

# The Waynesburg Messenger.

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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. D. W. 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 strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. Waynesburg, January 5, 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 is licensed by a due application of the laws of human life and health, and has had a liberal education, and is prepared to merit a liberal share of public patronage. April 9, 1862.

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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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J. D. COSGRAY,  
Boot and shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Warner's and Drown's Bank." Every style of Boots and shoes constantly on hand or made to order. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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Saddler and Harness Maker, Old Bank Building, Main Street. Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

## Miscellaneous.

### WOMAN IN THE WAR.

The women of America have played a most important part in the present war, and their services are no less valuable than those of their husbands, and sons, and brothers in the tented field. Rev. Robert Collyer pays the following deserved tribute to our countrywomen:

Then the women of our land have distanced all their sisters on the earth for generous, steady devotion to the material needs of the soldier. We may challenge any people to show such a perfect devotion manifested in such a way. When the history of this war is written, the Sanitary Commission will take a large place in it, and the Sanitary Commission will have to write: "We should have been able to do very little for the comfort of our men, had it not been for the untiring devotion of our women, and their generous, boundless gifts of what was most needed." Of the part taken by women in that which pales all gifts of food and garments, I cannot at this time adequately tell. Mothers gave their sons, wives their husbands, and then sat down to their daily life. "That is the portrait of a young man, the only son of his mother and she was a widow," a friend said to me one day, opening her album. "They are a rich family; he was educated in the best schools, had just come back from a tour in Europe when the war began; he went into the army at once, and was killed at Ball's Bluff."

A lady, now the widow of one of our own State who fell at Pittsburg, went up to the field on one of the first boats, and when she arrived found her husband dead. The novelist, who professes to give us life as it ought to be, will say: "The sun set down by his bleeding corpse all night and wept." The angel who writes down in the book kept in the archives of heaven life as it is, has written out in fair, golden characters: "The wife of Gen. Wallace, of Ottawa, went to Pittsburg to find her husband, who was represented wounded, and found him dead. Then she looked on the face of her dead, and wept for a little season. But she saw all around him on the boat the men who had fought and fallen with him there yet alive, in pain and thirst, with none to help them. So she turned away from the dead, sent back her tears into her heart, and turned to the living; and all night long she went from man to man with water and words of comfort, and the holy succor that must come out of such an inspiration in such a place."

A Jasper Cave.

A correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, who is the Topographical Engineer of New-Hampshire, states that one of the most wonderful geological discoveries ever made round the White Mountains, has just been brought to the notice of scientific men. Two young men of Berlin Falls, in sliding down the cliffs of a rugged mountain, two miles from that town, found the entrance to an enormous cave, the existence of which was unknown before. Wm. D. Sanborn, a noted guide in that region, made a thorough exploration of it, using candles to light his way. Finding in it a beautiful mineral of bright color, he reported the fact and the cave was visited by Mr. E. S. Brown, a mineralogist, who found the entire cave was made of jasper, of magnificent color and quality. The entrance is so small that a man can barely enter it on his hands and knees.

About ten feet from the entrance it is nine feet high and fifteen wide opening into a fine apartment sixty feet in length, formed of jasper of a delicate blue ash color, striped with fire red, so exquisitely beautiful as to draw exclamations of surprise and admiration from the student of nature.

But the wonders of the cave do not lie in the fact that it is formed, but in the fact that the long-disputed question is now settled where the Indians of New-England got their jasper to make their arrow heads. It has never been known until now where this jasper of a blue color which they used came from. There can be no doubt that the Indians, hundreds of years since, commenced the work of chipping off pieces, and continued their work until a cavern sixty feet in extent was cut out of the rock, for the top and sides of the cave all show it has been chipped in many thousand places. In many places the vein of jasper has been cut to its intersection with the granite and there the work stopped. An Indian axe and tomahawk were found in the bottom of the cave, such as were used during the French and Indian wars, when the Pequawets, Pennacocks, and Androscoggin wandered in this beautiful region--in which their savage implements are now found in abundance. Berlin Falls is in Coos county, New-Hampshire, within an hour's ride of Gorman.

### DANIEL WEBSTER IN HIS COFFIN.

We find the following account of the private funeral of Col. Fletcher Webster, and of the inspection of his illustrious father's remains, in this week's issue of the *Plymouth Rock*:

The tomb at Marshfield once again opened wide its portals to receive the last of the sons of the "Great Exponent." The funeral of Col. Fletcher Webster took place in Marshfield on Wednesday, September 10th. The body was brought down from Boston in a richly caparisoned hearse, with four horses, by way of Hingham and South Shore. Several coaches conveyed his Boston friends from the Kingston depot, where a large assemblage gathered from the neighboring towns. Rev. Mr. Alden, the village pastor, conducted the services, the body resting on his father's writing-table in the library, according to his dying request. A large procession followed his body to the tomb, where the coffin was deposited with the family whom a nation mourns.

By request of Peter Harvey, Esq., and others, the casket containing the great statesman's coffin was opened, and the metallic cover of the glass removed. How were the feelings of those personal friends stirred within them to find those lineaments and features which no man ever looked upon to forget, retaining the same color and impress--natural as when ten years ago they gave him up to the grave.

The eyes were more sunken, but the heavy shadows beneath the brows were always there in life. Even in death, and for a decade the captive of a grave, that kindly presence inspired the same deep reverence and speechless awe as when in the living temple of his matchless mind.

Said one who looked upon his face again, "I forgot all else, and cannot tell you any thing of surrounding objects." The velvet pall, with its rich embroidery, was in perfect preservation, though deprived of its primitive gloss.

In silence the lid was dropped and the box resealed. Farewell, thou great departed! Earth's communion with thee is over. No more shall human eye behold that face, over which thought and feeling once flashed the light and shade of that "imperial mind." Rest, noble statesman, with thy patriot sons. Thy memory "still lives" enshrined in a nation's admiration and gratitude.

### THE DEAD ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

It is strange what a difference there is in the composition of human bodies, with reference to the rapidity that change goes on after death. Several bodies of the rebels strewn the ground on the bank, in the vicinity of the bridge. They fought behind trees, and fence-rail and stone-heap barricades, as many a bullet in all these defences amply attested; but all that availed not to avert death from these poor creatures. They had been dead at least forty-eight hours when I looked at them. Almost all of them had become discolored in the face and much swollen; but there was one young man with his face so life-like, and even his eye so bright, it seemed almost impossible that he could be dead. It was the loveliest looking corpse I ever beheld. He was a young man, not twenty-five, with soft, unshaved, brown beard hardly asserting yet the fullness of the owner's manhood. The features were too small, and the character of the face of too small and delicate an order, to answer the requirements of masculine beauty. In death, his eye was of the clearest blue, and would not part with its surpassing gentle, amiable, good and charming expression. The face was like a piece of wax, only that it surpassed any piece of wax-work.

One other young man, beardless yet but of a brawny type, furnished another example of slow decomposition. His face was not quite as life-like; still one could easily fancy him alive to see him anywhere else than on the field of carnage; and strange, his face wore an expression of mirth, as if he had just witnessed something amusing. A painful sight especially was the body of a rebel who had evidently died of his wounds, after lingering long enough at least to apply a handkerchief to his thigh himself, as a tourniquet to stop the bleeding. His comrades were obliged to leave him, and our surgeons and men had so much else to do that they could not attend to him in time. Perhaps nothing would have saved him; but perhaps, again, a little surgical aid was all he needed. How long he dragged out his lessening pulse in pain no one can tell.

A Ploughman was hung at Warwick, England, recently, for shooting his fellow servant in the back while bent over the washtub, according to his own confession, because she would never draw him enough beer! He also stated that before committing the crime he had "tossed up" whether he should kill the girl or not, and the chance lighting of the instrument he tossed declared the poor girl's fate.

### SECRET OF McCLELLAN'S POPULARITY.

The secret of such popularity with the troops as McClellan has, is simple. He takes pains to be popular. He forgot West Point when he got among his volunteers; and was as careful of securing their good opinion as a politician before election day. We had an admirable illustration of the way to cultivate popularity among the soldiers the other evening, when our troops began their march up the river. Halleck would have quietly issued his order, and paid no further attention to the movement. So would Pope, or McDowell, or nearly any one of our unpopular officers. Not so with McClellan. His first care was to see that the soldiers should march past his headquarters, and that to end they were taken two or three squares out of the way. Next, he placed himself so that the troops could all see him as they passed; and then, as the accustomed cheers began, off came the fatigue cap, and the popular General was smilingly bowing his acknowledgments to the hurrahs of his pleased soldiers.

And if the cheers were a little slow in coming, he knew how to start them. A regiment came marching by in almost moody silence. This would never do. "What regiment is this?" said McClellan, looking not to the officers, but into the ranks. "The 8d Vermont," was the reply. "And a gallant regiment it is," exclaimed the young General, with an enthusiasm apparently as natural as if it were the very regiment over whose services he felt the proudest. "Out burst the 'hip-hip-hip-hurrah'!"--of course, the "gallant" Vermonters must respond to so flattering a compliment--and the young General's object is gained. Now, all this may be very transparent, but if it gains its end, if it inspires confidence among the men, if it puts them in a better frame for doing their difficult duty, who shall say it is not wise; or that some of our abler but more unpopular Generals would not do well to imitate their popular brother's example? It is here, if anywhere, that McClellan is Napoleonic, and right here is the secret of the hold he still has on power, in spite of his disastrous failure on the Peninsula.

### A SET-TO BETWEEN BLIND MEN.

The following good story is told by the "local" of the *Courier des Etats Unis*:

A few days since a poor blind man, having on his hat a placard stating his infirmity, and carrying a box with confectionery, stood on the corner of Broadway and Rector street. At the same time another blind man, with the words "I am blind," on his hat, was coming down street in another direction. A little case containing cakes and confectionery, was suspended from his neck. Suddenly a cry of distress arrested the passers-by, and turning, they beheld the two blind men on the ground, struggling in a mixture of candies, cakes and bon-bons. To add to the confusion the two men, exasperated at the disaster, were hurling at each other epithets more forcible than polite, and had it not been for the interference of some gentlemen, they would have come to blows. "You blockhead," said one, "why didn't you get out of my way?" "How could I when I am blind?" "You blind?--so am I." In short, this explanation was followed by a good understanding between both parties and the good understanding by a touching recognition. "What is your name?" asked one. "Otis Bush--and yours?" "Theobald Harvey." "Theobald Harvey?" "Otis Bush." "My dear comrade!" "My old friend!" And the two companions in misfortune embraced each other. Their story is short. The men were natives of Ireland--had come together to America, and were companions in arms in Mexico. One had lost his sight by a wound, and the other by an explosion in a mine. They had been separated for a long while, and after the lapse of years met in the singular manner above related.

### MASTER AND SCHOLAR.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'"

"Ah," thought I to myself, "there is Joe Simpson that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed," said he, "how did you know he was idle?" "I saw him," said I. "You did; and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?" "I was ought, and never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

### GENIUS AND STIMULANTS.

While such refined men as Cowper and Schiller found in tea and champagne the favorite means of nervous stimulation, morbid natures like those of Johnson and Byron, rich organizations constantly drained by mental excitement as in the case of Fox and Burns, were liable to similar craving, and were more or less warped and wasted by its indulgence. Who can read Elia's quaint, yet profoundly tragic, and De Quincey's metaphysical and imaginative "Confessions," and not feel how near to the most gifted of our race is this terrible scourge? Yet, in the last analysis, disease is frequently at the root of the evil. Byron was liable to epilepsy; Johnson was a hypochondriac; Cowper trembled on the verge of insanity; Pope's misshapen body cut him off from the excitement of athletic exercise, and drove him to the gratification of his palate; Coleridge was a martyr to pain, which opium alone relieved; Burns suffered from disease of the stomach and fits of melancholy, and what convivial associates first suggested as a respite from pain, the life of an exciseman confirmed into a fatal habit. In these and other memorable instances there is a vast difference in the degree of self-control, and in the kinds and measure of alleviation sought; but they indicate the same abnormal tendency, which circumstances and a more or less energetic will can encourage or restrain. We know of no problem more difficult of practical solution than to reconcile justice to others with humanity to the individual, in the course pursued by kindred, friends, and society towards inebriates. Those who belong to the poor and ignorant classes have, indeed, long been suffered to incur the judicial consequences of their habits, to people the station-house and the jail, or to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for murders committed in the frenzy of alcoholic delirium. Among the educated and more prosperous, the long-life grief and shame entailed by the excesses of a single member might challenge angelic pity, borne, as it often is, with martyr-like silence, and the forbearance of maternal devotion or conjugal self-sacrifice. The difficulty which baffles the affectionate and the conscientious, when thus afflicted, is to regard on the one hand, the claims of personal safety and domestic well being, and on the other those of a husband, brother, or son, who, proscribed at home, becomes a reckless outcast; and cherished there, is a dangerous inmate, a perpetual care, and a fatal example. Hence the weary and tearful vigils, the incessant anxiety, the lonely struggles with pride, love, hope, terror, and despair, which, in the secret annals of domestic misery, attest the ravings of intemperance.

### GEN. RENO'S LAST WORDS.

When Gen. Reno fell, Gen. Sturges was within a few yards of him. He was in command of the division formerly commanded by Reno, increased by several new regiments, and the men had just distinguished themselves by driving the rebels from the summit of the Blue Ridge. These Generals were bosom friends; had been classmates at West Point, and graduated together. When Reno fell, Sturges ran to his assistance, had him picked up, and said: "Jesse, are you badly wounded?" To which he replied: "Yes, Sam, I am a dead man." Gen. Sturges had him placed on a litter and carried to the rear, where he died in an hour. His last words, before leaving the battle field, were: "Boys, I can be with you no longer in body, but I am with you in spirit."

### THE BILL FOR BURNS' COFFIN.

A gentleman in Dumfries, in looking over some old papers bought at auction there lately, lighted on a mournfully interesting little scrap--the veritable bill sent in to the trustees of the poet Burns for the expense of his own coffin and the coffin of two of his children. There can be no doubt of the genuineness of the document, which is in the following terms: "The trustees of the late Mr. Robert Burns, to Thomas Boyd--July, 1796, to a covered, full morticed coffin for Mr. Burns, £6 6s; April 11th, 1799, to a coffin for his child, £1 1s; July 11, 1803, to a coffin for Mr. Francis Burns, £5 5s--£12 12s." The dates tally with those in the inscription on the original tombstone, erected over the remains of Burns by his widow--*Dumfries Standard*.

### COLOR OF THE EYES.

That the color of the eyes should affect their strength, may seem strange, yet that such is the case need not at this time of day be proved; and those whose eyes are brown or dark colored, should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury, from various causes, than grey or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful; the next to those are grey. The lighter the pupil, the greater tension the eye can sustain.

### WHO MURDER THE INNOCENTS?

Mr. Slashaway, who writes for the *Ocean Magazine*, says the teachers murder them. Mrs. Prim who picks the mote out of other people's eyes, says the same. Mr. Tradewell, who comes home at night with the headache, and does not like to be troubled with the children's lessons, iterates the same charge. And all lazy boys and girls offer themselves as the living witness that they expect to die of hard study. We protest.

Who sends the children to bed with stomachs overloaded with indigestible food? Not the teacher. Who allows Susan Jane to go out in wet weather with cloth shoes and pasteboard soles? Not the teacher. Who allows the little child, in cold weather, to go with its lower extremities half bare, or but thinly clad because it is fashionable? Not the teacher.

Who allows John and Mary, before they have reached their "teens," to go to the "ball" and dance until the cock crows? Not the teacher. Who compels the children, several in number perhaps, to sleep in a little close, unventilated bedroom? Not the teacher. Who builds the schoolhouse "tight as a drum," without any possibility of ventilation? Not the teacher. Who frets and scolds, if "my child" does not get along as fast as some other child does? Not the teacher.

Who inquires, not how thoroughly "my child" is progressing, but how fast? Not the teacher. Who murders the innocents?--*Teacher and Pupil's Friend*.

### "OANARD."

This word, now popularly used to a hoax, is the French for duck, and the origin of its new application is said to be the following amusing "sell" on the public:--To give a sly lift to the ridiculous pieces of intelligence which the journals are in the habit of publishing every morning, Cornissen stated that an interesting experiment had just been made, calculated to prove the extraordinary voracity of ducks, twenty of these animals had been placed together, and one of them having been killed, and cut up into the smallest possible pieces, feathers and all, and thrown to the other nineteen, had been gluttonously gobbled up in an exceedingly brief space of time. Another was taken from the remaining nineteen, and being chopped small like its predecessor, was served up to the eighteen and at once devoured like the other; and so on to the last, which was thus placed in the remarkable position of having eaten his nineteen companions in a wonderfully short space of time! All this, most pleasantly narrated, obtained a success which the writer was far from anticipating, for the story ran the rounds of all the journals in Europe. It then became almost forgotten for about a score of years, when it came back from America, with amplification, which it did not boast of at the commencement, and with a regular certificate of the autopsy of the body of the surviving animal whose esophagus was declared to have been seriously injured! Every one laughed at the history of the "oanard" thus brought up again, but the word retains its novel signification.

### AN EXPENSIVE HAT.

John J. Arnold, a rich old bachelor, who lived some years ago in Pittsfield, Mass., in making his will, left one thousand dollars to a clergyman in question, for whom he entertained great regard. One day during his last illness, the clerical gentleman came to see him, wearing an uncommonly seedy hat. Mr. A., noticing it, wrote him an order for a hat, of which he begged his acceptance. Shortly after he had a severe attack, and was thought to be dying, and the clergyman, upon learning the fact, hastened to the latter's and ordered the most expensive hat that could be made. The price was ten dollars. Mr. Arnold lived, and when he learned of the clergyman's cupidity, was so disgusted that he revoked the bequest.

### Management of Children.

It is a popular belief with mothers, that washing young children daily, in cold water makes them hardy. This is a grave mistake; the feeble circulation of some children requires the aid and assistance of warm water and warm clothing. The greatest medical man who ever lived--John Hunter--recommended three rules for the management of children, and they express the substance of a volume, he says:--"Give them plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of fannel."

### DEATH OF GEN. MANSFIELD.

Gen. Mansfield, killed at Sharpsburg, died with the Hon. Eli Thayer, in Washington, on Saturday last. He was in good spirits during the day, but just before taking leave he seemed to have become abstracted, and after a few moments' silence, he said: "Mr. Thayer, I am going into battle. If I fall, have my body sent to my friends at Middletown, Conn." He left immediately after, making the request.

### THE CHRISTIANS OF TURKEY.

The capture of Garibaldi has probably put off at the same time the solution of two difficult questions of European politics, the Italian and the Turkish. It is equally doubtful whether another leader of the progressive party of Italy can for many months to come succeed where Garibaldi failed, and whether any other name than that of Garibaldi can inspire the Christian tribes of Turkey with sufficient confidence to embark in a simultaneous and combined revolution for the overthrow of the Mohammedan rule.

One thing seems to be certain. The rule of the Sultan over the several types of European Turkey is to-day as fully undermined as that of the petty princes of Italy was on the eve of the revolutionary movements of 1858. The work of emancipation has made considerable progress during the past ten years. The two northernmost provinces, Moldavia and Wallachia, which had always maintained a semi-independence position, have effected, in spite of the strong protest of the Turkish Government, a political union, and now constitute a powerful state, with a population of about four millions of inhabitants. The principality of Servia is making strenuous efforts to place itself, in point of civilization, on a level with the larger states of Europe. It has an efficient military organization, and has never assumed so defiant an attitude toward the Turkish Government at present. Montenegro has just demonstrated, by a war of one year's duration, what would be of a population of only a few hundred thousands can achieve against a government ruling over about thirty millions. Bulgaria, with a remarkable frugality and unanimity, demands the privilege of the exclusive use of its native language in Church and school, and aims at obtaining the same state of semi-independence which has been enjoyed by Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia. Bosnia, hardy and subdued, is still in a state of fermentation; it is traversed in all directions by Servian agents; and at the first intimation of the Prince of Servia, all the Bosnian rajaks will rise like one man against the Turkish rule. The kingdom of Greece, which has recently received for the first time a national guard, burns with impatience to kindle and support a revolution in the neighboring provinces of Epirus, Macedonia, and Thessaly. Even the southern ten provinces of Austria could furnish a large contingent of volunteers, in case the Christians of Turkey should rise for a war of Independence. For with the awakening consciousness of their nationality, a strong desire has sprung up among them to be united into one political body with their kinsmen in Turkey. During the war in Montenegro, thousands of Austrian Dalmatians are said to have joined the ranks of the Montenegrins, and the Servian population at the prospect of a war with the Turks communicated itself at once to the Austrian Croats, who in their capital, Aram, tore down the Austrian eagle and hoisted the Servian flag.

This internal danger which threatens the existence of the Turkish empire, is not the only one. In 1854, Russia was the only power which favored and encouraged the aspirations of the Christian tribes, while France and England found it to their advantage to save Turkey from the apparently impending ruin. Now France has found a protectorate over the Catholic tribes of Turkey, who are constantly gaining to some extent over those belonging to the Greek Church, of sufficient importance to form an alliance with Russia. The pretoreate of two such powers, of course, greatly increases the hopes and confidence of the Christian tribes. Italy, which is compelled to act on every occasion as the vassal of France, and Prussia, have cast their influence on the same side; and only Austria, which is afraid of losing her South-Slavic provinces, and England, which has to keep the Ionian Islands in bondage, lend their influence to the Turkish Government for the oppression of the Christians. This influence is powerful to prevent any open measures of Russia and France for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe; but it proves unable to arrest the growing aversion of the Christian tribes to the Turkish rule, and will not be strong enough to prevent the success of a revolution in which all the Christian population should join.

The single-headed war of Montenegro against Turkey, as was to be expected, has been unsuccessful. The Montenegrins have had to accept the Turkish ultimatum, and one of the provisions compels them to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Sultan. Notwithstanding the terrible sufferings which the war is known to have brought upon them, we see another tribe, the Servians, ready to take up arms. It is with great difficulty that the ardor of the tribes and the people are restrained by the councils of a European Congress, seeking to settle the difficulty. Like Montenegro, the people of Servia hope that the day will call to arms; and to their own lance some of the other tribes. Austrian papers, which are unfriendly to the movements of the Servians, inform us that ready guerrillas have been organized in the mountains of Bulgaria, and that they even speak of the concentration of an