

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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Respectfully announces to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, that he has returned from the Hospital Corps of the Army and resumed the practice of medicine at this place.
Waynesburg, June 11, 1862-ly.

DR. D. W. BRADEN,
Physician and Surgeon. Office in the Old Bank Building, Main street.
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DR. A. G. CROSS
WOULD respectfully tender his services as a PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due application of human life, health, and strict attention to business, to merit a 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 application of the laws of human life and health, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
April 8, 1862.

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Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861-ly.

Select Poetry.

ROLL-OALL.

"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood
near;
And "here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shade of night.

The fern on the hill-sides were splashed
with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;

And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.
For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;

And their life-blood went to color the tide.
"Herbert Cline!"—at the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered
"Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied:
They were brothers, these two; the sad
wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors,"
he said,
"When our ensign was shot: I left him
dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke."

"Close by the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I
think;
And death came with it, and closed his
eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll, when called at
night,
Of a hundred men who went into the
fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered
"Here!"

PRACTICAL HINT TO PARENTS.
We commend the practical wisdom of the parent mentioned in the following incident to the consideration of parents generally. We have known scholars ruined who might have been saved and prepared for a useful and honorable career by some such discipline as this—extreme as it seems to be. The great point is to train children into an ability to act, and also to give them habits of self-reliance:

A young man whose father was in easy circumstances was desirous of learning the printing business. His father consented, on condition that the son should board at home, and pay weekly for his board out of the avails of his special perquisite, during his apprenticeship. The young man thought this rather hard, but when he was of age and master of his trade his father said, "here, my son, is the money paid to me for boarding during your apprenticeship. I never intended to keep it, but have retained it for your use, and with it I give you as much more as will enable you to commence your business."

The wisdom of the old man was now apparent to the son, for while his fellows had contracted bad habits in the expenditure of similar perquisites, and were now penniless and in vice, he was enabled to commence business respectably; and he now stands at the head of publishers in this country, while most of his former companions are poor, vicious and degraded.

A Better Man than His Father.
"Ah, Jemmy, Jemmy," said kind-hearted Dr. Pousonby, Bishop of Derry, to a drunken blacksmith, "I am very sorry to see you begin your evil courses again; and, Jemmy, I am anxious to know what you intend to do with that fine lad, your son?" "Intend, sir," said Jemmy, "to do for him what you cannot do for your son." "Eh! ah! how's that?"—"how's that?" To which Jemmy, with a burst of genuine feeling, said: "I intend to make him a better man than his father!"

DRINK LESS.—Many men have relieved themselves of dyspepsia by not drinking anything, not even water during their meals. No animal except man, ever drinks in connection with his food. Man ought not to. Try this, dyspeptic, and you will not wash down mechanically that which ought to be masticated and en-salivated before it is swallowed.

Miscellaneous.

WOUNDED.

"Six hundred and forty-three wounded!"
"If that were all!" My wife spoke in a sad voice. "If that were all!"

"The return is given as complete," I said, referring again to the newspaper which I held in my hand—"One hundred and forty-one killed, and six hundred and forty-three wounded."

"A fearful list, but it is not all," my wife answered. Her tones were even sadder than at first. "A great many more were wounded—a great many more."

"But this is an official return, signed by the commanding general." "And so far, doubtless, correct.—But from every battle-field go swift-winged messengers that kill and wound at a thousand miles instead of a thousand paces; bullets invisible to mortal eyes that pierce loving hearts. Of the dead and wounded from these we have no report.—They are casualties not spoken of by our commanding generals."

I had not thought of this; or at least, not with any realizing sense of what it involved. My wife resumed: "Let us take the matter home.—We have a son in the army. The ball that strikes him strikes us. If in the list of killed and wounded we had found his name, would there have been no bayonet point or shattering bullet in our flesh? I shiver at the thought. Ah, these invisible messengers of pain and death wound often deeper than iron and lead."

As she thus spoke my eyes were resting on the official list, and saw the name of a friend. An ejaculation of surprise dropped from my lips. "What!" My startled wife grew slightly pale.

"Harley is wounded!"
"O dear!" the palor increased, and she laid her hand over her heart—a sign that she felt pain there—"Badly!" She tried to steady her voice.

"A ball through his chest. Not set down as dangerous, however."
"Poor Anna! What sad tidings for her!" My wife arose. "I must go to her immediately."
"Do so," I answered.

Soon afterward we went out together; I to my office, and she to visit the wife of our wounded friend. It is strange how little those who are not brought into the actual presence of death and disaster on the battle-field realize their appalling nature. We read of the killed and wounded, and sum up the figures as coldly, almost, as if the statistics were simply commercial. We talk of our losses as indifferently as if men were crates and bales. I do not excuse myself. Sometimes I feel as though all sensibility, all sympathy for human suffering, had died out of my heart. It is, perhaps, as well.—If we perceived to the full extent the terrible reality of things, we would be in a half-paralyzed state, instead of continuing our useful employments by which the common good is served. We cannot help the suffering nor heal the wounded by our mental pain. But let us see to it that through lack of pain we fail not in ministrations to the extent of our ability.

When I met my wife at dinner-time her face was paler than when I parted with her in the morning. I saw that she had been suffering, while I, intent for hours upon my work, had half-forgotten my wounded friends—Harley and his wife; one pierced by a visible, and the other by an invisible bullet.

"Did you see Anna?" I asked.
"Yes."
"How is she?"
"Calm, but hurt very deeply. She only had the news this morning."
"Is she going to him?"

There has not been time to decide what is best. Her husband's brother is here and will get as much information by telegraph to-day, as it is possible to receive. To-night or to-morrow he will leave for the battle-field. Anna may go with him.

"She appeared to be hurt deeply, you say?"
"Yes," replied my wife; "and was in most intense pain. Every line in her face exhibited suffering. One hand was pressed all the while tightly over her heart."
"What did she say?"
"Not much. She seemed looking into the distance and trying to make out things seen but imperfectly. If he were to die I think it would kill her."

"Two deaths by the same bullet," I said, my thought recurring to our morning conversation.

In the evening I called with my wife to see Mrs. Harley. A despatch had been received stating that her husband's wound, though severe, was not considered dangerous. The ball had been extracted and he was reported to be doing well. She was going to leave in the night train with her brother-in-law, and would be with her husband in the quickest time it was possible to make. How a few hours of suffering had changed

her! The wound was deep and very painful.

It was nearly two months before Harley was sufficiently recovered to be removed from the hospital. His wife had been permitted to see him every day, and to remain in attendance on him for a greater part of the time.

"Did you know that Mr. Harley and his wife were at home?" said I, coming in one day.

"No. When did they arrive?" was the answer and inquiry.

"This morning. I heard it from Harley's brother."

"How are they?" asked my wife.

"He looks as well as ever, I am told, though still suffering from his wound; but she is miserable. Mr. Harley says."

A shadow fell over my wife's face, and she sighed heavily. "I knew she was hurt badly. Flesh wounds close readily, but spirit wounds are difficult to heal. These invisible bullets are almost sure to reach some vital part."

I met Mr. Harley not long afterward in company with his wife.—His eyes were bright, his lips firm, his cheeks flushed with health. You saw scarcely a sign of what he had endured. He talked in a brave, soldierly manner, and was anxious for the time to come when the surgeon would pronounce him in a condition to join his regiment. His wound, when referred to, evidently gave him more pleasure than pain. It was a mark of distinction—a sign that he had offered even life for his country.

How different with Mrs. Harley! It touched you to look into her dreamy, absent eyes, on her patient and exhausted countenance.

"She has worn herself out in nursing me," said her husband, in answer to a remark on her appearance. He looked at her tenderly, and with just a shade of anxiety in his face. Was the truth not plain to him? Did he not know that she had been wounded also? That two balls left the rifle when he was struck, one of them reaching to his distant home?

"In three weeks I hope to be in the field again, and face to face with the enemy." He spoke with the ardor of a strong desire, his eyes bright, and his face in a glow—wounding, and the pain of wounding all forgotten. But another's eyes became dim as his brightened—another's cheeks paled as his grew warm. I saw the tears shining as Mrs. Harley answered, in an unsteady voice.

"I am neither brave enough, nor strong enough for a soldier's wife." She had meant to say more, as was plain from her manner, but could not trust herself.

"Oh, yes, you are; brave enough and strong enough," replied Mr. Harley with animation. "Not every one could have moved so calmly amidst the dreadful scenes of a camp hospital after a battle. I watched you often and felt proud of you."

"If she had not been wounded also," my wife began; but Mr. Harley interrupted her with the ejaculation, "Wounded!" in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, wounded," resumed my wife; "and, as now appears, nearer the seat of vitality than you were. Did you not know this before, Mr. Harley?"

My friend was perplexed for a little while. He could not get down at once to my wife's meaning.

"When you were struck she was struck also."
"O yes!" Light broke in upon Mr. Harley. He turned quickly toward his wife, and saw in her face what had been unseen before, the wasting and exhaustion that come only from deep-seated pain. He had thought the paleness of her countenance, the weakness that made her step slow and cautious, only the result of over-taxed muscles and nerves. But he knew better now.

"I didn't think of that," he said with visible anxiety, as he gazed into his wife's countenance. "Our wounds, so ghastly to the eyes, often get no deeper than the flesh and bone. The pain is short, and nature comes quickly to the work of cure with all her healing energies. We suffer for a while, and then it is over. We are strong and ready for the conflict again."

"But," said my wife, "into the homes that stand far away from battle fields come swift-winged messengers that wound and kill as surely as iron ball. They strike mothers, wives, sisters—some with death wounds, all with the anguish of vital pain. Alas for these wounded! The healing, if it follows, is never, as the surgeons say, by first intention, but always slow, and often through abscess and ulceration. The large number never entirely recover.—They may linger for years, but do not lose the marks of suffering."

A long silence followed. There were others present who, like Mr. Harley, had never thought of this.—I noticed that for the hour we remained together he was tender toward his wife, and more than once I saw him looking at her, while she was not observing him, with a troubled countenance. I did not again speak of the early period at which he expected to join his regiment.

On the day following another long list of killed and wounded was given to the public. As I read over the names and counted the numbers, my thoughts came back from bloody field and suffering hospital. "These are not all," I said. "Alas! not all. The ball struck twice, thrice; sometimes oftener. There is pain, there is anguish, there is wounding even unto death, in many, many homes within a thousand miles of that gory place. Some are alone and neglected—dying on their battle-field with none to put even a cup of water to their lips—some are with loving friends, who yet fail to stanch the flow of blood, or bandage the shattered limb—some cover their wounds, hiding them from all eyes, and bear the pain in chosen solitude. The sum of all this agony, who shall give it?"

Our wounded! If you would find them all you must look beyond the hospitals. They are not every one bearded and in male attire. There sat beside you, in the car, just now, a woman. You scarcely noticed her. She left at the corner below. There was not much life in her face; her steps, as they rested on the pavement, were slow. She has been wounded, and is dying. Did you notice Mrs. D.—in church last Sunday? "Yes; and now I remember that she was pale as an altered look."

One of our wounded! Do you see a face at the window? "In the marble front house." Yes. "It is sad enough, what in looking eyes!"

Wounded! Ah, sir, they are every where about us. Already from over a hundred battle-fields and skirmishing grounds have been such missives of pain and death. They have penetrated unguarded homes in every city, town and neighborhood of our once happy and peaceful country, wounding the beloved ones left there in hopes for security. For such there is balm only in Gilead—God is their physician.

BLIND TOM.

In the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is an article on "Blind Tom," the natural pianist, which states some singular facts:

This blind negro boy is the slave of a Georgia planter, who bought him with his mother, the cub of a baby being thrown into the bargain, not as a chattel of any supposed value, but because the good-hearted buyer hated to separate the mother and child. The boy was not only blind, but of the lowest negro type, thick-lipped, monkey-headed, and every way a singularly repulsive little being. But the planter bought him, and the boy at his master's "hog and hominy," had a wholly animal existence, grew fat, but did nothing, and was considered to be worth nothing, till he became six or seven years old.

One night the family was awakened by the sound of music, and listening they found it came from their own drawing-room. It was blind Tom, who had climbed upon the piano stool, and was fingering the keys of the instrument, playing with a marvellous accuracy the tunes he had heard the young ladies of the family perform. He was almost mad with delight, and when he had finished a tune would clap his hands and kick his heels and laugh his hoarse laugh in a kind of savage ecstasy. Tom became forthwith a wonder, and was exhibited to the neighbors. He began to live in his music. To deprive him of it was like refusing him food.

He played everything. Hearing even the most difficult music but once he could promptly reproduce it with hardly a hesitating note. Yet he could no more read the musical notation than letters. His master saw a fortune in this ugly specimen of man property, and exhibited him in all the Southern cities, large audiences gathering to listen to his wonderful playing. He was not brought North, for fear in our free latitudes, his owner's property in him might not be respected. He was tested with the most complicated music, but never conquered. He had only once to hear the composition to repeat it, in most cases with more vigor and expression than it had been rendered to him. No matter how long, how difficult, or how new the piece, Tom mastered it immediately.

But the strangest exhibition of the musical inspiration of this coarse, ill-made, half-idiotic boy, was in his improvisations. Though the music he dictated was in no way remarkable, only pleasant little waltzes, marches, and polkas, he would improvise the wildest, the saddest, the most wailing strains of a marvellous beauty, as if, as the sketch of him says, there were enshrouded within the beastly form a spirit of heavenly mold, which struggled for its freedom, and wailed its abiding place.

How shall we explain this wonderful jewel in the head of the toad? Does it not suggest the thought that maybe within all idiotic men, confined, bound down, incapable even of finding such a medium of expression as the Daemon in this poor negro boy has found in music, there is an intelligent, feeling, suffering soul whom God thus impious to release to the light of another life? Blind Tom must awaken in all thoughtful minds new ideas as to the spiritual constitution of man, and perhaps, studying the strange phenomena presented in him, we may obtain some gleam of light to throw upon the vexed question of the relation to each other of soul, mind, physical organization—heart, head, and body.

A CHANGE OF HABITS IN OLD AGE.
A man may change his mode of life as long as he is on the youthful side of middle life, the meridian line once passed, all such radical change is attended with the peril of death. Have you never noticed in the burying-grounds, or in the necrological columns of newspapers, how often husband follows wife or wife husband, with brief intervals of time between their departure, when they have long lived together? The age-worn constitution is unable to react against the bereavement, and to adapt itself to the circumstances in which it is placed. The usual form in which death invades the body of these aged persons demonstrates this truth; for they die either of apoplexy or of paralysis of the brain. The mind, shrinking instinctively from death, exerts all its powers of recovery to rally after the blow is received; the exertion is too much for it, 'tis shattered by the very attempt. There used to be an old diplomatist here, Count de Lowenheim, from Sweden, who represented the court of Stockholm near the Tuilleries for fifty years. He was a well preserved old man, an habitual frequenter of the Grand Opera and French Comedy, never absent from a single court ball. The Crimean war gave unusual importance to the diplomatic relation of the two courts, and it became necessary to appoint a more active man to Swedish Legation here.—The old minister seemed to grow older every year after the newspaper recorded the appointment of his successor. He roamed about the lobbies of the Grand Opera and the French Comedy like a person lost in the woods. He went to Stockholm, and fell dead of apoplexy a few days after his arrival. His letters of recall were his death-warrant. Have you never heard the vulgar remark that the builder of a house dies almost as soon as the house is completed? The observation has some foundation in truth, but the cause of the effect is not "luck," it is very inability of the aged mind to react against old habits lost. Men rarely build houses until they have amassed something like independence of fortune; in other words, they are generally in the afternoon of life, and they build the house for a harbor from the cares of business, where they may twirl their thumbs and "enjoy life" by oppressing themselves with idleness. As long as the house is building all goes well; they don't miss the absent shop or counting room. There is the brick-layer to be scolded and the carpenter to be overlooked, and discussions to be held with the architect, and money to be paid out; in fine, there is something to think about, something to worry over, something to fret about; it is the old round of life in miniature if you will, but still it is the old round which has been paced for forty years. But when the house is complete, when the last coat of paint is dried, and the last chip has been removed, and the bit of mortar taken away, when the owner has nothing to do but to enjoy his own house and his affluent fortune, then comes—the vacuum—nothing to do. The old man finds years have not changed his mind as much as they have changed his body, and the toy tires the old man even sooner than it tired the child. There is no correct relation between building a house and death, but there is a close connection between age and change of life.

UNCLE SAM LOOKING AFTER HIS OLD CLOTHES.
Uncle Sam, having recently discovered that immense quantities of military stores, including blankets, shoes, clothing, arms, equipments, etc., has been stolen from the various departments, and sold or transferred to individuals, the Secretary of War has directed the Adjutant General to issue a general order, requiring all post commanders to seize such goods, wherever found, and arrest those having them in possession, unless they can satisfy the officer that they came by the goods honestly. All Provost Marshals appointed by the Department will assist in recovering to the United States this description of public property. Commanding officers of companies are reminded that it is not only their duty to cause soldiers who are guilty of violating the law forbidding the sale, destruction or negligent loss of clothing, arms and public property, to be charged on the Muster Rolls, with all the articles improperly lost or disposed of, but also to enforce such other punishment as the nature of the offense may demand.

Under this order, Capt. Wright, Provost Marshal at this place, will overhaul all persons wearing United States clothing, and will divest the same unless satisfactorily accounted for. Look out, ye military pretenders and humbugs!—*Pitts Chron.*

A MELANCHOLY END.
Some seven years ago, says the Washington Chronicle, a lovely girl, 16 years of age, resided in an adjoining State, an ornament to the circle in which she moved, and the fond idol of aged and doting parents. In an evil hour the seducer came, and changed the scene to bitterness and despair. The confiding victim left her home and accompanied the villain to this city, where she has generally borne his name. A little time, the profession of love, and devotion he so freely lavished, grew less frequent and ardent, until he abandoned her altogether. Previous to this the victim of this villain's lust was domiciled in a house of low repute on Tenth street, between C and D, where she resided for some time. Utter destitution and remorse of mind preyed upon her delicate organization until she sought oblivion in that enemy which "steals away the brains" and sink such souls to irretrievable degradation. While standing near a window on the third story of the house to which we have referred, in a state of intoxication, she lost her balance and was precipitated to the pavement below.—From that time forth she never spoke, and death shortly after relieved her sufferings. We do not envy the guilty cause of this girl's untimely death.

A Ruse of Old Summer.
An army correspondent writes—Gen. Sumner, on last Friday, despatched twenty-five dragoons on a foraging expedition. They had not proceeded far beyond our lines, till a guerrilla band of rebels captured word came to headquarters of the division, Gen. Sumner ordered ten wagons to be filled with armed soldiers, and to proceed to the same place where the rebels had carried off their booty, and to lie concealed in the bottom of their wagons. The ruse was successful.—The guerrillas, some forty in number, came upon the party, dismounted, and proceeded to capture, as they supposed, a fresh supply of horses and wagons, when our soldiers, concealed as in the Trojan ruse, came out and captured every rebel and horse, and soon returned to camp with the enemy and every prisoner, horse and wagon, which had a few hours before been taken from us.—The incident created quite an amusing sensation.

The Cologne Gazette has this paragraph:—"An interesting trial is pending before our tribunals. The validity of a marriage contract in 1848 between Count S— and the daughter of a non-commissioned officer of the guard who had been employed in the corps de ballet of the opera, was disputed on the ground of irregularity of rank. The superior tribunal of Berlin decided the marriage valid, acting on a rescript of 1746, by which non-commissioned officers and their children are assimilated to the upper bourgeois class.—But this judgment has been cancelled, and the case sent back to be tried again. The Defendant, the son of the Countess S—, pleads that his mother was a very skillful dancer; that she danced solos; that consequently she was an artist and belonged to the upper bourgeois class. Thus it is upon the question whether this lady danced more or less cleverly that the validity of the marriage depends. The law upon marriage presented so many times, suppressed this absurd distinction of ranks; consequently the Chambers of Peers has always refused to vote it."

Hog Cholera.
The Greensburgh Republican says:—We have learned that this disease has prevailed to a considerable extent in the vicinity of New Derry this season, and that a large loss has resulted therefrom. Mrs. Toner, we understand, has lost her entire stock and others have lost a number. We have also heard of its ravages in other localities.

Faith and love are like a pair of compasses; faith, like one point, fastens upon Christ at the centre; and love, like the other, goes the round in all the works of holiness and righteousness.—Burdle.

It is not enough to feel that out of Christ we have nothing—we must feel that in Christ we have all things.

Life without love is worse than death—a world without a sun