

# Waynesburg Messenger.

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

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1864.

NEW SERIES.--VOL. 6, NO. 12.

## Miscellaneous.

[From the Boston Post.]  
**And Strange Disease.--Trichina Spiralis.**

of infestation of the human body by the Trichina spiralis, are reported in a number of localities in this country. The worm is a denizen of the muscular system of man and animals, and has been known for some time as a parasite. The recognition of a special disease due to it is a recent discovery of the German physiologists. It has been observed by them in all countries where they had their attention called to it. It was first discovered in a spotted appearance presented in a muscle, and portions of tissue were examined, under the microscope, a minute coiled worm, surrounded by a calcareous envelope, resembling in its singular position. Worms of this kind that could be presumed to have died of trichinae diseases, and as no other disease could be referred to, the worms were regarded as trichinae, and described merely as objects of scientific curiosity.

Within a few years the medical profession of Germany has had its attention called to certain anomalous cases of disease, first suspected to be cases of poisoning. Chemical investigation has confirmed this suspicion, further investigation revealed in all of the subjects the presence of trichinae in great numbers. As the trichinae were known also to exist in the flesh of swine, and as previous investigation had shown the possibility of the trichinae being transferred from animals to man, it was finally demonstrated that these worms were not killed by a process of cooking, and thus in imperfectly cooked meat containing them might be transmitted alive to the digestive organs. Careful investigation revealed also that the worms of these animals thus released in the human stomach in a few days gave rise to a disease, which immediately commenced to perforate their way through the intestines and surrounding parts, making a straight path to the muscles of all portions of the body, especially those of the limbs.

This perforation of parts by millions of microscopic worms was attended with symptoms more or less violent, depending upon their numbers, and the strength and health of the victim. While passing the coats of the bowels violent purging often arose, stimulating arsenical poisoning, and many persons had been unjustly suspected of this crime, when persons eating food prepared by them had been thus alarmingly seized. As the worms made their way into the muscle, pains like those of rheumatism, cramps, weakness or entire loss of power resembling paralysis, ensued, when the numbers of trichinae were large, wasting exhaustion, and death followed. Persons escaping with a small degree from similar symptoms but gradually recovered, and a portion of their muscles, removed and magnified, revealed the trichinae lived at their destination and undergoing the various stages of calcareous investment.

No effectual remedy for this disease yet been discovered. Attempts have been made to remove them from the intestines by emetics and purging, unless resorted to early, before any worms have appeared, this is usually fatal. Parasiticide medicines have not been found to afford relief, and all science has been able to do for protection, as yet is to point out the source of danger. Swine and cats are the animals chiefly inhabited by the parasite. The former only is supposed to be used for food, but cases are said to have been traced to ragouts, ostensibly of hare or rabbit, sold in the Parisian restaurants, and which were shrewdly suspected to be swine from swine's flesh, smoked but not cooked, are favorite articles of diet among the Germans, and in these trichinae are often found. Under done pork may contain them living, but if the entire substance of the meat be raised to the temperature of boiling water, the vitality of the worms is destroyed.

The appearance of the disease in this country makes the above facts of value to the public. We annex the description of a case recently occurring in New York (generously stated to be the first in this country) taken from the Buffalo Courier: The June number of the Buffalo Medical Journal contains a long editorial detailing the facts concerning a newly discovered disease which has appeared in Cheektowaga, Erie county, N. Y. The discovery was recently noted in Germany, but the cases described in the Journal are the first which have been positively identified in this country. The disease is caused by the presence in the muscles of a worm or parasite, known as the trichina spiralis, and in the case recorded, the victims have become infected from eating the flesh of swine in which the worm chanced to abound. The credit of discovering the disease is due to Dr. Kroubein, of Buffalo, who in connection with Dr. Dayler, of Lancaster, in the middle of May last, attended two patients, a man and his wife, in Cheektowaga. Both of these died. Another family of seven

members at Merrille, in that county, was attacked in the same way. The parents died, but the children are reported alive, though in a dangerous condition. Dr. Lathrop writes the result of a microscopic examination of the case. He says:

The specimen of human muscle taken from a person after death, and also the sausage he had eaten, which you gave me, supposing them to contain the trichina spiralis, I carefully examined under the microscope, both alone and with Dr. Hadley. The parasite was found in both, in great abundance, but in different states. In the muscle taken from the human body the worm was free while in the sausage it was encysted. In the first I failed to find the worms inclosed in a cyst. They were often more or less coiled two or three turns, or an elliptical form; but often the shape was not regular, though seldom straight. The irregular form in which the worm was found was probably caused by tearing and scraping the muscle, to render it thin enough to become transparent under the microscope the normal shape being more or less coiled. Under the microscope the worm could be readily seen with a low power, and presented uniformly a pointed head, a body increasing in size to the tail, which had somewhat of a truncated appearance, with a slight fissure. There was an appearance of an intestinal canal running the whole length of the body, somewhat undulating, and filled with granula matter.

In the portion of the sausage examined, the worms were enclosed in an ovoid cyst, and here were found free. Even scraping the muscle did not rupture the cyst. They were much smaller than the free worm, were always coiled, occupying the centre of the cyst, and in most cases single. One cyst only was observed in which were two worms, separate from each other, each occupying an extremity of the cyst. The cysts were closed by the muscular fibres, which had the appearance of having been pushed aside, and at either end the space where the muscular fibres separated was filled with fat globules. I did not find a cyst without a worm. The appearance was as here represented magnified over 200 diameters. The worm occupied about one third of the cyst space. In one small piece of the muscular tissue of the sausage, I should rather say small collection of scrapings, nearly thirty cysts containing worms were counted.

**Eating Economically.**

What kind of food has the most nutriment and costs the least? is a question of great practical importance. The following tables may be studied with considerable interest by every family. They will show the mode of preparation, the amount of nutriment, and the time required for the digestion of the most common articles of food placed upon the tables. A dollar's worth of meat at twenty-five cents a pound, goes as far as fifty cents' worth of butter, at half a dollar a pound. Three pounds of flour at eight cents a pound is said to contain as much nutriment as nine pounds of roast beef, which, at twenty-five cents, is \$2.25; that is, twenty-five cents' worth of flour goes as far as nine times that much money spent for roast beef, as weighed at the butcher's stall. A pint of white beans weighing one pound, and costing seven cents, contains as much nutriment as three pounds and a half of roast beef, costing eighty-seven and a half cents. Of all the articles that can be eaten, the cheapest are bread, butter, molasses, beans, and rice. A pound of corn meal (Indian) goes as far as a pound of flour; so that fine family flour at sixteen dollars a barrel, and corn meal at four cents, the latter is just one-half less expensive. It corn and wheat were ground, and the whole product, bran and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent. or nutriment would be saved, with much greater healthfulness. These are standard tables:

Kind of Food.	Mode of Preparation.	Nutriment.	Digestion.	Time.
Cucumbers, Raw,		2 per cent.	11.	11.
Turnips, Boiled,		4	2	30
Milk, Fresh,		7	2	15
Cabbage, Boiled,		7	4	30
Apples, Raw,		10	1	50
Potatoes, Boiled,		13	2	30
Fish, Boiled,		20	2	00
Veal, Boiled,		22	1	30
Pork, Roasted,		24	5	15
Veal, Roasted,		25	4	00
Beef, Roasted,		26	3	30
Poultry, Roasted,		27	2	45
Mutton, Roasted,		30	3	15
Bread, (wheat) Baked,		80	3	30
Bread, Baked,		80	3	30
Beans, Boiled,		87	2	30
Rice, Boiled,		88	1	00
Butter and oils,		96	3	30
Sugars and syrups,		96	3	30

[Hall's Journal of Health.

Mrs. Dora Clinton, an inhuman monster was recently committed to the Tombs in New York to await trial for homicide in having caused the death of a child which had been adopted by herself and husband. It was shown before the Coroner's jury that Mrs. Clinton had frequently administered severe punishment for trivial offences, and that on one occasion she and her husband absent themselves an entire day from their abode, leaving the child tied to a bedpost in a dark bedroom. The guilty woman, having been committed to the City Prison, expressed deep contrition, and at length suffered mental depression from constant dwelling upon the subject of her crime, and a day or two since died of remorse.

## EXECUTION OF THE GIRONDISTS.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

During the progress of the French Revolution, there were two parties which arose, and for a long time contested for the supremacy--the Girondists and the Jacobins. The mob of Paris was at the disposal of the Jacobins, and sustained them in their most atrocious measures. "We must," said Murat, one of the leaders of the Jacobins, "strike into the hearts of our foes. It is our only safety." The Girondists attempted to arrest the progress of the frightful massacres in which the Jacobins were engaged. They thus exposed themselves to the dangerous charge of being in sympathy with the aristocrat. The strife which ensued, a strife involving life or death, was one of the most terrible recorded in history.

Madame Roland was one evening urging Vergniaud to rally the Girondist party at every hazard to arrest the massacres. "The only hope of France!" said she, "is in the sacredness of the law. This atrocious carnage causes thousands of bosoms to thrill with horror. All the wise and good in France, and in the world, will rise to sustain those who expose their own hearts as a barrier to arrest such enormities."

"Of what avail, was the sad reply of Vergniaud, can such exertions be? The assassins are supported by all the power of the street. Such a conflict must necessarily terminate in a street fight. The cannon are with our foes. The most prominent of the friends of order are massacred. Terror will restrain the rest. We shall only provoke our own destruction."

For several days the strife raged in the convention with the utmost intensity, between the Girondists and the Jacobins. The party which could obtain the majority would surely consign the other to the scaffold. M. Roland, the Girondist Minister of the Interior, was a man of great power, but Madame Roland, with a brilliance of genius seldom surpassed, prepared for him his speeches in the convention. France recognized her marvelous abilities; the one party regarded her with admiration, and the other with hate. Probably never before in the history of the world has a woman occupied such a position. It soon became evident that the rage of the Jacobins would descend upon Madame Roland, and she was urged to escape from Paris. The heroic woman replied:

"I am ashamed to resort to any such expedient. I will neither disguise myself nor make any attempt at street escape. My enemies may find me always in my place. I owe my country an example of firmness and I will give it."

She remained in Paris, and soon perished upon the guillotine. The convention consisted of eight hundred members. Twenty-one of the most illustrious men of France were considered leaders of the Girondists. The Jacobins accused them of treason, and overawing the members of the convention by a mob, carried the accusation and condemned them to death. It was then voted that all Paris should be illuminated in view of the triumph of the people. At midnight the whole convention, in procession, traversed the brilliant streets, leading to grace their triumph, the doomed Girondists. They were all then consigned to the Conciergerie, there to await the final trial. Summer came and went, while illustrious men lingered in their dungeons. With fortitude, the record of which has enabled their memories, they struggled to sustain each other to meet that fate which they knew could not be doubtful.

At length the hour of final triumph came. With the most imposing military array of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to guard against the possibility of any counter revolution, the prisoners were conducted in a long procession, two by two, to the judgment bar. It was the 30th of October, 1793. At eleven o'clock at night the verdict was brought in, and they were doomed to be led the next morning to the guillotine. As the sentence was pronounced, one of the Girondists, Valane, plunged his dagger in his heart, and fell lifeless to the floor. Another in the delirium of enthusiasm, shouted: "This is the most glorious day of my life." It was midnight when the victims were conducted back to the Conciergerie. As they marched along, their voices burst into the Marseille Hymn, in tones which reverberated through the corridors of the prison, and echoed through the streets:

"Come, children of your country, come, The day of glory dawns on high, And tyranny has wide unfurled Her blood-stained banner to the sky."

They were placed in one large hall, and the lifeless body of their companion was deposited in one corner. By decree of the Assembly the remains of Valane were to be taken, with the rest, to the guillotine, and the ax was to sever his head from the lifeless body, and all the headless trunks were to be interred together. Some friends to the Girondists immediately sent to them a sumptuous banquet, their final funeral repast. A large oaken table was spread. Servants entered with brilliant lamps. The richest viands of meats and wines were brought in. Vases of flowers smiled where flowers never bloomed before, and the most costly dishes appeared one after another until the board was covered with luxury and splendor. In silence they took their places at

the table. They were all men of brilliant intellect, and most of them eloquent. A priest, Abbe Lambert, who had gained admission, with his pencil noted down their words, their actions, their indications of heroism. The repast was prolonged till the dawn faintly entered the grated windows. When the cloth was removed, and the fruits, the wine, and the flowers alone remained, the conversation became animated, with occasionally bursts of gaiety. A few of the unbelievers in immortality endeavored thus to meet their doom. But it was hilarity unnatural, and unworthy of the men and their condition. Death is not a jest, and he who attempts to so regard it does but dishonor to himself.

"What shall we be doing at this time to-morrow?" asked Ducois.

"We shall sleep," responded one, "after the fatigues of the day, to wake up no more. Death is but an endless slumber."

"No," rejoined Fouchet, "annihilation is not our destiny. These bodies perish. These thoughts never die. To-morrow, in other words, we shall think, feel, act. We shall have solved the problem of the destiny of the human mind."

All turned to Vergniaud as by a common impulse. His discourse was long and has been described as the most eloquent which was ever uttered by human lips. "Death," said he, in conclusion "is the greatest act of life. It introduces us to a noble existence. Were it not so, there would be something greater than God. It would be just man immolating himself needlessly and hopelessly for his country. No! Vergniaud is no greater than God. God will not suffer Vergniaud to-morrow to ascend the scaffold but to justify and avenge him in future ages."

As the light of day penetrated the dungeon, some sought a moment's sleep, others wrote a last line to friends, while others gathered in groups for conversation. At four o'clock the gens d'arms entered with the executioners. The long hair was cut from their necks, that it might not impede the axe. Gensomme picked up a lock and sent it to his wife, saying:

"Tell her that it is the only memorial of my love which I can transmit to her; and that my last thoughts in death were hers."

Vergniaud scratched upon his watch a few lines of tender remembrance, and sent it to the young lady to whom, in a few days he was to be married. Five rude carts conveyed them to the scaffold. Each cart contained five persons. The streets through which the sad procession passed were thronged with countless thousands. It was one of the most splendid of October mornings. As the carts moved the Girondists sang the Marseille Hymn. At the end of each verse there was a moment's silence, and then the strain was renewed loud and sonorous. Arrived at the scaffold, they all embraced. They then resumed their funeral chant. One after another ascended the scaffold, continuing the song till his head fell into the basket. There was no weakness. No voice faltered; on each succeeding moment, as head after head fell, the song grew more faint. Vergniaud at last stood alone. Long confinement had spread a deadly pallor over his intellectual features. He ascended the steps, the chorus having now died away into a solo of surpassing richness. For a moment he gazed upon the headless bodies of his friends. He then, as he surrendered himself to the executioner, commenced anew the strain--

"Come, children of your country, come, The day of glory dawns on high." The axe fell, and his lips were silent in death. Thus perished the Girondists. The history of the French Revolution, in all its sublime annals, has not a tragically more thrilling.

## A Boy's Trials.

THE REGULATIONS WITH THE "OLD MAN."

We suppose the first severe trial a boy has to undergo is to submit his will to the old man, whom he is taught to consider his father. To be restrained in doors at night, to be forbidden to go in swimming five times a day, or to be hindered from pinching the rest of the children just for fun, is an interference with unnatural inalienable rights, every way injurious to his feelings. And, then, when upon some overwhelming temptation, the boy asserts his independence of paternal control and receives a tanning with a switch from a quince bush upon the back or bare feet, it really becomes a very serious thing. We never could see that the smart of an operation like this was assuaged by the affectionate assurance that it was bestowed out of pure love.

THE FIRST LONG TAILED COAT.

We do not think that any boy ever put on his first long tailed coat without a sense of shame. He first twists his back half off looking at it in the glass, and then when he steps out of doors it seems as if all creation was in a broad grin. The sun laughs in the sky, the cows turn to look at him; there are faces at every window; his very shadow mocks him. When he walks by he looks up for his life. The very boards creak with consciousness of the strange spectacle, and the old pair of pantaloons that stop a light in the garret window nod with derision. He is obliged to pass a group of men and boys, the trial assumes its

most terrific stage: his legs get all mixed up with embarrassment, and the flap of the dangling appendage is felt against the earth more gloomy and oppressive than night itself. "Thank heaven! it was not an omen; but only a startling and painful suggestion drawn from a little smoke clouding the sun."--N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

**A Danish Town.**

Mr. Dicey, in his new book on Denmark, gives this sketch of a thorough old-fashioned Danish town called Sevenborg:

"Nestling in the centre of the Thorsenge is the town of Sevenborg. On either side of it stretch the tideless waters of the strait which leads from the 'Store' to the 'Lille Belt'; behind it rises the low, sloping forest-like wooded shore of Tassing. But, beautiful as the position is, there is nothing in the look of the town, seen from the water, to add to its picturesqueness. A confused mass of low red-tiled roofs, the high, whitewashed tower of the parish church and a few lofty warehouses--these are all the features that catch your eye as you sail up towards the port. When you enter within the town there is not much to please a painter's eye. The streets are narrow, winding and irregular, but there is little beauty even about their want of symmetry. With the exception of a few new stucco-dwellings of modern dimensions, the houses are very small and very low. Even in the main streets there are many houses not more than one story high; most of them are plastered over with a sort of gritty compost, such as you see used in English village cottages, painted pink or slate color; windows are very plentiful, and the panes are very small; each house has stone steps before its door; gable ends and high-peaked roofs are common; of foot-walks, there are next to none, and the pavements are constructed of round sharp stones, dreadful to walk upon, and worse to ride over. The shops are about of the same stamp as you would find in a small English market town; taverns are not plentiful, and any place of public amusement appears to be unknown. The one charm about the place, to my mind, consists in the exceeding cleanliness and tightness of the dwellings--not a brick is out of place, not a tile is loose upon the roofs, not a pain of glass is stuffed up with paper even in the poorest houses. In the whole of Sevenborg I have not seen a dwelling where a rich man in England would be likely to live, or where, as far as warmth and shelter, and outward cleanliness is concerned, any reasonable man would complain of being forced to live."

The same absence of marked contrast between wealth and poverty is visible in the look of the townsfolk. Everybody is decently dressed--nobody handsomely. Every woman, belonging in any way to the well to do classes, is in mourning--as is the case over all Denmark--for the late King; common women wear white caps and warm woolen dresses of sombre colors. Crinolines has hardly made its way here, and hats were but seldom seen. Men and boys wear cloth or fur caps, and long brown coats, reaching down to their heels. Woolen shoes are very common, and every body has a superabundance of woollen comforts and worsted mittens. Of private carriages I have not met one about the streets; but then I have also not seen a single beggar. I have spent most of my time here in going round with my friend to visit the different merchants and ship-owners with whom he has business connections. Everybody is friendly, everybody is hospitable, and everybody takes it unkindly if you and your friend and your friend's friend, will not smoke and drink at his expense, and shake hands a score of times, with or without the slightest provocation. To those accustomed to English merchant life it seems incredible that these homely, shabby looking traders, with the air and dress of elderly clerks not over well-to-do, can be men of capital, or that business of any large amount can be transacted in these poky little dens of officers. You go into a small room, the whole furniture of which consists of a deal desk, a safe and a couple of rickety chairs, and are told to your surprise that all the vessels whose pictures you see hanging upon the walls belong to the firm, and are sailing in the Indian Ocean, plying between China and Amsterdam, or Liverpool and Rio. Altogether, I felt as if I had got transported back to the old fashioned English traders whom you read about in DeFoe's works. The offices of the Sevenborg merchants form part of their dwelling houses. The sons are the fatherly principals themselves, from copying letters to accepting bills. Business appears never to be at an end. From daylight till late in the evening the traders are hanging about their offices, and, though the streets are empty by nine, the shops are kept open till near eleven."

Progress.--London is now connected with Sidon and Jerusalem by Telegraph! How strange to see the old Bible Lands invaded by modern inventions and improvements. In another year our shores may be within one day's communication with the Holy Land. A telegram dispatched from Jerusalem at noon may reach us before noon of the same day!

## The Blood Red Sun.

The murky condition of the atmosphere on Sunday and Monday was a subject of general remark. The obscurity which it imparted to distant objects was less than that of a fog, and more than that of an autumnal haze. It was smoke, but so fine and fleecy that there was no smoke in the air. Telegrams from remote points in the State speak of the same phenomenon, and attribute it to the great fire raging in the northeastern forests. In some places, miles from the scene of conflagration, the smoke is so thick as to eclipse the sun, and render candles necessary at mid-day.

Sabbath evening, while the sun was still many degrees above the horizon, the smoky medium through which he was discerned gave to his disc a blood-red color. It was the arterial blood tint, copied from nature more closely than Solferino dye. His fierce rays seemed to have been quenched in blood. Every intelligent observer knew that the long bank of tenuous smoke lying close to the earth, and stretching away for a hundred miles towards sunset, wrought this change from the clear sun that had been throbbing out his white light all day overhead.

And yet there was something strange and awful in the sight. It was not a portent; though to minds not fortified against superstition, it might have presented itself with all the thrilling force of a sign from heaven. Natural phenomena which might have been explained by scientific investigation upon grounds as simple and natural as Sabbath's blood-red sun, have, in former days, passed for omens of terrible import. Neither was there any thick smoke from any forest fire, nor any black overhanging thunder-clouds that presently broke in rain. The event stands unexplained. It caused a feeling of terror even among persons of more than common intelligence.

The "falling stars" of 1833; the famous auroral display of a few years later, which turned the sky to a scarlet, and reflected, with an awful sanguinary hue, on the snow beneath; the comet of 1813--were regarded by many as omens of coming evil. Some thought they portended a great war, others, the end of the world.

Science explodes all such fantasies. But it is a proof of the element of superstition which still lurks in human nature, and which not all our civilization can expel, that the first thought which came into the mind of the spectator, as he turned suddenly and saw that blood-red sun of the Sabbath, was of an omen. This thought being instantly rejected, the next thought was of the painful agony which it afforded to the sun of the Republic going down in a sea of blood.

A short time before, the solar orb had been high in heaven, giving light to the world, the fountain of joy for millions of

human beings. Now, his glory was near extinguished, and the scanty light which he still cast, shed a lurid glare over the earth more gloomy and oppressive than night itself. "Thank heaven! it was not an omen; but only a startling and painful suggestion drawn from a little smoke clouding the sun."--N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

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**WALBANK,**  
Waynesburg, Pa.  
C. A. BLACK, Prop. J. LAZEAR, Cashier.  
WEDNESDAY  
Sept. 11, 1864.

**Rice's Landing.**

**DAILY MAIL HACK**  
RUNNING REGULARLY BETWEEN  
**WAYNESBURG AND RICE'S LANDING.**

THE undersigned respectfully informs the generous public that having the contract for the carrying of the mail between the above points, he has placed upon the route two new and commodious hacks for the accommodation of the traveling community. One will leave the Adams' House, Waynesburg, every morning, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, and will arrive at Rice's Landing in time for the boat to Pittsburgh, the other will leave Rice's Landing at the same time and arrive in Waynesburg at noon. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of passengers.  
TIMOTHY DOUGHER, Proprietor.  
Jan. 7th, 1861, no. 9.

WAYNESBURG STEAM MILL.  
WM. ROGERS respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has leased the NEW STEAM MILL at Waynesburg, Pa., where he will always be found ready to accommodate all who may call on the shortest notice. Grinding done on the same terms as at water mills. FLOUR and FEED kept constantly on hand. Orders for either can be left at the Mill or at water's side.  
Jan. 7th, 1862