The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA

THE LONG TO-MORROW.

old ago that strains the web of life.
And checks the finithe's eager paces.
Brings rest of in all the world's van strife,
And teres an old man to old faces.
And still my heart beats warmly yet.
Although grandchildren play before me,
And i can easily forget.
That eighty summers have passed over me

Sweet maiden, with the downcast eyes, To whom my grandson guly chatters To whom my granuson gury emaces.
And treasures up the low replies
You make on many foolish infilters,
I wonder when a dearer name
He whispers through those shinging treases
If you'll be hery I've done the same,
And thrifted a heart with my caresses;

And when my youngest joined his ship, So tearful at the sad home faces, So tearful at the said home faces.

Shrunk at his mother's quivering lip.

The while he sight gain error places.

Londer the ever thought.

I had my dreams of earth and glory.

But slivered hairs have sternly tought.

The worth of thus heroe story.

And often in the many throng.
When little feet are lightly dancing, that as each marken whirls along.
The bonne tyes give sweeter glaneling, is it apart and idly lireum.
That my fair youth has not departed, and offer hopes and fair ness can.
To leave me far noore tender hearted.

My life's gav Spring bud many joys. The summer brought me loves first roses, the Autumn gave the my brave boys, a wait until the Winter closes. Such season has in order brought. The imagled flowers of joy and sorrow, and many an earnest lesson taught. And so I wait the long to morrow.—Exchange.

A Visit with the Doctor.

BY T # AMIHIR.

ton? asked Dr Farleigh, as he sat down by his patient, who reclined languidly in a large cushioned chair 'Miscrable, was the faintly spoken reply. And the word was repeated.

reply And

The doctor took one of the lady's email white hands, on which the network of veins; most delicately traced, spread it, she lines everywhere deneath the trainment of the trainment of the contract spread its one lines everywhere depends the transpar it skin. It was a beautiful hind—a study for the painter or sculpton. It was a soft, flexible hand—soft, fire order and welvety to the truckus. the h n er relater, for it was a much a and fuller; how the sense stanger out that work. The doctor had a fairly danced in her eyes his tages on the wrist. Under the press of the full the pulse heat slowly and every. He took out his watch and and each. He took outhes water are counted in bests seventy to a monute to fever nor any unusual determined to the system. Calmly the heart v. a sing its appointed work.

(How your head, Mrs. Carleton?)

- The lay moved her headfrom side to side two or three times 'A' regard of the way there?' '1/2 ms', well enough, but I feel

7 2 2 2 3 well enough, but I feel I have a clister no weak. Is havened the to see her. On no. 1 ext.

heady that her eyes, looking lady tare of feeld ness, year taken the tonic, for which carriage. Ned my walk off with you? in Caption yest iday?
In I ta no straight.
The your aspetite?

oftal othe morning walkin her

t1 · · I'm by der to myself and every one

trest to be out vary day?

The the ear more was broken, and the var more week ago. It has well as the early a week ago. It

had teneds ber down into exceeding prehad teneds ber down into exceeding prepresently from the coloral prehad teneds ber down into exceeding prehad teneds ber down into exceeding prefrom her charr, but she asked Mrs. Ourleten to be setted, in a tone of hady-like
self-possession that do not escape the
clip-possession that do not escape the
doctors of citation to a ride found her
self- only the mind to see in it a l
presently in excellent the desired way; and the even smilled
as her sole.

F. Spacetty

c haff a mind to go," the aid as she spoke

"" had not smalled before "How about the pain through your The state of the state of the state of the control of the state of the

twi ", said endanger a chang of thought in not sure that I am strong enough for the effort,' said Mrs. Carletor, and shalad her head back upon the

curling on in a feeble way.
"You take for that," replied the doc-

The anid came in. It ing me a chewi and my bonnet, liter I am going to ride out with the oter. Mory languidly was the sen-

tenr spoken.

(I'm afraid, doctor, it will be too much for me. You don't know how weak I am. The very thought of such an ef-

fort exhausts me."
"Not a thought of the effort," replied Doctor Ferleigh 'It isn't that '

or three patients in the block?

"A thought of appearances—of-what her arms for the buly, and she readied out her arms for the buly, and removed it so gently from its mother's lap that west in that direction?"

"Jant so weak," was the free-spoken answer. You fashionable people are all finished of each other. You haven't a spark of incive duality or independence of the spark of incive duality or independence.

To three patients in the block?

"Oh, certainly, and she readied out they will not know how to a At the first great internal for investing the standard so will go your liberty. When the doctor returned he notice they will not know how to a At the first great internal for investing the so gently from its mother's lap that and so will go your liberty. When the doctor returned he notice they will not know how to a At the first great internal for investing and the people will permit the answer. You fashionable people are edited out her arms for the buly, and removed it so gently from its mother's lap that and so will go your liberty. When the doctor returned he notice they will not know how to a At the first great internal for lave, the majority will frame and the people will permit the so gently from its mother's lap that and so will go your liberty. When the doctor returned he notice they will not know how to a At the first great internal for lave, they will not know how to a At the first great internal for lave, they will not know how to a At the first great internal for lave, they will not know how to a At the first great internal for lave, they will not know how to a At the first great internal for lave, they will not know how to a At the first great internal for lave, and they will not know how to a At the first great internal for lave, and the propose are so that and so will go your liberty.

I would not her arms for the buly, and removed it and the propose are answer. You fashionable propose are answer. You fashionable propose are answer.

No, not a spack! You are quite strong enough to ride out in your own elegant carriage—but with the dector—oh, dear, no! If you were certain of not meeting Mr. McPlimsey perhaps the experiment might be adventured. But she is always out on fine days."

That's a sad case, dector,' remarked the ledy as she took her place in the

The maid came in with shawl and Doctor Forleigh, as we have intimated, understood his patient, and said just two or three words more, in a

tone half contemptuous.

'A frand of Mrs. McFlimsey!' Not 1; nor of forty Mrs. Flimsey's. It was not the ghost of color that vagned Mrs. Carleton's face now, but the crimson of a quicker and stronger heart heat. She actually arose from her chair without reach for her maid's hand,

chair without reach tor her made shade, and stood firmly while the shawl was adjusted and the bonnet strings tied. "We shall have a charming ride," said the doctor, as he crowded in beside his fashionable lady-companion and took up the loose reins. He noticed that she sat the loose reins up erectly, and with scarcely a sign of the languor that but a few minutes ago

had so oppressed her "Lean back when you see Mrs. Me Flumey's carriage, and draw your veil closely. She will never dream that it's

you I'll get hungry if you play on that string much longer li azalamined Miss. Carleton, what do I care for Mrs. Mc-Flimsey?

Flimsey?"
How charming the tints flushed her dark sweet eyes, that were leaden a little I was from the noisy street, out upon

the smoothly beaten road, and anne green fields and woodlands, gardens and flower-decked orchards, the doctor bore his patien, holding her all the while in pleasant talky. How different, this, from the listless

companionless drives taken by the ady in her own carriage—a kind of easy vi-brating reachine, that quickened the sluggish blood no more than a cushioned

rockings hair Closely the doctor observed his patient. He saw how erectly she contin-ued to sit; how the color deepened in her face, which actually seemed rounder and fuller; how the sense of enjoyment

Returning to the city by a different road, the deter, after driving through streets entirely unfamiliar to his companion, drew up his horse before a row of rough the change and the change are the change and the change are the change and the change are the chang of mean-looking dwellings, and drop ping the reins, thew open thre carriage door, and stepped upon the pavement, at the same time reaching out his hand to Mrs Carleton But she drew, back,

saying-What is the meaning of this, dostur -1 have a patient here, and I want you

O, no, excuse me doctor. I've no taste for such things, answered the excuse me doctor. I've ne

"Come 'I can't leave you alone in the Ned might take a fancy to

Mrs Carlet n glanced at the patient old horse, whom the doctor was slan-dering, with a slightly alarmed man-

. The Correction Sally looked dust ringe had stopped, with something of the may to health and happingss, and abuse

'It may have been a little easier '
'You slept''

'Yes, sir 'What of the night sweats?' 'I don't think they have diminished any.

The doctor bent his eyes to the floor and sat in silence for some time. The heart of Mrs. Carleton was opening tomake its way into any heart. She had forgotten her weakness-storgotten, in the presence of this was and wasted mother, with a steeping chorub on her lap, all about her own invalid state.

I will send you a new medicine,' said the doctor looking up; then speaking

to Mrs. Carleton, he added— 'Will you sit here until I visit two

she is always out on fine days."

That's a sad case, doctor,' remarked the lads, as she took her place in the

And a ghost of color cropt into the face of Mrs. Carleton, while her eyes grew brighter—almost finshed that any it filled me with short and the color of the colo I saw that, and it filled me with Though bring silent all the chile, urprise. She tells me that her husband died a year ago."

And that she has supported herself by shirt-making.'

Yes. But that she has become to feeble for work, and is dependent on a younger sister, who earns a few dollars week-

ly at book folding." The simple story, I believe, said the

doctor. Mrs. Carleton was silent for most of the way home; but thought was busy She had seen a phrase of life that Etouched her deeply.

You are better for this ride,' remarked the doctor as he handed her from

the carriage. 'I think so,' replied Mrs. Carleton. There has not been so time a color May close his weary eves in sleep any our face for months.

They and entered Mrs. Carleton's and dream a Heavenly dream of home. legant residence, and were sitting in one of her luxurious parlors Shall I fell you why " added the !

Mrs. Carleton bowed You have had some healthy heart

She did not answer.

Farleigh *Let your mind become interested in ; some good work, and your hands obey vone thoughts, and you will be healthy woman in body and soul. Your disease, madam, is mental inaction." Mrs. Carleton looked stendily at the doctor.

'You are in earnest,' she said in a

ealin, firm way,

(Wholly in earnest, madain I he bent and kissed her in her sleep, tound you an hour ago, in so weak a And she was dreaming at it, at hour, state that to lift your hand was an ex-hausted effort. You are sitting erect now, with every muscle tightly siring He asked the closing question ab-

ruptly.

"To morrow," was replied.

"Then I will not call for you, but —" He hesitated.

Say on, doctor." Will you take my prescription?"

Yes. There was no hesitation. You must good that sick woman a ride into the country. The tresh, pure. blossom sweet air will do her good, indeed turn the balance of health in her tayor. Don't be atraid of Mrs

McFlimsey For shame, doctor! But you are too late in your suggestion. I'm quite ahead of you.

Alt in what respect? That drive into the country is al-

reads a settled thing. Do you know I am in love with that buby ? Don't you think he'll stand, doe for? the asked measts

I fair or the time I get to fair time I get time

for the rights of future generations

About six years before the Federal Constitution was adopted, a refusikable prophety was uttered under the following circumstances; in 1789 Henry Lau-ren spormer President of the Continen-tal Congress, was sent as Manaster to Holland. On his way he was captured, and imprisoned in the Tower of London. for fourteen months When Lord Shelburne became Premier, Laurens was brought up on habeas corphs and releas-ed. After his release he dined with Lord Shelhurne, when the conversation turned on the separation of the two countries. Lord Shelburne remarked. countries. Lord Shelburne remarked. "I am sorry for your people." "Why so ?" asked Laurens. "They will lose the habeas corpus?" was the reply. "Lose the habeas corpus?" said Laurens in astonishment. "Yes," said Lord Shelburne. We purchased, it with contribes of wrangling many years. tens in astonishment.

Lord Shelburne. We purchased it with centuries of wrangling, many years of fighting, and had it confirmed by at least fifty acts of Parliament. All this least fifty acts of Parliament. least fifty acts of Parliament. All this taught the nation its value, and it is so imagined into their creed as the very foundation of their liberty that no man or party will ever dure to trample on it. Your people will pick it up and attempt to use it, but having cost them nothing, they will not know how to appregiate it. At the first great internal found that you have, the majority will trample upon it, and the people will permittit to be done, and so will go your liberty."—Bridge-port (Conn.) Fagner.

-lows is said to have a cattle

(Written for the Waterway PLEASANT DREAMS.

Halt of our lives are made of dreams; And like the stars they come at night To gild its horrors with their beams, and fill the darkness with their light. They come and make the sleeper smile, and throw whale round his hea Wraped in the darkness of the dead

They come and go on radiant wings Like strange bright birds among the flow And summer, youth, and golden thinks Are all around our sleeping hours

We see all things, all things we know Distance and time we overleap, The dead come to us or we go To Heaven for them in our sleeps.

The infint on its mother's breast, Dreams all day long in that sweet place, it thinks the world all love and rest, i And tool and He com its abother a field The aged man all hoar and white,

Sleeping and waking, day and night, Dreams of the Heat of he soon shall see The weary wands res o'er the deep. Tited of the fate that bids him re The soldier on a foreign straid Though hestile cannons round him rear,

With blossoms for eternity,

And think his battle days are o'er Lase has its dreams as soft and bright As sunshine on a golden shore And they who feel its likesed light, Will never care to waken more

May see in dreams his native land,

She did not answer.

'And 4-pray you, dear madam, let the strokes go on continued Doctor Porthose that mele her young his dear. Por those that mele her young his dear. And breathed a name while kneeling there, So low that only Heaven could hear But afterwords, when in her sleep,

She walked with him by Summer streams In her great joy to could not keep The name so low within her dreams. A lover hastened to his bride, And found her wraped in slumbers deep, And coming softly to her side, "

of the tract de her and may, And all night long the kiss had power fourthe that dre menbout her stay .

But there are dreams more blissful still-That makes the heart more bright and glad The wonder is they do not kill, The waking is so very saft

For logisting he arts at last fire blost With all the love they crave so much, and in such dreams the lips are pressed, That waking we can never touch

Oh, hopeless love! How could we thus If dream, brought near the blass to us 'Imt wolffing house return tourism. . Mosusson Pal January (Doc)

General John C. Breckinridge.

A SCATHING RELLY TO A PARTISAN AL-

The Commercial improves the opportunity of the amnesty proclemater of

Who is John C. Breekinridge, and what was his position in the beginning of the war? He had just then left the office of Vice President of the United States. He was a United States Senator from Kenfin ky for six years. He was in the vigor of youth. He was in the pride of his ambition. All his earthly interests were identified with the Northsman senset of the armed strander. But in an advarrants for their apprehension were used. But no one seemed, for a ern side of the armed struggle But, un-

n it To his principles he resolved at any no me principles he resolved at any hazard to be true. They may have been right or wrong, but they formed a part of his conscientious convictions. In order to maintain them he turned a deaf ear in the seductions of case and power. He sacrificed his position, one of the greatest in the government of the United States. He forfeited his hopes of wealth and power. He left a strong party, which had every reward at its gift to give its adherents, in order to join an immensely weaker side, which had nothing to bestow, and where there was, in case of defeat, the very probable certainty of forfeiture of life, of liberty

and property.

He was foolish to do this, because the voice of honesty was stronger with him than the voice of self interest. Why did he not listen to latter seductive syren? She would have piloted him into a safe harbor; she would have made him all right. There would have been nothing tost but honesty and consistency, and what are they in these days of Radical ascendency? ascendency?

We know what the editor of the we know what the cauter of the Commercial would have done if he had been in the position of Mr. Breckin-ridge. He would have sayrificed everything in this world, and, if necessary, his hopes in the next, upon the alter of

Honesty, virtue and conself interest. Honesty, virtue and consistency would have been nothing with him compared to the necessity of his maintaining a proud carefully position.

He would have disposed with his considered, year with his find, to have been in the place where money and office were to be distributed. Discons subserties the place where income and office with lackey, he would have licked the very foolstools of power in order to have and you say that you are now here in very foolstools of power in order to have been withing its immediate and sacred

préeincts General Breckinridge did not dothis; he stood by his convictions with the energy and fortitude of a brave man, and erry and fortitude of a brave man, and the moral honesty of a conscient obscione; and in their behalf he took the chapters stayed to meet you." of death, imprisonment, exile and penti-ry The Commercial cannot comprehend this Of course not Weakness (Search it," she said, "and wel-cannot understand strength. Moral rot-tenness is at a great distance from purity; and cowardice, moral and physical,

ty; and cowardice, moral and physical, is at the other extreme of valor.

Mr. Breckinridge may have been a crichel, secessionst able traitor," but, nevertheless, at the risk of being denounced as a sympathizer with unfashionable sentiments, we may say that we prefer the honest "rebel," who risked everything in its cause, to the cowardly lovalist critic who denounces him, and who was only true to his banner-because it was identified with lass either and corrections. Scanlan was tried at the most month of the ground, as if she had been shot.

Scanlan was tried at the most near the found nothing. Then we went to the outhouses. There was a graintry, the outhouses are grained with hard she is a graintry. The outhouses are grained with a grain outhouses. There was a graintry the outhouses are grained with a grain outhouse and the outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse and the outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse and the outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse and the outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse and the outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse and the outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse and the outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse and the outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse and the outhouse are grained with a grain outhouse are gr who was only true to his banner-because it was identified with 1 is selfish and corrupt interests; and who, if he had one thousandth part of as much reason to be false as Mr. Breckmindgehad to be true, would have sold his country and his conscience for the poorest mess of pottage. This belief we share with the great mass of our Northern countrymen. They respect bravery and chivalry even when exercised against them, and they admire honesty and independence. We wenture to say that John C Breckin-ridge, to-day, would meet with a warmer welcome, and be more cordially treated by the gallant solders of the Northwest, under Sherman, who had met him so often in battle, than would have find the musket and then three her into the Shannon. As a proof of the truth of my story, you will find themus. Northwest, under Sherman, who had met him so often in battle, than would the men of this section, who, like the editor of the Commercial, and emulating this example, were not seen upon the field of contest, where lives were lost, but who arged others to be there, who made fortunes out of the price of blood, and were granted. The horses which were drawbraye in preportion to their distance from brave in proportion to their distance from

esty with honesty, whenever it is to be from the car found. The soldiers of the army who the gibbet" fought for the Federal government will remember the name of John C. Breekin-

Real Story of the Colleen Bawn.

A promontory between the Glin and Mount Trenchard was the scene of the murder of File O'Conner, new celebrated ga the "Colleen Bawn, or "Fair Girl Lord Monteagle tells the real

to the east of Foynes, with her uncle, an old man possessed of some property. In the same district fived the family of Soundan, connected with the best blood. Scantan, connected with the best blood and hand with its statements its arm the county Mrs Scanlan was a Deligible programment, its looks to plane them it the historiand was connected with algorithm the overview some regulariand the Mussays and the Fitzgibbens, both according to the Scanlars, the historian scanlars (who hand himself the county of the Scanlars of t

The flatter of the fl were usued. But no one seemed, for a ting, disposed to arrest a man so well man of principle for his spherests, he was a ting, disposed to arrest a mae so well man of principle for his had strong constitutions of the right and wrong of the contest. He was on the record upon it.

unmolested I wrote to the Castle, urging that they should take measures to put an end to such a scandal as this impunity to crime. I was answered that the scapidal was not more theirs than mine, as I, being a magi-trate sught to enforce my own Warrant.

I felt the truth of this, and acted upon I felt the truth of this, and acted upon it. I knew that if my intention to do so were suspected, Scanlan would receive notice and escape. I went after sained to the officer commanding the military force of the district, and made a requisition for a hedy of the Kirkhannth Hustion for a body of the Eighteenth Hussars, to be furnished that very night, to be employed on a service which I sould not communicate even to him. After

not communicate even to bim. After some hesitations placed them under my communicate with the light mental without telling him whither were going, I led them by byroads to Scanlan's boose. In this I was assisted by Mr. Lyme, a county magistrate, who accompanied ma.

I posted sentinels all around it, and then accompanied by a party of the Eighteenth Hussars, knocked at the door and asked for Mr. Scanlan, the father. A minute or two passed, during, which there seemed to be some disturbance within; and I was usbeged into a room in which some of the family were seated by the fire

duty-to execute a warrant against their

and you say that you are now here the arrest him hat you are too late, sir. My son left home yesterday, to not to avoid arrest, but on business; for holas within the control of the contr nothing to fear from the law. stayed to meet you."

I answered that we must search the

house.

We examined the dwelling house, bet

ing him to the place of execution, some way out of Limerick, stood fast on the way out or ramenes, seem to taken bridge, and he was forced to be taken by with honesty, whenever it is to be the carriage, and made to walk to the cibbet"

"What became, ' I asked, "of Sulli-

VBH 2 remember the name of John C. Breckinridge with a poet long after the time
they have lost sight of the editor of the
Commowad, who, like "Dugald Dalgetty fought always upon the side that
paid the lost

The was recognized, tried and convicted,
and then contessed that the mirrer was
any sidely house for the country. executed by himself, shough planned and directed by Scanlan

The Printer and His Type.

The following bonu trul extra t is from the pen of Boy man, I Tage rithe

printer poet story, which novelests and dramitists have misrepresented.

She have in the country of Limerick, by shellness to place the country of Limerick, by shellness to go, then the extension to the extension of the country o

Servative, the application of types.

Every day their life long, they greached to read their wepaper and

marches into the line letter by letter We fancy we can tell the difference by

we fancy we can tell the difference as hearing by the ear har perhaps not. The type that told a wedding vester day amountees a fulforal to morrow-perhaps the same letters.

They are the elements to make a world of—those types are a world with something in it as becautiful as spring, as rich as summer and as grand as ad-turn flowers that forest cannot wilt Fruit that shall ripen for all time

The newspaper has become the log-ok of the age. It tells at what rate book of the age thock of the age. It tells at what race the world is running; we cannot find our reckoning without it.

True, the green grocer may build up a bound of candles in our last expressed thoughts, but it is only coming to base uses, something that is done times insuranced. numerable.

We console ourselves by thinking that one can make of that newspaper what he cannot make of hving oaks—a bridge for time, that he can fling over the chasm of the dead cars and walk safely back upon the shadowy sca into the far past. The singer shall not end his song, nor the soul be no more.

-A little boy, four years old, was being put to bed one night, by a young oring put to bed one night, by a young lady, who tucked him up meely and kissed him. He returned the kiss, and then said: "Do the big boys ever kiss you? He was, of course, answered in the negative, but he added, "I recken I know the range your meet be them!" know the reason you won't let them!"

I said that I was come on a painful | Subscriber for the WATCHMAN.