

The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Weekly Family Journal--Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1864.

NEW SERIES--VOL. 6, NO. 10.

THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER
PUBLISHED BY

R. W. JONES AND JAS. S. JENNINGS.

AT

Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.

OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE
PUBLIC SQUARE. ¶

¶ 12 PM:

SUBSCRIPTION--\$2.00 in advance; \$2.25 at the expiration of six months; \$2.50 after the expiration of three years.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1.00 per square foot, three inches, and 50 cts. a week for each additional three inches, and 50 cts. a week for each additional square.

¶ A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

¶ Job PRINTING, of all kinds, executed in the best style, and on reasonable terms, at the "Messenger" Job Office.

Miscellaneous.

The Way to Eminence.

That which other folks can do.

Why, with patience, may not you?

Long ago a little boy was entered at Harvard school. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction, denied to him. His master chid him for his dullness, and all his efforts then could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But, nothing daunted, he procured the grammars and other elementary books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the gradually mastering of them; till, in a few weeks, he was gradually rising, and it was not long till he shot far ahead of all his companions, and became not only leader of the division, but the pride of Harrow. You may see the statue of that boy, whose career began with this fit of energetic application, in St. Paul's cathedral; for he lived to be the greatest oratorical school of modern Europe—it was Sir William Jones.

The mean diameter of our globe is exactly 7,938,889 miles; and were it solid throughout, its weight would be equal to five times that of a body of similar dimensions. But it cannot be solid throughout, though the nature of its interior we are of course not positive. Some philosophers have maintained that its interior is filled with light only, but the more prevalent and rational opinion is that it is filled with fire—that the whole heart of the earth is one vast seething caldron. The reasons for this are the rapid increase in the temperature of the earth, as we penetrate into its bowels, and the existence of volcanoes and hot-springs upon its surface. Earthquakes, too, those dreadful visitations that convulse the earth, and that not unfrequently mark large districts with ravage and destruction, attest the presence of internal fires. The rate of increment in the earth's temperature is one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer for every sixty feet, and at this rate we should find at the depth of one hundred miles a degree of heat sufficient to keep in fusion any of the rocks to be found on the surface, hence, the solid crust of the earth cannot be more than sixty or eighty miles in thickness—a mere, brittle shell.

Volcanoes are only vents or chimneys to this great roaring furnace over which we every day walk so carelessly—Through them escape those suncharged elements, which, if they had no means of exit, must explode our beautiful world into a million atoms, and leave a void in the grand system of creation.

Carnival of Fire.

The following is a partial record of large fires which have occurred during July and in which most cases are believed to be of incendiary origin:

July 1, Louisville, hospital stores, \$1,000,000; July 1, Philadelphia, factory, \$80,000; July 4, New York, piano factory, \$160,000; July 4, Saratoga water cure establishment, \$150,000; July 5, Chicago, cooperage, \$25,000; July 7, Chicago, for store, \$70,000; July 8, Vassarabro, Me., mills, \$30,000; July 8, Salmon Falls, Vt., \$30,000; July 11, New York, Steamer John Porter, \$500,000; July 13, Waterford, Me., railroad depot, \$70,000; July 15, St. Louis, six steamers, \$500,000; July 16, Brooklyn, N. Y., warehouses, \$900,000; July 17, Lowell, Mass., tanneries, \$130,000; July 20, Farmington, Conn., store and barns, \$50,000; July 22, Chicago, plating mill, \$60,000; July 22, Springfield, Mass., stores, \$100,000; July 22, Philadelphia, wagon factory, \$30,000; July 22, Defiance, Ohio, woolen factory, \$100,000; July 23, Lockport, N. Y., machine shop, \$12,000; July 24, Jamaica, L. I., hotel, crops, woods, &c., \$30,000; July 25, Syracuse, Cranger block, \$50,000. Total, \$4,566,000.

From the Washington Intelligencer.]
A Curious Case of Burying Alive.

A slight mistake was made day before yesterday in one of the hospitals at City Point, which caused a flutter among the patients. A wounded soldier was pronounced dead by a surgeon, and the Ward Master caused him to be put in his coffin for burial.

The brethren of the Christian Commission attended the remains to the grave, opened the coffin, and were proceeding with the burial service when the soldier's hand was observed to move. On closer examination it was discovered that life was not extinct.—The fatigued party detailed to bury the poor fellow refused to "let up on him," saying that they had orders to bury him and must do it.

The humane gentleman of the Commission intimated that they "would make a corpse of him" who should attempt to bury the man before they were satisfied he was dead, and he was carried back to the hospital. The Surgeon who ordered the burial was called for, who still contended that the man was dead, and the movement of the fingers was a muscular contraction sometimes observed in defunct bodies.

Other Surgeons, however, discovered pulsation, and the man lived till the next morning, when he was buried. Our informant says the case is to be reported to the proper officers.

Taming Fish.

A little girl residing near a pond in Massachusetts has succeeded in taming some of the fish, by throwing crumbs of bread, crackers, &c., into the water.—The species called perch seem to be the most tractable and docile. One of them often takes the end of her finger in his mouth, while another will glide gently into her hand and turn on one side, and so remain, apparently reposing, till raised quite to the surface. The fish, however, discovered pulsation, and the man lived till the next morning, when he was buried. Our informant says the case is to be reported to the proper officers.

Find recreation in looking after your business, so that it will not be neglected in looking after recreation.

Buy low, sell fair and take care of the profits.

Look over your books regularly and if you find an error, trace it out.

Should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench, work hard, but never fly the track.

Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will die at last; though you should fail in the struggle, you will be honored—but shrink from the task and you will be despised.

The universal sentiment is "Stop this war if it is for emancipation only."

Restless Nights.

Some persons "toss and tumble" half the night, and get up in the morning, weary, unrefreshed, and dispirited, wholly unfit either in body or mind for the duties of the day; they are not only incapacitated for business, but are often rendered so ungainly in their manners, so irritable and fretful, as to spread a gloom over the whole household. To be able to go to bed and be in a sound, delicious sleep, an unconscious deliriousness in five minutes, but enjoyed in its remembrance, is a great happiness, an in calculable blessing, and one for which the most sincere and affectionate thanks should habitually go up to that benevolent Providence which vouchsafes the same through the instrumentalities of a wise and self-denying attention to the laws of our being.

Restless nights as to persons in apparent good health arise chiefly from first, an overloaded stomach; second, from worldly care; third, from want of muscular activity proportioned to the needs of the system. Few will have restless nights who take dinner at midday, and nothing after that except a piece of cold bread and butter and a cup or two of some hot drink; anything beyond that, as cake, pie, chipped beef, dough-nuts, preserves, and the like, only tempt nature to eat when there is really no cause for it, thus engendering dyspepsia and all its train of evils.

Worldly care. For those who cannot sleep from the unsatisfactory condition of their affairs; who feel as if they were going behindhand; or that they are about to encounter great losses, whether from their own remissness, the perfidy of friends, or unavoidable circumstances, we have a deep and sincere sympathy. To such we say, live hopeful for better days ahead, and meanwhile strive diligently, persistently, and with a brave heart to that end.

But the more common cause of restless nights is, that exercise has not been taken to make the body tired enough to demand sleep. Few will fail to sleep soundly if the whole of daylight, or as much thereof as will produce moderate fatigue, is spent in steady work in the open air, or on horseback, or on foot. Many spoil all their sleep by attempting to force more on nature than she requires. Few persons will fail to sleep soundly, while they do sleep, if they avoid sleeping in the daytime, will go to bed at a regular hour, and heroically resolve to get up the moment they wake, whether it is two, four, or six o'clock in the morning. In less than a week, each one will find how much sleep his system requires; thereafter give it that, and no more.

Half's Journal of Health.

Interesting to Farmers.

Under an order from the office of Internal Revenue, the income of a farmer must be estimated by including the total value of his crop harvested, and the profit realized upon a sale of stock. The 117th section of the act of June 30, 1864, requires such income to be estimated by including the increased value of live stock, whether sold or on hand, and the amount of sugar, wool, butter, cheese, pork, beef, mutton, and other meats, hay and grain or other vegetables, or other productions of the estate of the farmer sold during the past year for which return is made, not including any part thereof unsold or on hand at the close of the year. To ascertain the income resulting from a farm under this provision, it will be necessary to estimate the value of the live stock on hand at the beginning of the year, and to add thereto the amount paid for animals which are held alive at the close of the year. The sum thus obtained will be deducted from the amount obtained by adding the estimated value of the live stock held at the close of the year to the amount received for animals sold during the year, the amount received for meats and vegetables, the productions of the farm sold during the year, or consumed by the farmer or his family, or consumed by animals kept for purposes of pleasure.

The difference thus obtained will be charged as income, and will be subject to the proper deductions for the cost of carrying on the farm. No deduction can, however, be allowed for the cost of hay or grain produced upon the farm.—In other respects, the same rules will be observed in estimating the income of a farmer as that of other persons.

Four Children Smothered in a Chest.

A terrible realization of the tale of Ginevra, which Ringers has immortalized in verse, was discovered in the township of Newburg yesterday. On Wednesday afternoon last a man named Schoger, living near the Buckeye House (better known as Edward's Tavern,) on Kinsman street road, left the house with his wife to go into the field to work.—Their four children, aged from two to ten years, remained at home. On returning to the house, the parents sought in vain for their children. Search was made around the premises, over the farm and through the woods, the whole neighborhood turning out to join in, but without success. Yesterday morning, however, their own house was searched; and in it, in an old German chest, the children were found, smothered to death, their faces black from suffocation. In their play the children had got into the chest, and the lid falling, and the spring catching, had been imprisoned in a living tomb.

There are 580 tenement houses in New York, which contain by actual count, 10,935 families, or about 85 persons to each; 193 others, which contain 111 persons each; 71 others, which contain 140 each, and finally, 29—these must be most profitable—which have a total population of no less than 5,449 souls, or 187 to each house.

A Sad Story.

Not many months ago, says the Atlanta correspondent of the Mobile Register, there arrived at a Confederate port, upon one of the most notable of our blockade runners, a very unassuming woman—scarcely such, indeed, for she was hardly out of her teens—an extremely handsome person. She had come to Nassau from Paris, and sailed thither for the South. She brought with her an abundant wardrobe, and sufficiency of means to last her two or three years at the present rates of living. Her object in visiting this country was to discover the fate of an only brother, a colonel in our service, who had placed her at Geneva at school when the war began. She had not heard from him during six months, became anxious, and finally set out on her long and perilous journey—Her brother had been killed at Gettysburg, and she found herself alone and a stranger in her native land. She went first to Augusta, then to Mobile, where she lost a trunk containing all her gold. At this critical juncture of affairs she met a very handsome field officer—fell in love—engaged first in a flirtation, then in an amorous—and accompanied him as far as Atlanta on his way to the front. He fell ill at Chickamauga. What her life became you can guess. She died last week, and was buried in the ground in the public cemetery. There's a story for you—weep over it!

"Somebody's Boy."

Ah, yes! the veriest wreck that skulks along the by-paths of society once belonged to somebody; and human nature, selfish though it be, is too much bound into one family, and interwoven into a net-work of common sympathies and feelings, not to thrill under this consideration if faithfully pondered and applied. "The good man," says an elegant preacher, "does not ask who the sufferer is, what is his name, or religion; he sees that he is a man, he feels that he is a neighbor, and he lifts him upon his knee, and dresses his wound, and relieves his wants; and the Savior says to us, every one, 'Go thou and do likewise.' I love the spirit of the good woman who was running to help some poor boy that was flung well-nigh lifeless upon the road, and her neighbors said, 'Why do you run thus? he is not your boy.' 'No,' she said, 'but he is somebody's boy.' That is as it should be. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' And this principle," adds the writer, "should be kept in view preeminently with the young."

A young lady named White, of Da Page, Illinois, met an untimely end recently under the following circumstances: In the absence of all the family from home, except a soldier who was sick in bed, Miss White, wishing to make the coal fire burn more rapidly, took the Kerosene can, which contained about one gallon of oil, and commenced pouring it on the glowing coals. An explosion immediately took place.—The fire entered the can, bursting it open at every seam and making a report that was heard at a great distance. The unfortunate girl was at once wrapped in a sheet of liquid fire. Inhalation of the surrounding flame at every breath, and screaming most frightfully she ran for help. The sick soldier grasping the bed clothes, followed her to the garden and attempted to smother the devouring flames but before they could be subdued the work of death was done. She expired after about five hours of most intense suffering.

"TILL THE WHEELS RUST OFF."—One of the most careful railroad conductors that ever took a train over the Portland, Sacramento and San Joaquin Railroad, Wm. Aikerman, was injured by an impatient passenger, while the train was holding up at a turn-out, how long he intended to wait there. A passing train was over due, and the passengers were in a hurry to get on, as all passengers are. "I shall wait," said Aikerman, "unless the missing train arrives, or I am directed by the proper authorities to go on, until the wheels rust off." These words should be written in gold for the guidance of every conductor. They tell the whole story in a nutshell. How many lives would have been saved that have been cruelly crushed out by railroad disasters, if the rule of this model conductor had been implicitly obeyed?

"TILL THE WHEELS RUST OFF."—One of the most careful railroad conductors that ever took a train over the Portland, Sacramento and San Joaquin Railroad, Wm. Aikerman, was injured by an impatient passenger, while the train was holding up at a turn-out, how long he intended to wait there. A passing train was over due, and the passengers were in a hurry to get on, as all passengers are. "I shall wait," said Aikerman, "unless the missing train arrives, or I am directed by the proper authorities to go on, until the wheels rust off." These words should be written in gold for the guidance of every conductor. They tell the whole story in a nutshell. How many lives would have been saved that have been cruelly crushed out by railroad disasters, if the rule of this model conductor had been implicitly obeyed?

What we Suffer from.

No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of fortune's gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us, if we lay upon them and expect to be considered for them, we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unstrung with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported by prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states; and, having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for in the midst of felicity we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.—[Boling-broke.]

A boy years old in Hartford, drowned himself on Monday in order to escape the cruel treatment to which he was subjected by his father. It seems that the latter had long been harsh to this boy, as to others of his family, and that the boy told his mother that he should drown himself. He was again whipped by his father very severely on Sunday morning. On Monday when he went in bathing with the other boys, he told them also of his intention to drown himself—but they thought lightly of this threat, and did not believe, even after his refusal to come out when

they did, that he really meant to drown himself. But when they came out, he remained in—deliberately went out into deep water, and was drowned.

Family Circle.

The Scholar's Influence.

"Good morning, Miss Effie; can I speak with you a moment alone?" said a little girl to her teacher, as soon as she entered the room. She was one of those rare beings whose manners and appearance win instant love and confidence. Always happy herself, she helped largely in making others, by the mere presence of her cheerful face. But this morning her teacher saw a troubled look shading the sunshine, and at once yielded the desired privacy.

"Oh! Miss Effie, what shall I do? I said what was not true yesterday. I did break the rules. Won't you please give me a bad mark? And can you forgive me?"

"My dear child," replied her teacher; "I am sorry you have uttered a falsehood, but rejoice in the moral courage which enables you to make this noble confession. But how came you to do it?"

"I ought not to have done so—but Annie was saying something funny, and I know I could not help but hear her, for she sits by my side, and then I laughed; and before I thought, I talked too. And why I should have denied it, I cannot tell; but I have been unhappy ever since, as you may know by my walking up last night, two or three times, and every time that dreadful story was my first thought. Oh! it was a sad night."

The poor child's tears were falling fast, and they gathered thickly in the teacher's eyes, as she mingled commendation with reproof. Grieved with, while she rejoiced over the truly penitent child, as her heart melted in tenderness towards her, and she understood better the fullness of God's pardoning love towards sinners. But presently a new thought arose in my mind. Annie had been very rebellious and troublesome for several days. She was an almost inseparable companion of the gentle Ella. Might not Ella be made the means of leading her back to the right?"

"Do you not think," said she kindly, "that if you had been firm in what you now see to be right, you might have induced Annie to do right also?"

"Not then, I think, Miss Effie," replied Ella; "but she loves me so much that if I spoke to her before hand, and proposed that both be good, I am almost sure she would. She means to be a naughty girl, but she is good, and when she begins she has to go on and she will never say she is sorry, no matter how badly she feels." Then as if fearing she had said too much against her friend, she hastily added, "You know she is very good sometimes."

"Yes," replied her teacher, "and how blessed it will be to help her to be good all the time. Be assured, my child, you will be happier the more you try to help her to walk in the right way. The task will oftentimes call for a great deal of self-control, but God will help you if you ask him."

"Ah! Miss Effie, you may be sure I will do all I can, replied the girl, as she turned away.

No one who has never silently mourned over a loved object, who, day by day, has shown a hardy, defiant temper, can understand how that teacher's heart was lightened by a sudden hope. A new power seemed awakened within her as she that day performed her accustomed duties. She felt that the enthusiasm and earnest love of that child would not be employed in vain. Better than all, she felt that the force of that child's mind was exerted by sympathy with her own. Nor were her hopes vain. Anna's proud spirit will forget its accustomed stubbornness. She yielded to the influence of Ella's gentle fidelity, and ere long was one of the best girls in the school.

Giving Joy to a Child.