

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, JANUARY 13, 1864.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 5, NO. 31.

THE WAYNESBURG MESSENGER

PUBLISHED BY
A. W. JONES AND JAS. S. JENNINGS.

Waynesburg, Greene County, Pa.

OFFICE NEARLY OPPOSITE THE
PUBLIC SQUARE. —

TERMS:

Subscription—\$2.00 in advance; \$2.25 at the expiration of six months; \$3.50 after the expiration of the year.

Advertisements inserted at \$1.25 per square for three insertions, and 25 cts. a square for each additional insertion; ten lines or less counted as a square.

There is liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

For advertising, of all kinds, executed in the best style, and on reasonable terms, at the "Messenger" Office.

Waynesburg Business Cards.

ATTORNEYS.

W. L. WILLY, J. A. J. BUCHANAN, D. R. P. HUSS
W. L. BUCHANAN & HUSS,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
Waynesburg, Pa.

Office in the Courts of Greene and adjoining counties. Collections and other legal business will receive prompt attention.

Office on the South side of Main street, in the Old Bank Building. Jan. 8, 1863.—12.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW

J. G. RITCHIE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Waynesburg, Pa.

Office in the Court House, Washington, and Fayette Counties, embraced to them, will receive prompt attention.

W. B.—Particular attention will be given to the collection of Penitentiary Bounty Money, Back Pay and other claims against the Government. Sept. 11, 1861.—14.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW

K. A. WOODRUFF, J. J. HUFFMAN,
WOODRUFF & HUFFMAN,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Waynesburg, Pa.

Office in the "Wright House," East Door.
Collections and other legal business will receive prompt attention. Jan. 13, 1864.—17.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW

DAVID CRAWFORD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW

BLACK & PHELAN,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Office in the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.
Sept. 11, 1861.—16.

BOLDIERS' WAR CLAIMS!

D. R. P. HUSS
HUSS & INGHAM
Attorneys at Law, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania.

Have 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 presentation and collection of the claims for unpaid wages, bounty pay, back pay, and other claims of soldiers, sailors, and marines, and their families, widows, orphans and children, widowed mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, of the late Army and Navy. These laws and instructions are of great value and importance, and will be attended to promptly and accurately if forwarded to their care. Office in the Old Bank Building—April 8, 1863.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

G. W. G. WADDELL,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
Office in the REGISTER'S OFFICE, Court House, Waynesburg, Pa. Business of all kinds received. Has received official copies of all laws passed by Congress, and other necessary instructions for the collection of the claims for unpaid wages, bounty pay, back pay, and other claims of soldiers, sailors, and marines, and their families, widows, orphans and children, widowed mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, of the late Army and Navy. These laws and instructions are of great value and importance, and will be attended to promptly and accurately if forwarded to their care. Office in the Old Bank Building—April 8, 1863.

PATRIOTIC.

DR. T. W. ROSS,
Physician and Surgeon,
Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE ON MAIN STREET,
East and nearly opposite the Wright house.
Waynesburg, Pa., 1863.

DR. A. G. CROSS,
Would very respectfully tender his services as a Physician and Surgeon, to the people of Waynesburg and vicinity. He hopes by a due application of human life and health, and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. Waynesburg, January 8, 1864.

DRUGS.

M. A. HARVEY,
Druggist and Apothecary, and Dealer in Patents and other articles of general utility. Has on hand a large assortment of the most celebrated Patent Medicines, and Pure Liqueurs for medicinal purposes. Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

MERCHANTS.

WM. A. PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Groceries, Groceries, Notions, &c., Main Street. Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

R. CLARK,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware and notions, in the Hamilton House, opposite the Court House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

MINOR & CO.,

Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware and Notions, opposite the Green House, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS.

J. D. COSSGRAY,
Boot and Shoe maker, Main street, nearly opposite the "Farmer's and Draper's Bank." Every style of Boots and Shoes constantly on hand or made to order. Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

GROCERIES & VARIETIES.

JOSEPH YATER,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, Notions, Medicines, Perfumery, Hardware, Groceries, &c. Glass of all sizes, and Glass Moulding and Looking Glass Frames. Cash paid for good eating Apples. Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

JOHN MUNNELL,
Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries, and Variety Goods Generally, in the North Building, Main street. Sept. 11, 1861.—15.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

S. M. BAILY,
Main street, opposite the Wright House keeps always on hand a large and elegant assortment of Watches and Jewelry. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry will receive prompt attention. Oct. 11, 1861.—17.

BOOKS &c.

LEWIS DAY,
Dealer in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers. One door east of the Court House, Main Street. Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

CADDIS AND HARDWARE.

SAFELY PRESERVED,
Caddis and Hardware, Stationery, Ink, Magazines and Papers. One door east of the Court House, Main Street. Sept. 11, 1861.—17.

Select Poetry.

Christmas-Eve.

The following verses, by a true woman, simple, touching, and teeming with mother-love, come to us from Monroe, Michigan:

'Tis Christmas-eve! the tireless clock is tolling the hours away,
And my household all are sleeping, dreaming of Christmas-day.

My countless varying duties are finished, one by one,
Still there is always something left—my work is never done;
So I sit down by the cradle, my little one to rock,
And while I sing a lullaby, I knit for him a sock.

I've filled some little stockings with candy and with toys,
And hung them by the chimney-place, to please my darling boys.

They're sleeping sweetly in their cribs, I've tucked the clothes in tight,
I've heard them say their evening prayer, and kissed them both good-night.

I know that, ere the daylight shall through the curtain peep,
Their Merry Christmas wishes shall wake me from my sleep.

I've many, many thoughts to-night, and they are sad to me:
Two stockings only hang, this year, where three were wont to be—
The tears are falling thickly as I think of the day

When I laid that little stocking forevermore away;
For the happy one that hung it there, but one short year ago,
In yonder graveyard quietly sleeping 'neath the snow.

How many little stockings, that on last Christmas-day
Were filled by darling little ones, have since been put away!
How many smiling faces, that to our nursery door

Came wishing "Merry Christmas," will come again no more!
Their waxen hands are folded upon each quiet breast,
And the Shepherd, God, has gathered those little lambs to rest.

How many pleasant visions, and oh, what sad ones too,
With each succeeding Christmas-eve, come vividly to view!
I see again my childhood's home, and all my loved one's face;

The stockings hanging, as of yore, around the chimney-place,
From the wee red one of baby's to grandpa's sock of gray—
Each in its own accustomed place, not even one away.

But the pleasant vision passes, and one of darker shade
Reveals how many changes each Christmas-eve has made;
For those whose stockings hung there so closely side by side,

In happy days of childhood, are scattered far and wide!
A few still linger here to see this Christmas-eve pass by,
But many, many more to-night within the churchyard lie.

The baby's sock is finished—'tis sprinkled o'er with tears:
Where will his tiny footsteps wander in future years?
Perhaps this innocent will live to see, as I have done,

The Christmas-eves of childhood steal onward, one by one;
But, whether a life of sorrow, or whether a life of joy,
I feel that I can trust with God my much-loved baby boy.

The clock has struck the hour of twelve! I've put the sock away,
And, by the baby's cradle, I now kneel down to pray—
To ask that loving Saviour who on Christmas morn was given

To save our souls from sin and death, and fit us all for heaven,
That He would guide our footsteps, and fill us with His love,
That we may sing together a Christmas hymn above.

—[TOPOGRAPHIC ADVERTISER.]

Sensible Englishwoman.

An accomplished English lady, in a recent contribution to *Fraser's Magazine*, says:—

"If at any time I needed to find a gentleman who should sit me in my little difficulties of travel, or show me a kindness with that consideration of a woman which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North American gentleman. They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people."

Sometimes, on Saturday last, an Englishman living near North Vermont, had a letter from a lady, which contained the following notice, which was published in the paper of that date:

Miscellaneous.

Modern Food, Drink, and Medicine.

Let us begin with bread. If the natural history of a loaf could be thoroughly known, it would often have an ugly interest of its own. Perhaps the wheat flour was mixed with as much care as the ingredients of a medical prescription. So much of damage, so much old Kentish, a dash of pure American, to make the percentage of damaged Odessa pass muster, and then the compositions pass into the hands of Macduff and Patten, the bakers. They, too, have their little additions to make; and what with Indian meal, bean flour, potatoes, and as much alum as will impart a dazzling whiteness, they add a good many inches to the staff of life. "Custom of the trade," says Patten, and Mephistopheles chuckles to hear the echo of his own persuasive voice.

There are men who are not satisfied with even this—bold rogues, who must needs mix plaster of Paris or pounded spar by the hundred weight, with the flour they sell, and they get found out and fined, and pay the penalty of rashness. Fair and softly is a safer rule. Mr. Bull is a patient animal, but prefers to be homoeopathically poisoned, not to swallow his proverbial "peck of dirt" at a single deglutition.

Second in popularity to bread, and second to that only, is the blood of honest John Barleycorn. It was not likely to escape adulteration, and many an illicit fortune has been screwed out of a mash-tub and beer-barrel. In this respect the humbler classes are the chief sufferers. Creaming bitter ale, mighty burton, and other high-priced beers, are pure, or nearly pure. Young Rapid of Christ Church may be pretty secure that his silver tankard brims over with generous liquor made from the best malt and hops that money can ever buy.

Poor Sam Jones, the coal-whipper, is just as sure to imbibe a stupefying draught of drugged beer at his house of call. The great brewers do not adulterate beer; they leave it to the smaller folks to drop quassia, tobacco juice, grains of paradise, and *Cocculus Indicus* into the vats where should be but wholesome materials. But every great brewer has his feudal tenantry, his scores of publicans bound over to sell monthly some casks of ale from the brewery. Scarcely any pure beer can be bought by retail; it is made the most of, with water to add bulk, and drugs to add potency. Ignorant men are said rather to prefer the house where the beer is richest in narcotics; they get intoxicated at a cheaper rate, and sit sodden and blinking, like ruminating oxen, on the benches.

Wine fares no better. Many of us never through life really know Bacchus as he is. We meet with him in a perpetual masquerade, so disguised that the vine-grower would not recognize his own produce. Port and Sherry, the red and white of old days, are elaborately manufactured. A good deal is done in Portugal, where the chemistry of wine is well understood, but London improves on Lisbon.

What with log-wood chips, boiled to a pulp—what with sloe and elder-berries, with apple-juce, brown brandy, and essence of fruit, the Lusitanian grape is transformed with a vengeance. It is said that raw beef, left to soak in a cask, improves the flavor. Be that as it may, Paternianitas sip a sophisticated port; and that is but a queer cordial which Irish Mike absorbs at the Plasterer's Arms. Branded sherry, loaded claret, vin cadinaire, whose acidity is counteracted by sugar of lead, champagne that owes its frothing amber to the turpentine, the rhubarb stalk, the gooseberry—what gallons of these vile potations are forced down the throat of a thirsty and gullible public!

Coarse spirits, too, whether gin or brandy, contain a liberal percentage of turpentine, cayenne pepper, and other fiery ingredients. They are death in the wine-glass, death in the tumbler, or if not death, sickness and impaired vitality. It may be seen bad enough to drug and hocus the unoffending British public, but here steps in a new despot, stunting the measure in which these suspicious beverages are supplied. A hundred years ago port wine was eighteen pence a bottle, and a bottle held a fair quart. It has been dwindling ever since, the three gallons being first stretched so as to fill fifteen flasks, then eighteen, and so on. Where, now, are the corpulent magnates of old-day—where the honest bottles from which our grandfathers drank the king's health? A wine bottle is now thought praiseworthy if it contain a pint and a quarter—"kicks" growing deeper every decade, and a pint of ale insults the understanding of the buyer, yielding as it does one sorry half pint of liquid, an unblinking composition of ten shillings in the pound.

Suppose we adjure alcohol in any form, give our personal assent to a law of private application, and fly for consolation to our grocer. Tea and coffee—supposed potations—shall be all in all to me. But stay, there is a newer lease upon me. One year, for instance, has gone by, and you may believe, and the leaves have been heated and mixed with metallic crystals to produce a new and improved tea.

friend to be no coffee at all, but Belgian hickory and roasted beans. Hardly an article sold by Messrs. Laquer and Gripp will bear a close inspection.—Cayenne—psaw! mere brick dust, common pepper, red lead and oxyd of mercury. Curry—absurd! tumeric, pepper, mustard, lime powder. Durham mustard—ridiculous, my dear sir! a thing as rare as roe's egg, and not to be obtained even at Apothecary's Hall. Wax candles are not wax; olive oil does not exactly come from olives.—However sovereign a thing "parmaceti" may be, the sperm candles you buy owe but half their substance to the whales of the equator; sardines are sprats in masquerade; pickles have more copper and acid in their jars than wholesome gherkins should harbor; nothing is what it professes to be. Oddly enough, the oldest accusation against grocers is a gratuitous calumny. Sugar is never sanded, at least at retail. The reason is obvious. Slica is not soluble in water, and who ever found a small sand-bank at the bottom of his tea-cup?—The coarsest brown Muscovado, swarming with lively acari, never contains sand.

But, however, lends itself to base uses. "Good fresh" depends for its constituents on more sources than the cow with the crumpled horn. Fifty per cent. of animal fat, ten or fifteen of bruised moss, or no uncommon adjuncts. Salt butter, especially in the manufactory districts, is often buttered salt, rather than salt butter. Half the weight of a tub of "prime Irish" has been known to consist of downright salt, and of the remaining substance half was talow. Pepper is full of miscellaneous sweepings, and spices are not at all from the Indian seas.

If, rather unwell after a course of such trying condiments, we consult our doctor, his prescriptions do not entirely square with their results. Good physic is too rare, since Macbeth's time, to be thrown to the dogs. It is quite as scarce as good food, probably scarcer.—For while many of us are good judges of viands and drink, few have a searching taste in drugs, and the blow-pipe and test tubes are wanted to throw a light upon the subject.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Marriage of Royal Widows.

Concerning the rumor of the second marriage of Queen Victoria, C. C. Hazewell, in the Boston Traveller, gossips thus pleasantly:—"The English of the present day do not fancy the re-marriage of royal ladies, though the kind of thing is not unknown to their annals. Adelia of Louvalne, second wife of Henry I., took a second husband in the person of William de Albini, and the marriage was a very happy one. Isabella of Angouleme, wife of King John, of unblemished memory, took a second husband, the Comte de la Marche, a Lusignan, and bore him eight children. Isabella of Valois, second wife of Richard II., had for her second husband her cousin, the Duke of Orleans, a poet of much renown. Katherine of Valois, wife and widow of Henry V., the hero of Shrewsbury and Azincour, grew tired of a single life and married Owen Tudor, a handsome young Welshman, whose face was his fortune, and who had fought as a common soldier in her royal husband's armies. This was a most important marriage, and has colored history for well nigh four centuries; for if it had never been consummated, the House of Tudor never would have had a place in the list of dynasties, and the influence of that house on the world's history, though as a royal line, it existed less than 118 years, is of unparalleled character. Katherine, like a sensible woman, married for comfort, being in love with a brave man; but the consequences of her venture, as old Mr. Weller would say, were such as never could have visited the dreams of even a Zenobia or a Semiramis. Katherine Parr, the last of Henry VIII's six wives, married Lord Seymour of Sudley, and she had more than once married before she became Queen Consort. It is believed that Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I, was secretly married to Harry Jermyn. No English Queen-dowager has been suspected of marrying a second time since Henrietta Maria's death. Of English Queens-regnant previous to Victoria, there were married, namely, Mary I., Mary II., and Anne, but none of them had a second husband. Of English Kings, Henry I., Edward I., Richard II., Henry IV., and James I., were twice married. Henry IV's first marriage and widowhood occurred before he had any prospect of becoming King; and his second wife, Joanna of Navarre, was Duchess Dowager of Brittany, and was the first widow who ever wore the crown matrimonial of England, Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV., being second, and Katharine of Aragon and Katharine Parr the third and fourth. James II.'s marriages were both made while he was a subject, but their presumptive to the crown.—Henry VIII. married and murdered and divorced women until he could say that he had proved fatal to five women, and hoped to dispose of a sixth; but death thought that so good a purveyor to his law deserved himself to be taken and so took him before he could take off the head of his third Kate, the savage and unrelenting Petrucho that he was. Of the four Queens-regnant, two, Anne and Victoria, became widows. Anne was widowed in her 45th year, and was asked by Parliament to marry again, to which she made a dignified reply. In these days no Parliament would think of asking Queen Victoria to marry. Modern ideas are more delicate than were those of olden times. The English of Annie's day would have been as much pleased had their sovereign married a second time, as the English of to-day would be displeased were Victoria to bestow her fair hand upon some fortunate man; but Prince Albert was a very different sort of man from Prince George, of Denmark, and his memory is revered. Then people as well as sovereigns have become more exclusive, and a Queen is considered to be a more sacred personage in England now even than she was in the divine right days. There would not be the slightest impropriety in the Queen's marrying a second time, but if she were so to marry, no matter how worthy should be her choice—and she is not the woman to make a bad choice—the proceeding would go far to destroy her well won popularity. In this country we should take a very different view of the matter, and heartily should we congratulate a female sovereign, had we one, should she enter a second time into the holy stat of matrimony."

An Alpine Romance.

The London Globe condenses from the Courier des Alpes a remarkable story connected with a discovery just made in an Alpine glacier. Nineteen years ago, Sept. 14th, 1844, a young man, then recently married, set out from the village of Passy, on a pilgrimage to the convent of St. Bernard, pursuing his journey along by-paths across the mountains. He never reached his destination, and from that time no human eye had seen him alive. All search for the missing man was in vain, and for many a lonely night a young widow wept in her little cottage in Passy, gradually solaced by the cries of a baby who had never seen his father. After that the veil of time covered all.

It so happened that, about a fortnight ago, a shepherd of the village of Sarnons went in search of a lost goat. Suddenly, on jumping across a deep glacier, an extraordinary sight arrested his eyes.—The rays of the sinking sun illumined a gulf of ice, looking like a vast crystal cavern, in the midst of which was the figure of a man lying flat on his back, with apparently open eyes, and hands folded across his breast. Horror-struck, the peasant nearly lost his footing; but recovering himself, looked once more. He had not been mistaken; there was the figure at the bottom, of all appearance fast asleep, stretched out at his ease. Sooner than he thought, he arrived at the Châlet de la Gelaisie, where he made known his discovery.—It was too late to revisit the cave; but at break of dawn the next morning a party of mountaineers set out for the spot. The crystal sarcophagus was soon found, and the boldest of the company was let down to the icy depths, from which he brought in his arms the body of a young man, frozen, and hard as stone, yet looking fresh and life-like.

Two elderly peasants at once recognized the features as those of the pilgrim of Passy, mysteriously lost nineteen years ago. Embalmed in ice, decay had not yet touched his flesh, and he had lain undisturbed in his crystal coffin while a generation of men had passed away over his head. The discoverers came to the decision to carry their burden at once to Passy. There was no choice of conveyance, the only one being the crochets or hook, fastened to the shoulders, on which all loads are transported in the Alps. To the hook accordingly the frozen corps was fastened in a sitting posture, with upright hands and feet hanging to the ground.—Thus the pilgrim, dead nineteen years, was carried to his former home, through snow fields and glaciers, across fields and meadows, extending over near a score of miles. Fastened still to the crochets, the body of the young man was left at the cottage of the young widow of Passy—now young no more, but an elderly, gray-haired woman.—The son, who had never before seen his father, made a wooden coffin, and to honor his memory, kept the body in state for twenty-four hours. Then, at the ringing of the bells, and accompanied by all the inhabitants of the village, the pilgrim was carried to his intended resting-place, to be buried by the side of his wife.

Scarcity of Printers in Dixie.

In nearly every paper we pick up, says the Macon (Ga.) Confederate, we see advertisements for printers, and yet there were, before the war, more papers printed in the State of Georgia than are now published in the Confederate States. The reason of this is that at least 75 per cent. of the fraternity have been, and are now, in the army. Many of them command brigades, regiments and companies, and are upon different General's staffs, while hundreds of them have met death upon the field of glory. We venture that there is not an office in the South that has not a representative in the field, and many offices were suspended at the commencement of the struggle. In order that the Confederate editor, printer and all might suffer, they are generally men of education, and always of superior intelligence, and therefore fully understand the principles of the fighting art, and the hard-line of the pencil. It is not to be wondered at that they were so scarce, and that they were so valuable. They were so scarce, and that they were so valuable. They were so scarce, and that they were so valuable.

Charlotte Corday.

The details given by Sanson of this remarkable incident in the Reign of Terror are, as might be expected, more minute than any that have yet been given to the public; but they show the circumstances of the case, as depicted by Mr. Ward's pencil from previously existing data, to be perfectly correct.—Charlotte had not returned ten minutes from her trial, at which she had conducted herself with unexampled firmness and ability, when M. Hauer, the artist, was introduced. She conversed with the artist, while engaged in his task, with perfect calmness for an hour and a half, when she suddenly remembered she had forgotten to write a letter. She had only penned a few lines when Sanson made his appearance. She went on with her work notwithstanding, and when she had finished, she placed her chair in the middle of the room, and let down her beautiful hair to be cut off.—"Since M. de la Barre," says Sanson, "I never witnessed so much courage in death! We were there, six or seven citizens, whose business is not of a nature to soften the feelings, yet she appeared less affected than any of us, and even her lips had not lost their color.—When her hair was cut off she gave half to the artist, and the remainder to Richard, the jailer, for his wife, who had manifested great interest in the unfortunate young lady." She went to the scaffold with the same remarkable intrepidity; there was not an atom of bravado—a simple, mild, pious resignation, or "a penetrating and irresistible sweetness," as a master of high works describes it. Robespierre, Desmoulins, and Danton were at a window in the Rue Saint Honoré, on the way, thinking, no doubt, when their turn would come. Arriving at the scaffold, she threw herself upon the fatal plank, and Fernin, one of the aids, having let loose the string, all was over in a moment. Sanson declares that he was at the foot of the scaffold, when a carpenter named Legros, having taken the head, was not satisfied with holding it up to the crowd, but actually slapped the face—a face admittedly of extraordinary beauty. This was too much even for a revolutionary tribunal, and Legros was justly punished for his act of sacrilege.—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.*

Cure for Nails Growing into the Flesh.

An eminent French physician has published an account of the efficiency of the sesquichloride of iron for curing the growth of toe nails into the flesh, and as it is of importance to both the soldier and the citizen, we give the result of an experiment by an army surgeon. He says:—"I may here remark that ulcers about the nails are occasionally observed among our soldiers, having escaped the attention of the medical boards, or being caused by the pressure of the boot during forced marches. Under these circumstances a prompt and painless cure may be effected by inserting the dry sesquichloride between the nail and the protruding flesh, and powdering the latter with the same substance. A large bandage should be applied over all, not impregnated with the liquid sesquichloride of iron; a precaution which may, however, be useful, as the folds of the band dry rapidly, and preserve their situation in a more exact manner. On the following day the exuberant flesh is found to have acquired the hardness of wood; supuration speedily ceases, and a cure follows after two or three applications. This simple and mild treatment is obviously far preferable to the numerous surgical procedures hitherto recommended. In the course of four or five days, or in a week at the furthest, the original pain ceases, the swelling subsides, and the patient is able to walk.—Naught remains but the hardened protruding flesh, which falls away about a month after the application of the sesquichloride of iron."

High-Life Marriages in Turkey.

The marriages of Turkish princesses, on whose expenses, as the *Hati-Humayun* recently stated, no saving could be effected, deserves special notice. If one of the Sultan's daughters has attained the age at which Turkish girls are usually married, the father seeks a husband for her among the nobles at his court.—If a young man specially pleases her, he is given the rank of lieutenant general, nothing lower being ever selected. The chosen man receives, in addition, a magnificent, fully furnished palace, and 60,000 piasters a month pocket money; and, in addition, his father-in-law defrays all the house-keeping expenses.—The bridegroom is not always over and above pleased at being selected. If he be married, he is obliged to get a divorce—he must never have a wife or mistress in addition to the princess; and, moreover, he is regarded as the servant rather than the husband of his wife. The Sultan himself announces to him his impending good fortune, and it is bounden duty to bow reverentially, kiss the Sultan's feet, and stammer a few words about the high honor, the unexpected pleasures, &c. He then proceeds with a chamberlain, who bears the imperial Hat to the Sublime Porte. A military band precedes him, and soldiers are drawn up along the road, who present arms. At the head of the stately bridegroom is received by the Grand Vizier, conducted by him into a room where all the ministers are assembled, and the Hat is read thus:

Strange Story.

Sir James Graham, in the last week of May 1834, with great regret, left the Cabinet of Earl Grey, to whom he was much attached, and surrendered the high office of First Lord of the Admiralty, which was very agreeable to him, on account of the decision of the Cabinet to entertain the question of appropriation of church property to secular purposes. In the first week of June, 1834, Mr. George Blincoe, a native of Cumberland, differing from Sir James Graham as to politics, and very much opposed to him—a barrister of Lincoln's Inn—expressed to have been so pleased with Sir James Graham for showing such regard and giving his party upon principle, urged by a conscientious sense of duty, that he then made his will, leaving to Sir James Graham absolutely all his real and personal property, worth perhaps 20,000 £. Mr. George Blincoe died in the summer of 1863, and his will was proved. Sir James Graham having died in October, 1861, the legacy never arrived, and George Blincoe's property will be divided among his next of kin.

Vessel Carried over Niagara Falls.

The Toronto, Canada, Londoner of the 16th, contains the following:—"An interesting correspondent at Chippewa sends us an account of a melancholy occurrence which took place on the Niagara river on Monday last, which resulted in the death of one man by being carried over the falls, and caused a imminent peril to five others, as well as the loss of a small vessel. About eleven o'clock in the morning the steamer A. D. Griffin, of Buffalo, reached that port, having two scows, the Abby and the A. Murray, of Port Robinson. The captain of the steamer not knowing the depth of the water kept too far into the river with not sufficient steam to keep headway on the scows. One of the latter, the A. Murray, striking against the piles at the entrance of the harbor, swung around with the current almost into the jaws of the mighty cataract. The captain and four men who were on board, seeing the helpless position into which the vessel had got and the great peril with which they were threatened—being within less than five minutes' distance of the great fall—leaped from the vessel and boldly struck for shore. Four of them, the captain included, succeeded by great exertions in maintaining themselves above the surface; but sad to relate, the fifth sank amid the leaping and boiling waters, and was carried over the cataract. In the meantime a boat manned by two men, shot out from the mouth of Welland river to the assistance of the helpless beings in the scow. The captain, Messrs. F. Lauran, jr., and George Morse, pulled boldly and swiftly out, rescued the men from their perilous position, and succeeded in reaching the shore just above the first rapid. One minute more and they would have been carried over the Falls to the great gulf below. Too much praise cannot be given to the men by whose presence of mind and courage two human beings were thus rescued from the certain destruction. The scow glided along the stream until it reached a rock against the brink of the cataract, where its course was stopped, and where it will probably remain till broken up by the ice in the spring.

Walter Scott Criticizing Byron.

The following passage from a letter by Sir Walter Scott is quoted in *the "Scotch Papers"*:—"You ask me, dear Lady Hood, for literary news. There is not much of any consequence. Lord Byron, so quizzed of old by the Edinburgh Reviewer, has shone forth a great luminary in the poetical world. "Childe Harold," a sort of sketch of his travels, and allusions which engaged in them, has probably reached India. It is a work of great poetical talent, but fanciful, a gloomy and rather misanthropic turn of disposition.—"Childe Harold," has exhausted the round of all pleasures, licentious and unlicensed, and wishes to feel the goblet, which he has drained even to its luscious dregs, fall upon his taste when again replenished. And pretty nearly the same course of experience which made Solomon of old proclaim that all was vanity, induces a modern epicurean to quarrel with the system of the universe, and to distribute its being guided by supreme benevolence and wisdom.

Another beautiful and eccentric production of the same kind is the "Gleanings of Europe," a Turkish romance. It is a beautiful fragment, obscurely written, but abounding with high and spirited passages.—The tale is the intrigue of a Christian who murders his wife, and the *Gleanings*, in revenge, waylays and kills Hassan, and dies a monk, without having the good fortune to become penitent. The sentiment of this poem indicates the same deficiency of virtuous feeling which throws a shade on "Childe Harold's" character. The passion, so well and powerfully described, is of an unworthy and bad kind, and I shrewdly suspect Lord Byron would be improved by a draught of chivalrous sentiment, and a quantum *supra* of virtuous and disinterested principle added to his very extraordinary powers of intellect and expression. As he is, however, he has become deadly, or almost deadly, exercises among the ladies of fashion."