

PARENTHESIANA.

BY DAREY DOTY. "O. OF T."

And must you go? (You hateful clock, I'll break you into bits)...

Written for the WASHINGTON The Chronicle of Tatletown.

BY VIRGINIA CHAPTER VI.

When Alfred left the room Eugene drew a "conversational" near the fire, and seating Daisy, placed himself beside her.

She formed an exquisite picture, sitting there in the softened, ruddy light of the fire. She wore a blue silk, whose rich folds fell around a figure that Hebe might not rival.

"Put that music aside, Daisy, and listen to me. I've much to say, and but a brief time to say it in. Give me those hands if you are at a loss what to do with them."

"Daisy, my darling, shall I go away to-morrow without hearing you say 'I love you'—without telling you how dear you are to me?"

Her cheek rested lovingly on his shoulder, and the hand, clasped in his was not withdrawn.

"Oh Eugene, don't! Mama will be so shocked, and angry! Oh me, what have I done? I should not have stayed in here."

"No, my darling, you are not too young to love, or to be loved, and I'll venture to say Mama will not be very much shocked."

"Of course I shall tell mama; but I fear she will think me very presumptuous. Eugene, what did you mean when you said our parting may be for years, may be forever?"

"I meant, petite, that our fears as to a civil war may possibly be realized, God forbid it! but should such be the case, duty, and love would call me to the defence of my country; but ere I go I would claim the promise of you to become my wife."

Daisy drew closer to him, and looked beseechingly at him. "Oh Eugene don't say those horrible things about war. I cannot, cannot think it will ever be!"

"I would not grieve you needlessly, my darling," he said tenderly, looking into the tearful eyes.

"Eugene, I must go back now. Mama will be offended that I have absented myself for so long, and Claudia is waiting for her music."

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"I'll take it to her, and make all excuses. Now kiss me darling, and promise to give me my answer in the morning."

Daisy kissed him, and sent him off with the music to Claudia. She leaned on the mantel, looking down into the bright depths of the fire.

Was it life's flight alone that irradiated her face, with its soft, happy light? Ah! we may not ask; may not fathom the depths of a maiden's first love.

When Eugene returned to the drawing room he found Claudia still at the piano, and around her several gentlemen, the most devoted of whom was Mr. Bell. He selected her songs for her, often accompanying her with his really fine bass voice.

"Love? 'tis to two souls a single thought—two hearts that beat as one!" then Willie felt not its potent power, for there was no reciprocation on Claudia's part.

"Love begeth all things, dureth all things," and this love held Willie captive. Claudia smiled significantly when Eugene laid the manuscript music before her.

"Here she comes now!" said Mr. Bell. "Smile again Stockton. You look as the darkey said, like Patience in a moment being at grief."

Daisy avoided the group at the piano, and joined her mother and the Judge. There was a little frightened, timid look in her eye, as she glanced at her mother but she said nothing, and Mrs. Compton asked no questions.

Daisy listened apparently to the Judge and her mother, but she heard nought save Eugene's voice, whose wit, and humor, enlivened the group at the piano. Not once did she dare look that way for fear of catching Eugene's eye.

When coffee was served, Mr. Stockton joined her, and for the remainder of the evening devoted himself to her. Eugene seemed quite content to have it so, and smiled to see the meshes Daisy was unconsciously weaving around Mr. Stockton's heart.

While the gentlemen were preparing to leave, securing umbrellas, and waiting for their buggies to be brought to the door, Willie Burke stepped back to the drawing room, and called the ladies out on the portico.

They had all gathered on the portico, Eugene drew Daisy's arm within his own, and sauntered off to the end of it and where an angle of the house cast a shadow, concealing them from view.

softly, almost reverently the words of Longfellow's "Night."

"I heard the trailing garments of the night sweep over the marble halls— I saw her sable robes all fringed with light from the celestial walls."

I felt her presence, by its power of might, Sleep over me from above— The calm majestic presence of the night, Like unto the one I love.

I hear the numerous sounds of night— The manifold of chimers— That fill the haunted chambers of the soul Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool eisters of the midnight air, My spirit drinks repose, The fountain of perpetual peace flows there— From those deep caverns flow.

Oh, holy night! from thee I learn to bear, What man has borne before; Then layest thy finger on the lips of care, And they complain no more.

Peace! peace!—O tentes like, I breathe this prayer— Do bend with swift winged flight, Then beautiful, thrice beautiful and fair Thou best beloved night."

"How many hearts have echoed those beautiful words, dear Eugene? My own does at this holy hour."

"My darling!" he said as he bent down, drew her closer to him and, kissed her, "Does my love also find an echo in that beautiful soul? Say again, darling, those words, 'I love thee'."

"Why ask it, Eugene? It needs no words to tell you, how dearly I love you!"

"True, dearest! but my-thyral soul kneels at the pure fountain of your love, and quaffs its delicious waters eagerly. It cannot be satisfied with one draught."

"Ah Eugene, I fear I am not worthy of such love! but come, we must go in. See, they have all left the portico."

"They went to the door, but found it fastened! The unconscious Alfred had been his rounds, fastening doors and shutters."

Eugene laughed. Daisy felt annoyed, but after a moment's thought she remembered there was a possibility of getting in without rousing the servant.

"Eugene we must go round by the southern portico, and get in by the library window. You know it opens on the portico, and is never fastened—Come!"

They reached the last step, Eugene caught her in his arms, and despite her protests bore her safely over the wet grass, and placed her on the southern portico.

Daisy knew not whether to be angry or not, but she pouted most charmingly— Eugene did not seem to notice it. "There you are, petite! Did you suppose I was going to permit you to risk that precious life, just given me?"

"Nonsense, Eugene, you know I shall do no such a thing. We must hurry in. I suppose there is no need to get angry with you, but you must promise and do better in future."

"I will not promise unless you bribe me," he said as he proceeded to open the library window which yielded to his hand. They entered the library. The lamp had been extinguished, but the fire still burned brightly, and Eugene pleaded earnestly for a few moments there, but Daisy left him, hurrying off to her own room, frightened at what had happened, and what would be very likely to happen if her mother knew of it; still she had no concealments from her mother, and had fully determined to make a full confession.

Aunt Esther was waiting patiently in her room, when she entered it, and assisted her to undress, wondering where she could have been. When her duties were over she waited to see her safely in bed, before leaving her for the night.

"You need not wait, Aunt Esther, I shall not go to bed just yet. I'm going into mama's room for a little while."

"Lordy! honey, your mama's is bed and sleep, long, merry agn! It's time you was in your bed, too. You do jes as your ole mammy what nuss'd you, tell you to do, dat's a good child!"

"No, I must see mama before I go to sleep to night. Don't wait dear mammy, I'll promise to be asleep before you are. Good night!"

"Good night, child, and don't stress yourself 'bout your ole mammy's not gwine to sleep, case she's a good sleeper, she is!" and she left the room.

Daisy crept to the door communicating with her mother's room, and opened it softly. A night lamp burned on the hearth, where the few embers were dying away.

"May I come in, mama?" "Yes, dear. Where have you been? In Augusta's room?" she asked as Daisy seated herself beside the bed.

"No mamma, I've been— "Where?" asked her mother seeing she hesitated. If Daisy had seen the smile that accompanied the last question she would have opened her frightened little heart, with less trepidation.

"Oh mamma! I've been— I do not know exactly where— I can't tell— I've been in the— I want to tell you all but I cannot!"

"Never mind, deary," said her mother seeing her confusion, and tenderly caressing the soft little hand trembling in her own. "Never mind, mother can guess."

"You are not angry then, dear mother?" "Angry, my child? No, how could I? Do you suppose I do not deem Eugene worthy of you? Mother knew it all, love, this morning, when he asked my consent to win and woo you. It was given freely, and fully. Now kiss me, darling, and go to sleep!" and she held her in a tight embrace, while Daisy whispered "good night," through her tears and smiles.

As she knelt beside her couch that night, another name, very precious to her now, was added to those for whom she pleaded at the throne of grace.

Early the next morning Eugene left. Daisy was in the library when he came down, and there, where she had welcomed him to her heart, bade him adieu, and amid tears, smiles and blushes gave him the promised answer. They parted. Ah! little did their young hearts know then for how long.

"It may be for years, it may be for ever."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Which is on Trial—the President or the Constitution?

The people have not asked for the impeachment of the President, and it is a profanation of their name to use it in the prosecution.

The whole proceeding has notoriously been gotten up for the most sinister purposes by the Radical majority in Congress. But now that solemn functions are thus trifled with and sacred functions prostituted, it has assumed an unwonted degree of importance and become a question of the highest consequence before the highest court known to the Constitution.

It must be borne in mind that the people of the United States are yet to see wherein the President in the exercise of the high functions intrusted to him, has been guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanors," as meant by the Constitution, and not as asserted by his accusers. There is a vast difference between bold assertions and clear legal proof.

The impeachers are also the prosecuting attorneys, and in a great degree the witnesses against the officer accused. The case is entirely anomalous. The Court is composed largely of men who have already expounded the man who is to be tried because he would not be their tool; and from his decision there can be no appeal, save to the people themselves who made the Court.

If the President is clearly proved guilty, or if he has done something wrong, and the other powers of high crime and misdemeanor, the people will know the reason why. If the President is not clearly proved guilty, or if he has done nothing wrong, the other powers of high crime and misdemeanor, the people will know the reason why. In the American Constitution that is now really under attack, there is no provision for such a trial.

The Woman Question.

O tempora! O mores! Where are we? Whither are we borne? A few days since the mails from New York city, the metropolis to which many of the grand masters who wield the organs of public opinion resort, brought us the tidings that Democracy in this country was a failure, and the prediction that the day was not far distant when the ideal which our officers have hugged for so long would be broken, and the devotion formerly given to it be transferred to other shrines.

Such predictions from such a quarter should prove sufficient to fill the breast of any man who loves his country with the saddest forebodings, however his reason and his hopes might prompt him to question the opinion of the so-to-be-called oracle. But worse, far worse was to follow. To the patriot, the reflection that change in government however radical that change may be, is for the greater good of his country, at length brings resignation and consent. But what can reconcile him to the social revolution, which the same oracle in tones equally confident asserts to be at our doors, with credentials which the people will endorse? To what lethe shall we resort when told that "the movement for the political equality of sexes is every day gathering strength and momentum" in our land, and that though "Feminism, Garibaldi, George Francis Train and impeachment may for a time seem to overshadow it," yet after these and other analogous "minority wonders have lived out their little life, it has sprung again elastic into all its former importance."

Why, when the sad announcement was made, were no features of utility, or at least of feasibility, pointed out, which might reassure us in driving our institutions from their present moorings to a sea of doubt and uncertainty? When Democracy was condemned, its failure was accounted for by the asserted unsoundness of its prime dogmas, and various facts were cited to substantiate the assertion. It was proven that the wider the scope given to Democratic principles, the wider were the doors thrown open to vice among our officials, and corruption among our officials. What more effectual balm than this could have been given to hearts that bled as they were torn from their old faith in Democracy? But scarcely had our alarm at this mighty shadow subsided, when we are told to listen to the mutterings of a social earthquake about to visit us, which must prove more devastating in its effects than even a change of government. Yes, the gallant Round Table, the political and social oracle of the New World (?) has given out that woman is about to extend her present sphere, so that her orbit will take in the privileges which heretofore have been asserted by man to be peculiarly his own.

What an assertion to be found in the columns of a sheet which pretends to mould the minds of its readers for the greater good of their country and society! And does it not sound like favouring the change, when in the columns we find—"It is arguing on a false assumption to assert that establishment of female equality abrogates and annuls the kindly offices of male gallantry," and that "masculine gallantry is based upon woman's physical inferiority, her weakness being the inspiring source of all the sweet observances wherewith chivalry loves to compass her."

Why, when it is of such vital importance to society, does it maintain so undecided a position? If it favours the change, why couch it in implication only; and if it opposes, when so many minds make it their only channel to conclusions and opinions, why does it not come boldly forth and say so? It calls to mind the answers of the Pagan oracles, such as "aja sapientia Romanas," which may be rendered either "I say that you will conquer the Romans," or "I say that the Romans will conquer you." What we gather from the article upon female suffrage is similar. That there is a great probability of said suffrage is asserted without qualification. Of its necessity or utility, nothing is said. In view of the said probability, however, we are informed that even if it should come to pass we need have no fears, for "whatever real or imaginary rights may be yielded her, there is one inalienable right which no change in woman's social relations can ever de-

prive her of—the claim of her feebleness and frailty to care and protection." What is this but a reservation of opinion until time does its appointed work, then and then only applauding or condemning as popular favour dictates? Far from influencing the course of public opinion, that sheet follows its tide wherever it goes.

For ourselves we condemn the extension of the privileges of the fair sex; see no utility in the change, but on the contrary, think it fraught with innumerable evils. We do not think with the Round Table that woman's physical inferiority is her chief claim to the veneration and deference that manhood now extends to her, and that no matter what her condition, socially considered, that inferiority will always claim and receive the same deference. So far from doing so, we think it the sphere only in which she now moves which gives her the veneration so cheerfully yielded. It is her higher calling, her diviner mission, which surrounds her with that hallowed charm which awes man in her presence, and which, even if he would, he cannot resist. That calling, that mission, as God intended it, is as superior to man's as love and virtue are superior to interest and ambition in the scale which has perfection for its standard. It is woman's high duty to soften the naturally hard dispositions of men, to exercise the power which an inscrutable Being has given her, in bestowing tenderness and clemency upon her, of curbing the mad longings and evil tendencies of man's nature. And when she departs from that realm, when the noble duties of wife, mother and sister are associated with politics—when she enters with man upon a field where all is envy, hatred and malice, farewell to her beneficial influence, and the love and veneration which she now challenges and receives.

Limestone Water and Pretty Girls.

It has been noticed as a somewhat remarkable physiological fact that girl babies largely predominate in limestone regions. The writer of this little remembrance that in traveling through the limestone country of central Pennsylvania on one occasion, where, in a district of thirty miles, a male baby had not been secured up for years, he was an object of considerable curiosity and no little respect on the part of the good dames there, on the fact transpiring that he was the father of several boys.

The number of pretty girls to be seen at every pane of glass, and in groups by the roadside on the way to Antietam, showed that the limestone water of Maryland is equally propitious for a prolific growth of the fair sex. On the various roads and in the fields near the cemetery, there were acres of stout five-seat Maryland wagons, crammed with bouncing, rosy girls, and with not male material enough among them to drive the team.

Too Good to be Lost.

At a recent election in the State of New York, a lad presented himself at the polls to claim the benefit of the elective franchise.

Feeling a deep interest in a favorite candidate, his father, who was evidently opposed to the boy's preference, stood at the ballot-box, and challenged his right to vote, on the ground of his not being of age. The young man declared that he was twenty-one years old; that he knew it, and that he insisted upon his right. The father becoming indignant, and wishing, as the saying is, to "bluff him off" before the judges, said: "Now, Bob, will you stand up there and contradict me? Don't I know how old you are? Wasn't I there?"

Bob looked his contempt for the old man's speech, as he hastily replied: "Thunderation! s'pose you was? Wasn't I there too?"

This settled the sire, and in went the poor's vote.

A Quack, having produced a wonderful hair-navigating fluid, applied to an editor for a testimonial. He gave it in these terms—

Isolated, we should think, to convince the most skeptical: "A little applied to the instandant has given it a coat of bristles, making a splendid pen-wiper at a little cost. We applied the lather to a ten cent nail, and the nail is now the handsomest lather brush you ever saw, with a beautiful soft hair growing from the end of it, some five or six feet, in length. Applied to door-stones, it does away with the use of a mat. Applied to a floor, it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a Brussels carpet. A little weak lather sprinkled over a lawn, makes it impervious to the wind, rain or cold. It is good to put inside of children's cradles, sprinkle on the road sides, or anywhere, where luxurious grass is wanted for use or ornament. It produces the effect in ten minutes!"

Wags went to the depot of one of our railways the other evening, and finding the first car full said in a loud tone:

"This car isn't going!" Of course these words caused a general stir, and Wags took the best seat. The car soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation Wags was questioned: "You said this car wasn't going. Well, it wasn't then, it is now." The said laughed a little, but Wags came away getting a good thrashing.