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Miscellaneous.

THE TIMELY WARNING.

A THRILLING STORY.

My Father, after an absence of three years, returned to the house so dear to him. He had made his last voyage, and rejoiced to have reached a haven of rest from the perils of the sea. During his absence I had grown from a child and baby of my mother's (for I was her youngest) into a rough, careless and headstrong boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me. I was of ten willful, and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be independent of a woman's influence. My Father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me. He soon perceived the spirit of insubordination stirring within me. I saw by his manner that it displeased him, although for a few days he said nothing to me about it.

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat and take a walk with him. We turned down a narrow lane into an open field—a favorite play ground for the children in the neighborhood. After talking cheerfully on different topics for a while, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow, thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the middle of the field. I replied that I did.

"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my play-ground when a boy. That rock stood there then. To me it is a beacon, and whenever I look at it I recall a dark spot in my life—an event so painful to dwell upon, that if it were not as a warning to you I should not speak of it. Listen, then, my dear boy, and learn wisdom from your father's errors:

"My father died when I was a mere child. I was the only son—My mother was a gentle, loving woman, devoted to her children, and beloved by everybody. I remember her pale, beautiful face, her sweet affectionate smile, her kind and tender voice. In my childhood I loved her intensely. I was never happy apart from her; and she, fearing that I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to the high school in the village. After associating a time with rude, rough boys, I lost, in a measure, my fondness for home, and my reverence for my mother; and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it indicated a want of manliness to yield to her authority, or to appear penitent, although I knew that my conduct pained her. The epithet I most dreaded was girl-boy. I could not bear to hear it said by my companions that I was tied to my mother's apron strings.—From a quiet, home-loving child, I soon became a wild, roistering boy. My dear mother used every persuasion to induce me to seek happiness within the precincts of home. She exerted herself to make our fire-side attractive, and my sister, following her self-sacrificing example, sought to entice me, by planning games and diversions for my entertainment. I saw all this, but did not heed it.

"Too proud to show it, and remained standing in dogged silence beside her. I thought, 'What will my companions say, if after all my boasting, I yield at last, and submit to be led by a woman?'
"What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered failed to move me! She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached our own door.
"It is school time now," she said. "Go my son, and once more let me urge you to think upon what I have said."
"I shan't go to school," said I.
"She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly, 'Certainly you will go; Alfred, I command you.'
"I will not," said I with a tone of defiance.
"One of the two things you must do, Alfred; either go to school this morning, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."
"I dare you to do it," said I; "you can't get me up stairs."
"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.
"If you touch me I will kick you," said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.
"Will you go, Alfred?"
"No," I replied, but quailed before her eyes.

"Then follow me," said she, and grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—Oh, my son, hear me!—I raised my foot, and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me—I kicked my mother! She staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. "Oh, Heaven! my father!" she cried, "forgive him, he knows not what he does." The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale, and almost unable to support herself, he stopped; she beckoned him in.—"Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his own room," said she, and turned to me. Looking back, as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look—it will forever follow me. It was a look of agony, mingled with the intensest love; it was the last, unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.
"In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought, for a moment I would fling myself from the window and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not yield. The pale face haunted me.—I flung myself on the bed and fell asleep. I awoke at midnight, stiffened by the damp night air, terrified with frightful dreams. I would have sought my mother at that moment, for I trembled with fear, but my door was fast. With the daylight my terrors were dissipated, and I became more bold in resisting all good impulses. The servant brought my meals, but I did not taste them. I thought the day would never end.—Just at twilight I heard a light footstep approach the door. It was my sister, who called me by name.
"What may I tell mother from you?" she asked.
"Nothing," I replied.
"Oh, Alfred, for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry.—She longs to forgive you."
"I won't be driven to school against my will," I said.
"But you will go if she wishes it, dear Alfred," said my sister, pleadingly.
"No I won't," said I, "and you needn't say a word more about it."
"Oh, brother, you will kill her, you will kill her, and then you can never have a happy moment."
"I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but I still resisted their influence. My sister called me, but I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed to pass another wretched and fearful night. O God, how wretched! How fearful I did not know!
"Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name.—It was my mother's.
"Alfred, my son, shall I come in? Are you sorry for what you have done?" she asked.
"I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother that thrilled through me melted the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. No, my boy, I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.
"I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bed-side."

"Get up, Alfred! Oh! don't wait a moment! Get up, and come with me. Mother is dying."
"I thought I was dreaming, but I got up mechanically, and followed my sister. On the bed pale and cold as marble lay my mother. She had not undressed, but had thrown herself on the bed to rest. Arising to go again to me she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room."
"I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was ten-fold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be a murderer. I fell on the bed beside her; I could not weep; my heart burned in my bosom; my brain was all on fire.—My sister threw her arms around me, and wept in silence. Suddenly she saw a slight motion of my mother's hand—her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me, and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. "Mother! mother!" I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me." She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine.—She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin white hands, clasped mine with them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form till my gentle sister removed me. She comforted me, for she knew the heavy load of sorrow at my heart, heavier than grief for the loss of a mother; for it was a load of sorrow for sin. The joy of youth had left me forever.
"My son, the sufferings such memories awake must continue as long as life. God is merciful, but remorse for past misdeeds is a canker-worm in the heart, that preys upon it forever."

My father ceased speaking, and buried his face in his hands. He saw and felt the bearing his narrative had upon my character and conduct. I have never forgotten it.—Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourself bitter memories for your future years.

MAD DOGS--THE STOKY REMEDY.
In 1819 one Valentine Kettering, of Dauphin county, communicated to the Senate of Pennsylvania, a sure remedy for the bite of any kind of mad animals. He said that his ancestors had already used it in Germany 250 years ago, and that he had always found it to answer the purpose, during a residence of fifty years in the United States. He only published it from motives of humanity. This remedy consists in the weed called Chick-weed. It is a summer plant, known to the Germans and Swiss by the name of Ganchnell, Rother Meyer, or Rother Huchnerdarm. In England it is called Red Pimpernel; and its botanical name is *Angelica Phonicia*. It must be gathered in June, when in full bloom, and dried in the shade, and then pulverized. The dose of this for a grown person, is a small table spoonful in beer or water. For children the dose is the same, yet it must be administered at three different times. In applying it to animals, it must be used green, cut to pieces, and mixed with bran or other feed. For dogs the pulverized weed is made into balls by mixing it with flour and water. It can also be put on bread and butter, or in honey, molasses, &c. The Rev Henry Muhlenberg said that in Germany 30 grains of this powder are given four times a day the first day, then one dose a day for the whole week; while at the same time the wound is washed out with a decoction of the weed, and then the powder strewn in it.—Mr. Kettering said that he in all instances administered but one dose, with the most happy results. This is said to be the same remedy through which the late Doctor William Stoky effected so many cures.

ANTIQUITY OF LOAFERS.
It may be consoling to some busy people who groan over the loss of time occasioned by the visits of idlers, to know that similar feelings have been experienced ages ago, as is revealed by a curious inscription discovered among the ruins at Pompeii. The excavations at the buried cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Pozzerol, and Capua are going on with renewed vigor, under the stimulus of an appropriation of money for the purpose from the Italian Government. Heretofore Naples had the work under its exclusive care and control. At Pompeii new frescoes have been discovered, and there is an inscription on the wall of what was probably a workshop of some kind, as follows: "*Otiōsis hic locus non est. Discede Lator.*" This may be translated, "This place is not for the lazy Loafer, depart." This inscription is as good for industrial establishments of modern times, as it was for those of ancient Pompeii. Its discovery is interesting, from the fact that it shows that human nature was the same eighteen centuries ago in Italy, as it is now in America; that there

were lazy folks and loafers who would intrude into workshops, and waste the time or divert the attention of the workmen; and that it became necessary to put up inscriptions, giving a general warning to all such to depart.—*Eve. Bulletin.*

OUR OWN FAULTS.
Let us not be overcautious about the failings of others, but take account of our own; let us bear in mind the excellencies of other men, while we reckon up our own faults, for then shall we be well-pleasing to God. For he who looks at the faults of others, and at his own excellencies, is injured in two ways: by the latter he is carried up to arrogance, through the former he falls into listlessness. For when he perceives that such a one has sinned, very easily he will sin himself, when he perceives he has in ought excelled, very easily he becomes arrogant. He who contemplates to oblivion his own excellencies, and looks at his failings only, while he is a curious engineer of the excellencies, not the sins of others, is profitable in many ways. And how? I will tell you. When he sees that such a one hath done excellently, he is raised to emulate the same; when he sees that he himself hath sinned, he is rendered humble and modest. If we act thus, if we thus regulate ourselves, we shall be able to obtain the good things which we are promised through the loving kindness of our Saviour.—*St. Chrysostom.*

In winter, upon the dead mother Earth, in peace and utter gloom are reposing her dead sons and daughters. After a time, the spring comes, and the mother starts up with a resurrection of her ancient bloom;—And her children?—yes: but they must wait awhile.

ADDRESS.
Delivered at the Rufin's Creek Celebration on Friday, July 4th, 1862.
BY A. A. PURMAN, ESQ.
PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE AUDIENCE.
Ladies and Gentlemen:—If I had consulted my own inclinations, I should not have presumed to address you on the present occasion. The habits of professional life rarely admit of leisure for the indulgence of literary taste, or the preparation necessary for a 4th of July oration. And in a science, whose mastery demands a whole life of laborious diligence, whose details are inexhaustible, and whose intricacies task the most acute intellects, it would be matter of surprise, if every hour drawn from its labors did not, to some extent, put at hazard the success of its votary. Nor can it escape observation, how much the technical doctrines of jurisprudence, drawn from remote antiquity, and expanding themselves over the business of many ages, must have a tendency to chill that enthusiasm that lends encouragement to every enterprise, and to obscure those finer forms of thought which give to literature and oratory its lovelier, I may say, its inexpressible graces.

The consciousness of difficulties of this kind may well be supposed to press upon every professional mind, and they have weighed very heavily upon me on the present occasion. And I know they will be overlooked by those only whose youth has not been tried in the hard school of experience, or whose genius gives no credit to impossibilities. Nevertheless I have not hesitated to yield to your kind invitation, trusting to that indulgence which has not hitherto been withheld from well-meant efforts; and not unwilling to add the testimony of my own example and opinions, however humble, in favor of the claims of the day we now celebrate.

And at the very threshold, the question arises, so common and embarrassing on occasions like the present—what shall I say, and how shall it be said? Perhaps under the circumstances surrounding us at the present time, we cannot more profitably occupy your attention, than by a brief examination of the circumstances which induced our fathers to issue the Declaration just read by our excellent young friend (Abner Ross) in your hearing; as well as a brief review of the results it has produced in our country.

The 4th of July, 1776, and the 4th day of July, 1862, bear a remarkable resemblance to each other in more than one particular. The former found the country on tiptoe with excitement, and resounding with the clash of arms in every valley and upon every hill. On that day an august body of patriots gave to the country the solemn pledge of their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," to overthrow, by the aid of Divine Providence, the British Government within the thirteen colonies, and to establish in lieu thereof a Government founded upon the consent and sovereignty of the people, the equality of men, their capacity for self-government, and the sovereignty and equality of the colonies. And these principles embodied the guarantee to religion and the Church of Christ, that the State should never interfere with the consciences of men, or the worship of God, or tax the people to support any form of religion.

But the latter finds one section of the country in armed rebellion against the Government thus established by our fathers, and the whole country bleeding at every pore,—the North contending in deadly conflict with the South—with those who were, lately, her intimate friends,—yea, our fellow citizens,—our fathers, our brothers, and our neighbors. And all this to suppress an unholy insurrection against the best human Government ever established on earth, and to maintain that Government, and the laws given us by our fathers, at the cost of a seven years' bloody conflict with the mother country. The Revolution by our ancestors of 1776, which convulsed the old thirteen colonies and baptized the country in blood, was absolutely necessary under the existing circumstances; while the Revolution by the South, which is now drenching the country in blood, is entirely unnecessary, and highly criminal and wicked, and its authors and conductors must receive condign punishment.

In the former case, the colonists petitioned and supplicated the mother Government for the redress of the most flagrant deprivations of their rights; but they were spurned from the throne and from parliament, and denied the exercise of the most sacred natural rights, without any power to alter or amend the Government. In the latter case, the people have the constitutional right to alter or amend the Government, and the Federal Government had never refused to protect all the constitutional rights of every citizen until the rebellion by the South, whatever may be said of the legislation of some of the States, or the conduct of individuals.

And here we might content ourselves with what we have said, as a justification of the conduct of our progenitors on the 4th day of July, 1776, as well as of the Government they established thereafter; but we prefer to consider at large the causes that led to the separation, as well as the character of the Government under which we live, and our duties as citizens of this great republic. Thus, my audience, the nature and character of the British Government and its effects upon the colonists, when properly understood, must forever stand a complete justification to the sires of 76 for the Revolution. That Government is founded upon the hereditary right of kings and not upon the consent of the governed, and the inhabitants are subjects and have no voice in the original formation of the Government, and no power reserved to themselves. But the king and parliament are supreme in all matters whatsoever in the realm, and in a governmental point of view are omnipotent. In other words, in the British Government, the king and parliament are the fountain of all power, and the people have no power except what they have wrung from the Government by the sword. The Government controls the people, and not the people the Government, and it treats them emphatically as subjects and not as its masters. And in a spirit of arrogance and tyranny the mother country exercised over the colonists all this oppressive power, and it claimed the right to bind the colonies in all matters whatsoever, and asserted this right for a number of years and by a series of the most oppressive and tyrannical acts. Thus she altered the fundamental forms of the Government of the colonies, refused to assent to laws necessary for their good, denied to them representation, and imposed upon them taxation, obstructed the administration of justice, protected offenders by mock trials, made the military superior and independent of the civil power, and deprived them of the right of trial by jury; and to compel the colonists to submit to these enormities and usurpations of power she declared the colonies out of her protection. And to remedy these evils the people, as we have already observed, established a General Government of limited powers, reserving the right and providing the mode in the Constitution itself, to alter or amend it whenever they might deem it proper.

But the several colonies, and afterwards the States, reserved to themselves and to the people all the power not delegated to the General Government by the Constitution. Prominent among these was the right of the States to alter, amend and regulate their local institutions in their own way, to suit their own interests, or their own tastes, provided they did not violate the Constitution of the National Government. Here the people are the source of all governmental power, as in Great Britain the King and Parliament are; and the Government can exercise no power except what the people have delegated to it. This examination of our Government, and of the Government against which our ancestors rebelled, proves the justice and the necessity of the course of the Revolutionists, and the awful wickedness

of the absence of any necessity for the rebellion of the South against the Government. In the former case, the people formed no part of the government except as its subjects, and as such could neither alter nor amend it, nor redress their grievances by any power they had in the government; but in the latter case the rebellionists formed a part of the government, with the right equal to their numerical strength to have an alteration or amendment of the government for real or imaginary grievances, or to control the legislation of the country, in the same proportion. Through the medium of these privileges which our ancestors acquired for themselves and for us, we are enabled to put the preposterable upon them and their achievements by the revolution; and estimated by this standard their deeds have erected for them a monument as high as Heaven itself, and their history stands identified with the progress of the Church of Christ. I speak this with reverence and with godly fear. They divorced the Church from the State, (taking the power from wicked men, by human legislation, to determine the quantity and quality of faith necessary to make a true follower of Christ.—I have no hesitancy in saying that all who will take the trouble to examine the history of the trials in England by the civil power of all those charged with heresy, will at once appreciate the wisdom of the founders of our government in separating Church and State, and in leaving the worship of God to our individual responsibility to Him; and in this the Church achieved one more victory over infidelity.) Let no one say that these results are the least of the blessings of the Revolution, or form the smallest part of the history of the patriots of that day. In a civil point of view, this Government lifted the people from the low condition of subjects to that of citizens; the people reserving the largest amount of individual liberty consistent with the public good, and establishing the Government to protect their lives, their lawful acquisitions, and their reputations. But to prevent the encroachments of the Government upon the individual rights and liberty of the citizen, they declared in the Constitution that every one charged with the commission of any crime shall have a speedy public trial by a jury of the country—compulsory process to compel the attendance of his witnesses—the right to confront his accuser; and, if convicted, shall not suffer a cruel or unnatural punishment, or have an excessive fine imposed upon him. And they further declared in the Constitution that every citizen should have the right to the free expression of opinion—the right to peaceably assemble and petition the Government for redress of his grievances—the absolute exemption of the person of every citizen from arrest, unless upon the oath of another charging him with a commission of an offence against law—the exemption of every citizen from the unreasonable search of his castle or seizure of his property for public use unless upon compensation; and of the writ of *habeas corpus*, to bring his body, when imprisoned, before competent authority, to inquire into the cause of his commitment.