

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

TO MY WIFE.

[The following exquisite ballad was written by Joseph Brennan, an exile, who died in New Orleans several years ago.]

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee; Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee; Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee; Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.

Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten, Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten; Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly, Come in thy loveliness, quietly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin, Telling of spring, and its joyous renewing; And thoughts of thy love, with its manifold treasure, Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.

Oh, Spring of my spirit! Oh, May of my bosom! Shine out on my soul till it bourgeon and blossom, The past of my life has a rose root within it, And thy loveliness alone is the sunshine can win it.

Figures that move like a song through the air, Figures lit up by the reflex of heaven— Eyes like the stars of poor Erin, our mother, When shadow and sunshine are passing each other.

Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple, Opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple, Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming is left to the eagle to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you know I was glad— Dear, are you not now, to know I am saddened? Our hearts are answer in time and in time— Love, As octave to octave, and rhyme into rhyme, love.

I cannot weep, but your tears will be flowing, You cannot smile, but my cheeks will be glowing, I would not die without you at my side— Love, You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, see I die of my sorrow, Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow— Strong, swift, and fond, and as the words which I speak, love, With a song on your lips, and a smile on your cheek, love.

I grieve, for my heart in your absence is weary, Hasten, for my spirit is sickened and dreary, Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee, Come to the arms that would fondly caress thee.

For the Watchman

KESWICK GRANGE.

BY W. J. THOMPSON.

"The loss of woman" It is a lovely and a fearful thing.

I never liked Keswick Grange, with its Elizabethan windows and Gothic turrets. Finely situated on a wooded eminence overlooking the beautiful Keswick Lake, it wore, somehow, a gloomy aspect. At least, it appeared so to me. The only portion of it which had any interest for me, was its grand old chapel. I delighted to gaze on the stained windows, the beautiful crypt and altar, and the venerable aisles of this chapel. I loved to linger around its monumental stones, reading their inscriptions by the mellow light which streamed in through its many colored windows. Had I then known the story of that tragedy which was to be enacted in the Grange, the chapel, also, perhaps, would have lost some of its charms for me, and, despite my selfish antiquarian studies, I would have left the place as many others have done, to its silence and desolation.

The last inheritor of Keswick Grange was Claude Trevellyn. Born in England, of an Italian mother, he possessed some of the worst characteristics of that race. The death of Sir Thomas Trevellyn his uncle, without heirs, gave to him the Grange, but not the title, as Sir Thomas was only a knight. I never like this Claude Trevellyn—I could not abide him. He knew this, for I was at no pains to conceal it. His face was the reflex of his soul—sly, artful and treacherous. His small, lead-colored eyes, and long, thin, smiling lips, gave him the aspect of a wolf, of which he had the disposition.

When I was fifteen years of age, Claude Trevellyn returned from a years' sojourn on the continent, to take possession of the Grange, his uncle having died a few weeks previously. Well do I remember when he arrived, and the importance which he assumed as lord of Keswick Grange. As the new owner established usage rendered it incumbent on him to pay the first visit to the families in the vicinity. This he did, but his demeanor was more calculated to disgust than to win confidence.

Claude Trevellyn brought with him, from Italy, a cousin, named Arlette Minotti. She had been in England before, having received her English education at a female seminary in London. She was indeed beautiful—and her beauty was of the pure Italian type, replete with that voluptuous contour which obtains beneath those sunny skies. Her beauty was of that order which is denominated "grand"—it was, compared to some other types of beauty, as the stern grandeur of the mountain to the romantic loveliness of the woodland hill. During the visits of Claude Trevellyn to the houses in the vicinity, Arlette Minotti was his constant companion. It was said that they were already engaged, and that their union would take place within a month, at the farthest. But it resulted otherwise. From some cause, known to none but themselves, a coldness sprang up between them; and, before she had been a month at the Grange, Arlette

Minotti suddenly departed for Italy.

The surprise occasioned by this unlooked-for disruption had scarcely passed away, when Claude Trevellyn took steps toward securing another bride, by bestowing his attentions on Gertrude Moebrey, a ward of my uncle, who then resided at Elm Lodge, distant about eight miles from the Grange. Gertrude Moebrey was uncommonly handsome—but her beauty was of the passive order. She was very fair, with deep blue eyes and splendid brown tresses, which she took great delight in combing and fixing. But she had neither the fire nor the expression which gave animation to the olive features of Arlette Minotti, while her disposition was altogether the opposite of that of the Italian. The soul of Gertrude Moebrey was formed for love. Hers was one of those natures which yearn for mutual affection—one of those beings to whom love is as much a necessity as the air they breathe. Such instinctively seek for some object on which to bestow the wealth of their affections—and thus it was with Gertrude Moebrey. No wonder, then, that she received with favour the attentions of Claude Trevellyn, notwithstanding that his looks and known qualities of mind were calculated to excite distrust and dislike. Claude Trevellyn pushed his suit with unremitting attention, and it began to appear as though the meek Gertrude was to be his bride.

My uncle was opposed to this match, from the beginning, while my aunt favoured it. She was one of those happily constituted persons who are constantly looking on the bright side of everything. Such people never see a fault in any one, no matter how palpable the proofs of it may be, until they learn it by experience. Then, they believe it. Such a person was my uncle's wife. She could never get it out of her head that Claude Trevellyn was precisely the man for Gertrude Moebrey. If Claude Trevellyn was indeed as bad as he was believed to be, Gertrude was just the one to reclaim him; her virtues would counterbalance his vices, and at length conquer them. Happy thought! Pity it is that we do not gather figs of thistles! However, the suit progressed, and Gertrude Moebrey consented to be the wife of Claude Trevellyn.

It being decided that they were to be married, the nuptials at the request of my uncle, were arranged to take place before his departure for the Cape of Good Hope, whither he was going in the early part of October. Claude Trevellyn readily assented to the proposal, as, he said, business of importance required his presence in Italy during the first week of November.

It was a fine afternoon on that October day which saw the union of the wily Claude Trevellyn and the lovely and gentle Gertrude Moebrey. The autumn sun shone out in all its loveliness. It had been arranged that the ceremony should take place in the chapel of the Grange, and accordingly that morning found the friends of both parties at that place. A happy party it was, and well do I remember the happy beginning of that day. I also remember its strange ending!

Three o'clock that afternoon saw the assembled visitors standing around the altar of the chapel, witnessing the nuptial ceremonies. Gertrude Moebrey was attired in a white dress, and as she stood at the side of Claude Trevellyn, it seemed to me that she appeared lovelier than ever. But there was a shade of sadness on her beautiful face, to plain to be mistaken. The crimson light from the stained glass window over the altar, flooded the chancel, and dyed the altar rails in gorgeous tints, and then falling on the large flat stone on which Claude and Gertrude Trevellyn were standing, gave it the appearance of a splendidly wrought piece of mosaic work.

The marriage ceremony was finished, and the rector was pronouncing the benediction, the newly married pair holding each other's hands, when, suddenly, the rector stopped, a commotion was heard at the chapel door. All eyes were turned in that direction, and who should be seen walking up the centre aisle but Arlette Minotti!

If she was beautiful before, she appeared doubly so now. Dressed in a black silk habit, which served to display the fine contour of her figure, her eyes flashing fire, and her features convulsed with passion, she advanced steadily up to the altar rails, and confronted Claude Trevellyn, whose gaze fell beneath hers. As soon as he recognized his cousin walking up the aisle, he dropped, or rather threw from him, the hand of Gertrude, and turning from her with an expression of loathing on his face, gazed intently at Arlette until she stood before him and broke the dead silence which filled the chapel.

"Well, Claude! I heard that you were going to be married, so I left Italy and hastened over here, to see if I was

indeed too late. I am too late, and it is now all over. You are now the wife of another—yes, you, who should have been mine. But, Claude, that need not hinder me speaking plainly—and it will benefit us both. The difference between you and me is, that I say what I think. You do not, because it is not in your nature. This is the great difference between us. But, for this, I might now have been your wife, and would have made you happier than any other woman could. But you belong to another, and I hope she will make you happy. There, now—go. I have told you all I had to say. You have no claim on me now, nor I on you. Go, see, your wife has faintled. Leave me, and go to her."

"My wife!" exclaimed Claude Trevellyn, with a look of intense disgust toward the spot where Gertrude was leaning against the altar rails. "She is recovering now. The company will see to her."

"But leave me," said Arlette. "No," he answered; "I shall not do that. Come into the Grange, I have something to say to you."

And with this remark, they left the chapel together.

The ceremony being over the company repaired to the Grange; and an hour after, all had departed for home with the exception of old Capt. Marshall, my uncle and his wife, and I.

At supper, in the evening, Claude Trevellyn, to the surprise of all, announced his intention of taking the stage for Carlisle that night, as he was anxious to reach London as soon as possible, in order to take the packet for Italy, where he would be detained for a month or two, on affairs of importance. Gertrude, he remarked, would be happy in the society of her friends—of whom, he felt sure, his cousin Arlette was one. As to the cause of his sudden departure, he would make that apparent on his return. So saying, he partook of some supper, and then taking leave of us all, he went into the courtyard, mounted his horse, and departed for the stage-house, which was about three miles from the Grange. There was nothing cordial in the greeting with which he left us. We all felt that he hated us, and Gertrude in particular. Arlette followed him to the gate, and a conversation ensued. From her subsequent remarks and actions that night, I believe that neither her nor he had any thought of my uncle or the Capt. staying at the Grange until morning.

After Claude Trevellyn had gone, we all repaired to the large sitting room off the main hall. Here the evening was passed. But it was a gloomy gathering. There was evidently something weighing heavily upon the heart of Gertrude Trevellyn. She seemed afraid—afraid of us all, and of Arlette more than any one else. All efforts to dispel this strange fear were unavailing, and at last she avowed her determination to stay all night—being afraid to sleep. Seeing that nothing could deter her from carrying out this resolution, we resolved to sit up with her.

This course being decided upon, we sought, by reading and music, to lessen the tedium of the long night hours. We had a supper at twelve o'clock, but Gertrude would eat nothing. Somehow I thought I could do her a look of triumph in the face of Arlette Minotti—which look was changed to one of disappointment on hearing of the Captain's and my uncle's determination to remain at the Grange all night.

Between twelve and one o'clock, while Captain Marshall was reading to us from a volume of Thomson's "Seasons," we suddenly heard the sound of footsteps in the hall. They ascended the stairs and advanced slowly toward the room in which we were sitting. Nearer and nearer, and more distinct they became—and then stopped when about twelve feet from the door. There was no mistaking that footfall—we all knew it. Arlette Minotti grow deadly pale.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Gertrude, "that was Mr. Trevellyn's footstep! What shall I do?"

"Do?" replied the Captain, "he would not come to harm you, even if it were he. Try and compose yourself."

My uncle arose, and, together with Captain Marshall, opened the door and looked down the hall, but there was no one there! They called—but there came no response. We looked behind the arras—but no one was concealed there. The steward and his wife were sought, but they were asleep in another part of the building. Was it our imagination that produced those footsteps? So my uncle thought. I believe, to this hour, that it was Claude Trevellyn! Arlette Minotti was remarkably quiet for the remainder of the night.

Morning came, at length. We had breakfast, and then prepared to depart from the Grange.

We took leave of Gertrude at nine o'clock, and leaving the Captain at his residence of Glenfield, we returned to the Lodge and from thence proceeded to Abersytwthie, to take the packet which was to convey us to the Cape of Good Hope. Gertrude was in tears when we

left; and said that she had a dread of the future.

"I somehow think she is right," remarked my uncle to his wife, as we rode away. "I wish I had stopped that marriage."

Two months after, while at Table Bay my uncle received a letter from Gertrude. It was addressed to his wife, and in it were these words: "I write this to you without Mr. Trevellyn's knowledge—he does not wish me to write to you. He does not care much for me. He loves his cousin, Arlette, and I believe he is sorry he did not marry her instead of me. But I shall strive to make him love me, by being good to him. It was good of him to marry a poor girl like me. I shall try and get him to write to you."

This was the only letter we ever received from her.

CHAPTER II.

"Whence those shrieks the midnight air From that valley bear? Now they come in accents strong, Now they sink the woods among."

Ten months after the marriage of Claude Trevellyn and Gertrude, I returned from the Cape with my uncle. Landing at Abersytwthie, we proceeded to Cokermonth in the stage, and from thence to Carlisle. After resting here for a few days, we again took the stage, which brought us once more to the Lodge.

Our first enquiries were of the Trevellyns. But no one could tell of anything concerning them. A rumor was abroad, some months previous, that Claude Trevellyn had gone to the continent—further than this we could learn nothing. It was determined by my uncle that we should visit the Grange next day, as we all felt a strong curiosity to know something definite concerning its inmates—if, indeed, the Trevellyns were then its inmates.

The morning soon arrived, and we rode up to the Grange—eight miles—my uncle, his wife, Capt. Marshall and I. At our request the Capt. accompanied us. The turrets of the Grange were soon in sight, and as we approached the main entrance I got out and tried the door. It was locked. I then went over to the chapel door—but that was also fast. The building was evidently deserted.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed the captain, at the same time calling to me to try the back portion of the Grange.

"It means," said my uncle, "that the Trevellyns are on the continent." So thought I, but with slight modifications.

Following the lawn path, which led to the back of the Grange, I tried an old door, and was answered from within. I knew the voice—it was that of the aged steward. I told him my name, and that we had come to hear something about the Trevellyns. By this time my uncle and the Captain had also arrived.

After admitting us, the old steward was questioned closely as to the whereabouts of the family. But he, too, knew nothing of them. All he could tell us was, that about two months after our departure from the Grange, Claude Trevellyn and his cousin had left the place together, and had not since returned. As for Gertrude Trevellyn he had not seen her for some weeks before they left. He gave my uncle the keys, and we proceeded to explore the mansion. But there was little need of keys; indeed—nothing was found locked, save the main door, and that of the chapel.

We visited the various chambers on the ground floor. They appeared as though they had not been entered for a long period. The dust lay thick upon the rose-wood furniture. The window-sills and water-casting were in the same condition. Having explored this much, we entered the hall, and were proceeding to visit the upper chambers, when, happening to look on the oaken floor, I observed something which seemed as though it had been spilled. It was the stain of blood, beyond a doubt, and as we approached the foot of the stairway, it became more perceptible. What could this be? I knew, though I kept silent.

Up the broad oaken stair we went. There were blood-stains on every portion of it. Also on the bannisters, as if some one carrying a heavy weight, had leaned upon them for support. At the head of the stair, the spots became larger and thicker, and we followed them to the chamber in which we had all sat the night before my uncle left the Grange to proceed to the Cape.

Entering the room, what a scene was there! The yellow bed-curtains were torn and stained with blood. The lattice of one of the windows was broken. A broken chair lay on the ground, and the bull-ropes was broken. Blood, as though it had dried in clots, was upon the floor. Looking down, I saw something bright. I stooped, and picked it up. It was a shirt-button, with the initials, "C. T." I knew who that belonged to—and so did the rest. It was evident that life-struggle had taken place in that room. But between whom?

We examined the remaining chambers, the arris, the corridors, and even the huge graves—but no other signs of guilty deeds were apparent.

As we were about to descend the stairs my uncle noticed that the blood-stains ran across the hall in a backward direction. We followed them, and they led to a secret door behind the arras, and this door opened into a covered way which led to the chapel. It was at once determined to explore this also.

Following the windings of this underground way, we at length arrived at the entrance which opened into the chapel. But it was fast, and all our efforts to open the heavy door proved unavailing. Retracing our steps, we sought the outer entrance to the chapel—that which I had previously tried. We unlocked it, and entered. It was now we discovered that the secret entrance had been closed from the inside of the chapel. It was secured by masonry—and the stones bore evidence of having been recently placed there. We examined it thoroughly—but found nothing about it that could in any way unravel the mystery of the Grange.

Exploring the chapel as we had done the Grange, we found ourselves as far off as ever from any solution of the fearful secret which we all felt these walls contained. A deal of blood had certainly been enacted here since we were last in the pile—but by whom? This was a question which no one cared to answer—though we all had our thoughts.

We knew that Gertrude Trevellyn never went to the continent with her husband—at least such was our conviction. And that blood-stained chamber—if it could but reveal the story of that which its walls had seen! But they could not—and there was only left the sickening suspicion of what had been done, and who had enacted it.

The chapel had been examined in every part—its monuments, niches, pillars, aisles and even the roof of its crypt—and no clue to the whereabouts of the fate of any of the Trevellyns was obtained. My uncle and the rest of them were about to depart, and for that purpose he called to me, saying that further search was useless—and that it was now only necessary to acquaint the authorities at Carlisle with the discoveries so far made.

All this time I had been steadily regarding the largest stone in front of the altar rails, thinking how, eleven months since, Claude and Gertrude Trevellyn had stood together upon it while they were being married. I called to mind that the crimson light from the colored window streamed over and flooded that stone when they were married, just as it did now. But I had made a discovery—the horrible suspicion awakened by it, flashed across my brain—and as quick as thought I exclaimed:

"She is under that stone!"

Gazing intently upon the heavy slab, I recollected that, on the day of the marriage, the eastern corner of the stone was on a level with the base of an old monument. I remembered having stood with my right foot partly upon the stone slab and partly upon the marble base of the monument. Now, this same corner of the stone was raised at least two inches above the base of the marble monument. I called my uncle's attention to this, and an examination plainly showed that the stone had been moved and then replaced—but whoever did it, had failed to do it effectually.

The captain and my uncle attempted to move it—but a stone twelve feet by eight, and eight inches thick, was not to be stirred by two aged men. I was dispatched to a farmer's, a mile distant, with a request that Mr. Burroughs would procure some assistance, and repair at once to the Grange. I returned in less than an hour with Farmer Burroughs and his two sons.

By the use of some heavy wooden stakes the stone was slowly raised, and then moved partly to one side.

And now the mystery of Keswick Grange was opened before us. There, in an excavation about three feet deep, lay the body of Gertrude Trevellyn! In the same white dress in which she had been married, with her fine hair dishevelled and covered with blood stains and with a deep wound under her left breast, she lay in a huddled position, as if placed there hurriedly.

For some moments, no one spoke a word—we felt riveted to the spot. At length my uncle gave directions to remove the body to the Grange. This was done by Farmer Burroughs and his sons—who stated, that, passing near the Grange on a dark December night, two months after the marriage of Gertrude Trevellyn, they distinctly heard cries, as of some one in distress. They listened, and then all was still—and they thought no more of the incident until now that the present discovery brought it to their recollection. Beyond doubt that was the night on which Claude Trevellyn had made away with his wife.

Locking the door of the chapel, we all returned to the Grange, and intelligence of the discovery was sent to the authorities at Carlisle.

This, then, was the termination of our day's search. We had at least found out the fate of Claude Trevellyn's ill-

starred bride. No clue was ever found of his whereabouts, or that of his cousin Arlette Minotti. Whether she had anything to do with the death of Gertrude Trevellyn, or whether the deed was done unknown to her, was never known, and never will be. If Claude Trevellyn dispatched his wife alone—as would appear from the evidence of the death-struggle which her form presented—he certainly had assistance in burying her. He never removed and re-plied that stone himself. Who assisted him? The strictest investigation never discovered that either. Perhaps he brought with him relations from beyond the sea. But, however it was, never accomplished, the deed had been perpetrated. I always believed that Arlette Minotti had an equal share in the guilty work. That her hand was the temptation to the deed and that she married Claude Trevellyn after they had been in London for all his available funds. And this was the last ever heard of him.

But where Claude Trevellyn and his guilty bride went, or how they compassed the death of Gertrude Trevellyn will never be known until that day when the earth and the sea deliver up their long-cherished secrets.

Walking With Ladies.

Only villagers or persons with rural ideas any longer contend that ladies should always be given the inside of the pavement in passing. The rule adopted in cities is to turn to the right, whether the right leads to the gutter, and an observance of this common sense rule would obviate much unpleasant "scourging" by ever galling gentlemen, who persistently stand by the outside of the walk. Another common custom, and required by fashionable etiquette, and one which is nearly as inexplicable and absurd as the practice of a whole string of men filing up of a church pew, making themselves as conspicuous as an "awkward squad" practising at "catching steps," in order to give a woman the wrong end of a paw, is that of a man, when on a promenade or a walk with a lady, to keep himself on the outside of a pavement. A little exercise of judgment will convince any person of the utter uselessness of this bolting back and forth at every corner. The common rule is this: If a man and woman are walking, he should always be on his right, or, whether it be toward the inside or outside of the walk, then the woman will not be shoved against the pavement.

THE DARKEY AND HIS TITLES.—Some time since, in Mississippi, a very dark, who had been led to believe that with his freedom he was to receive fifty acres of land and a mule, applied to the local court for a writ of habeas corpus to bring him to the court, and the title to his real estate, wherever it might be. He would be ticket given him, and was given a little sharpened stakes, two feet long, painted like young barbers poles, and told to select his forty acres somewhere.

For the certificate of freedom he was asked ten dollars by the agent. But the darkey had but four dollars and six cents. So the loyal keeper of the new men and brothers' compartments of this amount and the brushing of his clothes and boots.

After the work was finished and the money paid, the agent gave the darkey a receipt for the pre-emption money, to show in case there should be any trouble about locating the land.

The darkey found on a plantation by forty acres, and drove his wife. The owner came out to know why these things were this, when the darkey told him it was all right; that he purchased the land of the government and had the bill in his pocket.

"Let's see it," said the planter. "Here she is," replied the triumphant son of Ethiopia, holding forth a sheet of legal cap, on which was written:

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the said Darkey, of the wildness, so I have received of old minger out of four dollars and six cents.—E.

TABLE.—The following table we had in an exchange. We think it pretty found to be useful in explaining the relative value of many indefinite terms which have become "as common as the tracks." We can see no propriety in it as it is perfectly useless to express many terms unless there is some value attached.

- 3 night smarts make a heap.
4 heaps make 1 pile.
3 piles make lots.
4 lots make 1 job.
8 jobs make 1 load.
6 loads make 1 oodle.
5 oodles make 1 dead load.
2 dead loads make mor'n a mule can pull.

THE BAR IN THE WEST.—The number in which an honest lawyer is obliged to make a living "out West" was amusingly demonstrated a few days ago in the Circuit Court of Des Moines, Iowa. The court being in session, a tall, lank specimen of the pioneer class arose to the tallest attitude and addressed the court as follows: "If the Court please, I have a few cases of not much importance which demand my attention, and, as I am engaged in the honorable occupation of cutting cord wood at a distance from this city, I would suggest the Court to set a time when I may expect the cases of my clients to be brought up for trial." The court recognized the urgency of the situation and fixed a time, and the enterprising attorney departed for the woods.