

# The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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Opposite the Court House, keeps always on hand a large stock of Seasonable Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, and Notions generally.  
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ANDREW WILSON,  
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Drugs, 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.

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

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

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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J. D. COSGRAY,  
Boot and Shoe maker, Sayer's Corner, nearly opposite the "Banner" and "Driver's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.  
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Boot and Shoe maker, Sayer's Corner, Main street. Boots and shoes of every variety always on hand or made to order on short notice.  
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Cash paid for good eating Apples.  
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Saddles, Harness and Trunk Maker, Nist street, three doors west of the Adams House.  
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Manufacturers and Dealers in Choice Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, &c., &c., Main street.  
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

## Select Poetry.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.  
"OVER THE RIVER," and its AUTHOR.

The public admiration of the beautiful lines "Over the River," first published in the *Republican* in August, 1857, and the inquiry as to their origin have not yet ceased. We meet the little poem and the query as to where it came from, among our exchanges almost daily; but not till now have we felt at liberty to unveil the anonymousness which it has heretofore borne. "Lizzie Lincoln," over which signature the poem was contributed to the *Republican*, is a young lady of Hinsdale, N. H., whose real name is Nancie A. W. Priest. That she has real genius her writings sufficiently evidence; but its character and the public appreciation of it are increased by the facts that her education has only been that of a country "district school," and that for three years past, she has worked for self-support in "the mill," from daylight till dark. She is now, at 22 years of age, struggling against the adventitious circumstances of her position, to fit herself for a teacher. The thousands who have been touched by the high poetic expression, as well as the marked sweetness and strength of her productions, will sympathize with her yearnings and watch the promising career with hope and interest. The mind, capable of producing "Over the River," under such circumstances, is not and should not be content with a single victory.

### OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've crossed to the other side,  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue,  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see,  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river, the boatman pale  
Carrying another, the household pet;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We felt it glide from its silvery sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;  
We know she is safe on the other side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye,  
We may not under the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day.  
We only know that their bark no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall wait for a gleam of the flapping sail;  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.—The Mark Lane Express makes the following statement: "Sir," said the Secretary of the Hospital at Newcastle-upon-Tyne to a gentleman who had given a sum of money to the Hospital, "I have to thank you for your very happy donation, which, perhaps, you would like to appear in the papers?" "Like to appear?" answered the old gentleman, losing his temper in a moment, "like to indeed! Why, what else do you think I gave the money for?" We are afraid that the donor is not singular in these days, when the love of notoriety is so common.

The will of the late Col. Colt, of Connecticut, has been made public. He bequeathed to his wife a gross legacy of \$30,000; a life estate in the mansion house, with surrounding grounds and out buildings; a life estate in 4,000 shares of Colt Manufacturing Company stock, and a large proportion of the residuum of the estate.

FRIDE.  
To subdue pride, consider what you shall be. Your flesh returns to corruption and common earth again. Shall your dust be distinguished from the meanest beggar or slave's? No, not from the dust of brutes and insects, or the most contemptible of creatures. And as for your soul, that must stand before God, in the world of spirits, on a level with the rest of mankind, and divested of all your haughty and flattering distinctions; none of them shall attend you to your judgment seat. Keep this tribunal view, and pride will wither and be gone down to hell.

## Select Miscellany.

INTERESTING DETAILS OF A MISSION TO THE KINGDOM OF DAHOMEY, IN AFRICA.

From the Metropolitan Record we derive the following interesting account of a recent Mission to Dahomey, Africa, made celebrated by the cruel massacres there practised by the reigning King, Gearey: By a brief, dated 20th of August, 1860, the Sovereign Pontiff erected a new vicariate apostolic in the Gulf of Guinea, under the designation of Vicariate Apostolic of Dahomey. The same brief confides the care and direction of this new mission to the Seminary of the African Missions, established at Lyons by Mgr de Marion Bresillac, of happy memory.

The following priests embarked at Toulon, on the 3d of January, 1861, on board the Amazon, for Dahomey. Messrs. Borghero (Francis), from the diocese of Genoa; Edde (Francis), diocese of Chartres; Fernandez (Louis), diocese of Sayo. These three young friends, devoted to the special aim of their calling to the evangelization of the blacks, are going to carry on at Dahomey the mission opened last at Sierra Leone by Mgr de Marion Bresillac, and soon after interrupted by the death of that Prelate and his two conferees, who were carried off, almost in landing, by the yellow fever. And although the climate of Dahomey is more salubrious than that of Sierra Leone, the barbarity of its government surpasses that of the most monstrous systems that we know of even in Africa. Some idea of it may be formed from the following description of customs celebrated by the King of Dahomey, in July, 1861. It is extracted from the journal of a European who was a spectator of these feasts during six weeks:

On my arrival at Tafo, on the 13th of July, I received a visit from a company of the King's guards, escorting to Whydah a cabecero (officer), recently nominated, adorned with all his insignia, and destined to be drowned at the mouth of a river, that the Fetiche (genius) might continue to extract thither the merchants' ships, and also to convey to the deceased king the news of what was passing at Dahomey. On dispatching these messengers to the other world, it is the custom to give them a bottle of rafia and a few piastres to defray their expenses.

"On the 14th, I arrived at Cannat, the capital, and had no sooner alighted at the house of Mehu, the Minister of commerce than the King sent me an invitation to the palace, where I found his Majesty surrounded by all his caberos, and separated from them by a rather extensive line of demarkation. The sight was most picturesque; all these blacks in costumes more or less fantastic, were seated under large parasols of various colors. The King occupied the lower part of the scene, sheltered under enormous parasols which formed a sort of dais over his head. We advanced to the limits of the reserved space, and made our salutations, to which the King replied by a movement of the hand.

"On the 15th, I was told that I should go and take up my position on the road to Abomey, to attend the King's passage. The latter after having sacrificed about fifty prisoners, came out from his palace amidst the sound of musketry. The caberos all defiled before him, each according to his rank, the lowest at the head. The middle of the road was spread with mats of various textures, upon which the King and his wives were alone permitted to walk. On one side marched the troops to the sound of a medley of music, the deafening din of four or five hundred tamtams and the discharge of guns.

"On the arrival of the Minister of Commerce, a sign was made to me to get into my hammock and follow his horse, which always went at a short trot. A scene then took place, the most fantastic that can possibly be imagined—20,000 negroes on foot, about thirty hammocks, all appeared advancing with gymnastic strides, along a road rendered still more contracted by that which was reserved for the King, and which was, of course, to be carefully avoided. These people, streaming with sweat, and running at full speed to keep out of the way of the King's followers, who were advancing behind them at an equal speed—the whole affair presented a truly infernal picture.

"On the 16th, this scene was re-enacted; after which a captive, strongly gagged, was presented to the King by Mungan, the Minister of Justice, who asked the prince if he had any commissions to give the prisoner for his father. It appeared that he had, and several courtiers proceeded to take his orders, which they at once communicated to the victim, who replied in the affirmative by nodding his head. It was curious to observe how firmly this man, who was about to be decapitated, believed that he would be able to execute the commissions that had been confided to him. Having given him for his traveling expenses a piastrel and a bottle of rafia, he was sent to his father's house after the following manner:

"The ceremonies are to last six weeks; after which the king will go to war to make additional prisoners, and recommence his customary feasts toward the end of October, when about seven or eight hundred more heads will have to fall."

The new missionaries for Dahomey were perfectly well aware of these sanguinary customs before their departure, and were only the more anxious to go, at the risk of their lives, to try and put an end to these cruelties.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday, February 1st, a small child of Jacob Coles, of Cuivensville, Clearfield county, met with an accident that proved fatal. A bucket of hot water, for the purpose of doing some scrubbing, had been placed on the floor, when the child fell backwards into the bucket, scorching the water and scalding itself so severely that it died on the following afternoon.

under the same conditions; but these were accompanied by a vulture, a bird, and a monkey, gagged like themselves.

"On the 23d, I was present at the nomination of twenty-three caberos and musicians, who were to be sacrificed to enter the service of the deceased King.

"On the 26th, there was an immolation of fourteen captives, whose heads were borne to different parts of the town, accompanied by the ringing of a large bell.

"On the 29th, preparations were made for offering to the memory of King Guezo the usual victims. The captives had a gag put into their mouths, in the form of a cross, with the pointed end upon their tongue, which prevents them from doubling it, and, consequently, from crying, and must cause them intense suffering.—These unfortunate creatures, had, almost all of them, their eyes torn out. There was to be a great massacre the following night.

"The palace square, in which forty thousand negroes were assembled day and night, amidst their collective filth, emitted an infectious smell. Add to this stench, the vapor arising from the blood, and emanations of the bodies in a state of putrefaction, the depository of which was not far distant, and it will easily be imagined that the air must have been mortally infectious.

"On the 30th and 31st, the military chiefs of Whydah offered their victims, who were led three times around the square, amid the din of hellish music. On completing the third round, the King advanced toward the deputation, and whilst he was congratulating each contributor, the butchery was affected.

"During these two nights there fell upwards of five hundred heads. They were borne from the palace in basketfuls, accompanied in large calabashes, in which the blood had been caught, to be poured over the grave of the deceased King. The bodies were dragged by the feet, and thrown into the town ditches, where the vultures, crows and wolves were fighting for shreds of their flesh. Several of these ditches are filled with human bones. Similar sacrifices were made on the following days.

"The late King's tomb is a large cavity dug in the ground. Guezo is in the middle of all his wives, who before poisoning themselves, placed themselves around him according to the rank they held at court. These voluntary deaths may have amounted to six hundred.

"On the 4th of August, there was an exhibition of fifteen female prisoners, destined to take care of Guezo in the other world. They appeared aware of the fate that awaited them, for they were sorrowful, and often looked behind them. They were to be killed that night by a stab in the breast.

"The 5th was the day set apart for the King's officers, consisting of the usual collection of an African monarch. Fifteen women and thirty men figured amongst them, gagged and bound, with their knees bent up to their chins, their arms tied down to their legs, and each placed in a basket, and carried on the heads of the assistants, who, with their horrible burthens continued to defile for more than an hour and a half. It was a truly diabolical spectacle to witness the animation, jests, and contortions of the enactors of the scene.

"Behind me I observed four fine blacks, acting as coachmen about a small coach, to be sent to the defunct by these four wretched beings. They were ignorant of their fate. When called forward, they advanced sadly, without uttering a word.—One of them had two large tears running down his cheeks. All four were killed, like so many fowls, by the king in person.

"The sacrifices were to be consummated on a scaffold erected in the middle of the square. His majesty came and sat down upon it, accompanied by the Minister of Justice, the Governor of Whydah, and all the great personages of the kingdom, who were to be the executioners. After the exchange of a few words, the king lighted his pipe, gave the signal, when the cutlasses were instantly drawn, and the heads fell. Blood was flowing in every direction; the sacrificates were covered with it, and the unfortunate prisoners, who were waiting their turn at the foot of the scaffold appeared as if painted with blood.

"The ceremonies are to last six weeks; after which the king will go to war to make additional prisoners, and recommence his customary feasts toward the end of October, when about seven or eight hundred more heads will have to fall."

## A PERILOUS NIGHT.

THE BATTLE OF BROOKLYN.

Have you visited New York, or Brooklyn, the beautiful city across the river, where tens of thousands of the business men of New York, have their homes? It is called the city of Churches. Eighty-five years ago, Brooklyn was woods, hills, swamps, creeks, and corn-fields; a cluster of rude houses, with but one church.—This church Washington appointed as the rallying place of his broken army in the darkest night of the Revolution.

"The battle of Brooklyn, or battle of Long Island as it is called in history, was one of the hardest fought of the Revolutionary battles, and the most disastrous. Col. Hazlet's well armed and well disciplined Delaware regiment; Lord Sterling's brigade of Southrons; Smallwood's gallant Marylanders, in scarlet and buff; the bold yeomanry of Connecticut, in their homespun jerkins, all under brave old Gen. Putnam, fought side by side, heart and hand with each other, in their love of country and freedom.

Washington's camp was at New York. On the 27th of August, 1776, the booming of cannon and the volleys of musketry were heard in the direction of Brooklyn. The enemy had landed on Long Island. Five ships-of-the-line hove in sight trying to beat up the bay. They were to cannonade or capture the city? New York was filled with terror. Happily, a head-wind baffled the ships, and Washington, seeing no immediate danger, crossed the ferry, and galloped to the scene of action. A terrible conflict was going on. The little army was attacked on three sides, and was fighting desperately. Washington gained a rise of land, and saw, at a glance, the perils of his men. Some were trampled down by the English cavalry; others bayoneted by the bloody Hessians; some made a stand behind rocks and trees; others were cutting a retreat beset by foes. At the sight, Washington wrung his hands in agony.

"Good God!" he cried "what brave fellows I must lose this day!" Two thousand were killed and taken prisoners. The wounded and dying were brought within the entrenchments, but they had neither tents nor shelter.

Night set in gloomily on the American camp. The victorious army pitched their tents close by, and their sentries were but a stone's throw from the American lines. By dawn, Washington went the rounds with words of sympathy and encouragement. The skies were lowering. Both soldiers and officers were fatigued and dispirited. A reinforcement crossed from New York in the forenoon, among which was a Massachusetts' regiment of sailors and fishermen, dressed in their blue jackets, hardy and weather-proof, fresh and full of spirits. There were several skirmishes through the day, but a drenching rain drove the English to their tents.

The next day, a dense fog covered the island, and everything was wrapped in gloomy uncertainty. An officer rode out to reconnoitre, and the fog lifting an instant, a great stir was discovered among the enemy's ships. What did it betoken? The little army was in a most perilous position, an easy pray to the victors.—What was to be done? Effect a retreat, if possible. Washington despatched a trusty messenger to impress every boat, water-craft of every kind, far and near, and have them by evening at the ferry-ways. The utmost secrecy was necessary, and the fog was their best friend.

Meantime, orders were issued to prepare for a night attack on the enemy. Many a poor soldier made his will. Sentries were posted round the camp as usual. When darkness set in, "Retreat," and not "Attack," was sent from line to line. In case of discovery, Brooklyn church was to be the rallying spot, a stand made, and if attacked, "to arms!"

A muffled tramp, a stifled murmur rose from the camp, as regiment after regiment moved off, which gradually died away in the direction of the ferry. Boat after boat, loaded to the gunwale, pushed from the shore. The Massachusetts fishermen were in their element. They manned the boats, plied the oars, unfurled the sails, and made the most of every passing breeze. Artillery, ammunition, provisions, cattle, horses, carts, and nine thousand men were to be withdrawn from the face of a large and victorious army, encamped so near, that every stroke of the pickaxe in the trenches could be plainly heard, and a river three quarters of a mile, swept by rapid tides, was to be crossed. The least alarm might bring the enemy upon them, and produce a terrible scene of carnage and confusion.

Everything was staked on a muffled and hurried night march. Washington was at the ferry superintending every movement. For forty-eight hours, he had never closed his eyes, and was most of the time on horseback. Night wore away. The English army slept soundly in the fog. At last, every picket and sentinel was called in, and by day-dawn, Washington, the last man to enter the boat, crossed the river in safety.

The astonishment of the English may be well conceived. A man living by the ferry, traitorous to his country, determined to alarm the English. But the guard proved to be a Hessian, who, not understanding our language, seized the man for a spy. He was kept close till day-break, when an English officer, visiting the spot, was astonished at hearing the story. An alarm was instantly given, and the troops called to arms. A body of soldiers climbing cautiously upon the breastwork of the patriot army, found the camp indeed deserted. Advance parties hurried to the ferry, where the friendly fog, having done its service, cleared away, and showed the rear boats of the retreating patriots already beyond the musket-shot of the foes.—*Child's Paper.*

Commodore Lynch.  
Gen. Burnside, in his late brilliant exploit at Roanoke, clinched a very dangerous rebel in the person of Com. Wm. F. Lynch, late of the U. S. N. Commodore Lynch is a man of the highest scientific attainments, and might have won imperishable honors by his services in the Dead Sea expedition had he remained true to the flag under which he had so long sailed. With a name sullied and dishonored, he has fallen a captive to the prowess of his late associates.—For several years past he had had Philadelphia his residence. He is known to have entered the service of the rebels with much hesitancy and regret; but, lacking strong moral courage and firmness, he could not be prevailed upon to say no. What a sequel to a career at one time brilliant and promising.

A Large Bid for Recognition.  
The advice from England by the Asia, bring the important intelligence that the Rebel Envoys, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, had offered to France and England, as a price for recognition and unrestricted free trade for fifty years, and the emancipation of all slaves born after the date of recognition. Such a bid shows how desperate the leaders of the rebellion must consider their situation. Their offer has not been accepted as yet, but so tempting a bait will soon take, and we know not how much further the South may go for the sake of foreign aid.

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The Three Camp Diseases.  
Soldiers in camp suffer from three diseases—diarrhoea, rheumatism and fever. The commonest cause of diarrhoea is bad water; its cure, complete rest and abstinence from every kind of food except plain boiled rice. All ordinary diseases will yield to this treatment in two and a half hours or less. Rheumatism is generally brought on, not by getting wet, but by remaining in wet clothes. Hard drinkers are particularly liable to bad attacks. To avoid rheumatism, wear flannel and keep the digestion sound. Fevers are generally caught after dark in the open air. A man going out on night duty should never go hungry, and never stand still longer than it is necessary. Good food and active exercise will generally keep a man well unless the air is uncommonly deleterious. To cure a case of not very severe fever, nothing seems so efficacious as a change of air. It is said that the removal of a patient only a few miles often works an immediate improvement in his condition. In scouting along the edge of a swamp at night, there is no danger so long as the party keep on the windward side of it. These doctines are laid down in the writings of army surgeons and of physicians who have given much attention to the subjects discussed, and ought, therefore, to be trustworthy.

COL. CORCORAN.—Hon. Alfred Ely, Member of Congress, writes encouragingly of the prospect of the release of Col. Corcoran, of the New York Sixty-ninth. He says:  
"I have to-day (January 28th) procured the release of all the officers an privates now at Fort Warren, and they will go forward to Richmond for their release. Edmund Connolly, Adjutant Pierson, Lieuts. Booth, Parks and others have arrived. I will have Corcoran and the hostages out in ten days."

In a wealthy family of Vienna, the husband made his wife a new year's gift of a dozen pairs of gloves. Indignant at such stinginess, the lady, as soon as her husband's back was turned, flung the gloves into the fire. Explanations ensued at the table, and what was the irrepressible lady's astonishment on learning that each pair of gloves was wrapt up in a bank note for 100 florins.

BURNED TO DEATH.—Two children belonging to William Shadie, Monroe township, Clarion county, were burned to death on last Sunday week by their clothes taking fire during the absence of their parents.

## Pen and Scissors.

SAD ACCIDENT.—Mr. John Lyle, of Wayne township, in Belmont county, lost his youngest daughter a few days since in the following melancholy manner. She fell headlong into a tub of rain-water, which was standing by the porch. It is supposed she was reaching into the water, when owing to the slippery condition of the porch, upon which she was standing, her feet gave way, and she was precipitated headlong into the tub, which was nearly full of water, and, as it was a vessel of some three feet or more in height, she was almost completely submerged, and owing to the narrowness of the vessel it was impossible for her to make any fruitful effort to emerge herself. Though but a moment had seemingly passed since she was engaged in play under the observation of her mother, when she was discovered life was extinct and all hopes of resuscitation gone.

High Price of Food in Mobile.—All kinds of food are very high in Mobile, and consequently much suffering is observed among the poorer classes. These are some of the prices ruling there: Coffee, 90 cts. per pound; tea (the poorest quality), 75cts. per pound; sugar, (common) 80 cts. per pound; butter, 80 cts. per pound; pepper, \$1.25 per pound; bacon 20 cts. per pound; lard, 45 cts. per pound. Salt is very scarce, in fact, it seldom can be procured for either love or money; some has been sold, however, at the rate of \$25 per bag. Clothing of every description commands exorbitant prices; soldiers' overcoats cost the Confederate Government, \$22 to \$25 each; good black frock coats are worth \$60 to \$70; vests of good quality, \$10 to \$12; pants of good material, \$25 to \$28. And, in fact, most articles required for daily use are at proportionate prices.

Loss of Rebel Generals.—Since the breaking out of the rebellion the rebels have lost the following named Generals: Major General David E. Twiggs, resigned; Brigadier General Henry B. Jackson, resigned; Brigadier General Robert S. Garnett, killed; Brigadier General W. H. T. Walker, resigned; Brigadier General Bernard E. Bee, killed; Brigadier General Gideon J. Pillow, resigned; Brigadier General Thomas T. Fauntleroy, resigned; Brig. Gen. John B. Crayson, died; Brigadier General Felix K. Zollicoffer, killed; Brigadier General Philip St. George Cooke, committed suicide; Brigadier General Tighman, taken prisoner at Fort Henry.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—On last Friday evening, as several men were engaged taking down a rock which apparently was loose in the top of the mines of the Short Mountain Coal Company, near Lykenstown, Dauphin county, a large rock about fifteen yards' long suddenly fell, instantly killing John McCaw and severely injuring four or five others.—One man, by the name of Robinson, had his arm crushed to a jelly; another, named Myers, had his boot cut entirely off his foot. McCaw was on his way home, and as he passed the fatal spot he volunteered assistance, and had scarcely commenced work when the rock fell upon him.

Five Union men, charged with bridge burning, have already been executed in Tennessee, under the following order, issued by J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy, dated November 25, 1861, and directed to the rebel Col. W. P. Wood, in East Tennessee:  
"All such as can be identified as having been engaged in bridge burning, are to be tried summarily by drumhead court martial, and, if found guilty, executed on the spot by hanging. It would be well to leave their bodies hanging in the vicinity of the burned bridges."

Don't Pay.—The oil business is almost down to zero now. The *Venango Spectator*, alluding to the ruinous prices at which it is now sold in that district, says: "If a barrel of oil could be had for nothing at this time, it would not pay in New York the cost of freight, commission, &c.—Therefore, to ship oil is worse for the shipper than to throw it into the river. Remedy is: keep your wells plugged till the market rises, and instead of sending your oil to Eastern markets for nothing, it will be sold at the wells for remunerative prices in less than thirty days."

A Cadiz correspondent of the *London American* informs that journal that the Sumter, captured seven-teen vessels on her last cruise, six of which were released by the authorities when taken into ports as prizes. The Sumter was going into the dry dock for repairs, an Englishman having been found who consented to perform the service. The inhabitants were said to regard the officer as a buccaner. The latest telegrams, however, via Queenstown, state that the Sumter has been ordered to Cadiz by the Spanish Government, and that she has gone to Gibraltar.