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DR. A. G. GROSS
WOULD very respectfully tender his services as a Physician and Surgeon, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due appreciation of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage. Waynesburg, January 9, 1862.

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RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, as a Physician and Surgeon. Office opposite the Republican office. He hopes by a due appreciation of the laws of human life and health, to merit a liberal share of public patronage. April 9, 1862.

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Miscellaneous.

From the Methodist.
MY WIFE.

"Charley, your wife is the best woman in the world!"
It was my friend Barnes. Now, if my friend Barnes, under ordinary circumstances, had uttered in my presence such an exclamation, I might have replied: "My dear friend, why don't you tell me something I don't know already?"

But the circumstances were extraordinary, as I will tell you.
The day before, Barnes had buried his eldest boy—a fine fellow, five years old. Being neighbors, and a close intimacy existing between our respective families, I ran over early next morning to speak a word of sympathy. His countenance wore a look of deep distress.

"It's very hard, I know," said I. "Oh! I could bear it, for myself—but Mary—my wife—she winds her heartstrings so tightly around the object she loves, that the shock of separation is terrible. She has not slept, she has not shed a tear, but passes from one paroxysm to another, pronouncing the most terrible imprecations on things human and divine. Nothing tends to soothe her. The baby she takes no notice of—seems to have forgotten that she has a child left; I fear for her life, and if that is spared, that her reason will give way."

I could not detain him longer from the care of his wife, but sadly returned home. My wife listened to the story of her friend's desperate condition, and scarcely appeared to know when I had finished telling it, but still sat as if listening. Five minutes later, however, when I passed through the hall, to depart for my place of business, I saw her in her dressing-room, putting on her cloak and bonnet.

It was night when I returned home, after a busy day at my office, and, just as I was passing Barnes' door he came out, and surprised me with the exclamation I have already repeated. The look of distress was gone from his face, but there was moisture in his eye, and deep emotion in the tone of his voice. Remembering the interview of the morning, I can well understand that it was not in my thoughts to reply lightly, when he said:—
"Your wife is the best woman in the world—the most considerate, the most thoughtful."

"She came down to see Mary?" I said.

"No, she didn't; she did what was still better—she sent another."

"The Reverend?"
"No. What could he prescribe for such a case? You know Mrs. Pardee?"
"Yes; she buried her husband last week."

"And her three children, within a twelve-month. Well, about noon, today, just after Mary had experienced one of her wildest paroxysms, during which she had made violent efforts to throw herself from the window, and had sunk at last upon the sofa, overcome by complete physical exhaustion, the bell rang, and, when I opened the door, there was Mrs. Pardee. She was accompanied by your wife, who was in the act of taking leave of her."

"You will go in?" said Mrs. Pardee.
"No, I'd better not; you go alone. I've not lost a husband; and my girls—they are at home, rosy with health."

"I understand!"
"She entered without another word, but paused on seeing Mary apparently asleep. Then, catching sight of the cradle, she went straight to it, and, sinking upon the floor, bent her face over the baby, and burst into tears."

"That was a moment not to be lost; I also understood."

"Mary!" I cried, in a voice intended, if possible, to rouse her. "Mary, look up! look!"

"Both women raised their eyes at the same instant, and looked the one upon the other. That scene will live forever in my memory—the picture of those two women looking into each other's eyes—the expression of one full of the bitterest agony—the other calm though unspeakably sad. For a full minute neither spoke.—Gradually, the full conception of the circumstances seemed to form itself in Mary's mind. The garments of deep mourning, the child in the cradle, the husband near her—all—she saw them all, though her eyes were still looking deep down into the be-ware heart before her. Then, with a cry, she sprang from the sofa, and threw herself upon the neck of her friend. The fountain of tears was unsealed, and long, long they wept together over that sleeping infant.—At last, Mary slowly spoke:—
"You—believe—there—is—a God—and—that—he—is—good?"
"Yes."
"How—can—you—when—has—killed—all—your—dear—ones?"
"The light of a divine trust beamed in the woman's face, as she answered, in deep, firm tones:

"When my children were taken from me, I thought the Lord wanted part of my love. But when he took my husband also, then I knew the Lord was determined to have my whole heart."

"Like lightning the words went to Mary's soul."

"Oh! how wickedly I have sinned."

"She clasped her babe to her breast, and then, clinging her arms around both husband and child, she said:—
"I will not dare complain again."

"From that moment she was calm, resigned—and, yielding to our persuasion to partake of some refreshment, in half an hour I had the happiness of seeing her sink into a gentle sleep, with a smile upon her lips."

"Then Mrs. Pardee explained how your wife had come to her, and begged, in the name of sweet Mercy, that she would visit Mary. She was loth to comply at first, being a comparative stranger; but her visitor insisting that she alone could hope to rouse Mary from her despair, and perhaps save her life, she at last consented."

"And I am very thankful," she added, "that my visit appears to have produced such favorable results."

"And so am I," Barnes added, pressing my hand; "I hardly hoped to see her smile again."

I wrung his hand and left him, without saying a word. Something rose up in my throat that wouldn't admit of speech. But in my mind I repeated, as I went home: "She is the best woman in the world—the most considerate, the most thoughtful."

CENSUS CURIOSITIES.

There are more Americans than either Englishmen or Scotchmen in Lower Canada. While the natives of England in the Province number 13,139, and of Scotland 13,160, those of the United States number 13,641. Nearly one-fifth of the whole population of one county, and one-sixth of another, are Americans. Out of a population of 1,110,664, only 298 of the inhabitants of Lower Canada claim to be returned as "Christians," only 5 were classed as "Disciples," and 3 as "Mormons." Of the last mentioned there is a solitary representative in the County of Broome, one in Quebec, and one in Huntington. The gender of the three is not given in the abstract before us, but it would seem they are not practical propagandists.

In the County of Berthier there is a solitary Jew and a solitary Universalist. They occupy a more isolated position even than four more of the inhabitants of the same county, who are returned as of "no religion."—There is but one Quaker and one Methodist in the County of Dorchester, while in the well-improved County of St. Hyacinthe, with a population of 18,877, there are but 130 Protestants, and all but 439 of the people are of French origin. The Counties of Charlevoix and Kamouraska are, however, religiously still more conservative, there being but two dissenters from the Catholic faith in each.

While 847,320 of the population of Lower Canada are of French origin, only 672 are natives of France. On the other hand, the so-called English Province of Upper Canada contains, beside its Canadian population of French origin, 2,389 natives of France—facts which seem to show that new and old French "cotton" together less cordially than might be supposed, and that the emigrant from Paris and Lyons chooses to mix with the varieties of the English race, in preference to enjoying the luxury of association with the only people who have preserved the monarchical traditions of France in their ancient purity, and have retained to this hour nearly all the habits, the manners, and (until a few years ago) all the feudal rights of two centuries ago.

In the Upper Canada County of Glengarry there is a population of British origin of nearly 20,000, of whom only 377 are of Irish origin; yet there are 10,919 Catholics, and over 9,000 Presbyterians—these two sects including over nineteen-twentieths of the whole people. The strange fact may also be stated in the same connection that there is less dissent from the Common School system in this than in any other county of the Province. The extremes of religious belief meet in this exceptional region, but only to harmonize and work cordially together for social purposes. The Catholicism of the district, it appears, was imported from the Highland regions, where once the followers of the Stuarts abounded, till the Imperial arm became too strong for them, and forced them to flee, first to France and afterwards to the wilds north of the St. Lawrence.

The Mormons of the Western Province are a more respectable body in point of numbers, than in Lower Canada, counting in all about 70 members. But they seem to be less socially disposed than at the headquarters of the Saints, for the Canadian septuagint are scattered over nineteen counties, and in ten of these they count but separate units of the population, forbidding much hope of a natural increase of the faithful in the British Province.

While Lower Canada is the maritime Province of the Union, only 62 of its people were born "at sea."—The inland Province of the West, on the other hand, gives a population of 323, as of that indefinite nationality. Possibly in this case the lakes come within the technical description, "at sea." The abstract before us, however, throws no further light on the subject.—N. Y. Tribune.

NO PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

Does it not seem as if in some houses there is actually no place for the boys? We do not mean the little boys—there is always room for them; they are petted and caressed; there is a place for them on papa's knee and at mamma's footstool, if not in her arms; there are loving words, and many, often too many indulgences. But the class we speak of now are the schoolboys, great, noisy, romping fellows, who tread on your dress, and upset your work-basket, and stand in your light, and whistle and drum and shout and ask questions and contradict.

So what is to be done with them? Do they not want to be loved and cherished now as dearly as they were in that well-remembered time when they were the little ones, and were indulged, petted and caressed. But they are so noisy, and they wear out the carpet with their thick boots, and it is so quiet when they are gone, say the tired mother and fastidious sister and the nervous aunt; "anything for peace sake," and away go the boys to "loaf" on street corners, and listen to the profane and coarse language

of wicked men, or to the unsafe ice, or to the railroad station, or the wharves, or the other common places of rendezvous of those who have nothing to do or no place to stay.

But it is argued that there are few boys who care to stay in the house after school, and it is better they should play in the open air—all of which is true. We argue for those dull days and stormy days and evenings, all in which they wish to stay in, or ought to be kept in, and in which if kept in they make themselves and everybody else uncomfortable. We protest against the usages of those homes where the mother is busy with her sewing or her baby, and the father is absorbed with the newspaper in the evening which he never reads aloud, and the boys must "sit still and not make a noise," or go immediately to bed.—They hear the voices of other boys in the streets, and long to be with them; home is a dull place: they will soon be a little older, and then, say they, "we will go out and see for ourselves what there is outside which we are forbidden to enjoy."—We protest against the usages of those homes where the boys are driven out because their presence is unwelcome, and are scolded when they come in, or checked, hushed and restrained at every outburst of merriment.

MUSIC AS A CHARM.

But it is not man alone that is capable of being influenced by music.—That more musicians than Orpheus have "charmed the savage beast" is beyond dispute. Naturalists show us that the most ferocious beasts are more or less subdued by its powers. Captain Henry Wilson, of the East India Company's service, who has written an interesting book on India, informs us that a traveling fakir called one day at his house with a beautiful large snake basket, which he caused to the tune of a pipe on which he played. Having been greatly annoyed with snakes about his farm yard, which continued to destroy his poultry, and even attacked the animals, one of his servants inquired of the fakir whether he could pipe these snakes out of their holes and catch them, to which he hastily replied in the affirmative; and, being led to place where a snake had recently been seen, began to play upon his pipe. In a short time a snake came gliding toward him, and was instantly caught; he commenced again and had not continued five minutes, when a huge cobra di capello, the most venomous kind of serpent, thrust his head from a hole in the room. The fakir approached him fearlessly and played with more spirit, until the snake was half out of its hole and ready to dart at him. He then played with one hand only, and advanced the other under the reptile as it was raising itself to spring; the snake then darted at him, when dexterously seizing it by the tail, he held it firmly until the servant despatched it.

VISIT TO THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

The following is an extract from a private letter:

The Prince of Wales was at Hebron recently. He and his suite obtained permission to visit the cave of Machpelah, Abraham's burial place. They are the first Christians who have been allowed to enter it since the Crusades, nearly 700 years ago. Dr. Stanley says everything is kept in the most beautiful order, and nothing could be more satisfactory than the state in which the tombs are preserved. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah are buried there. Two of the Sheikhs were inclined to give annoyance and show their animosity at Christians being allowed to enter the cave.—The Governor of Hebron, however had them turned out, or rather he escorted them out himself, and the remainder were very complimentary to the Prince, saying that they were glad to have the opportunity of showing any civility in their power to one of the Princes of England, to whom their government was so much indebted for kind offices; that they looked on it as a great compliment to themselves that the heir to the throne of England had visited one of their holy places, etc. So that altogether it was very satisfactory.

DEATH OF REV. G. W. BETHUNE.

The New York Journal of Commerce says: "Intelligence has been received from Florence of the death of George W. Bethune, D. D., in that city, on the 28th of April. It was telegraphed to Paris just in time to catch the steamer, and although not as particular as could be desired, the method of communication leaves little room to doubt the statement. He was born in this city in March, 1805. In 1826, just after attaining his majority, he entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, but a few months after transferred his relations to the Reformed Dutch, and for thirty-six years he has been connected with that church, and prominent in every movement to advance its interests."

WATERLOO.

"Napoleon's army at Waterloo, consisted of 48,950 infantry, 16,795 cavalry, 7,232 artillery men, being a total of 81,974 men and 649 guns.—They were the elite of the national forces of France: of all the numerous gallant armies which that martial land has poured forth, never was there one braver or better disciplined or better led, than the host that took up its position at Waterloo, on the morning of the 18th of June, 1815.—Crazy.

THE ROUT.

"Cries of 'All is lost, the guard is driven back,' were heard on every side. The soldiers pretend even that on many points the ill-disposed persons cried out *saute qui pent*.—However this may be, a complete panic at once spread itself throughout the whole field of battle, and they threw themselves, in the greatest disorder, on the line of communication; soldiers, cannons, caissons, all pressed to this point; the old guard, which was in reserve, was infected, and was itself hurried along.

"In an instant the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers, of all arms, were mixed pell-mell, and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps. The enemy perceiving this astonishing confusion, immediately attacked with cavalry, and increased the disorder, and such was the confusion during the night coming on, that it was impossible to rally the troops, and point out to them their error. Thus a battle terminated, a day of false manoeuvres rectified, the greatest successes insured for the next day—all was lost by a panic terror. Even the squadrons of service, drawn up by the side of the emperor, were overthrown and disorganized by these tumultuous waves, and there was then nothing else to be done but to follow the torrent. It was impossible to wait for the troops on our right; every one knows what the bravest army in the world is when thus mixed and thrown into confusion, and when its organization no longer exists.—French Official Account.

"The enemy preserved means to retreat till the village Planchendit, which he had on his rear, and which was defended by the guard, was, after several bloody attacks, carried by storm. From that time the retreat became a rout, which soon spread through the whole French army, and in its dreadful confusion, hurrying away everything that attempted to stop it, soon assumed the appearance of the flight of an army of barbarians. It was half-past nine. The field marshal assembled all the superior officers, and gave orders to send the last horse and the last man in the pursuit of the enemy. The van of the army accelerated its march. The French army being pursued without intermission, was absolutely disorganized. The causeway presented the appearance of an immense shipwreck; it was covered with an innumerable quantity of cannons, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wrecks of every kind. * * * It was moonlight, which greatly favored the pursuit, for the whole march was but a continued chase, either in the cornfields or the houses.

"At three o'clock Napoleon had dispatched from the field of battle a courier to Paris, with the news that a victory was no longer doubtful; a few hours after he had no longer any army left.—Prussian Official Bulletin.

"The battle was lost by France past all recovery. * * * And of the magnificent host which had that morning cheered their emperor in confident expectation of victory, very few were ever assembled again in arms. Their loss, both in the field and in the pursuit was immense; and the greater number of those who escaped, dispersed as soon as they crossed the frontier.—Crazy.

WHO IS OLD?

A wise man will never rust out.—As long as he can move and breathe he will be doing for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life Washington was at work. So was Franklin and Young and Howard and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits.—It is a foolish idea to suppose we must lie down and die because we are old?—Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art, or benevolence; but he only suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Is he old? should not be put; but, is he active? can he breathe and move with agility? There are scores of grey-headed men we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at their own path, at a harsh word or frown.

Young ladies are said to like winter, because it brings the chaps to their lips.

GIDEON WELLES.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Times. WASHINGTON, May 15.

The Morality of the Republican party, as illuminated by the venerable Gideon Welles, formerly of Connecticut, now a curious specimen of human longevity preserved in the Navy Department, is truly lovely to contemplate. This "ancient mariner" is supposed by many to be the original Captain Noah who commanded the ark, but as an admirer of that respectable sailor I deny that Gideon reminds one of him, save slightly in his morals.

Noah, you remember, got on a terrible "rampage," drank considerable, and committed divers and sundry little indiscretions, just after landing from a forty days' cruise; but it is a common failing for "old salts" to do similar things, even down to this day, and I think, therefore, that Captain Noah should be forgiven, and not be abused by odious comparisons between himself and Gideon.

Noah had no brothers-in-law by the name of Morgan. He neither married a Morgan, nor did any Morgan marry a Noah, as far as heard from. But, if such relationship had existed between the Noah and Morgan families, I very much doubt whether Noah's sense of propriety would have permitted him to have paid his brother-in-law \$14,000 a month for purchasing the ark, or whether his shrewdness would have allowed him, for a moment, to think that the most economical manner of employing a man is to pay him twopenny, upon all the money he can possibly spend; nor do I believe that the idea of honesty then entertained by Captain Noah would have sanctioned such an arrangement.

But Gideon Welles, of Connecticut—moral, Puritanical, Chubbish, nigger-beloving Gideon—being of the Yankee persuasion and an exemplary member of the great moral reform and retrenchment Republican party, deems it safe, expedient, and entire christianlike, to buy a few vessels for the navy through his brother-in-law, George D. Morgan, another pious Republican. And Secretary Welles kindly and economically tells George D. Morgan, that he cannot afford to pay him any regular salary, but that he will give the mere trifle—enough for a Republican patriot—of two per cent, upon all the money that he, George, could spend for ships, steamers, &c., in five months.

Upon this, George D. Morgan, with great and ardent patriotism, pitches right into the marine dicker, and, in five months, buys boats enough to make the snug some of seventy thousand dollars profit to himself, for which you and I and other poor people "out West" must be taxed.

John P. Hale, Republican, of New Hampshire, Chairman of the committee on Naval Affairs in the Senate, investigated the whole matter, and he reports it a swindle on the Government and the people—one that ought to meet with the severest punishment—a grand marine larceny perpetrated upon the taxed citizens of the United States through the corruption and the connivance of Gideon Welles, Yankee moralist and general philanthropist, from conscientious Connecticut.

The Van Wyck committee prove it all, and demonstrate the fact that Welles, the Cabinet officer of "honest" "Old Abe," is a regular thief, a robber, a pirate upon the Navy of these United States. A House committee prove it; a Senate committee endorse it; John P. Hale reiterates it in a Senatorial speech; and the House gives 45 votes to censure this high-born knave, and condemn him before the people, upon the same day that they passed a resolution damning, with ineffaceable disgrace, the late Secretary of War.

But Gideon Welles had patronage in his grasp. Republican members could not afford to give a vote against patronage, and so Gideon escaped.

Ho, for Charleston. Mobile papers of the 23th, found in the rebel camp at Corinth, contain a dispatch from Charleston, stating that the Federal fleet had just passed two batteries in the Stone river and were within 8 miles of the city, where great excitement existed.

Davis will protract the war twenty years before he will surrender one inch of Virginia soil. Whilst he will not surrender an inch, he will abandon Virginia altogether. It is not the fashion of the rebels to wait long enough to surrender any place.—Louisville Democrat.

Gen. Sigel has taken command at Harper's Ferry of the army under Gen. Banks.