BELLEFONTE, PA

-For some reason or other, 'un known to us, the "Copy" of "Wearing the Cross," for the present number of the WATCHMAN, has failed to make its appearance. We know that it will be a disappointment to many of our readers, but not more so, than it is to our

THE PARTING HOUR.

The following exquisite poem, says the Portland Beaung Commercial, was written by the late Edward Pollock, the gifted California poet on the 6th of January, 18 st. and has pever been published. It was given by the poet to a friend who was about to depart on a teamer for Oregon, Pollock saving. Take this; you may, perhaps, read and appreciate the santiment long after I have ceased to be among the living.

ong the living "]

There's something in the "paring hour"
Wil chili the warmest heart—
Yet kindred, comrades, lorers, friends,
Are fated all to part,
But this I're seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mindThe one who goe is larppler
Than those heloaves behind

No matter what the journey be,
Adventurous dangerous for
To the wild deep or bleak treatuer.
To solutide, or war.
Still semething cheers the heart that darcs
in all of human kind,
And they who go are happic:
Than those they leave behind

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home With doubtings and with tears. But dosebnot Hope her rainbox spread Across her cloudy fears? Alas, the mother who remains. What comfort can she find.

Have you a friend—a comrade dear' An old and valued friend? See sure your term of sweet concourse At length with have an end? And when you part—as part you will— Oh, take it not unkind If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind!

God wills it "o-and so it is.

The pligrims on their way
Though weak and wors, more che citul are
Than all the rest who stay,
And when, at fast, poor man subduced
Lies down to death resigned.
May be not still be happier far
Thankhose be leaves behind

Lincolon's Religion.

We have said that the loval men of the "higher civilization" were intensely sensational. In the good old days, in the life time of the Constitution of United States, this sensational mania found exercise in an ovation over an escaped runaway negro, a festival to a Japanese Tommy, or in tiam ing pictorials of prize fights, and adultery trials. Since the overthrow of our republican form of government, the sensationalists content themselves with big jollifications at funerals. Thus the remains of Mr. Peabody were carted about from town to town, and business houses made first class stivertisements out of the dead man's bones. The ob-sequies of "Clifton House Burling game," the big queue from China, did not furnish so good an advertising medium, but afforded a capital merrymaking. The funeral of Gen. George H. Thomas was splendid, not only for advertisement, but for self laudation All the braves of the grand army re-anion had their speeches, about the perifous exploits they had performed, under the eye of the illustrious Virginian. They had most glorious recollections of themselves and of the words of approval spoken by the dead hero, hen he saw or heard of their prowess "Old Tun," as he was usually called, hated clap trap, fuss and feathers, and all kinds of shams. If he could only have looked up from the place of loyal souls, how he would have longed to

kick the play mongers! unless he But the most delicious and exquisite his mind But the most delicious and exquisite is mind.

I became acquainted with Mr. Landle North was in the case of Mr. Lincoln. Linguing off was in the high trageds asple with all the atrical accompanion music. It was something to be and music. It was something to be proud of; no valgar, should after proud of; no valgar, should after the most delicious and exquainted with Mr. Landle North was in the case of Mr. Lincoln. If he has something to the day of his death. His mend there words, they can be found the word God but eeldom. I move the name of and music. It was something to be proud of; no valgar, should after that He was the Christ, the only and the He was the Christ, the only and the Well, said Capt. A., I have nothing to that he should henceforth be called one that He was the Christ, the only and the Well, said Capt. A., I have nothing to that he was the Christ, the only and the Well said Capt. A. Well, said Capt. A. Well, said Capt. A. The mistend of Tom. He called one that He was the Christ, the only and the Well, said Capt. A. Well said Capt. A. We Booth never got up anything better. marter's shirts!

A gorgeous bier is got up at the national expense and the martyr is put on exhibition, first at Philadelphia. Flowers, fresh flowers, are brought by lovely ladies and laid reverently upon the coffin. One of the fair donors the charming actress who fainted. On to New York; another big show, another rain of flowers, but no faint-

formance of the last sensational rites.

The Democratic Watchman Some devoted loyalists had made a age his political career. present of a burial lot, hoping to hand down their mames to the latest generation in consection with the illustrated martyr, and to secure forever a first-class advertisement for their business. class advertisement to the results. But the agouized widow, in the depths of her anguish, helpsed to let the marter be "planted" there must be itle of the let be against deficient to her. The advertising dohors said, "No, never!" Ibwas a rich sensation,

almost equal to that of the Booth performance in Ford's Theatre, at Wash-But, then, the scandal might damage the party, and so a compromise was effected between the inconsolable widow and the advertisers. The martyr was buried at last.

And now the artists go to work to get up fresh sensations. Beautiful pictures are produced representing the triumphant entry of Abraham Lincoln into Heaven; Washington crowns bim with flower-, cherub angels warble around him, golden harps strike up anthems of welcome. Millions of these pictures are sent out, and picture makors grow rich, and the last sensation 1s better than the first

the sensational feast. So the irrepressible Geo. H. Boker, the indomitable poetaster of Philadelphia, gets up a melo-drama called the "Celestial Review." The martyr and the slain Fed eral generals are represented as reviews.

Washington conclusively prove this. Law was to Lincoln every the slain Federal tracers in the sla it exquisitely. It has been a feast of wine on the leese. The flavor of blasphemy hanging around it making it delicious to the godly loyalist.

But the richest thing, in connection with pictorial and poetic representations of the sainted martyr in Paradise, | gone no change in his religious opin nor hell, nor God, nor angels, nor dev il. In his more genial moments, he among them was this one, namely, believed in God and heaven, but not in that God would forgive the sinner for hell. In his seasons of mental gloom, a violation for His laws. Lincoln which were very frequent, he was an maintained that God could not forgive. which were very frequent, he was an

W. H. Herndon, Esq., the law partner of Mr. Lincoln before his election to the Presidency, has written a letter to the Toledo (Ohio) Index, which has been copied into Forney's Chronicle. The first is a loyal paper, the second is the organ of loyalty, so we take it that loyalty has endorsed the letter as genuine and reliable. Mr. Herndon himself is what he calls a Theist, and he contends that Mr. Lincoln was the same a believer in one God, but a scoffer at Christianity. We give some extracts, premising that the italics are

ours and not Mr. Herndon's.

SPRINGHELD, 111, Feb. 18 1870. MR. Annot: Some time since I prom need you that I would send a letter in relation to Mr. Lincoln's religion. I do so now. Before entering on that question, one or two preliminary re marks will help us to understand why he disagreed with the Christian world in its principles as well as in its theology. In the first place, Lincoln's mind was a purely logical mind; secondly, Lincoln was purely a practical man He had no fancy or imagination, and not much emotion He was a realist no opposed to an idealist. As a general rule, it is true that a purely logical mind has not much hope, if it ever has faith in the unreen and unknown Mr. Lincoln had not much hope and no taith in things outside of the domain of demonstration; he was so constituted -- o organized -- that he could believe nothing unless his senses of logic could it I have often read to him a law point, a decision, or something I fancied, he could not understand it tillbe took the book out of my hand and read the thing for homself. He to have been a christian. could scarcely understand anything unless he had time and place fixed in

The sainted inartyr was the idol of the 1817 to 1830, it manifested the sainted inartyr was the idol of the 1817 to 1830, it manifested the sainted the first in the idol of the sainted the inartonal variety in graphied the national variety in the highest degree. Kemble and the elder along those lines, in Indiana. He came along those lines, in Indiana. He came in that He was the Christ, the only and the trape lead to the said the said that He was the Christ, the only and the trape lead to the said the said that He was the Christ, the only and the trape lead to the said the said that He was the Christ, the only and the trape lead to the said the said that He was the Christ, the only and the trape lead to the said the said that He was the Christ, the only and the trape lead to the said the sai to Illinois in 1830, and, after some lit Mrs. Inncoln, too, played the part of the roving settled in New Salem, now despairing widow so sweetly and affect in Menard counts, Illinois. This vilingly. She threw herself upon the lage less about twenty miles northwest dead body, wished that she had died of this city. It was here that Mr Lin for him; wondering why they had cold became acquainted with a class murdered the saint and left the sinner of men the world never saw the like of behind. Oh! it was beautiful, and | before or since. They seere large men bow the mation enjoyed the sunsation! -large in body and large in mind; Quickly young man! Life is short. Then, in her sore bereavement; she i hard to whip, and never to be fooled. A great work is before you. If you shut herself up, would see no some but. They were a bold, daring, and reckless, would succeed in business, win your carpenters and upholsterers, whom she set of men; they were men of their way to honor, and save your soul, you say to nonor, and save four soul, you misde of U.S. property to be trains strable—were men of great common hands find to do. The sluggard dies, ported to the lone homestead in Illisense. With these men Ms. Lancoln The wheel of time rolls over him and her widowed heart, she sold six of the swith them he moved and the crushes him while he eleens. And his being. They were skeptics all --

"It was here, and among these peo pie, that Liucoln was thrown. About the year 1834 he chanced to come across "Volney's Ruins," and some of manages to get up a respectable faint Paine's theological works. He at probably overpowered by the odor once seized hold of them, and assumi probably overpowered by the older once select hold of them, and assuming the metallic box which contained lated them are under the martyr aforesaid. The spectators are enraptured. It is a sensation of Lincoln from 1834 to the end of him the first magnitude. So they grateful life. In 1835 he wrote out a small you will decrease. If you have any work of "Infidelity," and intended to find the hare of the sweet work of "Infidelity," and intended to find the large letters the name of the sweet work of "Unifidelity," and intended to find the large letters the name of the sweet work of "Unifidelity," and intended to find the large letters the name of the sweet work of "Unifidelity," and intended to find the large letters the name of the sweet work of "Unifidelity," and intended to find the charming selected the charming of the sweet work of "Unifidelity," and intended to find the charming selected the charming of the sweet work of "Unifidelity," and intended to find the charming the will do. upon the whole ground of Cristiani ty, and especially was it an attack upon the idea that Jesus was the Christ, the true and only begotton Son of God, as the Christian world contends, Mr. another rain of flowers, but no faint upon the idea that Jesus was the Christ, ing. On up the Nudson; another exhibition, inbre flowers, fights, tears, and grown, but no fainting. An't Philase the Christian world contends. Mr. Lincoln, was at the time at New Salem, leghing styre for Mr. Sample Hill, and post of good done or made record of cause that filtle hole in the mast and postmaster of that place. Sample hill, applying high in the merchant and postmaster of that place book had been discovered and sealing. The thinks, was a skeptic at that wax reverently applying high. The first was a skeptic at that him a first way applying high. The first was a skeptic at that him a first way applying high in the property of the property of the last sensational rice.

Now occurs a singular delay in the performance of the last sensational rice.

resolute about the publication and Hill enatched at the manuscript, ran into another room and thingw is into the

fire. Another extract we give:
[Mr.] Lincoln ran for Congress against the liter, Peter Cartwright, in the year 188 or 1848. In that contest hed as pocured of being an infidel, if not an atheist, he never denied the charge—would not—"would die first. In the first place he cause he know it in the first place, because he knew it could and would be proved on him : and in the second place, he was too true to his own convictions, to his own soul to deny it. From what I knew of Mt. Lincoln, and from what I have heard and verily believe, I can say: first, that he did not believe in a special creation, his idea beaing that all creation was an evolution under law: eecondly, he did not believe that the Bible was a revelation from God, as the Christian world contends; thirdly, he did not believe in miracles, as understood by the Christian world; fourthly, he believed in universal inspiration and miracles under law; fifthly, he did not believe that Jesus was the Christ, The nation is still not surfeited with | the Son of God, as the christian world contends; sixthly he believed that all things, both matter and mind, were ing the slain Federal troors in the press | thing - and special interference shains ence of the FRENCE OF PEACE!!! and delusions I know whereof I This is the grand crowning sensation speak. I used to loan him Theodore ed up State street to the Exchange of all, and the loval heart has enjoyed Parker's works; I loaned him Emer- Coffee House, where a banquet was in son, sometimes, and other writers, and he would sometimes read and some times would not, I suppose - nav.

"When Mr. Lincoln left this city tor Washington, I knew he had under ion- and views. He held many of the Christian ideas in abhorrence, and that punishment would follow the sin that Christianity was wrong in teach ing forgivness; that it tended to make man sin the in hope that God would ex-ense, and so forth. Lancoln contended the minister should teach that God has affixed punishment to sin, and that no repentance could bribe him to remut it. In one sense of the word, Mr Lincoln was a Universalist, and in another sense he was a Universian. but he was a Theist, as we now under stand that word. he was so fully, freely, unequivocally, boldly, and openly, when asked tor his views. Mr Lincoln was supposed by many people in that city, to be an Atheist, and some still believe it. I can put that supposition at rest forever. I hold a letter of Mr. Lincoln in my hand, addressed to his step brother, John D. Johnson, and dated the 12th day of January, 1851. Here follows the letter, upon which

Mr Herndon comments thus: So it seems that Mr. Lincoln be heved in God and immorality, as well as heaven a place. He believed in as heaven a place. He believed in no hell and no punishment in the future world

A watmie that Mr. Lincoln in hos moments of melancholy and terrible gloom, was living on the border land of Theism and Athersia sometimes quite scholly dwelling in Athersm. In his happy moments bewould siving back to Theisin, and dwell lovingly there. It is possible that Mr Lincoln was not always responsible for what he said or thought, so deep, so intense, so terrible was his melancholy

but the strangest thing about them is their selection of idols before whichito fall down and worship. They are life ralls "worshippers of strange gods" -Southern Home.

Quickly.

way to honor, and save your soul, you ! the hying, and heaven worth the gaining, and all will be won or lost while the day goeth away.

Quickly, ye men of business and mightly our life is more than half gone

already. You have passed the crest of the hill, and are looking towards the setting sun. That young man who walks by your side and calls you Shadows are coming, and the night

cometh. Quickly, ye aged! Once you thought three score and ten to be an endless time to pass away. They have come

publish the book, less it should dam- lices, and the end is at hand.

THE LATEST SONG.

Scara.—Wife at the pinno; brute of a hus-band, has no more soul for music than his boot, in an edjoining apartment, making his toilet.

boot, in an adjoining apartment, making his toilet.

Oh, do nobchids me if I weep 1

"Come, wife, and sew this batton on.)

Sideh pain as mine can never sleep;
(Zounds fas I live, another's gone)

For unrequitedlove brings grief,
(I needle, wife, and bring your solswers.)

And Pity's voice gives no railed.
(The child! Good Lord! ha's at my ranors.)

No baim to case the troubled heart,
(Who starched this bosom? I declare?

That writhes from Hate's envenomed dart.
(I'e enough to make a parson swear!)

When faith in man is given tup.
(I'll have to get my other lineq!)

And to its lees the white liss qualt
(Smith says te's caming in to night.)

While Malice yields her mocking largh!
(With Mrs. S., and Jones, and Wright.)
Oh, could I stiffe in Try breast
(And Jones will bring some prime old
sherry)

This aching heart, and give it rest.

therry)
This aching heart, and give it rost,
(We'll wint some eggs for Tom-and-Jorry
Calld Lethe's waters o'er me roll,
(These stuckings would look better mend

And bring oblision to my soul—
(When will you-have that-ditty-endedl)
Then Happy I, in other skies,
(We'd better have the oysters fried!)
Might find it he five that earth denies
(There' now at last my dickey's tool)
—New York Cupper

An Incident of the War of 1812.

In the summer of 1812 I witnessed a most exciting spectacle from the litof the old State-House.

Commodore Hull and a number of and delusions. I know whereof I his officers and brave tars were escortspeak. I used to loan him. Theodore ed up State street to the Exchange waiting for them.

They had just returned in the frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides," after

was clad in a pair of Nankin pantavorable opportunity, he exclaimed, "Now!" and fitting the word to the action, raised his foot and stamped an emphatic "Now!"—but the force of his act, being more than moist Nan kin could bear, he split his pantaloons, as the tare said, "from clew to ear simultaneously with the first ring, 'sin

All Boston was in a state of exultant excitement, and the cheers and huzzas and waving of handkerchiefs went forth "with a will"-State street

In the mid-t of all this excitement, and none happier on that day, was John A., who, under peculiar circumstances, came passenger in the trig-

It is said, "lacts are stranger fiction," and his case was an apt illustration of the saying—as I shall set forth-but to tny story.
Capt. A., master and owner of the

cargo of salt, taking with him his son John, a lad about fourteen years of matinetive perception of the becoming,

(war having commenced meanwhile), dressing Patnam's Magazine he was plobling quietly along, when he discovered a large ship bearing down Load Macathay as a Bo upon him, which proved to be the following anecdote of Lord Macaulay Brush Ingate Guernere, Capt. Dacres. elancholy "Capt A., was ordered on board with Mr Herndon then goes on to show his papers, and as there was no alter Mr Herndon then goes on to snow his papers, and as our capt. Dacres, "Claphan, September 20, 1810. After that Mr. Holland knew that he was native, he compiled. Capt. Dacres, "Claphan, September 20, 1810. After telling an untruth when, in his "Life after examining the papers, declared describing his journey from the house telling an untruth when, in his represents the martyr, the brig a prize, and her crew prison of his tutor at Norfolk, and his arrival to the following on "Mrs. Mac ers. Capt. A., stated to his captors One more brief extract is all that we that this was an exceedingly hard case for him, as big little all was invested I do not remember of ever seeing in the vessel and cargo, and it would

> on your consigned an Boston for \$-- a younger brother Jock, instead of A FEMALE preacher married a con-and as I see you have a son on board, John, which put their quite furious. It ple lately in Iowa. At the end of the fill take him as a hostage for the faith was good Thin how fiercely they ful payment of the same—and will give to speak of Macaulay as the very cley to speak of Macaulay as the very cley ransferred to the deck of the frigate exception of the late John Gibson smoke. Guerriere, and the draft being given, Lockhart. Both of these boys were in "Follow your nose and you are sure they pursued their several ways -- the | cessant readers old brig plodded on, was overhauled by the squadron, the Admiral of which gave Capt. Dacres a --well not a blessing for permitting her to pass --but after this could not of wrath was

and assist (by the way, there were sev eral renegade Yankees on board); but ! on a peremptory refusal to fight his own countrymen, he was ordered to the berth deck, Dacres easing he was ple are quite familiar boin-bast.

When does a bonnet coase to be a bonnet coase to be a bonnet? When it becomes you, my crash ! came the sounds above, and the dear. dead, dying and wounded were rapidly brought down, and blood flowed like water. A terrible period of suspense ensued, and then the cheer of victory. But to whom was it awarded; to our enemies, or was it ours?

Soon suspense and, fears were exchanged for joy. John Bull had suc-cumbed, and now the transfer of pris-

the disabled Guerriere up, Capt. Hull returned to Boston- and as Arres, the

returned to Boston—and as Afres, the pilot came on board, he saw John! (by the way, he was a convector), "What the devil are you doing here?" he exclaimed? "Do you know the boy?" said Commodore Hull. "Why, yes; he's an old acquaintance," "Well, then," said the Commodore, "take Jim and his baggage ashore in your boat to his parents."

to his parents Dacres was taken to Boston and lodged at Concert Hall, and treated with the generous hospitality of a magnanimous foc.

After about twenty days the old brig Hiram and her briny cargo came sailing up the harbor, and the father overjoyed and surprised to find his boy had preceded him and arrived home

under such happy circumstances.
Suffice it to say, the draft given to Dacres was paid by the consignees up-

on presentation,
The boy John subsequently went to sea in the private brig Rambler, which was so successful, and was put on board a prize (schooner) taken. He was captured, taken to England, and was in Dartmoor Prison at the time of the massacre.

After the war he for many years commanded ships in the India trade, and now at a good old age is enjoying in "otium cum dignitute," the rememin "otium cum dignitate," the remembrance of having done his country some service. - Boston Transcrint.

Beauty of American Women.

Nature has endowed the American ady with a profusion of rich gifts far beyond her less tayored sisters abroad. li really great beauties are comparather successful crusse, during which she captured the British frigate (fuer ricre, after a brief and bloody action.

It is related of Captain Hull that he women are more than merely fair.

They are almost without exception. They are, almost without exception, loons; the day being very hot, and the delicately made, and in this respect very different from the robus. tpye excitement of manouvring the ship to very different from the robus, taye of get the weather gauge of the enemy the English girl of the period, with didn't tend to allay a profuse perspira her ruddy color, and full form; and tion. Meanwhile his lieutenants were continually coming to him, inquiring, "Captain Hull, shall we fire?" "No," said he, "when I say the word, then let them have it." Watching the favorable opportunity, he exclaimed are uniformly so small that European establishments have to make collars; gloves, and shoes especially for the American market, certain azes of the-e three articles being utterly unsalable ! in Europe. Hence, when the Ameri can girl reaches her natural heaven, Paris, and has been for a few weeks in the hands of French artists, she is simply perfection. She outshines the Parisan on her own privileged ground Biderly men will remember a fair New York beauty who visited Paris when the Emperor was still President, and the furore her exqueste toilets createdwhenever she appeared at the opera, at the Elyece, or at the Bois. Younger men need not be reminded of the recent rivalry between one of their beautiful countrywomen and the brilliant Metternich, and the desperate but futile efforts made by the great arbiter of Capt. A., master and owner of the fashion to wrest the crown of victory brig Hiram, sailed from Boston to Cadrid, before the war was declared, for a natural advantages in beauty and grace with admirable taste and an almost American women abroad very easily On his return voyage, deeply ladent outstrip all competitors in the art of

LORD MACALLAY AS A Boy -The is taken from a fetter written by a Scotch school boy, during his vaca-tion, to his father in Elinburgh, dated at Clapham, he goes on. "Mrs. Macaulay has got the finest family of children I ever saw. The oldest of them, Christ or Jesus but to confute the idea that He was the Christ, the only and truly begotten son of God, as the convergences in Boston for \$-- a younger brother Jock, instead of a younger brother Jock, instead of the safety of the section of the s ood Tun how fiercely they The writer of this used often ,

> Abraham Lincoln used to say the best story he ever read of himself was this Two Quakeresses were travelling Meanwhile the frigate cruised eight days, when the cry went forth, a sail! a frigate! a Yankee frigate! clear away the decks and prepare for action. John A., was called into the cabin, and Capt. Dacres asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John if he would go into the means asked John in t Capt. Dacres asked John if he would "Yes; but the Lord will think Abra go into the inizen top with the boys ham is joking," the first replied, con-

> > A nown with which the French peo-

Considering that the Pacific Railroad is to become the medium for trans-porting tea castward, we presume the track is laid with the Trail.

IT is generally supposed that Old Ocean allows a free passage to everybody, yet it is a fact that there are thousands of dead heads at the bottom.

-An old lady named Clarke, aged about

sixty years, a resident of Woodvale, near Johnstown, fel' dead, on Monday morning Johnstown, fel' dead, on Monday morning last, while standing at a table washing dishes.

—A couple of singular people, A male and a female, appeared in Johnstown last week and song says—

"The first broadside we control

Brought the mixen by the board,
Which doused her royal enign," ac,
After cruising for some days, the

Constitution meanwhile having blown preached on the Bublic Square. They were

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Light timber Sunbama. THE most popular wash - whitewash. PLEADING at the bar-begging a

THE sweetners of life-our confec-2

tioners. OLD men are mowed down, but babies

A BELLE dooin Talways give the best tone to society. Nor the chimney for a studio-one

that won't draw. To say of a lady she is "no chicken,"

is a foul assertion. Is a temperance lecture synonymous with a water spout?

WHAT soup would cannibals prefer? The broth of a boy. THE kind of punishment Greeley fa-

vora-paper hangings. Signs of fall-banana skins and or.

ange peel on the sidewalk

The girl of the period's favorite evening hymn (him)-her lover,

FORNEY says "the Senate is sound " It is pretty much all sound.

WHEN riding on a donkey, what fruit

la you represent? A pear.

GREFIEY is discoursing on "the folly of lying" He ought to know. A CAPITAL letter -The property hold.

who lets his houses at reduced rates. Ir you wish to see a woman go off like a flash, just accuse her of using powder, ONE way of giving a man a chance

of rising in the world Knock him down. THE bachelor has to look out for number one-the married man for nam-

that courting is not altogether a labor of

And anomaly—that the river should be rising when it is constantly going

To keep warm of a cold day, women double the cape and men double the horn.

To cure corns; hold your foot by the stove until the corn pops. Said to be a sure cure. " Young ladies of the lower parlor

what the kitchen girls of Boston call themselves A NIGGER minstrel ought not be stiff. jointed. Neither must he be without

WHEN a married man becomes sorned it is perfectly proper for his wife to pull his cars.

. THE Suoz Canal is like the style of ome writers-it flows smoothly enough but lacks depth

A question of color-Would it be proper to call an ignorant colored laborer a green band?

WHAT class ought never to die with consumption? Merchants with strong Wilks beaux become loose in their

nabits, young ladies should give them Some one talks about our good govern-cent. As now administered it is good

for nothing. A CONTEMPORARY thinks that over all di-room doors should be inscribed,

Look out for the train It is almost enough to make a man his head altogether, when he has only half-a-crown left

The tariff going to pot Mr. Schook as moved to strike out the paragraph relating to cast iron pots

Wit are told to have hope and trust . but what can a poor-man do when he can no longer get any trust?

Will are there three objections to taking a glass of brandy? Be there are three scruples to a drain Bechuse

You've women often keep their loverby tears "Yes," says Grumwig, Love like beef, is preserved by brine"

"WHAT'S in a name?" A principal upholder of giving women "fair play in England is named Playfair. An Indian from the far West, a

dreadful anvage, wonders how it is that almost all our women are hump-backed It is said that everything finds itproper element, but when a man drinks like a fish he toldom takes to water.

ceremony the minister kissed the groom

THE Japanese clergy pause every fifteeen minutes in their discourse and say "Follow your nose and you are sur-

to be right," may be good, advice, but it is not every one that cares to be thus nosed around. How many wives are you allowed by the prayer book? Sixtoon, viz. foruly better, 4 worse, 4 richer 4 poorer total

sixteen. SUBJECT for a debating society—Which can cause the most milery to an audience, McKean Buchanan or the

Hutchison family. THE substitute for the ballot-box is

the cradle. Give women one of these pieces of furniture and they will not deare the other. An Illinois grave-digger, who buried a man named Button, sent a bill to his widow as follows: "to making one but-

ton-hole, \$2 60. THE beginning of wisdom is to know

nothing An uncommon number of proble are about just now who have apparently just begun Mornens used to provide a switch for their daughters from the nearest bush;

now the daughter gots her own switches from tue hair-dressors. In Paris there is a current saying that where a Frenchman spends five francs

an Englishman will spend twenty, and an American fifty. A Young lady who has been studying finance for some time past, wishes to know whether the day rate of gold af-

fects the nutrates of silver. . Tun five great svile of life are said to be standing sollars, stoyepipe hats, tight books, bad whitey and cross women. The last not the least.

"A Meh is a lor Bolosti wants to know why, sitice New York has a City Cham-berlain, it shouldn't also have a Chambermaid 7 We give it up.