

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

WHEN MARY WAS A LASSIE.

The maple trees are tinged with red. The birch with golden yellow. And high above the orchard wall Hang apples ripe and mellow. And that's the way through yonder lane That looks so still and green. The way I took one Sunday eve. When Mary was a lassie.

THE STORY OF THE CROSS BONES.

In an obscure corner in the town of Galway, stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a skull and cross bones, remarkably well sculptured in black marble. This house is called "The Cross Bones," and its tragical history is as follows.

of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivated, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offering was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed, and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclination of the young people favored the project, their union should take place the same time with Edward's; after which he should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo who was just nineteen, accompanied the reverend friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate; the new sort of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him perhaps a too partial description.

Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers, and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travelers; and when at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the varying gentleness of the variable youth, would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character.

POEMS UNWRITTEN. There are poems unwritten, and songs unsung. Sweeter than any that ever were heard— Poems that wait for an angel's tongue. Songs that long for a paradise bird.

dicious burlesques upon the institution of marriage. The heart can never yield but to one divine glow which distils the true elixir of wedded life. When this one is removed, the fountain is dried up in this world, and no rod yielded by a second love can again make it flow with its original abundance and sparkling purity.

All Sorts of Paragraphs. —Charlotte lays claim to the authorship of "Shoo Fly." —The man who tore his coat thinks rents are increasing. —Civility costs nothing; therefore misers are a civil race.