

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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Sept. 11, 1861--15.

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Sept. 11, 1861--15.

SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!
D. R. F. HUSS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PENNA.

Has received from the War Department at Washington, D. C., official copies of the several laws passed by Congress, and all the necessary Forms and Instructions for the presentation and collection of Penions, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphans and children, and also instructions and forms for the collection of Penions, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphans and children, &c., which business if entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
Office in the old Bank Building--April 8, 1863.

G. W. G. WADDELL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office in Campbell's Row opposite the Hamilton Office, Waynesburg, Penna. Business of all kinds solicited, and his received official copies of all the laws passed by Congress, and other necessary instructions for the collection of Penions, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphans and children, &c., which business if entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.
May 15, 1863.

PHYSICIANS.

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 knowledge, and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.
Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

DRUGS.

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--15.

MERCHANTS.

WM. A. PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, in the Hamilton House, opposite the Court House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

MINOR & CO.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

J. D. COSGRAY,
Boot and shoe maker. Main street, nearly opposite the Farmer's and Drover's Bank. Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Pertumers, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of all sizes, and Oil Boulding and Looking Glass Plates.
Cash paid for good eating Apples.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

TOBACCONISTS.
HOOPER & HAGER,
Manufacturers and wholesale and retail dealers in Tobacco, Segars and Pipes, Sugar Cases, Pipes, &c., Wilson's Old Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

BOOKS, &c.
LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers. One door east of Porter's Store, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--15.

Miscellaneous.

AN OBSTINATE PRISONER.

When the system of imprisonment for debt was in full force, instances were frequent in which men were incarcerated for a long series of years--either because they were too poor to work out their deliverance, or because they disputed the justice of the claim under which they had been captured. A singular case of the latter kind occurred towards the close of the last century. Mr. Benjamin Pope, a tanner in Southwark, made £70,000 by success in trade, and then became a money lender, discounter, and mortgagee. When his fortune reached £100,000, he was familiarly known as "Plump Pope." His good fortune gradually deserted him, however. His grasping disposition led him to offend against the usury laws, and he was frequently before the courts. In one serious case he was cost in £10,000 damages. He never ceased throughout the remainder of his life complaining of this sentence; he went to France for a time, with his property and effects; and when he returned to England, in 1782, he voluntarily went to prison rather than pay the above named damages. In the King's Bench Prison he remained for the last twelve years of his life. At one time he might have got off by paying £1,000 instead of £10,000; but he refused to do so, as this would be acknowledging the justice of the debt, which he would die sooner than do--and he kept his word. While in prison he carried on his avocation of a money lender on a more limited and cautious scale than before. Always penurious and eccentric, he had become still more so. A pint of small beer lasted him two days, and he always looked at the fullness of the measure before he paid for it. He would drink strong beer with any one who would give it to him; but he never bought any. If he bought his three farthing candle at eight to the pound, he would always select the heaviest of the eight, to obtain the most tallow he could for his money. He never had a joint of meat on his table during the whole twelve years of his voluntarily imprisonment; a fourpenny plate from a cook's shop served him for two meals. His friends, though living at a distance, knowing of his pious habits, often sent him articles of food which he refused to buy for himself. When he died, at the end of August, 1794, Mr. Pope still owed the debt which had embittered so many years of his strange life.

"ONLY A DEAD SOLDIER."

A few evenings since, I stood in the depot waiting for the train. Near by was a rude box, containing the grave of one of our soldiers. Two ladies--were they ladies--were passing, and I heard the remark uttered carelessly and heartlessly, "It is only a dead soldier!" And I thought, only a dead soldier! yet he may have been the all of some poor heart now crushed and well nigh broken, the light of some home now darkened. Ah me! how different this silent coming home from the joyful one they had anticipated. They sent him out in the pride of his manhood, with a strong arm and a brave heart--and he is returning pale-faced and still, his white lips mute and closed, never again to open in home-greetings or home-farewells. He is going home,
With the flying flag and string band,
With the tender word, and message sent
From the distant, warring hand."
Only a dead soldier! and I thought of our dead soldier; his grave--the Kanawha; and his requiem the ebb and flow of its ever restless water, and the hot tear would come, despite of place, and time and surrounding circumstances.
Only a dead soldier! With what crushing weight do these words come to those who mourn a brave heart stilled and pulseless--a loving voice silent.
May a good Father pity those whose loved ones are only dead soldiers.

What's the News?

Never meet an editor without asking him "What's the news?" Go across the street and ask him--go to the sanctum and ask him--haunt him everywhere with the stereotyped interrogatory, "What's the news?" Of course he has nothing else to do but answer questions. "He gets all the papers--he's an editor and ought to be posted." If he don't stop and tell you all the rumors and reports, vote him "uncivil and disobliging." If he does answer all your questions, be sure to insinuate that the news has been "made up" for the purpose of helping the sale of the paper.

Young couples, if they are wise, will not devote their whole honeymoon to merely amusing and amusing each other. Let them remember the pastry cook, who, when his apprentices first came, always gave them a surfeit of pies to insure their subsequent indifference.

A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

Did you ever see the inside of a drunkard's home, with everything going to wreck and ruin? If you have, you know how Old Hunter's looked; not that he was very old, but he was so shabby and used up, the boys used to call him old. He was very ugly when in liquor, abusing his wife and children shamefully. They often hid when they heard him coming; and the time has been when his poor wife was turned out into a snow-bank. He had one little girl, however, the youngest, that seemed to fare better at his hands than the others. To her he was as usual very kind. In his worst moments he appeared to know and spare Luly.

One day she crept into his lap, and looking up into his face, "Father, I love you," she said. Luly could not speak all her words plain, though she was old enough to. "Father, I love you," she repeated, "I love you." "Do you, Luly?" said her father in a sudden tone. "I want you to be a good man, 'cause I love you. You will be a good man, father, won't you? God wants you to be a good man."

Tears rushed to the poor father's eyes, and he hugged his little girl to his bosom. Then set her down and hurried out of the house. He had a job that day, and went back to his work. Yet he saw and heard nothing for the rest of the day but Luly and her pleading words. He loved, who had so forfeited all right to be loved! He was a good man! He wished he could. He did not know that, when other means had failed to bring him back to himself and to his duty, God sent his little girl to lead him.

Old Hunter was pricked in his conscience, for there was a little left yet, and it kept pricking, until at length he went to a temperance man. "Sir," said he, "I want to sign the pledge, and turn over a new leaf." "God be praised," said the temperance man; "it's the best news I've heard for a long while; but you must know, taking the pledge is not enough, it's only a beginning; you must get help from on high to keep it. Now you take your family and come round to our church, and we'll rally round you and help you on." So one good step leads to another.

To make a long story short, old Hunter is a reformed man, sober and industrious. He is Mr. Hunter now, and goes to Sunday-School with his children every Lord's day.

FALSE AND TRUE SMILES.

Thank heaven! there are a goodly number of people who smile because they can't help it--whose happiness, bubbling up from their heart, runs over it smiles at their lips, or bursts through them in jovial laughter. And there is a difference between the false and the true symbol of joy that enables the keen observer readily to distinguish one from the other. The natural expression of delight varies with the emotion that gives way to it, but the counterfeit smile is a stereotype, and the tone of a hypocrite's laugh never varies. The crocodile, if the scaly old hypocrite he is represented to be is accredited with smiles as well as tears. False smiles are, in fact, more common than false tears. It is the easiest thing in the world to work the smile, while only a few gifted individuals have sufficient command of their eyes to weep at will. Few great tragedians, even, have the knack of lying on the water of affliction *in promptu*; but who ever saw a supernumerary hand that could not "smile and smile, and be a villain," or a chorus singer or a ballad-girl, that did not look as if she had been newly tickled across the lips with a straw? Of artificial smiles, there are a greater number than we have space to classify. The Countess of Belgravia has her receiving smile, a superb automatic effect. Count Faro the distinguished foreigner, who is trying London this year because Baden-Baden does not agree with him, shuffles the cards with a smile that attracts everybody's attention from his fingers. Miss Magnet, whose heart and lips dissolved partnership in very early life, makes such a Cupid's bow of the latter whenever an "eligible match" approaches, that mortals flutter round her like a fox round a flame.

The Hon. Mr. Verisopht, who wants to get into parliament, cultivates a popular smile. In short, smiling is regular business accomplishment of thousands of people whose souls have no telegraphic communication with their lips.

The Head of Little Crow to be Preserved.
The body of *Petit Corbeau*, or Little Crow, the Sioux butcher, recently killed in Minnesota, has been examined. The skull will be preserved carefully and presented to the Minnesota Historical Society. The body was taken from a pit used as a receptacle of the skulls and bones of slaughtered cattle, where it was but slightly covered with dirt. The evidence of the identification seems to be complete, and the skull will long remain upon the historical shelves as a terrible reminder of the savage enormities perpetrated by this remorseless American Nona Sahib.

PREAching AND POVERTY.

The pulpit is not generally considered a mine of wealth to its occupants, and, in fact, most people have come to think the contrary to be nearer the truth, and to look upon preaching as a sort of twin brother of poverty. But there are, according to the New York correspondent of the Boston Post, brilliant exceptions to such a rule in every large city, and New York is not without specimens of that rarest of *rara avis in terris*--rich ministers. At the head of the list of course must be placed, His Reverence Bishop Hughes, whose private property amounts to the snug little sum of a round million of dollars. He is the millionaire minister *par excellence*. In the Lutheran Church there is a Rev. J. W. Geissenbaier who is reckoned worth \$250,000, and whose secular hours are, for the most part, occupied in forging "the silken chain that binds two willing hearts." Thousands of couples matrimonially inclined have, by his aid, reached the consummation devoutly wished. His residence in Fourteenth street is literally besieged by the crowds who desire to exchange the lover's knot for that Gordian knot which nothing but death can cut. Among the Dutch Reformed clergymen Rev. A. B. Van Nest ranks as the richest. This gentleman is worth one or two hundred thousand dollars now, and has a "goodly heritage" in prospect of half a million more when his healthy father reaches the shiny shore. Rev. Dr. Hardenbaugh, of the same denomination, is estimated worth a hundred thousand dollars. The Presbyterians, perhaps, have more rich ministers than any other denomination. At the head of the list--the head of the Church in this city--stands Dr. Spring, *clarem et venerabilem*, who is easily worth a hundred thousand dollars, and whose young and interesting bride is set down as having three hundred thousand dollars more. Rev. Dr. Adams no one thinks of estimating at less than five hundred thousand dollars. Rev. Dr. Potts and Rev. Dr. Phillips each are worth fifty thousand, and several others of the Presbyterian clergy are equally able to keep the wolf from the door. Bishop James, of the Methodist Church, possesses treasures on earth to the value of one hundred thousand dollars, and so does Rev. James Floy, the best politician in that denomination. Rev. Dr. Hagarty is worth about thirty thousand dollars. Among the Baptists Rev. Doctors Dowling and Summers are set down at thirty thousand apiece, and Rev. Sydney A. Corey at about twenty thousand dollars, made chiefly in church property and horseflesh. Rev. Mr. Beecher and Dr. R. S. Stearns, of Brooklyn, own fine residences and are called worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars each. Who says preaching and poverty are synonymous?

DEEP PLOUGHING--A STRIKING DIFFERENCE.

I called recently upon A. R. Whitney, of Franklin Grove, Lee county, a quiet observing, and thinking gentleman. We talked of orcharding, and I have written what I learned from him on that subject. Incidentally the subject of deep ploughing was introduced. He said he had never had but one man as ploughman, who knew how to plough. He was an Irish English ploughman, who had done nothing but hold the plough all his life. He would not plough a crooked furrow, nor pass any ground that was not properly turned.

Mr. Whitney had given him orders to plough deep, and he did so. He did it quietly, steadfastly, and with marked progress daily. The orchard referred to was planted on the land so ploughed. It feels its influence to-day.

But talking of the marked effects of good ploughing and the advantage of turning the soil a little deeper each succeeding year, Mr. Whitney said he had a piece of ground adjoining a field belonging to his neighbor. Each field was ploughed and sown with spring wheat three successive years. The soil and its condition at the start were similar.

The first year, the ploughing--which was done in the fall--was the ordinary depth--say three or four inches. Crops much alike. The second season Whitney ordered the ploughman to plough his field six inches deep. It was so ploughed. The neighbor duplicated the ploughing of the previous year. Whitney's crops gained the second year over the first year, and over his neighbor's. Figures not given. The third year Whitney ordered the plough to go nine inches deep. The neighbor still adhered to the original depth. The latter got nine and a half bushels of wheat to the acre; Whitney, thirty six bushels per acre. Neither had manured; there was no difference in the time of seeding; for Whitney said he found he could get on his deep ploughed ground, to work it, in spring, ten days before his neighbor could touch his shallow ploughing. There was no difference in the character of the soil--only in the depth it was ploughed and in the resulting crop.

Plough one inch deeper!--I see that so no of the agricultural press are reviving the old cry: "Plant one acre more." I modestly urge an amendment--Plough one inch deeper!

The thinking farmer will not need to be told that his practice will do more to increase the aggregate crop, if adopted by every farmer, than if the advice of cotemporaries was practiced with the number of acres--two instead of one.

If we call the average depth of ploughing four inches, the adding one inch to this depth will be equivalent to adding one-fourth to the productive power of each acre of cultivated land. There is little doubt that on most soils more than this amount will be added, for it will not only add the amount of land cultivated, but increase the productive power of that previously broken.

Plough one inch deeper!--*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, MARKETS.

We condense the following from the Richmond Examiner:

Flour is still quotable at \$40 00 for superfine, and \$45 00 for extra. The stock in the market in first hands is very light. Corn \$9 50 to \$10 00. Corn Meal \$10 00 for city or country. The millers retail their meal to families of soldiers at \$1 00 per bushel less than they charge other customers. Oats \$6 00 per bushel.

Bacon continues scarce, and may be quoted at \$1 90 to \$2 00 for hog round, with an upward tendency. Speculators have bought up all that could be had, far and near, and of course the effect will be a further advance.

Butter inactive at \$2 00 per pound. Lard firm at \$1 65.

Baled Hay \$10 00 per 100 pounds. Potas \$8 00 and \$10 00 per bushel. Potatoes \$10 00 per bushel. Wool \$3 50 to \$4 50.

Several boat loads of lumber have recently arrived in the basin. Pine boards are selling at \$65 00 to \$75 00 per 1000 feet.

Bar Iron 30 to 40 cents per pound; horse shoe rods 60 cents per pound, delivered at the rolling mills. Nails \$80 00 to \$85 00 per keg of a 100 pounds.

The Suffering at Gettysburg.

A letter from Gettysburg, after speaking of hard times among many of the farmers and mechanics in that neighborhood, says:

"Unless you were here, you cannot form a correct idea of the awful destruction of private property by the armies of Meade and Lee. Many of our people are entirely ruined, and unless the Government relieves them, they will suffer for want of the common necessities of life."

The Parting of two Heroes.

A correspondent relates the following incident of the battles at Gettysburg: At the close of the bloody battles, while thousands of the soldiers were lying side by side, and before even the officers could seek and speak to their bleeding and dying friends, the command came to pursue the flying confederates. Major General Howard, in command of the Eleventh Army Corps, hastened to the bedside of Capt. Griffith of his staff, between whom and the General a strong personal attachment existed, to take his last farewell. He closed the door, and after a brief interchange of sympathies, the General took his New Testament, and read to him the 14th chapter of John. He then knelt in prayer and commended his wounded friend to his covenant-keeping God; and rising from his knees, clasped him in one long, fond, weeping embrace. Thus the heroes parted. One went to seek the rebels against his Government; the other died in a few days in perfect peace, cordially acquiescing in God's will, and firmly relying on the merits of his Saviour.

It was the habit of Lord Eldon, when Attorney General, to close his speeches with some remark justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, he spoke thus of his own reputation: "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and by God's help I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears and to the astonishment of those present, Milford the Solicitor General, began to weep. "Just look at Milford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke, "What on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied, "He is crying to think what a little inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

Since the identification and arrest of Nena Sahib it is said that a plot for a general rising of the Sepoys has been discovered and frustrated.

SPEECH OF COL. WM. HOPKINS ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

Concluded from Last Week.

Mr. Speaker, I can regard the Abolition proclamation of the President in no other light than as "an assumption of power, not delegated by the Constitution and laws of the country, but in derogation of both." This may seem like strong language to employ in reference to the "powers that be," which, inspiration teaches us, "are ordained of God," but, in the fear of Him, I believe it to be true--and if in times like these, I should find it unworthy of a seat upon this floor. Am I not fully sustained in the allegation, that the proclamation was a usurpation of power, not warranted by the Constitution and laws, by the official declarations of the President himself, as quoted above? But for the sake of argument, suppose it be conceded that under the plea of "military necessity" the President had the power to issue the proclamation, what practical good can result to either race from its exercise? For my life I cannot see how either can be benefited, but on the contrary, I can see nothing but "evil and evil, and that continually." Why, sir, look at it for a single moment. Here are some three or four millions of unfortunate beings, thrown upon their own resources, many of them without sufficient intelligence to appreciate the blessings of liberty, and wholly incapable of taking care of themselves. This, I admit, may be their misfortune, rather than their fault, but it is nevertheless true, and hundreds and thousands of them, when left without a protector, would be obliged to subsist on the cold charity of the world, or go down to premature graves from absolute starvation. Then again, those of them who would be able and willing to work, would come in direct competition with the labor of white men and women, and consequently reduce their wages below subsisting point; and thus, while you will not, in the remotest manner, improve the physical condition of the former, you would inaugurate a ruinous policy to the latter, and create a jealousy and bitter strife between the two classes, which would lead to the most disastrous consequences.

But let me not be misunderstood here. I am not now, nor have I ever been, the advocate of slavery. On the contrary, I could wish that there was not one of the race, either bond or free, within the limit of the United States; that they were somewhere by themselves, to enjoy all the liberty they are capable of. But I have always maintained, and do still maintain, that neither Congress nor the President has any right to interfere with it in the States, either by civil or military power. This is one of the reserved rights of the individual States, and they, and they *alone*, can exercise it. I cannot sustain a policy which would change

so suddenly, and so radically, the present relation, even if the power existed, until convinced that it would benefit either them or ourselves. "Better far to bear the ills we have than to flee to others we know not of." And, above all, I am opposed to such a change being brought about by a total disregard of constitutional obligations.

Sir, if this power that is now claimed by the Administration be acquiesced in without, at least, protesting against it, then, indeed, is the pertinency of the interrogatory, "Whither are we drifting?" most apparent. We have it recorded in the book of books, that he who offends in one particular is guilty of the whole, and the same principle is applicable to our form of government. If the Executive may disregard with impunity one provision of the Constitution, which he has sworn to support, he may set at naught the entire instrument, and usurp the whole functions of the Government, and dispose of property, life and liberty as to him seemeth meet. Mr. Speaker, it has been said here and elsewhere, that those who take exceptions to this extraordinary exercise of power on the part of the President, "are in sympathy with the rebellion." The same is said of those who condemn the enormous frauds that have been perpetrated upon the treasury, which have amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars, much of which has been exposed by committees of the friends of the Administration.

Yes, sir, the test of loyalty set up by certain partisans, army contractors and others, is *unqualified* approval of every enormity committed, whether it be the robbery of the treasury by hundreds of millions, or the arbitrary arrests of private citizens at the mere caprice of some vindictive subordinate, without due process of law. But, sir, the only motions that the attempt to establish such a test excites in my bosom is pity for the miserable creature who would thus attempt to defer the freedom of this country from an honest expression of their detestation of the fraud, corruption and tyranny, wherever found to exist. Let not this "stop thief" cry of "disloyalty," or "sympathy with the rebellion," deter any from expressing his convictions on questions of public policy. The allegations of "sympathy with the rebellion," for such a reason, are as unfounded and false as are the miscreants who make them shameless and dastardly. Why, sir, there is not a battlefield since the inauguration of this unhappy strife that does not give the lie direct to such allegations, and that does not send up a cry to Heaven for vengeance on the head of those who make them. Sir, the whole land has been saturated with the blood of tens of thousands of just such "sympathizers," while the wretches who pour forth such vile slander have taken good care to keep out of harm's way themselves.

Mr. Speaker, in my judgment, true loyalty consists in the citizen rendering to the Government, in time of war, either foreign or domestic, his hearty co-operation in all legitimate measures that may be adopted for its successful prosecution, and at the same time to express, in a proper spirit, his disapproval of all frauds upon the treasury and palpable infractions of the Constitution. By this standard I am willing to be judged, and stand or fall. If I may be pardoned for an allusion to one so humble as myself, I will state that from the hour of the attack on Fort Sumter, down to the issue of the emancipation proclamation, my voice was always for sustaining the Administration, and I may add, I trust, without subjecting myself to the charge of egotism, that I made more speeches, such as they were, than did many of the *disinterested* patriots who are now so ready to talk about "sympathy with the rebellion." While this is true, I would be wanting in candor did I fail to say, in my place here, that the proclamation has never, for a single moment, received the approval of my judgment. When it is remembered that the President himself has repeatedly declared that he had no power to issue such a paper, and that Congress affirmed that the war was waged for no such purpose as is therein avowed, is it any wonder that I, or any one else, should hesitate in endorsing it? But, aside from the absence of power, I could not approve it, because I believe (whether so intended or not, it matters but little) it was an invitation to the slaves to rise in servile insurrection, and engage in an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children. A measure calculated to lead to such atrocity can never receive my approval, and I thank God for having given me a heart that revolts at even such a suggestion. I will go further, and say that the commanding officer who would stand by and permit such a *fiendish* work, without using his utmost efforts to prevent it, would deserve, while living, to be "whipped naked round the world," and when dead, to spend an eternity in hopeless