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Waynesburg, February 5, 1862—ly.

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Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.

Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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DR. D. W. BRADEN,
Physician and Surgeon. Office in the Old Bank
Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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DR. W. L. CREIGH,
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And dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, &c.,
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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Liquors for medicinal purposes.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic
Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

GEO. HOSKINSON,
Opposite the Court House, keeps always on hand a
large stock of Seasonable Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots
and Shoes, and Notions generally.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

ANDREW WILSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Drugs, Notions,
Hardware, Queensware, Stoneware, Looking Glasses,
Iron and Nails, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,
Main street, one door east of the Old Bank.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens-
ware 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, Gro-
ceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite
the Green House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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N. CLARK,
Dealer in Men and Boy's Clothing, Cloths, Cam-
erones, Stationery, Hats and Caps, &c., Main street, op-
posite the Court House. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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

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

J. B. RICKEY,
Boot and Shoe maker, Sayers' Corner, Main street.
Boots and Shoes of every variety always on hand or
made to order on short notice.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Nuttins,
Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of
all sizes, and Gilt Mounting and Looking Glass Plates.
Cash paid for good eating Apples.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, and Variety
Goods generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Station-
ery, Ink, Magazines and Papers, Wilson's Old Build-
ing, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

BANK.

FARMERS' & DRIVERS' BANK,
Waynesburg, Pa.
C. A. BLACK, Pres't. J. LAZEAR, Cashier.
WEDNESDAY.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

SAMUEL WALLISTER,
Saddles, Harness, and Trunk Maker, Main street, three
doors west of the Adams House.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

TOBACCO.

HOOVER & HALL,
Dealers in Choice and Imported
Tobacco, and all kinds of
Stationery and Office Supplies.
Main street, opposite the
Court House.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

Select Poetry.

A REBEL-POET GENERAL.

The Confederate General Jackson, lately
"on the rampage" all about Hancock
and Romney, was educated at Yale Col-
lege, and is one of the most talented and
accomplished men of the South. He is
described while at Yale College, as a fiery
Georgian of "great ability, high spirited,
a little haughty and overbearing, but on
the whole not uncompanionable—a vigor-
ous thinker—an accomplished scholar—a
ready writer and debater, he was regarded
as one of the lights of the class of 1839."
This reference to his literary abilities in
the passage quoted, does not overstate the
matter. Some pieces of his poetry have,
from time to time, strayed through our
Northern papers, and have been much ad-
mired. Here is one very touching:

MY FATHER.

As die embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death-watch in the wall.
I see a form in yonder chair,
That grows beneath the waning light;
There are the wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow, and locks of white.

My Father! when they laid thee down
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee weeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep—
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And oh! that grief is wild and deep,
Which settles tearless on the soul.

But when I saw thy vacant chair,
Thine idle hat upon the wall,
Thy book—thy penciled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all—
The tree beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth—
The very prints those feet had made,
When last they feebly trod the earth—

And thought while countless ages fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand—
Unworn thy hat—thy book unread—
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand—
And widowed in this cheerless room
The heart that gave its love to thee—
Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the fading tree.

Oh, Father! then for her and thee
Gushed madly forth the scorching tears;
And oft, and long, and bitterly,
Those tears have gushed in later years—
For as the world grows cold around,
And things assume their real hue,
'Tis sad to find that love is found
Alone above the stars with you.

Select Miscellany.

ROMANCE OF AN OLD COUPLE.

The following somewhat remark-
able narrative is related by a western
lady, now on a visit to this city from
Mariposa. She is herself a character.
She has crossed the plains twice—
first in 1849, during which her hus-
band perished—and is the first Ameri-
can lady who returned to the East
by way of the Isthmus of Panama.
She is a genuine heroine, a fine speci-
men of stout-hearted western wo-
manhood; and her adventures in the
wilder of the unpeopled West have
been numerous and exciting. If the
good folks of Mariposa have missed
a lady from their neighborhood, they
are hereby apprised that she is com-
fortably located at the boarding-
house of Mrs. Nesbit, on the corner
of Montgomery and Sutter streets,
and will not return to the mountains
until Homes of the Gazette ceases
to harrow the hearts of Mariposa
mothers by calling their little babies
"brats."

Well, while the train of which
this lady was a member was encamp-
ed at a point on the Humboldt, where
the Lessem trail intersects the Car-
son track of travel, she visited the
tent of an elderly couple and one
child—a daughter of fourteen or fif-
teen years. The old lady was sitting
on a pile of blankets under the can-
vas, encouraging a most determined
attack of the "sulks," while the mas-
culine head of affairs had planted
himself on his wooden tongue, and
was sucking his pipe as leisurely as
though he expected to remain there
forever. A single glance developed
the fact that there was a difficulty in
that little train of one wagon and
three persons, and that it had attain-
ed a point of quiet desperation be-
yond the reach of peaceful adjust-
ment. Three days before they had
pitched their tent at the forks of the
road, and as they could not agree up-
on the route by which to enter Califor-
nia, there they had remained. The hus-
band expressed a preference for the
Carson road, the wife for the Lessem,
and neither would yield. The wife
declared she would remain there all
winter; the husband said he should
be pleased to lengthen this sojourn the
summer following.

On the morning of the fourth day,
the wife broke a sullen silence of
thirty-six hours by proposing a divi-
sion of the property, which consisted
of two yokes of oxen, one wagon,
camp furniture, a small quantity of
provisions, and six horses. The
husband, on proposing to divide the
property, was met with a refusal, saying

the wagon to the old man, and the
daughter to the mother. The latter
exchanged with a neighboring train
the cattle belonging to her, for a pony
and pack saddle, and piling the daugh-
ter and her portion of the divided
spoil upon the animal, she resolutely
started across the desert by the Les-
sem trail, while the old man silently
yoked the cattle and took the other
route. Singular as this may seem,
it is nevertheless true. It is among the
many occurrences of truth stranger than
fiction. Of course both parties
reached California in safety. We
say, "of course," for it is scarcely
possible that any obstacle, death in-
cluded, could have seriously inter-
fered with the progress of stubbornness
so sublime. Arriving at Sacramento
with her daughter, the old lady read-
ily found employment—for women
were less plenty than now—and sub-
sequently opened a boarding-house,
and in a few years amassed a hand-
some fortune. Two years ago she
went to San Francisco, and the daugh-
ter, whose education had not been
neglected, was married to one of the
most substantial citizens.

And what became of the old man?
The wife had not seen or heard of
him since they parted on the Hum-
boldt. They had lived happily to-
gether as man and wife for years,
and she sometimes reproached her-
self for the willfulness which separa-
ted them after so long a pilgrimage
together through this rough life.—
But he was not dead. We cannot
trace his course in California, how-
ever. All that we know of him is,
that fortune had not smiled upon
him, and that for years he had toiled
without hope. Finally, feeling
scarcely able to longer wield the
pick and shovel, he visited San Fran-
cisco, in the hope of obtaining em-
ployment better adapted to his wad-
ed strength.

For three months he remained idle
after arriving here, and then, for
want of occupation, became the hum-
ble retailer of peanuts and oranges,
with his entire stock of traffic in a
basket upon his arm. This was about
six months ago. A few weeks since,
in passing the open door of a cottage
in the southern part of the city, he
observed a lady in the hall, and step-
ped upon the threshold, the lady ap-
proached, and the old man raised his
eyes and dropped the basket. And
no wonder, either, for she was his
wife—"his old woman!"

She recognized him, and throwing
up her arms in amazement, exclaim-
ed: "Great God! John, is that you?"
"All that is left of me," replied the
old man.

With extended arms they ap-
proached. Suddenly the old lady's
countenance changed, and she step-
ped back.

"John," said she, with a look which
might have been construed into ear-
nestness, "how did you find the Carson
road?"

"Miserable, Sukey, miserable," re-
plied the old man, "full of sand and
alkali."

"Then I was right, John?" she con-
tinued, inquiringly.

"You were, Sukey," he replied.

"That's enough," said she, throw-
ing her arms around the old man's
neck; "that's enough, John," and
the old couple, so strangely Sunder-
ed, were again united. Both are liv-
ing with their daughter on Second
street.—San Francisco Mirror.

A Man Guarding \$3,000,000 Worth of Diamonds.

The most profound adamantologist
in the world is the Duke of Brun-
swick. He has in his possession \$3,-
000,000 worth of diamonds. He has
just published a catalogue of his di-
amonds, and in the appendix there is
a notice of the most celebrated dia-
monds in the world. This catalogue
numbers not less than 268 quarto
pages. It gives with great detail, a
list of his diamonds. It relates how
this once adorned a Turkish saber,
that a royal diadem, another an im-
perial collar, a fourth a Grand Elec-
toral hat; this black diamond was
taken from the Emperor Baber,
at Agra, (it weighs 81 carats, and is
worth \$30,000,) those were waistcoat
buttons of the Emperor Don Pedro,
the diamond ring with the Stuart
coat of arms and the cypher M. S.,
belonged to Mary Queen of Scots;
that pair of earrings hung once on
Mary Antoinette. He has plenty of
diamonds worth \$20,000, \$30,000, and
\$45,000; two worth \$60,000 each, one
\$70,000 and \$80,000. He is in treaty
for two diamonds, one of which is
worth \$232,000, the other \$650,000.

The Duke of Brunswick dares not
leave Paris at any season of the
year; his diamonds keep him chain-
ed there. He dares not sleep from
home (some folks reckon this liberty
of pillow one of the great franchises
of Paris) a single night. Then he
lives in a house constructed not so
much for comfort as security. It is
burglar proof; surrounded on every
side by a high wall; the wall itself
is surmounted by a lofty iron railing,
defended by innumerable sharp spear-
heads, which also so contrived that if
any person touches one of them a
cloud of balls instantly to ring
down alarm; the iron railing cost him
\$14,000. He keeps his diamonds in a

safe, built in a thick wall; his bed
is placed against it, that no burglar
may break into it without killing or
at least wounding him, and that he
may amuse himself without leaving
his bed. The safe is lined with gran-
ite and with iron; if it is opened by
violence a discharge of firearms
which will inevitably kill the bur-
glar takes place, and, at the same
time, a chime of bells in every room
in the house is set ringing. He has
but one window in his bedroom; the
sash is of the strongest iron, and can-
not be entered unless one be master
of the secret combination of the lock.
A case of a dozen six barreled lock-
ers loaded and capped, lies upon a
table within reach of his bed. Would
you like to be in his place?

PORTRAIT OF A CHRISTIAN WAR- RIOR.

In these days of wars and rumors of wars
it may be interesting to look back a little
into the volume of history and for a mo-
ment or two, to survey the portrait, drawn
by a master pencil, of an illustrious chief-
tain of a former age.

"Gustavus Adolphus," says Schiller,
"was, without exception, the greatest cap-
tain of the 17th century, and by far the
bravest soldier in one of the bravest of
armies. Thoroughly familiar with the
martial tactics of the Greeks and Romans,
his own genius, nevertheless, had in-
vented a better art of war, of which the great
generals of the following age eagerly avail-
ed themselves.

The importance of infantry on the bat-
tle-field, Europe first learned from him.—
All Germany marvelled at the matchless
discipline of the Swedish army from the
moment that it set foot on the German
soil. All excesses on the part of the sol-
diers were punished with the utmost se-
verity—in particular, blasphemy, rapine,
duelling, &c. In the Swedish laws of war,
temperance was imperatively commanded.
No pomp or luxury was allowed; no silver
or gold was to be seen throughout the
camp—not even in the tent of the King.—
Gustavus watched with the same vigilant
solicitude over the manners and morals of
his soldiers as over their martial skill and
courage. A chaplain was specially ap-
pointed to each regiment, and every day
he several regiments were ordered to
stand in circles around their spiritual
guides, that the whole host might swell in
grand and reverent harmony the matins-
ong and the vesper-prayer to heaven.—
In all this, the law-giver himself was a
pattern to his troops. The courage which
was a natural attribute of his great soul
was sanctified by a living, unaffected fear
of God. He was equally free from irra-
tional unbelief and from creeping hypo-
cristy. While, on the one hand, he remain-
ed, amid the intoxicating joys of a trium-
phant military career, a man and a Chris-
tian, on the other, he comforted himself in
his devotions in a manner befitting the
hero and the king. He bore all the fatigue
of war equally with the humblest of his
followers; and he maintained the cheer-
fulness of his spirit amidst the blackest
gloom and awfulness of battle. His glances
were everywhere; he forgot that death
was playing havoc around him, and was
often seen where the fight was hottest and
where the danger was the most terrific.—
But his natural intrepidity made him for-
get too often that he was the general and
the leader, and that upon the preservation
of his life the safety of his army depend-
ed. His brave but imprudent exposure to
peril brought him at last to the fate of a
common soldier."

A Scotch Clergyman's Wife.
James Fraser, the author of a work on
Sanctification, a minister of great repute
in the first half of the last century, was a
man cured in a fiery helpmeet. She was
a woman to try a husband's patience. "A
cold, unheeding, worldly woman was she.
Never did her godly husband set down to a
comfortable meal in his own house, and
often would he have fainted from sheer
want of needful sustenance, but for the
considerate kindness of some of his par-
ishioners. She was too insensate to try to
hide the treatment of him, and well was it
for him, on one account, that she was.—
His friends thus knew of his ill-treatment,
and were moved to do what they could for
his comfort. A godly acquaintance ar-
ranged with him to leave a supply of food
in a certain place, beside his usual walk,
of which he might avail himself when
starved at home. Even light and fire in
his study were denied him on the long cold
winter evenings, and as his study was his
only place of refuge from the cruel scourge
of his wife's tongue and temper, there,
shivering in the dark, he used to spend
his winter evening at home.

Compelled to walk in order to keep him-
self warm, and accustomed to do so when
he was preparing himself for the pulpit,
he always kept his hands before him as
feelers in the dark, to warn him of his ap-
proaching the wall at either side of the
room. In this way he actually wore a
hole through the plaster at each end of his
accustomed seat, on which some eyes have
looked that glistened with light from oth-
er fire than that of love at the remem-
brance of his cruel wife. But the godly
husband had learned to thank the Lord
for the discipline of his trial. Being once
at a Presbyterian dinner alone, amidst a
group of moderates, one of them proposed
the health of their wives, and turning to
Mr. F. said, as he winked to his compan-
ions, "You, of course, will cordially join
in drinking to this toast." "So I will,
and so I ought," Mr. Fraser said, "for
mine has been a better wife to me than any
one of yours has been to you." "How
so?" they all exclaimed. "She has sent
me," was his reply, "seven times a day
to my knees, and that is more than any of
you can say of yours."

On the day on which her godly hus-
band entered into his eternal rest, and a
very few hours after his death, some of
the elders, on hearing the sad tidings,
hurried with stricken hearts and in tears
to the manse. To their horror, they found
Mrs. Fraser outside, feeding her poultry.
Approaching her, one of them said, sob-
bing as he spoke, "So Mr. Fraser has
gone to rest." "Oh yes, the poor man
died this morning," she said, as she
scattered the corn among the fowls; "if
you want to see the body you can go in—
chick, chick, chick."

FIVE MINUTES WITH THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27, 1862.

Tuesday was the first day that it
was generally understood by the
people that any one could get a
chance to see the new Secretary of
War, without an introduction or
having to wait in the lobby a week
or two, as suited to the convenience
of some petulant doorkeeper, or as a
military man would say, the outer
pickets. Mr. Stanton occupies the
room formerly used by the previous
administrations, at the head of the
stairs in the second story.

The adjoining room is used by Mr.
Watson, Assistant Secretary. In
that room Mr. Stanton receives the
crowd; in the centre is a table at
which his amanuensis, Mr. Moore,
sits, and in the corner is Mr. Wat-
son, at his desk. The clock strikes
10, the awaiting crowd rushes in
as doors swing open, and being among
them, we soon find ourselves in the
presence of the Secretary. Now one
stands in front of him, and with a
smiling countenance he reaches out
his hand and takes a hearty grip
with a gray-haired man. "Well,
Sir, what is your wish?"

"My name is —; my son fought
at Springfield, and was wounded in
the arm; he was on Fremont's Staff,
but is now without a commission; I
want one for him that he may again
try his arm here on the Poto-
mac, or in Missouri."

"You shall have it, sir" replied
Mr. Stanton, and turning to his Sec-
retary, he ordered him to note the
case. "Return home," he added, "the
papers will be sent you;" and as the
man attempted to thank him, he
stepped to one side to two ladies who
had just come in. "Madam, what
can I do for you?" "Want a clerk-
ship for my son; his father was killed
at the battle of Belmont." Turning
again he noted the case, took the
address, told the lady to send him a
sample of her boy's writing, and he
would care for him.

The other is connected with a Min-
nesota regiment over the river, and
had some complaint about the treat-
ment she had received in camp from
some of the officers. "Madame, you
must go to the headquarters of Gen.
McClellan." "I have been there, Sir,
and they would not read my papers
or listen to my case." "Then give
them to me and I'll see why."

A small bright-eyed boy, alone,

was trying to work his way through
the crowd, and the Secretary turned
to him and asked what he wanted.
"I want my father got out, Sir; he
was taken at Bull Run, and has not
come home with the rest." He gave
his name and regiment; it was noted,
and the Secretary, lifting him up,
kissed him upon the forehead, and
said: "Your father should be proud
of such a noble boy, and I'll see that
he is released."

A man with a half-military dress
says that he has been wronged by
the Examining Board, and has been
deprived of the command of his regi-
ment (a Philadelphia cavalry regi-
ment.) "Sorry, sir, if it is not all
right; I cannot go back to investi-
gate the acts of my predecessor." The
Colonel insisted that his case
was a plain one, if he could be heard.
"Well," said the Secretary, "if you
will get the officers to reconsider it,
I will then listen to it."

An individual has some new inven-
tion for fire-arms. "Go to the Ordi-
nance Department and get them to
investigate it, and if they will recom-
mend it, I will be glad to see it adopt-
ed."

A Colonel with a green uniform
on has some passes he wants to read;
"Are you an army officer?" "Yes,
Sir." "Then you cannot be heard
until to-morrow; come and see me
then."

A large and well dressed man
wanted a word in private; "What
about?" Some little matter about a
contract he had for horses. "Can-
not interfere, Sir; go to Gen. Meigs.
If there is any thing wrong he will
rectify it." Another succeeds in
getting him off to the side of the
room, and the conversation is inaudi-
ble until the Secretary replied: "No,
Sir; on no account will I interfere
in any contract, while I am here, for
anything from a thimble up. There
are men appointed to attend to that
department, and I shall hold them to
a strict accountability for every ac-
tion."

Two soldiers wanted to be paid for
the time they were in confinement
at Richmond, having just been re-
leased, and presented a furlough
they had received a week ago, and
also an order for their pay for time
and rations. "Why do you not
take this to Maj. Beckwith, and have
him attend to it?" "We did, Sir,
and he says that he has no order that
will cover our case, and for want of
'forms' we are afraid we will be kept
here until our time is up, and we
want to go home and see the folks
again." Turning to his Secretary,
he ordered him to write to Major
Beckwith, and order him to report
forthwith in writing why these men
were not paid up, instead of being
kept waiting. It was done; he sig-
ned it himself, and said, "Here, take
that to him, and bring an answer."

A Western man, who said he hailed
from the reserve in Ohio, had about
a dozen quires of paper written over
two or three times, which he said
was an "Essay on Cheese." The
Secretary laughed! "You must go to
the Commissary General; he has the
charge of the feeding of the army."—
"I have been at first one and another
all summer, and somehow or other I
do not get any further ahead, and
that is why I want you to investigate
it;" and commenced to unroll his
papers. "Indeed, Sir, I do not know
how cheese would agree with the sol-
diers."

"That's just why I want you to
read these papers and examine these
certificates." "But I have not time,
Sir." All hands commenced laugh-
ing, but the Ohio man stuck to it
bravely. "I assure you that there is
not a soldier in the army who does
not like crackles and cheese, and I
can make it for three cents a pound."
"Now I tell you what you had better
do, go to Senator Wilson and get him
to put it in his bill; it will then pass
the Senate and become an army reg-
ulation to give out cheese rations."
"Well, could you not endorse it, and
then it would be sure to be passed?"
"No, I cannot endorse it because I
know nothing about it." "Oh, well,
I will leave these papers," and he
made for the table. "I will never
read them, if you do, until the war is
over." With a look of despair, Ohio
one he met if they knew where Sen-
ator Wilson lived?

Judge Wilkins, of Pittsburg, here
came in, received a hearty shake of
the hand, and a number of congratu-
lations passed between them. The
doorkeeper of the little room an-
nounced the President, and off the
Secretary went to see him. He soon
returned, however. In came Maj.
Beckwith, with the note sent by the
returned prisoners.

"Why are those men kept wait-
ing?" "Because I have no order for
their special case."

"Mr. Wilson, issue an order that
will cover all the prisoners that may
be released in future, and allow them
full pay for every day they are con-
fined in rebel prisons. Major, I have
just learned there are over 150 now
waiting for their pay; every man
must be paid to-day, and speed them
on to their homes."

A tall man wants a commission in
the regular army. "Have you been
in any battle yet, Sir?" "I was in

the Mexican War." "That won't do
that is too far back." "I was in
Great Bethel." "That is better." He
will examine your record in person,
inform you if you are appointed."

A stout, healthy, young man wants
a commission or clerkship. "You
you been in any battle?" "No, Sir."
"Then it will be of no use to apply
for I shall make my appointment
from the list of heroes; those who
fight the country's battles must be
cared for first."

Another wanted an appointment
as Quartermaster. "There are my
recommendations, Sir; and I would
be glad if you can read them." "I
cannot do it now. I have not the
time; but I will examine them."—
"Very well," replied the would-be
quartermaster, "just read them. I
you have any better man, according
to those papers, let him have the
office; in that case I don't want it."

A gentleman stepped up who ap-
peared to be an intimate friend of
the Secretary. "Ah," said the Sec-
retary, "I am glad to see you; I have
not seen you since we met at
Wheeling a few years ago." He
replied that he had been engaged
upon the North-West Boundary
question, and would like to have some
conversation about it. "Ah," said
the Secretary, "I will appoint a time
to see you and have the whole mat-
ter talked over, for I wish to know
all about it."