

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

HOW STRANGE IT WILL BE.

How strange it will be, how strange when

Shall we what most lovers become,
You light and lovely, cold and untrue,
You thoughtless of me, and careless of my
our pet names grown rusty with nothing to
Love's bright web unraveled, and rent and
worn through,
And life's loom left empty—ah him!
Alas!
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, how strange when

Which makes me seem lovely to-day
When your thought of me loves its color of
rose,
When every day serves new facts to disclose,
When you find I've cold eyes and an every-day
nose,
And wonder why you could for a moment suppose
I was out of the commonplace way.
Alas!
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, how strange when

When just a chill touch of the hand,
When my pulse no longer delicately beats
At the thought of your coming, at the sound of
your feet,
When I watch not your going, far down the
long street,
When your dear loving voice, so thrillingly
sweet,
As an ever-repeating refrain,
Alas!
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, how strange when

To find the worst day through
Or getting remedy apart as was my
No child's and silent was nothing to say
Or only comfort on the news of the day
In a farmhouse, of four old folks—out of way
In a home, of four old folks—out of way
Alas!
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, how strange when

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The Wide World—Mystery.

MARKABLE INSTANCES OF MENTAL IDENTITY.

In the summer of 1841 the papers of the

daily papers were full of the discovery

in the North river of the body of a

female, which had been found to be a

body of a female, which had been found to

be a body of a female, which had been found

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Bonaparte, Wellington, and Lee.

The Southern Quarterly, in a very

able article on the Duke of Wellington's

campaigns, has the following parallel

between the achievements of the great

British commander and those of Genl.

Robert Edmund Lee in Virginia during

the war:

Gen. Lee with a force not so large as

the Anglo-Portuguese regular army

which Wellington had under him when

he encountered Massena in 1809—not half

so large a his whole force if the Portu-

guese militia be taken in account—in the

space of twenty-eight days, in three

battles, killed and wounded during his

whole career from Assaye to Waterloo,

both inclusive. In one of these battles

Lee killed and wounded more men by

9000 than the French army lost, includ-

ing prisoners, in the whole campaign of

Paris. In the same battle he killed

and wounded more men than Well-

ington, Blücher and Napoleon, all three

together, lost in killed and wounded

in the battle of Waterloo, by 5000 men.

In the second of these battles he killed

and wounded the same number that

both opposing armies lost in the battle

of Waterloo; and in the third he killed

and wounded more by 7000 than the

French alone lost in the battle of Wat-

erloo. In the three battles together,

Gen. Lee killed and wounded more men

by at least 80,000, than the Allies and

French lost in the whole campaign, includ-

ing prisoners. The force with which

Lee operated never amounted, at one

time, to 50,000 men; the force with

which Wellington and Blücher acted

was, even according to English estimates,

100,000 strong. The force to which Lee

was opposed was from first to last, 240,

000 strong; the force to which Well-

ington and Blücher were opposed was but

122,000 strong. When Massena invad-

ed Portugal in 1810, Wellington had

The Care of Infants—By Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The only valuable work we ever saw

on Infancy was written by a man, An-

drew Combe, of Scotland, a close ob-

server, a sound thinker, and a learned

physiologist. We shall never forget

how tenet-tossed we were when we

first found ourselves the happy possess-

ors of a male child without the slightest

knowledge what to do for its comfort

and protection. An ignorant nurse

figgled round the room day and night,

sing melancholy ditties, and rocked

vehemently, while the little creature

continually with a loud voice, and wept,

prayed and philosophized by turns.

Reasoning on general principles, we at

last came to the conclusion that inas-

much as the child was strong and vig-

orous, there must be some mistake on

the part of the nurse that he was not

quiet and comfortable, we fortified

ourselves on that opinion by a faithful

reading of what Mr. Combe had to say

on babies in general. The result of this

consideration of his opinion was a

prompt revolution in the whole nurs-

ing department, and a transfer of pain

from the baby to the nurse, who was

humbled and chagrined as she saw her

time honored system summarily laid

aside—pins, purgative, catnip and crad-

le driven out—while pure air, sunlight,

common sense walked in—Oh, what

signs, what groans, what doubtful shak-

ings of the head, what suppressed

laughter and whispering in the hall we

heard during the first few days after

the inauguration of that dynasty of

health, happiness and rest to the new-

born soul!

When the three hours' cry began

that day, which ancient dames assured

us was a custom that had been faith-

fully kept by all the sons of Adam from

time immemorial, we ordered the little

sufferer to be promptly stripped to the

Waiting for the Spring.

As breezes stir the morning,

And birds the heavens above me,
How glad the trees and bare,
Yet silent in the air,
This hidden seems to bring—
"Patience! the earth is waiting,
Waiting for the Spring!"

Strong ash and sturdy chestnut,
Rough oak and poplar high,
Birch on their sapling benches
Against the wintry sky,
Even the gaily waving
Hath ceased to quiver,
As though she were waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

I strain mine eyes to listen,
If haply when I stand,
But one stray note of music
May sound in all the land.
"Why art thou mute O bird-kind?
O thrush, why dost not sing?
Ah! surely they are waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."

O heart! thy days are darksome
O heart! thy nights are drear,
But soon shall streams of sunshine
Flow down the turning year,
Then shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing,
Let them be silent waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

An Indian story, told by Don

Pratt in a Washington letter—

"I hope in the pantalon business

the Senate will be more successful

than was my friend Dr. Taylor, for a

short time Indian agent. He gathered

up the clothes provided the Indians by

our Government, and after a great deal

of labor got the Indians together, and

proceeded to put on the wearing appar-

el. He had no end of trouble teaching

Mr. To the use and beauty of the in-

expressibles, and for a while the sav-

ages strutted about as proud as turkey-

cocks. But in less than an hour the

head man of the tribe, feeling uncom-

fortable about that portion of his per-

son where the legs end, you know,

reached around with his scalping knife

and cut out the seat of his breeches.

The other Indians followed suit, and

the Government pantaloons presented

in the rear a summer ventilator more

comfortable than assembly."

Beautiful Swiss Custom.

The horn of the Alps is employed in the un-

pleasant districts of Switzerland not

solely in the sound of the cow call, but

for another purpose, solemn and relig-

ious. As soon as the sun has disap-

peared from the valleys, and its last

rays are just glimmering on the snow-

summits of the mountains, the herd-

man who dwells on the loftiest, takes

his horn and trumpets forth: "Praise

the Lord!" All the herdsmen in the

neighborhood then take their horns

and repeat the words. This often con-

tinues a quarter of an hour, whilst on

all sides the mountains echo the name

of God. Solemn stillness follows; ev-

The Stockton Hotel of Cape May.

The Stockton Hotel Company of Cape

May, held their first election for Direc-

tors at the West Jersey Railroad office,

in Camden, on Saturday the 27th ult.

The Directors elected were Messrs. Al-

bert W. Markley, Henry Lewis, R. A.

Warne, George J. Richardson, John

Parsons, and John C. Bullitt. Mr.

Markley was elected President, and

John C. Bullitt, Secretary and Treas-

urer.

Among the stockholders are such gen-

tlemen as Mr. Matthew Bard, Edward

W. Clark, George Bullock, John Hulme

and other well known and prominent

citizens of Philadelphia. The West

Jersey Railroad Co. have assisted larg-

ely and liberally in the enterprise. The

Hotel is now almost completed and will

be opened for guests by the middle of

June. We understand that it is to be

under the proprietorship of Mr. Peter

Gardner, formerly of the New York

Hotel, and the present efficient manager

of Wilford's Hotel at Washington city.

The building fronts on Gunney street

220 feet, with a wing which extends at

right angles with the front, and across

the lot some 400 feet to Howard street.

The dining room is fifty feet wide and

220 feet long. The ceilings of the first

floor are 17 feet high. The main parlor

is 40 by 50 feet, the restaurant is of the

same size. At the east end of the dining

room is another parlor, 35 by 50 feet.

There are also three smaller parlors, 18

by 20 feet each. The office or main

hall is 50 feet wide by 100 feet long.

From this two grand stairways ascend

to the sleeping floors. These stairways

will be of the handsomest character,

and will be lighted with stained glass

skylights from the roof. The hall

throughout the whole house, are 12 feet

wide. The sleeping rooms are of the

same size, and will be furnished alike

This, That and the Other.

The discussion about Grant's shirt buttons

is a harmless controversy.

—A Massachusetts paper says that Sumner

is the coming man. If he is he may come

as late as he pleases. We can wait.

—A Milwaukee man was recently arrested

for beating his wife. Upon being placed in the

cell, he soliloquized as follows:

—It is the first time I have ever looked up,

and thought God it is not that time for my head,

dirty crime, like getting drunk.

—California has snow sixteen inches deep

in some parts and grass six inches long in

others.

—A new rifle has been invented, which is

sixteen inches long, and can be carried in the

trunk of a man.

—A railway conductor says that nearly ev-

erybody who is riding to Washington now

travels on a "free pass."

—Says Kate to her husband, "John, what

lock does that fellow build upon?" "Quoth John,

and grinned from ear to ear, "The lock of my

love."

—A little school girl in Norfolk, Va., gave

the definition of the word happy. To her it

meant to give all your things to your in-

structor.

—A family of three persons, in Massachu-

setts, turned out of doors by non-payment of

rent, recently perished, by being frozen to

death in a snow drift.

—Sarah Harris, colored, claiming to be 100

years of age, and that her husband was admi-

nist in the revolutionary army in 1776, died

in Chicago lately.

The following rules are posted in a New

Jersey house: "No kissing the girls in the

hours, no locking the master during his

days."

The motto of Simon Sticks was, "First may

it be, second may I travel, and third and last

may I die." History is plain result of the

Gen.

—An English butler, Baron Alderson on a

case asked to give his opinion on the prop-

erty of a man who had been married for