

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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R. A. MCCONNELL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office in the new frame building corner of Main and Washington streets, and nearly opposite the new Hotel.
Collection, &c., will receive prompt attention
Waynesburg, February 5, 1862-ly.

J. A. J. BUCHANAN, WM. C. LINDEBY,
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Office on the North side of Main street, two doors West of the "Republican" Office.
Jan. 1, 1862.

A. A. PURMAN, J. O. RITCHIE,
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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
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All business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention.
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. A. G. CROSS
WOULD VERY respectfully solicit his services as a PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON for 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.

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, Paints, &c., &c. Main street, a few doors east of the Bank.
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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Druggist and Apothecary, and dealer in Paints and Oils, the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Liquors for medicinal purposes.
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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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, Stone-ware, Looking Glasses, Iron and Nails, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Main street, one door east of the Old Bank.
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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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, Hardware 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, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Drivers' 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 of every variety always on hand or made to order on short notice.
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of all sizes, and Gift Moulding and Looking Glass Plates.
Cash paid for good eating Apples.
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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

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

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FARMERS' & DRIVERS' BANK,
Waynesburg, Pa.
O. A. BLACK, Pres. J. LAZEAR, Cashier.
WEDNESDAY.
Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS.

Select Poetry.

PERSEVERANCE.

A Swallow, in the spring,
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient heart; but ere her work was
crowned
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses
brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on the sample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid
waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again, and last night, hearing calls
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or
plan?
Have FAITH and struggle on.

Select Miscellany.

The Last Conversation of O. Jennings Wise Before His Death.

The Roanoke Island correspondent of the New York Herald writes as follows:

While referring to the officers, it may be interesting to relate the particulars of an interview which took place between O. Jennings Wise and Major Kimball, of the Ninth New York Volunteers, who, it will be remembered, so gallantly led the charge of that regiment in the taking of the rebel battery. The former, after his capture in the boat, was conveyed to the hospital near the shore, where Major Kimball was introduced to him by Dr. Coles, of the Wise Legion.

"I am sorry to see you under these circumstances," said Major Kimball, as the wounded man turned towards him, his face betraying the intense agony he endured: "I hope your injuries are not fatal, and that you will recover."

Wise shook his head with an expression that showed his belief that his days were numbered.

"I hope, Captain Wise," said Major Kimball, continuing, "that the time will come when we shall be returned under that flag—the Union colors."

Wise shook his head again, and in a firm bold tone ejaculated, "Never! never! We will never live under that flag again. Every man, woman and child in the South is ready and willing to pour out the last drop of life's blood before it shall be. You may possibly annihilate us, but can never reduce us to the condition of a conquered province."

"Well, Captain Wise," responded Major Kimball, "North is determined to enforce the laws and the Constitution, and have the Southern States acknowledge the supremacy of that flag. Our people are as firm as yours in that matter. But there is no use in discussing these affairs now. The war, I hope, will continue to be conducted on both sides in accordance with the principles of civilized nations."

Wise replied he was glad it has so far, and also hoped it would continue so.

Major Kimball then offered the wounded man any assistance in his power, for which Wise returned his thanks very warmly. The surgeons in attendance now interdicted any further conversation, owing to the weak condition of their patient, who lingered on until the next morning, when he died.

General Lander's Successor.

Brigadier General James Shields, just appointed to the command made vacant by the death of General Lander, is a native of Ireland. At an early age he emigrated to this country, and took up his residence in Illinois. He was without any decided prominence until 1846, when, upon July 1st of that year, he was appointed, by President Polk, Brigadier General of volunteers. He was brevetted Major General, for "gallant and meritorious conduct" in the battle of Cerro Gordo, on the 18th of April, 1847, when he was dangerously wounded. He afterwards commanded a brigade, composed of a battalion of marines and a New York and a South Carolina regiment of volunteers. He was again wounded at Chepatepec. In July, 1848, his brigade was disbanded. From 1849 to 1850 he represented the State of Illinois in the U. S. Senate. His subsequent honorable career is well known to the public. The trait which has been proposed in him will be found to be not misplaced.

Touching Incident.

An example of almost superhuman endurance and spirit, as related by Dr. Voorhies, of Mississippi, a gentleman far too intelligent and skillful to be engaged in such a cause otherwise than alleviating its miseries, is as follows:

"When at the bombardment of Fort Henry a young Wisconsin boy, who had by some means been made a prisoner, had his arm shattered by a ball from our gunboats, he was taken to one of the huts where Dr. Voorhies attended to him. He had just bared the bone when an enormous shell came crashing through the hut. The little fellow, without moving a muscle, talked with firmness during the operation of sawing the bone, when another went close by them. The Doctor remarked that it was getting too hot for him, and picked the boy up in his arms and carried him into one of the bomb-proofs where the operation was completed. The only answer of the Northerner was, "If you think this hot, it will be a good deal too hot for you by-and-by." "And," says the Doctor, "I should like to see that boy again; he is the bravest little fellow I ever saw."

The Sad Side of the Picture.

The following private letter, written by a former attaché of the New York Post office, presents another side of the victory gained at Fort Donelson from that which is generally contemplated:

FORT DONELSON, TENN., Feb. 17, 1862.

My Dear Father—Sad, lonely and down-hearted, I attempt to write you a few lines, to let you know I am alive and unhurt. We have had a most bloody fight; there must have been five thousand to seven thousand men killed and wounded, on both sides. But the enemy surrendered on Saturday evening, we taking about thirteen thousand prisoners. But, dear father, the hardest part of the story is that out of eighty-five men in my company, only seven came out—the most wholesale slaughter that was ever heard of.

My company was the color company, at which the rebels took particular aim; as fast as one man who carried it would be shot another would take his place, but the flag was brought through. Only one hundred and sixteen men remain in the Eleventh regiment uninjured.

Do not wonder, dear father, that I am downhearted. My boys all loved me, and need I say that, in looked at the poor remnant of my company—the men that I have taken so much pains to drill, the men that I thought so much of—now nearly all in their graves—I feel melancholy. But I do not complain; God spared my life and for what, the future must tell. I will write you soon again. The Eleventh regiment will, I think, (what is remaining,) be left to guard the prisoners at Alton or Cairo, whilst they recruit. Whether I shall attempt to raise another company, I do not know at present. Good-bye. Let the folks at home know I am safe. Yours affectionately,

L. D. WADDELL, Capt. Co. E.
Eleventh Reg't Ill. Vol.
(What is left of it.)
Wm. Coventry H. Waddell, Esq.,
New York.

An Interesting Divorce Case.

The Circuit Court of Washington city has ordered the petition for divorce of General John M. Brannan, (Captain Fifth Artillery, U. S. Army,) now commanding at Key West, to be published. It sets forth that he was married in 1850, that in 1858 his wife mysteriously disappeared, (it will be remembered that it was thought she had been murdered on Staten Island,) and that in 1860 he learned that she was alive, living in Florence with Powell D. Wyman, as man and wife. Mr. Wyman was an officer in the same regiment with Gen. Brannan, and is now Colonel of a Massachusetts regiment at Fortress Monroe. It will be remembered that when Gov. Andrews objected to an appointment recommended by Gen. Butler, on the ground of the immoral conduct of the appointee, the General referred to this case. It is understood that Col. Wyman has been married abroad to the lady from whom Gen. Brannan now claims a divorce, and that he was recommended by his present position by Edward Everett and others prominent Bostonians.

How to Make Maple Sugar.

For reasons known to all our readers there will be much more maple sugar than usual made during the coming season. In view of this fact we append a few instructions which may not come amiss, and which our rural readers may rely upon as being reliable. Almost every one knows how to make maple sugar; but it would seem from the quality of most we find in market, that few know how to make it right, or if they know how, they are too careless or too lazy to take the necessary pains.

Tap the trees with a half-inch augur, put in spiles of elder, and catch the sap in clean buckets or crocks; gather the sap into clean barrels or tubs, and boil it immediately down to good syrup; then strain it into a sound oak barrel, in which allow it to stand overnight, by which time it will settle perfectly clear, without the use of eggs, milk or any such articles in boiling. Place a faucet in the barrel, three inches from the bottom, through which the clear syrup can be drawn off without disturbing the sediment. Draw it off, boil over a brisk fire till (on dropping some of the syrup into cold water) it will break like glass, then dip into wooden trays, to cool, and when it is gained, stir it briskly and break the lumps. By this means it can be made as white as the best New Orleans or Havana, and will command the highest price in market. The best pans or kettles for making sugar are shallow, and made of sheet iron. They should be set in an arch or furnace, of brick or stone, that will stand fire. The great secret in making good maple sugar is to have everything nice and clean, and perform the work with activity and care.

Commodore Foote in the Pulpit.

A letter from Cairo, to the St. Louis Democrat, says: "To-day, Commodore Foote attended the Presbyterian Church. A large congregation was in attendance, but the preacher did not make his appearance. A general impatience beginning to manifest itself, the Commodore sought the elder of the church, and urged him to perform the services. The elder refusing, the Commodore, on the impulse of the moment, took the pulpit, read a chapter in the Bible, prayed and delivered a short discourse from the text 'Let not your hearts be troubled.—Ye believe in God—believe also in us.' The congregation was delighted. On coming down from the pulpit, the minister, who had arrived just after the prayer, approached and tendered his thanks, but the Commodore rebuked him for his tardiness of duty, and reproached him for his neglect to take the pulpit immediately on his arrival. This incident is illustrative of the Commodore's energetic, earnest character and sincere piety."

New Mode of Computing Interest.

A new mode of computing interest at six per cent. has been published, which appears simple. Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest required, separate the right hand figure, and divide by six, the result is the true interest for such sum for such number of days at six per cent. This rule is so simple and so true, according to all business usages, that every banker, broker, merchant and clerk should post it up for reference and use. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no arithmetical process can so desirable information be obtained with so few figures.

Cure for Bronchitis.

The following is given as an almost certain cure for bronchitis: Take common mullein leaves, dry and rub fine, and smoke them three or four times a day in a new pipe, taking care to draw the smoke well into the throat. The pipe should be one in which tobacco has not yet been used.

Impairment of Memory.

In certain morbid conditions of the brain connected with organic alterations or disordered conditions of the cerebral circulation, the patient loses for a period all knowledge of his native tongue. Patients in a state of delirium have been known to address their physicians in the Latin language. It is said that Dr. Johnson, when dying, forgot the words of our Lord's prayer in English, but attempted to repeat them in Latin. Dr. Scandella, an Italian gentleman of considerable scholastic qualities, resided in America. He was master of the Italian, French and English languages. In the beginning of the yellow fever, which terminated his life in the city of New York, in the autumn of 1798 he spoke English only; in the middle of his disease he spoke French; but on the day of his death he spoke Italian, the language of his native country.

The Best Thing to be Done when Evil Comes upon us.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

Charge at Fort Donelson.

General C. F. Smith is one of those officers whose "loyalty" has been suspected and his confirmation as a brigadier resisted for a time, by that class of persons to whose apprehension no man born in Virginia can be wholly loyal. We take from the Fort Donelson correspondent of the New York Herald, the following account of the assault led by this gallant officer:

"McClelland had been attacked and compelled to fall back, but had rallied and regained his position.—General Grant immediately rode upon the field—it being then half-past one o'clock—and there learned the status of the army. A body of from ten to twelve thousand of the enemy had cut through our right flank and escaped. This was the attack upon McClelland. A galling fire was being kept upon our left and centre from heavy siege and field artillery, and our forces were being fast decimated. To remain in this position would surely prove our ruin; to fall back out of range of the enemy's guns would demoralize the army, and no alternative was left but to hazard everything upon a united charge upon the whole enemy's works.— Though officers clamored and the men were impatient to make the assault, still the General hesitated, and it was not until half-past two that the order to assault the works was given. Then Captain Hillyer rode down to General Smith to communicate the order, when the old General's visage gleamed with a new light. Said Captain Hillyer:—'General Smith, General Grant orders you to assault and take the enemy's works in your front, at all hazards.'"

"Better late than never" said Smith; 'but I'll do it.' Tell General Grant I'll do it." And turning to his men he said:—"Soldiers, we are ordered to take those works by assault. Are you ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir, ready! Hurrah!" And a shout came from that palanx of brave men, such as comes only from patriots on great occasions.

"Ready! Close ranks! Charge bayonets! Forward! Double quick! March!" And march they did in close order, the advancing brigade looking more like a blue porcupine, with its quills turned forward, than ought else I can compare it to, right up to the rebel works. Though the enemy kept up an incessant fire from howitzer, field-piece and musket, of shells, solid shot and lead, still that brigade marched on, nothing daunted, to the enemy's earth works, which reached, over it went, right into the midst of the butternut-colored devils who had so savagely welcomed them inside the intrenchments. When the blue coats appeared inside the breastworks, the old veteran, Charles F. Smith, at their head, brandishing his sword and looking for all the world like a dozen regiments of regulars boiled down and quintessenced into one man, the rebels took to their heels and left for the next line of entrenchments as though the devil or some other justice of the peace was after them with a warrant for treason. Our boys fired one volley after them as they retreated, then planted the Stars and Stripes upon the wall, gave three times three cheers when it swelled to the breeze, and settled down for further orders. This was the turning point of the fight. When it was discovered that the national ensign had been planted within the enemy's entrenchments, Captains Hillyer and Rawlings rode along the lines, and waving their swords, announced it to the despondent troops of McClelland's and Wallace's divisions, who gained new courage and rallied to the assault upon the right. Then a charge was made all along the enemy's front. He was forced back to his earthworks, leaving the open field to our troops, and securing to us an easy victory on the morning.

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Mortality Among Prisoners.

There is a great deal of sickness and many deaths among the rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas, near Chicago. There are three hundred sick in the hospitals.— There were seventy-five new cases on Sunday. And yet the prisoners are well fed and provided with good shelter and medical attendance and plenty of clothing.— The Chicago Journal says: The mortality list is rapidly increasing, as the deaths which occurred on Saturday, Sunday and Monday prove. The dead among the prisoners are buried at the city cemetery, and an accurate register kept, so that, if necessary, their remains may be easily identified.

The Iron-Clad Sloops.

The unanimous action of the Finance Committee of the Senate in refusing to report an appropriation of fifteen millions of dollars for the construction of iron-clad sloop-of-war, has aroused the energies of Secretary Welles, who has addressed an able communication to the Committee of Naval Affairs of both Houses, urging them to secure its immediate passage, in view of the importance of going on with the construction of those vessels for which plans are now being prepared.

Another ballet girl has been burned to death at a theatre in Liverpool. On the night of the 16th ult. she was performing in the pantomime, and was retiring from the stage, at the conclusion of one part of the ballet, when she stopped to look at her shoes. The hind part of her skirt lifted as she was in the act of stooping, and her dress caught fire from a gas jet placed in the side wing. She lived only a few hours after the accident.

At Savannah, on the Tennessee river, our gunboats were visited by Dr. Morrow, who had been badly treated—in one instance ducked in the river, on account of his Union proclivities—by the Secessionists, but who firmly held out, telling them they might shoot or kill him and be damned, but he would never take the oath against the Union.

Reuben Webber was instantly killed, last week, by the falling of a tree, while cutting railroad sills, on the Lebanon Valley Railroad. William Mathew, engaged with him, was supposed to have been fatally injured.

Presence of Mind.

1. If a man faint, lay him flat on his back and let him alone.
2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass full of cool water with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and mustard stirred into it. This vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach. But for fear some of the poison still remains, swallow the white of one or two eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee—these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their always being at hand; if not, a half a pint of sweet oil, or lamp oil, or "drippings," especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly, is to cover it profusely with cobweb, or flour and salt half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spurts, be spry, or the man will die in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around the part between the wound and the heart; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin, twist it around until the blood ceases to flow, and keep it there until the doctor comes. If in a position where the handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on the spot near the wound, between the wound and the heart. Increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen that pressure for an instant until the physician arrives, so as to glue up the wound by the coagulation or hardening of the cooling blood.

5. If your clothes take fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect upon the flames.— If not extinguished and a great headway is gotten, lie down on the floor, roll over and over, or better, envelope yourself in a carpet, rug, bed cover, or any other garment you can get hold of, always preferring woolen.

6. If the body is tired, rest. If the brain, sleep.

7. If the bowels are loose, lie down in a warm bed, and remain there and eat nothing until you are well.

8. If an action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom until they do act, at least, for 36 hours; meanwhile, drink large quantities of cold water, or hot tea, and exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration, and keep this up until things are right.— This suggestion, if practiced, would save myriads of lives every year both in city and country.

9. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.—Dr. Hall.

Must say it, or Bust.

Old Cæsar about whom I was speaking in connection with Dr. Rice, did not "dry up" quite so readily, as the anecdote shows. When the Dr. was fervent in his petition, as he always was, Cæsar's hearty amens filled the room. At length the Dr. told him that his shouts disturbed the congregation, who were not accustomed to them; and if he could restrain them it would be a great favor. The good negro was shocked to learn that he had disturbed any one, and faithfully promised silence in future, but it happened the very next Sunday that the Dr. was unusually earnest in his supplications to the throne of grace. He fairly "wrestled in prayer." In the gallery, as usual, sat Cæsar, writhing sympathetically with emotion which he could not suppress, and would not utter. More and more fervent waxed the prayer; deeper grew Cæsar's emotion; more and more violent grew his struggles to avoid giving utterance to them. Nature at last could hold out no longer. "Amen!" shouted Cæsar. "Massa Rice, I had to say it, or bust!"

Fearful Accident—A Woman and Child Crushed to Death.

A private letter from Hanging Rock, O., informs us of a fearful accident which occurred there on the second instant. It appears that some time about midnight an immense rock, protruding from the bluffs, near the lower part of the village, fell crashing in its descent a dwelling near the base of the bluff, and instantly killing two of its inmates. There were four persons in the house at the time, a man, wife and two children. The former with one of the children escaped, but the mother and the remaining child were crushed to death. The rock, we are informed, was as large as a snug sized dwelling, and weighed several tons. The house was crushed to pieces, and it seems a miracle that the whole family were not killed.

Reuben Webber was instantly killed, last week, by the falling of a tree, while cutting railroad sills, on the Lebanon Valley Railroad. William Mathew, engaged with him, was supposed to have been fatally injured.