

The Democratic Watchman.

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The Muse.

For the "Watchman."
LIGHTS AND SHADES.
BY JOHN P. MITCHELL.

They may speak of the world as they will,
Those croakers who dreary have found it;
But its darkest corners leave still
A circle of brightness around it.

They may dwell on the sorrows which fall
So rapidly after its pleasures;
But the slender old Earth, after all,
Is quite overclouded with treasures.

The coldest they call Death, when it throws
So rapidly after its pleasures;
But the slender old Earth, after all,
Is quite overclouded with treasures.

As the lamps which are lighted above,
Are revealed by the darkness of night,
So the brightness of Faith, Hope and Love,
Gleam fairest when shadows alight.

As the rainbow can only appear
When the tempest has darkened the sky,
So the pleasures which shine on us here,
Are revealed as the shadows pass by.

And no shade has the world ever cast
So long and so hopelessly black;
That the present, the future or past,
Cannot shed a bright ray on its track.

Though the darkness of shadow to-day,
And the tempest around us is loud,
By to-morrow 'twill vanish away
And the rainbow appear in the cloud.

Let all croakers forever agree
That the world is dark and is loud;
It has pleasures sufficient for us,
'Till a brighter and better is found.

They may paint all the sorrow and sin,
And each ill they can find or invent;
'Tis the best world they 'll ever be in,
Unless they take thought, and repent.

Howard, Pa., Sept. 1863.

THE PARTING.

BY JOSE W. FURRY.

Ah, the family circle's broken,
It hath lost its dearest tie,
Since the morn we parted from her,
Since the day we said "good-by."

And since then a gloom hath rested
O'er our home once bright and gay,
For we miss her smile of beauty,
Driving sorrow a cloud away.

Around the family altar,
Where she knelt with us in prayer,
There is a seat now vacant,
For the loved one is no more.

O'er a mighty river's bosom,
Where the waters ceaseless flow,
She hath left the hearts that loved her
All desolate and low.

When the shades of evening gather
Round the homestead like a pall,
When the night-dew spreads her mantle,
And the dew begins to fall,

Then, in dreams, again she is near,
And her gentle voice is heard,
In tones of sweet music,
Rivalling Eden's garden bird.

But, alas! the sun of morning
Quick dispels the blissful charm,
And a chill comes o'er the heart,
Of the hearts that felt so warm;

For we find that we have lost her,
That she's gone forevermore,
To a land where winter's tempests
Whiten all the frozen shore.

Oh! a sorrow, deep and lasting,
Cometh o'er the saddest of hearts,
And we weep it from the heart,
We must ever, ever part.

Can it be that thou, our darling,
Our household's beaming light,
Hath left us now forever,
Hath vanished from our sight?

We would give for better tidings
From that snowy land so fair,
For to give thee back to us,
'Tis a bitter lot to bear.

May the orphan's friends in Heaven,
Do a favor to thee now,
And crown with richest blessings,
Thy lonely, happy bow.

That parting—we remember
How our tears fell thick and fast—
We remember—remember,
For we can't forget the Past.

THE ILLINOIS STOCK OWNER.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

In a luxuriously furnished apartment
situated in one of our Eastern cities, a
mother and daughter were seated. The
mother was a fine looking woman of forty;
the daughter, a tall, slender girl of
eighteen. The latter was intently perusing
a letter.

Suddenly she looked up. "Well my child!
What is it?" said the mother.

"Edward has met with reverses," was the
reply, "that will force him to give up a resi-
dence here, after our marriage; and my
home with him will be in Illinois."

"In Illinois! Is he going to turn farmer
to recover his losses?"

"Exactly that, I think. His knowledge
would be limited as mine in that vocation,
I am sure. No, it is stock-raising."

"Stock-raising! That is little better I
think."

"Well, I hardly know what he means. I
will read what he writes about it," and the
treasured epistle was again drawn from
its delicate enclosure.

"The chance in my fortune," the letter
said, "will make it necessary for me to de-
cline the offer of partnership in the firm in
your city, to which I before referred. And
as I expect to deal in stock it will be best
for my business if I reside in Illinois some-

where in Cook county, I think. And now,
Emma, darling! dare I ask you still to
share my changed fortune? I do not ask
it as a right, but only by my deep love for
you. Can you forego all those luxuries to
which you have been accustomed, and en-
dure the privations incident to Western
life? If you ask to be released from your
engagement, I cannot blame you! But be-
lieve me, dearest, it will be the saddest
word I have ever been called to hear; and
I—

"There, that will do, my child! Spare
your blushes and my ears. And you will
give him up?"

"Mother,"

It was a simple word of two syllables,
but it told the parent more than hours of
argument could have done. Still the mother
seemed unwilling to give it up without an
effort.

"Consider well what you are doing, Em-
ma," she said. "You, who have been reared
so tenderly. Hardly a wish ungratified."

"Do not, I beg mother, ask me to per-
jure myself! I promised to be Charles Leyton's
wife. If he has been unfortunate,
there is more need than ever that I should
keep troth with him. No, I will not add
a woman's desertion to his other misfor-
tunes."

"Well, my darling, neither I nor your
father will seek to coerce you in this mat-
ter. I have done my duty in advising you.
Charles Leyton is worthy of your love, what-
ever tricks fortune may play him."

The father said but little to deter her.
But often she would detect an eager, anx-
ious look from his deep, thoughtful eyes
when he supposed himself unobserved.

The wedding-day was fixed by letter, as
Charles could not conveniently return until
just before marriage.

One morning, as the father was leaving
he turned to Emma, and placing a roll of
bills in her hand, said:

"There is something for your wedding
outfit, my child."

Emma took the bundle, and, looking in
the dear kind face wisely felt, as she was
wont to do when asking a favor, began to
speak, and then hesitated.

"What is it, my dear? Are you afraid there
is not enough? If not sufficient ask for
more."

"Oh! it is not that. I was thinking—"

"Well, of what were you thinking? You
think too much lately."

"Would you be displeased if I should get
a plain muslin for my wedding dress? I
would cost much less, and would be far
more suitable to my altered circumstances."

"Yes I should be very much displeased.
You are my daughter yet, and shall be mar-
ried as such. And then, if you must go
and live in a cabin on the prairie, with a
cattle driver, I shall feel that I have done
my duty as a father to you."

This was more than the poor girl expect-
ed, and the tears came like summer rain.
Tut, tut! What a silly child she is!"

And the father's hand was laid gently on
her head, and lingered long and lovingly
among the twisting curls. "Charles will be
wealthy yet. Men often acquire large for-
tunes in the kind of business he purposes
to adopt. Besides, Emma, I have other
daughters that will be wanting wedding
dresses, perhaps, some day; and my first
born must not go to her bridal in a shabby
attire. Trust all to your mother, my child,
and be my own light-hearted Emma again,
or I shall be sorry that I ever promised
you to a poor man."

The wedding day came in due season.
Emma had objected to the bridal tour. But
her father and mother, after teasing her some-
what about her miserly attributes, over-
laughed her objections, and three weeks at
Saratoga, a trip to the sea-side, and a steam
boat excursion around the lake to Chicago
was at last decided upon.

Charles Leyton was proud—and well
might he be—of the treasure he had won,
and took no pains to conceal it from her in
all those pleasant days. "She had sacrific-
ed so much for him!" he said.

The excursion on the lakes was delig-
htful. The picture-like islands, unbragued
in their summer splendor—the glimpses of
splendid hotels, almost palace-like in size
and architecture. At length they reached
a street lined with beautiful shade trees.

Soon after the carriage drew up before an
elegant mansion, evidently a private resi-
dence. Emma was assisted from the car-
riage, and then her husband, without heed-
ing her questioning looks, led her up the
marble steps, and throwing open the door,
gently pushed her from him into the vestib-
ule, and in an instant she was clasped in
her mother's arms, while her dear kind fa-
ther stood by and coughed, and wiped his
eyes, as if she had brought a cloud of dust
with her that was filling his throat and
blinding him. The mother took no pains
to conceal her emotion, but murmured soft

ly, words, as only a mother could over a
returned daughter.

Her husband and his two friends had
followed her, and, as she looked first at one,
and then at the other, she was perfectly be-
wildered. But her mother, without giving
her any time for questions, led the way into
a luxuriously furnished parlor, and, while
the gentlemen seated themselves and
strives to appear perfectly at ease, with her
own hands began unfurling the outer
garments of the tired traveler.

"Mother! What does this mean? Am
I dreaming? Is this my home?"

"No, Emma, it is your home, and will
be so long as you can call your husband's
house your home."

"This, then, from your kindness, my
father?"

"My dear, I am sorry to say it is not
I should be hardly able to purchase a resi-
dence like this, without selling my own."

"Mrs. Leyton," said one of the gen-
tlemen who had met them at the landing, "it
belongs to me to confess and explain it all.
About five months ago Charles Leyton fell
sick to a large property in Chicago.

My friend here, and I, were with him when
he was officially notified of the fact. We
all commented freely on the freaks of for-
tune, and I remarked that, had he lost a
fortune instead of gaining one, some of us
might stand a better chance to win the fa-
vor of a certain beautiful girl in our city
than rumor was now giving entirely to him.

The remark nettled him and he challenged
me to the trial. Believe me, so confident
was he of your truth, that I began to wa-
ver, and even offered to withdraw my asser-
tion. But he insisted; and your father
coming in just at the time, learning the sub-
ject of discussion, his pride was aroused for
his child, and the whole thing was arranged
and there. Your mother was in the
secret. We have been defeated in the con-
test, and now willingly yield the palm to
woman's devotion."

"And that statement about being a stock
owner. Did you, Charles, did you—did
you write me—"

"Falsely! you would ask. No, I did
not—in words, at least. I wrote you of my
changed fortune, but did not say in what
manner it was changed. I am a stock own-
er, and have hundreds of cattle on my farm.
I have other business here, and that is
in this beautiful, prosperous city."

"And, father, my log cabin. Where
is it?"

"This is it. And we are all your guests
for a week, if you will entertain us so long.
Your mother was suspicious of your un-
dressed wings, and, existing your husband
in her service, beguiled me into a promise
to meet you in your new home."

The young wife could not forbear a wo-
man's right to point a little at the part she
had unwittingly acted in the little plot;
but she had the good sense to see that this
was not the time or place to do it; and with
the well ordered household. And when the
pleasant week had passed, her friends left
her with the gratifying thought, that her
"lines had been cast in pleasant places."

(From the Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.

A REPUBLICAN OUTRAGE.

A few evenings since, an incident occurred
on the Toledo train, while approaching this
city, which aptly illustrates the mean, in-
tolerant spirit that actuates the Republican
party during the present campaign. One of
the male passengers—a Republican—took
upon himself the trouble of expressing the
car, for the purpose of ascertaining its po-
litical complexion. In the course of his
rounds he came upon a wounded soldier to
whom he propounded the question: "Who
are you going to vote for—Vallandigham or
Brough?" The soldier replied that he was
not a resident of Ohio, and could not, there-
fore, vote at the coming election; but that if
he could, Vallandigham would be his choice.

"Then you are a damned traitor!" re-
torted this "salacious," "logical" and patriotic
member of the Republican party. The poor
soldier, being wounded and very weak,
was unable to resent this brutal insult, and
was, therefore, obliged to quietly submit
thereto.

For a Republican or any body else, how-
ever, to call a soldier—a grievously wound-
ed man fighting for his country—a traitor be-
cause he would not vote the Republican
ticket, was too much for the person present
and several gentlemen rushed forward to
inflict summary vengeance upon the shame-
less Abolitionist—threatening to throw him
from the car. Others however wisely
intervened to prevent these extreme
measures from being carried out, and
quiet was finally restored. By the young
soldier's side was his sister, who wept bit-
terly at the insult to which he was obliged
to submit.

We hear every day instances of Repub-
lican intolerance that should disgust every
person—no matter to what political
party he belongs—who loves fair-
ness and decency. It will not always be
endured.

FRENCH LOAN.—The Confederate Govern-
ment has effected a loan of \$100,000,000
franco from parties in France, based upon
cotton in their possession.

Why in delirium tremens like a pinching
boots? Because it is a tight fit.

OFFICIAL RETURNS OF CENTRE COUNTY.

GOVERNOR.
CURTIS, WOODWARD, May.

Bellefonte,	185	108
Milburg,	70	40
Unionville,	35	24
Boggs,	225	94
Benner,	106	136
Burnside,	47	17
Curtin,	29	30
Ferguson,	181	105
Gregg,	62	274
Haines,	96	219
Hallmoon,	107	140
Harris,	256	169
Howard,	114	93
Liberty,	105	48
M. Ross,	44	82
Miles,	48	249
Patton,	65	50
Penn,	28	251
Potter,	146	329
Spring,	174	125
Snodgrass,	64	23
Taylor,	88	49
Walker,	160	146
Worth,	47	62

Supreme Judge.
AGNEW, LOWRIE, May.

Bellefonte,	180	114
Milburg,	70	40
Unionville,	35	24
Boggs,	225	94
Benner,	106	136
Burnside,	47	17
Curtin,	29	30
Ferguson,	181	105
Gregg,	62	274
Haines,	96	219
Hallmoon,	107	140
Harris,	256	169
Howard,	114	93
Liberty,	105	48
M. Ross,	44	82
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Penn,	28	251
Potter,	146	329
Spring,	174	125
Snodgrass,	64	23
Taylor,	88	49
Walker,	160	146
Worth,	47	62

Assembly.
FORSTER, ALEXANDER, May.

Bellefonte,	178	116
Milburg,	70	40
Unionville,	35	24
Boggs,	225	94
Benner,	106	136
Burnside,	47	17
Curtin,	29	30
Ferguson,	181	105
Gregg,	62	274
Haines,	96	219
Hallmoon,	107	140
Harris,	256	169
Howard,	114	93
Liberty,	105	48
M. Ross,	44	82
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Patton,	65	50
Penn,	28	251
Potter,	146	329
Spring,	174	125
Snodgrass,	64	23
Taylor,	88	49
Walker,	160	146
Worth,	47	62

Sheriff.
DUNLAP, CONLEY, May.

Bellefonte,	175	110
Milburg,	70	40
Unionville,	35	24
Boggs,	223	95
Benner,	105	136
Burnside,	46	16
Curtin,	28	29
Ferguson,	180	104
Gregg,	61	273
Haines,	95	218
Hallmoon,	106	139
Harris,	255	168
Howard,	113	92
Liberty,	104	47
M. Ross,	43	81
Miles,	47	248
Patton,	64	49
Penn,	27	250
Potter,	145	328
Spring,	173	124
Snodgrass,	63	22
Taylor,	87	48
Walker,	159	145
Worth,	46	61

Prothonotary.
JOHNSTON, LEPTON, May.

Bellefonte,	188	105
Milburg,	65	42
Unionville,	34	25
Boggs,	225	97
Benner,	109	126
Burnside,	45	18
Curtin,	25	30
Ferguson,	181	104
Gregg,	62	274
Haines,	98	206
Hallmoon,	109	141
Harris,	258	157
Howard,	115	92
Liberty,	107	47
M. Ross,	45	79
Miles,	62	228
Patton,	101	88
Penn,	28	259
Potter,	145	329
Spring,	184	115
Snodgrass,	64	20
Taylor,	88	49
Walker,	161	140
Worth,	48	51

Register and Recorder.

Bellefonte,	180	112
Milburg,	70	39
Unionville,	35	24
Boggs,	225	94
Benner,	106	135
Burnside,	48	16
Curtin,	28	30
Ferguson,	181	102
Gregg,	61	274
Haines,	90	201
Hallmoon,	106	141
Harris,	257	159
Howard,	113	94
Liberty,	70	31
M. Ross,	101	87
Miles,	56	229
Patton,	101	87
Penn,	27	258
Potter,	121	120
Spring,	64	90
Snodgrass,	53	24
Taylor,	87	50
Walker,	163	143
Worth,	48	51

Treasurer.
WEAVER, SHANNON, May.

Bellefonte,	180	112
Milburg,	70	39
Unionville,	35	24
Boggs,	224	94
Benner,	110	132
Burnside,	48	16
Curtin,	25	30
Ferguson,	181	105
Gregg,	67	273
Haines,	97	208
Hallmoon,	106	141
Harris,	257	159
Howard,	112	94
Liberty,	107	47
M. Ross,	44	82
Miles,	47	250
Patton,	67	52
Penn,	101	88
Potter,	203	120
Spring,	137	339
Snodgrass,	61	29
Taylor,	88	49
Walker,	164	144
Worth,	49	51

Commissioner.
MCALANER, FOREMAN, May.

Bellefonte,	177	117
Milburg,	69	40
Unionville,	35	24
Boggs,	221	95
Benner,	106	135
Burnside,	48	16
Curtin,	32	35
Ferguson,	180	105
Gregg,	61	275
Haines,	96	209
Hallmoon,	106	141
Harris,	257	158
Howard,	112	94
Liberty,	106	48
M. Ross,	44	82
Miles,	48	249
Patton,	66	53
Penn,	27	259
Potter,	145	331
Spring,	173	125
Snodgrass,	63	23
Taylor,	88	49
Walker,	158	147
Worth,	48	52

Auditor.
SHERIDAN, May.

Bellefonte,	178	116
Milburg,	70	39