The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

[For the WATCHMAN.]

The Girl I Ne'er Shall See Again.

BY W. J. THOMPSON.

Once, in my wand'rings round this world,
I stopped at Strasbourg's ancient town;
The sun the clouds of morn had furled:
To muse, I journeyed up and down.

I passed her famed cathedral's towers,
And, standing nigh its grand old porch,
I watched the close of matin hours—
The cassocked priest—the censered torch.

Out came the worshippers—a throng
Of eager devotees was there;
But there was one the crowd among—
A face and form all wondrous fair.

She dropped her glove—that girl of France—
I stooped, and picked it from the ground:
She paid me with a soul-lit glance,
And words attuned to softest sound

Oh, Heaven! what was there in that face—
In those soft words what secret power—
That still that face—those words—I trace,
As clearly as within that hour?

No rest for me until the sun,
Once more proclaimed the birth of morn
Content, for me, was past and done
My mind was sad, my heart forlorn.

Four days—part of four summer nights—
I walked through ev'ry street and lane,
To view, once more, my light of lights,
The girl I ne'er shall see again.

In vain I never saw her more:
I left old Strasbourg's storied town—
That city famed for art and lore,
Through five long centuries of renown

Oft in the silence of the night,
When Mem'ry wakes her magic power,
That face comes up before my sight,
As clearly as in that far hour

It prompts my muse—it tunes my song—
And gives my thoughts a temper true,
Like steel refined the flames among,
When that face, in thought I view

Vainly would meaner beauties try
To ape her look—her grace—her smile
I've seen full many—but none nigh
That one for love and want of guile

Two thousand leagues of salt sea foam
Now roll between that face and me—
Yet still in Fancy's dreams I roam
In that far town beyond the sea

If, chance, at some not distant day
My muse the smile of Fame should know—
When, through a yet unbidden lay
Romance and Love shall softly flow

One studied, soft, euphonious bar—
The highest effort of my strain,
I'll dedicate to her afar—
The girl I ne'er shall see again.

[For the WATCHMAN

THE BELGIAN TRAVELLER.

BY W. J. THOMPSON

I have met with many strange characters, and in all of them have found material for study But the one of whom I am now going to speak was, to me more of a study than any with whom I have heretofore been brought in contact.

Travelling from Liege to Brussels in a stage-coach in the winter of 1868, I had for a travelling companion, an individual of most unprepossessing appearance — his cast of countenance being such as to denote the existence of a power to cherish and carry out the most dark and nefarious designs against any one who might happen to fall under his displeasure.

We had travelled for over four hours without exchanging a word, when all of a sudden, my companion looked toward me (we sat opposite to each other) and observed:

"Five hours more will bring us into Brussels"

"Indeed," said I, "I had thought that it would be late in the night before we arrived there"

"Oh, no," he replied "You seem to be unacquainted with the route."

"Rather so," I replied "I know every city, town and hamlet in Belgium, on the map—but I am not acquainted with the distance from the last relay-station to Brussels"

"Well," said he, "*I* know all about the topography of Belgium — I have travelled over the entire kingdom, at various times I was born in Brussels."

"You are, perhaps," said I, "in the Customs." For I noticed that he eyed the brass-hinged box which I had beside me.

"Wrong," said he, "I have been a peddlar for fifteen years; and I have got in this one box the accumulations of that period."

Saying this, he produced a bunch of antique-looking keys—and, applying all of them to different parts of the box, the lid suddenly sprang up, revealing a space about one-third the size of the chest, in which lay a curiously fashioned revolver—upon seeing which, I know that I displayed some disposition to be on the *qui vive*.

"Friend," said he (this was the first time he addressed me as such)—"under this inner lid I have that which some would call a fortune—at least it will keep me for the rest of my days. But do not be afraid of this revolver—*it gave no click when it saw you!*"

"What do you mean by that?" said I, at the same time taking *my* revolver from the belt under my coat, thinking that a display of my armory would have a moral effect upon my mysterious companion. Mine was of the celebrated Dust pattern, and made in London.

"That is a good weapon, friend," said he, surveying it, as I held it in my hand. "But you and I will never be at strife. When my revolver saw you, *it gave no click*"

"Well," said I, "if it is not too impertinent, I should like you to tell me about this click. There must be something mysterious about a pistol which clicks whenever it is brought near the enemies of its owner"

"*Yes*," he replied, with much emphasis, "there *is* something mysterious about that pistol. But as you wish to know about it, I shall give you its history."

And saying this, he came over to me, and bade me examine it I wondered at the confidence thus placed in me, as I still had mine at half-cock, and lying on my lap Not to be out-done, I requested him to look at mine—which he declined. He read the look of wonder which was on my face and said:

"I am not afraid, stranger, *that pistol gave no click when it saw you!*"

Examining it closely, I noticed six silver bosses on the butt, which was also heavily mounted with gold. Those silver bosses were disposed in the form of a triangle—and in such a manner that one more was necessary to complete the geometrical figure I examined it thoroughly, and, handing it to him, said

"One more question, if I may ask it What may be the meaning of these silver bosses?"

"My friend," said he, "this revolver *gave a click for each of these bosses!* Each of them marks a mortal strife in which I have been engaged"

Horror stricken and regarding with a look of disgust the midnight assassin whom I now verily believe sat in front of me, I exclaimed, unwittingly grasping the butt of my own weapon:

"You do not mean to say that you have murdered that many of your fellow creatures for the sake of gain?"

He read my thoughts, and with a strange look of gravity, replied:

"No, friend I never *murdered* any one All I have in this chest is the accumulation of honorable dealing. But I have *killed* seven persons in self defence In the course of my travels, which I have extended over the whole of Europe, and some portions of Asia, I have been through various perils—and this pistol has often proved my best friend"

"Your pistol wants one more silver boss to complete the triangle," I observed

"Yes, friend," said he, with a look of sadness, "it does But I shall fear that space emits even though the pistol gave a click for it, too The one I killed last I have been sorry for ever since"

"Why are you sorry for him, more than for the rest?" I asked

"Well," said he, "there is a long history connected with that vacant space If you wish, I shall relate it to you"

I signified my desire to hear something concerning the last of his encounters We both put up our revolvers, and my mysterious companion began his narration

"I was born in Brussels, in the year 1818. My father was a pensioner of the Belgian Contingent which fought at Waterloo. When I was quite young he was in the habit of taking me over into the field, and showing me where the heaviest part of the fighting had taken place, and where distinguished officers had fallen, on either side When I attained the age of twenty-one my pension, as a soldier's son, ceased, and for some time I engaged myself in cleaning kid gloves, which was at that time a tolerable good business But the house, in Brussels, which employed me, had a failure, and I was discharged — At this time my father was lying sick, and it was apparent that he could not last long.

"As I was one evening sitting by the grate-fire, wondering what I should do with myself after my father died, he spoke to me from the bed on which he lay, observing:

"'My son, you will soon have to do something towards making your way in the world. I shall give you my advice —but first let me know what you think you are best fitted for."

"I cannot think of anything, at the present," said I.

"'Well then,'" he replied, "'I think the business which I followed in my youth will be the best for you Be a pedlar. It is best suited to you. Had I always followed it, I should now be leaving you a fortune. You will have an opportunity of studying human nature in its different phrases, and also of seeing the celebrated places of the world. But mind me. Never travel unarmed Mind this, and you will not have to regret it"

"A few days after, my father died; and at the age of twenty-two I left Brussels to seek my fortune in the wide world. It is twenty-one years since I left Brussels—but I remember every street and turn within it, as though I had left yesterday. Before leaving I purchased a revolver, and, after carrying it for seven years, I bought this one, which has served me ever since."

I expended what little I had in the purchase of such articles as I knew would meet with a ready sale among the peasantry of Belgium I traversed the kingdom on foot, and at the end of two years, proceeded to Paris, with a considerable sum of money. Five years spent in France and Spain, made a large addition to my means; and I resolved to proceed to the Levant—it being then considered a good mart for jewellery, and other costly trinkets My success along the shores of the Mediterranean more than fulfilled my expectations. As my trading was now in articles of value, my pack became smaller, until at last I exchanged it for this chest. I now proceeded to Natolia, in Asiatic Turkey, where I remained four years, accumulating much money. Returning to Constantinople, I travelled on foot through the Principalities, and from thence proceeded to Vienna. I visited the various portions of Lower Germany, and then proceeded to Berlin. In Prussia I met with great success. Everything I touched was to me a source of profit. Furnished with bills of exchange on Geneva, I proceeded to Switzerland, with the purpose of investing a portion of my funds in watches. During the fifteen years I had now spent in travelling, I encountered many troubles and passed through many dangers, and to that revolver I am indebted for my escape from them all.

While in Geneva, I made the acquaintance of another pedlar—he was a Frenchman, of Toulouse. He proposed to me that we should enter into partnership, buy a given amount of watches, each furnishing an equal share of the money, and each to participate equally in the profits and losses I closed with the offer, and we departed for the scene of our commercial operations.

Notwithstanding that I had entered into a close partnership with Ambrose Bertrand—that was his name—and had been acquainted with him for more than three months, it was with a feeling of misgiving that I went away with him. When that revolver first saw him, *it gave a click!* It had done this every time I produced it before any one with whom I afterwards had strife

"Well, we spent two years in the Mediterranean, made large profits, and returned again to Geneva. During all this time, we had eaten and slept together, and were as two brothers and I became convinced that the click in this instance, meant nothing.

At length, the day came when we were to balance our accounts, and dissolve partnership Bertrand was going home, and I, having made enough to keep me for the remainder of my life, was going to leave Geneva, with the intention of travelling for a year or so in France

"We spent half a day trying to arrive at a satisfactory statement of assets and liabilities At length Bertrand worked out a balance sheet, by which he made it appear that there was a balance in his favour of five thousand francs. He insisted on this being a correct balance. I denied it Warm words passed between us He said that he had been mistaken in me having supposed that I was honorable I told him that I had never, until then, taken him for a swindler Hardly had I pronounced the last word when he rose from the table, and, aiming a blow at my head, laid me on the floor Getting up, and wiping off the dust, I turned to him and said:

"Bertrand, we have travelled and been together for a long time, and I did not look for this; but it will require a little burned powder to take away the smell of that blow. Let us come out into the woods."

"As you please," said he, as he followed me out.

"That was five years ago this summer. We walked a considerable distance to get into the woods, which are dense on the shores of the lake. At length we found a place suited for our purpose. As the green trees waved above me, with the birds sang in the branches, on that quiet, summer afternoon— when I looked at the scene around me, I thought, somehow, that I was doing wrong. But the thought of that blow quickly dispelled the feeling.

"We measured out ten paces, and each took his stand. We both fired at the same instant. My ball passed Through his left breast. He tipped the end of my left ear. As he fell, he discharged another shot; but it struck the branches above my head.

"I went over to him and said:

"If there is any message which you would like to send to your friends at Toulouse, make it known to me, and I shall deliver it.

"Can I depend on that?" said he.

"I shall carry it," I answered, "if a legion of devils stand in the way."

"Well, then," said he, "take my money, and the likeness which is in my chest, and this lock of my hair, and convey them to my uncle. They will be for the girl whom I was going to marry next fall There is also a will in the chest, bequeathing everything to her in case of my death."

"Is that all?" I asked

"That is all," he replied.

"Your wishes," said I, "shall be strictly complied with. Farewell."

"Farewell," said he. And he was gone.

"I carried out his wishes as he had directed. But I have ever since regretted that fight. As for the disputed five thousand francs, I presented it to his betrothed. She little knew that I had slain her lover. I merely told his uncle and her that he had fallen in a duel at Geneva, and appointed me his executor.

"Many and many times since then I have went over those accounts, and tried to convince myself that I was right in my reckoning—but I never could arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. If I could but know for a certainty that Ambrose Bertrand was wrong with regard to that balance of five thousand francs, it would be some relief to my mind. That I shall never be able to find out; though I sometimes think that perhaps, after all, he may have been right"

"But here we are at Brussels—the spires yonder look the same as when I left the city twenty two years ago."

A few minutes after the stage stopped in front of one of those old fashioned hostelries for which Belgium is so famous. We both got out The Belgian going to another part of the city to seek his relatives I stopped at the hostelry for the night on the morrow to visit the celebrated field of Wa[terloo]

A LEGEND OF THE CENTURIES

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR [HUGO]

BY LUCY [illegible] HOOPER

In the beginning God beheld one day
Iblis approach him, "Look at the [illegible] of [illegible] Nay"
Answered the Evil [illegible] "Then, what wouldst thou have?"
The fiend enrobed in night [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Thou shalt give life as that which I have brought
And each shall breathe [illegible]
The other one, his opponent [illegible]
So be it take what wouldst thou?" Then God said
"Give me the [illegible] horns and the horse's head"
"Take"—but the [illegible] still
[illegible]
[illegible] his brow
[illegible] "What wouldst thou now?"
The elephant's [illegible] the bull's [illegible] neck
Take [illegible] spike I seek
The ostrich's swift feet [illegible]
The serpent's [illegible] well
Take [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
What work was [illegible] below
[illegible]
Give [illegible] God said, [illegible]
And roaring [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Of those great floods that [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible] flamed [illegible] the great [illegible]
Writhing [illegible] and [illegible] the vaults of Hell
Naught could be seen [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] flame
Again [illegible] voice from [illegible]
What wouldst thou more? [illegible] said
Lifting his monstrous [illegible]
The [illegible] the eagle's wing [illegible]
[illegible]
To him who forgot to pray [illegible]
The eagle's wing [illegible]
The demon [illegible] his secret task
"What [illegible] be then [illegible] ask
The world awaited grave and full of care
The giant this colossus was to bear
Sudden was heard [illegible]
The last death rattle [illegible]
[illegible] workshop [illegible] the toiler curst
[illegible] Hell's vast [illegible]
And amid a pallid, supernatural light,
Iblis flung forth the Grasshopper to sight
The fearful cripple winged and yet lame
Beheld his work and saw it without shame—
A [illegible] the custom of the [illegible]
From the eternal wreck he raised his head,
Crossing his arms he cried with arrogant brow
And sneering laugh, "Master, tis Thy turn now"
And he who dared for God to spread a snare,
Continued "Thou hast given what was most rare
In elephant and ostrich and behold!
To gild the whole, Thou gav'st the hue of gold—
The choicest gift of eagle, horse and snake,
And now material for what Thou shalt make
I give Thee, in my turn. Lo! it is here"
God, for whom e'en the plots of Hell are clear,
Held forth His awful Hand, all bathed in light,
And Iblis gave the spider from the night

God took the spider—placed it far and high
In the dim vault that was not yet the sky,
Then on the animal He fixed His gaze,
Dread with the splendor of supernal rays
The monster, late so small, beneath His eyes,
Grew suddenly to vast and wonderous size,
But the Eternal Gaze changed not the while
A strange dawn wandered o'er the creature vile,
The frightful form a lustrous globe became,
The knotted claws were changed to orbs of flame,
The outstretched legs to rays of light were turned,
And through the shadows blinding splendors burned
Dazzled, the demon crouched—the work was done—
And of the spider God had made the SUN!

—Victoria's portrait, with the autograph letter given to George Peabody, the gold snuff-box presented by the Fishmonger's Association of London, the gold box in which Mr. Peabody received the freedom of the city of London, and the gold medal presented by Congress, are permanently deposited in the Peabody Institute, at south Danvers.—They are intrinsically valuable beyond their associations; the Victoria portrait alone cost £5,000, and they are kept in a safe of the best construction, while for further safety and according to conditions made by Mr. Peabody, they are guarded by a watchman night and day

[For the Watchman

WHAT I LOVE.

BY J. G. LONDEN.

I love the golden sunshine
As it falls upon my way;
To cheer me with its radiance
Whenever I may stray.

I love to watch the ripples
As they course toward the sea,
And breathe their hidden music
So solemnly to me

I love sweet words of kindness
Flowing from the inmost heart;
O, these tender little dew-drops,
May their beauty ne'er depart

I love to hear the murmur
Of the gentle autumn breeze,
As it kisses withered emblems
From the silent forest trees.

I love to stray at evening
Where nature holds no sound,
Naught, save the gathering shadows,
Cast their phantoms on the ground

But I love a little maiden,
Who dwells where sunbeams fall,
And, amid this world of beauty,
She's the loveliest of it all

A Camel's Hair Shawl.

That age is a thing sought for in some articles is a well-known fact The older the wine the better it is. Old pictures have a value which is rarely attained by modern art, though it may be equally deserving. Old laces are so tempting that it is a custom to rinse new lace in coffee, to give it the appearance of age Old literature, if it is good —and old friends, if they have proved true—are held in high esteem. All this everybody knows but what everybody does not know, and what we did not until a few days ago, is, that antiquity is also one of the graces of a camel's hair shawl This, we judge, is the fact from a specimen shawl which we have just seen at one of our large stores. We contemplated this chief d'œuvre for full twenty minutes. The center, which had once been white, and soft and thick, had grown to resemble in hue the coffee colored lace. And it was almost as thin and frail as that material The numerous colors which were blended in the immense border—which had once made it a blaze of color, "bright as sunlight to look at," were toned down, or, to speak plainly, faded to such quiet hues that it required a strong imagination to see it, as it must have appeared some centuries ago But our imagination was equal to the effect It carried us back through the hundred of years, till we saw an exceedingly handsome Arab chief, roaming the desert, with this then gorgeous beauty arranged in the most picturesque manner upon his stately form. But, after a time the Arab chief—as we imagine —grew tired of the beauty, so it fell into the hands of the shawl merchant. From thence it was transported, [illegible] this three hundred years in Europe, descending from generation to generation [illegible] of its beauty, if not of its value, it draped the model where we saw it Taking into consideration its age, with the vast number of scenes which it must have passed through we were not surprised when a polite clerk informed us that the cost of the superb shawl, which he was ready to sell, was five thousand dollars The compliment closed our lips, but we have not rested since [illegible] we [illegible] to polite clerks [illegible] old friends, and old books and old laces, that an old camel's hair shawl, though it may have [illegible] the shoulders of an empress, [illegible] Arab chief [illegible] may cost five thousand dollars, is not to our taste *Cou[illegible] St[illegible]et, Saloon and Shop.*

A PRINCE AMONG FOOLS—The London, Canada, *Prototype* says The eagerness with which a certain class of people seek after anything in any way pertaining to any celebrated individual has been especially noticeable through out the whole tour of the Prince Where he has stopped to dine the remains of wine and water have been eagerly drunk up and in some cases the glasses themselves have been taken away One servant gave satisfaction to a much larger number than could otherwise have had a sip, at one railway eating saloon, by changing the glass and then refilling it so often as the credulous maidens drained it. When the Prince had turned the sod of the new railway all the ladies in the vicinity of the new earth rushed for it and triumphantly exhibited small bits of the same wrapped in handkerchiefs. Col Elphinstone considerately wears nice, new gloves when he travels, and the Prince usually wears a pair of soiled Lavenders. The two gentlemen also wear hats exactly alike on all occasions. When they take off their hats and leave their gloves, every one thinks that the best gloves must belong to the Prince, and the consequence is that Colonel Elphinstone has lost seven right hand gloves! The Prince's pocket handkerchief was snatched from his hand at the ball at London, and every effort to recover it proved ineffectual, but about a week afterward it was sent to him through some unknown source. The Governor General too, is a sufferer at the hands of the relic plunderers. He is accustomed to wear a white kersey hat, and during his trip through Ontario he lost no less than six.

—Letters have been received from the late George Peabody by members of his family in New York, (written within five days of his death), stating that he was cheerful, and resigned to his then approaching end In one of these letters he says: "For a score of years I have prayed daily to God to spare my life to carry out the work I was endeavoring in my feeble way to accomplish, and He has done it." His only relatives in New York are Mr. George H. Peabody, of the firm of Jenkins, Valle & Peabody, and Mr. Arthur H. Peabody, of the firm of Charles Scribner & Co, both his nephews.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Paul du Chaillu the famous African explorer, is in Philadelphia.

—Angelina Honeysuckle Thistledown is a beautiful young lady of Providence, R. I.

—Pittsburg has at present thirty-two rolling mills, seven steel and two copper works.

—Rich Chinamen in San Francisco pay $500 for a first-class wife, and the trade is lively.

—A man who saw Major Andre executed is still living at Hanover, Rock county, Wisconsin.

—Everything in its place. Don't attempt to shave with a hoe or cut your hair with a hatchet.

—General R. E. Lee has nearly recovered his wonted health, and takes daily horseback rides.

—Gold-bearing quartz has been discovered near Los Angelos, the surface rock abounding in free gold

—A jar of old Spanish coins, evidently buried for nearly a hundred years past, has been found at Newburg, N Y

—Genius is the gift of nature and the development does not depend upon the time and circumstances of its birth

—A recent invention that has been patented is a head rest attachable to the pews, and called the snorer's companion

—Folly—to think that you can make pork out of pig-iron, or that you can become a shoe-maker by drinking sherry cobblers.

—Von Stain has been convicted at Louisville of dealing in counterfeit tobacco stamps, and sentenced to five years imprisonment

—When the bottom of the Great Eastern was cleaned, recently, 50,000 gallons of mussels and other accretions were removed from it

—Mark Twain says that the Sandwich Islands dish of plain dog is only our cherished American sausage with the mystery removed"

—Rev. Henry Boehm is the oldest living Methodist itinerant preacher His age is 95, and for 69 years he has been in the ministry

—Oskaloosa (Ia.) has a lazy club which fines its members a dollar for speaking to a man on the street without leaning against a wall

—The President's ancestor, Matthew Grant, came to this country in 1830 in consequence of which the New York World thinks his name must have been M I Grant

—The world produces 713,000,000 pounds of coffee per annum Brazil furnishes over one half of this, Java comes next, and Ceylon next in the amount yielded

—It was unfortunate for the late Marquis of Westminster, that Mr Peabody died when he did The open hearted American eclipsed the man in English obituaries

—At the time of his death, it is said by a New York paper, that the late Robert J Walker was engaged on a work to prove that in time New York would surpass London as a commercial centre

—A religious paper out West perpetrates the following "Why is it improper for a man and his wife to ride a donkey? Because what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder No cards

—A citizen of Richmond drives a wagon one hundred years old With a little tying up of the axles and abstinence from sneezing on the part of the driver, it is said still to be a safe and serviceable vehicle.

—A poor schoolmaster threw himself on the railway track at Newark England Oct 27th, and was cut to pieces, The only property found about him probably tells his story—three pieces of lead pencil and two pence."

—An unreconstructed Eastern newspaper says "The President will not receive any calls on the Sabbath nor will he allow his Secretary to bring him any letters or telegrams on that holy day He prefers to go fishing for trout, or to play billiards"

—An ill matched couple were always quarreling One day the wife pointed to a cat and dog that lay together near the stove, and said "Look at them, they don't quarrel" "Ah," growled the husband, "tie them together, and then see"

—It is now the law in Prussia that a male cannot be considered to have arrived at his majority until he is 24 years of age The Prussian authorities are discussing a bill which declares every male Prussian to be of age when he arrives at his 21st year

—Judge J W. Johnston, one of the new Virginia Senators, is a Catholic The *Bristol News*, published near his home says that by his election Virginia sends to the Senatorial chamber the purest man that has graced its halls for half a century

—Rear-Admiral Wm. B. Shubrick is now the oldest officer in either the army or navy, having entered the service in 1806. The oldest commission in the army is that of Gen. Sylvanus Thayer, of Braintree, Mass., who entered the army in 1808.

—Anna Garcshna, a young girl at Kieff, in Russia, rescued, recently, seven children, from a burning house which none of the firemen dared to enter The Emperor upon hearing of her heroism gave her a thousand silver roubles, and the Empress presented her with a valuable necklace.

—The young man who has been traveling about lately and jumping off the train to kiss his sister, and then apologizing when he found his mistake, has become converted, and will lead a different life. He tried the thing on at New Haven the other day, when the damsel raised her veil and said: "Golly, massa, what you 'bout dar?"

—In La Crosse, Wisconsin, the other day, a gentleman suspecting that some person or persons were stealing his wood, charged a few sticks with gunpowder, but the wood pile fell down and mixed the wood so that one of the marked sticks got into his own stove. He don't know who stole the wood, but he is satisfied about the way it "goes off." He bought a new stove, and will burn coal after this.