

BY N. E. IDE.
Oh, when we pray for those we love,
What form of words can tell
The wishes we would wait above
For those we love so well?
Her love upon my life has shone,
And now, though far apart,
The mem'ry of her smile alone
Brings sunshine to my heart.
The glory of her eye divine,
The rapture of its ray,
Has made my life anew to shine,
And thus to Heaven I pray.
Oh, crown her life with ev'ry joy
That mercy can bestow;
Let happiness without alloy
In rivers round her flow.
Bless ev'ry hair of her dear head;
Her smile, so soft and warm;
The very ground pressed by her tread:
The shadow of her form.
Keep her from ev'ry anxious care,
From ev'ry sorrow free,
Forgive the rashness of my prayer,
She is so dear to me.
The flowers that in the wildwood grow
By These are kept from harm,
And round all virtue Thou dost throw
The shadow of Thine Arm.
Then let Thy mercy never fail
Her safety to secure,
There is no flower in all the vale
So beautiful and pure.
Of ev'ry loveliness and grace,
Oh give her, Heaven, a part
She has loved a roses in her face,
Oh, plant them in her heart.
And let the sun-shine round her pour,
And glorify her hours,
And where she roams let earth's green floor
Be carpeted with flowers.
And may the glory round her head,
The beauty round her feet,
Upon her inner life be shed,
And make her joy complete.
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swimming, sleepy orb, and another, large, well-shaped and firmly set—solemn as the hush of midnight, still as a mountain lake, yet full of passion, full of thought, and intellect, and feeling, that rise in a storm till the quiet surface glows again—an eye that has no need of words—that never smiles, but knows the warm'th of tears—an eye that goes straight to the heart with a single glance and never leaves it more—an eye that does not intoxicate like the blue, but draws you steadily and surely on, and touches chords in your heart which have been untouched before, and can never wake for a lesser power again.
The first may be the eye of a vain beauty and belle. Eugene Aram, I fancy, had the second, and many an inmate of Bedlam has it now. The third languishes in the harem of the Turk; and the fourth—it is well that it is not a common one, or we should all be worse off than we are now. It is the most beautiful, and also the most dangerous of all. For the blue eye launches a score of arrows, whose wounds may one day heal; but this has only one, and if it hit the mark—Heaven help you! the poisoned shaft will linger in your heart forever. But once I have seen those eyes, or met that glance, and then they took my breath away. But a cowl fell over them the next moment—they were lost to me on earth; but I shall know them again—oh, I am sure of that. If they ever beam on me in Heaven!

Brown eyes are often wrongly called hazel, for lack of a better name. And some hazel eyes, every one knows, are most uncomfortable things. Dickens gave them to his Uriah Heeps when he wanted to finish the picture. They have a deep red flicker; that means mischief; and they are shallow, withal. Once I saw a handsome pair, with a red glow, yet with a softness that made them look like velvet, as they glanced shyly out from under their long lashes. But these are a class by themselves, and should not be confounded with the brown, which have a softness and a beauty peculiarly their own. Some are eager, quick and merry—they generally go with light hair, and fair, fresh complexions, and their laughing brightness, their frank glances, are as different from the irritable look of the hazel as light from darkness. (Others, strangely enough, have a reddish glow, or rather an auburn light, that gives them a peculiar charm especially if, as I have often seen, the hair matches, shade for shade. Others, of a more decided brown, go with black hair and a dark complexion, pale or brilliant, as the case may be; and were I "Cerberus in search of a wife," I should take care she had such eyes as these. And others still are large and soft, with a starry light within—a twilight radiance, rather than that only need the curling hair, and the pale, gentle face—the dainty form and the tender, womanly heart—to complete the charm. I declare, when I look into such eyes, I think only of moon light, and woodland brooks, and "violets by a mossy bank,"—the years drop from me like a cloak, and I sit once more on the floor in the old parlor at Lempster; the moon shines through the painted curtains, and your eyes are upon me, Helen, and your hand in mine, as we talk in the lowest of voices, while Lucia walks with her mother, Fred and Jip, in the flower garden outside, and Morrill plays the songs we liked to hear. Ah, many a pleasant memory have I by land or sea, in connection with your dear brown eyes!

"Place aux Dames." For the gray eye is peculiarly the eye of women. And here we meet with a variety enough to puzzle Solomon himself. We will pass over in silence the sharp, the shrewish, the spiteful, the cold, and the wild gray eye; every one has seen them—too often, perhaps—I am sure I have. There are some that belong only to the gallows; there are others of which any honest brute would be thoroughly ashamed. But then, again, there are some beautiful enough to drive one wild and it is only them which I mean. There is the dark sleepy, almond-shaped gray eye, with long black lashes—it goes with the rarest face on earth—that Sultana-like beauty of jet black hair, and a complexion that is neither dark nor fair—almost a cream color, if the truth must be told—and soft and rich as the leaf of the calla Ethiopia itself. Perhaps it is the Creole face and form. I don't know; but I do know that I always think of magnolia trees and lotus flowers when I recall it. The only two beautiful women I ever saw had such

faces and such eyes; they were American, and I doubt if it was possible for them to have been anything else. Europe, I am sure, could never produce anything of the kind. And it is worthy of remark also, that this style is strictly confined to my own sex. Mother Nature shows a little good sense in this respect, and does not waste such glorious workmanship where it would stand a fair chance of being degraded, not to say utterly ruined and lost.
Directly opposed to this is the calm, clear gray eye—the eye that reasons, when this only feels. It looks you quietly in the face; it views you kindly, but, alas, dispassionately; passion rarely lights it, and love takes the steady blaze of friendship, when it tries to hide within. The owner of that eye is upright, conscientious and God-fearing, pitying his fellow men, even while at a loss to understand the vagaries. I have often wondered if the good Samaritan was not such a man. It is the eye for a kind and considerate physician, for a conscientious lawyer, (if such a man there be,) for a worthy village pastor, for a friend, as faithful as any poor human being can be; but I should rather meet some other in a lover or a husband, if I had my choice. It is the eye for a Joan of Arc, a Florence Nightingale, a Grace Darling, but the fairy of a household hearth would wear another guise.

Last of the gray eyes, comes the most mischievous; a soft eye, with a large pupil, that contracts and dilates with a word, a thought, or a flash of feeling; an eye that laughs, that sighs almost, if I may use such a term, that has its sunshine, its twilight, its moonbeams, and its storms; a wonderful eye, that wins you whether you will or not, and holds you even after it has cast you off. No matter whether the face be fair or not—no matter if features are irregular and complexion varying, the eye holds you captive, and then laughs at your very chains. It is easy enough to account for the witchery of Mary, Queen of Scots. I have heard that her eyes were gray, and you may be sure they were like these. So, I have no doubt, were Lucretia Borgia's; so were those of Ninon de L'Enclos. Many another woman has such orbs; perhaps she uses them more innocently and legitimately—but the effect is very much the same; and if people choose to face the danger they must take the consequences. Heaven knows, I have no very high opinion of the lords of creation; and young men I confess, I hate worse than anything else on earth, (except young women,) yet one piece of advice will I give them in all sincerity: Never marry a woman who has these eyes, they were never made, be sure, to serve only as lamps for a domestic hearth. Verbum sap.

And green eyes, what can be said of them. Much, but for this last short page, warns me to be brief. I have seen some like cat's eyes, yet the majority are very handsome, I assure you. I have met with some floating in a lambent light—large, dreamy, pensive, and yet really green—though they were such as the soul of Keats, and especially of Coleridge might have looked out of. They are not bewildering like the blue, nor dangerous like the black, neither affectionate as the brown, nor passionate as the gray; but they are the eyes for a visionary poet, whose soul has little to do with earth, and loves the land of memory and imagination better. They would do, in the present day, for Mrs. Browning, and I can fancy them, to go very far back, in Poyche's face.
So much for what we see with, I do not know how it may be with others, but if I wanted to flirt, I should choose some one with the glorious eye of flashing blue; my friend's eye (male or female) could be the twilight brown; my husband's blue also, but calm and sad, and unapt to wander; my doctor's, clear and steady gray; but if to calm joys of domestic life, I preferred a lonely destiny and the sting of a love, deep, fervent and passionate, yet forever shadowed, and forever in vain, why then I would dare the glance of such dark eyes as looked upon me once—looked upon me—passed away, yet will never either forget or be forgotten.

The first number of a newspaper has been issued in Paris, called "The Aesthetic, a Journal of Ideas." The main idea is by no means new, for we read in a sacred record of two thousand years ago that, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

The Latest Enormity.

The Black Republicans, in the miserable, cabal that calls itself Congress, have agreed on trying a new infamy. They have heard that the Supreme Court of the United States is about to pronounce all their "Military Districts," unconstitutional. To offset this, the Black Republican Rump of a Congress propose to abolish all the work of their, and in place of five Military Districts, to make it all one despotism; and to make Gen. Grant the Despot over the whole. Whether this is a bribe for Gen. Grant, and done with his knowledge and consent to accept it, we do not know, and we do not care. If Gen. Grant has not known of it, and secretly consented to usurp power, the Black Republican Congress has fooled itself. If Gen. Grant is in the conspiracy, it only remains to see whether it is possible to teach President Johnson his powers and his duties, to put both Congress and Gen. Grant, up a very dry spout. This miserable Rump of a Congress assumes to set aside the Constitution of the United States, as it is written and read by men. It now, also, assumes to disregard the will of the people, declared in the late elections.

The Executive, vested in the one person of the President, is, by the theory of the Constitution, the co-ordinate and full equal of the entire legislative—Congress. But the provisions made in the Constitution, modified this co-ordinate and supposed equal power. No educated mind trained to such studies, can help seeing that the United States Constitution, without meaning to do it, perhaps; gave a preponderance to the Executive over the other Departments of the government.

The Black Republican Rump now proposes to curtail the powers vested in the Executive—the President—and in the Judiciary. This bastard Congress proposes to pass an act saying that the President shall not fulfill his sworn obligations; and that the Supreme Court shall not declare the law, as against what this wretched Rump will do. Such an assumption is past any argument. This vile, and repudiated Rump of a Congress of the United States, assumes to be omnipotent. It assumes to give law, binding on both the co-ordinate departments of the Federal Government. If they intend to press this assumption, now is the time to deprive our civil war—but, if the alternative is slavery and subjugation of our people, or a war for liberty, we must go to war. We have feeble confidence in any act of courage on the part of President Johnson. But if he calls on the people, to protect him against Congress, on such an issue as this the complete prostration of the Executive, and of the Judiciary, at the feet of a repudiated Rump Parliament, the people will respond! It may prove a rather bloody war. Possibly it may prove that modern appliances, as exhibited in newspapers, may make it not as it used to be, for the guilty ones to escape!
There is enough of danger of a new civil war, to make it timely for us to urge Democrats, everywhere, to get ready. Remember, in the canvass of 1860, we said that a bloody war would follow Lincoln's election. Easy going people laughed at us. We say now, that we are threatened, with equal distinctness, with another desolating war. This time, here at the North.
If the danger be appreciated, in time, it may be averted. If not, it will come as a whirlwind! But, President alive, or President dead, to his duties—the propositions of this bogus Rump Congress, if carried out, mean another civil war.—Freeman's Journal, N. Y.

Remarkable Escapes.

During the horrors of the French revolution, a tradesman of Lyons, of the name of Grivet, a man of mild and simple manners, was brought in one evening, sentenced, among a number of others, to perish the next morning. Those who were already in the cave pressed round the new comer to sympathize with him, to console him, and to fortify him for the stroke he was about to encounter; but Grivet had no need of consolation, he was as calm and composed as if he had been in his own house. "Come and sup with us," said they, "this is the last inn in the journey of life; to-morrow we shall arrive at our long home." Grivet accepted the invitation, and supped heartily. Desirous to sleep as well, he retired to the remotest corner of the cave, and, burying himself in his straw, seemed not to bestow a thought on his approaching fate. The morning arrived; the prisoners were tied together and led away without Grivet's perceiving anything, or being perceived. Fast asleep, enveloped in his straw, he neither saw nor was seen. The door of the cave was locked; and when he awoke awhile after, he was in the utmost astonishment to find himself in perfect solitude. The day passed, and no new prisoners were brought into the cave. The next day was the decade, when the judges did not sit, nor did they, for some other reason, sit the following day. Grivet remained all the time in his solitude, subsisting on some scattered provisions which he found about the cave, and sleeping every night with the same tranquility as the first. On the evening of the fourth day the turnkey brought in a new prisoner, and became as one thunder struck on seeing a man, or, as he almost believed it, a spirit in the cave. He called the sentinels, who instantly appeared. "Who art thou?" said he to Grivet, "and how comest thou here?" Grivet answered that he had been there for four days. "Doubtless," he added, "when my companions in misfortune were led away to death, I slept and heard nothing, and no one thought to awaken me. It was my misfortune, since all would have been past, whereas I have lived with the prospect of death always before me; but the misfortune will now undoubtedly be repaired since I see you." The turnkey listened to the tribunal to excuse himself for what had happened. Grivet was summoned before it, he was interrogated anew. It was a moment of lenity with the judges, and he was set at liberty.

An instance once occurred of escape after condemnation which deserves to be mentioned, because the fact is both remarkable and well attested. A number of persons were returning back to prison after sentence had been passed upon them that they were to be guillotined the next morning. They were accorded to custom, tied by the hands, two and two, with a cord, and were escorted by a guard. In their way they were met by a woman, who, with loud cries, reclaimed her husband, asserting that he was a good patriot, and had been unjustly condemned, and she could bring proof of his patriotism, known to all the world. It so happened, that the judge who had condemned the prisoners passed by at that moment, and, hearing the clamors of the women, inquired what could occasion them. This being explained, and the judge very happily being in a more merciful humor than usual, said that a good patriot must not be executed, and if the woman's assertions were true, it was very right that her husband should be released. He accordingly ordered the man to be unbound and brought to him, when he asked several questions respecting his patriotism, and what he had done for the good of the republic. To all which he received answers so satisfactory, that he declared him to be a good sans-culotte, unjustly condemned, and ordered him to be set at liberty on the spot. This affair, as may easily be imagined, soon drew a number of people together, so that the prisoners were mingled promiscuously with the multitude.
The companion with whom the man had been yoked fading himself single and observed, the eyes and attention of all present being now otherwise engaged thought that a favorable opportunity of escape was presented; thrusting, therefore, the hand which had the cord round it into his waistcoat, that the cord might not be seen, which would have betrayed him, he with great coolness made his

way through the crowd as if he had been a spectator only, drawn among them by curiosity. When he found himself at liberty, he hastened to the port, which was not far off, and jumping into a boat, ordered the boatman to row in all haste to a place which he named at the other end of the port. The boatman obeyed; but here a difficulty arose which had not immediately occurred to the fugitive, that he had not so much as a sol in his pocket to pay his fare; for when any one was arrested, whatever money he might have about him, or anything else of value, was immediately taken away as confiscated property. What was to be done in a situation so embarrassing? He did not lose his presence of mind; but, feeling in his pocket, said, with a well-felt surprise, that it was very unlucky, but he had forgotten his purse, and had not any money with him. The boatman began to swear and make a great outcry, saying that this was all a mere excuse, that he was a cheat, and wanted to make him work without being paid. The fugitive then, as if a sudden recollection had struck him, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out the cord from which during the passage, he had contrived to disengage it: "Here, my friend," said he, "take this: I by no means wish to cheat you; I cannot tell how it has happened that I have come out without money; but this cord, if you will accept it, is worth more than your fare." "Oh, yes, yes—take it, take it," said a number of other boatmen who were standing by, "the citizen is right, the cord is a good cord, and worth triple your fare; I don't believe he meant to cheat, he looks like an honest citizen." The boatman took the advice, and accepted the cord; and the liberated victim walked off to the house of a friend in the neighborhood, where he remained concealed the rest of the day. When night came, he made his escape from the town, his friend furnishing him with money and other necessities for his journey; nor had many days elapsed before he was safe out of the republic.

HOW MUCH!

How many pounds does the baby weigh?
Baby who came but a month ago;
How many punds from the crowning curl
To the rosy tip of the restless toe?
Grand father ties the kerchiefs' knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight;
And carefully o'er his glasses peers,
To read the record—"only eight!"
Softly the echo goes around,
The father laughs at the tiny girl,
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl.
And sleeping above the precious thing,
Nurses a star within a prayer;
Murmuring softly—"Little one!
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."
Nobody weighed the baby's rattle,
Or the love that comes with the helpless one,
Nobody weighed the threads of care
From which a woman's life is spun.
No index tells the mighty worth
Of a little baby's quiet breath—
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful unto death.
Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weight there be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.
Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shines in this its guise,
Within so frail and small a thing.
Oh! mother laugh your merry note,
Be gay and kind, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet!

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

An evangelic weapon—The Acts of the Apostles.
The end of Seward's real estate purchase—A drop of the crater.
What do you always do before you go to sleep? Shut your eyes.
The oldest business in the world—the nursery business.
The real champions of the ring mothers with daughters to marry.
Why is a kiss like a scandal? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.
The two kings of Society—Gammon and Mammon.
Nonsense is defined as sense which differs from one's own.
Beer fills many a bottle and the bottle many a bier.
Why is dolancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves.
What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.
Patrick told his sweetheart he "could not slippe for dramin' of her."
Why are lovers' sighs like long stockings? Because they are high hose (high boots).
Petroleum fires are defined by Pope as "the parcel of one stupendous hole."
Whatever may be the official seal of Utah, Brigham Young is the official sealer.
If "beauty draws us by a single hair" who could withstand a modern waterfall?
The most direct method to determine horse power is to stand behind him, and tickle his legs with a briar.
A mild young lady in Chicago made an affectionate but unsuccessful attempt to chop her husband's head off.
The Union League of New Orleans unanimously endorse Chase for President and repudiate Grant.