

# The Waynesburg Messenger.

A Weekly Family Journal---Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Literature, Foreign, Domestic and General Intelligence, &c.

ESTABLISHED IN 1813.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1864.

NEW SERIES.---VOL. 6, NO. 18.

## THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER

PUBLISHED BY  
**R. W. JONES AND JAS. S. JENNINGS.**  
AT  
Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.

OFFICE NEARBY OPPOSITE THE  
**PUBLIC SQUARE**, PA.  
**TERMS**---  
\$2.00 in advance; \$2.25 at the expiration of six months; \$3.00 at the expiration of the year.  
Advertisements inserted at \$1.50 per square for three lines, and less counted a square. A liberal discount made for long advertisements.  
No particular attention will be given to the collection of Penalties, Bounty Money, Back Pay, and other claims against the Government.  
No. 11, 1864.

## Waynesburg Business Cards.

### ATTORNEYS.

**J. C. FITCHIE.**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law  
Waynesburg, Pa.  
Office---Main Street, one floor east of the old Bank Building.  
[For all business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette Counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention.]  
N. B.---Particular attention will be given to the collection of Penalties, Bounty Money, Back Pay, and other claims against the Government.  
No. 11, 1864.

**R. A. MCCONNELL.** **J. J. HUFFMAN.**  
**MCCONNELL & HUFFMAN.**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
Waynesburg, Pa.  
Office in the "Wright House," East Door, Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention.  
Waynesburg, April 28, 1863.---1y.

**DAVID CRAWFORD.**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in the Court House, West of the Court House, and attended to all business entrusted to his care.  
Waynesburg, Pa., July 20, 1863.---1y.

**C. A. BLACK.** **JOHN FIEBER.**  
**BLACK & PHELAN,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
Office in the Court House, Waynesburg.  
Sept. 11, 1861.---1y.

### SOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!

**D. R. P. HUSS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, WAYNESBURG, PENN.  
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 prosecution and collection of PENNANS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due discharged and furloughed soldiers, their widows, orphans, widows and children, fathers, sisters and brothers, who have served in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and who have been honorably discharged. He will attend promptly and accurately, and is situated in his office, No. 3, Cambridge Row,--April 8, 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. 25, 1863.

**W. A. G. CROSS**  
Physician and Surgeon, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due application of his skill, to attract attention to his business, to meet a share of public patronage.  
Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

### MERCEANTS.

**W. A. PORTER,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Goods, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861.---1y.

**MINOR & CO.,**  
Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Groceries, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861.---1y.

### BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

**J. D. COCHRAN,**  
Boot and Shoe Maker, Main Street, nearly opposite the "Furnace and Foundry" Building. Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.  
Sept. 11, 1861.---1y.

### GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

**JOHN MUNNELL,**  
Dealer in Groceries and Confectionaries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861.---1y.

### WATCHES AND JEWELRY

**S. M. BAILY,**  
Main Street, opposite the Wright House keeps always on hand and for sale, a large assortment of Watches and Jewelry.  
[Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry will receive prompt attention.]  
[Dec. 15, 1861]---1y.

### 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.---1y.

### SADDLES AND HARNESS.

**SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,**  
Saddlery, Harness and Trunk Maker, old Bank Building, Main Street.  
Sept. 11, 1861.---1y.

### BANK.

**FARMERS' & DRIVERS' BANK,**  
Waynesburg, Pa.  
C. A. BLACK, Pres't. **J. LAZEAR,** Cashier.  
Incorporated by Act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, March 22, 1861.  
WEDNESDAY  
Sept. 11, 1861.---1y.

### Rice's Landing.

### DAILY MAIL HACK

RUNNING REGULARLY BETWEEN  
**WAYNESBURG AND RICE'S LANDING.**

THE undersigned respectfully informs the generous public, that having the contract for the carrying of the mail between the above points, he has placed upon the route two new and commodious hacks for the accommodation of the traveling community. One will leave the Aden's House, Waynesburg, every morning, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, and will arrive at Rice's Landing in time for the Boat to Pittsburgh; the other will leave Rice's Landing at the same time and arrive in Waynesburg at noon. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of passengers.  
**FIMOTHY DOUGHER,** Proprietor.  
August 21, 1861, no. 9.

### WAYNESBURG STEAM MILL.

**W. M. ROGERS** respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has leased the NEW STEAM MILL, at Waynesburg, Pa., where he will always be found ready to accommodate who may desire to have their grain ground. Grinding done on the same terms as by water mill. FLOUR and FEED made exclusively on hand. Orders for grain can be taken on the premises.  
Yearly subscription.  
Oct. 21, 1861.

## Select Poetry.

From the Home Journal.  
**Only Seven Hundred Killed.**

**NEWSPAPER CAPTION.**  
Only seven hundred  
Robbed of their breath---  
Out of life suddenly---  
Hurried to death---  
On the red battle-field,  
Drenched in their gore,  
They were stretched fearfully,  
Waking no more.  
There, mid the regiments,  
Where cannon thundered,  
There lay the murdered men,  
Only seven hundred!

Some died in misery,  
Writhing with pain;  
Some, like extinguished lamps,  
Instantly slain.  
Piled up in heaps on heaps  
On the crushed grass,  
Wait they the human  
Icy hands to pass;  
All unresistingly  
There are they plundered---  
That little band of them,  
Only seven hundred!

Some have left families  
Flooded in tears---  
Left them in poverty,  
Sorrow and fears.  
Hors widows and orphans  
Send up their sad moans;  
There fathers and mothers  
Bewail their orphans.

By the hot cannon ball  
They have been sundered.  
Let the dead sleep---they are  
Only seven hundred.

Thousands on thousands went  
Out to the fray;  
Thousands on thousands fell  
Since the first day.

There have been streams of blood  
Poured out like rain;  
Figures exhaust themselves  
Counting their slain.

Is such a loss as this  
A thing to be wondered?  
Why make account of them?  
---Only seven hundred!

Man's inhumanity  
Makes thousands mourn.  
How long shall the savage fire  
In his heart burn?

War hardens the feelings,  
Puts love under ban,  
And rouses up all of  
The devil in man;  
Till in all show of pity  
He seems to have blundered,  
And, o'er crowds of the murdered, cries  
"Only seven hundred!"

## Miscellaneous.

### Growing Rich.

Your nephew, Felix Graham, is growing rich, I hear," said my neighbor Jones, as he carried me to the depot, whence I was to start for my sister's son's.

"Perhaps so," was my brief reply; "I do not know the state of his finances."

"There is no doubt of it, I think," he rejoined. "My brother met him last winter at the city swing bank, and saw him deposit a thousand dollars as the net gains of his farming the past year. I hear he is driving a great business this summer, and he will probably have another pile for investment when January comes round again. But you are going there, and will see for yourself; so, good-bye."

I had not visited Felix in four or five years. But having sent notice of my intention to go there by the early morning train, I was a little disappointed, on my arrival at the "Cross Roads," (which was the nearest station to his dwelling, and about two miles distant,) not to see the horse and chaise which had always been sent to me.

However, there was a decent conveyance called the Grahamville Express, which would take me almost to my nephew's door; and so I went along. The driver knew me, for the village had been my home before my marriage and removal to the city; and he spoke of Felix Graham as a man to be envied for his steady and growing prosperity.

"I hope to find him well, then," I said. "When I missed him and the black pony at the depot, I feared something was the matter."

"Ah, he was too busy to leave, I suspect. When a man has made up his mind to be rich he can't stop for trifles, you know."---And the expressman laughed as if the joke was as rich as the subject of it, and perhaps it was.

My nephew's daughters met me as the wagon stopped, and welcomed me most heartily. Jane and Lucy were sensible, affectionate girls, fast growing to womanhood. Taking my bag and band-box in their arms, they escorted me to the house; and then leaving me to the capital greetings of their dear mothers, they took me to my room.

"That is too heavy for the girls," I said, rising hastily to prevent it. But Mrs. Graham held me back.

"Felix expects us to manage such little matters," she replied. "He and the men are so busy always, and their time is worth so much more than ours," she added apologetically.

I did not meet my nephew till supper was on the table. "Glad to see you, Aunt Lois," he said as he shook my hand furiously, and hastened to take his seat. "I suppose you expected me at the depot, but this is my cucumber harvest, and every hour is worth so much gold to me. I shall get twenty-five cents for every cucumber I can send to market this week, and that will count up the money fast." The complacent, self-satisfied smile with which this was said, was a revelation to me.

"Have you read Mrs. Jones's last volume?" I inquired of Jennie, as she sat for a few moments in my chamber that evening.

"I have hardly seen a book since I left school two years since," was the reply. "Father says he cannot afford to buy them and I am too constantly occupied through the day, and too weary in the evening, to read much of it we had them." The sigh which followed Jennie's explanation went to my heart, for I knew how she loved to read and study when I saw her in her child hood.

"You are working too hard," I said to my nephew's wife as I followed her through the round of toil from Tuesday to Saturday. "With so many hired men to cook for, and such a dairy to tend, you need a stouter frame and stronger arms than you or the girls can boast."

"Yes, aunt, we are all doing too much," she said, sadly; but Felix is so bent on getting rich, that he cannot afford to hire help in the house; and the wearied woman shook her head hopelessly.

Sabbath came, and with it the morning and evening family devotions, which I had missed during all the week. I suppose my looks must have showed the surprise I felt, for my nephew attempted a hasty explanation.

"We get no time for this, week days, Aunt Lois, as you must have observed. I have so many men on hand that I can't afford them to lose a half-hour in the morning, and they don't value these things, you know. I have to keep a sharp eye to business, myself, to bring the year round about right. But I don't mean to give up my religion; so we read two or three chapters on Sabbath, when we can spare the time better."

Monday morning my visit was completed, and I started for home. Felix accompanied me to the depot, having business in that direction. When we reached the cars, a pale and feeble soldier, who had lost a leg in his country's service solicited help. My nephew turned a deaf ear to the moving appeal, his whispered apology to me being the two facts that "he wanted to lay up \$1,200 this year," and that "really government ought to take care of the soldiers."

When I reached my home, I sat down and wept; and though I did not explain the matter to my neighbor Jones, who came to meet me, I did say to myself, and I tell it in confidence, dear reader, to you, that it is my opinion Felix Graham is growing miserably poor.---*Springfield Republican.*

### Strange Discovery.

The laudable curiosity of tourists, as well as the investigations of science, daily unfold phenomena hitherto sealed to the eye of man.

On the shore of a place called Point Brule, in the vicinity of River John stands a rock washed by the waves of the St. Lawrence. Its outward or general appearance presents nothing uncommon or attractive, and certainly would not warrant the supposition that extraordinary developments would reward a careful examination of its parts. A few days ago some gentlemen, whilst waiting for the steamer, procured a skiff, and proceeded slowly round the shore. Not a breath of wind disturbed the repose of the sea, but when abreast of the rock a dull and splashing sound, as if from its centre, attracted and riveted attention. Curiosity of course pervaded, and scrambling to the top of the ledge a scene, strange and unexpected, burst upon the view, a basin scooped out, perfect as from the hand of art, and with a probable circumference of fifty feet, literally swarmed with living and wriggling eels! Amazement having subsided the question arose---how were these creatures furnished with water and food sufficient for their existence? Here again research solved the apparent mystery, and made all perfectly plain: About ten feet from the bottom of the reservoir an aperture appeared communicating with the sea, and above the low water level, each returning tide supplied a fresh element and permitted the congregated millions, egress and ingress at pleasure. To count the myriads in their bosom home the discoverers think would involve a hopeless calculation, and viewing it in this light, perhaps it will be wiser to consider in what way the knowledge thus obtained will benefit the public.---*Eastern Chronicle.*

Chancellor Kent thus wrote: "We live in a period of uncommon excitement. The spirit of the age is restless, presumptuous, and revolutionary. The rapidly increasing appetite for wealth, the inordinate taste for luxury which it engenders, the vilest spirit of speculation and the selfish emulation which it creates, the growing contempt for slow and moderate gains, the ardent thirst for pleasure and amusement, the diminishing reverence for the wisdom of the past, the disregard of the lessons of experience, the venerable institutions of ancestral policy; are so many bad symptoms of a diseased state of the public mind." Will this diseased state of mind ever be healed until the people are brought more fully under the influence of the Gospel? Alas! such are not all Christians. Some actually are, but many are not. They have heard the

福音, but they have not believed. Put down well for winter and summer, take good care, for out-door work, and do not get into bad habits. It is almost certain that you will go down.

### Scenes in Hospital.

A Washington correspondent sends the following inside view of hospital life.

Perhaps your readers would like to visit (those who have not personally visited) the hospitals in which the sick and wounded of our army are. If so come with me to Campbell Hospital, which is situated near the termination of the Seventh street car route. This hospital contains about twenty wards, and is calculated to accommodate about two thousand patients. We find a general air of cleanliness and comfort, which is gratifying to the visitor who has at heart the welfare of our brave wounded heroes, and also shows that the surgeon in command not only knows the value of these principles, but also sees that they are put in practice by those under him. Visitors are admitted from 10 A. M. to 7 P. M. If visitors be of the "softer" sex, you will probably be prompted to shrink back from going farther than the threshold. On either side of the long, wide room before you are rows of single beds, about three feet apart, with the heads resting against the wall, leaving a space through the centre of the floor about six feet wide. These beds are neat and comfortable, with clean white spreads over each. The wards are well ventilated. While passing through, the thought occurs that most of those patients are more comfortable here than they would be at home in their present state of health.

To a lady there is at first a feeling of almost insurmountable repugnance to entering the hospital, which only a strong sense of duty will overcome. On the threshold, with that scene before you of long rows of beds, with sick and wounded men, the newness of the scene is oppressive; you filter in your purpose; you lift up your thoughts for a moment to "Our Father" for strength and wisdom, that you may be enabled to say and do that which will comfort or soothe these sufferers.

You will feel the propriety of wearing a cheerful face though the pain is hard at your heart. You approach the first bed on your right; here lies a man with his arm swollen to twice its natural size, with every evidence of losing it in prospect. Does he suffer much? Generally the answer is "yes but I am fortunate in getting off so well. I might have been much worse." Next the patient on the left; he had a bullet in the leg, which has not yet been extracted. The wound looks venomous. After a word of comfort you pass to the next. He had recently suffered amputation just above the ankle, and the poor stump is snugly bound up. It is all he had left of that, while a bad wound in the other leg makes it doubly painful and difficult for him to move.

But, brave man, he moves the stump over to the other side of the bed first (prefering to do it himself), and then turns his attention to the wounded one, in order to get that over also, and in answer to your expressions of sympathy, remarks with a grim smile, "I have patience enough with this stump, but this other one I have no patience with. I think it ought to behave itself, because it has a foot." In the course of your visit you speak with a young hero who had quite recently lost his arm, and in answer to your surprise at finding him walking about cheerfully, he tells you that he walked about after it was amputated as soon as he recovered from the effects of the other. Another, who has but slight prospect of living beyond a week or two exclaims, as he glances at the first line of prayer for "Our soldiers on the Battle Field." "Yes, if I had some one to pray for us, that's what we want."

He is assured that prayer is being offered for them all over the land, and he replies, "I am glad, for we need it." He has tried to do his duty to his country, and wishes he had tried to do his duty to his God early in life. In reply to your inquiry, he says that he wants to be a Christian, and that he has been trying for three weeks to become one, exclaiming, "Oh, how foolish it is for people to put this off till the last." He is earnestly assured that even at the eleventh hour his desire to enter into the kingdom is welcomed by the Father above; to try no longer, but simply give himself just as he is to the Lamb of God, who died for all---for him. After a space of deep reflection, he replies, "I will try to do so---I do so." In all the words you meet brave hearts, who bear intense suffering patiently, and even cheerfully.

At length, when in order to heat his furnace, Bernard actually tore down the fence of his garden, and also tipped the flooring for fuel, there was an outcry that the experimentalist was insane. Just as their patience was quite exhausted, and they were ready to rush out and bring in those who would carry the head of the house to some place of restraint, Bernard uttered a cry of joy, for he brought out of his furnace an enameled cup of a kind of pottery until then unknown. This was the work he had been toiling to achieve, and now success crowned his efforts.

Directly the rumor of this discovery was made known. Neighbors saw its importance, and spread the tidings far and near. The king (Henry III. of France) sent for the ingenious workman and having assured himself of the great value of the discovery, gave him a patent, and put him at the head of an establishment called the Royal Rustic Pottery---and the inventor became known as Bernard Palissy, of the Tuileries.

The prejudices of his neighbors, and the poverty of his family all now passed away. By his useful invention of enameled pottery, he was the means of giving employment to hundreds, and increasing the conveniences of domestic life. For all the articles in use in the house, none are more conducive to cleanliness and comfort than good useful pottery. In the possession of this useful English people surpass the world, thanks to our Wedgwoods, Spodes and Copelands, Mintons and others. But in the times we speak of, Bernard Palissy was the inventor and benefactor who first gave to modern Europe specimens of improved pottery.

But it was not permitted to this earnest man to enjoy in quietude the results of his long career of toil. When he was old and lonely he had to bear his testimony to the faith that he professed. It was a time of terrible religious persecution, and the aged potter was shut up in the Bastille. The king, who professed both to admire and like the ingenious workman, visited him in prison; and, finding that he could not alter Palissy's opinion, he said, as he was about to take leave of him---

"That he was afraid he should be obliged to leave Palissy in the hands of his enemies."

The old man replied to the monarch: "You have said repeatedly, Sire, that you pity me. But I sincerely pity you. Be obliged---that is no royal expression. I will teach you a kingly language. Nor you, nor all your people shall oblige me to deny my faith. No, I will die first!"

Surely among the honorable class of workers this man deserves to be held in grateful remembrance.---*British Workman.*

### A Noble Working Man of Olden Times.

One May morning, in the year 1139, the inhabitants of the little French town of Saintes were both astounded and angry to see that a poor family had come to reside among them. They would have rejoiced to see a well-to-do household come, but they had no welcome to give to these poor people.

On inquiry, the neighbors learned that the head of the family was a painter on glass, called familiarly Bernard. As he was a very quiet, industrious man, the fears that his family would be a charge on the town gradually subsided.

But there was something that they did not understand. The man was always kneading clay and baking it, and making various experiments in trying to glaze it. Why should he neglect his regular trade, and injure his wife and family by all this fruitless trouble, which never seemed to end in his making anything worth looking at? But the silent Bernard was not a man that could be much interfered with. He was very sober, a keeper at home when the others were at the wine-house of an evening. So the neighbors were content to call him an unsocial fellow, and began to eye him with distrust, if not dislike.

How soon prejudice springs up in the mind, and how bad are its effects.---If these suspicious neighbors had been less hasty in judging Bernard, they would have found that he was a man to whom a great idea had come; and that he could not rest until he had worked it out. This Bernard was very religious, and his religion showed itself in his being in earnest in all that he did. He believed that God was honored by every faculty being dedicated to Him; and full of the belief that it was God's appointment that he should labor at his experiments, he continued to work on, unmoved by the jeers of some of his neighbors, and censures of others.

There were, however, some who pleaded with him that it was difficult to resist. These were his wife and children, who, after they saw that the husband and father had failed in many of his attempts, implored him to give up his plans, whatever they were, and return to the pursuits that would provide for the wants of the household. In vain Bernard told them that if he succeeded in making what he was attempting, that he should confer a great boon on the world, and by God's blessing, would enrich them; they mourned over his fruitless toil as the delusions of a madman.

At length, when in order to heat his furnace, Bernard actually tore down the fence of his garden, and also tipped the flooring for fuel, there was an outcry that the experimentalist was insane. Just as their patience was quite exhausted, and they were ready to rush out and bring in those who would carry the head of the house to some place of restraint, Bernard uttered a cry of joy, for he brought out of his furnace an enameled cup of a kind of pottery until then unknown. This was the work he had been toiling to achieve, and now success crowned his efforts.

### "You Taught Me, George."

Years ago, when a child, I attended the district or public school with other children of the village in which I resided. One day during the recess, while engaged in some game with my companions, I deliberately took God's name in vain. My playmates were evidently shocked to hear such language from one so young as myself, and one of them rushing up to me, exclaimed, "Who taught you such language?" accompanying his words with a push so hard as to cause me to fall to the ground. Recovering myself, I answered, "You taught me, George." He turned away abashed and confounded, exclaiming to himself, "Can it be possible!"

Soon after this our school closed, and the playmate mentioned moved to a distant part of the State, and did not return to his native village until we had become men. One day, while recalling the memories of childhood, pleasant and unpleasant, I referred to the incident related above, and inquired if he remembered it. "Remember it? Yes, that I do, as though it occurred but yesterday. Your words never left my mind. The thought that I had been the means of leading my younger companions astray by my own evil conduct had never entered my mind previous to this. Then my great sin in so doing so horrified me that, young though I was, I found no peace of mind or conscience until I confessed my wickedness before God, and humbly begged His pardoning mercy, and became, as I trust, a true Christian."

"Yes," said I, "you tried the only way to obtain peace, permanent peace. I too felt the deepest sorrow for my sin in profaning God's holy name, and to this day I sometimes shudder when I think of it, and wonder what I shall answer before the Judge of all the earth in the last great day. Alas, there is no answer to make. My only hope is that Christ's blood may be applied, in answer to my earnest prayers to wash away all stains from my guilty soul."

### I don't Like My Business.

There is no greater fallacy in the world, than that entertained by many young men, that some pursuits in life can be found wholly suited to their tastes, whims and fancies. This philosopher's stone can never be discovered, and every one who makes his life a search for it will be ruined. Much truth is contained in the Irishman's remark---"It is never easy to work hard." Let, therefore, the fact be always remembered by the young that no life-work can be found entirely agreeable to man. Success, always, lies at the top of the hill. If we would reach it, we can only do so by hard, persevering effort, while beset with difficulties of every kind. If you think you made a mistake in choosing the pursuit or profession you did, do not make another by leaving it. Spend all your energies in working and clinging to it, as you would to the life-boat that sustained you in the midst of the ocean. If you leave it, it is almost certain that you will go down.

## Family Circle.

### The Beginning of Evil.

Truths like the following can scarcely be repeated too often. We commend them to the readers of our paper. Young men for the most part are but little aware of the danger which attends the beginning of evil. No one becomes suddenly abandoned and profligate.---There is always gradual progress. He begins with slight, occasional departures from rectitude, and goes from one degree of guilt to another, until conscience becomes seared, the vicious habits of iniquity fixed, and the character forever ruined.

Nothing is more obvious than this connection between the beginning and consummation of evil; and yet hardly anything is more difficult than to convince the young of its reality. In entering upon the wrong courses they have not the least expectation or fear of the dreadful issue. They mean not to proceed beyond the point of safety, and they have no doubt they can easily effect an escape whenever danger appears; but ere they are aware, they are arrested by the iron grasp of habit, and ruined forever.

Take, for example, the young man who occasionally drinks to excess in the social circle; he does not dream that he is entering upon a course which will probably end in confirmed intemperance. He means no harm; he says of the sin, "Is it not a little one? There can be no danger in it. But soon his bonds are made strong, and he becomes the slave of a sottish vice.

Thus it is with all vicious practices.---However slight at first, they tend, by a strong and necessary impulse, to the point of utter depravity of principle and ruin of character. There is no safety but in guarding against the first appearances of evil. To step upon forbidden ground is to throw one's self into the power of the destroyer; and if God interpose not to deliver, ruin is inevitable. It was a wise saying among the ancients, that the way of vice lies down hill. If you take but a few steps the motion soon becomes so momentous and violent, that it is impossible for you to resist it.

### Neither confiscation of property, political executions of persons, territorial organization of States, nor forcible abolition of slavery should be contemplated for a moment.---Letter to President Lincoln, July 7, 1862.

### In prosecuting this war, all private property and unarmed persons should be strictly protected, subject to the necessity of military operations.---Letter to the President, July 7, 1862.

### Military arrests should not be tolerated, except in places where active hostilities exist; and oaths not required by enactments constitutionally made should be neither demanded nor received.---Letter to the President, July 7, 1862.

### A declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies.---Letter to the President, July 7, 1862.

### It is not deemed best to intrust me with the command even of my own army, I simply ask to be permitted to share its fate on the field of battle.---Dispatch to General Halleck, August 30, 1862.

### By pursuing the political course I have always advised, it is possible to bring about permanent restoration of the Union---a reunion by which the rights of both sections shall be preserved, and by which both parties shall preserve their self-respect, while they respect each other.---General McClellan's Report.

### In the arrangement and conduct of campaigns the direction should be left to professional soldiers.---General McClellan's Report.

### I am devoutly grateful to God that my last campaign was crowned with a victory which saved the nation from the greatest peril it had then undergone.---General McClellan's Report.

### At such a time as this, and in such a struggle, political partnership should be merged in a true and brave patriotism which thinks only of the good of the whole country.---General McClellan's West Point Oration.

### LINCOLN'S DEFEAT CONCEDED BY A LEADING REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.---The Albany Statesman (Rep.) of last evening thus announces the nomination and the effect of the nomination of Gen. McClellan: "In nominating Gen. McClellan the Democrats place their very strongest man in the field---a man who will poll a larger army vote than any Democrat who could possibly be put in nomination. The abuse which Mr. Chatham met, with in the Convention from Mr. Harrison of Maryland, and other traitors of the same stamp, cannot fail to be beneficial to the nominee with the better portion of the American people. "The Democrats having nominated Gen. McClellan, forces the Republicans to do one of two things---withdrew Mr. Lincoln, from the canvass, or ELSE SEE THE DEMOCRATS CARRY THE ELECTION BY AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY. As Mr. Lincoln cannot unite the party HE MUST BE DEFEATED."

## Political.

### WATCHWORDS FOR PATRIOTS.

**Mottoes for the Campaign Selected from Gen. McClellan's Writings.**

The true issue for which we are writing is the preservation of the Union and upholding the laws of the General Government.---Instructions to General Burnside, January 7, 1862.

We are fighting solely for the integrity of the Union, to uphold the power of our National Government, and to restore to the nation the blessings of peace and good order.---Instructions to General Halleck, &c.

You will please constantly to bear in mind the precise issue for which we are fighting; that issue is the preservation of the Union and the restoration of the full authority of the General Government over all portions of our territory.---Instructions to Gen. Buell, November 7, 1861.

We shall most readily suppress this rebellion and restore the authority of the Government by religiously respecting the constitutional rights of all.---Instructions to General Buell, November 7, 1861.

Be careful so to treat the unarmed inhabitants as to contract, not widen, the breach existing between us and the rebels.---Instructions to General Buell, November 12, 1861.

I have always found that it is the tendency of subordinates to make vexatious arrests on mere suspicion.---Instructions