

The Waynesburg Messenger.

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

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Sept. 11, 1861--14.

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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 PENSIORS, BOUNTY, BACK PAY, due discharged and disabled soldiers, widows, orphan children, widowed mothers, 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.

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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. 23, 1863.

DR. A. G. CROSS
WOULD respectfully tender his services as a PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due application of human skill, health, and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. Waynesburg, January 8, 1862.

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Sept. 11, 1861--14.

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Sept. 11, 1861--14.

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Sept. 11, 1861--14.

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J. D. COSGRAY,
Boot and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Driver's Bank," in every style of Boots and Shoes, constantly on hand or made to order.
Sept. 11, 1861--14.

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Cash paid for good quality Apples.
Sept. 11, 1861--14.

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Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, and Variety Goods Generally, Wilson's New Building, Main street.
Sept. 11, 1861--14.

Miscellaneous.

MAXIMS TO LIVE AND THRIVE BY.
One of the wealthiest men in Philadelphia, as assuredly the least proud of his wealth, as wealth, is our respected and benevolent fellow-citizen, John Grigg, Esq., founder of the great bookselling and publishing house of Grigg & Elliot, (now J. B. Lippincott & Co.) which by the boldness, extent, and success of its business, gave an immense advance to the sale and publication of books in the United States. He has made his way to fortune by following a few plain and practical business rules, which, in fact, constitute a moral code for all who desire to gain success, by deserving it. These rules, which we copy from the *American Publishers' Circular*, are as follows:

1. Be industrious and economical. Waste neither time or money in small and useless pleasures and indulgences. If the young can be induced to begin to save the moment they enter on the paths of life, the way will ever become easier before them, and they will not fail to attain a competency and that without denying themselves any of the real necessities and comforts of life. Our people are certainly among the most improvident and extravagant on the face of the earth. It is enough to make the merchant of the old school, who looks back and thinks what economy, prudence, and discretion, he had to bring to bear on his own business (and which are in fact the basis of all successful enterprise), start back in astonishment to look at the ruthless waste and extravagance of the age and people. The highest test of respectability with me is honest industry. Well-directed industry makes men happy. The really noble class, the class that was noble when "Adam delv'd and Eve spun," and have preserved their patent to this day untarnished, is the laborious and industrious. Until men have learned industry, economy, and self-control, they cannot be safely entrusted with wealth.

2. To industry and economy add self-reliance. Do not take too much advice. The business man must keep at the helm and steer his own ship. In early life every one should be taught to think for himself. A man's talents are never brought out until he is thrown to some extent upon his own resources. If in every difficulty he has only to run to his principal, and then implicitly obey the directions he may receive, he will require that aptitude of perception, that promptness of decision, and that firmness of purpose, which are absolutely necessary to those who hold important stations. A certain degree of independent feeling is essential to the full development of the intellectual character.

3. Remember that punctuality is the mother of confidence. It is not enough that the merchant fulfills his engagements, he must do what he undertakes precisely at the time, as well as in the way he agreed to. The mutual dependence of merchants is so great, that their engagements, like a chain, which, according to the law of physics, is never stronger than at its weakest link, are often broken through the weakness of others that their own. But a prompt fulfillment of engagements is not only of the utmost importance because it enables others to meet their own engagements promptly; it is also the best evidence that the merchant has his affairs well ordered, his means at command, his forces marshaled, and "everything ready for action" in short, that he knows his own strength. This is it which inspires confidence, as much perhaps as the meeting of the engagement.

4. Attend to the minutia of the business, small things as well as great. See that the store is opened early, goods brushed up, twine and nails picked up, and all ready for business. A young man should consider capital, if he has it, or as he may acquire it, merely as tools with which he is to work, not as a substitute for the necessity of labor. It is often the case that diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to great enterprises. Those make the best officers who have served in the ranks. We may say of labor, as Coleridge said of poetry, it is its own sweetest reward. It is the best of physics.

5. Let the young merchant remember that selfishness is the meanest of vices, and is the parent of a thousand more. It not only interferes with the means and with the end of acquisition--not only makes money more difficult to get, and not worth having when it is got, but it is narrowing to the mind and to the heart. Selfishness "keeps a shilling so close to the eye, that it cannot see a dollar beyond." Never be narrow and contracted in your views. Life abounds in instances of the brilliant results of a generous policy.

Be frank. Say what you mean. Do what you say. So shall you be known and take for granted

that you mean to do what is just and right.

6. Accustom yourself to think vigorously. Mental, like pecuniary capital, to be worth anything, must be well invested--must be rightly adjusted and applied, and, to this end, careful, deep, and intense thought is necessary if great results are looked for.

7. Marry early. The man of business should marry as soon as possible, after twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. A woman of mind will conform to the necessities of the day of small beginnings; and in choosing a wife a man should look at--1st, the heart; 2d, the mind; 3d, the person.

8. Everything, however remote, that has any bearing upon success, must be taken advantage of. The business man should be continually on the watch for information, and ideas that will throw light on his path, and he should be an attentive reader of all practical books, especially those relating to business, trade, &c., as well as a portion of useful and ennobling literature.

9. Never forget a favor, for ingratitude is the basest trait of man's heart. Always honor your country, and remember that our country is the very best poor man's country in the world.

DOMESTIC INFELICITIES.

Every lady who has ever lived in New York or vicinity, and been obliged to depend on the intelligence offices for servants, will appreciate the following narration. It is well known that the servants of the present day learned to value luxury and ease in the kitchen, as much as the mistress in the parlor, and have carried their ideas beyond the bounds of propriety in many cases, expecting that the kitchen will be filled with machines, for saving labor, which they are to propel, by the smallest possible amount of an outlay of strength, on their part. An interview with one of these operatives, the particulars of which are strictly reliable, will illustrate my remark.

A lady from Flatbush, L. I., was visiting a friend of mine in a Massachusetts, and it chanced, the conversation one day turned upon the trials of housekeeping, not the least of which is the care of servants. She said that she once, not long since, engaged a cook in New York, and in due time the damsel presented herself with the newspaper parcel containing her wardrobe, for the week of trial. Before proceeding to lay off her bonnet, she turned to the lady and said, "Now, Mrs. Bradford, I always like to have a good old-fashioned talk with the lady I begins with before I begin. I'm awful tempered, but I'm dreadful forgiving. Have you flecker's Flour, Beebe's Range--hot and cold water, stationary tubs, oil cloth on floor, dumb waiter?" Then follows her self-planned programme for the week.

Monday I washes. I see to be left alone that day. Tuesday I irons. Nobody's to come near me that day. Wednesday I bakes. I see to be left alone that day. Thursday I picks up the house. Nobody's to come near me on that day. Friday I goes to the city. Nobody's to come near me that day. Saturday I bakes, and Saturday afternoon my beau comes to me. Nobody's to come near me that day. Sunday I has to myself!

Rising, she asked for a look into her sub-parlor. One hasty glance--"No oilcloth on kitchen floor? I can't work here." "You had better go," said Mrs. B., "for you can't work here," and she closed the door on the indignant female with a hearty feeling of relief.

It is high time there was a radical change in the management of servants, for they demand so much, and expect to render so small an equivalent in service. As strange truths as these could be told every day, almost every housekeeper has some bitter experiences to pass through. The first question a servant asks now-a-days, is not "what can I do for you, ma'am?" but "what privileges do you give, ma'am?" and if company be not allowed every evening when the damsel is not herself out, if the whole Sabbath be not granted for her especial perquisite, from "matins" to "vespers," if the "trivets" may not be invited to a party occasionally, if free access be not granted to store, closet and pantry, tea canister, and flour barrel, besides soap box, empty quite frequently, a lady is voted mean and unworthy of being served.

WASTE OF CITIES.

Paris throws five millions a year into the sea. And this without metaphor. How, and in what manner? Day and night. With what thought? Without thinking of it. With what object? Without any object. For what return? For nothing. By means of what organ? By means of its intestine. What is intestine? Its sewers. Five millions is the most moderate of the approximate figures which the estimates of special science give.

Science, after long experiment now knows that the most effective of manures is that of man. The Chinese, we must say to our shame, knew it before us. No Chinese peasant, Ekeberg tells us, goes to the city without carrying back, at the two ends of his bamboo, bucketful of what we call filth. Thanks to human fertilization, the earth in China is still as young as in the days of Abraham. Chinese wheat yields a hundred and twenty fold. There is no guano comparable in fertility with the detritus of a capital. A great city is the most powerful of sterco-rarities. To employ the city to enrich the plain would be a sure success. If our gold is filth, on the other hand our filth is gold. What is done with this filth, gold? It is swept into abyss.

We fit out convoys of ships, at great expense, to gather up at the South pole the droppings of petrels and penguins, and the incalculable element of wealth which we have under our own hand we send to the sea. All the human and animal manure which the world loses, if restored to the land instead of being thrown into the sea, would suffice to nourish the world.

These heaps of garbage at the corners of stone blocks, these tumbrils of mire jolting through the streets at night, these horrid scavengers' carts, these fetid streams of subterranean slime which the pavement hides from you, do you know what all this is? It is the flowering meadow, it is the green grass, it is marjoram and thyme and sage, it is game, it is cattle, it is the satisfied low huge oxen at evening, it is perfumed hay, it is golden corn, it is bread on your table, it is warm blood in your veins, it is health, it is joy, it is life! Thus will that mysterious creation which transformation and transfiguration in heaven. Put that into great crucible; your abundance shall spring from it. The nutrition of the plains makes the nourishment of men. You have the power to throw away this wealth, and to think no ridiculous the climax of your ignorance.

Statistics show that France, alone, makes a liquidation of a hundred millions every year into the Atlantic from the mouths of her rivers. Mark this with that hundred millions you might pay a quarter of the expense of the Government. The cleverness of man is such that he prefers to throw this hundred millions into the gutters. It is the very substance of the people which is carried away here, drop by drop, there in floods, by the wretched vomiting of our sewers into the rivers, and the gigantic collection of our rivers into the ocean. Each bicough of our cloaca costs us a thousand francs. From this come two results--the land is impoverished and the water infected; hunger rising from the furrow and disease rising from the river. It is notorious, for instance, that at this hour the Thames is poisoning London.--Victor Hugo.

A PARAGRAPH FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The Wheeling intelligencer says: "Every little miss who will look up to the word, 'Housewife' in Webster's dictionary will find the flame and description of a little article that, to the soldiers in the field, is extremely acceptable. One of the public schools in Pittsburgh sent a box of them to the Christian Commission, and the youthful donors have been blessed for the gift by as many soldiers as there were 'housewives' to give them.

The article is simply a receptacle for buttons, thread, pins, needles, tape, &c. Odds and ends of the work-bag furnish the material, though oiled muslin or other waterproof stuff is better. The moment the box reached the field, 'Do give me one, sir,' was the word until the last one was gone. The government would economize by issuing them to the soldiers, that they might mend their own clothes, but the schools-girls must do it instead. If the girls of the public and private schools would set at once to work they could earn the gratitude of every soldier that their presents reach."

The English, to their shame, permitted the sister and only surviving relative of the late gallant Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of, Acre, to live in abject penury. Republics are not alone ungrateful.

If there was a little bell so attached to the hearts of man as to ring every time he did what was wrong, this would be a musical world.

DON'T ROOK THE BABY.

If all the ultimate consequences of one's acts are to be laid to his charge says the *Agriculturist*, the man who invented rocking cradles for children rests under a fearful load of responsibility. The down-right murder of tens of thousands of infants, and the weakened brains of hundreds of thousands of adults, are undoubtedly results of his invention. To rock a child in a cradle, or to swing him in a crib, amounts to just this: the rapid motion disturbs the natural flow of the blood, and produces stupor or drowsiness. Can anybody suppose for a moment that such an operation is a healthful one? Every one knows the dizzy and often sickening effect of moving rapidly in a swing; yet wherein does this differ from the motion a child receives when rocked in a cradle? It is equivalent to lying in a ship berth during a violent storm; and that sickens nine people out of ten. A very gentle, slow motion, may sometimes be soothing, though always of doubtful expediency, but to move a cradle as rapidly as the swing of a pendulum three feet long, that is once in a second, is positive cruelty. We always feel like grasping and staying the arm of the mother or nurse who, to secure quietude, swings the cradle or crib with a rapidity equal to that of a pendulum a foot long. If any mother is disposed to laugh at our suggestions or consider them whimsical, we beg of her to have a bed or cot hung on cords, then lie down in it herself, and have some one swing it with the same rapidity that she allows the cradle to be rocked. What she will experience in both head and stomach, is just what the infant experiences.

We insist that this rocking of children is a useless habit. If not accustomed to rocking, they will go to sleep quite as well when lying quietly, as when shaken in a cradle. If they do not, there is trouble from sickness, or hunger, or more likely from an overloaded stomach; and though the rocking may produce a temporary stupor, the trouble made worse thereafter, by the unnatural means taken to produce quiet for the time being.

THE GREAT FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA.

In the small town of Prussian Silesia, there is a chapel dedicated to Virgin Mary, and considerably enriched with valuable oblations made by pious Roman Catholics. The sexton observed one day that some of the oblations had disappeared. The suspicion fell on a soldier of the garrison, who was constantly seen the first to come in and the last to go out. One day he was stopped just as he was setting his foot out of the gate; and being searched, two silver hearts that had been appended before the Virgin were found in his pocket. He had the assurance to pretend that he had committed no robbery--affirming that the Virgin, for whom he had ever professed a peculiar devotion, moved by his poverty, had made him a present of the offerings. This excuse, however, as may well be imagined, availed him nothing, and he was condemned to die as a church robber. The sentence being, as usual, carried to the king for his approbation, his majesty convened the chiefs of the Catholic clergy, and put this question to them: "Whether according to the dogmatical tenets of their religion, there was any possibility in the story of the soldiers?" Upon which they all unanimously answered, that the event was indeed uncommon, but not absolutely impossible. After this declaration, the king wrote under the sentence--"The delinquent having constantly denied the theft, and the divines of his persuasion attesting that the prodigy wrought in his favor was not impossible, we think proper to spare his life; but, at the same, for the future, we make it death for him to receive any present of the Virgin Mary, or of any saint whatever.--FREDERICK."

THE POTATOE ROT.

Thos. Carpenter, of Battle Creek, Mich., communicates the following as his mode of fighting off the potato rot:

"Now I will tell you how I manage; promising that I never yet had potatoes rot in the ground, and that I am 63 years old. I plant my potatoes in the latter part of April or fore part of May, and in the old of the Moon. When they get up six inches high, I plaster and dress them out nicely. Now for the secret. When the sets show for blossoming, then is the time to take two parts plaster and one part fine salt; mix well together, and put one large spoonful of this compound on each hill; drop it as nearly in the centre of the hill as possible. Just as soon as the potatoes are ripe, take them out of the ground, have them perfectly dry when put in the cellar, and keep them in a dry cool place. Some farmers let their potatoes remain in the ground, soaking through all the cold Fall rains until the snow flies. The potatoes become diseased in this way more and more every year; hence the potato rot. With such management they should rot."

TO MAKE OLDER VINEGAR.

The vinegar manufactured from acids enters largely in the consumption of towns and cities and to some extent into that of the country also. Whiskey with all its adulterations is used for the purpose of making pickles, and in that manner lends its aid to the destroyer of human life. Many other different methods of procuring the sour of life are practiced, and many of which are not only productive of deleterious influences to the health of ourselves and our children, but require far more labor than ought to be bestowed upon that branch of a house-wife's business.

We live in an age of labor-saving machines, and we ought to economize, both in labor and money, as well in the less important matters of living as in the more important. And to apply a little Yankee ingenuity in this case is not so difficult as many people imagine. Almost every family in the country have the materials for manufacturing pure cider vinegar, if they will only use them. Common dried apples, with a little molasses and brown paper are all you need to make the best cider vinegar. And what is still better, the cider which you extract from the apples, does not detract from the value of the apples for any other purpose.

Soak your apples a few hours--washing and rubbing them occasionally, then take them out of the water and thoroughly strain the latter through a tight woven cloth--put it into a jug, add half a pint of molasses to a gallon of liquor and a piece of common brown paper, and set it in the sun, or by the fire, and in a few days your vinegar will be fit for use. Have two jugs and use out of one while the other is working. No family need be destitute of good vinegar, if they will follow the above directions.

SMALL TALK.

But of all the expedients to make the head weak, the brain gauzy, and to bring life down to the consistency of a cambric handkerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is contemptuously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meager fare--how continue existence in such a famine of topics, and on such short allowance of sense--is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are, who will go on dawdling in this way, from fifteen to four-score, and never a hint on their tombstones that they died at last of consumption of the head, and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God, spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wondering "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon to her bonnet?" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, abounding them to regard its garnered stores, both of emotion and thought, and they think, "it's high time, if John intends to marry our Sarah, for him to pop the question?" When, to be sure, this trippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal with nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life.--E. P. Whipple.

MAKE A BEGINNING.

Remember, in all things, that you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first dollar in the saving banks, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things; they furnished a beginning, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcasts is now creeping and crawling his way through the world who might have held up his head, and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning!

TO HUSBANDS.

Winter wood, prepared in advance and well seasoned, will make a sweet tempered wife, a warm room, and a cleanly well-cooked meal. It will cost less wood. It will work easier when dry than when green. It will make more ashes, which arc among the best of manures. It will be a satisfaction to a man to know he has such wood on hand. Your fire will seldom go out; and if it does, it can readily be built with seasoned wood, but--can it with green?

Experiments have shown that a man's finger nails grow their complete length in four months and a half. A man living seventy years, renews his nails one hundred and eighty-six times. Allowing each nail an inch long, he has grown seven feet and nine inches of finger nail on each finger, and on fingers and thumbs an aggregate of seventy-seven feet and six inches.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

BABYLON.

A writer in *Blackwood* paints the following picture of the desolation that surrounds and enshrouds the once mighty Babylonian empire: "In the distance, high above the plain, loomed a great mound of earth. On both sides of us lay what looked like long parallel ranges of hills. These lines are pronounced to be the remains of those canals that once conducted the waters of the Euphrates over the length and breadth of the ancient Babylonia. What mighty canals they must have been, that still showed under the roll of centuries such substantial traces! Now not so much as a drop of water; no, not even a drop of heaven's pearly dew, ever glistens, where once ships must have navigated. These mighty banks that carried fertility to every corner of the ancient kingdom are now mere useless, sightless mounds.

No morning mist, moistening the thirsty earth, ever hangs over them. No rain clouds ever shadow them, tempering the rays of a fierce daily returning sun. The end of her that 'dwelleth upon many waters' has been brought only too surely. The awful prophecies had been fulfilled, and desolation, in all its nakedness, in all its dreariness, was around us. After riding some two hours we arrived at the foot of the great mound that we had seen in the morning. We dismounted and scrambled to the top for we had even arrived at the ruins of Babylon; and this great mound of earth that we were on was the grave of the golden city.

I believe from the summit, raised some hundred feet above the plain, the walls of the ancient city may be traced. But a hot wind driving burning sand and the impalpable dust of ages into the pores of our skins, made every effort to open an eye so terribly painful that we gave up the idea in despair of either tracing walls, or indeed, of looking about us much anywhere.

I remember seeing, away to the west, lines of willows, and a silver thread winding away in the distance; and nearer, some unsightly bare mounds, looking as if some volcanic fire had been at work underneath the smooth surface of the plain, and had thrown these mounds up in the spirit of pure mischief. That silver thread was our first glimpse of the waters of the Euphrates, and the mounds of all that remain of the once beautiful hanging gardens of Babylon; at least so the conjecture of men of research has accounted for them. But so completely have the prophecies been fulfilled--so completely has the "name and the remnant been cut off" of all pertaining to the once mighty city, that even the great hill on which we were standing is only by conjecture supposed to be the ruin of some great building or royal palace that stood within the walls--possibly the palace of Semiramis.

We descended from the great mound, and made for those lesser mounds which are supposed to be the site of the hanging gardens of Nitocris and Semiramis. In one spot--the only thing we saw in the shape of a building in a state of ruin was a mass of vitrified brickwork, piercing the old soil and debris of centuries, angio upwards. The bricks were square, of large size, and beautiful make, the angle of some clear and sharp, as if the brick had but left the kiln yesterday, instead of nearly twice two thousand years ago. Turning into a little hollow way between the mounds, we came suddenly upon the colossal stone lion. Time with his leaden hand had knocked away all the sharp angles of the statue. The features of the lion are completely obliterated, as are also those of the prostrate form that lies so helpless, so utterly and wholly human, beneath the upraised paw of the king of beasts.

The group presents itself to the eye, owing to the wear of old Time, much in the appearance of those vast blocks of Carrara marble which the bold chisel of Michael Angelo struck into, and then, at the point that the shapeless marble had begun to assume the merest "abozzo" of the great sculptor's ideas; the block was suddenly abandoned and left as a wonder and a puzzle to future ages, so does this group of the lion and the man now bear an unfinished, unwrought appearance; but you cannot look at it a moment, and not instantly avow the majesty and grandeur of the idea that once lay there so mightily embodied. This dark colossal statue, which may once have stood under the gorgeous roof of a temple, and before which the queenly Semiramis, proud and supremely beautiful, may once have bowed, stands now canopied by the grandest of all canopies--certainly--high heaven--but never noticed by the wind that sweeps moaning over it and the jackals that yelp around, as they hold high revel over the bones of some camel who has been good enough to die in the vicinity.

A union of Methodist denominations in Canada is now agitated