

For the Watchman.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY W. J. THOMPSON.

Around the leafless wood's confines, November's clouds career...

WAYSIDE SKETCHES.

BY W. J. THOMPSON.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, Their honied joys, and destined obscurity...

The village church! What a world of meaning do those words contain!

Yes, the old gray church! How I love to linger within its walls, and watch the sun streaming through its stained windows...

What a history the village church could give, were its walls able to speak! More interesting would be its recitals than the finest romance ever written...

Let us, as we wander amid the mouldering graves, take notice of the memorial which they present. There is much to be learned from their perusal...

Yes, let the rich dwell, the broad domain These simple pleasures of the lowly train...

More pleasing is the record of their simple lives, than the biography of the conqueror—more congenial to the feelings of the generous mind...

forgotten. Let us leave the church for a season, and wander amid this little community of death...

White walking among the head-stones and gazing upon the green mounds which rise beneath the yew and the willow...

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees stand, Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap..."

Yes! what a stately is here! Beneath this sod is a world which knoweth not of the pleasures of greatness...

And reason whispers, were they not more happy? Yes, happier in thought, in deed, and in word...

"Can stored urn, or ornamented dust, Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath, Can urns or stones provoke the silent dust?"

They lived their little hour and then the voracious grave, which opens alike for all, claimed them as its forfeit prey...

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stinet which bid us to look toward "that inheritance, incorruptible undecaying, and which fadeth not away?"

Here is a grave, whose sunken mound tells that it is of no recent date. But let us read its well-known obituary inscription...

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and sods are heaped upon her narrow bed. Forgotten, she rests beneath the green turf—forgotten by luxury and pride...

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Anecdote of Webster and Douglas.

The anecdote, as related by Mr. Douglas, was to this effect: He had always been opposed, politically, to Mr. Webster...

He had always been opposed, politically, to Mr. Webster, although their personal relations were friendly and nothing had passed between them which was calculated to interrupt such relations...

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The Story of a Haunted House.

One of the large rooms in the house is the subject of the neighborhood gossip, and strange, weird sights are said to have been seen in this room...

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AN IDEAL.

A smile upon the lip, both sit, A star flash in their eyes, They face with glory's flame is lit...

A Louisville Romance.

Years and years ago a worthy young man of foreign birth arrived in our neighboring city of Louisville...

Power of the Press Illustrated in the Illness of an Emperor.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune describes the malady with which the French Emperor is afflicted, as well as the expedient resorted to by the Emperor...

An Irishman's Letter From the Gold Mines.

Biddy Arthy, I've been to the mines, bed back to em. For seven weeks, Biddy, now, I've searched the lowlands...

TERRENCE McVERDAN.

The nearness of freezing weather is hurrying up the boatmen.