

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNEBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1862.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 4, NO. 4

THE WAYNEBURG MESSENGER,
PUBLISHED BY
R. W. JONES & JAMES S. JENNINGS,
AT
WAYNEBURG, 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 square for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less counted a square).
A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.
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All business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette Counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Jan. 1, 1862.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office—Blachley's Building, Main St.,
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Respectfully announces to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, that he has returned from the Hospital Corps of the Army and resumed the practice of medicine at this place.
Waynesburg, June 11, 1862—ly.

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

DR. A. G. CROSS,
WOULD very respectfully tender his services as a Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due application of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

DR. A. J. JEGGY
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 application of the laws of human life and health, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
April 8, 1862.

DR. T. P. SHIELDS,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN.
Office in the Old Roberts' Building, opposite Day's Book Store.
Waynesburg, Jan. 1, 1861.

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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.

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

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

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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

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Shoe and Boot maker, Blachley's Corner, Main street. Boots and Shoes of every variety always on hand or made to order on short notice.
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Dealer in all kinds of Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Maps, and Papers. One door East of the "Farmer's" Bank.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

Miscellaneous.

HOW TWO HEROINES DIED.

In the year 204, at Carthage, suffered two females, Vivia Perpetua and Felicitas. Perpetua was a widow of two and twenty, of respectable rank, great accomplishments, and at the time of her trial, the mother of an infant child. With the other members of her family, except her father, she had embraced the Christian faith, and was about to be baptized, when information was lodged against her as being a disciple of the forbidden religion. She and her companions were kept under guard for some days before they were cast into prison; during this time Perpetua was visited by her father, who loved her with great affection. He knew the danger she was in, and grieved to lose such a loving daughter; he earnestly besought her to recant, and be restored to her afflicted family. Pointing to a vase which stood on the floor, she said:—"Can you give any other name than vase to that vessel?" And her father answering in the negative, "Neither," added she, "can I call myself by any other name than that of Christian."

Although she loved her father much, she knew her duty, "to obey God rather than man." Her father left her, and for several days she did not see him. During this period she was baptized, when she again gave herself to God, and besought him to give her patience in the time of trial. She and her companions were at last cast into a dark, dismal prison to await their trial. Vivia, being well educated, wrote an account of what she suffered. She says, "I was terrified at it, for I had never been in such darkness. O fearful day! I was torn with anxiety about my infant; but by the aid of the deacons of the Church my dear child was brought to me, and we were removed to a more open part of the prison, where I suckled the babe, who was dying with hunger. I then had to part with him again; but I was satisfied, I was as happy as if I had been in a palace."

The miserable father, forgetting his anger in his grief, and learning that an examination of the prisoners was to take place, visited his daughter, and implored her to recant. "Think," said he, "of your mother, your aunt; think of your little son who cannot live without you. He then threw himself at her feet, weeping as if his heart were broken. She answered to her loving father's entreaties, "that while nothing on earth would have delighted her more than to please and obey him, she could not do so to displease and disobey God."

The next day she was summoned, while dining with her fellow-prisoners, to the tribunal, to be examined in the presence of a vast concourse of people, who had assembled to witness the trial. Vivia's turn at last came, and she was about to confess that she was a Christian when a noise was heard in the court. It was her father, forcing himself through the crowd, with her little infant son in his arms, to make, in that most affecting manner, his last appeal to her mind. The judge was moved to tears at the sight, and said, "Spare the old age of your father and the helplessness of your infant;" then added, "Are you a Christian?"

She replied, "I am; I have lived, and am resolved to die, a Christian."

Her father was now ordered to withdraw; but lingering, as all fond parents would do in such trying circumstances, he received a blow from the staff of one of the officers. Vivia said: "I felt that blow, given to my father, as if it had fallen on my head."

The prisoners were then sent to their cells to await the execution of their sentence, which was to be thrown to the wild beasts. Perpetua sent to ask her father to allow her to have the company of her child during the few hours she had to live. He, however, refused to comply with her request, as he thought he might, even yet, induce her to sacrifice to the gods. But he sought an interview. She was grieved to have it; still she would not deny her father's request. He was admitted. Frantic with grief, he tore his hair, fell on the floor, used every entreaty; but to no purpose; her heart was in heaven. She trusted in Christ to the last and final hour.

Felicitas, her companion, had also a little infant daughter only a few days old. After a fervent prayer in her behalf she with the utmost composure, gave her over to her sister, and so appeared free from earthly care. The hour at last came when they were led to the amphitheatre to witness a good confession before many witnesses. Perpetua and her companions went on with composed countenances and an easy pace, holding down their eyes lest the spectators might draw wrong conclusions from their being cheerful in the face of death. They sang a hymn, and then called on the magistrates and people to remember that they would have to give an account of that day's work. They then asked them to observe that they died in the faith of their Saviour, whom having not seen, they loved.

The wild beasts were then let loose, and the poor women were made to stand by and witness the death of their male com-

panions by the jaws of lions, leopards, and bears.

Their own turn came at last, when they were enclosed in a net and exposed to a wild cow. Perpetua met the first attack, and was thrown wounded to the ground; after which the cow ran against Felicitas, and made her a horrid spectacle even to look at. Faithful still, in such trying circumstances, Perpetua went to her aid, composed her disordered hair, and raised her to her feet. Perpetua then called to her brother, and said to him, "Continue firm in the faith, love one another, and be neither frightened nor offended at our sufferings."

As the hour was late the spectators grew impatient, so they were led forward to the middle of the arena to be killed by the sword. Giving each other the kiss of peace, they presented themselves to the arm of the executioner. Felicitas was killed by a single blow; but Perpetua, falling into the hands of a trembling gladiator, was often struck and wounded in vain. Preserving her fortitude to the last moment, she was observed calmly directing the soldier to the most expeditious way of performing his office; and then, without a groan, on the sands of the amphitheatre she fell asleep.

The loss of the habit of giving is, therefore, a great loss, and one against which no pains are too great to guard. Just now the danger is imminent. Some, there is reason to fear, are withholding more than is meet, yielding, perhaps, to idle fears, or the suggestions of a weak and timorous faith.

WHAT A BAYONET CHARGE IS.

It is said that, severe as the fight at Pittsburg Landing undoubtedly was, but one bayonet wound had been discovered by our surgeon there, and that was inflicted by a barbarous rebel upon a helpless sick soldier, lying in a hospital tent. Some surprise has been expressed at this fact; there is a general impression that after a bayonet charge, if the contesting forces are composed of brave men, there should be a great number of such wounds. The truth is, that a bayonet charge is a very different affair from what is generally supposed. In the first place, the regiment or other force which makes the charge, though probably ranged as near as possible squarely opposite its enemy, cannot keep up this formation during the quarter of a mile or more of ground which must be traversed by it before the foe is reached. Even with the best drilled and best men, one end of the line lags behind, and if the enemy should still to receive the charge, only a part of the line would be engaged at first. In practice, however, military writers confess that bayonet charges are very rarely actually crossed. A charge usually takes one of three turns: either the charging party, by its firmness and impetuosity, throws the opposing force into a panic, and it breaks rank and flies without awaiting the thrust of the bayonet; or, by firmness and a well delivered volley at short distance, the side which is attacked drives off the other; or, in the fewest cases, both sides behave well, and then, in the words of our most experienced generals, "the best sergeant decides the fate of the charge"—because only the sergeant and one or two men at the end of the line which first comes in contact with the enemy's line are really engaged during the few decisive moments, and thus the conduct, individual bravery and strength of perhaps half a dozen men, who alone cross bayonets with the enemy, gain the victory for the side to which they belong. "What do you suppose we keep our bayonets bright for, but to scare the enemy?" a distinguished general said to one who was inquiring into the nature of bayonet charges; and a Marshal of France: "It is not the number of killed, but the number of frightened, that decides the issue of a battle."—Jomini says distinctly that he saw a bayonet fight but once in all his military experience; and it is related by one of the historians of Napoleon's wars, that when the French were once charging the Prussians with the bayonet, when the latter would not retreat, there ensued a spectacle unexpected by the officers of either side. The French and Prussian soldiers, when they got within striking distance, apparently by mutual consent, clubbed their muskets, and fought desperately with their arms thus reversed.

A filler and drummer were found close together. The filler was in a sitting posture leaning against a tree; a ball had passed through his heart, his life clasped in his fingers. The drummer-boy seems to have been his companion, and was probably in the act of supporting the expiring filler in his arms, when he himself was killed by a ball going through his head; his drum lay at his feet, both heads knocked out.

Some of the dead rebels were found with pieces of paper pinned on their clothing, giving their name, with a request that they might be properly buried, and their graves marked, so that when the war was over their remains could be found by their relatives and friends, if they wish to remove them to rest by the side of their kindred. Their requests will be religiously fulfilled by our men. But what a contrast to the treatment our dead receives when the rebels are the victors!

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

A horse of New London, belonging to Abner Basset, having been pretty much worn out in hauling up vessels around a capstan for ten years, now "goes through the motions" for hours every day, in a particular part of the lot where he is pastured. He "winds his round" in imagination with perfect steadiness and regularity, showing the force of habit.

INDIAN INSURRECTION IN CALIFORNIA.

The California papers relate that a formidable insurrection of Indians has broken out in the Owon's river valley, in the southeastern part of that State. In two fights they are reported to have defeated the force of regular troops sent against them, numbering one hundred, besides 75 volunteers. An express was sent to Los Angeles for aid from Gen. Wright, who dispatched prompt assistance. The old dispute about cattle stealing, encroachments, &c., is at the bottom.

A BRAVE DRUMMER BOY.

Among the wounded in the Government Hospital at Washington is a little drummer boy named Paul Bowser, who had his leg shattered by a shell in one of the late engagements on the Peninsula, so that amputation had to be performed to save his life. The little sufferer hails from Manchester, and is scarcely fifteen years of age; yet he bore himself like a hero on the field, and up to the time of being struck had kept in the thickest of the fight. His father and brother are both in the army, so that the family would seem to be a fighting one. Paul was getting along finely, and so far recovered as to be able to hobble around on crutches; but a few days since he was so unfortunate as to trip against something, when he fell, bursting open the ligatures which bound the stumps of the amputated limb, and undoing in a moment the improvement which it had taken days to accomplish. The shock which the little fellow's system received was a frightful one, and he nearly sank under its effects, but after hovering two or three days between life and death, his spirits rallied, and he is now in a fair way of recovery.—Little Paul has many visitors, and among others who called to see him lately was the Hon. Robert McKnight, member of Congress from the XXII District. The little fellow appeared to bear his sufferings like a hero, and only seemed anxious about his chances of getting a pension and wooden leg at the close of the war. He was assured that both the pension and artificial leg would be forthcoming at the proper time, and as he is a brave and deserving youth, we have no doubt whatever but they will

STILL LATER FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.—BURYING THE DEAD.

The contrabands whom I mentioned in my last letter as driving a stago which we captured, say that not more than seven regiments are between here and Richmond at the present time. They say the rebels threw away their guns, knapsacks and accoutrements in their rapid flight on Sunday back to Richmond. Their officers strove to rally their scattered fragments, and pressed the runaways to fight, begging that they had whipped us, and stating that they were to desert at the moment of victory; but the men had been urged on to many an equal combat before with the same story, and refused to obey. The fall of Richmond will take place without another battle.

BURYING THE DEAD.—INCIDENTS.

Our forces are now engaged in burying the dead, and many a sad scene the eye witnesses. Lying in the wood, in front of a small house, temporarily used as a hospital, the dead body of one of our Lieutenants lay. His death must have occurred instantly, for just below his eye a Minie ball entered, taking off in its flight a portion of the back part of his head. The rebels had turned his pockets inside out, much in the style of the ancient highwayman; not the least scrap of paper could be found about his person, affording the slightest clue to his identify. He was a young man, quite handsome, with black hair hanging in curls over his pallid forehead.

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PEN PORTRAIT OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Found in an ancient manuscript sent by Publius Lintulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome:

There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped—his aspect amiable, reverend. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling into graceful curls behind his ears, and parting on the crown of his head, like the sect of the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large, his cheeks without spot, save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little above his chin, and starting in the middle like a fork: his eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man can behold him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears that none can refrain from joining in sympathy with him. He is very moderate, temperate and wise. In short, whatever the phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man for excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing the children of men.

We find the following capital little story going the rounds of the press and credited to the La Crosse Democrat. We commend it to the attention of our readers, both great and small, for the very excellent moral it contains. The history runs in this wise—"Once on a time there was a great and happy country, full of people. They had all they wanted, were rich and prosperous, and all the nations of the earth feared their stars and stripes. There were thirty millions of white people in this happy country, and were in it, also, four millions of happy negroes, and they went to war. And millions of dollars were spent and stolen; and the happy people became divided and ruined; and all nations laughed at them, and heavy taxes had to be levied, because thirty millions of fools wished to quarrel about four millions of contented negroes who would not run away from their happy homes even to please thirty millions of white trash. And the foolish white people became a laughing stock, and had to labor all their lives to pay taxes—all for the negroes."

A REMEDY FOR SMALL POX.

Dr. Frederick W. Morris, resident physician of the Halifax Visiting Dispensary, N. S., has written a letter to the American Medical Times, in which he states that the "Sarracenia Purpurea," or Indian cup, a native plant of Nova Scotia, is the remedy for small-pox in all its forms in twelve hours after the patient has taken the medicine. That, "however alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease." If either vaccine or variolous matter is washed with the infusion of the sarracenia, they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee and given to connoisseurs in these beverages to drink without their being aware of the admixture. The medicine has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued.

EARLY AND MODERN WARFARE.

Acre was taken by Richard I. in 1192, after a siege of two years, with the astonishing loss of 6 archbishops, 12 bishops, 49 earls, 500 barons, and 300,000 soldiers. The place was retaken by the Saracens, 100 years afterwards, and 60,000 Christians were slain. It was taken by the British Admiral Stopford in a few hours—2,100 killed, and 3,000 prisoners.

A lady consulted Abernethy, "Do you know my usual foe?" said he. Two guineas were laid on the table. Putting them into his pocket, he drew out a sixpence, and said, "There, take that, and buy a skipping-rope, for you want exercise."—Good morning.

"I wish you would not give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer, who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you would not give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

VIOLENT DEATHS.

In the year 1860, for which the returns have just been issued, 14,745 persons in England and Wales died a violent death—one person in every 1,328. Nearly 13,000 of the deaths are ascribed to accident or negligence; among them, 5,417 were caused by fractures and contusions, 1,061 by suffocation (760 at not a year old), 2,264 by drowning, and 3,166 by burns and scalds. The exposure of men to fire in coal mines and works causes their deaths from burns during the prime of life to outnumber those of women, notwithstanding the more combustible dress of the latter, but after fifty-five the deaths of women from this cause are more than double those of men, and says Dr. Farr, the old women who are now burnt to death far exceed in numbers those who in cruel times were burnt as witches. In 1860 at least 1,365 persons wilfully sought their own destruction, one in 14,286 of the population; but there is no doubt that many suicides by drowning are classed as accidental deaths.

From the Cumberland Presbyterian.

GOLD IN WASHINGTON AND OREGON.

Our readers have seen in the public journals many glowing accounts of the gold recently discovered in Oregon and Washington Territories. We confess that many of the accounts which have reached us were almost too much for our stock of credulity. It seems, however, that the success of miners has not been much over-estimated. We give the following extract of a business letter from Rev. Neill Johnson, with whom many of our readers are well acquainted, and on whose word they may confidently rely:—"You have probably seen in your exchanges the accounts of Oregon and Washington gold mines. They would appear fabulous to people in the East, but here they are known to be mainly true. But whether or not they will benefit this country, is yet in the future. I think fully one-half of the men in Oregon have gone and are preparing to go to the gold mines."

ODE TO GIDEON WELLES.

BY JOHN O. SAGE.

O Gideon! Gideon! hear the nation's prayers;
Observe how rebels sneer and patriots grieve
To see the way you're managing affairs;
O Gideon, take the hint—and take your leave!

Your friends declare that, ere the war began,
(I can't deny, and therefore I admit it.)
In private life you were an honored man;
Then why, O Gideon, did you ever quit it?

I don't despise the smallest Christian grace;
I reverence modest merit, I confess:
Long may you live—but in your proper place;
And may your mighty beard be never less!

But if of water you are weakly fond,
Why, Gideon, suffer from the sea's commotion?
Go sail a pleasant boat upon the pond;
And let old seamen dare the angry ocean!

Retire, O Gideon to an onion-farm!
Fly any trade that's innocent and slow;
Do anything—where you can do no harm;
Go anywhere you fancy—only go!

'Tis plain salt water and sea-air do not
At all agree with one in your condition!
And when you next disgorge—I won't say what—
For God's sake, Gideon, throw up your commission!

WHITE MEN TAXED TO SUPPORT THE NEGROES.

It is the duty of the people to sustain the Government, and as that cannot be done without taxation, it is incumbent upon every good citizen to pay his taxes cheerfully and promptly. But, at the same time, it is no less the duty of those in authority to administer the Government economically. Our national expenses are now from three millions to four millions of dollars per day, a greater portion of which is necessary and cannot be avoided, now since the war has been brought upon the country. Much, however, of the enormous expenditure that is daily crushing the people might be avoided. Months ago a leading Republican member of Congress was forced to admit that more than six millions of dollars had been STOLEN from the public treasury since the present administration came into power; and we have reason to fear that the thieves are still at work.—Wells, who allowed his brother-in-law to take nearly one hundred thousand dollars, holds on to his position as Secretary of the Navy; Fremont still commands in the army; and the plunderers appointed by Cameron are permitted to keep their grasp upon the public purse strings. These things show that but little reform has, as yet, been effected.—Nor is this all. Whilst army contractors, paymasters, sutlers, &c., are looting the treasury, the equally rascally Abolitionists are also busy

in exhausting the resources of the nation and draining the people's pockets. As a specimen of some of the objects for which the white men are to be heavily taxed, take the following information in regard to the result of Abolitionism in Washington City:—

"The city is actually swarming with negroes, a ragged and homeless multitude. The poor-house, supported by the city, is full to overflowing, and scores of them are daily turned away from that temple of relief. The General Government is particular in its tastes, and condescends only to feed what are called contrabands, and one hundred and fifty of this quality, (fine, superfluous, or extra, I cannot tell which,) are now being fed and lodged by the Government in the Duff Green row of buildings. The prospect before all the parties is gloomy enough."

And that, be it remembered, is only the beginning of the curse. At Port Royal there are reported to be twenty thousand negroes living off the Government, and many thousands more at different other places. A short time ago Gen. Wool was a committee appointed to inquire into the "condition of the vagrants or contrabands" in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, and the committee in their report state that the interesting class have, in five months, cost the Government \$62,000. Remember, all this was only for five months in one particular locality. Such are the trophies of emancipation, which is the sole object of the Abolitionists in prosecuting the war.

Fellow citizens, are you willing that the slaves shall be stolen from their masters and a tax imposed on you to support them in their idleness? Or, are you willing that they shall be brought North by the agents of the New England anti-slavery societies, and hired out at twenty-five cents a day, thus coming in competition with the labor of white men? One or the other of these things must be the result, if the Republican party is permitted to remain in power. Shall the people be taxed to support the negroes, or shall the latter go where they belong, and work for a living? This is an important question.—Crawford Democrat.

PATRIOTIC SENTIMENTS.—ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, a prominent Republican Senator, thus took those of his party colleagues to task—and they are unfortunately too numerous—who are laboring to destroy the Constitution, while pretending to be for the Union. He said, eloquently and truthfully:—"Sir, this new Republican party came into power upon the destruction of two parties that had been false upon this subject; and now, whatever party may succeed this Republican party—and God only knows what it will be—I hope they will not write on our tombstones that we split on the rock on which our predecessors did, and that is, in want of fidelity to our declared principles.—If there is one principle that we have declared often, early and long, it is fidelity to the Constitution, to its requirements and its restrictions. The mourners go about the streets in all the places that used to be the high places of power of those two old parties, mourning over their derelictions, and I trust that will not be left to us. No, sir, let us, under the flag—the old flag—under the Constitution—carry on the warfare in which we are engaged; and if we fail, we shall not fail because the Constitution does not give us power enough, but because we are recreant, and do not use the power it does give us. That is all I want. I want the Constitution preserved, and I do not want to achieve even a success that is to be purchased at the price of honor. I took occasion, in an early part of this session, upon a resolution that was introduced, I think, by my friend from Illinois, (Mr. Trumbull) but which was buried in the Committee on the Judiciary so deep that we do not even hear the clods of the valley reverberate on the coffin that closed it—I say, when that resolution was up for consideration, when it had life, before it was strangled in the house of its friends and by its friends, I took occasion to say what I now repeat, though I do not often make speeches that are worth repeating, that I wanted constitutional liberty left to us after the war was over, that constitutional liberty was the great boon for which we were striving, and we must see to it that in our zeal to put down the rebellion we did not trample on that; and that when the war was over, and our streamers floated in the air, and shouts of victory and thanksgiving to God went up from the lips of a regenerated and disenthralled people, in that breeze might still float the old flag, and over this regenerated country might sway an unviolated and a sacred Constitution, in the faithful maintenance of which, in the hour of our peril and our trial, we had not faltered."

Mr. Hale was formerly a Democrat, and the old Jefferson leaven seems to hang about him yet.