# The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. 8. BELLEFONTE, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1863. NO 41.


## The Muse.

For the "Watchman."

### TO A FRIEND.

BY MAC.

Thy proffer'd hand, dear friend, I take,
And bid a kind adieu;
Thy absent smiles will always make
Me feel and care for you.

Thy merry laugh—oh, how it thrills
My heart this very hour;
My many sorrows, too, it stills,
With more than magic power.

Thy sparkling eyes, how oft they spoke
In language firm, but mild;
And oft my waywardness they broke,
Controlling actions wild.

But since fell fate will have us part,
And rend the ties so strong,
It cannot reach the hidden heart
Where love has been so long.

It cannot blot from memory's book
The many happy hours
We've spent by rill and shady nook,
Or aramanthine bowers.

Then fare thee well—may'st thou enjoy
Much happiness and rest;
True happiness without alloy,
Known only to the blest.

And when thy pilgrimage is o'er,
Life and its trials past,
May angels guide thee to that shore
Where Heaven's bright glories last.

CLAY HILL, Oct. 17th, 1863.

## Miscellaneous.

(From the Logan Gazette.)

### A DREAM THAT WAS NOT A DREAM —THE WAR AND PEACE.

A WONDERFUL VISION.

What I here relate is true. That which I have seen, I have seen, and that which I know, I know. Let all the people read what is here written, and ponder the wonderful things which I have witnessed in a vision. For much of that which I have seen in a vision, will be seen in the reality by all, in the fulness of the evil time which is coming, and which now is. For a voice hath said; "that which thou seest write!"

My son—our first born—the object of our dearest love and most affectionate care—whom we had reared in the ways of virtue and educated with the view to an honored life, was among the dead at Gettysburg.—We brought him home to that dear hearth by which he had grown from infancy to young manhood; to the home which he had left but a few months ago in the glow of health and the enthusiasm of hope. We had brought him back, a mangled corpse, with the ghastly wound on his fair brow—hardly to be recognized, not even by the loving mother who had borne him, and who bewailed him with unceasing lamentation.

Dead! And my house was filled with the sad faces of neighbors and friends, who had known and loved our boy and who came now to condole with us in the hour of overwhelming sorrow.

He was buried. And I returned to a home which was saddened forever, to that familiar room, where, in the years that were passed, my boy had so often, from infancy to manhood, sat on my knee, or by my side. How dark it seemed! How dolorous.

But sleep had fled from me My eyes, which had refused to weep, seemed as if they were scred, and blessed slumber came not.

All through the dreary hours—hours which seemed ages—of that awful night I waited, and watched, and knew not repose. That long night wore away at last, and a day of fasting succeeded, and the dolorous night came again.

As I looked out of the window to the north, a great light, neither of the sun, nor moon, nor stars, but brighter and clearer than mid-day, illuminated what seemed a vast plain, upon which the minutest object might be discerned with a clearness which was wonderful.

And as I looked I beheld the coming of a great host, marching to the sorrowful sound of a muffled drum. As they came nearer, and glided past, I remarked that there was no sound of footsteps where they trod.—Then I knew they were specters, the shadows of the countless dead, fallen in battle, their garments were soiled and torn. And I observed, with a shudder which thrilled horribly through me, that the death wound was upon every form, and that each ghastly face was the face of a corpse, Great God! Here was an arm shot away, and there is a gash upon the forehead, again an eyeball burst with the shot, and yet again a temple crushed as by a blow of a gun-barrel.

And as the specter host glided by, I heard a voice, saying: "Weary, indeed, wilt thou be gazing; for days and days must elapse, marching at this forced march which thou beholdest, ere this vast army of the dead can pass." I turned away in horror, and prayed that I might be spared a spectacle which seemed to freeze the very blood in my veins. But now I knew, as I had not known before, what a multitude had fallen in battle.

When I looked again, the vision had changed, and lo! in place of those grizzly shadows, I beheld a great pool of blood. It was so large that ships might ride on its crimson billows. And congregated, by the hundred thousand all around the wide circumference of its margin, were women, pallid and tearful, each clad in robes of somber blackness, and having little children by the hands, who wept incessantly, and gazing into their mothers faces, calling upon those who would make no response, for their blood was in the pool at their feet. And far beyond this horrible pool, my gaze extended to houses made desolate and families impoverished.

I beheld these widows in their struggle for bread. I could see them, chilled and shivering, and crouching in scant clothing, over wretched embers, which imparted no warmth, but which were all that they could procure. And I beheld those orphan children, squalid and wretched, uncared for, and uneducated, going down into the haunt of vice, swept into the vortex of crime, for the want of the father's guiding and restraining hand. And I cried out in the bitterness of my heart, "How long, oh! Lord, how long? And what shall we obtain which will repay us for all these horrible sacrifices."

And the voice answered, "Look to the left of the pool which is before thee, and see what thou beholdest."

And I looked and beheld a vast grove of trees, which were leafless and dead, and on branches of the trees were huddled myriads of unclean birds, lazily flapping their wings and wiping what seemed to be blood from their beaks. And underneath was a multitude of men crying 'Blood, blood! more blood!'

And the voice said: "These are the shoddy contractors, and place holders, and money-getters, and the ungodly among the priesthood. Listen attentively, that thou maeyst hear."

And I heard in loud and demoniac shrieks "Prosecute the war! Down with the Peace scoundrels. No compromise! No adjustment! No settlement! The war must go on! Down with the Constitution it is a league with hell! Cursed be the old Union—it is a covenant with death! Down with Liberty—except for negroes! Arm the black man! fire the torch! whet the blade! Burn cities—depopulate villiages—waste plantations—take the bread from famishing children—drive weeping widows from the roofs that shelter them. Steal books—steal pictures—steal precious plate—God is asleep, there is no hell, neither is there a judgment.

And as I gazed, I cried out: "Merciful heaven, are these men, or are they devils? Am I on earth, or rather has not the vail been removed which hides the unseen from this visible world? am I not looking upon fiends already damned?"

And the voice said: "Listen yet again, while the ungodly priests are speaking." And I listened and heard a new commandment give I unto you, that ye hate one another. Turn your plowshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears. Thou shalt hate thy neighbors. Do not unto others as you would have them to do unto you. Accursed be the peace-makers.—Christ was the prince of war. Thou shalt lie; thou shalt steal; thou shalt bear false witness against thy neighbor thou shalt kill! Glory to John Brown. Glory to the new Savior-Hosannahs to the New Redeemer."

But I could endure the impious blasphemy no more. Turning away I beheld flittering about beneath the unclean birds, yet over the heads of the demoniac crowd, a phantom figure with a long grizzly beard and a rope about his neck.

And the voice said: "The phantom which thou seest is the spirit which begets the idolatry, the blasphemy, the fraud, the rapine and the crime which thou has witnessed."

And as I looked, I beheld many familiar faces, though they seemed disturbed with evil passions, such as avarice, hatred, revenge, &c. One whom I saw was diminutive in statute and appearance, but he held a big book under his arm, and over the cover of the book was inscribed, $3,000 per annum.

Avarice was his passion and he had battered his soul for gold. And I beheld an elderly man, with marked features and lineaments, and iron-gray hair, and a look which betokened intellectual power who with his strong speech was goading the frantic multitude to yet greater excess.—He had bartered his soul at the shrine of Ambition. And yet another, younger in appearance, with a beard permaturely white, who had sold himself for naught and who pursued the grizzely phantom, grasping and clutching at what was at last shadowy and unreal. And many I beheld who looked sad, and gave signs of remorse, and, who seemed anxious for to escape from the damned beings who surrounded them.

And then the voice said: "Look now to the right, and see that which is to be seen."

And I looked, and lo, a great assemblage of men, many of whom had scrolls in their hand, and many wear bearing banners. Of the scrolls some were inscribed in golden letters: "The Constitution," others, "Christ's Sermon on the Mount," others "The Golden Rule." On the banners I read, "Constitutional Liberty," "The Union as our fathers made it," "Blessed are the Peacemakers," "Compromise—agree with thine adversary while thou art in the way with him." I observed that the eyes of the assemblage were turned toward heaven, and looking up I saw against the sky a bright cross, bearing the inscription which greeted the eyes of the first Christian Emperor of Rome: "By this sign shalt thou conquer." And I thought I beheld the heavens opening and the spirit descending like a dove. The shades of departed statesmen and patriots, and of murdered martyrs were hovering in the air. There were Washington, and Webster and Clay, and Jackson, and Douglas, and as they gazed upon the left, their countenances evinced sorrow and indignation.—There, too, were the twelve innocent men slain by the monster McNiel, and Mumford who was hanged by Butler the beast, and Bollmyer, with that sad smile upon his face which he wore when dying. And I looked again to the left, and I saw that as often as any one sought to get out of the infernal circle, its denizens yelled after him with bitter imprecations of "Traitor, Disloyal," and similar epithets, or rushed after with swords or drove him back with bayonets. Yet many escaped with great joy at their deliverance, and met with glad welcome from the rapidly increasing hosts on the right.

And from the left they incessantly called and begged for deserters from the right But few responded, and they only when promised an enormous price. And these crawled on their bellies through mire and filth, from one assemblage to the other And I noticed that their faces instantly became black, their feet cloven, and their tongues forked fiery.

And the voice said: "What thou beholdest at the North is but a counterpart of what I might show thee at the South. There marches a specter host, and there curdleth a pool of blood, and demons are their crying for carnage and for vengence, and there too, is a great host, like unto that which thou seeth on the right, begging for Union, for Peace, for Compromise for Constitution. But look yet again, and thou will see the terrible judgements which are in store for a people who violate the commands of the Almighty."

I looked again and beheld another curse, for the green fields were smitten with frost in the summer time, and yielded not the harvest; and the cattle were dying by the wayside; and faces of mothers were wan and bony; and the children were crying for bread; and there was famine in the land.

And I beheld yet another curse. For it grew dark, and I heard the rushing of heavy wings and lo! the Angel of the Pestilence passed crying "wo! wo! wo! to the people accursed." And strong men fell down and died on the wayside, and plague spots came upon every cheek and breast, and there were none to minister to the dying, none to bury the dead, and the vultures grew fat and usurped the land.

And I heard a loud voice saying "Vengence is mine saith the Lord."

And that which I here relate is truth in its very essence. And I have written it because it is truth. And let all the people receive it as truth. And I beg and implore all who shall read it to be instructed in the things which it teaches, and to consider well that which they do. Study the divine book. And let those who have been lured by false leaders and ungodly priests into that infernal convocation over which the demon spirit of John Brown bears rule flee in the name of God, as they would avoid the just curse of heaven, resting neither night nor day, until they have set their feet on the hallowed ground, whereon they stood when the blessings of Christ rested upon us all. Amen.

---

ONE of our principal recruiting offices was recently the scene of quite an amusing incident:

"So, sir, I see you have clapped your dirty sojer trappings on my husband, have you?"

"Who is your husband?" asked the officer.

"Billy McCurtee, and a bold boy he is so please ye. But its a dirty thing of you, my pretty man, to take him from his wife and children,"

"Can't be helped, said the officer, its too late now.

"Then take the baby too, cried she as she forced the little one into the arms of Lieutenant Adams. Take em all, I'll send you four more to-day.

Off she ran at a rapid pace, leaving the unfortunate officer with the new recruit squalling in his arms. Doubtful of its value to the service of uncle Sam, he sent it home by its father.

---

☞ An Irishman once said to another:—"And ve have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?"

"Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it, aither."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"So he did, but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach,"

---

☞ A woman in Washington whose husband is worth $40,000, was recently detected for the second time, in purloining eggs from the market.

### WOMEN OR WINE.

BY T. WARD.

An epistle to the person who recommended the introduction of women instead of wine at entertainments.

I have tried both—so those who would a part take,
May choose between the headache and the heartache. —Byron.

Oh! weak and foolhardy reformer,
To substitute women for wine,
The glow of whose presence is warmer
Than the sunniest juice of the vine.

Believe me, less fatal are juleps
Than women in witchery skilled;
For there oozes more venom from two lips
Than ever from grain was distilled.

Who barters for beauty his whisky,
The change will be certain to rue;
For her eyes shed a spirit more frisky
Than lurks in the best "mountain dew."

Ah! those eyes at each meeting so merry,
You'll find to outsparkle champagne;
And ringlets more golden than sherry,
Will fuddle as well the poor brain.

More tapering necks than bottles',
With mouths more bewitchingly crowned,
Will pour from their ravishing throttles
A stream that a sage would confound.

If wine makes us brutes, love is able
To turn us to fools with like ease—
If one lays us under the table,
'Tother brings us at least to our knees.

After dinner, when warmed with good eating,
'Tis women, not wine we should flee;
"Perfect Love's" a chasse-cafe more heating
Than even abused "eau de vie."

Still at table some mischief she's brewing—
Oft feet scrape acquaintance below—
Ah, no heel taps so pregnant with rain
As those hidden taps of the toe.

And hands, between courses, at leisure,
Make friends when there's no one to mark.
Ah! less poison yield grapes under pressure
Than fingers thus pressed in the dark.

As home reels the toper of beauty,
How crimson his image, poor elf!
How fevered he sleeps! how his duty
Is left to take care of itself,

When thwarted, how palsied his powers,
Till he sinks in despair at death's door;
Oh! if women her victim thus lowers,
Say, what can the bottle do more?

No spirit so ardent as women's—
So sure to intoxicate man—
Her touch is delerium tremens,
That meddens him more than the can.

The glance of her eye is "blue rain,"
Her blush is the blood of the vine,
Her pout is a punch, in whose brewing
Tart, spirit and sugar combine.

So sparkling, so heating, so heady,
No hope for her victim appears;
Should her smiles only render him giddy,
He'd be surely made drunk with her tears.

Not the grape-juice of Eden made Adam
So stupidly forfeit his all;
But the lure of his volatile Madam
Led him tipsily on to his fall.

Cleopatra made Anthony reel,
When the hero chose her for a toy—
And for Helen large hosts took the field,
Till down fell the stout Walls of Troy.

Not the winds of fair Cypress, the rover,
So sure as its women beguile;
Betterress where he is, "half seas over."
Than steer for so fatal an isle.

Oh then shun such a tempter as this is,
Nor commence so hazardous court,
Who embarks on the waves of her tresses,
Will grieve that he ventured from port.

---

HOW A MAN FEELS AND ACTS DURING AN EARTHQUAKE.—The Boston *Traveler* publishes the following extract of a private letter from Manila, giving the writer's personal experience and sensations during the late terrific earthquake which visited that city.

"It would be impossible to give you an idea of the late earthquake, for, though I have read the accounts of many severe ones I never could realize the position until I had felt one, and I never knew what dreadful destruction it could make until the 3d of this month. I have heard nothing talked about but earthquakes for the past ten days everybody telling their experience and giving their idea of the causes and effects of earthquakes in general. My experience was that I had finished my soup and was helping myself to fish, when three or four tremendous up and down bumps came. I ran for the Azotea (piazza covered with iron roofing.) Then came the fearful swinging motion from North to South. I clung to the post (wooden, which supports the iron roof) to keep myself from falling, expecting every moment that the stone walls which support the Azotea would give way and that I should be thrown into the river with the house on top of me. The whole shock did not last over half a minute, but it was an eternity to me. The falling of stone houses and tile roofs was terrific; part of our roof (weighing seventy tons) fell in. About three hundred feet from where I was the tower of Binondi Church fell through the roof of the church. This tower was from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high, built of solid stone, four to six feet thick. Yet the din from falling churches and houses was so great that I did not distinguish when it fell. When the shock was over, the air was so filled with dust of lime that I could scarcely breathe, and there was scarcely a breath of air. Everybody was in the streets, praying or fleeing with what they had saved into the country. For days after, the people walked the streets without speaking; and there was no noise of carriages, and no bells in the city where there were thousands moving before at all hours."

---

☞ The patriots of the Revolution are all passing away, and soon the last will be summoned to his final resting place. The youngest of them is about ninety-four years of age. On July 1, 1862, there were but sixty-two of them living, since which over one-third of the number have died.

### FARMERS AFFECTED BY THE WAR.

Every thing which farmers have occasion to buy for use, costs them from fifty to one hundred per cent above the prices which they paid before the war. Have the prices of their products been increased in a corresponding ratio? Is grain or hay higher? Is not butter lower, take the season through?

Whatever they may have suffered from this cause during the war, they must expect to suffer in a still greater degree as it progresses.

The cost and difficulty of hiring labor will also be steadily increased with every regiment raised by volunteering or conscription.

THE WOMEN IN THE FIELDS.

In *Conscription* countries, where the men are thinned off, or being exhausted, the women are driven into the fields, to raise bread to supply the army, and to earn money to pay taxes to feed soldiers. Hence, in France, Germany, &c., women are seen at the plow, at the spade, hoe and shovel, digging and doing the work of men. Here, in New York, we see, with the German dog carts, specimens of that early training which exchanges off men for women to do men's work.

And now in this country, if the civil war goes on, year after year, purposeless as it now is, and resultless as it is, with a Conscription Act acting upon 4,000,000 of men as soldiers, to be drafted off, as battle or disease thins out the ranks in the field, women of course, must here, as here in other Conscription countries, take the place of men in their out-door work. We shall then see women here, as on the Continent of Europe, plowing, hoeing, digging, fishing, wood chopping, mining, &c. Women will, of necessity, be dragged from her lofty level of noble housewife, into digger, spader, plower &c.

The great question for Republican mothers wives, sisters, daughters, not deluded by abolition fanaticism, is: "Will this pay only to free negroes South?" Is it worth the while, as a mere matter of mercantile and social reckoning, to say nothing of other considerations, thus to send off fathers, brothers and sons, as conscripts, in order to take their places in the out door work of the fields. If so, well, very well. To carry on such a system, women here will soon drop to the level of European peasant women, and be not so well off as negroes themselves.

---

Always set next to the carver if you can at dinner.

Ask no woman her age.

Be civil to all your rich uncles and aunts.

Never joke with a policeman.

Take no notes or gold with you to a fancy bazaar—nothing but silver.

Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party.

Don't play at chesse with a widow.

Never contradict a man who stutters.

Pull down the blind before you put on your wig.

Make friends with the steward on board the steamer, there is no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

---

See here, Gumbo, why am you like a black guard?"

"Neber guess dat in the worl, coz I ain't you black fool.

You iz honey, coz you watches Master Jim's store—and you's not a berry white guard, dat's sartin. Yah, ha.

Now Pete dat am very surprisin', and combustificating to calculate, but, nigger, why is you like a gentle'm? Dah, dat stump him.

Bress my soul, Gumbo, I neber tink of dat, gives her up

Yah, yah so does I, sensible as I is—been tinkin' of it free days, and am fuder off dan I was at the start.

---

A certain green customer, who was a stranger to mirriors, and who stepped into the cabin of one of our ocean steamers, stopping in front of a large pier glass, which he took for a door he said:

"I say mister when does this boat start?"

Getting no reply from the dumb reflection before him he again repeated—

Incensed at the silent figure he broke out.

"I say mister, when does this here boat start?"

"Go to thunder, you darn sassafrac-colored, shood headed, bull calf you don't look as if you knew much any how.

---

☞ A stranger in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was? "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semi-colon; and when I want a chaw of tobacco, I make a paragraph"

---

☞ A student, in the course of examination was asked, "Pray, Mr. C., how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions, he would ask," said Mr. C.

---

☞ One day last week over half a tun of gold went "up" from New York to Troy.—The Trojans speculate.

---

☞ During the last six weeks nineteen tuns of butchers' meat have been condemned in London as food unfit to be eaten.

### HOW THE SUSPENSION OF HABEAS CORPUS WORKS—ANOTHER OUTRAGEOUS CASE OF KIDNAPPING.

We are made acquainted with the particulars of another outrageous case of kidnapping, which serves to illustrate the utterly defenceless condition to which the citizen is left by the suspension of the *habeas corpus* privilege. Charles Wippert, the victim of the outrage, is a young German who, for the greater part of a year past, has been employed, as a clerk, we believe, in the store of M. L. Comstock & Co. His family have resided here for many years and are well known. One brother, Charles William Wippert, is also in Comstock & Co.'s employ.

A week ago last Saturday, young Wippert was arrested by order of Provost Marshal Scroggs, on the charge that he was a deserter from the 3d Ohio Cavalry. He was taken to the county jail and there kept in one of the poorest cells in that institution till Thursday morning, when he was sent to Elmira. The arrest, which was accomplished, we understand, by Lieut. Col. Austin, an *attache* of the Marshal's office, was said to be made on the strength of an order from Toledo.

Immediately after the sudden and mysterious taking off of his brother, Mr. C. W. Wippert made every effort first to find out the reasons for his arrest, and second to obtain his release. The information received at the Marshal's office was not at all satisfactory, and application to the legal authorities speedily elicited the fact that for this outrage there was actually no remedy in the law of the land. A prominent republican lawyer who was consulted advised personal application to the President as presenting a possible chance for justice.

It does not appear that there is the slightest proof that Wippert is the alleged deserter whose description was forwarded from Toledo. That description, Col. Austin is said to have admitted, represented the deserter as an Englishman and a mechanic. Wippert, is neither. Moreover, Mr. Wippert stoutly maintains that he has never been in the army at all, nor have his brothers ever had reason to think that he had enlisted.—On the strength simply of some shadowy resemblance between Wippert and the real deserter, the former has been hurried by force into military confinement, his friends being powerless to help him. We are told that after the prisoner had been sent to Elmira, Col. Austin himself expressed grave doubts as to his being the proper man.

These facts need no comment. They are almost incredible. They mean, reader, that you, or we, or any man, is liable at any moment to be arrested, dungeoned and spirited away, and that too, in spite of all law and justice, and entreaties or influence of friends. A premium of thirty dollars is paid to the Federal official who may make such an arrest, and if he has the desire to make money in this way, he has unlimited power to gratify that desire by invading the sanctity of our homes and trampling upon the dearest rights which freemen can possess. Of course, it is not likely that well known or influential citizens will be thus pounced upon; but is the atrocity less atrocious because perpetrated, perhaps, upon some poor citizen who is friendless, moneyless and unknown? Such cases are actually transpiring in our midst almost every day. Every effort is being made to keep them secret, but the facts are leaking out, and we shall be able to make still other exposures. Is anything more required to make the people pause and think whither we, American citizens, are drifting?

---

THE CELESTIAL STATE.—Old Rickets was a man of labor and had little or no time to devote to speculation as to the future. He was, withal, rather uncouth in the use of language.

One day, while engaged in stopping up hog-holes about his place, he was approached by a colporteur and presented with a tract.

"What's all this about?" demanded Rickets.

"That, sir, is a book describing the celestial state," was the reply.

"Celestial State," said Rickets, "where the deuce is that?"

"My worthy friend, I fear that you have not"—

"Well, never mind," interrupted Rickets, "I don't want to hear about any better State than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here if I can only keep them darned hogs out."

---

☞ Mrs. Greenhow, who has arrived in England, is about publishing an account of her imprisonment in Washington, in book form, in London. Bently is to be her publisher.

---

☞ At a hotel table one boarder remarked to another: "This must be a healthy place for chickens." "Why?" asked the other. "Because I never see any dead ones hereabouts.

---

☞ M. Theirs's coachman has committed suicide by hanging himself. This is the second that has chosen this method for quitting his service.

---

Punch says women first resorted to tight lacing to prove to men how well they could bear squeezing.

---

☞ Democrats, do not be discouraged—the darkest hour is just before the break of day.

### HOW MRS. BONAPARTE DRESSES.

A Paris correspondent gossips as follows about the dresses of Eugene. He says:

It is universally conceded that she is the best dressed lady in Europe. She sets the female fashion for the world, and employs not only modists but artists to invent them. Her department of ready-made clothing is something immense. To say that she has a new dress for every day in the year would not begin to convey an idea of the extent and variety of her wardrobe.

In the front centre of the ceiling of her Majesty's private dressing-room there is a trap-door opening into a spacious hall above, filled with "presses" each containing a dress exhibited on a frame—looking like an effigy of the Empress herself. In a part of these "presses" there is a little railway leading to the aforesaid trap-door, through which the dress is "descended" into the presence of the Empress. If it pleases her Majesty, the dress is lifted from the frame and placed upon the imperial person; if not it is whipped up and another comes down in its place, and not unfrequently another and another—so fastidious is the taste which gives the law to the world of fashion.

In public the Empress never looks overdressed. A severe simplicity always characterizes her toilette, while everything, in material, fit and color, is as complete in harmony as a sonata of Beethoven. This is the great secret of the "art of dress."—A woman who wears discordant ribbons, breaks that sense of visual melody, commonly called "good taste," without which not even the duchess of Golconda can dress well. Certain colors are as incongruous and inharmonious as certain notes in music, and the artists who compose dress for Eugenie study these natural laws of harmony as carefully as the painter the hues of the palette.

Just now it has been discovered that the parasol, the dress, the gloves and the gaiters must all be of the same color to produce the most unique and pleasing effect. And thus a completely dressed lady no longer offends the eye with a confused contradiction of colors of all shades and without the order of the rainbow, but presents a perfect picture, as melodiously charming to the eye as the air of 'Home, sweet Home" is to the ear.

---

☞ If some people will cut out the following and stick it in their hats, it may effect a considerable reform.

We give below a few impolite things in which young people often render themselves disagreeable:

Reading when others are talking.

Reading aloud in company without being asked.

Talking when others are reading.

Cutting finger-nails in company.

Leaving Church before public worship is closed.

Whispering or laughing in the House of God.

Gazing rudely at strangers.

Leaving a stranger without a seat.

A want of reverence and respect for seniors.

Correcting older persons than yourself—especially parents.

Commencing to talk before others have finished speaking.

Answering questions that have been put to others.

Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table; and

In not listening to what one is saying in company, unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker. A well-bred person will not make an observation while another of the company is addressing himself to it.

---

☞ Democracy has been beaten in two great States this fall, but the day will come ere long, when phenix like, it will rise from its ashes, and be wafted over all the land.

---

☞ Never were so many diamonds imported as during the present war. A single stone worth $15,000 has just paid duty in New York.

---

☞ It was ascertained by a traveler in the Grisons, Switzerland, that an eagle flew in his sight, five miles in five minutes.

---

☞ A young lady on being asked what calling she wished her sweetheart to follow, blushingly replied, "a husbandman's."

---

☞ A young gentleman says he thinks that young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too 'No-ing by half."

---

☞ Secretary Stanton says the story of a new draft is a malicious invention. That's a rub on the New York *Post*.

---

☞ Most of the Bishops in France, following the example of Rome, have ordered public prayers for Poland.

---

☞ It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

---

☞ There are fifteen thousand lawyers in England. Forty-five hundred of the number are barristers.

---

☞ George Sumner, brother of the Senator, died in Boston a few days ago, after a long and painful illness.

---

☞ Why is a sympathy like a blind mans buff? It is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.