

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

PICTURES.

(No apology is needed at this time for reproducing the following exquisite lines by the late Alice Cary, which, in the judgment of so complete a critic as Edgar A. Poe, deserve to rank among the very finest contributions to the poetic literature of this country.)

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all,
Not for its gnarled oaks alone,
Dark with the mistletoe,
Nor for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Nor for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pink and the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
Whose eyes that were dark and deep,
In the lap of the olden forest,
He bled in peace asleep,
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We rose there the beautiful summers—
The summers of long ago,
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the Autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace
As the light of immortal beauty,
Blissfully covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light,
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

BARON WARD, OR THE YORKSHIRE STABLE BOY.

It is a true, but very true saying, that truth is stranger than fiction. To prove this we will give our readers a slight sketch of the life of Baron Ward, which may be read more at large in 'Burke's Viscountess of Families.'

Thomas Ward was born at York, in the 1809. He was the son of a groom in the stables of a trainer there. His mother dying very early, and his father marrying again, he was taken by his grandfather, also Thomas Ward, a laborer, who lived in a small cottage at Howden, a town in Yorkshire. Here he passed his early years (indeed he seemed to consider Howden as his home); and his faithful, life-long attachment to his grandfather forms one of the pleasing traits of his remarkable character.

From seven to twelve, he attended the Church school, and is still remembered for his good conduct and apt scholarship; also, that on one occasion he received a Bible as a reward for good conduct, as he did afterwards at York when he returned to his father's house and attended the National School in that city. For some little time he served with his father in the stables, and at the age of fourteen began life for himself.

He was altogether clever, shrewd, and well conducted—a good specimen of a Yorkshire lad with an inborn knowledge of horses and their management. Hence it was that in May, 1823, he was sent with a horse to Vienna, when, instead of returning home, he entered into the service of the Prince von Lichtenstein as groom, and was soon afterwards advanced for good conduct into that of the Duke of Lucca, who, like that Prince, was extremely fond of horses and wished to have an English groom.

Amongst his other good qualities and general recommendations, he was remarkably clean and neat in his person, which the duke, his master, appreciating, and perceiving also a sterling character, promoted him to be his under valet de chambre. It may be supposed that having thus advanced into the ducal household, he was a fine, handsome young fellow; on the contrary, he was somewhat unattractive and his features were homely. His countenance, however, was singularly agreeable, having the unmistakable stamp of shrewdness, integrity and amiability. He was of a character to be trusted as well as liked.

He remained in his new post for seven years, and growing still in his master's favor, was, in 1836, made his principal valet and confidential attendant.

He accompanied the duke in his visits to various courts, on the coronation of his brother-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, as King of Lombardy; also when he came to England to be present at the coronation of Queen Victoria, he was with him at Windsor Castle and at different mansions of the nobility.

Ward had received a Protestant education in the village school of his boyhood.

He early manifested a religious bias, and always adhered to the faith in which he was trained, though now attached to a Roman Catholic Prince, and living daily amidst Roman Catholic influences.

As year by year went on, the duke saw increasing reason to confide still more in the good sense and practical sagacity of his servant, who seemed to see, as by a clear intuition, the right and wise course in every difficulty, and the duke was perplexed by many. Thus, almost as a matter of necessity, he became the confidential counsellor of his master, and strange to say, so modest and so unassuming was he in all his advances of his fortune as to create but few enemies. The truth was he never boasted of, or presumed upon the favor with which he was treated. Self-advancement was not his desire, but simply the best well being of his master. On all hands he was esteemed. He was known simply as Signor Tommaso, and became one of the most popular men at court. He had now married an excellent young woman of his own station, a native of Vienna, and lived in a neat little house near the palace; for, though he was the Keeper of the Privy Purse, he still maintained his humble position. His knowledge of horses, and the

duke's love of a fine stall, caused him to make a yearly visit to Yorkshire for the supply of the duke's stables, and never was he in that country without paying a visit to his grandfather at Howden.

In 1848, the duke found himself in great difficulties. His revenues were not only mismanaged, but embezzled by the minister in whose care they were placed; and so overwhelming indeed were the perplexity and confusion in which the duke was involved that his health and spirits gave way. The duchess was in the greatest anxiety; she was sister to the Emperor of Austria, a very beautiful woman, and greatly attached to her husband, and, like him, had the highest respect for the sagacity and prudence of Ward. She looked around her court for a counsellor and could find none in whom she shared to confide but him. She therefore sent for him to advise with privately. He knew all. He had penetrated the evil intentions and practices of the minister, and now offered the only advice possible, which was that the duke should rid himself of the dishonest minister and begin a system of the most rigid financial reform.

The advice was sound; but how was the duke to be reduced to take these decided measures, and who was the man influential enough—who in an affair of such momentous delicacy would become their helper? The duchess and her faithful servant thought over the various members of their family who could influence the duke in such a step. There was only one, an Austrian Archduke, the Governor of Galicia, a man of undoubted sagacity and firmness. The duke certainly would listen to him if he would undertake the difficult office.

Ward was ready at once to go to Galicia, but great prudence and caution were necessary. No suspicion of such a journey must get abroad; the duke even, must not suspect, nor would the duchess dare to give him instruction in writing, lest he should be robbed by the way, or his papers examined on the frontiers. After, therefore, satisfying herself that her messenger perfectly understood the state of their affairs, she gave him a few lines to present to the archduke, saying that he was a trusty messenger and that every word he said might be fully credited. But the most difficult part had yet to be accomplished. This was to persuade the duke, in his state of health and spirits, to spare his favorite attendant. This was at length accomplished, and the duke ultimately consenting that he was simply going to Dresden, the duke allowed him an absence of three weeks.

Ward had lost no time on his journey, and as soon as he had passed the Hungarian frontier, where there was no longer danger for his papers, he spent two nights, instead of sleeping, in drawing up a distinct statement of the duke's affairs and the embezzlements of the minister, so as to assist his memory in the interview which he hoped to have with the archduke.

Arrived in Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, he at once obtained an audience, through the few words which the duchess had given him; and no sooner was he in the presence of the governor than he was desired to make the communication of which she spoke. On this, Ward took out his notes, and the archduke observing that he occasionally referred to them, desired him to leave them with him until the next day. On the next day this important subject was fully discussed between them, and Ward was empowered to return, carrying with him the promise of the archduke to undertake this difficult mission whenever the duke might desire it.

The duchess was, of course, highly satisfied with the result of his journey; but the duke during his absence had sunk into a still deeper state of hopeless dejection. How were his circumstances to be retrieved? How was he to rid himself of his dishonest minister? 'Oh?' he exclaimed, 'that I had some powerful friend to help me to bear my burden!'

On this Ward spoke, and began by suggesting first one and then another of his royal uncles and cousins. But all were objected to. At last he mentioned the Governor of Galicia. 'Ah,' said the poor duke, 'he would do, if he could only be prevailed upon to be friend me so far.'

Again Ward spoke, and now frankly told what he had done, and that he brought with him the archduke's promise to undertake the difficult business.

All was accomplished which was hoped for. The unfaithful minister was dismissed, and the duke's affairs again brought into order.

The zeal and address displayed by Ward in this delicate business, gave him the increasing confidence of his master, who now urged him to accept the office of Minister of State. But this he, for some time, positively refused, thinking it might make them both ridiculous; for though he was able to serve the duke as no one else could, still he was but a peasant born English groom. He had the management of the duke's privy purse, but he neither prided himself upon it nor wished it to be the means of his advancement.

Some months went on, and he made his annual journey to Yorkshire to buy horses, returning to be still more urgently pressed, not only to assume the duties, but the position and title of Minister of State. What could he do? He already virtually performed the duties of that high office. At length he yielded in pain, and the duke joyfully placed him at the head of the finance department, creating him at the same time a baron.

The following year, 1845, the duke's son, Charles, hereditary Prince of Lucca, was married to Louise of France, only sister to the Duke of Bourdeaux.

The elevation of Ward now created him enemies, as a matter of course; but his simplicity of character, his straightforward, single-hearted honesty, and devoted attachment to his master,

if they did not digram jealousy or malice, yet rendered them powerless against him. These men of the world knew not how to deal with sterling honesty and truth, and Ward continued to be first in his master's favor as he was now first in the affairs of state, for he now accepted the higher office of Prime Minister.

With this post came new and more onerous duties, to all of which he proved himself equal. He settled long pending disputes, and entered into treaties which were greatly advantageous to his government. Whatever the crisis, he proved himself equal to it. It was natural that the duke should desire to reward him, and he received, not only from him, but from many other sovereigns important orders and decorations, with favors enough to turn the head of any other man. But he still maintained the same simple and noble self-forgetting character; he never solicited either favor or dignity for himself, and knew only that he was created a baron by finding himself so designated in some public documents. He remonstrated against it, and was only induced to consent by the duke assuring him that it was necessary for his position. The regard in which he was held by his royal master may be judged by the following little circumstance: One day, on entering his presence, Ward found the duke busied with pencil and paper. 'I am devising a coat of arms for you,' Ward, he said, 'as a mark of the esteem in which you are held by the duchess and myself; you shall have armorial bearings composed of both her arms and mine; the silver cross of Savoy, with the golden fleur-de-lis of France, in dexter chief.'

Ward was deeply touched, but begged to have something added emblematic of his coming from the native land of John Bull. 'So be it,' said the duke; 'you shall have two bulls regardant, as your supporters. These are the arms of the good Baron Ward, as may be seen in Burke's Peerage, amongst the English-foreign arms.

In 1847, the duke wearied of his sovereignty, and foreseeing evil days at hand abdicated the ducal throne of Lucca, and very soon afterwards, by the death of the Archduchess Maria Louise, became by inheritance reigning Duke of Parma. In these changes, which involved many difficulties, Ward, as if gifted for any emergency, developed extraordinary diplomatic skill. He arranged financial matters, drew up and signed treaties, traveling around from court to court. As he himself says, in a letter written from Florence: 'I have done nothing but travel about from one court to another.' He then adds: 'The Grand Duke of Tuscany, a few days ago, settled on me a handsome pension for life.' His own duke, then Duke of Parma, had just done the same.

He was now a wealthy man. But unlike so many men who in their prosperity forget their poor relations, he immediately placed his aged grandfather and others of his family in easy circumstances. In 1848, he sent his father a handsome New Year's gift, and allowed him a pound a week, payable every Monday morning. He provided for his brothers, and adopted one of their sons, although he had at this time a family of his own. He was affectionately attached to all his Yorkshire relations, writing to them constantly, and communicating to them the passing events of his extraordinary life. One little circumstance may be mentioned here, as illustrative of his regard for his own simple people.

It was in this eventful year that he was sent on an embassy from his patron, then Duke of Parma, or Charles III. He was styled, to his son the Prince of Parma, who, with his Princess, was on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas, in the Isle of Arran. On his way to Scotland he had to see a gentleman at Bolsover Castle, on confidential business for the duke. Here being pressed to prolong his stay, he declined on the plea that he wished to give the four and twenty hours at his command to his aged grandfather, at Howden; and opening the portmanteau which he had with him he showed to be literally filled with orders—no less than four orders of grand crosses being there, all of which he had received from various sovereigns. These he said, he wished to show to his Yorkshire kinsmen knowing how much pleasure it would give them.

But now to return to the course of history. Ward's friend and patron had scarcely assumed the crown of Parma, when he found it to be one of thorns. The revolutionary spirit of France had communicated itself to Italy, and tottering old dynasties were shaken from one end of the land to the other. Through all these petty sorceries and intrigues spread the spirit of insurrection and secret intrigue. Ward, who was at Florence, heard of his master's danger, and hastened to him only to find him dethroned, and about to fly; and accompanied by Ward, he fled in disguise through Italy to the South of France, whence they proceeded through Germany to Westropp, a small estate which the duke had purchased some years before, near Dresden. Here he settled himself down, hoping to find for the remainder of his days that quietness which he loved.

It was during this year of political desuetude and disruption, that the Prince and Princess of Parma were in Scotland, when, as we have said, Ward, who was actively employed in negotiating their interests at the Court of Vienna; and with Marshal Radetsky in the field, was sent on his confidential embassy, and left Bolsover Castle for his grandfather's.

In the autumn of that same year, the Prince of Parma assumed the uncertain sovereignty from which his father had been forced; and it is worthy of remark that the act of abdication of the father and the acceptance of the son are both counteracted

by Ward, who acted as Prime Minister for both.

The remainder of this remarkable history is soon told. 'Ward continued to be Prime Minister of Parma with absolute authority,' says Sir Bernard Burke, 'during the short reign of Charles III. He resided principally at the Court of Vienna, as Minister Plenipotentiary, from which he governed the Italian principality.' It perhaps was natural, that at a time when the nations were in a state of insurrectionary ferment, that this Italian ducely should be disappointed with the government of a foreigner, however wise and good, who was apparently in the interests of the Austrian Court.

Six years, however, went on. It was now the beginning of 1854, and the unfortunate Charles III. was suddenly removed from his throne by a violent and mysterious death. The dismayed and alarmed duchess, hoping by so doing to propitiate the angered populace, and thus secure the interests of her infant son, instantly deposed Baron Ward, and sentenced him to banishment.

Ward, true to his own noble nature, and faithful to the family whom he loved and had so long served, endeavored to establish their interests, but in vain.

'After being,' says his biographer, 'so suddenly and so harshly sacrificed in a futile attempt to gain popular favor, Ward wholly retired from public affairs. No man could more emphatically say, "Put not your trust in princes." And, with the approval of a good conscience, he retired into a private and comparatively humble station. He undertook a large farming establishment in the neighborhood of Vienna, and spent his few last years in the enjoyment of domestic happiness with his wife and children.

He died in 1858, at the early age of forty-nine, leaving a memorable example of how integrity, talent and courage can raise a man from the lowest position to the highest places of the earth, and make him an honor to his native country.'

A Puzzled Teuton.

A Wisconsin paper contains the following good story:

One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said some believed it necessary to go down into the water and come up out of it to be baptized. But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the preposition 'into' of the Scriptures should be rendered different, for it does not mean into at all times. 'Moses,' he said, 'we are told, went up into the mountain, and the Saviour was taken into a high mountain, &c. Now, we do not suppose that either went into a mountain; but into it. So with going down into the water; it means simply going down closely by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring.'

He carried his point fully, and in due season and style closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to arise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of his brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke a silence that was almost painful, as follows:

'Mister Breacher, I ish so glad I vash here to-night, for I has had explained to my mind some dings dat I never could be'fere. O, I ish so glad dat into does not mean into at all, but shunt close by or near to, for now I can be'fere manish dings vot I could not be'fere before. We rest, Mister Breacher, dat Taniel was cast into den of lions and came out alive! Now, I never could be'fere dat, for the wilt penals would shunt eat him right off; but now it is shert clear to my mind. He was shunt close by or near to, and tid not get into ten at all. O, I ish so glad I vash here to-night.

And den, Mister Breacher, it is said dat Jonah was cast into the sea and taken into de whalesh pelly. Now, I never could be'fere dat. It alwaysh seemed to me to be a peeg feesh story, but it ish all plain to my mind now. He vash not taken into de whalesh pelly at all, but shunt shumped onto his pack and rode ashore. O, I vash so glad I vash here to-night.

'And now, Mister Breacher, if you wilt shunt explain two more passages of Scripture I shall be, O, so happy, dat I vash here to-night. One of them ish were it saish de vicked shall be cast into a lake that purms mit fire and primstone always. O, Mister Breacher, shall I be cast into that lake if I am vicked, or shunt close by or near to, shunt near enough to be comfortable? O, I hope you tells me I shall be cast only shunt by, a good way off, and I will be so glad I vash here to-night! The other basenge is that vich saish, 'Blessed are they who does these commandments, that they may have a right to de dree of life and enter in through the gates of the city, and not shunt close by or near to, shunt near enough to see vat I have lost, and I shall be so glad I vash here to-night.'

—Addie J. Ballou, in a lecture on the social evil, relates the following incident: 'In the city of Chicago, I knew a young girl who spent two long nights and three days without food, and almost without clothing, and the Young Men's Christian Association refused her admittance to their costly halls, and declined to aid her because she had no certificate of good character in her pocket; and a woman of the town—though I have no reason for saying she was such—took her in and cared for her.'

—A time to run—When you are in a hurry. A time not to run—When you are sure you cannot be elected.

How to Get a Dinner.

A gentleman who had travell'd about pretty extensively was greatly perplexed to understand how it was that other persons were waited upon promptly and well served at the hotels, while he was almost entirely ignored and could scarcely obtain a square meal—complain to or swear at the waiters as he might. At last his eyes were opened to the dodge of seeing the waiters liberally, and being of an ingenious turn of mind, he determined to improve on the plan.

The next hotel he dined at, he took his seat very pompously at the table, and took out a well-filled pocket-book, extracted therefrom a ten dollar bill, which he laid on the white cloth beside his plate, and placed his goblet upon it. In an instant almost, he was surrounded by waiters, who seemed to vie with each other in attentions. Every wish was anticipated, and all the delicacies of the kitchen and the pantry were placed before him in tempting array.

Having fared as sumptuously as a prince (to the envy of many of the guests), he took up the greenback, and beckoning to the nearest waiter, was immediately besegged by a half dozen or so. Holding the bill in one hand, he pointed to it with the other, and inquired of the crowd:

'Do you see that bill?'

'(Oh, yes, sir,' they all exclaimed in a chorus.

'Then take a good look at it,' he replied, 'for you will never see it again.'

Saying which he departed, leaving the waiters aghast.

Victoria at the Grave of the Prince Consort.

Beautiful as Windsor is, it has lost much of its former gayety since the death of the Prince Consort, to whose memory his wife has erected a magnificent mausoleum in the Home Park at a cost, defrayed out of her own purse, of ten hundred thousand pounds. The mausoleum is built of Caen stone, and is of circular form with a portico supported on granite pillars. The walls are rich beyond description with gold and decorative ornamentation, relieved with paintings by the first modern masters. The floor is of tessellated marble. In the center is a splendid screen inclosing the sarcophagus in which lies the embalmed body of the departed prince. Each day the Queen visits this place alone. Near the tomb is placed a large deep basket filled with flowers. At hand is a small round table on which are a Bible and a prayer-book. From these she reads and prays, fervently kneeling the while. Then she rises, and taking the wreaths, advances to the sarcophagus, in the lid of which a small piece of plate glass is inserted, through which she can see the face and form of the departed. But the efforts of the embalmers have not been thoroughly successful, and the features that were so beautiful in life, are in death marred by discoloration. Still it is his face, shrunken and pallid though it be. Again she prays, thinking of the years of happiness she lived with him, long passed away but never to be forgotten. She stands gazing till she can gaze no more with tears. Gently she places the forget-me-nots upon the marble coffin, takes one last lingering look with her dim eyes, and slowly retires, while from above the bell tolls out a melancholy requiem for the idolized dead.—English Letter

A Rich Drink.

The Troy Press says: A few days ago, at North Adams, the State Constable seized a jar of rum, and arrested the party in whose possession it was found for selling liquor. The exaltation before a district judge came on, when the constable was sworn and testified that he had seized the liquor.

The attorney for the prisoner asked him if he knew it was liquor. He replied, 'Yes; it was rum.' He knew, because he drank some of it.

The prisoner, a woman, was then called.

Q.—Did you have any liquor in your house when the State Constable called there?

A.—Yes; I had some in a jar.

'How long had you had it?'

'About six months.'

'Did you have it for sale?'

'Oh, no; I don't sell liquor.'

'What did you keep this rum for?'

'I kept it to wash the baby.'

'Had you ever washed the baby in this rum?'

'Oh, yes; oft. I used to turn some out in a dish, wash the baby in it, and then turn it back into the jar.'

There was laughter in the court, and the State constable declared he would seize no more liquor kept in a jar.

'Oh, mother! mother!'

'What, son?'

'Mayn't I have the big bible up in my room to-day?'

'Yes, my child, and welcome. You don't know what pleasure it gives me to see your thoughts turn that way. But what sticks are those you have in your hands?'

'Triggers.'

'Triggers for what, my child?'

'Why, trap triggers. Here's the standard you see; that is the slipper, and that one with the fat meat on the end is the long trigger. There's a mouse keeps coming into my room and insultin' me, and I want to set the big Bible and tfy and knock his chunk out of him.'

'This world is all a fleeting show,' said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. 'Yes,' was the prompt reply, 'but if you have no objections, I'd like to see the show a little longer.'

—An old lady, not remarkable for the clearness of her ideas, describing a fine summer evening, said: 'It was a beautiful bright night; the moon made everything as light as a feather!'

—An Irish dentist, desirous of being elected coroner of Wexford, heads his appeal to his constituents with the appropriate and graceful motto: 'A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether!'

A Michigan editor has just given up the struggle for the pulpit. He thinks it is easier to fight the one devil at which a minister levels his arrows, than the ten thousands which an editor is obliged to contend with.

Deaf and dumb clerks are on trial in some of the departments in Washington. There is no reason why they shouldn't succeed. Dumb waiters were introduced in all the leading hotels long ago, and have satisfied everybody.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The best revolver—the world.

A settled thing—a cup of good coffee.

The name for tight boots—corn cribs.

A bird of ill omen—a swallow of brandy.

A time to run—when you are in a hurry.

The way to get at the root of a thing is to dig.

A broker is always trying to make things whole.

A high joint affair—rheumatism in the shoulder.

Not a ballless process—clubbing for a newspaper.

May a turkey be said to be a ghost when he's a-gobblin'?

When a woman gets her back up she won't back down.

Why is a girl not a noun? Because alas is an interjection.

How to distinguish a wealthy man—by the Croesus in his face.

A time not to run—when your are sure you can not be elected.

Melancholy trees—the weeping willow and the pine-apple.

Of what crime is a carver most guilty? Of stealing his knife.

Chicago doesn't like the milk it gets. It prefers the udder kind.

What parts of the body are most useful to carpenters? The nails.

The key to Darwin's theory, which is apt—prout to all is—Monkey.

It molasses good for a cough? It ought to be; 't is sold for consumption.

Girls, never marry a doctor, or day and night you will be tied to your 'piller.'

If you would lay in a supply of old wine, be sure and make it out of elder-berries.

Gravity is said to be no more an evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.

A Bay City, Michigan, dog-fancier advertises a "lost bull-pup; answers to the name of Venus."

Glorified bugs and impossible butterflies, seem to be all the rage for female adornment this spring.

Somebody wants to present "Sheridan's Ride" to the nation. That ride is a fraud in every sense.

Why is a good husband like dough? Doughn't you know? Why, it is because a woman needs him.

An old sailor said a few days ago: 'I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since.'

What is the difference between a coal-bucket and a fresh codfish? One is a coal hod and the other is a whole cod.

It is not generally known that Othello was a member of the bar. He was a lawyer general of Venice,—so says an exchange.

There is a town in Maine, where the wind blows so hard that the people dare not raise children except in sheltered localities.

If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

The Boston Post says the females in their post-office sort the mails with expedition and method. So they do almost everywhere.

A young lady who was perfectly thunderstruck at hearing of her friend's engagement, has been provided with a lightning-rod.

The sea of matrimony is not always a smooth one. By the light of the honeymoon you can even see rocks ahead—the cradle.

It is a singular circumstance that the word unbridged, is not in the latest illustrated edition of Webster's Unbridged Dictionary.

Henry Ward Beecher, thinks the weather has much to do with a man's religion, as many people pray during a thunder storm who never think of it on a sunshiny day.

An Iowa church has very properly expelled a deacon for attending a base ball match. They might have forgiven mumble-the-peg, but base ball is demoralizing.

Josh Billings says flies have a big appetite for getting into things; they are the fast at the dinner table, and always take soup and don't leave until the cloths is removed.

A well known writer says that, for the last quarter of a century, woman has been gaining on man, and it is far to suppose that in time she will take the lead entirely.

A cotemporary thinks that if the Sublime Porte had sent some sublime port or Bourbon to the White House instead of carpet, he would have suited the President better.

Hioras Greeley is urged for the Berlin mission just vacated by Han Geo. Bancroft. Mr Greeley has been urged for every vacant office of importance ever since we can remember.

A good book and a good woman, are excellent things for those who know justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge both from the beauty of their coverings.

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