAMUEL MALLISTER,
Harness and Trunk Maker, Main street, three doors East of the Adams House. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

TOBACCONISTS.
HOOVER & HAGER,
Tobacco and Wholesaler and Retail Dealers in Whiskies and Brandy, Eggs, Cakes, Pipes, &c., &c., 27 N. Main street, Waynesburg. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

DRUGGISTS.
J. W. DOWNEY,
37 N. Main street, and 27 N. Main street, and 27 N. Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

Select Poetry.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

BY FRANK B. WILLIAMS.

[The following beautiful lines were written by a private in Company G., of Stuart's Engineer regiment, now at Camp Lesley, near Washington. In explanation of one of the verses of the poem, it is right to state that white rags are frequently scattered along the sentinel's post on a dark night to mark his beat.]

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whip-poor-will;
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound—
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs babbling through the ground.

Along the beaten track I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form, with bending back;
I think I see him crouching low,
I stop and list—I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hills grow low,
'Tis groups of soldiers, far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grow,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerrillas into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

"Halt! Who goes there?" my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
"Advance and give the countersign."
With bayonet at the charge I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms apart I charge my mate,
Then onward pass and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may ordain,
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the countersign.

Select Miscellany.

HOW TO EARN A HOME.

A STORY FOR THE HARD TIMES.

The other evening I came home with an extra ten-dollar bill in my pocket—money that I had earned by out-of-doors work. The fact is, I'm a clerk in a downtown store, at a salary of \$600 per annum, and a pretty wife and baby to support out of it. I suppose this income will sound amazingly small to your two or three thousand dollar office-holders, but, nevertheless, we contrive to live very comfortably upon it. We live on one floor of an unpretending little house, for which we pay \$150 per annum, and Kitty, my wife, you'll understand, does all her own work; so that we lay up a neat little sum every year. I've got a balance of two or three hundred dollars at the savings-bank, the hoard of several years, and it is astonishing how rich I feel! Why, Rothschild himself isn't a circumstance to me!

Well, I came home with my extra bill, and showed it triumphantly to Kitty, who, of course, was delighted with my industry and thrift.

"Now, my love," said I, "just add this to our account at the bank, and with interest to the end of the year."

Forthwith I commenced casting interest, and calculating in my brain. Kitty was silent, and rocked the cradle musingly with her foot.

"I've been thinking, Harry," said she, after a moment's pause, "that since you've got this extra money, we might afford to buy a new rug. This is getting dreadfully shabby, my dear, you must see."

I looked dolefully at the rug; it was worn and shabby enough, that was a fact. "I can get a beautiful new velvet pattern for seven dollars," resumed my wife.

"Velvet—seven dollars," groaned I. "Well, then, a common tufted rug like this would only cost three," said my cautious better half, who, seeing she couldn't carry her first ambitious point, wisely withdrew her guns.

"That's more sensible," said I. "Well, we'll see about it."

"And there's another thing I want," continued my wife, putting her hand coaxingly on my shoulder, "and it's not at all extravagant either."

"What is it?" I asked, softening rapidly.

"I saw such a lovely silk dress pattern on Canal street this morning, and I can get it for six dollars—only six dollars, Harry. It's the cheapest thing I ever saw."

"But haven't you got a very pretty green silk dress?"

"That's just a man's question," pouted Kitty. "And I suppose you have not observed how old-fashioned my bonnet is getting."

"Why, I thought it looked very neat and tasteful since you put on that black velvet winter trimming."

"Of course—you men have no taste in such matters."

We were silent for a moment; I'm afraid we both felt a little cross and out of humor with one another. In fact, on my journey home I had entertained serious thoughts of exchanging my old silver watch for a more modern time-piece of gold, and had mentally appropriated the ten dollars to further that purpose. Savings-bank reflections had come later.

As we sat before the fire, each wrapped in thought, our neighbor, Mr. Wilmot, knocked at the door. He was employed at the same store as myself, and his wife was an old family friend.

"I want you to congratulate me," he said, taking a seat. "I have purchased that little cottage on the Bloomingdale road to-day."

"What! that beautiful little wooden cottage with the piazza and lawn, and fruit-garden behind?" exclaimed Kitty, almost enviously.

"Is it possible?" I cried. A little cottage home of my own, just like that I had often admired on the Bloomingdale road, had always been the crowning ambition of my life—a distant and almost hopeless point, but no less earnestly desired.

"Why, Wilmot," said I, "how did this happen? You've only been in business eight or ten years longer than I, at a salary but a trifle larger than mine, yet I could as soon buy the mint as purchase a cottage like that."

"Well," said my neighbor, "we have all been working to this end for years. My wife has darned, patched, mended and saved—we have lived on plain fare, and done with the cheapest things. But the magic charm of the whole affair was that we laid aside every penny that was not needed by actual, positive want. Yes, I have seen my wife lay by red coppers, one by one."

"Times are hard, you know, just now; the owner was not what you call an economical man, and he was glad to sell, even at a moderate price. So you see that even 'hard times' have helped me!"

When our neighbor was gone, Kitty and I looked meaningly at one another.

"Harry," said she, "the rug isn't so bad after all, and my green silk will do for a year longer with care."

"And a silver watch is quite as good for all practical purposes as a gold repeater," said I. "We will set aside all imaginary wants."

"The ten-dollar bill must go to the bank," said Kitty, "and I'll economize the coppers just as Mrs. Wilmot did. Oh, how happy she will be among the roses in that cottage-garden, next Spring!"

Our merry tea-kettle sung us a cheerful little song over the glowing fire that night, and its burden was, "Economy, and a home of our own amid the roses and the country air."

Intemperance.

Can nothing be done to check this terrible vice? Drinking houses line the streets of our cities and villages. In many places the drinking habits once banished from the family table and the social parties are being restored. Drunkenness infests the halls of legislation, the quarters of the officers, and the barracks and tents of our soldiers. Drunken men reel at the corners, polluting the pure air of heaven with their breath. Thousands of homes, which might and should be the abodes of bliss, are impoverished and made wretched by drunkenness.

From the same cause our jails, penitentiaries and almshouses are crowded. Its effects are seen upon all classes and conditions of men. Is it not time to make one united attempt to rescue those whose drunkards and to protect those who are not?

No less than four thousand seven hundred and thirty applications for admission to the New York Inebriate Asylum are now on file, from different States of the Union, from foreign countries, and from all classes of men. Truly this is an appalling statement, showing the fearful extent of this great evil.—Pres. Banner.

Matrimony, says Mrs. Partington, is a very solemn scene, when the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus and goes through the ceremony of man and wife. It ought to be husband and wife—for it's not every husband turns out to be a man. I declare I shall never forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said—"With my worldly goods I thee endow." He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and did not know till afterwards, that he only meant one cargo gone a year. It is a lovely sight to see young people fighting their way through the maze of matrimony, and coming out to assume their responsibilities.

A Young Soldier's Sister.
A lad of less than sixteen, named Darling, from Pittsfield, Mass., recently enlisted in Capt. Cromwell's company, in the Northern Black Horse Cavalry. On learning that he had a sick mother at home, who was sadly afflicted by his departure, the Captain discharged the youngster and sent him home, as the brave lad supposed on a furlough. He has received the following acknowledgement of his kindness from the sister of the "bold soldier boy." It is good—

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Nov. 20.

CAPT. CROMWELL—Dear Sir: My brother, David H. Darling, a lad of sixteen, left home and joined your command without the consent or even the knowledge of our parents. I went from school to see him last Thursday, and stated these facts to your 2d Lieutenant. Our young soldier returned home on Tuesday, on a furlough, as he supposed, and seeing the effect of his conduct upon my mother and a sick sister, gave his consent to remain. But he is very much afraid you will think that he did not give you his promise to return in good faith, or to use his own term, that he has "backed out," so he made me promise before I returned that I would explain it to you. This, then, "is to certify," gentlemen, that the young Darling aforesaid has not abated his desire in the least degree to serve his country under your especial guidance, although he has consented to devote himself in the more humble capacity of staying at home and minding his mother. Having reached the advanced age of sixteen, he possesses the strength of Hercules, the sagacity of Telemachus, Aguliers' bravery, and the patriotism of Washington, whom you have probably heard mentioned before. Would that he could add to these a few of Methuselah's superfluous years, for youth, though no crime, is very inconvenient in his case. Of course, the advancement of the Black Horse Cavalry is materially retarded, and its glory dimmed for a season; but wherever you are at the end of two years, he is determined to join you. If thou would'st take me in his place, I should be very happy to go. I believe not only in this war, but fighting in general, and think that if women were permitted to use the "knock-down argument," it would civilize not only their mutual relations, but also the treatment of our much-abused sex. Meantime, awaiting thy orders, I am respectfully thine,

JENNIE DARLING.

P. S.—If you are married, please hand this over to your 2d Lieutenant.

Purchase of a Pair of Boots in Nashville.
A writer in the Nashville, (Tenn.) Patriot gives his experience in attempting to purchase a pair of sewed boots in that city, in the following words:

The owner of the shop took down from a peg a pair of stitch downs. I tried them on. I must do them the justice to say that they fitted me as handsomely as if my feet had been mended and poured into them. I determined to buy them, cost what they might. "I'll take these," said I, stamping my foot violently on the floor, and taking a ten dollar bill from my vest pocket. "Take your pay out of that," said I, handing him the costly shimplaster. I really believe the individual who stood before me at that moment was the most thoroughly astonished bootmaker that I ever saw. He looked first at the money and then at me, turning alternately white and red, while his eyeballs protruded from their sockets as if they were being shoved outward by some hydraulic pressure within. At last, just as I was about to cry "fire," or run for the doctor, or something of the sort, he spoke—

"You are from the country, ain't you?" I answered that I was. "I thought so," said he; "them boots is eighteen dollars!" I didn't say another word. I sat down and pulled them off, "them boots," more in sorrow than in anger, drew on my own, and walked out of the shop. The proprietor of the establishment must have taken me for the Prince of Wales or the owner of the State Bank. Eighteen dollars for a pair of boots! I earnestly trust that posterity will not think me too particular about trifles, but I can't pay such prices.

DELICACY.—Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes a merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but that high minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating alkali among women as in the society of men; which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and highness, at things which it would be ashamed indeed to smile or blush at. This is the delicacy which should be an important part of good taste, that

where it does not exist as a natural instinct, it is taught as the first principle of good manners, and considered as the universal passport to good society.

THE FRENCH PRINCES.
Mrs. Ames, the versatile Washington correspondent of the Evening Post, describes as follows the personelle of the young Orleans princes:—

"Le Comte de Paris is a handsome young man. His figure is fine, his bearing elegant and modestly quiet. He is full bearded, carrying an ample forehead above clear, meditative eyes, which look as if the calm soul of his Saxon mother shone through them, holding a guard over his stormy Gallic blood.

"Le Duc de Chartres is more boyish; a tall, slender, graceful youth, his figure appearing to fine advantage in the simple uniform of an American officer. His smooth chin is cast in the heavier Bourbon mould, and his gray eyes slightly dull and saturnine, seems to foreshadow somewhat of the gloomy fate of his family. It is slightly suggestive to see these descendants of the great tyrant Louis the Fourteenth, the youngest of the Orleans-Bourbon princes, one heir to so proud a throne, clap their spurs and dash down our shabby republican avenue, in the rear of our young republican general, in the midst of our great republican army. Will they yet cover the disgrace which clings to their name, with the *corusc* of a new glory which they shall win for it?"

"Of the eighteen princes which have borne their father's title nearly all lived and perished miserably.—Only two of the eighteen were distinguished for virtue—one of that two was the father of these boys. The rest were murdered by others, or murdered by their own excesses.—The besotted slaves of their own vices, they died at their orgies—in the arms of their mistresses—in the block of the executioner, or in ignoble exile; not one fell in battle, or ever gave his life for his country.

"It will be a prouder glory for the house of Bourbon—one of more transcendent lustre than if they had fought for their forfeited throne—if it yet can be said of the last of the Orleans princes that they fell fighting for liberty; that they gave their life-blood for the perpetuity of a free government, in behalf of a great nation and country, and that nation and country not their own."

Sec. Welles' Report.
The Secretary of the Navy reports that on the 4th of March our Navy consisted of 42 vessels carrying 555 guns and about 7,600 men. We have now 264 vessels, manned by about 22,000 seamen. The expense for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1862, are estimated at \$44,625,665 02. He commends the bold action of Commodore Wilkes. He thinks that fugitive slaves, if they have assisted the rebels, should be taken in custody, but, if free therefrom, should be employed in some useful manner. Like the President, he evades all troublesome subjects very skillfully.

Sec. Blair's Report.
The Postmaster General states that the expenditures for the year 1861 have been \$13,606,759, being a decrease on the expenses of 1860 of no less than \$1,268,014—while the gross revenue amounted to 9,046,296, a decrease from 1860 of only \$168,771.—These results have ensued from the operations of the rebellion, the dead loss in the rebel States last year having been \$2,457,930. The total number of the Post Offices in the Union is 28,586; the number of Post Office appointments during the year was 337, of which the President made 337 and the Postmaster General the rest. The number of dead letters opened at Washington in the last year was 2,550,000.

Particulars of the Bombardment of Fort Pickens.
New York, Dec. 12.—The Herald publishes the following letter from Ft. Pickens, dated November 23d, 1861: The bombardment was commenced on our side on the 22d of November, at half-past nine o'clock, A. M., having about half an hour's start of the rebels. Since then the firing has continued. The first day we had one man killed and one wounded. The one killed was a member of the Zouave regiment. Good shots were fired on both sides; but little harm was done to Fort Pickens, while Fort McRae suffered very much. The U. S. frigates Niagara and Richmond took part in the bombardment, with good results.

The second day Fort Pickens commenced firing again at half-past ten, A. M., and was answered promptly by the rebels. I think about twenty-five hundred guns have been fired in two days. At three o'clock, P. M., on the 23d of November, Warrington was set on fire by the guns on our side, and the fire destroyed nearly all of that place and the greater part of the Navy Yard.

It must not be forgotten that the steamer Times was disabled the first shot fired. She was towed out of the Navy Yard at night. The rebels did not fire so much the second day; perhaps they are short of ammunition. Two companies of Wilson's Zouaves have charge of the batteries near the Fort; two more companies of the same regiment assisting in the Fort, carrying shell, powder, doing guard duty, &c., the rest lie in the trenches to repel any night attack. The heaviest guns of the rebels are near the light house, and their best mortars on both sides of the hospitals.—The water battery, below Fort McRae, is proving a bad customer, and is to be feared more than the Fort is. Our ranges are splendid, and it gives one great satisfaction to witness this great trial of our artillery. If I have time I will send you sketches of the burning of Warrington and the Navy Yard.

Important from Washington.
WASHINGTON, December 11.—A great alarm occurred in our lines in Virginia last night, occasioned by a report that the enemy were advancing in strong force. Seven districts of the army were under arms all night, but the alarm proved to be false. At noon to-day all was quiet.

The statement of Gen. McClellan's interference with Secretary Cameron's report, is contradicted on the highest authority and in the most positive terms.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Dec. 10.—Garrett Davis was elected U. S. Senator for the remainder of Breckinridge's term, by a vote of 24 to 12.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

SECRETARY CAMERON'S REPORT.

The report of the Secretary of War is the best written and the most interesting of the various documents. It gives the present number of volunteers as 640,637, and of regulars as 20,334, making in all 660,971, a larger army than any other nation in the world possesses. The number of three month's men was 77,375, of which Pennsylvania furnished 16,199 double that of New York or Ohio.—The aggregates of the volunteers, three month's and three year's is 718,512. Of the army now in the field 568,383 are infantry, 59,389 cavalry, 24,585 artillery, 8,395 rifles and sharpshooters, and 107 engineers.—The number of cavalry is more than is supposed necessary, and all enlistments of that sort will cease. He recommends the fortification of our sea and lake coasts, that we may be able to repel attacks from foreign foes if necessary. He advocates the using of fugitive slaves as a military resource, and thinks other questions connected with slavery can safely be left with Congress.

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FRANKFORT, Ky., Dec. 10.—Garrett Davis was elected U. S. Senator for the remainder of Breckinridge's term, by a vote of 24 to 12.

Be Careful in Directing Letters.
Last week there were received at the dead letter office four thousand and twelve letters. Of these ninety-seven had been misdirected, two hundred and eighteen had been uncalled for, one hundred and fifty-nine were unintelligible, and fifty-three contained money amounting in the aggregate to \$24. Forty-three and drafts and checks to the amount of \$12,282.

READING THE TESTAMENT.—Letters from camp show, that in the destitution of other reading, the testaments are much read. A captain just returned from Washington, states that he is in the habit of reading the Bible aloud in his tent in the evening, and that he has often had a group of twenty or thirty men outside listening.

The approach of danger also causes the Bible to be read. The chaplain of the Cameron Rifle Regiment writes: "The constant expectation of the new dangers we have to encounter proves to be quite an inducement to use their Bibles. The other day when we received orders of marching on outposts, there came to me about sixteen soldiers, asking me to give them a new Testament."—Among the dead on the field of the battle of Bull Run, a correspondent of the Savannah Republican speaks of one of our soldiers found lying with his Bible opened upon his bosom.

Horrible Death.—Some days ago a small girl of twelve or fourteen years, named Lawles, living near Water and Swede streets, Norristown, was at the house of a neighbor, playing with the children of the latter who had a fire built out of doors, near by, when her dress caught fire and she was burned to a crisp, while the woman of the household lay in drunken insensibility, unable to help the child in her agony.—What a lesson is here!

My son, would you suppose the Lord's Prayer could be engraved on a space no bigger than a half dime?" "Why, yes, father, if a half dime were as large in reality as it appears in your eyes, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times."

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Be Careful in Directing Letters.
Last week there were received at the dead letter office four thousand and twelve letters. Of these ninety-seven had been misdirected, two hundred and eighteen had been uncalled for, one hundred and fifty-nine were unintelligible, and fifty-three contained money amounting in the aggregate to \$24. Forty-three and drafts and checks to the amount of \$12,282.

READING THE TESTAMENT.—Letters from camp show, that in the destitution of other reading, the testaments are much read. A captain just returned from Washington, states that he is in the habit of reading the Bible aloud in his tent in the evening, and that he has often had a group of twenty or thirty men outside listening.

The approach of danger also causes the Bible to be read. The chaplain of the Cameron Rifle Regiment writes: "The constant expectation of the new dangers we have to encounter proves to be quite an inducement to use their Bibles. The other day when we received orders of marching on outposts, there came to me about sixteen soldiers, asking me to give them a new Testament."—Among the dead on the field of the battle of Bull Run, a correspondent of the Savannah Republican speaks of one of our soldiers found lying with his Bible opened upon his bosom.

Horrible Death.—Some days ago a small girl of twelve or fourteen years, named Lawles, living near Water and Swede streets, Norristown, was at the