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## BELLEFONTE, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29, 1861.

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# Select Poetry.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY L. B F. Two youthful brothers, fired by Mars, Enlisted in their country's wars, One for the "North," one for the "South," Went forth to face the cannon's mouth. A widow's pride and prop were they; She tried with prayers and tears to stay Them from the fratricidal strife. Lest one should take the other's life. But vain her pleadings with each son-Each felt that be was called upon To battle in a righteous cause One for his home—one for the laws. Two great contending armies met— The battle-plain with gore was wet For, thick the wounded and the killed Fell fast upon the murd'rous field. Wilder! more dreadful! grew the fray From morning till the close of day; When, lo! the northern army fled. Leaving their dying and their dead Next morn, upon the crimson ground, Lying side by side, two youths were found. Two strippling youths with foreheads bold, And ghastly faces icy cold.
With many a gash and wound to tell Each bravely fought and bravely fell, Lay bleaching in the sun's hot ray, No more to see the light of day. Sad news goes fast. The direful word 'Her sons were dead' the widow heard, Her noble sons, belov'd and brav Both sleeping in one gory grave! Then, oh! the agony! the woe! Frenzied, she cried, "Who dealt the blow That spilt the life-blood of each son? Was't by his brother's hand 'twas done?" And night and day this widow's prayer Is constant born upon the air: "O Thou who lookest from afar On this cruel fratricidal war : Thou who didst give my brave sons breat And seest them now lie cold in death: Smite him with thine avenging hand Who brought this curse upon our land And bid the angels whisper low, (For surely, Heaven, Thou must know.) If by a brother's hand was slain. My boys upon the battle-plain? One for the "North." one for the "South They faced the belching cannon's mouth. And each was learned the art to send. The deadly ball some life to end. O. God! O. angels! tell me low

Shall purge and purify our land, And send sweet peace to reign once n Upon our own fair, native shore? Sisters, who love the "Prince of Peace, Plead in his name till war shall coas THE BROKEN HEART.

Who gave my sons the fatal blow? O, tell me, Heaven! O, tell me God

Did either shed his, brother's blood.

The dreary rea'ms of Death's domain

irief-wild, will not this widow's cries

And enter with the mark of Cain

l'ill the avenger's mighty hand

I saw her once and loved her. For her face and form were fair No tear was then within her eye, Nor on her brow a care I saw she loved another, And envied him his lot Ohrhow I madly worshipped her

Why did I let her give her heart, So trusting pure and kind, To one who valued not the gift, Nor the beauties of her mind He only loved her when she smiled Or when she looked most fair ; He sought not to retain her love By a busband's watchful care.

I saw her weeping and alone Why dropt those tears so fast? Was it the dread of griefs to come Or the memory of the past? His love upon the wane, Though he yowed to love and cherish her Beneath the holy fane.

When last I saw her, oh, how changed much neglected one! Too proud to utter a complaint, Sad, silent, loving or And watched her parting breath In her cold embrace of death

### Miscellancous. TOO LATE :

BY UNKNOWN

My lady Paterdaile sits in the large drawing room of her place down in Blankshire ; month ?'

and listens to the rain which falls drip, drip, upon the stone terrace without. My lady is not there from choice, but by reason of her medical tyrants. In her listless hand is at him laughingly. a novel which she does not read. Now and then she glances at the fire, which is there Haughton?" not because it is cold, but because the place "When that beautiful black head is in Blankshire is dreary; a dampness hangs streaked with silver,"retorted George, laugh Catharine?" about it and a chill-a queer sort of creep- ingly.

My lady's own companion sits behind her, occupied in a mysterious fancy work, called tatting; but it is not upon her that those wandering glances fall as they leave those wandering glances fall as they leave the cannot forsake me."

"One word more," said George. "You call that young lady who left you just now your friend, do you not."

"I remind you of your own declaration, whether it was jest or earnest. The silver."

the fire; it is upon two figures at the other end of the room—so far away that in the dim light they can rather be imagined than leaning over the pric deau is a stranger to seen, and their voices are inaudable. These you?" are the daughter and nephew of my lady

"George Haughton," said her ladyship,

"why are you looking like a caged lion?" and I'm here to know my fate."

"Speak lower. George Haughton."

love which I give you, Catharine, but my whole life. You must not think I do not the rows of curls on her forehead quivered nothing remained but bitterness-nothing. know you ; it is because you love admira- with agitation, "forgive me, but I could not The past is like a dream, which I can retion-because you would be accounted free help it." to exercise your facinations over others— "Help what?" asked Catharine, gen- the emotions which filled it. They will nevthat you hold back from keeping your prom- tly.

My lady Paterdaile bent her false eye- thing were to happen." brows into a frown as he finished. young Haughton.

Then the haughty face softened with a earnestly sudden gleam of tenderness, and he took "Alas! alas! you would be so miserable! and we shall be strangers!" both the hands of his betrothed in his own strong, earnest grasp.

Smile at me if you will for taking such a theme on my old lips; but I know what it

slowly down to the stool at her feet, for she and the old lady was gone.

scornfully. "And the man does not live has seen reflected there a white hair-only "Well, the further they (the soldiers) ran

My lady bent her nr look into her daughter's face.

my daughter, in your shroud."

made a false move in her tatting.

other, and another. leaving the promise un- eduess.

Four years more had he served for her : through the hands clasped over her face. this was fifth. And my lady was back That evening George Haughton saw that

Haughton again entered the large drawing room of the place in Blankshire. He stood Ruther Blankshire H in the doorway watching the light clouds of the rog, leaning his elbow on the mantle-tenderness. He remarked that "it was and they'll carry me onward without risk of political position the most anomalous on rein the doorway watching the light clouds of gauzy blue, and pink and white, with the black coats that relieved them. George out of the dull glimmer of the fire; but turn and find his own brother fighting against turn and find his own brother fighting against to the Cone's duty has ever been first to one's self. Haughton's head was higher than any there; they could not have been pleasant ones, his him," at the same time pointing to the One's duty has ever been first to one's self.

Government of the Confederate States, the PARTED BY A HAIR'S BREADTH. Tear, and stopped with a gesture of surprise.

"Have you forgotten the day of the

"Let me speak to you a moment," he said, taking her apart from the rest. When they came back she was looking up

"When will you give me up, George

"Oh, yes-my dearest friend."

"He was till last evening."

"Twelve months ago," replied the young and smiled at the folly of asking such a but my own life. You accepted it; you y ar-a whole long year. It expires to day ed his knuckles together, and he muttered

to himself, fiercely, "I will; I swear it?" life up." So this year George Haughton did not take "Forgive me," murmured Catharine. "She tells me," he went on with a gesture himself and his answer away as usual, of impatience, "that she can not fetter her- but he staid on day after day, potent and hands. Catharine, when I came here four

a softer voice, while a little white hand with her tatting in her hand, at the door of swore that I would free myself; but no ef-Catharine's dressing room, and entered fort was needed. I was free; your voice "To which I have agreed. It is no boy's trembling at her own boldness.

ise. I can wait; but do not try me too long. You are mine and I am yours for happiness or misery, and the one shall not mine is unhappy, but others are differently of what might have been—Too late."

"My dear, my dear, an old maid's life is dest words a man's tongue can utter, are all that come to me as I look at you, and think of what might have been—Too late."

"My dear, my dear, an old maid's life is dest words a man's tongue can utter, are all that come to me as I look at you, and think of what might have been—Too late."

A steed comes at morning; no rider is there,

A laugh interrupted her; but clasping long, white hair. "These are strange words for a lover, her hands, with one point of the tating needle running into them, she went on most Catharine, good bye; for if ever we meet

"Catharine knows," he said, "that I love is to trifle with a man's heart, and—Heaven help me !-to lose it."

dyship. "When we go back to town you cousin has ended in a little cry of amaze- cannot be questioned) merely to show how will have many a better parti at your feet." ment; a look of horror has chased away the much sympathy Mr. Riddle has for the white "That is not it," exclaimed Catharine radiant smile. What is it? Only that she men:

silver trail down the black locks. we moved on as rapidly as we certain old eyes to She turned away, but still she saw it; - fugitives passed us by scores. ok into her daughter's face.

You are endowed with a singular power the gilt frames of the pictures, on the door, 6: the men were exausted; their mouths of fascination," she said. "You would flirt everywhere. It lay along the dark green of gaped, their lips cracked and blackened the venetian blind; and when she raised it with the powder of the cartridges they had A shudder passed over the beautiful impatiently, it cut in two the prospect from bitten off in the battle : their eyes starting crouching figure, and the poor companion the window. Then she threw herself on a in frenzy -no mortal ever saw such a mass couch and covered her face. There seemed of ghastly wretches. "But do not trust to it, my dear Kate; to be before her, then, herself, yet not her- As we passed the poor, demented, ex with youth and beauty it passes away—ah, self, bearing a shadowy resemblance, but hausted wretches; who could not climb into

horrible to behold; a gaunt figure, a lonely, the high, close baggage wagons, they made Then my lady rang for lights, and began desolate woman, unloving; with nothing frantic efforts to get on to and into our carto reckon up the days and weeks which but the bitter remembrance of past pleasures riage. They grasped it everywhere, and got must elapse before she would dare go back to fill up the yearning in her heart; with on to it and into it, and implored us every to town and gayety, from the dreary place none to live for, no voice to answer hers, no way to take them on. We had to be rough lips to smile for her; alone with the phan- with them. At first they loaded us down So that year also went by, and than an toms of the past, which mocked her wretch- almost to a stand still, and we had to push

hope that had ripened his youth was with- clasped her; whispers of tenderness filled us, and we lugged the coward two miles. the air around her, and tears came stealing I finally opened the door and he was tumbled

again at her place in Blankshire, but no longer alone with her unread novel.

She had filled the house with fashion and youth and beauty. There were daughters and sons to be merry, and matrons to gather and sons to be merry, and matrons to gather he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and sons to be merry and matrons to gather he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and sons to be merry and matrons to gather he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and sons to be merry and matrons to gather he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; that he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and something almost akin to hamility; tha

fingers, while the dancing went on around looking at him or even turning toward him, went into a stable at Centreville, where third she ventured to ask why he was going away teen wounded Yankees were, and upon en-On such an evening it was that George so soon. He had letters to write, he said; tering found a Washington Artillery man

resolute. "The time has arrived, George Haughton. I come to give you back your bond; to set you free.'

George looked at her earnestly.

about it and a chill—a queer sort of creepingly.

All! Oh, no! it needed but a word from over his left hand. Their names are Frederick Hubbard, Washington Artillery, and him to call forth the whisper of a better and erick Hubbard, Washington Artillery, and have before the horrors of the people talk so cooly about the horrors of the horrors of the people talk so cooly about the people talk so cooly abo ing, as though the dead Sir Oliver still lay in state on the hearse like bed of crimson in state on the hearse like bed of crimson her cavely came back, for she said to herself her cavely care and cavely ca

whether it was jest or earnest. The silver time in 185...

streak has come ; look here George Haugh-

He saw it at once as she bent her head A NEW VERSION, TRANSLATED FROM THE GER before him-the one white hair, glistening Paterdaile.

By and by the conversation is finished and they come up and stand together oppo
By and they come up and stand together oppo
The was the last evening.

"But not to me. When I came in, you most looking down upon her, as she stood that he is engaged to your 'dearest friend,' there. "This, then, has gained a victory when the legions you've plundered shall at on the black locks which seven years of devotion could not

straint of his hand. He looked after her, once that it was not my love I offered you, And your army contractors are scattered in man, "my cousin bade me wait patiently a question. He drew himself up, and press-took and offered it up to vanity and frivolity. In terror they fly for their lives everywhere,

"I do. I accept my release at your When your cormorant crew-who, like horerve yet another year for her."

"To which you have agreed," interposed One evening the poor companion knocked, deed, no better than a plaything. Then I Shall be driven from power to a traitor's just had no power to move me, nor your touch "My dear," said the poor lady, and all you had withered up all I gave to you, and member without being able to bring back

er come to me again. These two, the sad constituted-yourself, for instance if such a He paused, but there was no reply. Then a sign and a trophy; he holds it up-the

> "This, then, brought you to me too late again, it will rise up as a ghost between us,

#### A REPUBLICAN'S HUMANITY.

Mr. Riddle member of Congress from Ohio, He was gone. My lady's book slipped The last words were but a faint murmur, cerning his experience at the battle at Bull was watching her daughter. A strange look "An old maid!" Catharine laughed Mr. R. is the gentlemen who, in sundry came into the eyes of the young girl as she again; she sprang up lightly and stood be-political campaigns of late years, professed pressed her clasped hands together and felt fore the glass, radiant and beautiful, repest- extraordinary sympathy for the poor slave the touch of George Haughton's ring.

"You are wise, Catharine," said her laLook once more. The laugh of the fair statement (because, being his own, its truth

whom I should think worthy to compare one, but startlingly white, gleaming like a the more frightened they grew, and although on as rapidly as we could th

filled: and still George Haughton repeated Then the picture changed. Earnest eyes Brown and I, with a pistol each, kept then them off and throw them out. Finally, as firmly as ever, "I can wait!" while the were looking into her own; a loving hand out although one poor devil got in in spite of

Once only she addressed him-when he ington Artilery, the other belonging to the and to squabble over the cards which she to do not some some state of the control But he did not write them. He stood on ident ministering to him with great care and

wall, watching, with a smile to which years the looked up impatiently as the door just risen. I asked if it was possible that wounded soldier, from whose side he had Who cares for a country, except for the Government of Eastern and the Government wall, watching, with a same to which years of disappointed hopes had given a sort of despairing bitterness, while his cousin drew which stood there to interrupt him.

He looked up impatiently as the door despairing bitterness, while his cousin drew which stood there to interrupt him.

That in giving us office our fortunes advance?

That in giving us office our fortunes advance?

Faulkner lives at Martinsburg, Va. For a moment the old, long cherished love the same mother nursed us. We meet the With wealth in abundance, no matter the George made her a low bow, and then offer- clamored at the door of George's heart, and first time for seven years. I belong to the cried out with piteous pleadings to be taken washington artillery, from New Orleansin but the keeper of that door answered. Washington artillery, from New OrleansAny country on earth will receive us with picture representing a lady presenting She was near him now-downcast, but ed, and sought him out to nurse and attend him." Thus they met-one from the far And receive every honor without wounds or North, the other from the extreme Southon a bloody field in Virginia, in a miserable So no more of your preaching—it never will ways about you. stable, far away from their mother, home "Is this all your pride can say to me, man by a musket ball in right the shoulder, Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day! and friends, both wounded-the infantry

All the mills in Dover, N. H., have now stopped work, a circumstance which has ring,

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

MAN OF DER TEUFEL-TO PAY.

With a laugh she brokefrom the light regain! Give it to me. Catharine, I told you For a terrible scene rushes red on my sight. The place where exhausted the fugitives

Think what it is to have withered a man's And the hillsides resound with their shrieks Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banish'd, of despair.

self yet; that I am still a boy, and must watchful, amongst the other guests of his days ago, my heart was full of the old love. Suck the blood of the Nation, to coin into The war-drum is muffled, and black is the

doom, And their false forms stripped of the tartan and plume. But hark! through the fast flashing light

ning of war, What steed to the desert flies frantic and far!

A steed comes at morning; no rider is there,

Go talk to the scrup'lous, thou conscience-

duped seer! Or if scenes to thy vision so dreadful appear, Draw, dotard, around thy old, wavering sight This blanket to cover the phantom of fright.

WIZARD. Ha! laughest thou, Lochiel, my vision to Shall victor exult. Who'er be the foe, scorn ?

This blanket, like those that thy soldiers have worn, Will not shield me from storm in the perilous night.

Nor shut from my dimmed eyes this terrible sight. Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot. to the blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmamen driven

From his eyric that beacons the darkness of Nature clothes the beast with hair-the heaven.

might, for height. burn.

Return to thy duty, all quickly return!

tures of shame, or and fame lies bleeding,

feeding. not our woes-

and clothes. again at her place in Blankshire, but no his cousin was more beautiful than ever; his cousin was more beautiful than ev

ing with grief, relief.

LOCHIEL.

They are numbered by thousands; our in- ing. So much for man. seated by the side of a wounded soldier, ev- They are true to the last of their blood and ner, late American Minister to France, who

scars:

par.

And coming events cast their shadows before, written man's laughter

Lo! annointed by Heaven with vials of wrath,

Behold, where he flies, on his desolate path! Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight; Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his

flight! 'Tis finished The legions are gathering

found. But the iron-bound prisoner, what is his fate? The dark eye of destiny bids me but wait.

forlorn, And justice retributive awaits but the hour Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?

His death bell is tolling: Oh! mercy, dispel You sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell! Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs, And his blood streaming nostril in agony swims.

Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat, 'Tis thine, oh Gienullin'; whose bride shall With the smoke of its ashes to poison the

gale-

LOCHIEL. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the But its bridle is red with the sign of de For we've triumphed before and we'll triumph again,

With gold in our pockets we're sure of our Though my convicted tools should be strewed in their gore,

Like ocean weeds heap'd on the surf beaten Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,

While money can triumph o'er virtue and brains He must yield to my will, or in death be laid low!

And when leaving this world, though cursed be my name, My wealth shall procure me a death bed of

#### WHAT IS MAN?

Originally dust-engendered in sin-bro't forth with sorrow-helpless in infancy-extravagantly wild in his youth-mad in his Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully manhood-decrepid in age-his first voice moves pity-his last commands grief.

birds with fe thers, and the fishes with Oh, misguided Lochiel! now dauntless in scales; but man is born naked—his hands cannot handle-his feet cannot walk-his Because you've been raised to an unlooked tongue cannot speak, nor his eyes see aright -simple his thoughts-vain his desires-Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to toys his delight. As soon as he puts on his distinguishing character, reason, he bursts with wild fire passions-paints it with Drive forth from thy counsels those crea- abominable pride-tears it with insatiable revenge-dirts it with avarice and stains it Who would barter for wealth both thy hon- with lust. His next state is full of miseries -tears-torments-hopes intoxicate-cares Who now, at this hour, while our country perplex - enemies assault him-friends betray him-thieves rob him-wrongs oppress Thinks of nothing but profits on horses and him, and dangers waylay him. His last scene is deplorable-his eyes dim-hands They hear not the death shrick—they heed feeble—feet lame—sinews shrunk—bones dry-his days are full of sorrow-his nights But make sure of large profits on equipments of pain-his life miserable-his death terrible-his infancy is full of folly-youth of

mark for malice - a butt for envy-if poor, Give thy thoughts to our country, now wail- despised- if rich, flattered -if prudent, mistrusted-if simple, derided-his beauty, a And exert all thy powers to bring speedy flower-his strength, grass-his wit, a flash -his wisdom folly-his judgement, weak--his art, imperfection-his glory, a blaze-False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled born crying, lives laughing, and dies sighhis time, a span-himself, a bubble. He is

HAVING FOUR GOVERNMENTS. -Mr. Faulk-

merest chance I learned be was here wound cd, and sought him out to nurse and attend cd. and sought him out to nurse and attend an odd gift from a lady, but Charley, I thought when you were away, it might be pleasant for you to -to-have my arms al-

GREELEY, of the Tribune, is very penitent about his cry, "On to Richmond !" When

"I remind you of your own declaration, never bea occurred except for a short time in 185... Suppose work, a circumstance which has ring,

With the blood hounds that bay thee, a fument on the Mississippi river, in consequence gitive thing.