

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, OCTOBER 7, 1863.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 5, NO. 18.

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AT
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OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE
PUBLIC SQUARE.—

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Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
WAYNESBURG, PA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greene and adjoining counties. Collections and other legal business will receive prompt attention.
Office on the South side of Main street, in the Old Bank Building.

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PURMAN & RITCHIE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
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All business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention.
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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

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Office in the "Wright" Bldg., East Door. Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention. Waynesburg, April 28, 1862—ly.

DAVID CRAWFORD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office on Main Street, East and nearly opposite the Bank. Waynesburg, Pa., July 30, 1863—ly.

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Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!
D. P. 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 necessary forms and instructions for the prosecution and collection of PENIONS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, their widows, orphan children, widowed mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, which business, (upon due notice) will be attended to promptly and accurately, if entrusted to his care. Office in the Old Bank Building—April 8, 1863.

G. W. G. WADDELL,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

OFFICE in Campbell's Row opposite the Hamilton House, Waynesburg, Penna. Business of all kinds solicited. Has 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, widows, orphan children, &c., which business if entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. May 15, 1863.

PHYSICIANS.

Dr. T. W. ROSS,
Physician & Surgeon.

Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON MAIN STREET.
East, and nearly opposite the Wright House.
Waynesburg, Sept. 6, 1863.

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 attention to the human life and health, and strict adherence to business, to merit a share of public patronage. Waynesburg, January 8, 1863.

DRUGS.

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

MERCHANTS.

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

MINOR & CO.,
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Court House, Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

J. D. COSGRAY,
Boot and Shoe Maker, Main Street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's" and Drury's Bank. Every style of Boots and Shoes constructed on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

JOSEPH VATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of all sizes, and Gill Moulding and Looking Glass Plates.
Office on the South side of Main Street, nearly opposite the Court House.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods Generally, in the "Wright" Building, Main Street.
Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

BOOKS, &c.

LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Manuscript and Paper. One door east of Porter's store, Main Street. Sept. 11, 1861—ly.

Miscellaneous.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE ALPS.

THE PERIL OF MOUNTAIN TRAVEL—A NARROW ESCAPE.

A writer in the London Saturday Review thus describes a recent perilous adventure in the Alps:

"An hour and a half after the departure of our porters, we slowly wended our way to the lake of Margelin, which we skirted, and were soon upon the ice. The middle of the glacier was almost as smooth as a carriage road, cut here and there by musical brooks produced by the superficial ablation. To one of us the scene opened out with the freshness of a new revelation, as, previously to this year, he had never been among the Alps. To the other, though not new, the region had lost no trace of the interest with which he first viewed it. We moved briskly along the frozen incline, until, after a couple of hours' march, we saw a solitary human being standing on the lateral moraine of the glacier, near the point where we were to quit it for the cave of the Fauberg. At first this man excited no attention. He stood and watched us, but did not move a step towards us, until finally our curiosity was aroused by observing that he was one of our 'two men.' The glacier here is always cut by crevasses, which, while they present no real difficulty, require care. We approached our porter, but he never moved; and when we came up to him he looked stupid, and did not speak until he was spoken to. B. addressed him in the patois of the place, and he answered in the same patois.

His answer must have been more than usually obscure, for our guide misunderstood the most important part of it. "My God!" he exclaimed, turning to us, "Walters is killed!" Walters was the guide at the Aggishhorn, with whom, in the present instance, we had nothing to do. "No, not Walters," responded the man, "it is my comrade that is killed." B. looked at him with a wild, bewildered stare. "How killed?" he exclaimed, "Smashed in a crevasse," was the reply. We were all stunned that for some time we did not quite seize the import of the terrible statement. B. at length tossed his arms in the air, exclaiming—"Jesus Maria! what am I to do?"

With the swiftness that some ascribe to dreams, we surrounded the fact with imaginary adjuncts, one of which was that the man had been drawn dead from the crevasse, and was now a corpse in the cave of the Fauberg; for we took it for granted that, had he been still extant, his comrade would have run or called for our assistance. Several times in succession he affirmed that the missing porter was certainly dead.

"How does he know that he is dead?" L. demanded; "men are sometimes rendered senseless without being killed." This question was repeated in German, but met with the same stolid affirmative response. "Where is he, then?" we asked. "There," replied the porter, stretching his arm towards the glacier. "In the crevasse?" A stupid "Ja?" was the answer. It was with difficulty that we quelled an impression. "Lead the way to the crevasse, you blockhead," and he led the way.

We were soon beside a wide and jagged cleft which resembled a kind of cave more than an ordinary fissure. The cleft had been spanned by a snow bridge, now broken, and up to the edge of which human footsteps could be traced. The glacier here was considerably torn, but simple patience was the only thing needed to unravel its complexity. This quality our porter lacked, and, hoping to make shorter work of it, he attempted to cross this bridge. It gave way, and he went down. Carrying an immense load of debris, along with him. We looked into the hole, at one end of which was cut short by darkness, while immediately under the broken arch it was crammed with snow and shattered ice. We saw nothing more. We listened with strained attention, and from the depths of the glacier a low moan seemed to issue. Its repetition assured us that it was no delusion—the man was still alive. B. from the first had been extreme excited. When he heard the moan which he became almost frantic. He attempted to get into the crevasse, but was obliged to recoil. It was quite plain that a second life was in danger, for our guide seemed to have lost all self-control. A hand was placed heavily upon his shoulder, and he was admonished that upon his coolness depended the life of his friend. "If you behave like a man, we shall save him; if like a woman, all is lost." A first rope was accompanied the party, but unhelpfully it was with the man in the crevasse. "Take off coats, waistcoats, and braces." They were instantly taken off and knotted together. We watched B. while this work was going on; his hands trembled with excitement, and his knotes were evident-

ly insecure. The last junction complete, he exclaimed, "Now let me down!" Not until each of these knots has been tested; not an inch! Two of them gave way, and L.'s waistcoat also proved too tender for the strain. The debris was about 40 feet from the surface of the glacier, but two prominences afforded a kind of footing. B. was dropped down to one of these; T. followed, being let down by L.; he could not trust the porter overhead. B. then descended the remaining distance, and was duly followed by T. More could not find room.

The shape and size of the cavity were such as to produce a kind of resonance, which rendered it difficult to strike the precise spot from which the sound issued; but the moaning continued, becoming to all appearance gradually feebler. Fearing to wound the man, the debris was cautiously rooted away. It rang curiously as it fell into the adjacent gloom. A layer two or three feet thick was thus removed; and finally, from the frozen mass, and so bloodless as to be almost as white as the surrounding snow, issued a single human hand.

The fingers moved round it we rooted and soon reached the knapsack, which we cut away. With it we regained our rope. The man's head was laid bare, and our brandy flask was immediately at his lips. He tried to speak, but was inarticulate, his words jumbling themselves to a dull moan. B.'s feelings got the better of him at intervals; he wrought like a hero, but at times he needed guidance and stern admonition. The arms once free, we passed the rope underneath them, and sought to draw the man out. But the ice fragments round him had regulated so as to form a solid case. Thrice we essayed to draw him up, thrice we failed; he had literally to be hewn out of the ice, and not until his last foot was extricated were we able to lift him. L. and the porter pulling above, and we pushing him below, the man was raised to the light of day. L. then drew his friend out of the pit, and B. followed. For an hour we had been in the crevasse in shirt sleeves—the porter had been in it for two hours—and the dripping ice had drenched us. B., moreover, had worked with the energy of madness, and now the reaction came. He shook as if he would fall to pieces; but brandy and some covering revived him.

The rescued man was helpless, unable to stand, unable to utter an articulate sentence. B. proposed to carry him down the glacier towards home. Had this been attempted, the man would have undoubtedly died upon the ice. B. thought he could carry him for two hours, but he underrated his own exhaustion, and overrated the vitality of his friend. "It cannot be thought of—to the cave of Fauberg, where we must tend him as well as we can." We got him to the side of the glacier, and here B. took him on his back; in ten minutes he sank under his load. L. carried a miscellaneous burden. It was now our turn with the man, then again B.'s, and thus helping each other we reached the mountain grot. The sun had set, and the crown of the Jungfrau was imbedded in amber light. Thinking that the Margelin See might be reached before darkness, we proposed starting in search of help. The good B. would not hear of it, and L.'s eye slightly glistened. It is surprising how such an occasion brings out a man's feeling. "God bless you L., and now for the glacier!" But the anxiety to get quickly clear of the crevasses defeated its own object. Thrice we found ourselves in difficulty, and the light was visibly departing. The conviction deepened that persistence would be folly, and the most impressive moment of our experience was that on which we stopped at the brink of a profound fissure and looked upon the mountains and the sky. The serenity was perfect—not a cloud, not a breeze, not a sound, while over the solemn West spread the last hues of sunset.

We returned; warm wine was given to our patient, and all our dry clothes were wrapped around him. Hot water bottles were placed at his feet and his back was briskly rubbed. He continued to groan a long time, but finally, both this and the trembling ceased. The anxious watcher B. muttered, "He is dead!" We leaned over his face and found him breathing gently; we felt his pulse—it was tranquilly beating. "Not dead dear old B. he will be able to crawl home with us in the morning." The prediction was justified by the event; and two days afterwards we saw him at Laax, minus a bit of his ear, with a bruise upon his cheek and a few scars upon his hand, but without a broken bone or serious injury of any kind. The self-denying manner in which the second porter spent the night made us forget his stupidity—it may have been stupefaction. If we were to draw a moral from this incident, it would be, that disasters in the Alps are far more likely to occur in ordinary places, where caution is not observed, than in really perilous places where the facilities are all alive, and care is impressed by the certain and manifest consequences of its neglect.

HOW HE GAVE UP HIS CIGAR.

I was travelling in a train of cars, on the Hudson River Railroad, from Albany to New York city. This road is a very accommodating road, for it has a smoking car attached to every train. I found my way into this Pandemonium, and lighting a "fine Havana cigar," settled myself back in the seat for a comfortable smoke. By one of those strange fatalities which we can never account for, my eyes rested upon a piece of paper upon the floor, which looked like a leaf torn from a book. I stopped and picked it up. It was a tract from the Anti-Tobacco Tract Depository, and was headed "The Pleasure and then the Sting." At the extreme bottom of the page, in the smallest, most modest, unassuming type imaginable, was the name "Geo. Frask." I read the tract, and then read the title page. "The Pleasure and then the Sting."

In the meantime my cigar went out, but the words in the tract had set me thinking, and the cigar was thrown away. Now I will tell you how I gave up smoking. I am twenty-four years of age. I commenced smoking when I was thirteen. It never made me sick to learn the vile habit, as it does most boys. For seven years I have smoked. Several months ago my digestive organs stopped the doing of their proper functions, and I gave up eating all kinds of food, except the very plainest, supposing as was really the case, that I had dyspepsia. I thought it was caused by eating certain kinds of food. For more than six months I have lived upon the very plainest food, but without much relief; and until the little tract started me on the right path, I had never dreamed that it was tobacco which gave me all this pain and trouble. I have smoked eleven years, and could scarcely believe that it was tobacco hurting me now. It is six weeks since I stopped using tobacco. Never since I threw away the cigar in the smoking car, have I put into my mouth either pipe or cigar. The hot, burning pain in my throat is gone, no filthy taste is in my mouth every morning before breakfast, as of old, and my dyspepsia is daily growing to be a thing of the past. Nothing would induce me to return again to the use of tobacco. I feel brighter and better than I have since childhood, and can eat most any kind of food now. For this blessing, God bless George Frask.

Now I will tell you how I went to work to break away from the toils of the vile destroyer. First, I went to the druggist's and procured a jar of Extract of Dandelion. It is about the thickness of dough. I kept it in my desk at the office. Every time that I felt the least inclination to smoke, I would put a small lump of it into my mouth; for a month I continued this practice, and now seldom think of smoking, and only with a glad feeling of having escaped its toils. I have induced my room mate to try the experiment. He has successfully practiced it for three weeks.

BITE OF A BATTLENAKE CURED IN TWO HOURS.

The Petersburg Express publishes the following from a reliable correspondent: "A carpenter, while engaged a few days ago, in removing some rotten timber near the ground, was bitten by a rattlesnake. In a few minutes his finger was swollen to four times its natural size, and the streaks commenced running up his hand and wrist. A deadly languor came over him and his vision grew dim, clearly indicating that the subtle poison that was coursing through his veins, was rapidly approaching the citadel of life. But a remedy was tried, merely by way of experiment, which, to the surprise of all present, acted like a charm, the component parts of which were onions, tobacco and salt, of equal parts, made into a poultice and applied to the wound, and at the same time a cord was bound tightly about the wrist. In two hours afterwards he had so far recovered as to be able to resume his work. I know an old negro who cured a boy that had been bitten by a mad dog, by the same application."

BURNING OF THE OLD SERAGLIO AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

From the Levant Herald of Aug. 12th, we have an account of the burning of the Old Palace of Selim, of Mustapha and Mahomed, and one of the most unique and characteristic buildings on the south side of the Golden Horn. This disaster occurred on the morning of the 11th of August, and in little more than half an hour the whole pile was in flames. The Grand Vizier, Fuad Pacha, was the first on the spot, followed by the other ministers, the general officers in garrison, and about three thousand troops. All efforts to arrest the flames, however, were useless. The sight of this old building thus destroyed is one of the most historic in Stamboul.

In the earliest Byzantine days it was destroyed by the Acropolis of the new Eastern capital, and has been occupied by the palaces of successive Emperors, until the erection of the late structure by Mahomet II. At the time of its destruction the old Seraglio was occupied by the ladies of the establishment of the late Sultan, Abdel Medjid. These consisted of four wives, and about 300 other females of lower rank, besides nearly one hundred white and black servants, all of whom were in the palace when the disaster occurred. They narrowly escaped with their lives. All the costly furniture, valuable wardrobes and many jewels fell a prey to the flames. The total loss is £300,000.

AN INSTANCE OF MERCANTILE INTEGRITY.

The Boston Journal records the following: "About twenty years ago a young man named Thomas Hardy, of South Danvers, in this State, meeting with misfortune in business, determined to leave his native town and seek his fortune in the West, with the firm resolve that if Providence smiled upon his efforts he would return and pay his debts to the utmost farthing. After struggling for a long time at the West, with varied success, he proceeded to California about six years ago, and there accumulated a handsome fortune. Having thus accomplished his desires, he recently returned to South Danvers for the purpose of cancelling the claims of his old creditors. This he did in full, paying both principal and interest, amounting to 25,000 dollars. While doing business in South Danvers he had a partner, whose share of the debts of the firm he has liquidated, as well as his own. Not satisfied with this, he made a number of generous gifts, and on Monday evening gave a splendid entertainment to his old friends and associates. Such incidents as this are an honor to human nature, and furnish a bright example for young merchants and business men to imitate."

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

If the covers of sofas and chairs are dirty, they may be cleaned without being removed, by first washing them over with a flannel, then before they are dry, sponge them over with a strong solution of salt and water, in which a small quantity of gall has been mixed. The windows of the room should be open so as to secure a perfect drying, and the colors and freshness of the article will thus be restored. Floor-cloths may be cleaned with a mixture of magnesia, only milk warm, followed by warm water in the same manner that carpets are cleaned. They should be rubbed with dry flannel till the polish is restored. This is a process much to be preferred to that of rubbing the cloth with wax, which leaves it sticky and liable to retain the dust and dirt for a long time. Very hot water should never be used in cleaning floorcloths, as it brings off the paint. Cleaning mirrors and polished steel articles is an easy operation, when rightly understood. The greatest care should be taken in cleaning a mirror to use only the softest articles, lest the glass should be scratched. It should first be dusted with a leather brush, then washed over with a sponge dipped in spirits to remove the fly-spots after this it should be dusted with the powder blue in a thin muslin bag, and finely polished with an old silk handkerchief. Polished steel articles, if rubbed every morning with leather, will not become dull or rusty; but if rust has been suffered to gather, it must be immediately removed by covering the steel with sweet oil, and allowing it to remain on for two or three days; then sprinkle it over with finely powdered unslacked lime, and rub it with polishing leather.

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FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

A fashionable wedding came off at the Astor House, New York, in a quiet way, a day or two ago. The bridegroom was Mons. Charles Carey, Chancellor of State of Bausarne Switzerland, and the bride, Miss Annie Taylor, of Cedarcroft, Chester county, Pa., a sister of Bayard Taylor.

POLITICAL.

WHO WILL SUPPORT CURTIN, WHO WOODWARD?

In the last issue of the Republican editor undertook to give a list of those who would support the respective candidates for governor in the coming election. His classification was not near full enough, and we take the liberty of adding to it. Among the supporters of Andy Curtin will be found: Every original disunionist in the State, from Thad. Stevens down. Every one who avows that the Union as it was cannot be restored. Every one who asserts that the war can only end in the extinction of slavery. Every one who believes the Constitution to be a covenant with death and a league with hell. Every one who sanctions the repeated violations of that sacred instrument. Every one who believes that Lincoln may violate it at his pleasure. Every one who justifies the arrest, the imprisonment, and the exile of Democratic editors and orators for exercising the plainly guaranteed constitutional rights of free speech. Every one who believes that Lincoln may suspend the writ of habeas corpus at his pleasure. Every one who believes he may do away with the sacred right of trial by jury. Every one who believes that the negro race is superior to the white. Every one who believes the negro to be the equal of the white man. Every one who wants to see him admitted to social and political equality, and like Judge Agnew, would desire to see the Constitution of Pennsylvania so amended as to give him a right to vote. Every one who believes that the white race would be improved by amalgamation with the black. Every one who believes that this is a war for the freedom of the negro. Every one who believes that it neither can nor ought to end except in the extinction of slavery. Every one who endorses the emancipation policy of the President. Every one who thinks the nation can only be saved by the help of negro soldiers. Every one, in short, who believes in an anti-slavery Constitution, an anti-slavery Bible, an anti-slavery God, and all the foolish and pernicious proclamations of Abraham, the faithful father of the Contrabands. Every one who has been engaged in plundering the public treasury, except it may be Simon Cameron. Every shoddy contractor. Every maker of shoes with paper soles. Every manufacturer who is making a fortune out of government contracts. Every corrupt official who has both hands up to the elbows in the public coffers. Every greedy scoundrel who thinks he will soon get his paws in. Every "green-back patriot." Every man who is making money out of the war. Every one who has made a fortune out of it. Every one who expects to make a fortune out of it. Every one who holds an office under Lincoln. Every one who holds an office under Curtin. Every Provost Marshal and all in their employ. Every tax collector and assessor, and, in short, the whole gang of vampires who are fattening on the blood of the people and the treasures of the nation, will vote for Andrew G. Curtin. But these, long as the list is, and numerous as they are, are not yet strong enough to carry the coming election.

GREENBACKS FIRE-PROOF.

Since the conflagration of Lawrence, Kansas, eight or nine packages of Treasury notes have been sent to the United States Treasurer to be exchanged. They have been subjected to the fire, but were not injured beyond identification. It seems that the chemicals employed on these notes form a coating which affords a partial protection from fire.

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A New Draft Fraud.

A Washington special says:—In many cases it is understood that able bodied men presented to the Board of Enrollment, and accepted, are replaced before they arrive at the general rendezvous, by feeble men answering the same name, unfit for military duty. To guard against this trick the Provost Marshals will hereafter be held responsible for the delivery of the identical men passed and accepted at the rendezvous.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

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WHO WILL SUPPORT CURTIN, WHO WOODWARD?

In the last issue of the Republican editor undertook to give a list of those who would support the respective candidates for governor in the coming election. His classification was not near full enough, and we take the liberty of adding to it. Among the supporters of Andy Curtin will be found: Every original disunionist in the State, from Thad. Stevens down. Every one who avows that the Union as it was cannot be restored. Every one who asserts that the war can only end in the extinction of slavery. Every one who believes the Constitution to be a covenant with death and a league with hell. Every one who sanctions the repeated violations of that sacred instrument. Every one who believes that Lincoln may violate it at his pleasure. Every one who justifies the arrest, the imprisonment, and the exile of Democratic editors and orators for exercising the plainly guaranteed constitutional rights of free speech. Every one who believes that Lincoln may suspend the writ of habeas corpus at his pleasure. Every one who believes he may do away with the sacred right of trial by jury. Every one who believes that the negro race is superior to the white. Every one who believes the negro to be the equal of the white man. Every one who wants to see him admitted to social and political equality, and like Judge Agnew, would desire to see the Constitution of Pennsylvania so amended as to give him a right to vote. Every one who believes that the white race would be improved by amalgamation with the black. Every one who believes that this is a war for the freedom of the negro. Every one who believes that it neither can nor ought to end except in the extinction of slavery. Every one who endorses the emancipation policy of the President. Every one who thinks the nation can only be saved by the help of negro soldiers. Every one, in short, who believes in an anti-slavery Constitution, an anti-slavery Bible, an anti-slavery God, and all the foolish and pernicious proclamations of Abraham, the faithful father of the Contrabands. Every one who has been engaged in plundering the public treasury, except it may be Simon Cameron. Every shoddy contractor. Every maker of shoes with paper soles. Every manufacturer who is making a fortune out of government contracts. Every corrupt official who has both hands up to the elbows in the public coffers. Every greedy scoundrel who thinks he will soon get his paws in. Every "green-back patriot." Every man who is making money out of the war. Every one who has made a fortune out of it. Every one who expects to make a fortune out of it. Every one who holds an office under Lincoln. Every one who holds an office under Curtin. Every Provost Marshal and all in their employ. Every tax collector and assessor, and, in short, the whole gang of vampires who are fattening on the blood of the people and the treasures of the nation, will vote for Andrew G. Curtin. But these, long as the list is, and numerous as they are, are not yet strong enough to carry the coming election.

GREENBACKS FIRE-PROOF.

Since the conflagration of Lawrence, Kansas, eight or nine packages of Treasury notes have been sent to the United States Treasurer to be exchanged. They have been subjected to the fire, but were not injured beyond identification. It seems that the chemicals employed on these notes form a coating which affords a partial protection from fire.

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