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Select Poetry.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

The following touching stanzas are from the Ballad of the "Old Chapel Bell," by John G. Saxe:

"Ah! well I mind me of a child,
A gleesome, happy maid,
Who came with constant step to church,
In comely garb arrayed,
And knelt her down full solemnly,
And penitently prayed.

"And oft when church was done, I mark'd
That little maiden near
This pleasant spot, with book in hand,
As you are sitting here,—
She read the Story of the Cross,
And wept with grief sincere.

"Years rolled away—and I beheld
The child to woman grown;
Her cheek was fairer, and her eye
With brighter lustre shown;
But childhood's truth and innocence
Were still the maiden's own.

"I never rang a merrier peal
Than when, a joyous bride,
She stood beneath the sacred porch,
A noble youth beside,
And plighted him her maiden troth,
In maiden love and pride.

"I never told a deeper knell,
Than when, in after years,
They laid her in the church-yard here,
Where this low mound appears—
(The very grave, my boy, that you
Are watering now with tears!)"

"It is thy mother! gentle boy,
That claims this tale of mine—
Thou art a flower whose fatal birth
Destroyed the parent vine!
A precious flower thou art, my child—
TWO LIVES WERE GIVEN FOR THIS!

"One was thy sainted mother's, when
She gave thee mortal birth;
And one thy Saviour's, when in death
He shook the solid earth;
Go! boy, and live as may befit
Thy life's exceeding worth!"

The boy awoke as from a dream,
And thoughtful looked around,
But nothing saw, save at his feet
His mother's lowly mound,
And by his side that ancient bell
Half hidden in the ground.

Miscellaneous.

THE THIRTY DOLLARS.

BY MARY J. CROSSMAN.

"There are thirty dollars," said my husband, the other day, throwing a small roll of bills into my lap, and after making several circles around the room with the baby on his shoulder, he put on his cap and furs deliberately to go back to his office. His hand was on the door-knob.

"Please tell me, Harry, what I'm to do with the money," I said, which I am aware was a very unwomanly request.

"Use it for benevolent purposes, or get you a new silk, as you like." The door had closed, when Harry put back his face and repeated, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," for he knew that I had a decided fondness for silk dresses.

The baby soon dropped asleep, and I went into the kitchen to increase my acquaintance with Bridget McFarland, who the afternoon before had been inducted into my service with suitable ceremonies and the "best of references."

"It's not very easy work this, mum—making such wet wathery wood into fire," said she, her face heated to a blaze from exertion and anger. Going to the wood room I told her which fuel was wet, which was dry, and suggested that the fires be made of the latter and replenished with the former, and then returned to my own thoughts and the baby's merino which I was embroidering.

The day before I had been out on a shopping excursion, and all I could do the patterns of new silks, some fair and fanciful, others rich and varied, or plain and enduring, kept flitting before me as I remembered the bills in my pocket, and the fashionable wedding that was to come off in brother James' family in four weeks.

And then I thought of the toiling, starving, suffering poor, of cold, bare rooms, of dark, dingy alleys, almost within shadow of the palace homes of the rich. I heard the plaintive cry of children for food, of the sick and dying for a little comfort, of the weary for rest, even the rest of the grave. The great mass were unmoved by the pale faces and pitiful voices of the wronged:

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun."

"What color is the dress to be?" asked Harry, when he came in to dinner; "I suppose the sleeve pattern, style of trimming, and all the other things are determined, and the dress-maker spoken to by this time." It's true all those points had passed through my mind and been decided upon, but I wasn't foolish enough to tell him, though.

"Come, dinner is ready and waiting," said I, affecting not to notice his question.

"Let's see, where is the organ of benevolence," said Harry, laughingly, as he placed his hand on a particularly flat portion of my head.

During dinner we talked of passing and prospective events; the first including coffee and pudding upon our table, which was evidently passing, as well as a band of musicians upon the street, and the last was the wedding and dress before hinted at.

"Been down street yet?" were Harry's first words as he entered the sitting-room and took up the baby from the crib.

"I'll tell you in a week," said I, "how that money is disposed of."

"Let patience have her perfect work," was the reply.

Harry did not forget when the week expired—"Bring on your dress," said he, "I've a woman's curiosity on the subject."

I brought from the closet the article in question. He looked it over carefully, and then pronounced it a fine, tasty article.

"A brown silk, flounced and trimmed with blue—I know it will become you; you always looked so well in your old brown."

"But don't you see, Harry, this is my old brown dress repaired and newly trimmed? and isn't it a beauty? Now you sit down and listen," said I, turning the dress and hanging it in the closet.

"You see how five dollars of my money was expended; with two other fives I bought two nice blanket shawls for sister Wright and sister Wilkins—they had nothing to wear around them to church but some old faded cotton ones which were both unsightly and uncomfortable, and I gave Jack Horton four dollars to pay his tuition for the coming term—the last three months he lessened his expenses by making fires, but as that privilege alternates among poor students, he was going to seek a cheaper and poorer school. His teacher assured me he was doing remarkably well in his studies, and stood high in the department. I bought four dollars' worth of clothes for the widow Jones and her little girl—three dollars' worth of provisions for the sick woman on Wall Street—three cords of wood for my washerwoman, and five pairs of calf-skin shoes for as many little charity scholars at the mission school. You told me it was 'more blessed to give than to receive,' and I have found the words verified; rich and beautiful flowers, rare as if born under tropical suns, have adorned my pathway, even though it led me in to the abodes of misery and want. Many thanks, Harry, for the money, and may God help me in the future yet many times to go and do likewise."

THE SUN OF AUSTERLITZ.
On the 2d, of December, 1805, rose the "Sun of Austerlitz." Its light revealed to Napoleon the certainty of the great victory of the day. His forces, consisting of 75,000 men, occupied a semicircle of heights. The Allied Russian and Austrian Army, 95,000 strong, had held twenty-four hours previous a position equally as strong, on the heights of Prutzen; but by a skillful maneuver he had induced them to believe that he feared a battle; and accordingly, now at the break of day, he beheld their immense army, like a huge boa, having unwound its coil, trailing its slow, ponderous length around his front, in order to attack his right wing.

The whole French army saw, as with its leader's eyes, the blunder of the allies. The whole of their line was exposed; while Napoleon, from his semicircle, could launch out the spokes of his power to attack them in any and all quarters. His Generals were eager to begin. "Wait twenty minutes," said the Emperor, whom neither delight nor fear could betray into precipitate action. "When the enemy is making a false move they must not be interrupted." The twenty minutes elapsed, the blunder irremediable. Then Napoleon, leaping from his horse, shouted to his troops:

"Soldiers! the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to your blows; we shall finish the war with a clap of thunder!"

At the same time the order of attack was given, and the mighty living anaconda was cut to pieces. The Russians, after suffering a fearful slaughter, were retreating across the frozen lakes. Napoleon rode furiously along his lines. "Gangulf those masses! break the ice." The artilleryists elevated their pieces, and, by dropping their balls on the ice, broke it up and overwhelmed the flying enemy by thousands.

This was Napoleon's greatest victory and brilliant stroke of genius. Afterwards on the eve of any battle, he had only to remind his soldiers that the Sun of Austerlitz would look upon their actions, to influence them with the most enthusiastic courage.

A WORD ABOUT DINNERS.—Would you eat heartily dinners? Eat slowly. Would you eat social dinners? Eat slowly. Would you eat relishable dinners? Eat slowly. Please suffer a short word of exhortation—**EAT SLOWLY.**

MOTHERS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

WILLIAM COWPER, of whom Lord Thurlow said, "If there is a good man on earth, it is William Cowper," had a delicate and extremely susceptible constitution—a misfortune that was aggravated by the loss of his affectionate and devoted mother, who died when he was quite young. The intense love with which he cherished her memory, during the rest of his life, may be known from the most affecting poem which he wrote on contemplating her picture. "Faithful remembrance of one so dear."

"But the record fair,
That Memory keeps of all thy kindness,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes thus deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid—"

All this, still legible on Memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee, as my numbers may."

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, was deeply attached to his mother, and her death had a melancholy and striking effect upon him ever afterwards. She was but thirty-six years old when she died. Cut off in the bloom of youth and beauty, he always retained a vivid remembrance of her person, her charms, and her virtues. He always kept her portrait hanging before him in his chamber. The loss to him was irreparable. She knew him—she knew the delicacy of his heart, the waywardness and irritability of his temper. "I am a fatalist," said he, "I am all but friendless—only one human being ever knew me. She only knew me—my mother." He always spoke of her in terms of the warmest affection. Many and many a time during his life did he visit the old churchyard at Matoax, in its wasted solitude, and shed tears over the grave of his mother, by whose side it was the last wish of his heart to be buried.

HENRY CLAY, that great man, the pride and honor of his country, always expressed feelings of profound affection and veneration for his mother. A habitual correspondence and enduring affection subsisted between them to the last hour of life. Mr. Clay ever spoke of her as a model of maternal character and female excellence, and it is said that he never met his constituents in Woodford county, after her death, without some allusion to her, which deeply affected both him and his audience. And nearly the last words uttered by this great statesman, when he came to die, were, "Mother, mother, mother." It is natural for us to feel that she must have been a good mother, that was loved and so dutifully served by such a boy, and that neither could have been wanting in rare virtues.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was accustomed to refer to his mother in the tenderest tone of filial affection. His respect and affection for her were manifested, among other ways, in frequent presents, that contributed to her comfort and solace in her advancing years. In one of his letters to her, for example, he sends her a *moidore*, a gold piece, of the value of six dollars, "toward chaise hire," said he, "that you may ride warm to meetings during the Winter." In another, he gives her an account of the growth and improvement of his son and daughter—topics which, as he well understood, are ever as dear to the grandmothers as to the mother.

THOMAS GRAY, author of "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," was most assiduous in his attentions to his mother while she lived, and, after her death, he cherished her memory with sacred sorrow. Mr. Mason informs us that Gray seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. The inscription which he placed over her remains speaks of her as "the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." How touching is this brief tribute of grateful love! Volumes of eulogy could not increase our admiration of the gentle being to whom it was paid—her patient devotion, her meek endurance. Wherever the name and genius of Gray are known, there shall also his mother's virtues be told for a memorial of her. He was buried, according to his directions, by the side of his mother, in the churchyard at Stoke. After his death, her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments, just as she had left them. It seemed as if he could never take the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relations, to whom, by his will, he bequeathed them.

AMOS LAWRENCE always spoke of his mother in the strongest terms of veneration and love, and in many of his letters to his children and grandchildren are found messages of affectionate regard for his mother, such as could have emanated only from a heart overflowing with filial gratitude. Her form, bending over his bed in silent prayer, at the hour of twilight, when she was about leaving him for the night, was among the earliest and most cherished recollections of his early years and his childhood's home.

SERGEANT S. PRENTISS.

From his mother, Mr. Prentiss inherited those more genteel qualities that ever characterized his life—qualities that shed over his eloquence such bewitching sweetness, and gave to his social intercourse such an indescribable charm. A remarkably characteristic anecdote illustrates his filial affection. When on a visit, some years ago, to the North, but after his reputation had become wide spread, a distinguished lady, of Portland, Me., took pains to obtain an introduction, by visiting the steamboat in which she learned he was to take his departure in a few moments. "I have wished to see you," said she to Mr. Prentiss, "for my heart has often congratulated the mother who has such a son." "Rather congratulate the son on having such a mother," was his instant and heart-felt reply. "This is but one of the many instances in which the most distinguished men of all ages have been proud to refer to the early culture of intellect, the promptings of virtue, or the aspirations of piety, and to the influence of their mother's early training."

FRANCIS MARION.—General Marion was once a plodding young farmer, and in no way distinguished as superior to the young men of the neighborhood in which he lived, except for his devoted love and marked respect for his excellent mother, and exemplary honor and truthfulness. In these qualities he was eminent from early childhood, and they marked his character through life. We may remark, in this connection, that it is usual to affect some degree of astonishment when we read of men whose after fame presents a striking contrast to the humility of their origin; yet we must recollect that it is not ancestry and splendid descent, but education and circumstances, which form the man. It is often a matter of surprise that distinguished men have such inferior children, and that a great name is seldom perpetuated. The secret of this is as often evident; the mothers have been inferior—mere ciphers in the scale of existence. All the splendid advantages procured by wealth and the father's position, cannot supply this one deficiency in the mother, who gives character to the child.

SAM HUSTON'S mother was an extraordinary woman. She was distinguished by a full, rather tall and matronly form, a fine carriage, and an impressive and dignified countenance. She was gifted with intellectual and moral qualities, which elevated her, in a still more striking manner, above most of her sex. Her life shone with purity and benevolence, and yet she was nerved with a stern fortitude, which never gave way in the midst of the wild scenes that checked the history of the frontier settlers. Mrs. Huston was left with the heavy burden of a numerous family. She had six sons, and three daughters, but she was not a woman to succumb to misfortune, and she made ample provision, for one in her circumstances, for their future care and education. To bring up a large family of children in a proper manner is, under the most favorable circumstances, a great work; and in this case it rises into sublimity; for there is no finer instance of heroism than that of one parent, especially a mother, laboring for that end alone. The excellent woman, says Goethe, is she who, if her husband dies, can be a father to her children.—*Rev. S. H. Lancy.—Meth. Protestant.*

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY MURDERED.

I am here on a sad errand. Nine days ago I passed through Alexandretta on my way to Aleppo to attend the General Meeting of the Central Armenian Mission. I found Dr. Goodell, of Constantinople, here, and we went on together to Antioch, reaching there on Monday of last week. On Wednesday morning, the 26th inst., we were making preparations for continuing our journey to Aleppo in company with Mr. Morgan and family, of the Antioch station, expecting to set out after breakfast. As we were about commencing family worship, a messenger suddenly appeared from Alexandretta with a letter from Mr. Levi, the American Vice-Consul there, to Mr. Morgan, conveying the melancholy tidings that Mr. Coffing, of the Adams station, also on his way to Aleppo, had been attacked by robbers near Alexandretta, and it is feared, had been mortally wounded. Our journey to Aleppo was, of course, given up, and brother Morgan and myself hurried off to Alexandretta, reaching there an hour after sunset of the same day. Our worst fears were realized. Brother Coffing was already dead.

When about three miles of Alexandretta he was fired upon, without the least warning, by a couple of men who had concealed themselves among the bushes near the road. The single fact that the attack was a murderous one, no warning having been given, and no money demanded, seems to point to a preconcerted plan. The additional fact that Mr. Coffing and

HURRYING ON.

Hurrying on in the midst of excitement,
Pushing extravagant projects through,
Few of us know or pause over question—
Ever to ask where we are hurrying to:
Hurrying on over blessings unheeded,
Chasing some joy like the butterfly, gone,
What is the use of our hurrying on?

We have been hurrying on from our cradles—
What but its shadows have we for the Past?
We are still hurrying on as expectant—
What shall we get by our hurrying at last?
Graves are so thick that we cannot well miss them,
Going with the clothes we shall wear;
Where shall be, then, all we're hurrying after?
What shall we have, with our hurry, when there?

Hurrying on in the wake of the phantoms
Conjured alone in the fever of haste,
Hurrying on with extravagant projects,
Little we reck of treasures we waste;
Little we know of the diamond moments,
All to be gathered and garnered in store,
Making our worthy or worthless possessions
Up in the land where we'll hurry no more.

Treasures that lie all around us in plenty
We never heed as we are hurrying on,
And when in Heaven our coffers are empty
We shall first know they are lost and gone.
Then we shall know how our spirits have wasted,
Wealth of Eternity planted in Time,
The soil for its seed growing barren as ashes,
While we are hurrying out of its clime.

God works but slowly—but slowly my brothers,
Not hurrying onward in passion and strife—
Works with Love only, and only for others,
Not for himself in the green fields of Life!
Let us sit down and be calm and be thoughtful,
Lifting our hearts to Eternity's brink—
Let us cease living alone for the Present,
Let us cease hurrying—what do you think?

FAILURE IN ENLISTING NEGROES.

The enlisting of negroes as soldiers, with the pay and rations of volunteers, writes a Hilton Head correspondent, is going on in this district with no great success. A company of contrabands was formed here three or four weeks ago and numbered at one time, when the intensity and zeal of the "innocents" culminated, nearly one hundred and fifty men. Since then the contrabands' courage, like that of Bob Acres, has oozed out of their fingers' ends, and the company could scarcely turn out a corporal's guard. The contrabands have no heart for the business, when they reflect upon the possibility of being punctured by cold steel, or perforated by bullets, with the additional risk of shuffling off this mortal coil through the simple and expeditious aid of a hangman's noose; and their fears, which increase in the same ratio that they reflect and inwardly digest, are rapidly changing their anxiety to take up arms to a deep-seated disinclination to place themselves in positions of danger. They are fond of the "pomp and circumstance of war," but prefer to enjoy it under more favorable auspices than those likely to be afforded them in this department. So the experiment is not likely to prove a brilliant success. There are enough arms here now to arm all the contrabands in the department; but it is exceedingly questionable whether they will ever be placed in their hands.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.

Mrs. Susannah Humes, of East Finley township, Washington Co., has reached the remarkable age of 102 years. She was born near Carlisle, Pa., January, 1760, and was consequently over sixteen when the Declaration of Independence was signed. The scenes of the Revolution are vivid in her memory, and she talks of them with great interest. She was a strong advocate of liberty and independence, and rendered assistance to our soldiers, both in camp and prison, whenever it was possible. She emigrated to this part of the State about sixty years ago, and consequently experienced many of the hardships endured by those "who sought a home in the far west." Notwithstanding her great age, she enjoys good health, but is unable to walk much, having been lame for some years. She is perhaps the oldest person in this section of the State, and she bids fair to live many years.

OVER BATHING.

If a fish be deprived of its scales it will be chilled to death; and reasoning analogically, and knowing, too, that human skin scales are destroyed by the alkali of soap, a man may wash himself too much; may actually wash away the scales of his body, leaving the pores so unprotected against heat and cold and obstructions, that death will inevitably ensue; indeed, physiological research proves that if a third of the skin is removed from the body by scalding or otherwise, a fatal termination is unavoidable. Observant persons know how soon the skin becomes pale, shriveled, and tender, even on the hardest hard, if kept a great deal in cold water. There are suggestive considerations for those who believe that continual water washings are indispensable to health and longevity.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

NARROW ESCAPE OF M'CLELLAN.

During the time that the rebels made the attack on our wagon train, writes a correspondent, General McClellan, accompanied by his staff, was making a reconnaissance, and came in sight of the rebel cavalry before he was aware of his proximity. By dint of hard riding he escaped and took command of what force there was at hand and dispersed the rebels. Had they known what a prize they had so near them, in all probability they would have worked harder to have obtained possession of it. As it was, the situation was rather a precarious one for the General at best.

MUSIC IN BATTLE.

Says a letter from Williamsburg:—"Heintzelman flew everywhere among the New Jersey and other troops, who gave indications of backing out of the fight.—He bawled himself hoarse, and stiffened the arm wounded at Bull Run, in ordering, coaxing, encouraging, beckoning and waving the outnumbered men into their ranks again. To infuse enthusiasm into them he wandered around to a fine band of music. He saw three in a group, and ordered them to play Yankee Doodle in force!—The men, professional in the face of defeat and death, said they had not the requisite number of instruments to do justice to all the notes of the tune! The General then hurried around for more—found a part of another band—united them to the professional three, and electrified the worn-out infantry with the "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and "Gim of the Ocean." The effect was that of war magic. It is in the small things as well as the great that the true commander is known.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

The widow of Lieut. Pfeff, of Illinois, was enabled to find her husband's grave at Pittsburgh Landing, by seeing a dog which had accompanied the Lieutenant on the war. The dog approached her with the most intense manifestations of joy, and immediately indicated to her, as well as he was able, his desire that she should follow him. She did so, and he led the way to a distant part of the field, and stopped before a single grave. She caused it to be opened, and there found the body of her dead husband. It appears from the statement of some of the soldiers that at the time Lieut. Pfeff fell, this dog was by his side, and there remained, licking his wounds, until he was taken from the field and buried. He then took his station by the grave, and nothing could induce him to abandon it but for a sufficient length of time each day to satisfy his hunger, until, by some means, he was made aware of the presence of his mistress. Thus had he watched for twelve days by the grave of his slain master.

HOW HALLECK MAKES HIS ADVANCE.

One curious feature of Halleck's advance, writes a correspondent, is that of throwing works of defence up along the whole line. The fortifications now completed cannot be less than twelve miles in length, extending from the extreme right to the extreme left wing. They are strongly made with logs and earth, lined by rifle pits, and distant from Corinth six miles. Every movement is characterized by extreme caution. In case any reverses should happen these defences would be invaluable. The people are doubtless surprised that their great army has not yet reached the rebel position and attacked it. The reasons of the delay are known only to General Halleck. Doubtless they are good and sufficient. All the heavy guns are safely in front, and can easily be moved any distance wished. Perhaps the Commander-in-Chief is waiting for the Gulf fleet to occupy Memphis, or, when reaching Vicksburg, to destroy the railroad bridge at Jackson.—Something foreign from here evidently influences him. In regard to the enemy at Corinth, it is by no means certain the main body has not retreated, as at first reported. Their demonstrations may be simply blinds. The tales of deserters yet continue strangely conflicting on the subject. As matters now stand a battle may occur at any moment, yet be avoided for a week.

Our offensive movements begin to resemble those lately at Yorktown, approaching the enemy's works as if a siege was intended, and endeavoring to achieve a complete victory, with as little loss of life as possible. It is more than probable the two results will be similar. In regard to efficiency, nothing more could be wished for regarding the force here. It is healthy, well armed and disciplined, and supplied as few armies have been before. If it fails to gain victory, it will be difficult to imagine any troops capable of succeeding.—An hour or two ago, a deserter, an apparently intelligent man, and above the ordinary stamp of rebel soldiers, came in. He says that owing to all the sources of supplies being cut off, Beauregard's army is starving, and will have to disperse or make an attack before a week.

OVER BATHING.

If a fish be deprived of its scales it will be chilled to death; and reasoning analogically, and knowing, too, that human skin scales are destroyed by the alkali of soap, a man may wash himself too much; may actually wash away the scales of his body, leaving the pores so unprotected against heat and cold and obstructions, that death will inevitably ensue; indeed, physiological research proves that if a third of the skin is removed from the body by scalding or otherwise, a fatal termination is unavoidable. Observant persons know how soon the skin becomes pale, shriveled, and tender, even on the hardest hard, if kept a great deal in cold water. There are suggestive considerations for those who believe that continual water washings are indispensable to health and longevity.—*Hall's*