

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1863.

NEW SERIES.--VOL. 4, NO. 35

THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER,
PUBLISHED BY
R. W. JONES & JAMES S. JENNINGS,
AT
WAYNESBURG, GREENE CO., PA.

**OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE
PUBLIC SQUARE. [C]**

TERMS:
Subscription---\$2.00 in advance; \$2.25 at the expiration of six months; \$3.50 after the expiration of the year. Advertisements inserted at \$1.50 per square for ten lines or less counted a square. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.
GEORGE L. WILLY, J. A. J. BUCHANAN, D. R. P. HUBB,
WILLY, BUCHANAN & HUBB,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
WAYNESBURG, PA.

PURMAN & RITCHIE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.

R. W. DOWNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.

M'CANNELL & HUFFMAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.

DAVID CRAWFORD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Waynesburg, Pa., opposite the Post Office.

BLACK & PHELAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.

PHYSICIANS.
B. M. BLACHEY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office--Blachey's Building, Main St.

DR. A. C. CROSS
Wishes to respectfully tender his services as a PHYSICIAN and SURGEON to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity.

DR. A. J. EGGS
Respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity, as a Physician and Surgeon.

DRUGS.
M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary and dealer in Paints and Oils, in the West Building, Main Street.

MERCHANTS.
WM. A. PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main Street.

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, in the Hamilton House, opposite the Court House, Main Street.

MINOR & CO.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main Street.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.
J. D. COSGRAY,
Boot and Shoe maker, Main Street, nearly opposite the Farmers and Drivers' Bank.

N. H. MCLELLAN,
Boot and Shoe maker, Blachey's Corner, Main Street.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.
JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of all sizes, and Gift Mourning and Looking Glass Plates.

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main Street.

BOOKS & CO.
LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers. One door east of Porter's Store, Main Street.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS.
SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,
Saddle, Harness and Trunk Maker. Old Bank, Main Street.

TOBACCO.
HOPPER & HAGER,
Manufacturers and Retail Dealers of the Choiceest Tobacco, Snuff and Sigs, Sugar Cane, Pipes, &c., 40-42-44-46-48-50-52-54-56-58-60-62-64-66-68-70-72-74-76-78-80-82-84-86-88-90-92-94-96-98-100-102-104-106-108-110-112-114-116-118-120-122-124-126-128-130-132-134-136-138-140-142-144-146-148-150-152-154-156-158-160-162-164-166-168-170-172-174-176-178-180-182-184-186-188-190-192-194-196-198-200.

Select Poetry.

A PLAIN TALE.

As Amos the blacksmith was working one day
Young Joseph the idler was passing that way
The door of the shop stood invitingly near,
And Joseph walked thither some new thing to hear.

The blacksmith worked briskly from morning
Till night,
And, make what he would, it was sure to be
right;
When his arm rose aloft with its powerful
swing,
The blow that came down made the huge anvil
ring.

The farmers all round who had horses to shoe,
Asked first whether Amos the business could
do;
He had jobs from the dawn till the set of the
sun,
For when Amos did work, it was sure to be
done.

Young Joseph stood watching the blows as
they fell,
Though Amos said nothing, he saw the boy
well;
But busily shaped he and turned round his
spoke,
While hither and thither the shining sparks
flew.

At length said young Joseph, "It seems to me
debarred,
Should work all the day through, from morn-
ing
till night,
Hardly stopping to rest, losing every delight."

Quoth Amos, "not pausing to look up or down,
"Better work for your bread than be kept by
the town;
Faith the Good Book, whose precept you may
not defeat,
"If a man will not labor, then shall he not
eat,"

"Such labor, I'm sure," said the youth, in re-
ply,
"In a fortnight would kill me, if once I should
try!"

"Not a bit of it, lad; you'd grow active and
 hale,
Whereas you're now looking puny and pale."
"Depend on't, Joseph, there's one who knows
best,
How much we should toil, and how much we
should rest;
His ordinance is given, and to it we must bow:
"Man shall eat of his bread by the sweat of his
brow."

"Nor shall the decree be penal alone,
Since the fall of our world hath such wicked-
ness shown
For oftimes doth labor drive sins from our
head,
And toil proves no curse, but a blessing instead."
"Thus, while I submit to the rule God doth
give,
I cheerfully work, and I happily live;
At night on my pillow I peacefully rest,
And, by night or by day, sing, 'God knows
what is best!'"

Young Joseph, the idler, walked thoughtful
away,
An idler no more to be called from that day.
But to work with his hands, or to work with
his head,
Singing, "Toil is no curse, but a blessing in-
stead."

Miscellaneous.

BETTER BUILD OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

In a remarkably practical and well written article by Dr. R. T. Trull, published in the *Hygienic Teacher*, he discusses the comparative "vital stamina" of the two countries thus sensibly: "The better vital development of the English, particularly of the women and children, has long been a subject of remark with travelers; and we have been in the habit of alluding to this subject in our lectures on the health and diseases of women. Hence, when the opportunity presented, we could not help studying this subject with much interest. We trace the great difference which exists in this respect--and it is even greater than we had supposed--to two sources, the greater amount of sleep and the more exposure to the fresh air. English mothers expose themselves and their children to the air often and freely as a matter of habit, while American mothers exclude themselves and their children from the fresh air as much as possible. On the cars, on the boats, in the omnibuses, in the hotels, everywhere, we noticed the almost universal attention paid to ventilation. Nowhere did we see an English woman shut a window for fear her baby would catch its death of cold, and none of the babies seemed to have colds. All that we noticed seemed to be remarkably good natured. It is almost impossible to travel on a train in America where there are several young children, without hearing continually the cry of distress from some of them. But we heard nothing of this kind in England. We do not absolutely know, from actual observation and experience, that an English baby ever does cry, or can. English women are generally less irritable, less morbidly nervous, than American women, for the reason already assigned--more rest, more sleep, more quiet--and this circumstance, of course, has no small influence on the organization and temper of their offspring. And we think this view of the matter is fully confirmed by a comparison of the waists of English and American women. The effect of early and abundant exposure to air and exercise in the open air, is to promote free breathing, enlarge the capacity of the respiratory apparatus, develop the vital organs, expand the chest, and enlarge the waist. And the vital resources of any woman, or any man, or any animal, other circumstances being equal, may be measured by the dimensions of the lower part of the thorax. The English woman, as a general rule, will out measure the American several inches. This rule is well exemplified in the German women, who exercise much from early childhood in the open air, and who do not lace their vital organs out of all symmetrical proportions to the rest of the body. On board the Bavaria were half a hundred women and girls from Germany, not one of whom had not a round, full, well developed chest, so much so, perhaps, as to be regarded as decidedly ungenteel, by the wasp-waisted fashionables of upper-tendency in New York. Another circumstance that tells in favor of better digestion and more enduring vitality with the English, is a habit of eating more slowly. So far as diet itself is concerned, there is not very much to choose. But the American people eat almost as soon as out of bed in the morning, swallow their food with very imperfect mastication, and then hurry to business, all of which tends to a precocity of brain and muscular activity, with the inevitable consequence of early decline.

The Rev. James Gallagher used to tell the following anecdote with great zest: During the Revolutionary war, reports were circulated as they are now, either wholly false or greatly exaggerated. In passing from one to another, something was sure to be added, until the story would hardly be known to the author of it. The people in certain sections of New York were in great consternation from a report that Burgoyne was marching down with an immense army from the lakes, and going to sweep over the whole country, bringing utter desolation to the inhabitants. An old lady heard the report, and understood it that Burgoyne was going to open the Lakes and let out the water, and drown the whole region. Full of the terrible vision, she ran into a neighbor's to tell her the latest news about the war. "Do you know that we are going to be drowned? Burgoyne is going to let the water out of the Lakes, and make a great flood, and we shall all be drowned! Oh! what shall we do?" Her neighbor, with more intelligence and more piety, did not seem to be greatly disturbed, but calmly replied: "That certainly must be a mistake. It cannot be true, for God has promised in His word that He will not more destroy the inhabitants of the earth with a flood." "Ah, honey! I know that, but it's not the Lord who is going to do it, it's Burgoyne!"

I am no more surprised that some revealed truths should amaze my understanding, than the blazing sun should dazzle my eyes.--Harvey.

When we get old, our friends find it very difficult to please us, and they often wonder whether we are not insane.

DIES IRE.

Day of wrath! that day of wonder,
Which shall lift the cross up yonder,
And dissolve the world asunder!

What dread quaking shall there be then!
When the Judge approaches, He then
Sin shall doom, and saints set free then!

Trump of judgment, awful-sounding,
Shall, the buried dead astounding,
Summon all the Throns surrounding.

Death shall tremble, so shall nature,
When the resurrected creature
Answers at the judicature.

Then the scroll shall be unfolded,
Wherein's written what each soul did,
And the world's just judgment moulded.

By the Judge, with truth invested,
Secrets shall be manifested,
Nor shall aught escape untested.

What shall I, a sinner, plead then,
What protection shall I need then,
If the righteous scarce succeed then?

King of Majesty tremendous!
Whose free mercies eye attend us,
Pity's fount! acquittal send us.

Holy Jesus! think that even
I'm the cause thou cam'st from heaven,
Least I, that day, lost be driven.

Thou hast sought me--weeping, wailing,
Bought me midst the cross's nailing--
Let not this be unavailing.

Righteous Judge of all offences!
Pard'ning love my sole pretence is,
Ere the reck'ning day commences.

Wretched, guilty, I lie groaning,
E'en with shame my errors owning--
Spare me, God, thus humbly moaning!

Thou forgar'st the frail one crying,
Heard'st the thief beside thee dying,
My hope, too, thou'st been supplying.

Worthless pleadings though I'm sending,
Let thy pity, with them blending,
Rescue me from flames unending.

Midst the sheep place thou my station,
From the goats by separation,
On the right hand of salvation.

Whilst the curse are unforgiven,
Into flames tormenting driven,
Summon me with saints to heaven.

Prono and prostrate, I implore thee,
A bruis'd heart's in dust before thee,
Let compassion then come o'er thee!

Ah! that day of tears and sighing!
When the dead shall rise, undying!
Guilty--face the judicature--
Spare, then, God, spare me, thy creature!

THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

The Empress of France is probably the most extravagant woman living. Nor is this all; she has been the cause of the ruinous extravagance in the families of her husband's subjects, and in all countries where the costly fashions she has set have found favor. M. Fould, the Emperor's Minister of Finance, threatens to resign his office unless her enormous drafts upon the treasury are curtailed. So costly has she made the toilette in Paris, that fashionable ladies are utterly unable to settle their bills for dress, and it is stated by the English press that it is as much as many of them can do to pay the interest on the debts which following the imperial modes has caused them to incur. The world owes crinolines to the fair Eugenia; and the rougher half of its civilized population does not feel by any manner of means grateful to her for the introduction of the article. She has made her apartments in the Tuilleries as magnificent as the places one reads about in oriental fables. The doors of her boudoir are of ivory, inlaid with gold. The furniture is of rosewood, inlaid with mirrors, gold, ivory, and is upholstered with pale red silk. Smyrnan carpeting of the heaviest texture covers the floor, and the ceiling is splendidly frescoed. The desks and portfolios are of tortoise shell, arabesqued with gold; and the most valuable paintings of the old masters ornament the walls. The beautiful woman who has surrounded herself with these luxuries spends an almost fabulous amount annually in rare lace and all the most expensive articles of female costume, besides, subsisting unheeded of some in aid of certain vast political schemes, for she is without an hesitating politician. The

Empress is thirty-six years of age, and therefore old enough to have learned prudence; yet she is more prodigal now than in the heyday of her youth and beauty. The Queen of Louis XVI. was as extravagant, and as fond of meddling in state affairs, as Eugenia, and her fool of a husband suffered her to lead him by the nose. One day they lost their heads, poor things. Would it not be well for Louis Napoleon to take the warning to heart?

ELEVEN REBELLIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Since the organization of the Federal Government, eleven attempts have been made to resist its authority. The first was in 1782--a conspiracy of some of the officers of the Federal Army to consolidate the thirteen States into one, and confer the supreme power upon Washington. The second in 1787, called Shay's insurrection in Massachusetts. The third in 1794, called the whiskey insurrection of Pennsylvania. The fourth in 1814, by the Hartford Convention. The fifth in 1820, on the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union. The sixth was a collision between the Legislature of Georgia and the Federal Government, in regard to the lands given to the Creek Indians. The seventh was in 1830, with the Cherokees in Georgia. The eighth was the memorable nullifying ordinance of South Carolina, in 1832. The ninth was in 1842, in Rhode Island, between the Suffrage Association and the State authorities. The tenth was in 1856, on the part of the Mormons, who resisted the Federal authorities. The eleventh is the present attempt at secession.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

At 6 o'clock in the evening of the 4th of May, 1820, the Emperor Napoleon died at St. Helena, after a cruel imprisonment of six years. The latter days of his life were almost exclusively directed to religious thoughts. He was exceedingly weak, suffering great pain, and often in extreme dejection. One evening, but a short time before his death, he made the following remarkable confession to Count Montholon: "Upon the throne, surrounded by generals, far from devout--yes, I will not deny it--I had too much regard for public opinion, and far too much timidity, and perhaps I did not dare to say aloud, 'I am a believer.' I said, 'Religion is a power--a political engine.' But even then, if any one had questioned me directly, I should have replied: 'Yes, I am a Christian.' And if it had been necessary to confess my faith at the price of martyrdom, I should have found all my firmness. But now I am at St. Helena, why should I disembellate that which I believe at the bottom of my heart? I desire the communion of the Lord's Supper, and to confess what I believe: I will not force any one to accompany me there; but those who love me will follow me there."

Even in these solemn hours of approaching death he had no penitence to express in view of his political career, for his motives had been exalted, and his measures beneficent in the extreme. With gratitude and well-founded pride he could well say: "I have hallowed the Revolution by infusing into it our laws. My code is the sheet-anchor which will save France, and entitle me to the benediction of posterity. The plan of leaping the Alps was the one first formed at the commencement of my career. I had entered Italy, and finding that communications with Paris occupied considerable time, and were attended with much difficulty, I endeavored to render them quicker, and resolved to open them through the valley of the Rhone. I also wished to render that river navigable, and blow up the rocks under which it engulphs and disappears. I had sent engineers on the spot. The expense would have been inconsiderable, and I submitted the plan to the Directory. But we were carried away by events. On my return from Egypt, we applied hammers to the Alps. We executed what the Romans had not dared to try, and traced, through blocks of granite, a solid and spacious road, capable of resisting the efforts of time. As, restless with pain and burning with unappeasable thirst, he tossed on his pillow, he said, to Dr. Antommacchi:

"This is not me--it is mere existence. Death will soon terminate my sufferings. In what state am I, Doctor? Everything seems to weigh upon me to fatigue me. I can scarcely support myself. Have you not, among the resources of art, anything to revive the play of the machine?" He had some fishes in a pond near his door, and was fond of feeding them with crumbs of bread. Suddenly they all died. Sadly he said: "You see very well there is a fatality attached to me. Everything I love, everything that belongs to me, is immediately struck!"

At length the hidden disease, which apparently proved itself to be a cancer in the stomach, so protracted that they could rarely leave his bed, the pain was so great that he could but seldom get a moment's rest. "Doctor," said he, "what a delightful thing rest is! The bed has become for me a place of luxury. How fallen am I now, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, and now plunged in a lethargic stupor, and must make an effort even to raise my eyelid! I sometimes dictated upon different subjects to four or five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered. But then I was Napoleon, now I am no longer anything!" One day he vainly endeavored, leaning upon another's arm, to walk across the room. His limbs sank beneath him. "They are exhausted," said he, "see, there is nothing left--mere skeletons. Everything must have an end. I am fast approaching mine; and I do not regret it, for I have indeed no reason to be attached to life."

The news came one day of the death of his sister Eliza. It threw him into a state of stupor. His head fell upon his breast. Deep sighs escaped him, and for a long time he uttered not a word. Then, fixing his eyes intently upon the doctor, he said: "You see Eliza has just shown us the way." Death, which seems to have overlooked our family, now begins to strike it. My turn cannot be far distant. I have no longer any strength, activity or energy left. I am no longer Napoleon. The first person of our family who shall follow Eliza to the grave is the great Napoleon, who here drags out a miserable existence, who sinks under its weight; but who, however, still keeps Europe in a state of alarm. As for me, it's all over. My days will soon end on this poor, miserable rock." Dr. Antommacchi was an infidel. One day he ventured to assume a contemptuous expression of countenance, in view of some religious conversation, which was passing between the Abbe Vignali and the Emperor. Napoleon said to him severely, "You are an atheist, sir. Be an atheist if you will. But as for me, I will fulfill all the duties which religion imposes, and seek all the solace which it administers." Then turning to the Abbe he said, "I wish you to say mass in the chapel every day and to continue to say it after my death. You will not cease until I am buried. As soon as I am dead, I wish you to place a crucifix upon my bosom and your altar at my head. You will not omit solemnizing the sacrament of the Lord Supper, and offering daily prayers until I am buried."

Thus, day after day, he lingered sadly along, each one rich with historic interest, until the 2d of May. The Emperor then was in a burning fever and his mind was in delirium. His spirit was wandering through the scenes of the past, and moved amid the danger of the field of battle. At one time he cried out wildly: "Steinax, Desaix, Massena, victory is declaring. Run, hasten, press the charge. They are ours!" In his eagerness, with that momentary strength which delirium gives, he leaped from his bed, but fell prostrate on the floor. After a few hours the fever abated and reason returned. "I am very ill," said he, "I am a going to die. My poor Chinese servants. Do not let them be forgotten. I must take leave of them also." In his will he had particularly remembered all his friends, and all from whom he received any act of kindness.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 3d of May, after a very touching conversation with the friends who surrounded his bedside, he sent for the Abbe Vignali, and received the Lord's Supper. After the solemn ordinance, the placid expression of his countenance indicated the peace which reigned within his soul. He slept quietly through the night, and in the morning he said to his valet, "Open the window, Marchan, open it wide, that I may breathe the air, the good air, which the good God has made."

The night of the 4th was black and stormy. The dying hour had come. The little household at St. Helena were all gathered around their dying friend. The Emperor lay unconscious and motionless upon his pillow, breathing heavily, and occasionally uttering broken and almost inarticulate words. "Twice I thought," says Count Montholon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words, 'France, Army, Head of the Army, Josephine.'" At 4 o'clock in the evening, as he was lying upon his back with his right hand out of the bed, and his eyes fixed, as in deepest meditation, he gently, and without a struggle, or motion, ceased to breathe.

Just as the sun was descending below the horizon, sinking behind the clouds of somber and tempestuous day, the spirit of Napoleon took flight into the dread unknown. Into the arms of Eliza, Napoleon, were the last utterances of the true and loving Josephine. France and Army, Josephine, were the last images which he gazed in the heart, and the last words which trembled on the lips of the dying Emperor. John S. C. 1867.