

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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Miscellaneous.

SCENES AFTER THE BATTLE.

Among all the sketches that we have seen from the fields of battle, we have read none with more tender interest than the record of the labors of two women in the service of the Sanitary Commission at Gettysburg. It is published in tract form by Randolph under the title of "What we did at Gettysburg." We make some extracts:

"For this temporary sheltering of all these wounded men, Government could make no provision.—There was nothing for them if too late for the cars, except the open field and hunger, in preparation for their fatiguing journey. It is expected when the cars are ready that the men will be promptly sent to meet them, and Government cannot provide for mistakes and delays, so that but for the Sanitary Commission's Lodge, and comfortable supplies, for which the wounded are indebted to the hard workers at home, men, badly hurt, must have suffered night and day, while waiting for the 'next train.'"

We had on an average sixty of such men each night for three weeks under our care, sometimes one hundred, sometimes thirty, and with the 'delegation,' and the help of other gentlemen volunteers, who all worked devotedly for the men, the whole thing was a great success, and all of us can't help being thankful we had a share, however small, in making it so. Sixteen thousand good meals were given; hundreds of men kept through the day, and twelve hundred sheltered at night, their wounds dressed, their supper and breakfast secured, rebels and all. You will not, I am sure, regret that these most wretched men, these 'enemies,' sick and in prison, were helped and cared, through your supplies, though certainly they were not in your minds when you packed your barrels and boxes. The clothing we reserved for our own men, except now and then, a shivering rebel needed it, but in feeding them, we could make no distinctions. It was curious to see among our workers at the Lodge, the disgust and horror felt for rebels, giving place to the kindest feeling for wounded men.

Among our wounded soldiers, one night, came an elderly man, sick, wounded and crazy, singing and talking about home. We did what we could for him, and pleased him greatly with a present of a red flannel shirt, drawers, and red calico dressing-gown, all of which he needed, and in which he dressed himself up, and then wrote a letter to his wife, made it into a little book, with gingham covers, and gave it to one of the gentlemen to mail for him.—The next morning he was sent on with the company from the Lodge, and that evening two tired women came into our camp, his wife and sister, who hurried on from their home to meet him, arriving just too late. Fortunately we had the queer little gingham book to identify him by, and when one said, "It is the man, you know, who screamed so," the poor wife was certain about him.

He had been crazy before the war, but not for two years, now, she said. He had been fretting for home since he was hurt, and when the doctor told him there was no chance of his being sent there, he lost heart, and wrote to his wife to come and carry him away. It seemed almost hopeless for two lone women, who had never been out of their own little town, to succeed in finding a soldier among so many, sent in so many different directions, but we helped them as we could, and started them on their journey the next morning, back on their track, to use their common sense and Yankee privilege of questioning. A week after, Mrs. — had a letter full of gratitude, and saying that the husband was found and secured for home. That same night we had in our tents, two fathers, with their wounded sons, and a nice old German mother with her boy. She had come in from Wisconsin, and brought with her a patchwork bed quilt for her son, thinking he might have lost his blanket, and there he laid, all covered up in his quilt, looking so home like, and feeling so, too, no doubt, with his good old mother at his side. She seemed bright and happy, had three sons in the army—one had been killed, this one wounded, yet she was so pleased with the tents, and the care she saw taken there with the soldiers, that while taking her tea from a barrel head at table, she said, "Indeed, if she was a man, she'd be a soldier too, right off!"

Late one afternoon—too late for the cars—a train of ambulances arrived at our Lodge, with over one hundred rebels, to be cared for through the night. Only one among them seemed too weak and faint to take anything. He was badly hurt, and falling. I went to him after his wound was dressed, and found him lying on his blanket stretched over the straw—a fair-

haired, blue-eyed young lieutenant; a face innocent enough for one of our own New England boys. I could not think of him as a rebel; he was too near heaven for that.—He wanted nothing; had not been willing to eat for days, his comrades said; but I coaxed him to try a little milk gruel, made nicely with lemon and brandy, and one of the satisfactions of our three weeks is the remembrance of the empty cup I took away afterward, and his perfect enjoyment of that supper. "It was so good; the best thing he had had since he was wounded," and he thanked me so much, and talked about his "good supper" for hours.

Poor creature, he had no care, and it was a surprise and pleasure to find himself thought of; so, in a pleased, childlike way, he talked about it till midnight, the attendant told me, as long as he spoke of anything, for at midnight the change came, and from that time he only thought of the old days before he was a soldier, when he sang hymns in his father's church. He sang them now again, in a clear, sweet voice. "Lord have mercy upon me;" and then, songs without words—a sort of low intoning. His father was a Lutheran clergyman in South Carolina, one of the rebels told us in the morning, when we went into the tent, to find him sliding out of our care.

All day long we watched him, sometimes fighting his battles over, oftener, singing his Lutheran chants, till in at the tent door, close to which he lay, looked a rebel soldier, just arrived with other prisoners.—He started when he saw the Lieutenant, and quickly kneeling down by him, called "Henry! Henry!" But Henry was looking at some one a great way off, and could not hear him. "Do you know this soldier?" we said. "Oh, yes, ma'am; and his brother is wounded and a prisoner, too, in the cars, now." Two or three men started after him, found him, and half carried him from the cars to our tent. "Henry" did not know him though; and he threw himself down by his side on the straw, and for the rest of the day lay in a sort of apathy, without speaking, except to assure himself that he could stay with his brother, without the risk of being separated from his fellow-prisoners.

And there the brothers lay, and there we strangers sat listening to the strong, clear voice, singing "Lord have mercy upon me." The Lord had mercy, and at sunset I put my hand on the lieutenant's heart to find it still. All night the brother lay close against the coffin, and in the morning went away with his comrades, leaving us to bury Henry, having "confidence," but first, thanking us for what we had done, and giving all that he had to show his gratitude, the palmetto ornament from his brother's cap and a button from his coat. Dr. W. read the burial service that morning at the grave, and wrote his name on the little head-board: "Lieut. Rauch, 14th Regiment, South Carolina Vols."

THE COST OF LIVING IN NEW YORK.
Real estate holds its own very well in comparison with gold, and the same is true of house-rents and board. A furnished house which in August rented at \$300 per month now readily brings \$500 per month. Another house, furnished, was rented at \$350 per month, and the occupant in searching for board, took a parlor and bedroom, which cost, without board, as much as was received for the rent of the whole house. These afford good examples of the present anomalous condition of things, for which depreciation in currency is accountable in part, but added to this is the crowded state of the city. Heretofore, the winter season has been a time when hotels had comparatively few guests, transient travel being very light, and proprietors were glad to make some deduction for permanent boarders. Of the latter class a large number always offer in the fall, after a sojourn in the country through the summer months. Now the peculiarity is that public houses have so much as they can do in accommodating strangers, so that no guest are accepted except with full board, (three dollars per day,) and even then transient custom is looked upon with most favor.—*Journal of Commerce.*

BRIGHT LIGHTS "GOING OUT WITH A FLASH."
It is remarkable, in many instances, how soon the line of descent of men of great genius has been cut off. We have no male descendants of William Shakespeare, Milton, Sir Walter Scott, or Lord Byron. Sir Isaac Newton left no heir.—The male branch of Sir Christopher Wren's family is extinct, and the female line nearly so. The races of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Telford and Brindley, have ceased to exist; and a hundred other famous names might be mentioned, to show to what a great extent this fact may be considered as a natural law. We had recently another illustration of this, when the grave closed upon the only son of Gen. Stephen without leaving any direct successor.

THE OLD BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer gives the following description of a visit to the late Bull Run battle-field: "On Monday night I rested with a part of the army that pitched their tents on the section of the old Bull Run battle-field adjacent to the Warrenton Pike. A poet might find here in the suggestive relics of the deadly strife the theme of an epic; or a painter might illustrate on canvas the horrors of war from the mementoes here left of its ruthless work.

Bullets are picked up and exhibited by the handful, and soldiers who participated in the fray, are comparing at the same time their gathered mementoes and their personal recollections of the bloody field. In the long luxuriant grass, one strikes his foot against skulls and bones, mingled with the deadly missiles that brought them to the earth.—Hollow skulls lie contiguous to hemispheres of exploded shells. The shallow graves rise here and there above the grass, sometimes in rows, sometimes alone, or scattered at irregular intervals.

Through the thin layer of soil that hides the nameless hero who gave his life for his country, one sees the protruding ribs, whence the rain has washed their covering, a foot or an arm reached out beyond its earthen bed; and once I saw one of these long sleepers covered snugly up to the chin, but with the entire face exposed and turned up to the passer-by; one could imagine him a soldier lying on the field wrapped up in his blanket, but that the blanket was of clay and the face was fleshless and eyeless.

In one case a foot protruded, with the flesh still partially preserved; in another case an entire skeleton lay exposed upon the surface, without any covering whatever. The tatters of what had been his uniform showed that he had been a cavalryman. The flesh was, of course, decomposed; but the tanned and shrivelled skin still incased the bony framework of the body, and even the finger-nails were in their places. The ligaments that fasten the joints must have been preserved, for he was lifted by the belt which was still around the waist, and not a bone fell out of its place.

When found he lay in the attitude of calm repose, like one who had fallen asleep from weariness. This was in the camp of the Ninth Massachusetts regiment. He was buried, as were many more that night who had waited a long fourteen months for their funeral rites. In fact the different pioneer corps were engaged for some time in paying this last tribute to the gallant dead, whose fragmentary remains were scattered round our camp. The Pennsylvania Reserves bivouacked for the night on the ground where they themselves were engaged in deadly strife in the battle of fourteen months ago, and the skulls and bones of some of their former companions in arms lay around within the light of their camp-fires. It may even have happened that men pitched their tents over the grave of a lost comrade, and again unwittingly rested under the same shelter with one who had often before shared their couch on the tented field.

A soldier of the first regiment struck his foot against a cartriidge-box near his tent, and picking it up read on it the name of an old associate, who had been among the missing, and whose death was only known from his prolonged absence. His resting place had at length been found, for near the box was a small mound of earth that doubtless contained his mouldering bones.

An officer of my acquaintance recognized the spot where his tent was located as one near which he was severely wounded, and where he lay through a long, weary night by the side of a dead captain. The painful reminiscences which the place called up rendered it anything but an agreeable camping-ground to him.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

Daniel Webster once said: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and amply rewarded is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the paper be takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting in it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school should him with a newspaper I will remember what a marked difference there was between those of my school-mates who had those and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the last in debate, composition, and in general intelligence."

Used to it.—Major N—, upon being asked if he was seriously hurt at the bursting of a boiler on a steamboat, replied that he was not, as he had been blown up so many times by his wife that a mere steamboat explosion had no effect upon him whatever.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT NEW-BORN CHILDREN.

It is unlucky to weigh them. If you do, they will probably die, and at any rate, will not thrive. I have caused great concern in the mind of a worthy old monthly nurse by insisting on weighing mine. They have, however, all done very well, with the exception of one, the weighing of whom, was accidentally forgotten to be performed.

The nurses always protested against the weighing, though in a timorous sort of way; saying that no doubt it was all nonsense, but still it had better not be done. It is not good for children to sleep upon bones—that is, upon the lap.—There seems to be some sense in this notion; it is doubtless better for a child to be supported throughout its whole length, instead of hanging down its head or legs, as it might probably do if sleeping on the lap.

Hesiod, in his *Works and Days*, forbids children of twelve months or twelve years old to be placed upon things not to be moved—which some have understood to mean *sepulchres*; if this is right, perhaps there is some connection between his injunction, and that which condemns the sleeping upon bones, though the modern bones are those of the living, and not of the dead.

Cats suck the breath of infants, and so kill them. This extremely unphilosophical notion of cats preferring exhausted to pure air, is frequently a cause of great annoyance to poor pussy, when, after having established herself close to a baby, in a snug warm cradle, she finds herself ignominiously hustled out, under suspicion of compassing the death of her quiet new acquaintance, who is not yet big enough to pull her tail.

When children first leave their mother's room, they must go *up stairs* before they go *down stairs*, otherwise they will never rise in the world. Of course, it frequently happens that there is "no up stairs" that the mother's room is the highest in the house. In this case the difficulty is met by the nurse setting a chair, and stepping upon that with the child in her arms as she leaves the room. I have seen this done.

A mother must not go outside her own house door till she goes to be "churched." Of course, the price of this is a good one. It is right, under such circumstances. The first use a woman should make of her restored strength, should be to go to church, and thank God for her recovery; but in practice this principle sometimes degenerates into mere superstition. If you rock an empty cradle, you will rock a new baby into it. This is a superstition in *viridi observantia*, and it is quite curious to see the face of alarm with which a poor woman, with her tenth baby in her arms, will dash across a room to prevent the "baby-but-one" from engaging in such a dangerous amusement as rocking the empty cradle.

In connection with this subject, it may be mentioned that there is a widely-spread notion among the poorer class, that rice, as an article of food, prevents the increase of the population. How the populosness of India and China are accounted for on this theory, I cannot say; probably those who entertain it never fully realize the existence of "foreign parts," but it is certain that there was not long ago a great outcry against the giving of rice to poor people under the poor law, as it was said to be done with a purpose.

A NATION OF PIGMIES.

In the bay of Bengal, on the very high road of commerce, is a group of islands thickly covered with impenetrable jungle, and swarming with leeches in the rainy, and ticks in the dry season. Except a species of pig, until recently unknown to science, there are no wild animals that offer any molestation to man; but to make up for this deficiency, the human inhabitants are amongst the most savage and hostile that voyagers have ever encountered. They may truly be termed a nation of pigmies, being on an average only four feet five inches high, and weighing from seventy to seventy-five pounds; but they are well proportioned, and display an agility and nimbleness truly wonderful. Their skin is dark, though not black as that of the negro, and their faces decidedly ugly. They go entirely naked, shave the hair off their head, and further increase their unsightly appearance by daubing themselves all over with a mixture of red ochre and oil; or covering their persons towards nightfall with a thick coating of soft mud, to serve as a protection against the mosquitoes, with which, in addition to the leeches and ticks, they seem to be tormented the whole year round. They are excellent swimmers, taken to the water almost before they can walk; and they rely upon the sea for the principal of their food—turtles, oysters, and fish.

HOW AN OLD BACHELOR LIVED AND DIED.

From an inquiry which recently took place in London, respecting the death of Mr. George Beamite, who died under very extraordinary circumstances, we glean the following interesting facts:

This gentleman was seventy-five years of age, possessed considerable property, and was formerly a barrister-at-law, and was a man of considerable ability, and although eccentric, of perfectly sound mind, and capable of managing his property.—For the past twenty years he has lived in almost total seclusion, no person, under any pretence whatever, being allowed to enter the three rooms in his occupation. His meals were prepared by his housekeeper, and were left on a tray at the door of the ante-room and then taken in by the deceased; and although many times in a state of ill-health he refused to have medical aid, but used to have sent in from a chemist a quantity of different medicines. All communications to him were received in the same way as his meals, and for more than twelve months he never left the house. It is believed that his time was chiefly spent in reading and writing, the society of his fellow man being entirely dispensed with.

On Wednesday, before the examination, the housekeeper went up as usual, with his dinner, but received no reply at the door, although she frequently called him she did not again see him alive. On Saturday morning, becoming alarmed, she made a communication to the police, and the door broken open, when a scene was presented which almost baffles description. On entering the ante-room, the floor was found to be strewn with hundreds of newspapers, writings, &c., chairs, tables, and other articles of furniture. In another room, the furniture, of very handsome description, was covered with dust nearly an inch thick, and the floor was strewn with trunks, papers, and books of science and law of much value. There were also three large bags filled with new boots, and several silver spoons lay upon the sideboards, and packages of candles, clothing, &c., were heaped up in all parts, in the utmost confusion. In this room, thickly covered with dust, was a large and costly painting of the crucifixion.

When the shutters were opened in the room a dreadful sight was presented. The deceased was found lying back in an arm-chair, quite dead, and in a rapid state of decomposition, having no doubt been dead for several days. He was dressed but in a very bad state, and by his side lay the remains of some food. There was not the slightest vestige of bed or bedding, and the deceased must, for twenty years, have slept in the same chair. In other parts of the room were scraps of bread, bottles of wine and medicine, this, as well as the other rooms, being almost impassable, while the light of day had evidently been shut out for years.—Upon a further search made by the police, £8 17s., in a bag, a gold and silver watch, twenty-six silver articles and other valuables were found, while upon the floor were scattered thirty keys. A post mortem examination was held, from which it was shown that death had resulted by exhaustion from low fever accelerated by neglect.

The Ravages of War.

The ravages caused by the war in Tennessee are thus graphically described:

"There is a portion of this State so devastated by the civil war as to be practically abandoned by the foot of man. The men are slumbering at Shiloh, Corinth and Stone River; the servants have gained their freedom; the women and children have fled to more remote and quiet precincts. Falling behind the retiring footsteps of humanity come the four-footed beasts and creeping things. The fox makes his burrow under the ruined dwellings where a happy people once dwelt. The serpent crawls under the floor of the church and school-house. The squirrel chatters and builds his nest upon the locust tree in the old yard, once noisy with the mirth of children.—The gum is rotting in the cool spring—the *partridge* whistles from the ridge-pole of the cabin. The wild bee seeks a store-house for his honey, fearless of detection by the human eye. All is returning to a state of nature. What a monument of the ravages of war.

At the Government Printing Office there are about 500 names on the payroll, including men, women and children. There are 112 compositors in the Congressional department. In the Executive Department there are 30 compositors. In the biliary room there are 50 men and 60 women. The *compositors* employed in the drying, wetting, galling and job rooms. A considerable number of young women are employed in the press room to feed the white sheets, the presses.

The substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury, on a man who died in a state of inebriation, was: "Death by hanging—round a rum shop." These are many such.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies, to those bounties which are so constantly enjoyed, that we are prone to forget the Source from which they come. Others have been added which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful Providence of Almighty God. In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to invite and provoke the aggressions of foreign States, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theatre of military conflict. While that theatre has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union, the needful diversions of wealth and strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the National defense have not arrested the plow, the shuttle nor the ship. The axe has enlarged the borders of our settlement; and the mines, as well of iron and coal as the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege and the battle-fields, and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect a continuance of years, with a large increase of freedom. No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things; they are the precious gifts of the Most High God, who while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. It has seemed to me right and proper that they should be solemnly, devoutly and gratefully acknowledged, as with one heart and voice, by the whole American people. I do, therefore, invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea and in foreign lands, to set apart, and observe the last Thursday in November next as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the heavens; and I recommend to them that while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to his tender care all those who have become widows, orphans or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged; and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty hand to heal the wounds of the nation and to restore it, as soon as may be consistent with the divine purposes, to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquility and Union.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.—Done at the City of Washington, this third day of October, in the year of our Lord, Eighteen hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
By the President:
WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Important to Persons who have paid Commutation Money—Exempted for three years.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—*War Gazette Official*—Col. Robert Nugent, A. A. P. M. General, New York.—The representations made by Dean and Richmond, and Peter Cogger, in a printed circular, dated October 27th; 1863 in respect to the Provost Marshal General, is untrue. It is not true that the State of New York is charged as with deficiency for every citizen who has paid the three hundred dollars commutation money, receiving credit therefor; on the contrary the State receives the same credit for a man who has paid the commutation as if the drafted citizen had gone in person or furnished a substitute; and in like manner towns which have raised the money to pay their quotas, receives the same credit as if actual substitutes had been furnished. The President has ordered that every citizen who has paid the three hundred commutation shall receive the same credit *therefore* as if he had furnished a substitute, and is exempted from military service for the time which he was drafted, viz: three years. As the misrepresentations of Dean, Richmond and Peter Cogger have been published and circulated for electioneering purposes, it is proper that you give them immediate correction.

JAMES B. FRY,
Provost Marshal General.

It is computed that the nicotine produced by one year's growth of tobacco of the whole world would destroy every living creature on the face of the globe, if its proportions were administered in a single dose.