

# The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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Opposite the Court House, keeps always on hand a  
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R. CLARK,  
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ries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite  
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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Dealer in Men and Boy's Clothing, Cloths, Cassi-  
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A. J. SOWERS,  
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nishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Old  
Bank Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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J. P. COSGRAY,  
Boot and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite  
the "Farmer's and Drover's Bank." Every style of  
Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.  
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

J. B. RICEY,  
Boot and Shoe maker, Sawyer's Corner, Main street.  
Boots and Shoes of every variety always on hand or  
made to order on short notice.  
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Cash paid for good eating Apples.  
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JOHN MUNNELL,  
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Saddler, Harness and Trunk Maker, Main street, three  
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HOOPER & HAGER,  
Wholesale and retail dealers in  
Tobacco, Snuff and Shag, Main street.  
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

## Select Poetry.

FEVER.  
A cup of water, Nora,  
What! do you call this cool?  
It is like they used to give us  
In summer days at school.  
Well, well, good soul no matter—  
It is all the same to me;  
I can hardly breathe, you see,  
It is the waltz of Weber.  
That the musicians play,  
For fairest feet to dance by  
Over the way.

You need not light the candle,  
But draw the stand to me, so  
That I can easily reach it—  
No, the fire is not too low,  
Ah! I cannot let it smoulder  
If the doctor thinks it best;  
Must you leave me now? Good night, then—  
Oh! that my brain could rest!  
'Tis still the waltz of Weber  
That the musicians play,  
For merriest hearts to dance by  
Over the way.

How strange are the shadows, fitting  
Around the dusky wall,  
But the fire in my heart grows stranger,  
And glows than them all.  
Is that the town clock striking?  
I wonder it is to-night  
My fever will reach its crisis—  
There are long hours yet till light.  
Delicate cooling ices  
Aro plenty this night in May,  
For little red lips to toy with  
Over the way.

I wonder if she loves me  
In her pride, and I so poor!  
Yet I pour my life for her—  
Was that a step at the door?  
It is only the night wind rising  
With the waning moon. Ah, me!  
I wish I could see glimmer  
Through the dear old locust tree!  
Drooped are the shadowy eyelids,  
And low are the words they say,  
As the whispering waltzers pass them  
Over the way.

Mother, at home, come, bless me!  
Can you sleep when your boy's in pain  
Longs so for the touch of your fingers  
To cool his feverish brain?  
Sing me to rest with the murmur  
Of your hymn, with its holy tune;  
In my broken dreams I heard it  
Through the long, long afternoon.  
Again the waltz of Weber  
Sets heart and feet at play,  
Whirling and thrilling and throbbing  
Over the way.

I cannot bear much longer—  
I've great, great work to do;  
Went! I must wait for the dear once—  
Fame! How I wish I knew!  
Perhaps, perhaps she would love me,  
If she could but see the star  
That would one day shine above me!  
Ah, me! 'tis so very far!  
The soft, white cheek is flushing—  
Is it often so hot in May?  
Talk they only party gossip  
Over the way.

Quiet and gray was the gleaming  
That brightened upon the wall;  
For the merciful day was breaking,  
And the birds began to call;  
But a face was changed in the shadows  
Of the early, lonesome dawn;  
And a pulse had ceased its throbbing,  
And the fever all was gone.  
But hushed was the waltz of Weber  
And weary, that dawn in May,  
The hearts and feet that danced so  
Over the way.

## Select Miscellany.

A Touching Appeal for the Union by a Great and Good Friend.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.  
The Russian minister, Mr. De Stoeckl, had an audience of the President on Saturday, and read to him the following despatch:

[TRANSLATION.]  
St. Petersburg, July 10.  
Mr. De Stoeckl, &c., &c.:  
Sir: From the beginning of the conflict which divides the United States of America, you have been desirous to make known to the Federal Government the deep interest with which our august master was observing the development of a crisis which puts in question the prosperity and even the existence of the Union.—The Emperor profoundly regrets to see that the hope of a peaceful solution is not realized, and that American citizens already in arms are ready to let loose upon the country the most formidable of the scourges of political society—a civil war. For the more than eighty years that it has existed the American Union owes its independence, its towering rise and its progress, to the concord of its members, consecrated, under the auspices of its illustrious founder, by institutions which have been able to reconcile the Union with liberty. This Union has been faithful. It has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity without example in the annals of history. It would be deplorable that, after so conclusive an experience, the United States should be carried into a breach of the solemn compact which, up to this time, has made their power. In the name of the

iversity of their constitutions and of their interests, and perhaps even because of this diversity, Providence seems to urge them to draw closer the traditional cord which is the basis of the very condition of their political existence. In any event, the sacrifice, which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it are beyond comparison with those which dissolution would bring after it. Until they perfect themselves, isolated they are paralyzed.

The struggle which unhappily has just arisen can neither be indefinitely prolonged, nor lead to the total destruction of one of the parties. Sooner or later it will be necessary to come to some settlement, whatsoever it may be, which may cause the divergent interests now actually in conflict to co-exist. The American nation would then give a proof of high political wisdom in seeking in common such settlement before a useless effusion of blood, a barren squandering of strength and of public riches, and acts of violence and reciprocal reprisals shall have come to deepen an abyss between the two parties of the confederation, to end, definitely, in their mutual exhaustion, and in the ruin, perhaps irreparable, of their commercial and political power.

Your august master cannot resign himself to admit such deplorable anticipations. His Imperial Majesty still places his confidence in that practical good sense of the citizens of the Union who appreciate so judiciously their true interests. His Majesty is happy to believe that the members of the Federal Government and the influential men of two parties will seize all occasions, and will unite all their efforts to calm the effervescence of the passions. There are no interests so divergent that it may not be possible to reconcile them by laboring to that end with zeal and perseverance, in a spirit of justice and moderation.

If, within the limits of your friendly relations, your language and your counsils may contribute to this result, you will respond, sir, to the intentions of His Majesty the Emperor, in devoting to this personal influence which you may have been able to acquire during your long residence at Washington and the consideration which belongs to your character, as the representative of a sovereign animated by the most friendly sentiments towards the American Union. This Union is not simply, in our eyes, an elegant equilibrium; it constitutes besides a nation to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interest; for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of development, appear called to a natural community of interests and of sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other. I do not wish here to approach any of the questions which divide the United States. We are not called upon to express ourselves in this context.—The preceding considerations have no other object than to attest the lively solicitude of the Emperor in the presence of the dangers which menace the American Union, and the sincere wishes which his Majesty entertains for the maintenance of that great work so laboriously raised, and which appeared so rich in its future.

It is in this sense, sir, that I desire you to express yourself, as well to the members of the general Government as to the influential persons whom you may meet, giving them the assurance that in every event the American nation may count upon the most cordial sympathy upon the part of our august master, during the important crisis which it is passing through at present.

Receive, sir, the expression of my very deep consideration. [Signed.] "GORTSCHAKOFF."

Colonel John A. Washington, who was killed at Cheat Mountain, had five large landed estates in Virginia,—three in Jefferson county near Charlestown, one in Fauquier county of one thousand acres, and one thousand and seventy-five acres left at Mt. Vernon, after the ladies had selected their two hundred. The New York papers have confounded Colonel John A. Washington with Colonel Lewis Washington, of Belleview, near Harper's Ferry. It was the latter upon whom John Brown made his attack. A Washington friend of the former, receiving much good treatment from Colonel John A. Washington, denies that he was at heart a secessionist, and desires to say thus much in justice to his five little children, now entirely orphans, their mother having fell dead, about a year since, in the excitement of welcoming her husband home, on his arrival at Fauquier from Mount Vernon. The war sword of General Washington in the United States Patent Office, with his regimentals. His dress sword is at Fauquier, the property of John Augustus Washington. An ordinary sword is with Col. Lewis Washington, near Harper's Ferry.

The American Express took through Cincinnati, on Friday, nine tons of army clothing for St. Louis.

A Story of General McClellan. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer tells this story of General McClellan. It may be true:

"General McClellan is in the habit of riding around occasionally in citizen's dress, accompanied by a few of his staff. A few days ago he was walking through one of the encampments, across the Potomac, and passing the rear of the tents he saw a bucket of coffee standing near a fire. He asked what it was, and one of the soldiers said 'coffee.' 'It looks more like slop,' he replied. 'Oh,' said the soldier, 'it is not fit to drink, but we have to put up with it, and our other food is not a bit better.' 'Oh, our Quartermaster is drunk most of the time, and when he is not he is studying how to cheat.' McClellan passed on, and seeing more evidence of the dirty and slovenly manner in which the Quartermaster continued his operations in his tent, he accented him with the remark that the men were complaining of bad treatment from him. The Quartermaster flew into a passion, and it was none of his business, and he had better not come sneaking around trying to make mischief. McClellan answered him, telling him he had better be cautious how he talked. Quartermaster replied, 'who are you, that you assume so much apparent authority?' 'I am Geo. B. McClellan, and you can pack up your traps and leave.' The Quartermaster was struck dumb, and McClellan turned and left him. That evening the Quartermaster left to the Rogue's March, 'played by some of the boys who had got wind of it. They now have a Quartermaster who does not get drunk' and that regiment would risk their lives at the cannon's mouth for the man who does care how the men are provided for.

The story has been circulated around some of the camps, and the officers are now always on the look out for the General, and of course do not have too much lying around loose."

More Fighting with Lee—Reynolds Holds his own—Another Skirmish, &c.

A special dispatch to the Cincinnati "Gazette," dated Carnifax Ferry, 14th, states that Gen. Lee resumed the attack along our whole line at Cheat Mountain the day before. After a long contest, Gen. Reynolds fairly repulsed him, with considerable rebel loss, and little or no loss on our side, owing to the fact that our troops fought behind entrenchments. Lee has manifestly a large force, but is alarmed lest Rosecrans should come up in his rear. We presume the following from Elkwater are more detailed accounts of the affairs in the neighborhood of Cheat Mountain: On the 12th a detachment of three hundred men, from the Fourteenth Indiana and Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Ohio Regiments, dispersed three Tennessee regiments, under Gen. Anderson, on the west side of Cheat Mountain, completely routing them, killing eighty and obtaining most of their equipments.—Our loss was eight killed.

The enemy made an advance on Elkwater the same day, with a force, it is supposed, of fifteen thousand men, but were driven back by detachments of men from the Fifteenth Indiana and Third and Sixth Ohio Regiments, and shells from Loomis' battery. They have retired some eight or ten miles. A strong force of Arkansas, Tennessee and Virginia troops also threatened the east side of Cheat Mountain, but have not had a general engagement.—A shell thrown from one of Loomis' guns, two miles into the enemy's camp, killed ten and wounded four.—The Thirteenth Indiana had a severe skirmish with superior numbers of the enemy on the 12th, and killed ten or twelve, with trifling loss. As the enemy advanced on Elkwater, the column was handsomely checked by a detachment of the Indiana Seventeenth. Lieutenant Morrill, of the Topographical Engineers, was taken prisoner by the rebels while on his way to Cheat Mountain.

Cool Reception of Com. Barron. His officers, descended to the deck of the flag ship Minnesota, where Commodore Stringham was stationed on the quarter deck to receive him, Gen. Butler presented Barron to the gallant old Commodore, saying, "Commodore Barron! Commodore Stringham." The latter raised himself up to his full height, looking the traitor straight in the eye, and barely inclining his head, replied, "I have seen Mr. Barron before." Barron, who has always prided himself on the hauteur monde, fairly winced under the whole volume of sarcasm contained in that look and sentence.

When the first salutations were made between the United States officers and Commodore Barron, he asked "how many were killed on the fleet?" The answer was "None." "How many were wounded?" "None," was the reply. "Why," he exclaimed, "you astonish me. I thought that to capture these forts it would cost a thousand lives, and it would be cheap at that."

The Emperor and Empress of Russia are about to visit the Crimea.

Secession Anecdote.

James Jackson, of North Alabama, well known in New Orleans, particularly to the turkeys thereabouts, volunteered as a private, and joined the 4th Alabama regiment, which suffered so severely on the 21st. On the first charge of that gallant regiment Jackson was shot through the lungs and when the regiment was pressed back he was left among the killed and wounded. Shortly after, a Yankee approached him and said "Friend, you appear to be badly wounded; what can I do for you?" Jackson replied, "Some water, for God's sake." The Yankee in giving him the water, noticed a fine fob chain hooked in his vest, and said—"Young man, I see you cannot survive, give me your watch and I will send it to your mother." Jim looked at him askant, and said, "Horse, that game is played out; I know you will take the watch from me and I want to make a trade with you. If you will place me in the shade and fill my canteen with water I will give you the watch." The trade was struck in a minute and after placing Jim in the shade and filling his canteen until it gurgled over, Jim told him to unhook her and draw her out; and before he left said to him that if he ever made a match race and wished to know the speed of his horse, to time him with that watch. For he had given \$285 for it at Liverpool, and there never was a better one turned out from the manufactory. Jim is getting well, having laid until Monday about 10 o'clock before he was found, and declared that his watch trade was the best trade he had ever made since he arrived at man's estate.

News of the Day.

Battle at Lexington, Mo.—Price's Forces Repulsed with Great Loss.

JEFFERSON, Mo., September 18.—Two couriers have just arrived from Lexington. The following intelligence is believed by the commanding officer here to be in the main reliable: General Price commenced the attack on the entrenchments at Lexington, commanded by Colonel Mulligan, on Monday. The fight was very severe. Allday long Price assaulted the works but was repulsed with severe loss.—The fight was renewed on Tuesday morning, but feebly sustained.—When the couriers left, Gen. Lane was at Johnston, Bates county, with a force of from two to three thousand men, marching to the relief of Lexington. The rebel loss on Monday is reported at four thousand, and that of the Federal troops at eight hundred, which is probably exaggerated.

JEFFERSON CITY, Sept. 18.—Monday afternoon Gen. Price sent word to Col. Mulligan, at Lexington, again demanding a surrender. Gen. Mulligan's reply was a decided refusal. An attack was immediately made by first opening with artillery, and then made advance under its cannon on the town.

Price was repulsed with a heavy loss. General Lane with an estimated force of five thousand Kansas troops is reported to be within forty miles of Lexington, rapidly advancing to reinforce Col. Mulligan. Our federal troops are rapidly moving forward from St. Joseph and other points to reinforce Col. Mulligan.—The 8th, 22d, 24th and 25th Indiana regiments have gone, via steamer, to Lexington. Also, the forces sent from St. Louis on the steamers Des Moines and White Cloud. Those reinforcements number about 6,000 effective troops, and will reach Lexington to-morrow morning, the 19th.—Every confidence is felt here that Colonel Mulligan will be able to hold Lexington until reinforcements arrive. The Osage bridge, eleven miles from here, on the Pacific Railroad, is said to be the first point threatened by McCulloch's forces, now believed to be advancing rapidly from the Southwest.

Price at Lexington—Movements of McCulloch.

JEFFERSON CITY, Sept. 18.—The correspondent of the St. Louis "Democrat" says: we have no definite reports from Lexington, but it is certain that that place is invested by Gen. Price with some fifteen thousand rebel troops. Good military authority here however are confident that the United States troops have been reinforced, and that unless the place was taken yesterday, it is safe. Price is reported to have a large park of artillery, part of which are the guns taken from Gen. Sigel's battery at the battle of Springfield. A part of Price's force is reported to be forty miles from this city. His scouts have been fifteen miles from here. Ben McCulloch, with eighteen thousand well armed rebels, is reported to be advancing rapidly from the Southwest, in the direction of either Rolla or this city. Many think this will be the point of attack. Another object of his march is said to be to get between our troops at Rolla and other points and prevent junctions, while Price is operating against Lexington and the capital, and if these plans are successful, then form a junction with Price.

## From Correspondents.

For the Messenger.  
Who are Secessionists and Traitors?

When our national difficulties first assumed a warlike attitude, by the outrage upon Fort Sumter, many of the Republican presses and politicians indulged in the most insolent and insulting language toward the Democracy; and they have continued it until the present day. In many localities, all Democrats are denounced as secessionists and traitors, and the most insolent threats of personal violence are made against any man who dares reiterate his attachment to, and confidence in, the long-tried principles and policy of the National Democracy. It is not enough, that Democrats should rush by thousands and hundreds of thousands to the standard of the Government, in its efforts to put down rebellion—they must go further, and endorse the madness and folly of that sectionalism, which has brought all this great trouble upon our once happy country. It is not enough that Democrats should raise their voices in the forum, and bear their breasts upon the battle field in support of the Constitution and Laws; but they must go further, and cease all opposition to the rotten and profligate administration of Governor Curtin, and all that selfish sectionalism that would let the Union slide rather than preserve it in the spirit in which our fathers made it. This, I say, has been the insolent and arbitrary course of Republicanism. Their press and politicians freely denounce Democrats as secessionists and traitors, and even threaten to hang, without judge or jury, the most quiet and law-abiding citizens, merely on suspicion of disloyalty, not to the Union and Constitution, but to the pernicious dogmas of the Republican party. Where is the Democrat who is not for the Union and the Constitution? These have been our watchwords ever since the rise of sectional abolitionism in the North. Love to the Union and Constitution lives in every true Democratic heart, and each one bears upon his breast the noble sentiment of our immortal chief, who declared "the Union must and shall be preserved." And yet we are denounced as secessionists and traitors, because we will not fraternize with a party whose greatest leaders have openly advocated a dissolution of the Union. I do not say that all Republicans talk and act in this way. Thank God, I am permitted to know to the contrary. There are members of that party who frankly admit that the Democracy have always been a National Union party—they admit, too, that in all the great political contests of past years, the Democracy have been most constant in warning the country against the inevitable consequences of Northern sectionalism—that it must beget sectionalism in the South, and eventuate in bloody civil war, if not the ultimate destruction of the Union. They admit, that during the late Presidential campaign, even in Greene county, the Democratic press and speakers strongly urged the danger of electing a sectional candidate to the presidency, and predicted that civil war must be the consequence. They admit that when these warnings were urged upon the people, the Republican leaders scoffed at, and ridiculed them, declaring that we could not kick the Southern States out of the Union. They admit that thus far things have transpired just as they had been predicted by the Democracy of the North.

It is but comparatively few of the Republicans, however, who will make these honest admissions, and they are not of the politicians or office hunters, but of that honest, patriotic class of the party, who think more of the peace and prosperity of the country than of the Chicago platform or the emoluments of office. The larger body of that party deny this measure of justice to the Democracy. They constantly hurl the charge of disunionists and traitors at us because we put forth every effort to prevent civil war, by means of a fair and honorable compromise of all matters in dispute between the two sections of the country. The very men who have heretofore denounced the Constitution as a "Covenant with death and a league with hell," and boldly advocated a dissolution of the Union, are now stigmatizing as traitors and secessionists those who have ever been National Union men. The very men who advised the Mexicans to "welcome our gallant soldiers with bloody hands to hospitable graves," are now occupying high places under the present administration, and are crying out traitors or secessionists against all who dare question the policy or conduct of the war, or who denounce the stupendous robberies committed upon the Government and army by the remorseless vampires that are put in position to feed upon their vitals.

It is true, that the Democratic party, during the last session of Congress, labored with heart and soul to effect a peaceful compromise between the North and the South. It is true that they offered and voted for repeated propositions, submitting the questions in dispute to a direct vote of the people; but the Republicans were in the

majority, and in every instance voted down all such propositions—they would not trust the people with a matter of such vital importance to the country. It is true that the Democracy have always been in favor of giving to the South, as well as to the North, all the rights which each section can justly claim under a common Constitution, and to neither a whit more. It is true that while we were in favor of requiring the South to live up to the letter and spirit of the Constitution and Laws, we were in favor of wiping from the Statute Books of the Northern States, all Legislative acts in conflict with, or contravening the same Constitution and Laws. It is true that when the Southern rebels attempted to erect the Federal Government into terms and to rob it of its property, every Democrat in the North, with the lamented and immortal Douglas in the lead, was ready to fly to the support of President Lincoln and his administration, to assist in putting down the insurrection and in vindicating the honor and power of the Government. Democrats did not stop to ask how this war had been brought about—whose fault it was, or who had the control of the Government. It was enough for them to know that the Constitution and the Union were in danger—that the Stars and Stripes had been assailed, and they leaped to the defence. Yet in the face of all these facts—these undeniable, indubitable facts—the Democracy are charged with being secessionists and traitors, and are impudently asked, in many instances, to reiterate, by oath or affirmation, their loyalty to the Union. In our own District the Democratic press was threatened with mob violence, because it made the distinction between sustaining the Government and endorsing Black Republicanism. Even in our own county such threats were made.

Now, if any man, whether Democrat or Republican, be guilty of treason, we say let him suffer the penalty according to the law—but let no man, or set of men, presume to take the law into their own hands, and to deal out its penalties as they may judge proper. The Constitution itself plainly defines what treason is, while Congress has declared death to be its penalty. No man can be legally convicted of treason, except by a fair and impartial jury of his countrymen. It follows, therefore, that the man who has been urging mob violence against Democrats or others, has been setting the Constitution and Laws at defiance, and is morally guilty of treason to the Government and Laws. Now this is all wrong. We are engaged in one of the most bitter and bloody—as it will prove one of the most eventful—wars in the history of the world. It is all important that we should be harmonious and united in the prosecution of this war. So far as a hearty and vigorous support of the Government, in all its Constitutional efforts to put down the great rebellion is concerned, we should know no party distinctions. Democrats and Republicans must stand side by side and shoulder to shoulder in support of the Government—reserving the right at all times to criticize fully and freely the official conduct of all our public servants, both great and small. This is a right the Constitution guarantees to us, and to destroy or abridge that right is as much a violation of the Constitution as secession itself, and would soon lead to inevitable despotism. When that Constitution fails to protect us in the rights and privileges it assumes to guarantee, it is no longer worth our effort to save it. Whenever it is made the pretext for mob violence and galling wrongs upon a portion of the people, it is worse than anarchy. But to maintain and preserve this Constitution—the great charter of our liberties—in its letter and spirit, in its intent and purpose,—should be the first object of all good citizens; and to do this all men, of all parties, must be equally amenable to its provisions—the subjects of its protection, or the victims of its violation.

In conclusion, therefore, I would advise all men, whether Republicans or Democrats, to stand together as one man in support of the Union and the Constitution—uphold the Government and Laws—and then when you go to the polls, be sure to vote for that party and that policy which you religiously believe will the soonest restore the Union, and bring peace, prosperity and happiness to the country. JUSTICE.

The announcement that the greater portion of the second lieutenantancies still vacant in the new regular regiments will be filled by the promotion of deserving non-commissioned officers and soldiers, appears to have produced a good effect upon the regulars in and around Washington, judging by the letters received from some of them who are working hard to entitle themselves to a commission.

SUFFOCATED.—A Toronto lady, on Sunday night last, in extinguishing a gas light, turned the stop cock entirely round, and was found dead on the floor of the apartment. She was in delicate health, and in consequence was probably very quickly overcome by the escaped gas.