

Life is But a Day.

A blithesome maid, at early morn,
Comes tripping lightly o'er the lea;
Of all God's creatures ever born
The brightest, gladdest heart she has;
And coming by her speech the way
Of rapt emotion, she doth say:
"How glad a thing is life!"

Overcome at last by midday heat
And well nigh unremitting toil,
A man of care lay down to sleep
And snatch repose from life's turmoil,
He rose and with a sigh he said,
As Care resigned in Oblivion's stead:
"How sad a thing is life!"

An aged pair at eve drew near,
With faltering steps, a lone churchyard;
Death long to them has lost its fear,
Although, in youth, to die seemed hard.
All hope in time has passed away,
Yet from the heart each one doth say:
"How grand a thing is life!"

—The Argosy.

GEN. SCOTT'S PROPHECY.

A Remarkable Prediction Before the Civil War Opened

[One of the most valuable contributions to the July number of the Magazine of American History is that by General Stone, in which he relates, with circumstance and detail, General Scott's prophecy of the battle of Bull Run. He writes:]

The "On to Richmond" party had its powerful supporters in the Capital of the country, in the Senate and even in the President's Cabinet. While it was well understood there that the President and Mr. Seward were disposed to act coolly and in conformity with the ideas of the responsible military chiefs in reference to military movements, it was also understood that Mr. Chase was a strong advocate for "immediate advance."

Lieutenant General Scott, the General-in-Chief of the Army, while desiring prompt means of procuring success could be organized, was earnestly opposed to a forward movement until such time as the national forces should be so reasonably organized as to make success at the least probable. Notwithstanding my appointment to the Colonelcy of a new regiment (the Fourteenth United States Infantry), I was still retained by General Scott as his Inspector General for the District of Columbia troops, and was acting directly under his orders.

At about 8 o'clock at evening on one of the last days of May (I think it was the 31st of May) I entered as usual the quarters of the aged General-in-Chief to make my report for the day and to receive my orders for the night. As I entered the General was seated at the head of his dinner-table (which had been cleared), while the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase occupied a seat opposite to him at the foot of the table. Habitually the General-in-Chief, on my entrance in the evening, courteously invited me to be seated; but now he seemed to have engaged in earnest conversation, and as I advanced he said quickly:

"Colonel Stone, how many men do you want to march on Richmond by the way of Manassas?"

I perceived that the General desired an instant reply, and said, promptly: "Forty thousand, General;" and then quickly added: "With 15,000 in reserve."

"Well, sir, suppose I give you the force, how soon could you move?"

"That, General, would depend upon the Quartermaster's and Subsistence Departments. I could move as soon as they could give me rations and transportation."

"Well, sir, suppose you had them. How fast would you advance?"

"Having all prepared, General, the advanced guard of my force might be on the Rappahannock in three days and—"

"Rappahannock! Rappahannock! what is that?"

"The Rappahannock River, General!"

"Oh, there is a river there is there? Rappahannock River, eh? I wish that everybody knew that! Well, sir, what then?"

"Should the bridge be burned—?"

"Eh! there is a bridge over that river and that bridge might be burned! I wish every body knew that, too. Well, sir, if the bridges are burned?"

"Why, then, General, I would probably lose two or three days in forcing the passage of the fords. Then—"

And so I continued to describe the advance.

The General interrupted me with "Why, Colonel Stone, you are taking forty or fifty days to get to Richmond!"

"General, I think that I would be fortunate enough to arrive there in that time in the face of an active enemy, fully acquainted with the country."

The old General said, as if thinking aloud: "I wish I could see General Totten. I wish I could see the Chief of Engineers."

I immediately left headquarters to find General Totten, the Chief of Engineers of the Army. It was a rainy night, and to spare the aged General a damp walk I took a carriage and drove to his house. Admitted immediately, I found the venerable General Totten and his

gracious wife seated before the fire place in which a small fire had been kindled to keep away the dampness. Both welcomed me kindly, and invited me to a seat between them; but I excused myself, and, apologizing for disturbing them on so damp an evening, said: "General, the General-in-Chief desires to see you at his headquarters, and I have brought a carriage in order that you may respond to his desire with as little inconvenience as possible."

In one minute the careful wife of his youth had thrown a cloak over the old General's shoulders, and a few minutes later I ushered him into the presence of the General-in-Chief.

There had been arrivals since my recent departure. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State; Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War, and General Thomas, Adjutant General of the Army, were there. All rose as General Totten entered, and a chair was placed for him at the table, between General Scott and Mr. Secretary Chase. Mr. Cameron seated himself between General Scott and General Totten, while Mr. Seward stretched his length upon a lounge near by.

After a few words of compliment had passed, General Scott said:

"General Totten, I regret to have disturbed you on so disagreeable an evening, but I greatly desired your opinion on a military matter which is under consideration. How many troops would you consider it necessary to have to make a movement hence on Richmond by the way of Manassas?"

General Totten, as he sat there with his hands clasped on the table before him and his white head bending over his hands, in serious thought, looked the type of the scientific General. He replied, carefully and deliberately: "General, I do not think it would be wise to undertake such an operation without a force of at least fifty thousand men."

General Scott—Supposing such a force placed at your disposal, General, how soon could you make the advance?"

General Totten—I suppose that the Ordnance Department would probably have supplies sufficient for such a force and the Engineer Department would be ready quickly; the great question of time would depend upon the procurement of transportation and of subsistence stores, &c.

Then came a series of questions and answers concerning the details of advance, almost identical with the questions which had been propounded to me, and to my great relief General Totten's answer were singularly like those I had already given to similar questions.

The General in Chief was greatly pleased. He turned to the Cabinet Ministers present and said: Really, gentlemen, here is a most extraordinary unanimity of opinion. I address a certain set of questions to a young Colonel, the youngest Colonel perhaps, in the army, in whom one might expect to find a youthful enthusiasm and a too sanguine view of matters and I receive a certain set of answers. I address the same set of questions to an old and most distinguished of our scientific general officers, rich in the experience of two wars, and from him I receive almost identically the same set of answers. How can we explain such unanimity of opinion? Gentleman, the only way I can explain it to myself is "that it must be of their trade, that they have been speaking, and they speak from their principles." Then, growing more serious, the aged General-in-Chief said, impressively: "Gentleman, this matter has now, unfortunately, gone beyond politics, and has become a military question. Most unfortunately it is so, most unfortunately! and now soldiers must settle it. Such being the case, since, unfortunately, soldiers must settle it, you must allow the soldiers to do, what they know they ought to do, and you must be careful not to force them to do what they know they ought not to do.

"There have now arrived and are in service twenty-five thousand three-month's men. There are rapidly coming in three hundred thousand two years and three years men. What the soldiers know ought to be done is this: The three months men should be used to guard the District of Columbia—the whole District of Columbia. The two years and the three years' men as they arrive and as they shall arrive should be placed in large camps of instruction at strategic points along the frontier: say sixteen thousand men at Fort Washington on the Potomac; an equal force at Annapolis, Md.; another here in the Capital; another say at Frederick, Md.; another at Cumberland, Md.; perhaps another at Pittsburg, Penn.; certainly one at Wheeling, Va., and one at Marietta, Ohio; also at Cincinnati, Ohio; Louisville, Ky.; Cairo, Ill., and other points on the frontier. There they should drill and drill and drill and discipline, guarding always the frontier. Meantime our gallant little navy should do all that it can to keep up a blockade of the entire Southern coast.

By the last days of September, or the first days of October, we can have the gun-boats ready on the Ohio river. By

the way, Mr. Secretary, said he turning quickly to Mr. Cameron, "have you ordered for me that naval constructor I asked you for, to go under my orders to the West?"

No, General, not yet," said Mr. Cameron: "but, General, I can furnish you with as many steamboats as you want on the Ohio river within seven days by contract."

General Scott said, a little impatiently, "Mr. Secretary, I do not want there even one old rotten contract steamboat. I want gun-boats, built to carry just as many guns as I say, and of just such caliber as I say. Sir, there is plenty of material for such gun-boats on those Western waters; there is plenty mechanical skill there, and sir, there is plenty of time!"

Mr. Cameron hastened to say to the Chief: "General, you shall have every thing you want."

General Scott—Thanks Mr. Secretary. Everything I want is all that I want! Thanks! Well, then, I want the best practical naval constructor in the United States sent immediately to Louisville, Ky., to design and see constructed gun-boats. These boats can easily be finished before the first frost. Our Southern friends, seeing the Government apparently content with guarding the frontier, may not believe they are to be attacked, and may relax in their preparations. In any case, our preparations, being made on sound principles, I would have, by the first day of October next assembled at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers an army of 150,000 men; not 150,000 armed men; and I would have here another army of 150,000 men; I would send that Western army, accompanied by the gun-boats, down to the Gulf of Mexico! At the same time I would send this army of 150,000 men hence to Richmond by the right road!

"If you act thus, if you allow the soldiers to do what they know they ought to do, I will answer, for it that the Government of the United States shall have its flag and its authority recognized through out the land, over every inch of its territory, by the 4th day of next March, or at the latest by the 4th day of July following. If you do not thus act, if you make the soldiers do what they know they ought not to do; if you push these three-month's men into battle just as they are all thinking of going home; if you push the two and three-year's men into battle just before they shall be organized you will be beaten in the first general action of this war! You will consolidate what is now an insurrection, and make it a rebellious government—which rebellious government you may be able to put down in two or three years; but I doubt it!"

Such were the words of America's greatest soldier in May, 1861. We all know the result. For the moment he succeeded in delaying rash movement. But later on the aged chieftain, worn out by the pressure brought to bear upon him, yielded to those in authority and those who assumed to direct the authorities, and he in an evil hour consented to see sound military principles set aside and replaced by ignorant assumption. The three-month's men were pushed into battle "just as they were thinking of going home;" the two and three year's men were pushed into battle, some of them before they were fairly organized. We were beaten in the first General action of the war. The insurrection did become a strongly organized rebellious movement, which the Government of the United States did not succeed in putting down in two or three years.

Dame Ursula's Treasure.

HOW IT WAS LOST, WHERE IT WAS DISCOVERED AND WHO FOUND IT.

If unkempt walks, trailing, neglected creepers and a heavy overgrowth of ivy are the essentials of the picturesque, Clovis Court presented them all. There were box trees that had formerly represented pyramids, garden seats and lily-crowns; but the hands that had pruned them were gone, and the spectator now only saw ragged and untidy foliage. The bowling green, once like velvet, had added nettles and thistles to its own rank crop. Could one of the beauties who a century ago bowled there have seen it she would have picked up her dainty skirts and fled. A beauty of a century later stands amongst the desolation. What a picture is the auburn-haired maiden leaning against an old, weather-beaten sun dial! Simply clad in a dark gray dress, a bunch of pale yellow chrysanthemums carefully fixed near the throat her white little hands clasped before her, Ursula Baring looked sadly over the waste.

True loveliness seldom rests long unscathed, and a large rift in the brick wall displayed our heroine to the gaze of a young man who was riding slowly past. It was but a minute's work to dismount secure the bride to a convenient tree and scale the broken wall. With heightened color and quick steps, which

caused the fair maiden to turn with a startled blush, Guy Norman reached the sun-dial.

"Mr. Norman! why are you here?"

"Because you are here," replied the young man coolly, and at the same time firmly securing one of the little white hands.

"But," demurred Ursula, feebly trying to repossess herself of her hand, "we are forbidden to meet. Your uncle—"

"Is an old reptile! Ursie, be sensible! They kept us apart, heaven knows, cleverly enough! Let us be happy my darling, while we have the chance."

The girl's face grew pale—she trembled and looked down. Guy, I love you—oh! indeed, I love you! but my mother trusts me. She said your uncle had told her he could not hear of anything between us; and we are very proud Guy!"

The young man dropped her hand hastily.

"You don't love as I do, or uncles and mothers would be nothing to you," he said haughtily.

Ursula looked up with her lovely tremulous face of love.

"Uncles, perhaps not! but mother's, Guy! What are girl's good for who do not love and honor mothers like mine?"

A handsome winning face stooped to her own and begged forgiveness. They had been plighted lovers a week ago, and the break which prudent counsels had made was recent, I will beg of you to forgive my Ursula who yielded her lovely lips to kiss those awaiting for them. It was brief bliss, though, for she heard a voice calling her.

"Good bye, my darling," murmured the lover, "we will surmount our troubles yet."

"Oh for Dame Ursula's treasure!" sighed the modern Ursula, as, half laughing, she sped away to the cottage across the road.

For to live in Clovis Court without a retinue of servants and a huge bill for repairs were impossibilities; so the widowed Mrs. Baring, her lovely Ursula, and a younger daughter helpless through spinal disease lived with one old servant in a little cottage which overlooked their ruined inheritance.

Tea was over, and Ursula knelt by the invalid's sofa. "Nora, darling, it is so hard, so hard!" she sobbed, leaning her head against her sister's hand. How tenderly that gentle hand caressed her.

"Take heart, my dearest, something will happen yet to help you!"

Ursula raised her tearful face with an attempt at a smile.

"Do you mean Dame Ursula's treasure?" at which Nora laughed softly, for nothing seemed further off than that. Now some fifty years before this date Clovis Court was the dwelling place of the rich Dame Ursula Baring. She amassed riches year by year for her only child, a son who had gone abroad, and she meant to make him wealthy and prosperous on his return. One sad day Dame Ursula had tidings that her son was dead.

She immediately became demented and lived in a wild sort of a dream for a year, and then died suddenly. Then came news that the son had left a wife and a little boy to mourn him, and search was made for the property. Previous to her death the old dame had converted all she could into money, and now not a penny could be found for the rightful heirs!

The excitement became great, and certain dishonest and adventurous persons had surreptitiously raised and opened Dame Ursula's coffin, thinking she had tried to take her wealth with her; all in vain. In queer writing, done with her diamond ring in her bed room (the ring was missing now), were the words: "Time will show where my treasure lies."

At the end of fifty years here lovely great granddaughter Ursula could not wed the man she loved because he depended on the will of an uncle, and she had nothing. The widowed mother had allowed as many excavations to take place at Clovis Court as could happen without bringing down the walls; then she devoted herself with great thrift to living on the next to nothing she had, and interested herself in poultry, pigs and repairing linen. She did not moan over her fortunes, and tried to make her girls cheerful and happy, succeeding admirably until that terrible fellow "Love" appeared.

Guy Norman was packed off to the continent just as the dull winter days set in. Ursula could not bear to think of Christmas, and hated helping to make plum puddings with a sore heart. She was so pitiful in appearance one day that Nora begged her to go for a walk, and not make the pudding salt with tears!

Glad to escape, Ursula hurried out into the wintry road. Everything looked dull and gray, and the girl, after walking briskly for a time, turned by a side path into the garden of the deserted court. She wandered past the stately windows; then, with a natural inclination for everything as dismal as herself, she resolved to explore the old house,

Fetching a key she let herself in and paused a moment, startled by the echo of her own footfall in the weird silence then she passed boldly on, determined to see old Dame Ursula's room.

A quaint, low-roofed place, with lattice windows—an old four-post bedstead still stood there with faded, dark hangings of blue. Our Ursula was earnestly gazing on the lines engraved on the window, "Time will show where my treasure lies," when she saw a herd of cattle getting into the garden through the broken wall. There was not much to spoil, truly, but a sense of order made Ursula resolve to try and dismiss the intruders.

Quickly she ran out into the passage and sped down stairs: seizing her umbrella she valiantly waved it as she appeared in the garden and great consternation occurred, the cattle ran thither, and none turned toward the gap in the wall. They ran against each other and everything else, but finally they were induced to go, and Ursula, looking over the debris of a battlefield where she had come off victorious, found that the old sum dial was broken down. In real sorrow for this had been a trying spot where Guy and she had passed many a "greeting fair"—she ran toward it then stopped and turned pale with excitement. There was a large hollow beneath where the sun-dial had stood and in it were mouldy-looking bags and boxes!

It was getting dusk now and Ursula ran swiftly home. "Mother—Nora—leave your puddings! Come, mother, to the court, for the—treasure is found!" This speech ended in sobs and laughter. Mrs. Baring and Nora thought she was demented and looked solemnly at each other. Only the servant shrewdly asked:

"And where is it, Miss Ursula, dear?"

"Under the sun dial; some cows knocked it down."

"Time," cried Nora excitedly, "time will show, the old man said. Oh mother Marthas, go at once."

And they went—and found such riches as they had never dreamed of. All the country called at the cottage, the cruel uncle recalled the luckless lover, a marriage took place while mistletoe boughs were hanging still green, and now Guy and Ursula have settled to country life, and Ursula takes personal delight in her dairy. Her husband declares she is in danger of actually worshipping the cow, in oriental fashion, so great is her gratitude for the discovery of Dame Ursula's treasure.

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