#### The Democratic Watchman.

Par BELLEFONTE, PA.

# For the Watchman.

THE DYING YEAR. BY W. J. THOMPSON.

Around the leafless wood's conflacs, November clouds career The torrent's drigo, the grosning pines, Bewail the dying year,

With roaring and impotuous sweep The gurgling torrents roll their course: So Life—the Sea of Time! Te torrents! Life and Time! Ye own No tarrying apot below. Bill flowing where the Past bath flown— Bill flowing—and to flow!

Its fateful page th' expiring year Hath silently unrolled— Its Joy and sorrow, hope and fear, Passed like a talo long told

rassed like a talo long told
And leaves it on my blow, the while,
No trace of Sorrow's share?
Oh but for Hope—her word and smile—
What furrows had been thore!
Though tossid upon a stormy sea,
Though slender be my sail—
My faith in Heaven, and Joys to be,
Are stronger than the gale

The faded leaves are fallen now The fields survive their flowers Ere long will come the whirling a And Winter's gloomy hours

But pring will yet restore each leaf, The flowers will bloom again; The flowers will bloom again; nd earth forget her transient grisf 'Mid Summer's gentle reign

#### [For the WATCHMAN. WAYSIDE SKETCHES.

BY W J THOMPSON

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys and destiny obscure; Not trandeur hom with a disdamful smile. The short and simple annals of the poor."

How pleasant it is to grander around the old grev arches of some vill ge church and muse upon all that has been and passed away within its walls ! Those spored relies of a by-grone age have a charm which is sought in vain amid the crowded streets of cities and capitols

The village church! What a world of meaning do those words contain f Their very sound is cui honious. They are the synonym of peace, and love, and the still, quietness of whilein village life and manners. They are the talisman which calls up the memories of the past of the joys, hope, and pleasures of other days

Yes, the old grey church! How I love to hinger within its walls, and watch the sun streaming through its stained windows-wander amid its arches, and think on the many, now in the silent graves around it, whose voices have echoed the songs of the choristers. To the thoughtful and contemplative mind this is a study fraught with much that is pleasing and salutary. Here, within these tyy-covered walls, have been the marriages of those who sleep the dreamless sleep in the quiet gravevard without Here, on each returning Subbath, they met the friends of their youth, and the children of their old age. Hard by, generation after generation, they lived, loved and died, and were laid in their fast resting-place beneath the shadow of the old grev church

What a history the village church rould give, were its walls able to speak! More interesting would be its recitals than the finest romance ever written How its old walls would relate the births chistenings, marriages and deaths once celebrated within them! How they would expaniate on the joy of the \* mple villagers when, the bell in the ivied tower announced the nupitals of the village girl - the fairest in the fair train of that little community! How they would deport how she looked with the simple orange-blossoms in her auburn hairs-unadorned save but by her own loveliness, how the day was celebrated beneath the spreading tree on the youth restored again in here; how she loved her Albert, and how he loved her All this the old church could tell, but its stones are mute as to the an also f village life the records of the lowly train " There is a charm in contemplating all this, and in calling up to the imagination the humble pictures of rural life; in recounting the hopes, fears and joyanees of the simple villagers, who, unlea ned and unsophisticated -just "knew, and knew no more, their Bible true."

Yes, let the rich deride the <sup>5</sup>roud disdain Ligse simple pleasures of the lowly train— Fo me more dear, congenial to my heart One mattic charm than all the gloss of art."

More pleasing is the record of their sample lives, than the biography of the conqueror-more congenial to the feelings of the generous mind. To them the old church was a sacred shrine-the holy of hoher, in which, on each returning Sabbath, they worshipped the Most ligh, -not with the knee-worship and hollow mockery of pride and pomp-but in spirit and in truth. Its buttresses, riven by the hand of Time, were lovely to their sight. Its turrets were the delight of their early days,-for from these they were wont to gaze upon the landscape spread around Even the number of its old arches were stored in their memories. And well might they love the old church. Within it, were they christened and made of the christian church Within it wore they taught the truths of revealed religion-and made to think, when gazing upon its crumbling wall, that "there is a house

But let not the old church-yard be willing to believe. And it is this in- | sound the clods full upon her breast | it.

forgotten. Let us leave the church for a season, and wonder amid this little community of death - Here, there is à study worthy of the longest life, and fraught with the deepest instruction. Let us sojourn here awhile.

White walking among the head-stones and gazing upon the green mounds which rise beneath the yew and the willow, we are made to realize the variety of earthly greatness and glory. Beneath our feet rests the generations of the lowlythe just villagers who worshipped in the church lay beside the denizers of yesterday For looking on this scene, how forcibly are we reminded of the words of Grey :

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring Each in his narrow cell forever haid.

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleeps

The breezy call of incense breathing morn, The swallow, twitt'ring from her straw-built shed
The cock's shrib clarion, or the echoing here.
No muce shall rouse them from their lowly bed

For them, no more, the blazing hearth shall burn Or busy house wife ply her evening care— Her children run to lisp their site's return, Orelink his knees the envied kiss to share

Yes! what a stiply is here! Beneath this sod is a world which knew not of the pleasures of greatness, or the promptings of ambition. Their lot was in "the cool, sequestered shades of life." The of their cares. They knew not of the mortifications incident to the path-way of Fame. The gi't of gold, of luxury of crime, or of conquest will not be recopded against them at the last day Their-

"The native feelings strong the guildless wave"

And reason whispers, were they not more happy ? Yea, happier in thought, in deed, and in word. For, in sooth, what are the evanescent hays which wreathe the brow of the warrior or the wily legislator, or of any of the children of greatness, compared with the consciousness of a life well spent. It we would realize the nothingness of that fine which has for its foundations the accidence of wealth or honor, let us look on the marble cenotaphs which embellish the nameless dead vonder

"Can storied urn, or animited dust."
Back to its mansion call the flicting health.
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust.
Or Flatt'ry sootne the dull, cold ear of Death.

They lived their little hour and then the voracious grave, which opens alike for all, claimed them as its forfeit prey-Here we are made to feel that the story of Lyman Lafe is the same for all that its teachings effect the mighty no less than the lowly. That, though, in the inevitable workings of the Creator, honor and power, is more often the lot of Vice than of Virtue- yet, after all is summed up, the truth becomes very apparent that are All Wise Omaiscone. has can equal portion dealt to all mankind " This must ever be the reall of best act of Faith We are irresistably brought to the conviction that moursolves alone liss the power to be happy or unhappy -that the joyance of the soul. is in no way dependant upon the centin gencies of Wealth, Power, worldly Fame, or any other extraneous circum is left to ourselves to decid wheth in wit

village green, how her agod parents are the scanty records of lives, in which the spring time of life, how trite is the repoteed in her happiness, and saw their great deeds had no place. But, for all legend sculptured beneath her name this, they can teach the lesson of Homeo Existence, and admonish us what a "strange, eventful" being this is which the Creator has breathed into our nestrils Expect no classic periods -- no head-stones-for they were not there The lives they record and the lives of the simple and lowly Yet, reader even with them, and in their breasts, the desire of immortality had an existence That yearning after the immortal is an attribute of our nature - an instinctive longing of the soul, alike amid the great and the lowly Nought of greatness, or of any description of Fama, belongs to the dust at our feet -yet do we see, on these rough head-stones, the wish to be remembered

"Yet e'en these bones, from insult to protect Bome fruit memorial still erected nigh With ancouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture With an decked Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

For who, to domb forgettfulness a prey This pleasing, auxious being e'er resigned -Left the warmipracincts of the cheerful day Nor cast one longing, ling ring took behind? On some fond breast the parting soul relies Some plous drops the closing eye requires E'en from the tembs the voice of Naturceries E'en in our ashes live their wanted fires."

But for this unquenchable instinct, life would be bereft of nearly all its charms. This feeling-vouchsafed alike to the learned and unlettered, to the prince and the peasant—is the earnest of that immortality which we all long after-to which Nature testifies-and to the existence of which every flower that blooms, every leaff that trembles in the summer breeze, bears a mute, yet eloquent testimony. "Resurgam," is writnot made with hands, eternal in the ten on the soul's tablets—and actuates its aspirations much more than we are the dead dust beneath. With a hollow

"that inheritance, incorruptible undefiled, and which fagoth not away?

tells that it is of no recent date. But let us read its well-nigh obliterate inscription- It records the departure of term was vouchsafed. Ninoty winters had passed o'er his head ere the inevitable, incommutable debt was paid Simple is this record -- it states when the patriarch was born, and when he died -and then the line "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Fow words-but enough! Four score years and ten, and his earthly race was ended, -ended in the assurance that he would rise againthat he knew of the Promise, and of that which is reserved for those who believe in them. No life of renown was his - he had heard of things afar of. His lot forbade

Porbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne, Or shut the gates of mercy on markind, or to write his name on the tablets of learning or history. Yet, in that long span of life what must have been his experiences of hope, joy, tear and love. Life for him had its jovs and its sor

rows, he shadow and its sunshine. Had be his mental strugglas.? His double? His fears? His trials? His troubled dream of glory was not a part tramples? Yea, as with every one born to earth, he felt all these -and to him techings of friendship, of gratifiede, of love -- and he caused the same in the breists of others He, too, greeted the morning sun; hailed each returning day, marked the close of each suc ceeding night, telt the approach of the last messenger, the swift winged arrow of Death, and passed away with the dying hope and wish that, far beyonthis transitory scene, there was ano ther and better state of existence. It whatever path his feet journeved to

# "Mortal". However thy lot be east, That man resembled thee "

the grave, his record contains the stor-

of man's common lot -

Here is the grave of childhood. The headstone is cloquent of one whos flower of life wilted ere it blos-omer into maturux "Thou hast all seasons for thing own, O Death " is fitly, but rudely engraved on the crumbling me , monal. Freed from the stormy pas sage of Lite, at the entrance of its troubled sea, Experience wove for that young spirit no chequered web of joys ness and needlessness of those ones high that you would not cover an lagnets, hopes and fears. The light of Hope was not needed on its short journey. Faith had not time to receive fruition. Love had but begun to gerlimate. The block words passed over it athe flower wilted. "Whom the gods love die vonng." Such was all our reasoning sand the acceptance | f | the helief of the anounts | Perhaps the truth it conveys, is the highest and there is more in those words than is given us to know But Gon knows And this much He has taught us.

This green mound, with bending osiers encircled, and with the blossom ing flowers shedding their perfume at stance. The story of our life is of our; the base of the headstone, this green own wearing-and, to a great extent, it grave is the last resting place of youth and loveliness. Such is the testimony will drink of the cup of misery or Hap - graven on the stone, by the leand of sorrowing love. Youth and lovely Let us, as we wander amid the mould it ness! How pleasant it sounds, as we ring graves, take notice of the memo- stand beside this heaving mould, poled rials which they present. There is much | above the breast of her who died so to be learned from their perusal. To vegood and so young. Called away in and age. "In such an Lour as ve know not!" Yes, as the light of hope and in began to shed genial rays on her path way, just then was she laid within the tomb. Short was the story within the tomo conserver within the tomo conserver we conserve well-turned sentences upon those village of her life shut it was a life of hope and love Was she betrothed? The stone saith not. Perhaps she ventured the wealth of her affections, and lost or perchance she was made happy as the bride of one who strove to be worthy of a woman's purer love -the truest and best on earth. Mayhan she died ere the pleasing cares of love began their conflict in her breast or perhaps she lived just long enough to mourn them as dalusive hopes. Of this we do not know -of this no record remains to us. The humble memorial above her head tells only of the flight of a spirit too pure for the grossness of earth God sometimes fashions such and sonds them to earth —the porcelain of human clay They serve to remind us of what the race might be, if Sin and Sorrow had no empire over the soul. We can imagine. as we stand beside her grave, the village train following her to her resting place. We can see her coffin placed in the centre aisle of the little church, while the village preacher recounts to the rustic assemblage the virtues and the story of her life. Then we see her borne to the open grave in the church yard. The young and the aged stand around in mute reverence, and as the words come from the lips of the aged pastor, "From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," the tears of affection and sorrow fall upon

stinct which bid us to look toward and sodiare heaped upon her narrow bed. Forgotten, she rosts beneath the green turf-forgotten by luxury soil Here is a grave, whose sunken mound | pride, but remembered by the humble villagers and the companions of her youth. Nothing of Pride's long-drawn pomp is here. No armorial bearings one to whom more than the allotted tell of ancestral fame and power. No trappings of Wealth adorn her bier The children of Luxury and Mammon are not rmong those who stand above this new-made grave Simple was her life, and lowly and humble are the surroundings of her burnd. As we stand here, we can almost realize the verse of the poet

"Here scattered off the earliest of the year.
By hands unseen, are wreaths of violete The red breast loves to maild and warble here.
And the index foststeps lightly print the ground

Yea! More pleasure are these tributes from the hand of affection than the the fame of senates and conquerors as homage paid to kings and emperors These mute takens of love are uniought by the fear of flower or the promise of gold -these are signs of the genuine outpouring of the heart. They are tributes of love for one whose life records are unknown to earthly fame, but written in the Book of Lafe. How many such do we met in wandering aund the walks of morality ' -lowly upon earth, but princes in heaven ! Many a grave like this covers the asnes of ore whose brow, uncrownedsbelow, wears a coronet on high. Such are the thoughts, which were they'ds momentous as the tite of inevitably arise as we turn away from empires to in glity rulers. He felt the the monldering graves of the good but lowly. It is at such moments that the heart asks itself "What is fame !" Alast indeed what is it, if the desire for it is promitted by unworthy motives."

"Only the actions of the just."
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

Such is a portion of the unwritten history which slambers beneath the walls of the old village church. Such are a few of the a sociations which eling tests ivied towert and moss covered buttresses. More acceptable to the Most high are the simple annuls of the

Where men display to congregations wide Devotion's every gift except the heart

Ås we retrace our steps from wan dering amid the graves of the lowly, how pleasing, is that pensive melansoul! We have just been brought to realize the truth illu trated in the common lot of the human race. We feel leading Senator I fully now, more than ever, the utter emptito cross ourselves. We see, as with other eyes, the full extent of that must which covers and gives to the false pleasures of life that seductive him do so which causes humanity to prize them. above the enjoyment of real happiness. It was the weight of this conviction and the feelings which flowed from it, which gave to the "Elegy" of Gray its inimitable pathos and imagery. In the solitude of the country church yard of Stoke Pogers, among the tombs of the unrecorded dead, he laid the corner stone of his poetical fame -not amid the monumental stones of the once great and powerful. Arnol the for mer, there every similie and surround ing which could awaken the nobler and native feelings of the soul Among the latter, the gilded trappings of glory and pomp serve but to call up thoughts suggestive of the emptiness of human pride and glory. For truly

"The green grave of the lowly, Who toil und hope and trust Is far more loved and honoured Than is the warrior a dust

The hearts they loved and cherr Strew flowers above their sod. And no false frozen marble Shuts out the sinile of God

Power of the Press Illustrated in the Illness of an Emperor. A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune describes the malaly with which the French Emperor is afflicted, as well as the expedient to orted to by the Emperor, to conceal the knowledge of it from his medical attendants and servants in its earlier stages, with a min-uteness which suggests the supposition either that the writer has 'intriviewed' him on the subject of his bodily infirmities, or, what is far more probable, was under the bed when the deluded mon-Russia and Turkey, which it assured us would end in a general European con-flagration; and also still more private, more exclusive, and exerciatingly early intelligence of a "triple alliance" against the United States on the part of France and England and Spain Linow informs us \*\*anthoratively'' that the Emperor is afflicted with a painful disof the bladder, and describes with great power the effect of such disease er the nervous system. This, however, has been for some time no secret; what was a secret, however, but which the Tribane has revealed, is that in the carlier stages of the unhady the Emper-or burned his back along the line of the pose of concealing his symptoms even from trusted friends, itshows the power

#### Anecdote of Webster and Douglas.

The anecdote, as related by Mr. Donglas, was to this effect: He had alway been opposed, politically, to Mr. Webster, although their personal relations were friendly and nothing had passed between them which was calculated to interrupt such relations. After many years of service in the Lower House of Congress, Mr. Doughs was elected to the Senate, and there brought into more immediate intercourse with the great men who held scats there, first and foremost, as he said, with emphasis, the great Webster, then Clay, Calhoun, Crittenden, Benton, and sothers. Having a good share of ambition, by nature, he was not unwilling to measure swords with the greatest leaders of the Whig party, and felt that any senatorial honors won in debate with such men would ors won in denate with such men would be worth contending for. Not many works after taking his sent such an op-portunity, he thought, presented itself. In the course of some discussion having party relations to the measures of the government, Mr. Webster spoke with feeling and deliberation. Douglas says, 'now is my time"-and at once re plied to the great statesman with conficence, and with such ability as he could command, not doubting that what he would elicit an immediate reply from Mr. Webster.

In this; however, he was doomed to a mortifying disappointment, Mr Webster listened with the most respectful attention to his speech, but instead making any reply, merely resumed his occupation at his senatorial desk, with an expression of quiet kindness. Some few days after this occurrence, as they were passing from the chamber to the rounds, they came into contact Webster, after salliting him in the most friendly manner, drew his aim within his own, walked to a remote part of the rotunda, and at once spoke to him on to funda, and at once spoke to him on the subject of the debate of a few days previous "Douglas," said he, "I have watched your career with interest for, several years. You have earned and deservedly so, a distinguished reputation You are young and have, I hope, many years of public life yet in store. Ye come from the great valley which is give, soon, law and destiny to the Republic. It will soon freen with such wealth, population and influence, as almost makes one guldy to contemplate. You are agreat favorite with your State. and party, and may aspire to the highest | appeared and was seen to step into the honors which the Republic has in store strange vehicle

this further to say and do so hall sin- echoes, and the light in the room shot | cerity von bave my best wishes for up again, the vapor disappearing with your smeess, and I shall venture to give the apparition. on a little advice, and it is just such as would give to my own son under the circumstances. In the delate the other day, in which you made rather a smart choly which presently possesses the speech, thinking to get from mea replay disappearance seemed sould We have just been brought to and at the same time some degree of place in an instant. honor from a little controversy with an i remained to see nothing further, and opponent who is regarded, parhaps, as as we believe there have leading Senator I fully understood smaller committees. Poultiles that your metive—and, if I had been disposed, could have made you appear in a on, but there can be no doubt that and anxities with which we are wont this idea in my mind, but retrained out human hocus poeus has been placed in of sincere kindness for you. Now this is what I wish to say to you you are mystery has not been reached too much of a man to enact such a part in public affairs. It is not necessary to do so Your success will not be promoted but rather retailed by it Bosiles senatorial honors are never so won-Never speak, except from conviction, and when you laye something to say on the subject under discussion, then free-ly and forcibly say what you have to say, and, whatever the case may be you can never be discomfitted

cellant was the mixine, but above all, quietly buried again. Thus the mashow noble was the heart that dictated it plery remains unexplained, and the From that hour to the close of Daniel Webster f great career I never failed to we how far superior he was to any other man I had ever known in all those characteristics which go to make a great, a noble and a good man | Wilmington, Minne-ota, Tribuine

## AN IDEAL.

BT N F 100

A smile upon thy lip doth sit, A star flish in thing eyes A star flish in thing eyes. Thy face with glory's flime is lit. By purpose will and high

A noblet form of roy dry
This carth has never mod.
And common mortals gaze d thee
As angels gaze at God.

No conqueror in his brightest hour, No king upon his throne, Has half the grace or half the power That thou cans t call thine own

What gives that eye its glorious light, That form its proud command? Why is that face with he cuty bright, Oh gifted of the land?

A prince thou art of royal birth Born with a right divine, and all the realins above the earth, The realins of thought are thine

## A Louisville Romance.

Years and years ago a worthy young man of foreign birth arrived in our neighboring city of Louisville, in search of employment. He at length obtained within the list two years, private, ox clusive, and early information of the inquiry learned that she did not carry her sunny face with her mint only, but rid. What's to become ov me, Ba also at home, and in her humblest employments Setting apart a portion of own carnings, he sent her to school, and she soon surpassed most of her mates. He employed music teachers for her, and she soon became a profi-

cient. Years rolled on, and fortune favored gambling, specklation, and shootede the young barkeeper. He became the state only fashinable amasement owner of an establishment of 11s own Yi'll see it stated in the papeers, Bid. The wealthiest men of Louisville were dy, that the diggers are finding i his friends. The poor little mint seller in quarts. Bildy, it's a he is a base had now grown to woman's estate and disateful, onehristian lie! I niver seen friended her That man is now reckor burned his back along the tine of the spine with a lighted candle, by the way of counter irritation. As this, as we ville, a large owner of real estate, rehave said, was done for the express pirnoble qualities, of which kindness of heart is the chief. We read of such of the press in these days that even a cvents as these in the story books, but they seldom occur in real life. This, own back without the reporters knowing however, is true to the letter -Now Al-

#### The Story of a Haunted House

One of the large rooms in the house the subject of the neighborhood go. sip, and strange, weird sights are said to have been seen in this room. Some time ago, a committee of twelve stout men, much more familiar with the yielding qualities of beet steak than with the conventionalities of spinttal society, were detailed to vesit the house and occupy the haunted room until the ghost should appear. They went early one night, when a storm was howling through the city, and when in the gloom and darkness each lonely street lamp seemed a grinning death-head, or a leering jack of lantegu.

Arriving at the house, they struck a light and made their way to the toon said to be the resort of the ghostly vis itor. More lights were produced, and the room began to look quite cheering The little company became convivial, and until nearly midnight they told good stories and made the building eel o with applause and aughter. Theu, all at once, the conversation ceased, as it every one had said all he had to say, and could not think of anything more to talk about. It was about the time for the ghost to appear. The storm was howling louder than it had howled before that night, and it was almost time for the bells to be striking twelve

They sat perfectly quiet to a lear minutes, then one of them sublendy ejaculated, "There she comes" is he spoke there was a light menting sound like that or carriage who e and it was strangely clear and distinct of above the noise of the storm the the instant, the lights in the town such down, and a light most fille tile pur ment. Every object in a could be tinetly seen, however, as the tops were not totally extinguished, in tibe vapor ifself did not tend to dielecthorous. The twelve strained the excepand some of them sat open mount

As the vapor appeared, the sound of carriage wheels became londer, and in a moment, to the hortor of the com mittee, a carriage uself, black as a heurse, came rolling into the mold of the room and stopped. No hoter were visible, but as soon as the foll of the wheels had ceased, a figure resembling that of a lady, clad in white, suddenly Then the current village church than the pempous records for any of her sons.

Now, having said this, Douglas, I have the rattle of the wheels died away in

Some of the twelve asserted that the carringe made several evolutions about the room, but the appearance and disappearance seemed to have taken I had some very strange and probably very this house, and that the cause of the

The house is quite valuable, but no tenant has yet been found that wall remain in it. Not long since, laborers were digging postholes on the premises, upon some ground where a stable had formerly stood, and while at work they mearthed the remains of an intant? This was at once connected with the appearance of the apparation, but no clew was discovered by which the deal Said Mr. Douglis - I felt how ex. child could be identified, and it wis house is still unoccupied.

#### An Irishman's Letter From the Gold Mines.

Biddy darlih I've been to the mines, bud link to em. For siven week, Edd dv. acushly, I earched the bowds of terry firmer tor goodd, and all I got was the dissenterry, by ruson of working on an impts stomake. The divil a thing to ate for brekfist, the same for dinner, and ditto reputed for supper, an all the me throwing up mud an water is mits wakening for the inside. Pitatecs was a dollar a pound, and no mate to be had but gristles bares, which is toll customers. In cowld wether the cray tures, I mane the gristley bares, comes down from the mountains, with their arume extended, as if they wanted to bid ve welkim, but the moment bevie forment ve, they grab ve, the travious, and squaze the broth of life out ov ve Some or the boys that went out in the some ship and me found goold, grine but the divil as much as the vally of a weddin' ring, Bildy, did Terry of the his troubble. The black link wis on me, dailin, for lavin ye, a dicent, mot est colleen, as ye are, to come to a kunthry where the wimmin are the culler of a dirty copper kettle, and have at He at length obtained no more dry goods on thou backs a backeeper in a fit hioms saving your presence. Boldy, than To this establishment came mother Eve had, before she torned ities, or, what is far more probable, was a situation as a backeeper in a in monar under the bed wich the deluded monarch was, as he fooledly imagined, privately doctoring himself. But then a good deal of the Teluan's foreign intelligence is startling a 1t has thus, within the last two years, private, exception of the property of the monarch because that she did not carry because the startling and the property bearing the property bearing the property bearing the property backets and introduced the fish into the first property backets and introduced the fish into the property backets and introduced the fish into the first property backets and property backets. The years of the property backets the first property backets and property backets and property backets and property backets. rad. What's to become ov me, Bildy, mayourneen, the enints only know Only to think that I should fave the comfortable berth I had swaping the strates of New York, to come to this havth n kunthay, where the strate claning is done by burds, and drinking, had now grown to woman's estate and was a accomplished and virtuous as she was as accomplished and virtuous as she was beautiful. She, in time, because the same conditions that the beautiful she is the beautiful she is the beautiful she is the beautiful she is the same of the same shun, Biddy, among the strate swaper-to pay me passage back? If I was only back to New York, dead or alive, 1d niver lave it while grass grows and wa ther runs. From your lovin' husband.

TERRENCE MCVERDANT.

The nearness of freezing weather is hurrying up the boat inen.

tull deth.