

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, one door west of the Adams House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Court House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

JOHN MUNNELL,
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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers, Wilson's Old Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,
Saddle, Harness and Trunk Maker, Main street, three doors west of the Adams House.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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HOPPER & HAGER,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Choice and Pure Tobacco, Main street, opposite the Court House.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

Select Poetry.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY HIRAM E. GRIFFITH.

"Stay soldier!—stay and tell me
Of the fight;
In the battle didst thou see
A youth, who in the right,
Went to battle with the free
Curbs of gold
Kissed his fair and sunny brow;
Soldier stay, and tell me now,
Look not cold!

Dark his eye, and slender form,
Can you tell
Whether he has come to harm—
Whether aught has him befallen?
Tell me, when the leaden storm
Had gone by,
Did you see my darling boy—
A mother's hope, a widow's joy?
Did he die?"

"I saw him, lady, there;
Saw his arm
Raise the shining steel in air,
Midst his comrades, free from harm,
Saw the gallant youth and fair,
Lead the way,
And I saw his battle stroke,
Falling in the thickest smoke,
On that day."

"Ah! I know that he is brave,
Is my son;
And I only feared the grave,
Had received my only one,
Can you tell me, he was saved
That dread day?
Oh! where did you leave my boy—
He's my only hope and joy—
Soldier, say!"

"Lady, on the battle field
There is death,
And I saw the gleaming steel
Shorter than a soldier's breast,
Amid the cannon's loudest yell,
Soldiers fell:
And we left them lying there,
With a blessing, and a prayer,
As farewell!"

"Ah! my boy is dead, I see,
By your look,
Soldier, tell the truth to me,
For my heart can bravely brook
All—and more—for Liberty.
On my brow
Thou shalt see no woe nor pain;
Soldier, hear me plead again—
Tell me, now!"

"Lady, thou art strong in will,
If I tell
How the crimson blood was spilled—
How the brave men battling fell;
Yet thine eyes with tears would fill,
Men grow mad,
When their blood dyes red the green
And I would not sketch the scene,
For 'tis sad.

'Tis enough, then, lady fair,
If I say,
That they lay with golden hair,
In his country's flag that day,
Was by comrades buried there,
Others sleep
Close beside thy gallant son,
Short their course, yet nobly run,
Who would weep!"

Select Miscellany.

FEMALE PRISON AT WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press gives a description of a visit to the house on 12th street, in Washington, where female spies and rebels have been confined. He writes: When we visited the establishment referred to, we were admitted to the parlor of the house, formerly occupied by Mrs. Greenhow, fronting on Sixteenth street. Passing through the door on the left, and we stood in the apartment alluded to. There were others who had stood here before us—we had no doubt of that—men and woman of intelligence and refinement. There was a bright fire glowing on the hearth, and a *tete-a-tete* was drawn up in front. The two parlors were divided by a red gauze, and in the back room stood a handsome rosewood piano, with pearl keys, upon which the prisoner of the house, Mrs. Greenhow, and her friends had often performed. The walls of the room were hung with portraits of friends and others—some on earth and some in heaven—one of them representing a former daughter of Mrs. Greenhow, Gertrude, a girl of seventeen or eighteen summers, with auburn hair and light blue eyes, who died some time since.

In the picture a smile of beauty plays around the lips, and the eyes are lighted with a strange fancy, such as is often seen in the eyes of a girl just budding into womanhood. On the east side hangs a picture of Mrs. Hannah Moore, whose husband was killed at the battle of Manassas. The back room is adorned with

different pictures of the men and women of our time. Just now, as we are examining pictures, there is a noise heard overhead—hardly a noise, for it is the voice of a child, soft and musical. "That is Rose Greenhow, playing with the guard," says the Lieutenant, who has noticed our distraction. It is a strange sound here; you don't hear it often, for it is generally very quiet." And the handsome face of the Lieutenant is relaxed into a shade of sadness. There are prisoners above there—no doubt of that—and may be the tones of this young child have dropped like the rains of spring upon the leaves of the drooping flowers. A moment more and all is quiet, and save the stepping of the sentinel above, there is nothing heard.

The Sixteenth street jail has been an object of considerable interest for months past, to citizens as well as visitors. Before the windows of the upper stories were "blinded," the prisoners often appeared at these points, and were viewed by pedestrians on the other side of the way; but since the "cake affair" of New Year's Day, the prisoners have been forbidden to appear at the windows, and the excitement instead of having been allayed, has been still further increased.

The first person incarcerated at the prison was Mrs. Rose O. H. Greenhow, as she signs herself. She was arrested on the 11th of August of last year, and has been confined in prison ever since. Her husband was formerly employed in the State Department in this city. She is a woman of letters, and was born in the South, although brought up in Washington. She is confined in her own house, in one of the upper stories, and has the attendance of a servant, besides the company of her own daughter, an interesting child of some twelve years. Besides these confined here were Mrs. Phillips, her sister, Mrs. Levy, and her two daughters, Misses Fanny and Lena. Mrs. Phillips is a Jewess, and her husband married her at Savannah, Georgia. Mrs. Levy was a widow, and her husband, died. Her two daughters are finely educated. These latter were, after being confined six weeks, sent to Fortress Monroe.

Next in turn comes Mrs. Betty A. Hassler, who was born and reared in Washington. She possessed the least education of any woman ever confined in this prison. Her husband is a Southern man. She is fascinating in appearance, but has not much decision of character. She was released on parole by order of the Secretary of War. Mrs. Jackson, the mother of the assassin of Ellsworth, has also been confined at this point. She came here with nothing but a flannel gown on, and wearing slave shoes. She was incarcerated but two days and nights. She has now gone South, to Richmond, where she has been endeavoring, with but little success, to obtain funds for the support of her family. It is rumored that she is not able to collect enough funds to support her from day to day.

Miss Lillie Mackle, a daughter of Mackle, a clerk in one of the Departments, and belonging to one of the most respectable families of Washington, was also confined here for two months. Mrs. M. A. Onderdonk, who sometimes represents to be a widow, and sometimes a wife, was arrested in Chicago some months since, and after being confined here six weeks, was released on parole. Forty dollars were given her to pay her expenses back to Chicago, but instead of going there she went to New York. She was last heard of at St. Louis.

An English lady, Mrs. Elena Lowe, who was arrested at Boston, and whose son was with her, having come with a commission in the rebel army, has also been confined in this institution. The son was afterward sent to Fort Warren, and she returned to England. Besides the above, there were some eight or ten persons arrested at Alexandria and in this city, whose names are not remembered, and who, after being confined at this prison, were shortly afterwards liberated, on taking the oath of allegiance.

Miss Ellie M. Poole, *alias* Stewart, was arrested and brought to the prison on the 11th of August, 1861.—She came from Wheeling, where, after having been confined for some time in the prison there, she made her escape by tying the sheets to the bars of the window, and letting herself down from the prison window. She has been in communication with the rebel leaders in Kentucky, advising them to make certain changes in their plan of operations. When arrested the second time, within ten miles of the enemy's lines in Kentucky, \$7,500 of unexpended money, furnished by the rebels, was found upon her person.—She has been a correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer* and Baltimore *Exchange*. Miss Poole is yet in confinement at the Sixteenth street jail.

in conversation with Jeff. Davis, from whom she had obtained a commission in the rebel army, for her lover, Dr. Brown. She is, as she represents herself, a very "explosive" woman, and it was from this fact that her arrest took place on board the boat, while approaching Baltimore from Richmond. This woman has refused to sleep under a blanket marked "U. S.," ever since her confinement here.

A Story of the War in Kentucky—A Brave Old Man's Adventures.

A Campbellsville (Ky.) correspondent of the Louisville *Democrat* tells this story: "I now have before me a letter to a friend of a private in Colonel Haggard's cavalry regiment, stationed at Columbia. The writer was formerly a justice of the peace, is a rough specimen of mountain character, is fond of his grog and a good joke, and always ready for a fight whenever it may suit the convenience of his or his country's enemies. His name is Andrew Jackson Garmon, (rather significant of the pugnacious propensity.) It seems that 'Squire Garmon took a very active part in favor of the Union cause in Cumberland, (his county) Monroe and Metcalfe counties last summer and fall, captured some twenty head of contraband mules and several horses, and had a hand in bringing to a boat on Cumberland river engaged in the contraband business—in a word, 'Squire Garmon was a terror to the secession generally in that locality, rendering himself obnoxious to their blood-thirsty proclivities.

"Some ten or fifteen days since 'Squire Garmon learned that his family were all down sick with the measles, and determined to visit them, cost what it might. So he obtained a furlough from his gallant colonel under protest that he (Garmon) would never return to his regiment.—The first or second night after his arrival at home the secession, his old neighbors and relatives, twenty-eight strong, armed *cap-a-pie*, visited his house and knocked at the door. The 'Squire hailed them, no answer. He sprang out of bed, gathered his irons, and lighted a candle, when he discovered three men in his dining room, and fired at them. They all scampered out of the house, one falling dead at the door. The captain then ordered him to come out, which he refused to do, and in turn invited them to come in and exchange bullets there. This they declined to do, and immediately opened fire on his house through the doors and windows, the 'Squire returning the fire as fast as he could. This was kept up, the 'Squire thinks, about one hour, when his assailants left, leaving three dead in the yard and carrying off five mortally wounded, (since dead.) The 'Squire then lighted up the house, and his sick family came out from their hiding-places. Not a whole pane of glass remained in seven windows. Three balls had entered the posts and rails of his daughter's bed, she being too unwell to get up; 25 balls were found in his wife's bed-dick and the furniture of his house was literally riddled.

"The 'Squire's personal casualties were as follows: One ball severed a finger, another bled him in the temple, a third crossed his breast, severing his shirt bosom, a fourth passed his hat and a fifth unbuttoned his shirt sleeve.

"The 'Squire thinks they must have fired some two hundred rounds at him; but none the worse for wear, he is ready to repeat the operation whenever they are.

HARD TIMES IN THE WEST.

A correspondent at Glenwood, Mills county, Iowa, writes as follows under date of January 10: While the country generally is suffering from hard times, we of Western Iowa are by no means exempt. It is true we raised large crops during the last summer, and consequently have on hand a large supply of wheat, corn, potatoes and pork—yet what does it avail us? We are allowed from twenty-five to thirty-five cents per bushel for wheat, ten and ten and a half cents for corn, fifteen and twenty cents for potatoes, and two and two and a half for pork, per pound, while butter is worth ten cents, eggs eight cents, chicken, (full grown,) \$1 to \$1.50 per dozen, and worse than all we cannot get cash, even at these prices, but must take our pay from the merchants in goods, at enormous prices. So we must keep our produce and live as economical as possible, and consequently our merchants do a very small business. Our only circulating medium is trade-money, hard money being seldom seen, but we may hope for better days, trusting in a kind and all-wise God for relief. All we can do is to continue to raise as large crops as possible, and store them away for future sale, for there with certainty will be a demand for the products of the farm, at remunerative prices, at some future time.

WILLIE.

Willie sleeps in slumbers stilly—
Charming, patient little Willie;
And you need not mind—your tread
Will not jar his weary head,
Now he's dead.

Once when dying gently spake he;
"Mother, will you please to tell me,
If I die upon this bed,
Where will rest my little head
When I'm dead?"

Out in the lonely church-yard chilly
We have laid our dark-eyed Willie;
Taken from his trundle-bed,
Borne him off with solemn tread,
Cold and dead.

Willie sleeps, no more to waken;
Till the powers of heaven are shaken;
Then his sweet cherubic spirit
Will his little dust inherit,
Through Christ's merit.

Faith presents a pleasing vision
Of a glorious scene elysian:
Willie rising o'er the tomb,
Jesus whispers, "Angels, room!
Willie, come!"

you have no right to give up the property of the Government, or abandon the soldiers of the United States to its enemies; and the course proposed by the Secretary of the Interior, if allowed, is treason, and will involve you, and all concerned, in treason." Such language had never before been heard in Buchanan's Cabinet, and the men who had so long ruled and bullied the President, were surprised and enraged to be thus rebuked. Floyd and Thompson sprang from their feet with fierce menacing gestures, seeming about to assault Stanton. Mr. Holt took a step forward to the side of the Attorney General. The imbecile President implored them piteously to take their seats. After a few more bitter words the meeting broke up.

That was the last Cabinet meeting on that exciting question in which Floyd participated. Before another was called, all Washington was startled, with a rumor of those gigantic frauds which have made his name so infamous. At first, he tried to brazen it out with his customary blustering manner; but the next day the Cabinet waited long for his appearance. At last he came; the door opened, his resignation was thrust into the room, and Floyd disappeared from Washington.—Such was the end of Floyd and the beginning of Stanton.

Secretary Stanton's Alleged Policy.

The Washington *Star* of Tuesday evening says:—It is understood that a thorough reorganization of the War Department is rapidly progressing, and that it will, in a few days, be fully up to the demands of the occasion. Among other things, it is not improbable that the following will occur:

1. That in order to leave room for promotions for gallant acts in the field, and other reasons of public policy, no further appointments to any rank in the army (unless of men in the field) will be made until the 1st of March.
2. That all the nominations that have been made, and are now pending before the Senate, will be suspended until after the 1st of March.
3. That the disorganization produced by officers frequenting the city instead of remaining in camp to instruct themselves and soldiers in military art, will be checked by dropping from the list those who frequent the city otherwise than on military duty and by command of their superior officer.
4. That in order to conduct the business of War as war, the Department will be closed four days in the week against all other business than what appertains to active operations in the field.
5. That Saturday of each week will be devoted exclusively to the Senators and Representatives in Congress; and that Monday of each week will be devoted to the business of other persons requiring personal interviews with the Secretary.
6. That the Secretary of War will transact no business whatever, and will see no person on business at his private residence, but will receive his friends socially on Wednesday evenings.
7. That the dispatch of business by mail, or written communications, will have the preference, and will receive the personal attention of the Secretary on the morning of each day, before entering upon other duties.

A Chapter in Stanton's History.

A year ago, when Gen. Cass, grieved and indignant, left Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, Mr. Attorney General Black was transferred to the portfolio of State, and Mr. Stanton, then absent from Washington, was fixed upon as Attorney General. The same night he arrived at a late hour, and learned from his family of his appointment. Knowing the character of the bold, bad men then in the ascendancy in the Cabinet, he determined at once to decline; but when, the next day, he announced his resolution at the White House, the entreaties of the distressed and helpless President and the arguments of Mr. Black prevailed upon him to accept.

A Heavy Newspaper Account.

Among the recent decisions of the Supreme Court at Albany, New York, was one in favor of Mr. J. Scambray against Bradford C. Watt, for seven years' subscription to the *Cat-skill Recorder and Democrat*. The decision was in favor of the publisher, and the judgment and costs, it is stated, amounted to between two and three hundred dollars. The *New York Observer*, one of the oldest religious newspapers in the country, says of this decision: "It is surprising that so few subscribers fully understand their responsibilities to publishers of newspapers. The law, which governed in this decision is a law of Congress, and therefore applicable in every State of the Union.—Many subscribers seem to regard the bill for a paper the last to be settled, especially the last the law will enforce. Responsible men, even, under trifling whims, refuse to take their papers from the office, regardless of the payment of arrears, and when half a dozen more years have been added to the arrears at the time of stopping, think it hard to pay the increased bill with interest and cost of collection."

Hasty Marriages.

The *N. Y. Tribune* makes the following sensible remarks on the subject of hasty marriages. There is not a city, there is scarcely a township, which does not number among its inhabitants women who have married on short acquaintances, only to be abused, deserted, and left a burden and a life-long sorrow to the families in which they were born and reared, and which they most imprudently and improperly deserted to share the fortunes of relative strangers. If young ladies would realize how grossly indelicate as well as culpably reckless such marriages appear in the eyes of the observing, they surely would forbear.

A year's thorough acquaintance with the most circumstantial accounts, from disinterested and reliable witnesses, of the antecedents from childhood, are the very least guarantee which any woman who realizes what marriage is, will require of a stranger. Even then, if her parents are not fully satisfied as well as herself, she should still hesitate. Marriage is an undertaking in which no delay can be so hazardous as undue precipitation.

Death of Ex-President Tyler.

Accounts from the South chronicle the death of Ex-President Tyler, of Virginia. He was born in Charles County, Virginia, in 1790, and was a member of the Virginia Legislature at the age of twenty-five, and a member of Congress at the age of thirty. In 1830 he was elected Governor of Virginia. After serving for a year and a half as Governor, he was selected by the Legislature to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate, and served until a difference of opinion between him and General Jackson caused his voluntary retirement. Mr. Tyler remained in retirement until 1840, when he was selected as the Whig candidate for Vice President, and elected in November, 1840. Shortly after, President Harrison died, and he became the acting President of the United States until 1845, since when, till the recent rebellion, he has been in retirement in Virginia.—A Richmond paper gives an account of the last hours of Mr. Tyler. On Sunday, while taking a cup of tea, he was seized with a sudden faintness, and an attempt to rise from his chair fell to the floor. He soon recovered, and was conveyed to his chamber. This sudden attack of illness was not supposed to be serious, and gave but little alarm; when he was suddenly taken worse, and failing rapidly, but without pain, died precisely at fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock on Friday night. When the medical man entered his room, Mr. Tyler said, "Doctor, I am dying." A few moments and he fell into the utter weakness preceding dissolution. One of the attending physicians approached the bedside with medicine, and said, "Mr. Tyler, let me give you some stimulant." "I will not have it," replied the dying sufferer, and in a few moments quietly breathed his last. His last intelligible words was the reply to the doctor.

The Allies Quarrelling.

Mexican letters, just received at Washington, from Havana, state that the Allies are greatly dissatisfied with their prospects in Mexico and complain that Miramon and others have deceived them. They expected aid from a strong party, and they find the population as one man against them. They are convinced that their present forces are entirely inadequate to the task of bringing the Mexicans to terms. The troops at Vera Cruz are suffering greatly from sickness, five hundred men out of eight thousand being in the hospitals. Whenever they have ventured beyond the range of their cannon they have been shot down, if few, or driven back in force. Discouraged, and virtually besieged, they quarrel among themselves. On one occasion a French regiment fought a Spanish regiment until a number were killed and wounded in each.

Not Worth While to Hate.

Some writer has beautifully said, "The best life is not very long, pleasures, much pain, sunshine, song, clouds and darkness, greetings, abrupt farewells, and a little play will close, and the injurer will pass away, and white to hate each other."