

# The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. 7.

BELLEFONTE, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT 19, 1862.

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## Select Poetry.

### A PARODY.

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?  
I would be an assurance most dear,  
As though I had never been there,  
To know that the father and mother,  
And the bank where my paper is due,  
And home where I cannot be true,  
Had banished me quite from their view.

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?  
When the market for money is tight,  
And collectors in haste are pursuing,  
Their debtors by day and by night?  
Do the friends who once loved me a "dilly,"  
And others who loved me a "dilly,"  
Leave a sigh of regret as they miss me,  
And wish they would see me again?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?  
When no longer I'm seen upon "Change,"  
And those who were wont to assist me,  
Say "his conduct is infamous strange,"  
Does the Slyphick who loved me his money,  
Look in vain for occasion to find me,  
And wish I again were at home?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?  
"Would be an assurance most dear,"  
To know that my name was forgotten,  
As though I had never been there,  
But I know that my memory lingers  
Around the dear place as I roam,  
And while I live my life as my creepers,  
They'll miss me—yes! they'll miss me at home!

### THE ANSWER.

AT JOE W. FERRY.

We miss thee at home—yes, we miss thee,  
At morning, at noon, and at night,  
And we feel, though a cruel path, left us,  
His wife was confoundingly bright;  
For he "dillyed" me, and "dillyed" me,  
By pronouncing to pay again,  
The "dilly" and the "dilly" and "dilly,"  
As borrowed from credulous men.

Oh, when shall we all form a nation,  
To land to no polluting camp,  
Who, one day, is dressed like a nabob,  
And the next day is dressed like a nabob,  
Who laughs and boasts of his exploits,  
And thinks it is wonderful smart,  
To cheat a poor fellow and landlady,  
And get on the Sheriff's list!

But the hearts of said tailor and landlady,  
Are aching and aching for thee,  
And they're aching for thee, and they're aching,  
That brings thee into your path,  
That brings thee into your path,  
That brings thee into your path,  
That brings thee into your path,  
That brings thee into your path,

Oh, I tell you you'd better "scratch gravel,"  
And make an extended coat tail,  
For the Sheriff, with a "pose can't take,"  
Is sweeping down on your trail,  
Now go, hold fast, or he'll nab you,  
And bring you, (by way of a charge)  
With your wife in the air and your wife,  
Which would look most "infamously strange."

And when you return to the village,  
We'll gather around you, old boy,  
And dance in the "dilly-dilly" and "dilly,"  
The depth and extent of our joy!  
Then sum up our jovial frolics,  
Will give you a piece of meat,  
Made all out of fat and goose feathers,  
And "dilly" you around on a rail.

## Miscellaneous.

(From Godey's Lady's Book.)

### MY WARD.

I was only twenty-three years of age  
When I became that important personage,  
A guardian of the person and fortune of Miss  
Fanny Lee, and this was how it happened:

George Lee and I were classmates in college,  
And were not only class but room  
mates and friends. We were called the  
"fraternalists," and the college about our  
friendship, you it stood the test of four  
years companionship and the ridicule of our  
fellow collegians, and we left Alma Mater,  
firm, true friends. He was a splendid fellow,  
a man to love and be proud to call  
friend. We settled in the same city, he as  
a physician and I as a lawyer, and our  
intercourse was always pleasant. He was an  
orphan and the sole guardian of one little  
sister, fifteen years younger than himself—  
There were no other relatives near him—  
These three, one for the other, away  
from them. Their father, an Englishman,  
had brought his wife from the "old country,"  
and when these two died, the children  
stood alone. Mr. Lee was not wealthy, but  
he left a small sum, the interest of which  
was enough for the children to live upon  
with economy. As soon as George was fairly  
started in the practice of medicine, he  
settled the sum upon his sister.

When I was but twenty-three, George  
two years older, my friend became a victim  
of our country's scourge, consumption. In  
his last illness he implored me to accept the  
office of guardian to his little sister. She  
was then at boarding school, and George  
argued would probably remain there until I  
was married and settled, as if I desired it,  
until she was of age, and able to take care  
of herself and her property. Glad to re-  
ceive my friend of any sad anxiety, I un-  
dertook the charge, and was legally intrus-  
ted with full power to guard Miss Fannie and  
her money for the next eleven years.

George died. It was a slow blow to me,  
yet as certainty that his noble, self-sacrific-  
ing spirit was happy after many trials in  
his rough world was a consolation, and, in  
time, other interests and affections came to  
comfort me.

Seven years passed away. I was still a  
bachelor, but keeping house, with Mrs.  
Dodd for the presiding genius of my estab-  
lishment. Mrs. Dodd was a melancholy  
woman, constantly weeping tears from the  
very pale blue eyes with the corner of her  
apron, referring with a nudge to Dodd de-  
funct, or as she termed him, "my dear  
Henry." My days were passed in business;  
my evenings in practicing on the violin or  
reading. I tried the piano, and a grand pi-  
ano in the corner stood a silent witness of

my failure, so I contented myself with buy-  
ing a magnificent cover for it, and returned  
to the violin, which Mrs. Dodd enthusias-  
tically declared "it played in the most beau-  
tiful manner."

In all these seven years my ward was at  
school. Regularly every year I paid her  
bills and forwarded the remainder of her in-  
come to her teacher for Miss Fannie's mod-  
est and current expenses; and this duty  
over, I thought no more about her. I had  
several precious documents from the presi-  
pal of the Seminary, reporting the progress  
made by Miss Lee in the various branches  
taught in that institution, and then another  
twelvemonth would roll by before the inter-  
course was renewed. I had come, under  
this state of things, to look upon my ward  
as a very well behaved young lady, thor-  
oughly conversant with the "English bran-  
ches, music and the modern languages,"  
who would, in the course of time, leave  
school, claim the capital of her property,  
probably marry some respectable man and  
live in peace, leaving me in the same en-  
viable state. Fancy, then, the effect pro-  
duced on my mind by the following epistle,  
which lay upon my desk one morning in January:

BROOKDALE, January 18, 18—  
DEAR GUARDIAN—The half-yearly session  
of our school closes on Saturday next, and I  
finish my course. I am, between ourselves,  
horribly tired of school, and so I am com-  
ing to live with you. That is what all young  
ladies do who have guardians, ain't it? I  
know your address, because Miss Screwe-  
n has it, and I will be with you on Monday  
evening or Tuesday. I can't say exactly  
when, because my new bonnet may not  
come home Saturday, in which case I must  
wait until the afternoon boat on Monday—  
I am quite well and hope to find you in a  
flourishing state of health. I have no doubt  
you are a dear, clever old soul, who will not  
scold me as they do here, and if you are  
good to me I am sure I shall love you like  
a house on fire. You need not answer this,  
because I will leave before your answer can  
reach me. Come or send to the boat to  
meet me, won't you?

Yours respectfully,  
FANNY LEE.

I was perfectly thunderstruck. Coming  
to my house! A dear old soul! I looked  
over at the glass. I saw a tall, erect figure,  
a face upon which the sunbeams had left  
a hue, a heavy black mustache, and thick,  
wavy black hair, features so so: eyes black  
and large. Then I glanced around my room,  
my office. All was neat there, for I had  
kept my bachelor's hall too long to have it  
disorderly. My mind wandered over the  
house. The two third story rooms were va-  
cant, and fitted up, one as a bed room, for I  
often entertained my friends for several days  
which. These rooms must be aired and  
arranged for Miss Lee. My imagination pic-  
tured a raw school girl thumping exercise  
on my grand piano, dragging school books  
into my parlors, and practicing dancing on  
my carpets, or still worse, a young lady fin-  
ished, filling my parlors with her admirers,  
keeping me up till morning to get out in the  
cold and bring her home from parties. (I  
savagely resolved I would not take her to  
my house.) Then another idea flashed upon me  
—somebody must be there to play prop-  
riety; I was too young to have a lady of  
seventeen visiting me alone.

Mrs. Dodd was not in her element out of  
the kitchen and pantry. I had no mother,  
no sister, but I had an Aunt. My blood  
seemed to run in little cold rills all thro' me  
as I thought of Aunt Jane; but I could see  
no other way to accommodate Mrs. Grand-  
daddy. I took down my hat and went to Aunt  
Jane's room.

Tall, stiff, grim was Aunt Jane as usual.  
Chilling was my greeting, withering was the  
glance cast at my muddy boots, but my er-  
rand was successful. Aunt Jane had all  
ways considered me foolish in living alone,  
and she agreed to make my house her home  
while my ward was with me. Leaving her  
with *carried-over* for the arrangements I  
went to court. My ward glanced over my  
brief, and I addressed the presiding judge  
once as Miss Lee, once as Miss Fannie. I  
was released at last, and went home.

What a sight awaited me. Taking ad-  
vantage of my order to "do as she thought  
proper" Aunt Jane had instituted a regular  
house cleaning in the middle of January.  
As she had only one day to do it in, she had  
taken it all at once. From the garret to the  
cellar there was not a fire; the furnace had  
gone out and there was no one to make it  
up, everybody was too busy; there were  
women on step ladders, women under ta-  
bles, women on the stairs, women in the  
closets, women from the front door to the  
roof. Buckets of water, large cakes of  
soap, rags, brushes, towels, brooms, bottles,  
empty and full, books, everything in the  
most direful confusion. I was standing  
ruefully contemplating the scene, when I  
heard a well known shuffle at my elbow.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Holmes," said Mrs. Dodd,  
"that we couldn't do the office; but it was  
locked and we could not find the key." At  
the same instant I felt a key slipped into my  
hand.

Mentally promising Mrs. Dodd an extra  
V with her mouth's wages, I said: "Oh, I've  
got the key. Aunt Jane, I expect Miss Lee  
at midnight; it is now five o'clock. May I  
ask her how I am to receive her in this  
mess?"

"Oh, it will all be done by that time.  
We'd not take up the carpets; only cov-  
ered them, and we will very soon get  
through."

I went to the office. Dodd! Dodd! in-  
comparable Dodd! A fire burned brightly  
in the open grate, a cold collation was

spread upon one of the tables, and not a  
book was out of place. I was scarcely  
seated when my melancholy housekeeper  
entered with hot coffee and—

"You see, sir, Miss Jane said, there  
was no time to get your dinner, so I did the  
best I could with the cold tongue and chicken  
and I did manage some oysters if you will  
have them." And she left to return with  
one of her most delicious stews.

If Miss Lee wants a maid, sir, my  
cousin has a handy girl about twenty who  
would be glad to come."

"Have her here to-night," I said. And  
with a grateful courtesy and shuffle, Mrs.  
Dodd left me.

Aunt Jane was as good as her word.  
When I left the house to go to the boat it  
was in its usual order, though a racking  
headache reminded me of the noise and  
confusion that had prevailed until after ten  
o'clock.

The boat came up to the wharf the morn-  
ing after I arrived there, and I went on  
board to find my ward. I looked at the  
young ladies, and instinctively I expected to  
see the blue eyes and fair hair of my old  
friend George. One after another all those  
I singled out were carried off by fathers or  
brothers, or had an escort with them. Con-  
cluding that Miss Lee had had to wait for  
her new bonnet, I was about leaving the  
boat when a tall, elderly gentleman near  
me said:

"Well, Miss Fanny, we must try to find  
Mr. Holmes' house." "Where?" "I don't  
know," said the gentleman. "The same, sir," said the gentleman.

"Mrs. Screween asked me, to take charge of  
her. Are you a friend of Mr. Holmes?"  
Miss Fannie here, is the gentleman your  
guardian has sent to you."

Could that little tidy figure beside him be  
my ward? She was muffled up in furs  
and shawls, till she was nearly as  
broad as she was long, and wore a heavy  
brown veil. She did manage, however, to  
get a tiny, neatly gloved hand out from her  
wrappings and extended it to me.

"Mr. Jones has my checks," she said, in  
one of the clearest, sweetest voices I ever  
heard.

The gentleman handed me three checks,  
and I then offered my arm to Miss Lee.  
She first thanked her escort for the care he  
had taken of her, biding him good-by and then  
turned to me. The carriage taken and the  
trunks secured, we left the wharf.

"Why didn't Mr. Holmes come?" said  
Miss Fannie, as we drove through the  
streets. "Was he afraid of the Rheumatism  
this cold night? Oh! wasn't it cold on the  
water?"

"Were you sea-sick?" I inquired.  
"Sea sick! No indeed! I never was sick,  
any kind of sick in my life! Is this the  
house?"

I opened the carriage door. Mrs. Dodd  
opened my trunk, and Miss Lee ran in.  
I left her to Dodd, and turned my attention  
to the baggage. When I went into the par-  
lor she was standing near the furnace regis-  
ter, talking to Mrs. Dodd and did not no-  
tice me. She had thrown aside the wrap-  
pings and stood there in a brown merino  
dress, which fitted a small graceful figure  
perfectly. Unlike her brother, she was a  
dear little creature. Her hair fell in short  
jetty curls on her shoulders, and her dark  
clear complexion glowed crimson at the  
cheeks with the recent exposure to cold—  
Her eyes raised to Dodd's face, were large  
and very dark.

"Oh, never mind Miss Jane," she was  
saying as I came in. "I don't care if she has  
gone to bed. But where's Mr. Holmes?"  
"He'll be here in a minute, I suppose."

"Oh, he is awful old, and will be be-  
cause of his fuss!" said Dodd; "why  
you rode home with him!"

"What! is that your guardian? That  
young handsome man Mr. Holmes? Well  
I never was so astonished!"

"And delighted, I hope!" I said, crossing  
the room to her side. She did not blush or  
look confused at my address, but looked at  
me a moment with her large brown eyes,  
and then burst into a hearty fit of girlish  
laughter.

"Do you know," she said, after she recov-  
ered her gravity, "I thought you were as  
old as the hills? I don't know why, except  
all the girls at school who have guardians,  
have old ones. Ain't it jolly? We can  
have great deal more times now, as it is,  
can't we?"

"I sincerely hope you will find your new  
home pleasant," I said, and I meant it—  
The large parlor seemed to have a new  
radiance cast over it by the presence of this  
tidy merry girl.

Mrs. Dodd went to find Lizzie, her cousin  
to be inaugurated in her duties as Miss Lee's  
maid, and we were alone.

"I am sure it will be pleasant," said my  
ward, "if you don't snub me. I am too  
tired of being lectured and scolded, and I  
don't say you either to be always at me. I  
can't be quiet and ladylike and all that sort  
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I could not help smiling at this naive  
confession. She came a little to me,  
and I bent to her, and she said: "You  
know I have nobody else?"

I held out both hands to her.  
"Do you know," I said gently, "how much  
I loved your brother?"  
"Yes!" in a whisper.  
"I promised him to be kind to you. I

have neglected the charge he left me, but I  
will make the future atone for it?"  
Dodd and Lizzie came in, and bidding my  
ward a cordial good night, I saw her go up  
stairs, followed by Lizzie carrying the cloak  
shawls and furs.

Such a life as I led for the next six  
months! I don't think any unaged monk-  
ey was ever more filled with mischief and  
fun than Miss Fannie Lee. She nearly re-  
minded the life of Aunt Jane and me—  
She hid Aunt's spectacles in my briefs, so  
that they fell out in court; and she put the  
old lady's ruff-box in my waistcoat, to be  
produced in the same place. She chose the  
moment when I was absorbed in a knotty  
case to fly to the piano and play the liveli-  
est jigs, and sing, in a clear soprano voice,  
the most absurd caricatures of opera music,  
rolling up her eyes, opening her mouth to  
its fullest extent, and scattering the neat  
colossal trills and croonings upon the air.

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clear complexion glowed crimson at the  
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Her eyes raised to Dodd's face, were large  
and very dark.

"Oh, never mind Miss Jane," she was  
saying as I came in. "I don't care if she has  
gone to bed. But where's Mr. Holmes?"  
"He'll be here in a minute, I suppose."

"Oh, he is awful old, and will be be-  
cause of his fuss!" said Dodd; "why  
you rode home with him!"

"What! is that your guardian? That  
young handsome man Mr. Holmes? Well  
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"And delighted, I hope!" I said, crossing  
the room to her side. She did not blush or  
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radiance cast over it by the presence of this  
tidy merry girl.

Mrs. Dodd went to find Lizzie, her cousin  
to be inaugurated in her duties as Miss Lee's  
maid, and we were alone.

"I am sure it will be pleasant," said my  
ward, "if you don't snub me. I am too  
tired of being lectured and scolded, and I  
don't say you either to be always at me. I  
can't be quiet and ladylike and all that sort  
of thing. I think I ain't one of the good  
kind."

I could not help smiling at this naive  
confession. She came a little to me,  
and I bent to her, and she said: "You  
know I have nobody else?"

I held out both hands to her.  
"Do you know," I said gently, "how much  
I loved your brother?"  
"Yes!" in a whisper.  
"I promised him to be kind to you. I

will make the future atone for it?"  
Dodd and Lizzie came in, and bidding my  
ward a cordial good night, I saw her go up  
stairs, followed by Lizzie carrying the cloak  
shawls and furs.

Such a life as I led for the next six  
months! I don't think any unaged monk-  
ey was ever more filled with mischief and  
fun than Miss Fannie Lee. She nearly re-  
minded the life of Aunt Jane and me—  
She hid Aunt's spectacles in my briefs, so  
that they fell out in court; and she put the  
old lady's ruff-box in my waistcoat, to be  
produced in the same place. She chose the  
moment when I was absorbed in a knotty  
case to fly to the piano and play the liveli-  
est jigs, and sing, in a clear soprano voice,  
the most absurd caricatures of opera music,  
rolling up her eyes, opening her mouth to  
its fullest extent, and scattering the neat  
colossal trills and croonings upon the air.

Until I left the house to go to the boat it  
was in its usual order, though a racking  
headache reminded me of the noise and  
confusion that had prevailed until after ten  
o'clock.

The boat came up to the wharf the morn-  
ing after I arrived there, and I went on  
board to find my ward. I looked at the  
young ladies, and instinctively I expected to  
see the blue eyes and fair hair of my old  
friend George. One after another all those  
I singled out were carried off by fathers or  
brothers, or had an escort with them. Con-  
cluding that Miss Lee had had to wait for  
her new bonnet, I was about leaving the  
boat when a tall, elderly gentleman near  
me said:

"Well, Miss Fanny, we must try to find  
Mr. Holmes' house." "Where?" "I don't  
know," said the gentleman. "The same, sir," said the gentleman.

"Mrs. Screween asked me, to take charge of  
her. Are you a friend of Mr. Holmes?"  
Miss Fannie here, is the gentleman your  
guardian has sent to you."

Could that little tidy figure beside him be  
my ward? She was muffled up in furs  
and shawls, till she was nearly as  
broad as she was long, and wore a heavy  
brown veil. She did manage, however, to  
get a tiny, neatly gloved hand out from her  
wrappings and extended it to me.

"Mr. Jones has my checks," she said, in  
one of the clearest, sweetest voices I ever  
heard.

The gentleman handed me three checks,  
and I then offered my arm to Miss Lee.  
She first thanked her escort for the care he  
had taken of her, biding him good-by and then  
turned to me. The carriage taken and the  
trunks secured, we left the wharf.

"Why didn't Mr. Holmes come?" said  
Miss Fannie, as we drove through the  
streets. "Was he afraid of the Rheumatism  
this cold night? Oh! wasn't it cold on the  
water?"

"Were you sea-sick?" I inquired.  
"Sea sick! No indeed! I never was sick,  
any kind of sick in my life! Is this the  
house?"

I opened the carriage door. Mrs. Dodd  
opened my trunk, and Miss Lee ran in.  
I left her to Dodd, and turned my attention  
to the baggage. When I went into the par-  
lor she was standing near the furnace regis-  
ter, talking to Mrs. Dodd and did not no-  
tice me. She had thrown aside the wrap-  
pings and stood there in a brown merino  
dress, which fitted a small graceful figure  
perfectly. Unlike her brother, she was a  
dear little creature. Her hair fell in short  
jetty curls on her shoulders, and her dark  
clear complexion glowed crimson at the  
cheeks with the recent exposure to cold—  
Her eyes raised to Dodd's face, were large  
and very dark.