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

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Waynesburg, Pa.
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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.

DR. W. B. BRADEN,
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 people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due application of his skill and the use of the latest and most approved medicines, to merit a share of public patronage. Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

DR. A. J. EGGS,
Respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, as a Physician and Surgeon. Office opposite the Republican office. He is qualified to attend to the various diseases of human life and health, so native medication, and strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage. April 9, 1862.

DR. T. F. SEIBEL,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
Office in the old Roberts' Building, opposite Day's Book Store. Waynesburg, Jan. 1, 1861.

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

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

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

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, in the Hamilton House, opposite the Court House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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

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

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

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

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Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Medicines and Papers. One door East of "Farmer's" Main street. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

Miscellaneous.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

That practical "Brick" of the Lacrosse (Wisconsin) Democrat, who does up practical philosophy in his lectures to "Valter" hits the nail on the head in the following logical directions how to succeed in life:

"Valter, my boy, do you realize that every year the grave is nearer you than ever before—that unless you are active the season of life will close before even half your self-allotted contract will have been performed, unless, like too many people, you have no aim—no hope—no ambition beyond picking your teeth after dinner? Half of the world—yes, Valter, more than half go to the reception room of eternity without any object in life—as drift wood floats down stream, guided by the current and lodging against the first obstruction. And what is drift wood my boy? Once and a while a good stick of timber is found therein, but it is more work to haul it out, and clean off the sand and mud than it is worth, and more fine tools are spoiled in making it into what you wish than the stick will ever bring, even in an active market.

Have a purpose, my boy. Live for something. Make up your mind what you will be, and be it, or die in the attempt. This is a land where there is no stint to ambition. All have an equal chance. Blood tells—pluck wins—honor and integrity well directed will seal the highest rock, and bear a big load. Don't start off in life as a sheep dog does, without knowing where you are going to hunt for it. It is as easy to be a man as a mouse. It is as easy to have friends as enemies—it is easier to have both than to go through life like a tar-bucket under a wagon, bumping over stumps, or swinging right and left without a will of your own. Every one can be something. There is enough to do. There are forests to fell—rivers to explore—cities to build—railroads to construct—inventions to be studied—ideas to advance—men to convert—countries to conquer—women to love—offices to be filled—wealth and position to acquire—a name to win—a Heaven to reach. Yes, my boy, there is lots of work to do and you and we must do our share.

The world is wide and its owner is God. If you wish to be somebody, pitch in. The brave always have friends. Where there is a will there is a way. Where others have gone, you can go. And Valter, my boy, if the old track don't suit, make a new one, somebody will walk it. Success is never obtained in a country like this without an effort. If you fail once, try it again. If you fall down, get up again. If it is dark, strike a light. If you are in the shade move around, for if there is a shade on one side, there is sunshine on the other.

If your seat is too hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises before you, roll it away, blast it or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it, my boy. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something.—Don't be content in doing what another has done—beat it. If an enemy gets in your way, knock him down or pitch him clear. Deserve success and it will come. The boy is not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket or go down like a bellet fired from a gun. Slowly but surely it makes its rounds, and never tires. It is as easy to be leader as wheel-horse; and you are then always in town. If the job be long the pay will be greater—if the task be hard the more competent you must be to do it.

And then, my boy, always be honorable. Keep your word or give an excuse. If you owe a man, pay him, if it takes the last shirt—tail and all. If you can't pay you can say so at once. Do to others as you would be done by—after that as they do by you. Punish enemies and reward friends. If you do not punish enemies none will fear you—if you never reward friends we pity the selfishness of your heart. If you make a promise keep it. "Play your hand and leave the table. If others betray you, teach them better, but on no provocation betray others. If you have a secret keep it closely—if you have the secret of another, watch it even more closely than your own.—There can be no excuse for a betrayal of confidence—no apology that can be sufficient. If you are in hard luck, wear it out. If you can help a friend, always do it, if he is worthy—if you cannot, don't insult him in the style of refusal. A little act, word or look, when the heart is sore, lingers as does the fragrance of the rose long after the vase is broken.—If you are right stick to it. If wrong, never be ashamed to own it. Keep your head above water, no matter how deep the stream or swift the current—somebody will help you.—Don't grumble—don't fret—don't whine. Dogs whine. It is as easy to be cheerful as to snarl around, and

good natured men always make the handsome corpses.

Don't change your business every time you have the blues—change is not always beneficial. If you have been cheated, don't, to get even, cheat some one else. If you have made a bad bargain, don't stop trading, but try to make a better one next time. If you get in a scrape, get out, and look closer next time—never be caught twice in the same trap. People may forget errors, but they have no sympathy for fools. If you wish to be a leader—always go ahead—and remember that the smoothest route you pick out, the less complaining there will be among your followers; and above all, Valter, my boy, no matter what the circumstances, never be first to go back on your friends. Be honest and faithful—God and good fortune will never desert you long.

THE FOLLOWING FACTS, CALLED FOR BY THE FIELDS OF ANCIENT STORY, MAY BE OF SOME INTEREST AT THE PRESENT TIME:

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates, and could send out at each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots—in all 1,000,000 men and 2,000 chariots.

The army of Terah, King of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 men and 300 chariots of war.

Sesostris, King of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men, 24,000 cavalry, and 27 scythe-armed chariots. 1491, B. C.

Hamilcar went from Carthage and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2,000 ships and 3,000 small vessels, and a land force of 300,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated, 150,000 were slain.

A Roman fleet, led by Regulus against Carthage, consisted of 350 vessels, with 140,000 men. The Carthaginian fleet numbered 350 vessels, with 150,000 men.

At the battle of Cannæ there were of the Romans, including allies, 80,000 foot and 6,000 horse; of the Carthaginians 40,000 foot and 10,000 horse. Of these, 70,000 were slain in all, and 10,000 taken prisoners; more than half slain.

Hannibal, during his campaign in Italy and Spain, plundered 400 towns and destroyed 300,000 men.

Ninus, the Assyrian king, about 2,200 years B. C., led against the Bactrians his army, consisting of 1,700,000 foot, 200,000 horse, and 16,000 chariots armed with scythes.

Italy, a little before Hannibal's time, was able to send into the field nearly 1,000,000 men.

Semiramis employed 2,000,000 men in building the mighty Babylon.—She took 100,000 Indian prisoners at the Indus, and sunk 1,000 boats.

Senacherib lost in a single night 185,000 men by the destroying angel.—2 Kings, 19: 35-37.

A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse, and 2,000 chariots armed with scythes.

An army of Cambyses, 50,000 strong, was buried up in the desert sands of Africa by a south wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylae, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,641,610, exclusive of servants, eunuchs, women, sutlers, &c., in all numbering 5,283,320. So say Herodotus, Plutarch and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxerxes, before the battle of Cunaxa, amounted to about 1,200,000.

Ten thousand horses and 100,000 foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus, 1,100,000 perished in various ways.

The force of Darius at Arbela numbered more than 1,000,000. The Persians lost 90,000 men in this battle; Alexander about 500 men. So says Diodorus. Arias says the Persians, in this battle, lost 300,000; the Greeks 1,200.

BOOK FARMING.

We sometimes meet with farmers who deride book learning as useless, yea, as even hurtful to the interests of agriculture. Give us experience, they say; that is enough, and that is safe. We know one farmer in particular, a shrewd, keen man, who learned his calling from his father before him, and who still learns much by visiting his brother agriculturists; but he has a mortal prejudice against book-farming. Probably, much of what he knows and prides himself on knowing, is really the product of scientific study by bookish men. If many of the useful methods which he practices had never been disseminated through books, perhaps neither he nor other farmers would ever have known them.

When a man has learned something really useful (no matter how he learns it), why should it not find its way into print for the benefit of others? But no—oh no! for then it would become book-farming. Some one has likened such a narrow-minded man to the great Omar, who said of the books in the Alexandrian Library, "If they contain only what is in the Koran, they are not needed.—If they contain what is not in the Koran, it must be false. Let them be burned." So, if papers and books

contain only what he knows, they are useless; if they contain anything he does not know, they must be false, and should be discarded, if not burned.

AN IMMENSE ARMY.

To form anything like a correct idea of the immensity of the loyal army that will soon be in the field, armed and equipped, it is necessary to place it in position where it can, in imagination at least, be surveyed as a whole, in all its vast proportions. The following, which we find credited to an "exchange" enables us, in some measure to appreciate the magnitude of the host of citizen soldiers who will soon be arrayed against rebellion.—The new drafts will give the Government one million of men, who can be placed in the field, if the civil officers of the loyal States do their duty, in time for the fall campaign, fully armed and equipped. To understand the immensity of such a force, it would be necessary to see them up in array. A line marching in single file, allowing two feet for each soldier, would stretch nearly three hundred and eighty miles, and marching at the rate of thirty miles per day, would occupy nearly two weeks in passing a given point; marching in sections of four, with the necessary room for baggage trains and cavalry, at the rate of thirty miles per day, they would extend one hundred and fifty miles; and the head of the column leaving a given point on Monday morning, the rear guard would not reach the same point till Friday night. One million of men on paper is easily expressed; to arm, equip and feed such a host has never yet been essayed by a civilized people.

LARGE ARMIES.

The following facts, called for by the fields of ancient story, may be of some interest at the present time:

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REBEL DEAD ON THE FIELD.

On the 12th the brigade of Gen. Milroy left camp on the late battle field and moved to Crooked Run, a distance of eight miles. A correspondent writes:—The exodus of the people from this section was sudden and precipitous. Numberless indications of this event remain to attest its truth. Not far from this camp is the splendid residence of John Lightfoot, Esq., now an officer in the rebel army. His family remained until a few days ago, when, seeing the rapid flight of the rebels past their home, thought it time to fly also. They left behind them an excellent piano, a large quantity of rich clothing, dresses, &c., a fine collection of books, thousands of letters, and even the remnants of a meal on the table. As we came along the road, I took it afoot for a period, and skirted the woods back from the road, opening out on the country beyond. Throughout the woods, for miles, lay the rebel dead, "unburied, unknelt, unhonored and unsung."

Political.

LETTER FROM MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1862.

Sirs:—I expect you'll be struck all aback to get another letter from me, dated Washington, and I'm kinder surprised myself, for I expected to be in Downingville, long afore this. But you'll see, by the notice you got through this letter, that it was impossible for me to leave. I got my trunks all packed up and ready to start, when lo! and behold, my hickory, that General Jackson give me, was missin'! Now, I couldn't no more travel without my hickory cane than I could soder up this broken Union with skim milk. I told Linkin I was all ready, but that my hickory was missin. So he called the feller in purty bad close, who does chores around the White House, and asked him ef he'd seen it? He sed he hadn't. Ther I rekolected that there had been a Cabynet meetin the night before, and it at once stuck me that some of the members had walked off with it. So Linkin sent the feller round to see. After he'd gone, I told Linkin ef any of 'em had that I'd bet it was Stantin, for ses I, "Kernel, ever sense he tried to get on your trowsers down to Fort Monrow, he's acted jest as ef he wanted to play General Jackson, and ef he can only git a piece of hickory that the old General has handled, he'd think that he was on the road to glory. Sure enuf, he had it, but pretended it was all a mistake, jest as he did when I caught him in the Kernel's trowsers. Depend upon it, Stantin needs watchin, for he is one of them kind of fellers who's got it into ther heads that they are ordained for somethin, and they don't know what.

The loss of my hickory kept me over one day longer, and the next mornin I got the bottle of Borebon whiskey which you sent to me. A feller by the name of Adams fetched it, and he wouldn't take any pay for his trouble either. I asked him ef he was any relashin to Phil Adams, who used to keep a tanyard in Downingville, as he was a very clever man and used to do anything for his neighbors for nothin. The chap laughed rite out loud at this and sed "he didn't see it." Ses I, "what don't you see?" "Wal," sed he, "never mind, old feller, about telling long stories, but jest put your name rite down there," and he handed out a big book full of writin. Ses I, "Mr. Adams, I never put my name to anything that I don't understand." Ses I, that may be a seesh doyment for all I know." Ses the feller, ses he, "git out! this is only a receipt for that bottle." "Wal," ses I, "ef that's all, then here goes." So I got my spectacles and a quill pen, for I never rite with ery of the new fangled kinds, and I jest rote out "Major Jack Downing in a stile that made the feller stare. Ses I, "Mr. Adams, you have some awful poor ritters among the fellers you deal with, but I ain't ashamed of that rite in erywhere." The chap he looked at it a moment and then he looked at me, and finally ses he, "Bully for you, and in a Jiffy he was off, without even shakin hands or sayin good by.

After he had gone I took the bottle into Linkin's room and opened it. Now, ses I, "Kernel, let's try this licker." "Wal," ses he, "Major, I'm a good judge of Borebon, for it comes from my old State of Kentuck." Wen Linkin saw the name on the bottle, "Mr. Cotton, 306 Washington street, N. Y.," ses he, "Major do you think that this is loyal whiskey?" "Why," ses I, "Kernel, what makes you ask that questh'n?" "Wal," ses he, "don't you see the man's name is Cotton?" "Now," ses I, "Kernel, what an idee that is! Do you suppose it would be dangerous for him to live down in Secesh where they are burning cotton as fast as they kin?" "Wal, never mind the name, Major, let us taste of the whiskey. I can soon tell whether it is loyal or not." So I opened the bottle and poured out some, and the Kernel took a good swig. I also took a snifter, and we both pronounced it a No. 1 licker, and loyal too. "Now," ses I, "Kernel, can you tell me why this whiskey is like the Constitution of the United States?" No," ses he, "I don't see any simularity." "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, this whiskey was made for 'White Men,' jest at the Constitushin was." Ses he, "Major, how do you know it was made for white men?" "Wal," ses I, "it is jest as plain to me as daylight. You see, Kernel, the licker agrees with you. It tastes good. It won't hurt you; in a word, it corresponds with natur. That's a sign it was made for you. Jest so it is with the Constitushin. It applies to white men exactly, and they've always got along together with it fast rite. Now, you give this whiskey to the niggers, and they get drunk on it, and cut up all sorts of scrapes, but white men, whom it was made for, know jest how to use it, and it don't do them any hurt.—Jest so with the Constitushin; you apply it to niggers, and it is jest as bad for 'em as whiskey. They don't

know how to use it, an they'll destroy everythin, and make themselves an everybody else ten times worse off." "Wal," ses the Kernel, ses he, "Major, I wish I could see how it is that the Constitushin don't apply to niggers as much as to white men." Ses I, "Kernel, you don't look at the Constitushin thru constitushinal spectacles. That Chicago Platform bothers you." "Kernel you see that it is tryin to bring the nigger where he don't belong, that is the cause of all our troubel. He don't belong to the constitushin, and we undertake to put him there it won't work."

Ses he, "Major, did you ever hear of the story of a man who caught a panther by the tail?" Ses I, yes, Kernel, I hev." "Wal," ses he, "I'm that man. I've got the biggest he panther by the tail that you ever heard tell of. Ef I was splittin rails I'd know jest what to do." "Why," ses I, "Kernel, what would you do then?" "Wal," ses he, "jest stick his tail in the crack of the log, knock out the wedge and run. But you see, Major, I ain't splittin rails now, an," therefore, that plan won't work." "No," ses I, "Kernel, you ain't splittin rails, but I'm afeered you're splittin somethin else." Ses he, "what?" Ses I, "The Union!" "Now Major," ses the Kernel, "you don't think I want to split the Union, do you?" "No," ses I, "I don't know as you're raley tryin to split it, but then you've been sich a splitter all your life, that perhaps you are doin it unbeknowin to yourself. You see, Kernel, as long as you stick to them Abolitionists, jest so long the Union will not only stay split, but the split will grow wider. They are the wedge an you are the mallet. You jest knock the wedge out, an the Union will come together jest like shettin up a jack nife. You see, they hold that some of the States have got an institushin which they consider rong, an they are detarmined to uproof it. In tryin to do that, they'll split everythin all to smash, and by the time they git thru, it will look as ef lightnin had struck this country from Mane to Texas, in spots not mor'n 6 inches apart."

"Wal," ses the Kernel, ses he, "Major, that brings up a great moral questh'n, as the nigger sed wen he was stealin chickens, and we ain't got time to discuss it now." Ses I, "Kernel, go ahead, an ef you can refute what I have said, I would like to see you." Ses he, "Major, do you know why a man's face is like the end of an old fashioned house?" Ses I, "No, Kernel, can't say I do." "Wal," says he, "because it is his gable end." "Wal," ses I, that may be a good joak, but after all, Kernel, it don't answer my arguments. But I couldn't git another word on politics out of the Kernel that day. So I held up, but I tell you, the Kernel has felt very blue since that time. One day ses he, "Major, what a great mistake I made in not makin Crittenden's compromise the basis of my administration; but it is no use in cryin over spilt milk. The leaders of our party wanted the Chicago platform put through, and I'm the man to do what I undertake or sink in the attempt."

"Wal," ses I, "Kernel, (changin' the topic) an Secretary Chase have been fingerin up the debt Uncle Sam has on his sholders, an what'd ye think it amounts to?" "Not knowin, can't say, Major, it must be upwards of consid'rabel." "Wal, I rather think it is. It is more nor a THOUSAND MILLION OF DOLLARS, Kernel, and upwards ris'n fastly, though we only seem to be jest fellerin gittin into the shank of the fite."

"Wal, to tell the truth, Major, this war has disappointed the hull of us, but I think I haven't been so foolish as Seward. I never sed it would end in 'sixty days.' But let's see your figgers, Major." Then I sho'd him the slate, and how I had figgered up the debt, and told him how I had gone to see Chase, and how he took down his book, which he said his clerks had prepared for him, so he could see every Saturday nite jest how much the Government was in debt. I took a look at it but I couldn't tell head nor tail to it. He sed they kept their books by dubbel entry. I telled him that I tho't a single entry would be as many times as such a debt as our'n ought to be chalked down. Besides, I told him them books by dubbel entry wasn't worth a pick of saw-dust. There was Deacon Doolittle's son, Hosea, of Downingville, who went to York and set up the dry goods business.—Wen he failed, his books showed he was worth two hundred thousand dollars, and yet he didn't have money enough to get his wife hum to his father's. You see dubbel entry is a good deal like tryin to ride 2 horses at once; you can't manage 'em, and things get so kinder mixed up in profit and loss and notes payable and notes receivable, that you can't tell how you stand."

The Kernel then took down the figgers off my slate in his book and sed he would keep 'em for his next message.

Then Linkin, ses he, "Major, you've worked like a nailer on these figgers, and it is an orful dry and tuff sub-jec." So I think you better have some

of my old rye to sort of top off with.' Then he called the feller in purty bad close, who does arrands, and telled him to bring out the black bottle.—'Now, Major,' ses the Kernel, 'take a good swig. It will be healthy for your rumtiz. As for me, I'll jest take a little for company sake. I don't drink myself, you know, Major, but I like to have a little old rye around; an I allus telled the old woman ef there's any of it missin not to ask any questh'ns.' After we got dun drinkin, ses I, Kernel, I have been with you ever since the 1st of February, an wen I cum I didn't expect to stay mor'n a month. Now, the 4th of July is comin along close at hand, an I must be thinkin about gittin back to Downingville for I must be there before the 4th.

Things look very bad here jest now, and we all feal afeerd they may be made worse instead of better. Stanton wants to issou a proclama-shin which he thinks will set all things rite, but Seward ses proclama-shins is played out. The Kernel thought at one time to put out a call for a day of fastn and prayer, but Hallick is opposed to it. So things are gittin along now kinder slipshod, but I will try to keep you posted up as usual.

I intend to give you a full account of the celebration of the 4th at Downingville. Insigne Stebbins, of the Downingville Insensibles, who writ a piece of poetry on Mrs. Linkin's ball, and who was wounded at Chickenhominny and cum hum with a furling, is to be the orator of the occash'n. Jerusha Matilda Jenkins, the darter of Deacon Jenkins, and who went down to Port Roile to teach the contrarybands their primers, will also be there. The Insigne is a very smart chap, ef he is a niggerite, and I expect he will do himself creditable.

Yours till deth,
MAJER JACK DOWNING.