

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, MARCH 12, 1862.

NEW SERIES.--VOL. 3, NO. 39.

THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER,
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AT
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OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE
PUBLIC SQUARE.

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Advertisements inserted at \$1.00 per square for three insertions, and 50 cents a square for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less covered a square.)
A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.
For Job Printing, of all kinds, executed in the best style, and on reasonable terms, at the "Messenger" Job Office.

Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

R. A. MCCONNELL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office in the new frame building corner of Main and Washington streets, and nearly opposite the new Hotel.
Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention
Waynesburg, February 5, 1862--ly.

J. A. J. BUCHANAN. Wm. C. LINDSEY.
BUCHANAN & LINDSEY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
Office on the North side of Main street, two doors West of the "Republican" Office. Jan. 1, 1862.

A. A. PURMAN. J. G. RITCHIE.
PURMAN & RITCHIE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Waynesburg, Pa.
All business in Greene, Washington, and Fayette Counties, entrusted to them, will receive prompt attention.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

H. W. DOWNEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Ledwith's Building, opposite the Court House.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

DAVID CRAWFORD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Sayers' Building, adjoining the Post Office.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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

PHYSICIANS.

DR. D. W. BRADEN,
Physician and Surgeon. Office in the Old Bank Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

DR. W. L. CREIGH,
Physician and Surgeon,
and Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Paints, &c., &c., Main street, a few doors east of the Bank.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary, and Dealer in Paints and Oils, the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Liquors for medicinal purposes.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

MERCHANTS.

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

GEO. HOSKINSON,
Opposite the Court House, keeps always on hand a large stock of Seasonable Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, and Notions generally.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

ANDREW WILSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Drugs, Notions, Hardware, Queensware, Stoueware, Looking Glasses, Iron and Nails, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Main street, one door east of the Old Bank.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, one door west of the Adams House, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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

CLOTHING.

N. CLARK,
Dealer in Men and Boy's Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinetts, Hats and Caps, &c., Main street, opposite the Court House.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

A. J. SOWERS,
Dealer in Men and Boy's Clothing, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Old Bank Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861--4m.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.
J. D. COSGRAY,
Boot and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Drover's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

J. B. RICKEY,
Boot and Shoe maker, Saver's Corner, Main street. Boots and Shoes of every variety always on hand or made to order on short notice.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumeries, Liverpool Ware, &c., Glass of all sizes, and Oil, Moulding and Looking Glass Plates.
Cash paid for good cating Apples.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

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

BOOKS &c.

LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers, Wilson's Old Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

BANK.

FARMER'S & DROVERS' BANK,
Waynesburg, Pa.
C. A. BLACK, President. LAZEAR, Cashier.
DISCOUNT DAY,
WEDNESDAY.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS.

SAMUEL M'ALLISTER,
Saddle, Harness and Trunk Maker, Main street, three doors west of the Adams House.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

TOBACCONISTS.

HOBBS & HAGER,
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Tobacco, Snuff, and Cigars, Wilson's Old Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--ly.

Select Miscellany.

WHAT POOR BOYS CAN DO.

And we might as well say, too, "What poor girls can do," for we have many remarkable examples of girls born in humble life, who have risen to stations of great honor and usefulness. But as we happen now to have a particular case in mind, we have made our title read accordingly.

The western part of Massachusetts, as all know who have been there, is very rough, rocky and mountainous. After one crosses the Connecticut river, going westward, he soon comes to the beginning of the Berkshire hills. This is not one single line of hills, but a great spreading region of hills, twenty or thirty miles wide. The towns in this district of country are mostly small in population, and the people live scattered. The roads are steep and hard. The pasture lands are good, but the fields are full of rocks, and it is difficult to cultivate them.

A little more than fifty years ago, in one of the towns on the eastern side of this rocky academy, a Mr. M. was keeping a little academy. As he came to his school room early one winter morning, he found a lad sitting on one of the benches, who was a perfect stranger to him. Wondering who he was, and why he should be there, he began to question him. The lad told him that he had come over that morning, on foot, from a neighboring town, several miles away among the hills, that he wanted very much to get an education, that he had heard of his school, and he had come to see whether there might not be some way by which he could join it. Mr. M. asked him of his parents. The boy said they were very poor, and were not able to do much for him, and he had no friends to assist him, but he wanted to get an education, and he thought there must be some way by which it could be done. The teacher found that he meant by an "education," not simply going to school for a few months, but a thorough collegiate and theological course. He wanted to be a minister. Mr. M. set before him the difficulties of the undertaking, the expense of going through three long years of study. The boy had thought of all that; but other boys, starting from poverty, had found their way through, and he thought he might. At any rate, he wanted very much to try.

The teacher found by all this conversation, that though the lad did not know exactly how it was to be done, yet there was in him a fixed idea that it might be done in some way. His purpose was strong and his will decided to make the attempt. Not daring any longer to discourage a lad who was so resolute, he assisted him in finding a place where he could work, for his board and pursue his studies. When the school closed in the spring, the teacher was satisfied that the boy was right. He had made great progress in his studies. He had shown that unflinching will and courage, before which difficulties give way. He had fairly started, and there was no thought in him of going back.

But we must not stop to follow him through all the steps of the long and difficult journey upon which he had set out. He went through as he thought he should, though he did not know at first how. We have told from what region of country he came, and how he set out; and now we will skip over several years, and look at him after his education is completed.

He was a distinguished scholar, and after he finished his course of public studies, he was appointed Professor in one of our New England Colleges, and went to Europe on some service connected with the college. He was in Paris, soon to return to this country, when the Foreign Missionary Society wanted him to go as missionary to Palestine, and had obtained the consent of the college, provided he himself were willing to go. Word was sent to Paris what had been done, and after considering the matter carefully, and with prayer, he decided to go on this mission. He did not return to this country, but went directly on his way to Palestine, and now for about forty years he has been a faithful and laborious missionary in that quarter of the world, distinguished for his learning and usefulness.

This lad, who found his way out from the rough hills of his native town, and from the poverty to which he was born, has a name in the world now of great dignity and honor, which came from a life of self-denial and Christian usefulness. For several years past he has been at Athens, in Greece, laboring to bring men to a knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ. This poor boy is Dr. Jonas King, and if our young readers do not know much about him, or about what he is doing, this story which we have told of him may lead them to be more interested in him, and to learn more about the work in which he is engaged.

How much nobler it is to live in this way, to conquer and overcome the obstacles that stand in our path, than to float along just as it happens, and grow up a person of not much account in the world anyway! Let the poor boy who reads this realize that, with the help of God, he will be something, and do something in

his short life--something which shall make those around him, and those who come after him, bless him for what he has done.

A Bad Habit.

A great many husbands, especially in the country, spend their evenings away from home; formerly at the tavern, but now at the store, talking politics and general business. Is this right? Is it generous? Has not the wife as good a right to spend her evenings abroad? And what would the husband think to be left alone to take care of the house? Is it fair? Did you not promise to love your wife, and cherish her? And is this the way to fulfill your vows? Home should be the pleasantest of all places, both to husband and wife. There the evenings of both should be spent. And this is the way to keep alive the fires of love, and to warm the heart with a general usefulness. Wives may not complain, but they feel, and deeply, the absence of their husbands. They want their company; want their sympathy, and they ought to have it. Especially, if there are children in the house, should the husband be at home. The wife, in her sphere, labors as hard as the husband in his; and when the evening comes, she and her little ones have a right to the company of the husband and the father.

And what good comes of lounging at the store? It is a habit and a bad habit. We do not object to passing an evening occasionally in this way, when it is necessary in the way of business. But it is a bad sign to see a man hanging about a grocery in the evening. He does not care much for mental improvement, or for the society of women. The best husbands are those who love their wives best, love their company, and do the most to make them happy. The best fathers are lovers of home, lovers of their children. To a good husband and father, absence from home is always regretted. It is submitted to as a necessity, when it cannot be avoided; but the good husband and father loves his home; loves his family; delights in the circle of domestic affection; and is never so happy as under his own roof, and among those of his own blood. Husbands, think of this; if your evenings are lounged away at the store, break off at once, and acquire the habit of staying at home; of helping your wife and becoming her companion, and the companion of your children.

The London Times.
THE following information about the great "Thunderer," which we find in *Chambers's Journal*, will interest our readers:--

"It was on the 1st of January, 1788, that the *Times* first appeared--nineteen years after the *Morning Chronicle*, sixteen after the *Morning Herald*, and six before the *Morning Advertiser*. Nominally, its birth was on the day here named; but in reality it was a continuation under a new name of the *Universal Register*, a daily paper which had been commenced in 1785, one year after the *Morning Herald*. From first to last, the *Times* has been chiefly the property of one family, the Walters. The first Mr. Walter was more of a printer than an editor, and the *Times*, under him, did not take precedence of the other daily papers. The second Mr. Walter, who assumed control in 1803, was a man of wonderful tact and energy; he took a very decided part against the Pitt ministry, and contrived that the *Times* should always create a ferment in one way or another. The government bitterly opposed him, and adopted various expedients to prevent him from obtaining correct information as to what was going on in the court, in the government; and in foreign countries; and there were also numerous imprisonments to be borne, and fines to be paid, for statements which were deemed libels in those days. All this served only the more to rouse the energies of Mr. Walter. The more determination he showed, the more liberally was his paper bought by the public, and the more numerous were profitable advertisements sent him for insertion. The earlier numbers of the *Times* consisted of four pages of four columns each, but the number of pages and the size of each page gradually increased.

In 1814, Mr. Walter began the bold system of printing his newspapers by steam. In subsequent years the great upward starts of the *Times* in circulation seem to have taken place immediately after some striking public events, as if the vigorous writing in that journal had drawn new streams of subscribers to it. It was talked of as a great thing, when, on the 10th of January, 1806, the *Times* sold a few additional thousand copies, on account of its narrative of the funeral of Lord Nelson. In 1828, the regular sale was seven thousand. On February 10th, 1840, when the account of the Queen's marriage appeared, the *Times* sold thirty thousand copies. Curiosity-hunters were wonder-struck, and calculated that all the columns of all the copies, if laid end to end, would reach from the Land's End to York-shire. Eleven years afterward, however, the regular issue was thirty-eight thousand copies; and on the day after the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, the number of the *Times* sold was fifty-two thousand. Rush's trial carried off forty-five thousand; and the opening of the Royal Exchange fifty-four thousand. These numbers were far exceeded on the 19th of November, 1852, when the account of the Duke of Wellington's funeral commanded a sale of seventy thousand copies, which were printed at the rate of ten thousand or twelve thousand per hour. The gradual but vast increase in advertisements brought the proprietors of the *Times* so much money that they could afford to incur expenses utterly beyond the power of any other journal in the world. The Russian war of 1854-5-6 brought out the *Times* in greater force than ever; the glowing articles by Mr. Russell; the splendid fund raised by the *Times* for the poor suffering soldiers; and administered by its own commissioner; the voluminous correspondence of which it became the medium; and the absolute necessity for the government to pay attention to what this particular journal said and thought--all tended to give to the *Times* a greater influence than was ever possessed by any other newspaper, English or foreign. No other newspaper has been so often or so heartily abused. The proprietors, editors, and writers, take the abuse with great equanimity. They do not exactly announce their independence in the form adopted by an American newspaper a few years ago:--

We do not belong to our patrons:
Our paper is wholly our own;
Whoever may like it, may take it;
Who don't may just let it alone."

but they imply this; and the world, in spite of assertions to the contrary, believes them.

So long as men are imprudent in their diet and business, doctors and lawyers will ride in their carriages.

Virtue forgives injury, even as the sandal-tree perfumes the hatchet that falls it.

Children always turn toward the light. O that grown-up people in this world become like little children!

The ancients dreaded death; the Christian can only fear dying.

Millionaire Stewart.
The war is fast piling full the coffers of certain big operators. A New York letter says:

"It is safe to affirm that no single merchant, banker, or other person, whatever calling in the world, is coining money at so rushing a rate as is Alexander T. Stewart, of this city. During at least one year of his dry goods experience he has been known to clear profits amounting to one million two hundred thousand dollars, and his usual gains have been estimated at one million per annum: but since April last, as the reasonable sequence of a lack of commercial confidence and numerous failures among merchants, Stewart's business has vastly augmented, until his sales have ranged at a million dollars weekly, for weeks in succession. The trade of all classes seems to set like a flood towards the Broadway marble palace, and now, men, women and children have come to consider it impossible to pass any number of days without visiting Stewart's. It is the varied beehive in the country at this time. But, startling as it may seem, the retail and wholesale drygoods business is not the most active or profitable department of this mammoth establishment--if rumor does not mistake the case. We are told that the millionaire merchant is making money in fabulous sums from Government contractors for blankets, army cloth, clothing, and various *cetera* not found usually upon the retail counters down town stairs. It seems that Stewart was shrewd enough to foresee the immense and continuous demand likely to arise for clothing materials and army supplies of such sort, and early proceeded to engage from many of the manufacturers their entire production for several months ahead. When our venerated Uncle Samuel came into market, he found himself forestalled by the Broadway merchant, and was compelled to pay tribute to the marble palace or go without the goods. In fact, Mr. Stewart had at one time so completely a monopoly that Government had to give him the contract for making many thousand uniforms, simply because no one else could get or furnish the cloth from which to manufacture them. I know of one instance where contracts were so plenty in the hands of the gentleman referred to that he threw in a little job of making fourteen or fifteen thousand uniforms as a sort of make-weight in negotiating the job of a lot of army cloth. Who wouldn't be a member of the Union Defence Committee under such interesting circumstances?"

The Three P's.
PROMPTITUDE, PERSEVERANCE & PAINSTAKING.

At the close of the last century, a poor, awkward, uncouth boy entered London, but he was so long, lank and ungainly, that he seemed fit only to be the drudge of a printing-office; run errands, bring water, sweep the floor, and the like. Already had poverty and hardness of the world made him sour, unhopeful and independent. Under less discouragements, many a youth has abandoned himself to an aimless life, having no higher aim than to live but for the day, or, worse still, has plunged headlong into all the extravagances and indulgences connected with thriftlessness and crime. But the boy had vigorous health; this imparted to him a mental vim, a moral power, which soon showed itself to his employer. He was prompt, persevering and painstaking; and with these three qualities, in spite of the fact that he was good at nothing, in everything tolerable only, he made his patient way, step by step, to the woolsack of England, and lately died, (worth a million of dollars,) among the most honored men of his nation and age--Lord Chief-Justice Campbell. In this case, vigorous health was a mine of wealth; a better fortune than if he had been the heir of many thousands. And certain it is, that the world would be a happier world, and the men in it would be happier, better and greater, if one title of the time, and care, and study, which parents bestow on the accumulation of money to leave their children, were devoted to the physical education and training necessary to secure a vigorous constitution. Of any two young men starting on the race of life, one poor but healthy, the other rich and effeminate, other things being equal, the chances for usefulness, honor, and a well-remembered name, are manifold in favor of the former. Who that reads this article will lay it down and resolve: "I will do more to leave my children a vigorous constitution?"

Another element in the success of Lord Chief-Justice Campbell was, that his employer seeing his dull nature, but noticing at the same time that when he had anything to do, he went at it promptly; and with great pains-taking kept it until the work in hand was done, although done painfully slow, he patted him on the shoulder, always spoke cheerfully to him, and thus stimulated him to greater activities. How many a youth in school, how many an ap-

prentice in the shop, how many a child in the family, has gone out in the night of a blighted life, who, with humane encouragements, might have lived usefully and died famous! Let the passionate teacher and master and parent inquire, and do a little more patting on the shoulder.--*Journal of Health.*

comes in front, turns facing the cross, bows, and walks on around to his place. This is repeated until the twelve Apostles, large as life, walk out, bow, and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous game cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps his wings, stretches forth his neck and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside of the church to some distance, and with life-like naturalness. Then all is still as death.

An Editor's Duties.

Mr. R. Wilford, editor of the *Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle*, on recently retiring from that paper, enumerated, at a dinner given him, the following as among the duties of an editor: "He must argue with the writers of rejected contributions; mollify the indignation of susceptible people whose heads some obscure or unnoticeable cap in the paper fits, and who refuse to wear it, (laughter;) keep all the hands employed, avoid either pressure or want of copy; insert something about everything that turns up, even if it be only a few lines, so that the paper may not be disgraced by an announcement that, owing to the pressing demands upon our space, we are reluctantly compelled to postpone our important meeting at--until to-morrow. He must wade through yards of reporting, handfuls of 'dimes,' and queries of communications from district correspondents, weeding out redundancies, and 'doctoring up' generally, a process for which by the way, I am sorry to say, he gets no credit whatever. The reader says: 'What an excellent paragraph that was of Brown's! Lots of people have been talking about it, and all agree that it is capital!' Why, the fact was, that the editor spent twenty minutes in 'touching-up' that identical fifty-four line paragraph for which Brown gets so much praise. He must know every body and everybody's connections, so that if Mr. Smith, address unknown, puts a figure in the London papers, the event may be duly chronicled at home for the benefit of Smith's admiring fellow-townsmen. He must be acquainted with the locality and orthography of every place under the sun; be familiar with the names, dignities, and history of every person, famous and notorious; have a smattering of all the 'ologies and isms; mechanics, music, the drama, and the fine arts--in short, be a living dictionary of useful knowledge, 'known and read of all men'."

The Conduct of the War.

We extract the following graphic passage from a late speech of the eccentric yet successful American in England, George F. Train:

"I have often read descriptions of the wholesale game hunting of some lands--the sportsman surrounds the woodland for miles and beats steadily up to the centre--where the rattle of rifles deals death and destruction on every side. Such is now the Federal policy."

"No better analogy can be found than that of the Bastille prisoner who was placed in an elegant apartment, with light, and fruit and flowers. His punishment seemed a luxury, till one day he imagined that, while the proportions of his apartment were the same, the room had lessened in size. Again he looked, and sure enough there was a change. Where is the wonderful machinery? Pale with doubt--listening with suspense--each day he noticed the contraction of the walls. Closer and closer they came--shutting out window after window--but no hand was seen, no noise heard--all was as still as death. His doom was sealed. An inch to-day, another to-morrow--one grip of the four walls, and all was over. The man was pressed to death foot by foot--inch by inch, and he knew not from whence emanated the secret power that crushed him! So it is with this ungodly revolution. Little by little--step by step--battalion by battalion--the camp is being surrounded--and another mail may bring the startling news of the death-knell of treason."

A Wonderful Clock.

The clock in the tower of the Cathedral of Strausburg, is not only a monster in size, but is the most wonderful piece of mechanism in the world. It is one hundred feet high, thirty feet wide, and fifteen feet deep. About twenty feet from the bottom is the dial, on each side of which is a cherub, holding a small mallet in his hand, while over the dial strikes the first quarter, and that on the right the second quarter. Figure feet above the dial is a colossal figure of Time, with a bell in his left hand and a scythe in his right. A figure of a young man in front strikes the third quarter on the bell in Time's left hand, and then turns and glides with a slow step around behind Time, when out comes an old man with a mallet and places himself in front of the great reaper. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man deliberately strikes, with much power, twelve times on the bell. He then glides slowly behind Time, and the young man again comes out and takes his position, ready to do his duty when called upon by the machinery. As soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is set in motion, some twelve feet higher, where there is a high cross with the image of Christ upon it. The instant twelve is struck a figure of one of the Apostles walks out from behind,

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Religious Condition of the Sandwich Islands.

A recent number of the *Friend*, published at Honolulu, makes the following statement:--"We are confident that the cause of Evangelical Protestantism was ever more firmly established among the Hawaiians than at the present time. Large accessions have been made during the past year to the Protestant churches in Honolulu. At Waikane (in the north part of the Island) the natives have caused to be erected a small, neat wooden church edifice, costing near \$1200. It has been built and paid for within two years. At Haula, the people have just repaired their church at an expense of \$1100. At the time of our visit there was a debt of about \$300. On the 27th ult., there was a large gathering for the purpose of paying off the debt, when \$460 was contributed, and subsequently sufficient has been paid to amount to \$500, or \$200 more than the debt!"

How brightens up the darkest hour.