

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1862.

NEW SERIES.--VOL. 3, NO. 42.

THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER,
PUBLISHED BY
R. W. JONES & JAMES S. JENNINGS,
AT
WAYNESBURG, GREENE CO., PA.
OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE
PUBLIC SQUARE--

TERMS:
Subscription--\$1 50 in advance; \$1 75 at the expiration of six months; \$2 00 within the year; \$2 50 after the expiration of the year.
Advertisements inserted at \$1 00 per square for three insertions, and 25 cents a square for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less counted a square.)
A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.
For particulars of all kinds, executed in the best style, and on reasonable terms, at the "Messenger" Job Office.

Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.
R. A. MCCONNELL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office in the new frame building corner of Main and Washington streets, and nearly opposite the new Hotel.
Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention
Waynesburg, February 5, 1862--ly.

J. A. J. BUCHANAN. WM. C. LINDEY.
BUCHANAN & LINDSEY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office on the North side of Main street, two doors west of the "Republican" Office. Jan. 1, 1862.

A. J. PURMAN. J. O. RITCHIE.
PURMAN & RITCHIE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
All business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette Counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

R. W. DOWNEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Ledwith's Building, opposite the Court House.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

DAVID CRAWFORD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Sayer's Building, adjoining the Post Office.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

C. A. BLACK. JOHN PHELAN.
BLACK & PHELAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

PHYSICIANS.
DR. A. G. CROSS
WOULD very respectfully tender his services as a PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He holds a U. S. degree of honor in life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.
Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

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

DRUGS.
DR. W. L. CREIGH,
Physician and Surgeon,
And dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Fats, &c., &c., Main street, a few doors east of the Bank.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary, and dealer in Patents and Oils, the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Liquors for medicinal purposes.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

MERCHANTS.
WM. A. PORTER,
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, Stone-ware, Looking Glasses, Iron and Nail, 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, Queensware and notions, in the Hamilton House, opposite the Court House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

MINOR & CO.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

CLOTHING.
N. CLARK,
Dealer in Men and Boy's Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Sateens, Hats and Caps, &c., Main street, opposite the Court House.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.
J. D. COSGRAY,
Boot and Shoe maker. Main street, nearly opposite the "Parmer's" Drug Store. Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.
JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, &c. Glass of all sizes, and Oil, Moulding 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.

BOOKS & C.
LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers, Wilson's Old Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

BANK.
FARMERS' & DROVERS' BANK,
Waynesburg, Pa.
C. A. BLACK, Pres. LAZEAR, Cashier.
W. D. R. S. DAY.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS.
SAMUEL MALLISTER,
Saddler, Harness and Blanketing, Main street, three doors west of the Court House.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

Select Poetry.

LIFE'S QUESTIONS.

Drifting away,
Like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment,
Yesterday's dream;
Ever resolving--
Never to mend--
Such is our progress--
Where is the end?

Whirling away
Like leaf in the wind,
Points of attachment
Left daily behind,
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend;
Such our fidelity:
Where is the end?

Floating away,
Like cloud on the hill,
Pendulous, tremulous,
Migrating still;
Where to repose ourselves?
Whither to tend?
Such our consistency:
Where is the end?

Crystal pavement,
Seen through the stream;
Firm the reality
Under the dream;
We may not feel it,
Still we may mend it;
How we have conquered
Not known till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter,
Sports of the wind,
But stands the Winter
The great tree behind;
Frost shall not wither it,
Storms cannot bend it;
Roots firmly clasping
The rock, at the end.

Calm is the firmament,
Over the cloud;
Clear shines the stars, through
The rifts of the shroud;
There our repose shall be,
Thither we tend:
Spite of our wanderings
Approved at the end.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Select Miscellany.

THE BOY PATRIOT.

In the year 1776, Philadelphia was in the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldiery, while the field of Brandywine gave American people an evidence of British humanity. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Delaware were at the mercy of their foes. Bands of Hessian dragoons scouted the vicinity of Philadelphia for miles around, and committed acts which would disgrace a Vandal.

On the evening of a delightful Autumn day, a group of boys, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen years, were gathered together on the steps of a tenanted storehouse in the village of Newark, Delaware. The town seemed lonely, and with the exception of the youthful band referred to, not a human being met the eye. All the men capable of bearing arms had left their homes to join the army of Washington on the Schuylkill. A youth of sixteen, mounted on a barrel, was giving an account of the disastrous battle of Brandywine. James Wilson, the orator, was a bold boy, enthusiastic in his love for the American cause, and possessed of no little intelligence. His bright blue eyes and flaxen hair gave him an effeminate appearance, but beneath that plain homespun jacket throbbed a heart that never shrank before any obstacle. His father was commander of the Delaware troops and his mother was dead. The boy concluded his narrative, and was deeply lamenting that he could not join the army. "I am not old enough," said he, "but had I a musket I would not stand idle here, with my hands useless by my side."

"Are there no guns of any description in the village?" asked a listening youth. "None. I have spent nearly a week in trying to find one, but my efforts have been of no avail. I strongly suspect that the Tory Livingston has several in his house, but as he permits no one to trespass on his land I am unable to say positively."

"Why not take a party and search his dwelling?" asked Frank Howard; "he has no one to assist him except his cowardly son George, and I can thrash him as easy as that," and the boy snapped his fingers to imply the readiness with which he could trounce old Livingston's boy. James Wilson's eyes sparkled with joy. "If there are any three boys in this company who will help me, I will search old Livingston's house this night. All who are willing to go, just step forward three paces."

Every boy in the crowd stepped forward with out a moment's hesitation. James eyes flashed like stars.

"Now, by the dead of Bunker Hill! I will search old Livingston's residence, though death stands in my path."

With a firm tread, and with the utmost silence, the young heroes took up their march for old Livingston's. Livingston had long been suspected of harboring British spies, and some of his former in-

formers reported that he kept up a regular correspondence with the British commander. At all events he was generally regarded by the Whigs as a dangerous man. His house was situated a short distance from White Clay Creek, on the side of a steep hill, surrounded on all sides by tall trees. It was just such a place as one might suppose suitable for the plotting of treason.

At the time James Wilson and his little band left the deserted storehouse in the village of Newark, dusk had given place to the darker shades of night. Still it was not dark; the new moon was shining brightly through the clouds, and every object was perfectly distinguishable. The boys walked firmly forward, maintaining the solemn silence. At length they gained the bend of the creek, and slowly following the winding path soon came to a little low bridge which crossed a shallow rivulet leading into White clay, and James ordered them to halt.

"Let Frank Howard and myself reconnoitre the premises first, to see whether any danger may be apprehended. All the rest stand here till we return. Make no noise, and keep a constant watch."

James and Frank silently departed, and were soon lost in the thick woods through which the path ran. Scarce had they gone from their companions, ere the quick ear of Wilson detected a noise.

"Hist!" said he to Frank as he pulled behind a gigantic beech tree. Presently George Livingston came in sight. James Wilson started from his covert and tightly grasped the boy by the neck. The cowardly youth trembled like a reed.

"Speak one word," whispered his captor, "and I'll toss you into the creek."

The Tory's son, struck dumb with fright, found himself in the midst of the whole group of boy heroes, and the vicelike grasp of James and Frank on either arm.

"Now," said James, "answer me promptly and truly, or I'll make your position uncomfortable. Do you hear?"

"Who are in your father's house at this moment?"

"I--I--cannot tell," stammered the half dead boy.

"You shall tell, or I'll tell everything. Spare me, and I'll tell everything. When I left the house there was no one there but our own family and Major Bradstone."

"Who is he?" asked James.

"I don't know--I don't indeed."

"Tell!" threatened Frank.

"He is captain of the Yorkshire dragoons."

"The blue eyes of James glistened with joy, and he soon gained from the Tory's son a revelation which stamped his father a traitor of the most appalling character. He discovered that old Livingston kept up a correspondence with the British commander, but that he had so plotted in his traitorous design that the little village of Newark was to be burned to ashes and its women and children left exposed to the pitiless foe. The old Tory was to receive as his compensation, the land whereon the village stood, and an annual pension from the British Government.

But stranger than all, the plot was to be consummated on the very night the Tory's son had been captured, while he was going on an errand to a neighbor two miles distant. The little band of heroes learned too, that the British troops had secured their horses in Livingston's stable, and intended to descend the creek in a large boat. There were twenty of them beside their captain.

Major Bradstone, the leader of the band, was in temper and heart a thorough demon, and scrupled not in his cruelty to destroy the slumbering infant or the sick wife. Not a few in that youthful band trembled for a widowed mother or a defenceless sister. Some were for departing immediately, but James Wilson, still retaining his grasp of the Tory's son, ordered all to be silent. The prisoner was bound hand and foot, a thick handkerchief bound over his mouth to prevent him from calling for assistance, and as stout cord fastened to his breast, and wound about tree. All hope of escape forsook George Livingston. Wilson motioned his little band to follow him, and in a few moments they stood on the summit of a high precipice which overhung White Clay Creek.

"Now boys," said Wilson, "the narrative which we have just heard is true, and as we have no muskets and ammunition, we must make the best of the occasion. The British band will pass this spot in their boat, and as we have an hour to work let us busy ourselves in rolling some of those large rocks to the edge of the precipice, and when the redcoats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom."

Each boy immediately set to work, and in an incredible short space of time nine huge rocks, each half a ton in weight were balanced upon the edge of the giant precipice. The creek at this point was not more than twenty feet wide, and was directly overhung by the mass of rock on which our heroes stood. If the British descended the creek they would certainly pass this spot; and if they passed it, then

death was their certain fate. In about an hour the quick ear of Wilson detected the measured beat of muffled oars.

"They are coming," he whispered, "let no one drop his rock till I give the word and then all at once."

Peeping cautiously over the cliffs James Wilson saw the Tory boat slowly but surely approaching. An officer stood on the bows guiding the oarsmen by his orders, and the epaulets on his shoulders told that he was the identical fiend, Major Bradstone.

"Don't drop till I give the order," again whispered Wilson.

When the boat was about twelve feet from the rock, the boy leader fell securely behind his stone defence and shouted:

"Who goes there?"

In a moment the oarsmen ceased rowing, and gazed with astonishment about them. The impetus which the boat had acquired, caused it to drift slowly beneath the rock, and just as it was fairly below, came forth the loud doomed words,

"Cut loose in the name of liberty!"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant and as if with one impulse the gigantic stones fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters told how well the plan had succeeded, and as the exultant boys again looked over the rocks, nothing was seen but a few pieces of wood. The boat was burst in pieces, and the occupants found a grave at the bottom of White Clay. A cry of victory burst from the joyous lips of the youthful patriots, and it was echoed along in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoner!" cried Frank Howard bounding ahead; but what was the astonishment of the boys to find that while in his efforts to get free George Livingston had been caught by the fatal cord, and choked to death! There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had met their deserved doom, and there was no one to mourn their loss.

"Such be the end of American foes forever!" said James Wilson.

Old Livingston's house was searched, and to the surprise of every one, not merely guns, but three brass field pieces, several barrels of powder and an abundance of balls, were concealed in the Tory's cellar. The military stores found here was given over to the American troops, and found a joyous welcome at their headquarters.

Had not the British party been so signally defeated along the banks of the White Clay, the town of Newark, and the whole northern part of the State of Delaware would have been overrun by predatory bands of British soldiers.

James Wilson and Frank Howard both joined the army of Greene, and served with distinction in the Southern campaign. Frank fell in the memorable battle of Eutaw Springs, bewailed by all who knew him. James lost a leg at the siege of Yorktown, and retired to his native village, but mortification ensued, and he expired with the ever-to-be-remembered words on his lips--"Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

The village of Newark still stands, and has become a town of some celebrity. The scenes of the defeat of the British by the boy patriots are still pointed out, and is a sacred spot in the annals of Newark.

How Mr. Beecher Lost His Boots.
The following is in Henry Ward Beecher's best vein:

The difference between 7 and 8 is not very great; only a single unit. And yet that difference has power over a man's whole temper, convenience, and dignity. Thus, at Buffalo, my boots were set out at night to be blacked. In the morning no boots were there, though all the neighboring rooms had been served. I rang I rang twice. "A pretty hotel--nearly eight o'clock, going out at nine, breakfast to be eaten, and no boots yet." The winter came, took my somewhat emphatic order, and left. Every minute was an hour. It always is when you are out of temper. A man is in his stocking feet, in the third story of a hotel, finds himself restricted in locomotion. I went to the door, looked up and down the hall, saw frowzy chambermaids; saw afar off, the master of the coal scuttle; saw gentlemen walking in bright boots, unconscious of the privileges they enjoyed, but did not see any one coming with my boots. A German servant at length came round and ruddy faced, very kind and good-natured, honest and stupid. He informed me that a gentleman had already taken boots 78 (my number). He would hunt him up; thought he was breakfasting. Here was a new vexation. Who was the man who had taken my boots? Somebody had them on, warm and snug, and was enjoying his coffee, while I walked up and down, with less and less patience, who had none too much at first. No servant returned. I rang again, and sent energetic and staccato messengers to the office. Some water had been spilled on the floor. I stepped into it of course. In winter, cold water feels as if it burned you. Unpacked my valise for new stockings. Time was speeding. It was a quarter past eight; train at nine, no boots and no breakfast. I slipped on a pair of

sandal-rubbers, too large by inches for my naked foot, and while I shuffled along the hall, they played up and down on my feet. First, one shot off; that secured, the other dropped on the stairs; people that I met looked as if they thought that I was not well over my last night's spree.

It was very annoying. Reached the office and expressed my mind. First, the clerk rang the bell furiously three times, then ran forth himself, met the German boots-black, who had boots 79 in his hand, narrow and round, thinking, perhaps, I could wear them. Who knows but 79 had my boots? Some curiosity was beginning to be felt among the bystanders. It was likely that I should have half the hotel inquiring after my boots. I abhor a scene. Retreated to my room. On the way thought I, I would look at room 77's boots. Behold, they were mine! There was the broken pull-straps; the patch on the right side, and the very shape of my toe--infallible signs! The fellow had marked them 77, and not 78. And all this hour's tumult arose from just the difference between 7 and 8.

I lost my boots, lost the train, lost my temper, and, of course, lost my good manners. Everybody does that loses temper. But boots on, breakfast served, a cup of coffee brought peace and good-will. The whole matter took a ludicrous aspect. I moralized upon that inhumanity which puts a man's peace at the mercy of a Dutchman's chalk. Had he written seventy-eight, I had been a good-natured man, looking at Niagara Falls in its winter dress. He wrote seventy-seven, and I fumed, saw only my own falls, and spent the day in Buffalo!

Are not most of the pets and rubs of life such as this? Few men could afford to-morrow to review the things that vexed them yesterday. We boast of being free, yet every man permits the most arrant trifles to rule and ride him. A man that is vexed and angry turns the worst part of himself into sight, and exhibits himself in buffoon's coat and fool's cap, and walks forth to be jeered!

And yet one's temper does worse by him than that. And men submit to it, not once, but often, and sometimes every day! I wonder whether these sage reflections will make me patient and quiet the next time my boots are misplaced?

Punishment of Children.
In the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the "Country Parson" has a charming little essay on "The Sorrows of Childhood," in the course of which he makes these remarks:

"An extremely wicked way of punishing children is by shutting them up in a dark place. Darkness is naturally fearful to human beings, and the stupid ghost-stories of many nurses make it especially fearful to a child. It is a stupid and wicked thing to send a child on an errand in a dark night. I do not remember passing through a greater trial in my youth than going three miles alone (it was not going on an errand) in the dark, along a road thickly shaded with trees. I was a little fellow; but I got over the distance in half an hour. Part of the way was along the wall of a churchyard--one of these ghastly, weedy, neglected, accursed-looking spots where stupidity has done what it can to add circumstances of disgust and horror to the Christian's long sleep. Nobody ever supposed that this walk was a trial to a boy of twelve years old, so little are the thoughts of children understood. And children are reticent: I am telling now about that dismal walk through the first time. And in the illuence of childhood children sometimes get very close and real views of death. I remember when I was nine years old, how every evening, when I lay down to sleep, I used for about a year to picture myself lying dead, till I felt as though the coffin were closing round me. I used to read at that period, with a curious feeling of fascination, Blair's poem, 'The Grave.' But I never dreamed of telling anybody about these thoughts. I believe that thoughtful children keep most of their thoughts to themselves, and in respect of the things of which they think most are as profoundly alone as the ancient Mariner in the Pacific. I have heard of a parent, an important member of a very strict sect of the Pharisees, whose child, when dying bogged to be buried not in a certain foul old hideous church-yard, but in a certain cheerful cemetery. This request the poor little creature made with all the energy of terror and despair. But the strict Pharisee refused the dying request, and pointed out with polemical bitterness to the child that he must be very wicked indeed to care at such a time where he was to be buried, or what might be done with his body after death. How I should enjoy the spectacle of that unnatural, heartless, stupid wretch tarred and feathered! The dying child was caring for a thing about which Shakespeare cared; and it was not in mere human weakness, but 'by faith,' that 'Joseph, when he was a dying, gave commandment concerning his bones.'"

A Fair Southern Traitoress.
A young man belonged to one of the Tennessee regiments--he held the rank of first lieutenant in his company--was very dangerously wounded in Saturday morning's strife, and was not expected to live when I left Dover, where he lay in much pain and in more remorse.

The young man told me he was a native of Harrisburg Pa., and had resided there until the autumn of 1859, when he went to Columbia, Tennessee, and there engaged in the practice of the law with considerable success. While in that State, he became acquainted with and enamored of a young woman of culture and fortune, a distant relative, I understand, of Gen. Pillow, and was soon engaged to marry her.

The love-stream of the young couple flowed smoothly enough until the fall of Sumter and the Secession of Tennessee, when the affianced husband, a strong advocate for the Union, returned home, desiring to wed after the troubles were over.

The betrothed pair corresponded regularly; but some weeks after the lover had gone to Harrisburg, the girl, who had suddenly grown a violent Secessionist, informed him that she would not become his wife unless he would enlist in the rebel service and fight for the independence of the South.

The young man was exceeding loth to take such a course, and remonstrated with his beloved to no purpose, and at last, in the blindness of his attachment and in the absorbing selfishness of passion, he informed his parents of his intention to win his mistress on the tented field.

In vain they endeavored to dissuade him from his resolution. He went to Tennessee, raised a company, received the congratulations of his traitorous friends, and the copious caresses of his charming tempter.

Last December the Lieut. proceeded to Donelson, and a few days before the fight, heard his betrothed was the wife of another.

His heart had never been in the cause, though it was in another's keeping; and, stung by remorse, and crushed by the perfidy of his mistress, he had no desire to live.

Unwilling to desert on the eve of battle the cause he had embraced, he resolved to lose the existence that had become unbearable to him; and in the thickest of the fight while seeking death without endeavoring to inflict it, he received a mortal wound.

Before this, the misguided and betrayed lover has ceased to think of her who so cruelly deceived him; for the Lethean stream of death is flowing around the Eternity-bound island of his soul.

The double traitor will soon learn all; for her lover dictated a letter to her upon his couch of pain.

Will she be happy; can she be happy, in the rosy hours of her early marriage, when the thought of the dead adorer, slain by her hand, rises like a portentous cloud, upon the fair horizon of her life? Will not his pale corpse with his bleeding wounds glide between her and her husband's arms, and banish Contentment forever from the profaned sanctuary of her Spirit?--*Fort Donelson Correspondence.*

Fights in Tennessee and Missouri--A Brigadier General Captured.
St. Louis, March 13.--OFFICIAL: Our artillery and cavalry yesterday attacked the enemy's works, one and a half miles west of Paris, Tennessee. The enemy were driven out with a loss of one hundred killed, wounded and prisoners. Our loss was Capt. Bullis, of the artillery, and our men killed and five wounded.

A cavalry force, set out from Lebanon, Missouri, attacked one of Price's guerilla parties, killing thirteen, wounding five and capturing twenty prisoners, among them Brigadier General Campbell.

The life of Reuben Davis, of the Kentucky Fifth, was saved at Fort Donelson by a silver half-dollar in his waistcoat pocket. He had borrowed that amount of a companion some days before, and offered to return it before going upon the field; but his companion told him to keep the coin, as he might stand in need of it before night. He had need of it in his greatest need, for a rifle ball struck the coin in the center and destroyed the figure of Liberty on its face.

The Beautiful.
Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and a higher life, and fill us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behavior.

A Good Sign.
The *New Orleans True Delta*, since the recent national victories in the West, has contained several articles in favor of a restoration of the Union. It is reported that the state of things in New Orleans is trying so hard to knock down General Beauregard.

ELLSWORTH, the GALLANT ZOUAVE

[BY REQUEST.]

Ye fathers and sons of Columbia,
Ye daughters who honor the brave,
Come join in my song to the memory
Of Ellsworth, the gallant Zouave.
Choose--To Ellsworth the gallant Zouave,
To Ellsworth the gallant and brave,
Who tore down the banner of treason,
And perished the Union to save.

'Twas he who first led Freedom's phalanx
Across the Potomac's blue wave,
Whose blood stained the threshold of treason,
To marry our Union to save.
Choose--To Ellsworth, &c.

When he saw Treason's proud banner waving,
No danger his valor could quell,
When with his hands he tore 't asunder,
By a coward assassin he fell.
Choose--To Ellsworth, &c.

He died, like the Spartan youth Warren,
In a green but glorious grave,
Yet a nation's warm tear-drops shall water
The bed of our gallant Zouave.
Choose--To Ellsworth, &c.

Then swore by the blood of our hero,
Which flowed Treason's share to lava,
To follow Treason's hue Nero,
For revenge on our gallant Zouave.
Choose--To Ellsworth, &c.

Here is glory immortal to Ellsworth,
And honor to Brownwell the brave,
Who avenged the foul death of his Colonel,
Like a true and gallant Zouave,
Choose--To Ellsworth, &c.

Political.

SECESSION REPUDIATED.

The most signal victory was obtained in the House of Representatives at Washington on Wednesday last, by the conservatives over the Abolition Secessionists. Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill substantially embodying the idea of Senator Sumner's resolutions declaring that certain States in rebellion have committed political suicide; that they cease to exist as States, and the territory once occupied by them comes under the exclusive jurisdiction and control of the general Government. The bill reported by Mr. Ashley provided for the organization of temporary provisional governments over the districts of country in rebellion against the United States, and authorized the President to take possession and institute such governments, appoint Governors, and establish courts and legislative assemblies, to continue until the people form new State Governments. This proposition, it will be perceived, ignored the existence of the States, and endorsed the fatal heresy, that a State may, by an act of its own, sever its connection with the General Government.

Several members of the Committee submitted minority reports, when the following proceedings occurred: Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, said: "Mr. Speaker--This bill ought to be entitled 'A bill to dissolve the Union and to abolish the Constitution of the United States.' As I am still unalterably opposed to the destruction of either, I move to lay the bill on the table, and on that motion I ask the yeas and nays, which were ordered.

The bill was tabled--yeas 65, nays 56--as follows:
YEAS--Messrs. Ancona, Bailey, of Pa., Biddle, Blair, of Mo., Blair, of Va., Brown, of Va., Brown, of R. I., Calvert, Casey, Clements, Cobb, Colfax, Corning, Cravens, Crisfield, Crittenden, Delano, Diven, Dunn, English, Fisher, Harrison, Kellogg, of Ill., Killinger, Law, Granger, Geary, Gurley, Haight, Harding, Leary, Lazear, Lehman, McKnight, Mallory, May, Menzies, Morris, Nixon, Noble, Noel, Norton, Pendleton, Perry, Phelps, of Cal., Porter, Rice, of Mass., Richardson, Sheffield, Shellabarger, Shiel, Steele, of New York, Stratton, Thomas, of Mass., Thomas of Maryland, Train, Wadsworth, Ward, Wester, Wheeler, Whaley, White, of Ohio, Wickliffe and Wood.

NAYS--Messrs. Aldrich, Arnold, Ashley, Baker, Baxter, Beaman, Bingham, Blair, of Pa., Blake, Buffington, Campbell, Chamberlain, Clark, F. A. Conkling, Roscoe Conkling, Cutler, Davis, Duell, Edgerton, Edwards, Elliot, Fessenden, Franchot, Frank, Hale, Hooper, Horton, Hutchins, Julian, Kelley, Kellogg, of Michigan, Lansing, Loomis, Lovejoy, McPherson, Mitchell, Moorhead, Morrill, of Me., Morrill, of Vt., Pike, Pomeroy, Rice, of Me., Riddle, Rollins, of New Hampshire, Sargeant, Sedgwick, Sloan, Stevens, Trowbridge, Van Valkenburg, Wall, Walton, of Vt., Wilson, Windom and Worcester.

We regard this as the most effective blow at Northern counterpart of Southern treason that has yet been struck in Congress, and as furnishing cheering evidence that the destructive and revolutionary projects of Abolitionists will not prevail. The Republican members from Pennsylvania, with one exception, voted with the extremists. Blair, Campbell, McPherson, Stevens, Kelley, Davis, and other Pennsylvania members voted with the Secession minority. Patriot and Union.

The World says that no great apprehension need be felt of Beauregard, in