

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.

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.
Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention
Waynesburg, February 5, 1862—ly.

J. J. BUCHANAN. Wm. C. LINDSEY.
BUCHANAN & LINDSEY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office on the South side of Main street, in the Old Bank Building.
Jan. 1, 1862.

A. A. PURMAN. J. G. 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.

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

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

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

PHYSICIANS.

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 liberal share of public patronage.
Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

DR. A. J. EGGY
RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, as a Physician and Surgeon. Office opposite the Republican office. He hopes by a due appreciation of the laws of human life and health, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
April 9, 1862.

DR. T. F. SHIELDS,
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, D. M.
Office in the old Roberts' Building, opposite Day's Book Store.
Waynesburg, Jan. 1, 1861.

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

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.

M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary, and dealer in Paints and Oils, the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Liquors 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, Drugs, Notions, Hardware, Queensware, Stoneware, Looking Glasses, Iron and Nail, 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, in the Hamilton House, opposite the Court 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.

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N. CLARK,
Dealer in Men and Boy's Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, 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, 4th 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 made on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

J. B. RICKEY,
Boot and Shoe maker, Blachley'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 Gilt Wording and Looking Glass Frames.
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.

BOOKS, &c.

LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Manuscript and Printing Paper, and all the books of the day.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

Select Poetry.

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

A HOMILY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Come listen awhile to me, my lad,
Come listen to me for a spell!
Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What betell
A youth who loved liquor to well.

A clever young man was he, my lad;
And with beauty uncommon blest,
Ere, with brandy and wine,
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed:
I protest
The temperance cause is best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad;
He went to a tavern one night,
And drinking so much
Rum, brandy and such,
The chap got exceedingly "tight."
And was quite
What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad;
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes:
He trembles with fear
And acts very queer;
My eyes, how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes
And raves about horrid big snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and me, my lad;
A particular caution to all—
Though no one can see
The vipers but he—
To hear the poor lunatic bawl:
'How they crawl!—
All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad;
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up
To his dinner or sup,
Though properly physicked and bled:
And I read,
Next day, the poor fellow was dead!

You've heard of the snake in the grass,
My lad;
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now, you must know,
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class;
Alas!
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

A warning to you and me, my lad;
A very imperative call:
Of liquor keep clear;
Don't drink even beer,
If you'd shun all occasion to fall;
If at all,
Pray take it uncommonly small.

And if you are partial to snakes, my lad,
(A passion I think rather low)
Don't enter, to see 'em,
The Devil's Museum!—
(That's so!)
And visit a regular show.

Miscellaneous.

THE SECOND MOTHER.

A weary time had the three little birdlings in Mr. Helmes' cottage—when she, 'the sweet mother dove,' had folded her white wings in Paradise. A weary time, for though their father was a kind-hearted man, his business called him away all day in the city, and when the latest evening train brought him to his home again, but little time was left for converse with his little ones—Their mother had been all the world to them.

"We are all utterly lost without her," said the father to his pastor—"I never had the faculty of arranging matters with the children, of drawing out their confidence, and harmonizing all disquieting matters. I have often looked with astonishment on the ease with which she could accomplish all such things, and that they were safest in her hands; what can my motherless one do without her?"

A widow lady, somewhat advanced in life, was warmly recommended by a friend, in whose good judgment Mr. Helmes confided, as a general superintendent of the household and children; and into her hands the little immortal spirits were entrusted. She possessed the commendable habits of economy and industry; but if ever a fair, sweet flower of feeling had blossomed by the doorway of her heart, it had long since withered, and the very root dried up for want of a single dew-drop to refresh it. The little ones soon learned to shrink from the decided tread of her creaking shoes, so different from the soft foot-fall which used to make their hearts bound with gladness. Soon they found the circle of their simple pleasures grow narrower, and still narrower, until there seemed nothing left. She should not have the floor littered up by all that trumpery; so their pretty playthings were packed away in a closet, the key of which dangled at Mrs. Terry's side. Even Carrie's precious dolly, little Florence, with her auburn curls, whose dainty wardrobe mother's own sweet fingers had helped to fashion, was shut away with all her pretty robes, in a broken band box. Carrie cried a long morning over it, for which bad was sharply reproved,

and was told 'how grateful she ought to be, that some one was willing to take pity on her forlorn condition, and no mother to see to anything; and would even put up with so much for the sake of keeping everything from going to wreck and ruin.'

So poor Carrie was silenced, though in her secret heart she wished the disinterested stranger had kept away, and let things go to wreck and ruin. Yet she was the oldest of the flock, and sought as wisely as a child of eight summers could to comfort little Neddie and May. Dear little May, she suffered most, for she was a delicate, timid child, and the four years gentle nursing on that loving bosom had little fitted her for the chilling blast in which her spirit shivered now. Her nervous system was too strongly strung for its frail casemate, and it was plain to the discerning eyes of the new nurse that the child had been *babied* too much, and needed toughening.

Among other failings was an instinctive dread of darkness, and though much tender care had been taken to remove her groundless fears as yet they had but partially succeeded. This was denounced at once as "a great piece of foolishness," and the little one was taken to her bed, when kind Aunt Mary was obliged to return to her home again, with never a tender kiss nor a good night blessing.

"Please don't take away the light, nurse, I am so 'fraid of the dark," said the little one.

"Fudge," said the nurse, in a contemptuous tone, "you know just as well as I do, there is nothing in the dark to hurt you. It's all a pretence, and I shall take down the light just as soon as I've put these clothes away."

The child cried out in terror and dismay—"Oh, I want my mamma to come home!"

"Your mother has gone to heaven, and it is very doubtful whether you will ever go there and see her again, if you are such a naughty girl," was the soothing reply.

The little one's sobs redoubled, and struck like an arrow to the heart of the bereaved father, who was passing through the hall to his own apartment.

"No mother to soothe her now," he thought, as he paused by the partly opened door.

"What is little Mary crying about?" he asked kindly.

"I'm 'fraid of the dark, papa, and the nurse will take the light away. When will my mamma come back, papa?"

A deep, half-smothered sigh was her only answer, as he sat down on the edge of the little bed.

"Will baby go to sleep on the sofa in papa's room, while papa writes?" he asked. A glad cry, and an up-reaching of the soft white arms, were a sufficient answer. He bore the little white-robed figure to his own apartment, placing a pillow for her head, and wrapping his shawl about her; then after a few gentle, loving words, he returned to absorbing care again. It was enough though, for the little heart beat happily, and forgot its troubles in peaceful slumber. In mercy has "the good All Father" ordained it, that the griefs of childhood should be transient as

"The dew-drop on the rose,
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush—the flower is dry."

The little one was not left alone in the dark again, as the father expressly forbade it, and Mrs. Terry was too politic to risk incurring his displeasure. Indeed, that lady daily furnished the few remaining charms she might have supposed herself to possess, with a secret hope in her heart that she might one day command where she now served.

Many months sped on, and little Carrie grew daily more unhappy, her little sister more fragile, and surely Ned, who needed a steady, restraining hand, more boisterous and rebellious.

But a blessed day dawned on that household. The father brought to his fire-side a second mother for his little ones. The disappointed widow explained the matter to them beforehand, and encouraged them with the assurance that "now they would find that they had to stand around."

"There would be no more running to father with complaints; if they did it would do no good. They would soon learn that their grumbling had been when they were well off."

It was with no very high anticipations that they watched for the afternoon train, which was to bring the stranger to them. The autumn leaves spread a carpet for the bride, as she walked up the shaded path which led to the door of her new home. The children glanced at her shyly as she entered the parlor. There was no enthusiastic demonstration; but she greeted each one quietly and tenderly, calling them by their respective names. There was no bustle or ceremony, and the children looked up curiously into that clear, frank eye, which met them full and fairly, yet with a quiet, kindly smile. It was only a common face, yet the eye was one which children quickly learn to respect, and on no other foundation can love rest securely.

"A little fire seems pleasant such a chilly day," she said, as she drew off her gloves, and warmed her fingers before the polished grate. "Will Carrie be kind enough to take my bonnet and shawl?" she added, pleasantly.

The little girl came forward with a light step, pleased with the idea that she could be useful, and Mrs. Helmes seated herself by the fire, taking up little May very quietly, and placing her on her knee.

"Can May warm my cold fingers?" she said, with a half smile, as she slipped one fair hand between the little one's small palms. With a bright smile the little one looked up, and there was a quick interchange of magnetic glances. It was a mere touch of a skillful player on that finest of all instruments, the human heart, yet little May was won. She wrapped up both hands playfully, in her little white apron, and folded her arms over them; looking the picture of content and happiness.

Ned was not much abashed, and gathering up his six year old courage, inquired, boldly, if "papa had brought them home any presents."

"Biddy said, he ought to."

"If I am not mistaken, he has not forgotten you. We will look in the travelling-trunk after supper, and see."

"I want my present now," he persisted.

"I think we had better wait," said the same clear voice, and that calm, blue eye looked with the same steady smile into his. Ned felt that smile and from that moment new on, which side the power lay.

It was not many days before the house began to wear a different aspect. "Old Shades," as saucy Cousin Will used to call the self-sacrificing Mrs. Terry, had taken her departure, and everything seemed to brighten up. The solemn stiffness which invested even the chairs by the walls, suddenly fled away. But no, where was the change more apparent than in the little nursery. Fresh white curtains shaded the windows, looped back by tasteful pink ribbons and rosettes, which the children could never sufficiently admire; a simple chintz-covered lounge was added to its furniture; and above all, the old-time playthings were drawn forth from their hiding-places, to gladden the little hearts which had so often sighed for them.

The new mamma had a wonderful fund of ingenuity in contriving new amusements and playthings, often, by a half hour's skillful use of her bright scissors could cut out of a bit of gray or black cloth. And then it was perfect with-work the way those small fingers could fashion over a fragment of cotton flannel into a plump, white rabbit; a pair of red beads for eyes completing the enchantment. It was a unanimous verdict after this astonishing performance, that "mamma knew how to do ev'rything." What a trifle it takes to amuse children, and home-made toys give far more pleasure than more expensive ones, as they exercise a child's talent in contriving and fashioning them. Any one may learn, with slight painstaking, many little arts for making home pleasant to the little ones; and no woman's education should be considered finished without these simple accomplishments. Alice Holmes had been for several years a teacher among children, and there can scarcely be a better preparation for woman's life mission. The minds and hearts of her children were carefully cultivated, and their physical education was not neglected. Little May's cheeks began to grow plump and rosy under the combined influence of abundant out-door exercise, wholesome, appetizing food, and above all, the sweet sunshine of love in which her life was passed. All the children thrived under her judicious guiding hand, as they never could if left to the care of mere hirelings. Indeed, I have scarcely ever seen a home that was not better off, with a step-mother at its head, than with no mother at all, even though that mother had many imperfections, and failed in many points of duty, as alas! what own mother does not?

God bless the noble step-mother, wherever in our fair land she may be, who is striving daily in her Heavenly Father's strength to discharge faithfully her arduous duties. Let her strive to cultivate a brave, resolute spirit, which can look the world fearlessly in the eye, with all its censoriousness. All the world makes way before a determined, fearless spirit, while a cringing, wandering nature, can never command respect.

Above all, let her live a daily life of faith and prayer, so that the sunlight of divine love may always shine within her breast, however dark the clouds without.

The Secretary of War was properly issued strict orders to allow no civilians to visit Manassas, because of its interfering with military operations.

Two months ago George N. Sanders issued a proclamation inviting the great North-west to come into the Southern Confederacy.—The great North-west has gone in.

Kissed Him for his Mother.

A St. Louis correspondent relates the following incident in the prison hospital at St. Louis: A little drummer-boy was evidently dying. A lady spoke to him, asking if he wanted anything. "No," was the feeble answer, but with a wishful look at the kind face over him, he said his mother had sent him from Mississippi to fight and defend her home.—He did not regret it, but wanted to see his mother. He gave his name and his mother's address, still looking wishfully, as if there was something on his mind. At last he said: "My mother is a good woman, too.—She would treat a poor sick prisoner kindly, and if she were with your son, she would kiss him." "I will kiss you, my dear boy, for your mother," said she. She kissed him, and in a few minutes he died. God bless the women for the good work they are doing. It makes one think better of our human nature to hear of the work they are doing throughout the East, in furnishing supplies, and in the West by their presence and aid.

News of the Day.

Extensive Fire in Washington!

OUR FORCES NEAR YORKTOWN!
Skirmishing Between the Outposts--The Killed and Wounded.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—An extensive fire occurred at five o'clock this morning, destroying completely three large buildings, two of which were constructed with costly iron fronts, located on Pennsylvania avenue. They were respectively occupied by Mr. Tucker, dealer in sutler's goods; Wm. Bagan, dry goods merchant, and J. B. Wilson, Grocer.—The adjoining stores of Cohen & Hoover, dealers in shoes, and Mr. Gregory, hardware dealer, were also badly damaged. The principal losers in their stock of goods, were Mr. Tucker, Mr. Bagan, and Mr. Wilson. The fire extended to the rear of the buildings, on South Seventh street, several of which were occupied as taverns or restaurants. The origin of the fire is conjectural. The loss was very heavy, and there is but a partial insurance.

The Fortress Monroe boat, which arrived at Baltimore this morning, brings information from the neighborhood of Yorktown up to Saturday afternoon. Shipping Point had been taken by our troops, and other places on the route formerly occupied by the rebels.

Some skirmishing and cannonading had taken place between the outposts of the enemy and our forces, in which the following casualties are said to have occurred: Killed—Edward Lewis and Charles L. Lord, of the third Massachusetts battery, and John Reynolds, of the 5th Rhode Island battery. Wounded—Timothy Donohue, in the hand; Freeman Kaaring, in the leg; and Charles Tucker, contusion of the breast—all of the third Massachusetts battery; Sergt. Joseph Wade, Co. C, in the arm; Cyrus Wilcox, Co. C, by pieces of shell, in the leg; and C. W. Peck, of Co. F, in the leg—all of the regiment of Sharpshooters.

Our men are in good spirits and ready for any contest.

Important from Island No. 10.

CAIRO, April 5.—The firing at Island No. 10, last night, disabled the floating battery of the rebels.—One shell struck directly in it, killing three men, and disabling it so that it floated down towards the foot of the island. The firing to-day has been more active, and has done good execution.

A messenger from New Madrid, this evening, reports that the rebels erected a battery, last night, opposite Point Pleasant. This morning they opened fire on our works. After firing for some time the battery was silenced by our guns, and a warehouse on the Kentucky shore fired by our shells; its contents were consumed. No casualties on our side are reported. Their loss is not known, but several must have been killed. All is quiet here.

From North Edisto, S. C.

NEW YORK, April 7.—The Herald's Hilton, S. C., correspondence contains the following information: From North Edisto, S. C., we have stirring intelligence. The rebels have come down in considerable force, and succeeded in cutting off the other night nearly an entire company, belonging to the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment, which was on Little Edisto Island as a picket. Strangely enough they neglected to guard the bridge between them and the main force. The enemy succeeded in burning that, and then surrounded the picket, killing three and wounding a dozen, and capturing about thirty of our men. The balance escaped to North Edisto. Since then there have been several skirmishes, but with no result. Ample reinforcements will be sent Col. Moore directly by Gen. Benham. No further particulars than the above have been received.

Telegraph Wire Cut--Gunboat Reconnoissance.

CHICAGO, April 5.—A special dispatch to the Tribune, dated New Madrid April 3d, says that the telegraph, to-day, was discovered cut in a dozen places between New Madrid and Sikeston. Gen. Pope immediately issued a special order, directed to citizens along the route, that they will be held responsible for the safety of the telegraph; that if any damage is done to it near their farms or residences, their houses shall be burned, and themselves and families arrested, brought to court and visited with the severest punishment.

The Times Cairo correspondent, of April 4th, states that reliable information has been received from Tennessee that the gunboats Cairo Lexington Taylor, and the transport Tigris, made a reconnoissance as far as Florence, Ala. They met with no resistance on the way. They only discovered one deserted battery where the enemy had 9 guns planted.

Beauregard Outflanked at Corinth.

NEW YORK, April 5.—The New York World, in an extra, says that private information, derived from a responsible source, has reached here that Beauregard has been outflanked in the position his rebel army occupied near Corinth, Miss., and was compelled to fall back; and also that a heavy body of United States troops had got in between the enemy and the city of Memphis, not far from the Mississippi, thus cutting off communication and retreat. Glorious news, adds the World, may be expected from that quarter in a day or two.

Reports About the Merrimac.

The latest intelligence from Norfolk, by the underground railroad, says the correspondent of the Baltimore American, leaves no doubt that the Merrimac is thoroughly repaired and in commission, ready for another expedition against the wooden walls of the Federal navy, and the river transports lying in the Roads. The delay in her coming out is believed to be caused by waiting for ammunition for the heavy guns that have been placed on board of her, and also some infernal machines which have been constructed by Bombastes Maury. The steamers Yorktown and Jamestown are also being strengthened, and more thoroughly clad with iron, to accompany the Merrimac. There is also a rumor that two more steamers are being clad with iron at Richmond, to join the expedition.

As to the loss of life on the Merrimac, we have now what is claimed to be positive information that it was pretty heavy. One of the recently arrived contrabands states that he was a nurse in the general hospital, and that up to the time of his departure, he had helped to shroud 30 of the crew of the Merrimac, and that both Captain Buchanan and Lieutenant Minor are dead. There was still a number of the wounded surviving. They, the contrabands, also state that the last two shots of the Monitor were represented to be the only ones that seriously injured the Merrimac. These were thrown under her shield at the moment she attempted to run the Monitor down. Notwithstanding the great delay in the appearance of the Merrimac, she is hourly expected at Fortress Monroe, and the naval and military commanders are prepared to receive her at any moment.

The Contract Commission.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post says: The fact that the commission appointed by Mr. Stanton to examine and settle the contracts of the War Department has, in one instance, saved a million of dollars to the Treasury, inspires confidence in the rigid honesty of the department.—In the case referred to (where a New York firm contracted with Mr. Cameron for fire-arms to the amount of \$2,900,000) the commission has settled the claim for \$1,600,000, thus saving the Treasury \$1,300,000. It should be remembered that the contractors fulfilled the strict letter of their bargain with Mr. Cameron, and that the commission insisted that the government would not submit to such enormous profits. With the enormous deduction made, the contractors make a net profit of \$30,000 on their transaction! The commission is hard at work everyday, and as well as invaluable. Mr. Stanton very wisely made up the commission of Democrats as well as Republicans, so that it is impossible for party bias to affect the settlement of any contract.

REBELS BURNING COTTON.

The rebels have begun burning cotton.—Suspected Union men seen alone to be selected; but they declare all cotton shall be destroyed as the lines of our army advance. Our scouts from beyond Purdy report that the whole sky was lit on Sunday night by a cotton conflagration. From one point they counted seven fires, and in each, there was known to be from six to twenty bales.

Burnside's Expedition.

A correspondent writing on the 28th of March from Newbern, N. C. says: "Since the advices of the taking of this city by the forces under General Burnside, the retreat of the rebel soldiers and the abandonment of their houses by the inhabitants, affairs have progressed very favorably. A portion of the citizens have returned, but a majority of the houses are still deserted and tenantless: A few of the most eligible and convenient of them have been occupied by General Burnside and Generals of brigade, and for brigade and regimental hospitals, and the large and fine mansion belonging to Mrs. Winthrop is occupied as the headquarters of the Army Signal Corps.

"This city must be quite an attractive place of residence when the trees are clothed with foliage, and the verdure and flowers of spring adorn and beautify it. The 'general flavor of mild decay,' which seems universal in Southern cities and villages, of course is apparent here, but there are a few fine residences which serve partially to redeem it. The unsightly ruins of a few buildings sacrificed in the vandal attempt of the retreating rebels to destroy the city; the ruins of the railroad bridge and the deserted houses, together with the soldiers who constitute most of the people upon the streets, attest the desolating presence of war in this hitherto quiet locality. The troops now here are mostly located in the outskirts of the town, beyond the railroad depot, in the tents and quarters abandoned by the frightened rebels. The 25th Massachusetts volunteers are quartered in the town, and are doing guard and police duty in it.

Chartered Vessels.

The letter of Secretary Stanton, giving a list of vessels now in the service of the War Department, the price of charter, etc., is full of interest, and may yet give rise to debate in Congress. Among the high-priced charters are the steamship Atlantic, first at \$2,000 per day, and at present at \$1,500 per day, the Illinois at \$1,600, and the Baltic now at \$2,800 per day. The Stars and Stripes, a New Haven propeller, was hired last summer at the rate of \$10,000 per month, the steamer Columbia at \$3,000 per month. Among the charters made in September and October of last year, are the Atlantic at \$1,000 per day, steamship Baltic \$1,500, the Thomas Swann \$1,000 per day, ship Golden Eagle \$1,000 per day, steamship Matanzas \$1,000 per day, steamship Star of the South \$2,000 per day, (\$500 more per day than the Baltic or Atlantic.) The Vanderbilt \$2,000 per day, the Ocean Queen \$1,500 per day, the Ariel \$1,100, the Coatzacoalcos \$1,300, the ship Great Republic \$1,000, the steamship Potomac \$1,300, the steamer Ericsson \$1,200. These are but samples of the contracts, and it is said by good judges that though the sums seem to be enormous, they are not, in reality, exorbitant charges. However that may be, it will be remembered that it is the War and not the Navy Department which is responsible for them.

Civilians Banished from Fortress Monroe.

Complaints having been made by the commanders of military posts that the movements of the army are impeded and discipline relaxed by the presence of female visitors, the Secretary of War has ordered that no passes shall be granted to visit Fortress Monroe or other military posts to any person not engaged in the military service, and has authorized the commanders of the military posts to remove all persons not engaged in the service. Passes for the purposes of trade or business are also refused.

The Peach Crop.

From present indications, says the "Dellawarean," the largest peach crop ever gathered in Delaware, will reward the labors of the husbandmen this year. So far every thing has been favorable, not a bud has been blasted, or a tree killed by the frost. The cold weather has kept down the sap, and unless we have strange weather in April, no harm can come to this crop.

When the venerable Commodore Smith came to the Navy Department on Sunday morning, they told him the heavy news. "Your son, commanding the Congress, is, we fear, a prisoner. The Congress grounded early in the action and displayed the white flag.

The old man covered his face. "G-utlemen," said he, "my son is dead. He never would have struck to a rebel. My boy is dead."

The next day we learned that Lieutenant Commanding Smith had been blown literally to pieces by a shell from the Merrimac.

SWORD RETURNED--Col. Fry, who commanded a portion of the Federal forces at the battle of Manassas, has returned the sword of Gen. Lee.

When the venerable Commodore Smith came to the Navy Department on Sunday morning, they told him the heavy news. "Your son, commanding the Congress, is, we fear, a prisoner. The Congress grounded early in the action and displayed the white flag.