The Democratic Watchman.

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The Muse.

For the Watchman.

DAY DREAMS.

Respectfully dedicated "to her who will best understand them."

BY JOHN P. MITCHELL.

Some dreams of night there are, which come
Like shadows, o'er the mind,
And vanish with the morning's light,
And leave no trace behind.

But others come in waking hours,
To speak of joy or pain,
And leave, in strongest characters,
Their mark upon the brain.

We call them dreams, or what we will,
Because we do not know
The secret springs within the soul
From whence these visions flow.

In vain I try to force the gate
Which hides this dreamy shore,
The future holds the secret still,
As firmly as before.

But hours I've seen when future life
Seemed all spread out to view;
And when Time rolled the mist away,
I found the dream was true.

And many scenes this year has brought,
Of happiness and pain,
Which some strange power, in days of yore,
Had pictured in my brain.

And many faces I have met
Which flitted to and fro,
Athwart the canvas of the soul,
A dozen years ago.

In childish dreams I used to rear
Bright castles in the air,
And, long before I knew your name,
Your *face* was pictured there.

He who knows the mighty secrets
The hand of fate has bound,
And has searched the vast arcana
Of Nature's deep profound,

May inform us of the *reason*,
But this, I *know*, is true,—
That, before you ever met me,
My dream had been of you.

I desire not to unravel
The source from whence they flow;
For that truth is in my day-dreams,
Sufficeth me to know.

Long years ago I sat and dreamed
A vision, strangely true,
And, 'mid the mingled lights and shades,
The *light* all turned to *you*.

By a mystic, viewless spirit,
The future's veil was drawn,
And the light and darkness mingled,
As in the morning's dawn.

Life's crooked path I plainly saw,
And shadows, here and there,
Were flung across the spirit's way
By demons of despair.

A garden, fair as Paradise,
Before the Serpent's breath
Had blighted all the fairest flowers
And whispered woe and death:

Within the centre sweetly bloomed,
Perfuming all the air,
A rose—most beautiful of all
The flow'rs which blossom'd there.

I sought to seize it for my own,
And then, my vision fell
Upon the parent stem—and that
Had surely grown in hell.

A mystery it seemed to me,
That rose so fairly grew
Within the demon's very grasp,
And bloomed so sweetly, to;

A mystery that God should make
A flower so purely fair,
And place it in so foul a grasp
As that which held it there.

And then the shadows darkly fell
And blotted out the light;
The demon rudely seized the rose
And bore it from my sight.

And while, in agony, I sought
To penetrate the gloom
Which hung above my path of life,
Like spectres 'round a tomb;

A sudden tempest fiercely fell,
And discord's voice was loud;
But, when the storm had passed away,
A light was in the cloud.

It beamed upon the very spot
The rose had occupied,
Which, in the elemental strife,
Had drooped its head—and died.

I gazed, and lo! a lily grew,
As beautiful as morn,
And waved above the self-same spot
From whence the rose was torn.

Before I sought to grasp the flower,
I looked upon the stem:
It was the same which once upheld
A royal diadem.

And then, a dazzling brightness fell
Across life's wand'ring way;
The midnight gloom had disappeared
Before the rising day.

And while I gazed upon the scene,
It faded from my view;
But, as the lily disappeared,
It, strangely, looked like you.

The vision faded as it came,
And melted into air;
But left a lasting trace behind
Of what was pictured there.

I, often since, have deeply mused
On what I saw that hour,
And life has taught the secret
Of the demon and the flow'r.

Strange revelations then were made
Which time has proven true,
And now, I'm taught the reason why
The lily looked like you,

Thus came and went my day-dream
Of the rose and lily fair,
And the frightful, crafty demon
Who had the rose in care.

To unravel it I seek not,
I only *know* 'tis true
That, as with the rose was darkness,
There's happiness with you.

I pray that when that demon
Is in his native hell,
The rose may bloom forever
Where happy spirits dwell.

In the distant, dim hereafter,
May we three meet Above,
Where the flow'rs bloom on forever,
And naught is true but love.

HOWARD, PA., Nov. 10th, 1863.

Miscellaneous.

HOW DID HE GET A COUNTRY.

The deplorable infatuation of the southern rebel we can comprehend, his education, his habits of life, his supposed interests may have perverted his heart and blinded his judgment. But how shall we account for the northern sympathizer, who in spite of the thousand moral and material ties which bind him to his country, builds his hopes upon his country's misfortunes, how can we account for him unless upon the theory of total depravity! Fortunately it cannot be that many people follow such a course with plan and system—for parricide can never be popular crime, from whatever motives it may spring and whatever guise it may assume.

CARL SCHURZ.

The above is a pretty fair illustration of the Dutch element in the Abolition ranks.—This man is a General in Mr. Lincoln's armies, and writes his letter in Virginia whose magnanimous people enabled him and his confreres to become American citizens, and despite the efforts of Massachusetts, who always did and does now, prefer niggers to Dutchmen. A few years ago a party sprung up in Massachusetts which sought to exclude all foreign born people from becoming citizens. It swept the North like a whirlwind and crossed the Potomac with the port and bearing of a conqueror, but here the gallant Wise, at the head of the indomitable Democracy of the old Dominion grappled with the Know-Nothing giant, and, not only defeated, but so killed him, and that he has never been heard of since.

If Virginia had given way, nothing could have withstood the Know-Nothing party for many years to come, and Messrs. Carl Schurz, Blenker, Meagher, Corcoran, and numerous other "notables" who "fights mit Sigel," would not be "parricides" for having sloughed off from that which they had been born in, they have had no country to murder. Massachusetts defeated in that scheme to rule the country, gets up a "negro freedom" party, and combining the northern States against the South, boldly usurps the Confederate government, and this miserable creature, whom Virginia transformed from a slave into a citizen, is one of the first of her tools to accomplish her work. Of course he has no conception of self government or of the principles involved in this invasion of Virginia; but if he should be taken prisoner by Gen. Wise, we should like to know how he would behave himself when thus confronting the man who made him a citizen and gave him a country despite Massachusetts, who would have denied them both.—*New York Day Book.*

FUNNY.

The funniest story we ever heard was told by Mr. Gough, during the delivery of his temperance lecture last evening. Here it is:

Two men after drinking and carousing all night at a saloon, started in the morning to go home. It was a beautiful sunny morning, and as they staggered along, the following conversation arose:

Inebriate No. I.—"How bright (hic) moon shines!"

No. 2.—"You don't call that (hic) moon, do ye? that's (hic) the sun!"

No. 1.—"Taint—its (hic) moon."

No. 2.—"I tell you its sun!"

No. 1.—"Well, less leave (hic) matters to first man we (hic) meet."

No. 2.—"Greed."

The two toddled along for a short distance when they chanced to meet a man in exactly the same condition with themselves. This individual was immmediately treated to the following interrogation:

No. I—"I say (hic) old fellow! We've got into a little 'spute; want ye to (hic)'elp us out. My fren here (hic) says that's the sun, [pointing upwards to Old Sol who was blazing fiercely down upon them,] and I shay its moon. Now we're going (hic) to leave the matter to you. What is it, sun or (hic) moon?"

The person addressed, braced himself, after considerable difficulty, against a lamp-post, and then commenced to scrutinize as well as he could, the burning orb overhead—repeating in a meditative tone of voice: "Sun—moon—sun—(hic)—moon." After a short 'observation' he exclaimed: "Fact is (hic) gent'lem, I'm a stranger in this part (hic) of the country, and can't (hic) tell whether its sun or (hic) moon."

Thus the matter was undecided, and inebriates numbers 1 and 2 reeled away very much disgusted.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

☞ Counterfeit virtues are often a more popular currency than the genuine.

A PHILOSOPHIC DARKEY.

A correspondent of the Cincinati *Gazette* writing from the Cumberland river, gives the following humorous colloquy with a philosophic darkey:

I noticed upon the hurricane deck today an elderly darkey with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle, toasting his shins by the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding, upon inquiry that he belonged to the 9th Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy losing regiments at Fort Donelson battle, and part of which was aboad, I began interrogate him upon the subject, as follows:

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it?

"Stood your ground?"

"No sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, and would run sooner, had I kno'd it war comin."

"Why that wasn't very creditabe to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line sa—cookins my profession."

"Well but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Repetation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other peoples?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value your life highly.

"Yes sa. I does—more than all dis wuld more than a million ob dollars, sa, for what would dat be wurth to a man wid de bref out ob him?"

"What?"

"Self-preserbashum is the law wid me, sa."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men set different values upon dar lives; mine is not in the market?"

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be, when de power ob feelin' gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa?"

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Government long ago"

Yes sa, dar would have been no help for it, wouldn't put my life in the scale' gainst any Goberment dat eber existed, no sir-e-e for no Goberment could replace de loss to me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"May be not, sa—a dead white man ain't much to dese sojers, let alone a dead nig—but I'd missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

THOUGHTS ON THE ELECTION.

The more we reflect upon the result of the recent election the better we are, in some respects, satisfied with it. It may in the end prove the best that Judge Woodward was not elected. Had he been chosen to the Executive chair of the State, the people would most likely have expected more of him than he would have been able to give them. It is true that by a firm and judicious policy he might have given greater security to person and property amongst us But he would have been able to effect no change in the radical policy of the administration. In the question of peace or war, he would have had little or no voice.

As the case now stands, the Abolition party have the control of events in their own hands, and they must assume the entire responsibility of whatever is done.

We may have to pass through many weary months of war and sorrow—we may continue to see the hand of arbitrary power used in crushing out the rights of freeman who are not in rebelion—millions more of treasure squandered upon political favorites and dishonest contractors—the voice of weeping and wailing may still go up all over the land, as of Rachel mourning for her children. It may be the purpose of an allwise Providence to make us lay our faces on the ground and our mouths in the dust, But it will till be a consoling reflection to every Democrat—to every man who did not support the Administration in its ruinous policy,—to know that he had no part nor lot bringing these terrible evils upon the country, nor in prolonging them until the whole nation is heart-sick and weary unto death.

In the meantime it is simply the duty of the Democrats who voted for Woodward, to stand squarely by their principles and await the issue of events.

Our principles are right and just, our impulses are honest, our motives soundly patriotic and religiously pure. We can afford to wait until the people awaken from their dreams of false security. They will awaken some day to the terrible reality.—God grant they may do so before our day of grace shall have been irrevocably sinned away, and the spirit of peace and concord shall have utterly ceased to strive with men.—*Ex.*

HOW TO CURE A SMOKY CHIMNEY.

A correspondent, who lives in New Hampshire, states that in those parts resides a man called Joe, a fellow noted for the tough lies which he can tell, and as a sample, relates the following:

Joe called in at Holton's one day, and found him almost choked with smoke, when he suggested, "You don't know as much about smoky chimneys as I do, squire, or you'd cure 'em."

"Ah," said Holton, with interest, "did you ever see a smoky chimney cured?"

"See a smoky chimney cured?" said old Joe, "I think I have. I have two whole cords in Seaboard county once, and I cured it a little too much."

"How was that?" asked Holton.

"Why, you see," said Joe, "you see I built a little house out yonder, at Wolf Hollow, ten or twelve years ago. Jim Bush, the fellow that built the chimneys, kept blind drunk three-quarters of the time, and crazy drunk the other. I told him that I thought he'd have something wrong, but he stuck to it and finished the house.

"Well, we moved in, and built a fire next morning to boil the tea-kettle. All the smoke came through the room and went out of the windows, not a bit went up the flues. We tried it for two or three days, and it got worse and worse. By-and-by it came on to rain, and the rain began to come down the chimney. It put the fire out in a minute, and directly it came down by the pailful. We had to get the baby off the floor as soon as we could, or it would have been drowned.

"In fifteen minutes the water stood knee deep on the floor. Then I went out and took a look. It didn't rain half so hard outside, and I pretty soon see what was the matter. The drunken cuss had put the chimney wrong end up, and it drawed downwards; it gathered all the rain within a hundred yards, and poured it down by buckets full."

"Well, that was unfortunate," remarked Holton. "But what in the world did you do with the house? Surely, you never cured that chimney?"

"Didn't I, though?" answered old Joe. "Yes I did."

"How?" asked Holton.

"Turned it the other end up," said the incorrigible, "and then you ought to have seen it draw. That was the way I cured it too much."

"Drew too much?" asked Holton.

"Well, squire, you may judge for yourself," said old Joe. "Pretty soon after we got the chimney down the other end up, I missed one of the chairs out of the room, and directly I see another of 'em shooting towards the fire-place. Next the table went, and I seen the back-log going up. Then I grabbed the old woman under one arm and the baby under tother and started; but just as I got to the door, I seen the cat going across the floor backwards, holding on with her claws to the carpet, yelling awfully. It wasn't no use. I just seen her going over the top of the chimney, and that was the last of her."

"Well, what did you do, then?" asked Holton. "Of course you couldn't live in such a house?"

"Couldn't I though?" said Joe, "but I did. I put a poultice on the jamb of the fire-place, and that drawed t'other way, so we had no more trouble."

That is what we call hard lying.

ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

I know a man. He is not a christian. His daily life is not in accordance with even principles of morality. He has three beautiful, well-behaved children. The other day he told me this incident of one of them, his little girl three or four years old.—Said he—"Perhaps some people would think it sacrilige, but I don't; but for some time back I have been in the habit of reading the Bible, and of having prayers every night before the children go to bed. I have done it because it had a good influence on the children, and because I hope it may have a good influence on myself. Last night I went to the 'Lodge' (he is a Mason), and did not go home till after eleven o'clock. The children, of course were all in bed, and I supposed asleep. Before going to bed, I knelt down by my bed to pray, and had been there but a moment, when I heard Nobie get up from her bed in the next room, and her little feet came pattering across the floor towards me. I kept perfectly still, and she came and knelt down beside me without saying a word. I did not notice her; and in a moment, speaking just above her breath, she said: "Pa, pray loud." I prayed, kissed her, and she went back to bed. And I tell you, G—, I have had nothing affect me so for the last ten years. I have thought of nothing else all day long, but just that little "*Pa, pray loud.*""

OBEYING ORDERS.—A brave veteran officer, reconnoitring a battery which was considered impregnable, and which it was necessary to storm, laconically answered the engineers who were endeavoring to dissuade him from the attempt: "Gentlemen, you may think and say what you please, all I know, is, that the American flag must be hoisted on the ramparts to-morrow morning, for I have the order in my pocket." The works were carried according to order.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF LIEUT. COL. THOS. M. HULINGS COMMANDING 49TH PA. VOLS. FOR NOV. 7TH, 1863.

HEAD QUARTERS 49TH P. V.
Nov. 8, 1863.

CAPTAIN:—

In obedience to orders, I have the honor to report that this Regiment left its camp near Warrenton, Va. on Saturday morning, Nov. 7th, 1863, at 7 o'clock, and marched on the Fayetteville road in the direction of Rappahonnock Station. After arriving near the cavalry outposts about 9 1-2 A. M., Co. C. and part of Co. B. under command of Capt. Hutchison, were deployed as skirmishers, and Co. D. detached as flankers, the balance of the regiment acting as a reserve.

The Regiment proceeded in this order until we arrived near the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, one mile from Rappahannock Station at 12 1-2 P. M. Here we formed line of battle our left resting on the railroad, our skirmishers and flankers acting as skirmishers until 3 o'clock when they were relieved by a detachment of the 6th Maine. We remained in line of battle at this point until 5 P. M., when we were ordered forward with the rest of the Brigade to storm the enemy's works. The charge was made at 5 1-2 P. M.

Our loss in the action was thre killed and sixteen wounded.

LIST OF CASUALTIES.

KILLED.—Privates Geo. W. Wilson, Co. A., Richard McQuillan, Co. B., Geo. Harleman, Co. D.

WOUNDED.—Co. B., Corp. Jas. N. Campbell, arm severe, Jno. Holliday, hand, Wm. McAlevy, Co. C., hand slight, Corp. Griffith Lytle, Co. C., leg slight., Gideon Wolf, Co. D., breast severe, Capt. A. B. Hutchison, face slight, Lieut. Jas. L. Siuart, side slight, Sergt. J. D. W. Henderson, leg severe. Co. A., Jno. P. Patterson, head severe, Wm. Attig, head, Robt. Taylor, hip slight, Benj. Thomas, leg severe, Jno. A. Kistler, leg severe, Geo. W. Smith, foot severe, David Delaney, shoulder severe, Wm. Farris, arm slight, Jno. Lepley, leg slight.

Very Respectfully, &c.,

(Signed,) THOMAS M. HULINGS,
To Lt. Col. Commanding.

CAPT. ELIAS H. HURD, A. A. Genl.

RATHER COOL.

A gentleman from the country, stopping at one of our hotels, the other day, entered into conversation with one of the boarders, asking questions about the fair, etc. After a few minutes' conversation, the boarder drew his cigar-case, saying:

"Will you take a cigar, sir?"

"Wall, I don't mind if I do," was the reply.

The cigar was passed to him; also the one which our boarder was smoking, for the purpose of giving him a light. He carefully placed the cigar first handed him in his pocket, and took his knife and cut off that end of the lighted one which had been in the mouth of his generous friend, and commenced smoking the remainder, saying:

"It aint often that a man from the country runs afoul of as clever a fellow in the city as you are."

A RICH LETTER.—A principal in one of the public schools has been sending circulars to the parents of his pupils, which, signed and returned, will authorize him to "inflict such punishment, corporally or otherwise," as may in his judgment be proper. The following answer proves that some of the parents are pleased with the idea:—"Dear Mr. Rattan—Your flogging cirklar is duly received. I hopes as to my sun John you will flog him jus so often as you kin! Heas a bad boy—is John. Although I've been in habit of teaching him himself, it seems to me he will never larn anithing—his spelling is specially ottragusly defishient. Wallup him well, sur, and you will receave my harty thanks. Yours, Moses Spanker, P. S.—Wat accounts for John being such a bad scoller is, that he's mi sun by my wif's first husband."

A HANDSOME young lady, named Paulline Cushman, said to be a member of the secret army police, stopped few days at New Haven last week. She has had adventures of the most varied and exciting description. She has crossed the army lines on several occasion, has been in Richmond two or three times, once as a prisoner; has visited Nashville, Chattanooga, and Huntsville, Alabama; was once taken prisoner by John Morgan, and advertised to be hung in Nashville as a Federal spy, from all which perils she escaped by singular cunning, daring, and courage. She is an adept at drawing, and has frequently obtained sketches of the enemy's works.

In Philadelphia, policeman Brown has been accustomed to indulge o' nights in the piping hot ears and oily butter vended by a female African on the steps of the station. Searching for a culprit the other day, he came upon the woman in the back yard of a shanty, boiling her corn and the neighbors' dirty clothes in the same seething cauldron. Being asked if that was her usual practice, the venerable Ethiopian indignantly responded:—"Why, of course. Can't afford to buy coal to bile de close an' de corn separate." The dulcet strains of "hot corn" have lost their apetizing melody for policeman Brown."

Clippings.

Diptheria is raging in Illinois.

Vermont will re-model its militia law.

Ohio keeps the 26th as Thanksgiving.

They pay $200 for a Sioux scalp in Minnesota.

"The voices of the night"—Those blessed babies.

Kentucky keeps Thanksgiving with the rest of us.

Pauperism is largely on the increase in England.

All of Chelby's force has been driven from Missouri.

General Scott is at his old quarters at Delmonico's, New York.

Two hundred of the men drafted in the New Haven district have never appeared.

Some people are so fond of ill luck that they run nine-tenths of the way to meet it.

Ennui is the "belle of the evening" taking the roses out of her hair after the rout is over.

The Connecticut Legislature will meet in extra session to adopt measures for raising volunteers.

At a factory in Portland nearly one thousand bushels of potatoes are 'concentrated' every day.

It takes a very true man to be a fitting companion for a woman of genius, but not a very great one.

One day last week over half a ton of gold went 'up' from New York to Troy. The Trojans speculate.

The Sultan of Turkey has sent to London to borrow fifty million dollars to rebuild his harems and palaces.

Unaffected modesty is the sweetest charm of female excellence, the richest gem in the diadem of their honor.

The Prince of Wales is thinking of visiting Canada again, to inaugurate the Parliament building at Ottawa.

A man who has throughout all his life fought against misfortune wants strength to meet a common kindness.

The story of the destruction of Calhoun's statue in Charleston, by one of Gilmore's shells, seems to be confirmed.

The Russians thought the spray and mist arising from the Niagara Falls was smoke from cannon fired in their honor.

They have a beef vactory in Maine which, when in full operation, will put up in sealed cans the meat of fifteen oxen in a day.

Never own that your wife is right; do it once, and, on the very conceit of it, she will be always wrong the rest of her life.

Hard wood is up to ten dollars a cord at Hartford; and kindling wood, heretofore twenty cents a barrel, is sold now at forty.

Minnesota papers say that in consequence of the absence of hunters, prairie chickens are running through the streets of St. Paul.

The New York Supervisors have passed the ordinance appropriating two million dollars to raise volunteers under the new call.

One of the students at Ann Arbor, Michigan, College, cut his throat last week because he thought he was of no use to anybody.

Foreigners are investing some of their capital in our debt. They do not think that our days, or even our decades, are numbered.

A grizzly bear escaped from a menagerie into the streets of New York, recently, and it was some hours before the police could arrest him.

The new King of Greece is afraid if he goes to Athens he will have to sleep out of doors. Otho claims the old palace as his property.

Confederate money having became practily worthless, a nameless South Carolina statesman proposes to dispense with money altogether.

All the fashion and beauty of Washington official and non-official, went to the late races near Washington to see the sport. It was a gay time.

He is not a good natured man, who, when traveling westward in the morning, fastens a quarrel upon his shadow for presuming to run before him.

The consumption of fuel in the best steam engines has been reduced to two and a half pounds per horse power per hour, and greater economy is expected to be obtained.

There is in Nova Scotia a young woman, seventeen years of age, who is seven feet two inches in height. She measures forty three inches around the waiste, thirty three from her armpit to the tip of her fingers, weighs two hundred and seventy-four pounds and has a foot thirteen inches long. She is good looking, quite social, although diffident, not being accustomed to see the public, and her name is Anna Swan.

HOW BIDDY IMPARTED A FLAVOR TO THE COFFEE.

The wife of our friend being in delicate health, it was resolved that a girl should be procured to do the housework, that the lady might have an opportunity to recover her health and spirits.

After visiting the intelligence office for two or three mornings, a fine, buxom lass of about twenty years of age, but six months 'from the owld sod,' was selected and instructed as to the duties that would be expected of her.

"Now then," said the lady, "pour the ground coffee into the pot, then pour in the put in one half of an egg, *so*," and the lady elucidated such demonstration by illustration.

"You understand, don't you?" said the lady.

"Indade I do, mum," was the response. "Bile the coffee, grind in the water, and dhrop in the half of an egg. Isn't that it, mum?"

"All right," replied the lady. "Now, then, to-morrow morning we will see how well you remember."

To-morrow morning came, and the coffee was as good as could be expected. The third morning came, and to the astonishment of our friend and wife, the coffee was undrinkable and nauseating; even the odor of it was sickening.

Bridget was called and questioned as follows:

"Bridget, did you first put in the ground coffee in the pot?"

"Indade I did mum."

"Did you then put in the hot water?"

"Sure I did."

"How long did you let it boil?"

"Five minutes, mum."

"What did you do then?"

"I put in the egg, mum."

"Just as I showed you the other morning?"

"Well, to tell the truth, mum," said Bridget, giving her garment a twitch with her brawny hand, "to tell the truth, I would not put but the half of the egg, as ye towld me, but the egg was a bad one, and I thought you wouldn't mind kaping the half of it, so I dhropped in the crather as it was!"

Aromatic coffee, that. We should call it infantile chicken soup!

DIDN'T CARE IF HE DID.

In olden time, before the Maine laws were invented, At. Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well stocked bar furnished "accommodations for man and beast."

He was a good man, but most terrible deaf. Fish, the village painter, was also afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting alone in the bar room. Wing was behind the counter waiting for the next customer, while Fish was lounging before the fire with a thirsty look, casting sheeps eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and kindly treat.

A traveller from Pennsylvania on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said:

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" says the ready lanlord, jumping up, "Yes, sir, I have some," and at the same time handing down the decanter of the precious liquor.

"You misunderstand me," said the stranger, "I asked how far it was to Brandon."

"They call it pretty good brandy," said Wing. "Will you take sugar with it?" reaching as he spoke for the bowl and toddy-stick.

The despairing traveller turned to Fish and said:

"The landlord seems to be deaf, will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you, sir" said Fish, "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated and fled.

READING THE PAPERS.—In one of the prettiest and most enlightened towns of the Prairie State, the children were assembled one sabbath afternoon for a Sunday-school concert. A newly-arrived clergyman being present, was invited to address them. He explained the parable of the Prodigal Son. Seizing fancy's pencil, he gave a graphic picture of the old gentleman's circumstances immediately previous to the arrival, in this manner:—"The sun had not yet sunk beneath the western horizon. There, in his easy chair, before the door, sits the aged father, *reading the papers.*

Mr. Graham, a very wealthy English gentleman living in Frankford, of limited education, and who gives magnificant parties, was invited to a dinner at the English consul's. The consul's name is Coke, and his father has been dead about twenty years. After some toasts and wine had been drank, Mr. Graham got up and offered a toast, to be drank in silence, viz.: "The *health of the late* Mr. Coke—the worthy father of a worthy son."

MANY a virtue is locked up, like Ginevra in the oaken chest, until it becomes a mere skeleton of itself. Virtue, like everything else, rots and wastes if not used.

The New York police costs two millions a year.