The cowardly whites were routed, And each ran towards a tree, White we marched on to Richmond, Add captured old Bub Lee; While he in horror looked at us, And asked what it all meant, And we told him we were citizens' Of African descent.

But I hear there is a party
That will not with us unite,
That will not call us "brudder,'
Because we are not white; But de happy day is comin' When they shall all repent; When they shall bow to citizens Of African descent.

## THE HUNTER'S WIFE

Tom Cooper was a fine specimen of the North American trapper. Slightly, but powerfully made, with a hardy, weatherbeaten, yet handsome face, strong, indefatadapted for a hunter's life. For many years he knew not what it was to have a Christians." home, but lived like the beasts he hunted -wandering from one part of the country to another in pursuit of game. All who knew Tom were much surprised when he came, with a very pretty young wife, to her husband's brow. He made no reply; settle within three miles of a planter's farm. Many pitied the poor young creature, who grily-how should he know? would lead such a solitary life; while others said: "If she was fool enough to marry him, it was her own lookout." For nearly four months Tom remained at home, and employed his time in making the old hut he had fixed on as their residence more comfortable. He cleared and tilled a small hope that for her sake he would settle down quietly as a squatter. But these visions of the Ingins be onkommon skeary." happiness were soon dispelled, for as soon as the work was finished be-commenced his old erratic mode of life, and was often absent for weeks together, leaving his wife alone, yet not unprotected, for since his marriage, old Nero, a favorite hound, was always left at home as her guardian. He was a noble dog -a cross between the old Positish deerhound and the bloodhound, and would hunt an Indian as well as a deer or bear, which Tom said "was a proof Ingins was a sort of varmint, or why should the brute beast take to hunt 'em nat'ral like -him that took no notice of white men?" One clear, cold morning, about two years stigg their marriage, Susan was awakened and how it would be possible for her to nose to the ground, as if endeavoring to Nero's deep baying. She recollected that she had shut him up in the house as usual the night before. Supposing that he had through his means, too, she had lost her At last he agreed to follow Nero, who was she had nursed. The door was instantly winded some solitary wolf or bear prowling about the hut, and had effected his escape, the took little notice of the circumstance. A few moments after came a shrill, wild cry, which made her blood run cold. To spring the many Indians hurried into eternity by gave a deep bay, and started off at so fu. English she had picked up when living with from her bed, throw on her clothes and rush his uncering rifle; and they perhaps were rious a pace, that although well mounted, the white woman. Expressing her meanfrom the hut, was the work of a minute. She no longer doubted what the hound was her brain; she called wildly on Nero, and had said to him seemed a reproach, and he ble to take their horses further, they tother brain; she called wildly on Nero, and had said to him seemed a reproach, and he ble to take their horses further, they to her joy, he came dashing through the thick underwood. As the dog drew nearer she saw that he galloped heavily, and carried in his mouth some large dark creature. Her brain recled; she felt a cold and sickly shudder dart through her limbs. But Susan was a hunter's daughter, and all her life had been accustomed to witness scenes of danger and horror, and in this school had learned to subdue the natural timidity of her character. With a powerful effort she'recovered herself, just as Nero dropped at her feet a little Indian child, apparently between three and four years old. She bent down over him, but there was no sound or motion; she placed her hand on his little naked chest: the heart had censed to best-he was dead! The deep marks of the dog's fangs were visible on the neck, but the body was untorn. Old Nero stood with his large, bright eyes fixed on the face

## The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND PEDERAL UNION."

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From this circumstance Sugan easily inferr- knowing how useful Nero would be to them they would not have murdered a wounded child when attacked by the dog. There was nothing to show why she had come so near the hut: most probably the hope of ment. Susan did not dare to wander fan from home fearing a band of Indiana might be in the neighborhood. She returned sorrowfully to the hut, and employed herself in blocking up the window, or rather the hole where the window had been, for the powerful hound had in his leap dashed out the entire frame and shattered it to nieces. When this was finished, Susan dug grave, and in it laid the little Indian hov. She made it close to the hut, for she could not bear that wolves should devour those delicate limbs, and she knew that there i would be safe. The next day Tom returned. He had been very unsuccessful, and intend- everything. Early the next morning they bear to leave the spot where everything ed setting out again in a few days in a dif-

ferent direction nigh sartin to put it down to us; whereas of his master, which was pierced to the right that I should lay such a burden on if so be as they'd found the body 'pon the heart by an Indian arrow. spot maybe they'd understand as 't was an igable, and a crack shot, he was admirably accident like, for they're uncommon cunning warmints, though they haint got sense like

> "Why do you think the woman came here said Susan. "I never knew an Indian squaw so near the hut before."

> She fancied a dark shadow flitted acros and on her repeating the question, said an Twas at well to ask for bear's reasons as Ingin's.

Tom only staid at home long enough to mend the broken window, and plant a small re, where it was easily traced through the her arms as if drawing a bow; or yell wilds spot of Indian corn, and then again set out, tall thick grass. They continued riding all ly and cower in terror beneath the plothes, telling Susan not to expect him for a month. "If that squaw comes this way again," he said, "as may be she will, just put out any spot of land around it, and Susan began to broken victuals you've got for the poor critter; though may be she wont come, for

· Susan wondered at his taking an interes in the woman and often thought of that dark look she had noticed, and of Tom's unwillingness to speak on the aubject. She dition when hiding some skins which he intended to fotch on his return, he had observed an Indian watching him, and shot even an Indian's eye could not observe a him, with as little morey as he would have trace. They were on the point of abanshown a wolf. On Tom's return to the spot doning the pursuit, when Richard, the the body was gone; and in the soft, damp younger of the two, called his brother's atsoil was the mark of an Indian squaw's foot, and by its side a little child's. He left his mistress to accompany them, as if was sorry then for the deed he had done; he now understood what they were about. he thought of the grief of the poor widow, The hound was trotting to and fro, with his by a loud crash, immediately followed by live until she could reach her cribe, who pick out a cold scent. Edward laughed at But on listening again, she distinctly heard were far, far distant, at the foot of the his brother, and pointed to the track of a the same voice say, "Quick-quick" and Rocky Mountains; and now to feel that deer that had come to drink at the river. \_ recognized it as the Indian woman's whom child, put thoughts into his mind that had cantering slowly across the prairie. The opened when the squaw rushed into the hut, never before found a place there. He pace gradually increased, until on a spot seized Susan by the arm, and made signs to part of each, a well of tears swelling each thought that one God had formed the red where the grass had grown more luxuriant. her to come away. She was to much exman as well as the white-of the souls of ly than elsewhere, Nero threw up his nose, more fitted for their "happy hunting they had great difficulty in keeping up with ing by gestures with a clearness peculiar to grounds," than for the white mak's heaven him. He soon brought them to the borders the Indians, she dragged rather than led no time in communicating with the authorin this state of mind, every word his wife of another forest where, finding it impossiwas glad again to be alone in the forest ered them to a tree, and set off on foot. the Indians sounded in their ears. Having with his rifle and his hounds.

Tom's departure, as Susan was sitting at away. At last they fancied it sounded work, she heard something scratching and nearer instead of becoming less distinct; terror, not daring to move from her place whining at the door. Nero, who was by and of this they were soon convinced. They her side, evinced no signs of anger, but ran still went on in the direction whence the o the door, showing his white teeth, as was sound proceedeed, until they saw Nero sithis custom when pleased. Susan unbarred ting with his fore-paws against the trunk of it, when to her astunishment the two deer- a tree, no longer mouthing like a well Indians. Nero, who was lying by her side, hounds her husband had taken with him trained hound, but yelling like a fury .-walked into the hut, looking wearied and They looked up in a tree, but could see soiled. At first she thought Tom might nothing; until Edward espied a large holhave killed a deer not far from home, and low about half way up the trunk. "I was had brought her a fresh supply of venison; right, you see" he said. "After all, it's but no one was there. She rushed from nothing but a bear but we may as well her feet a bag of money, the remains of her under the new state of existence upon reached the sqatter's cabin. John Wilson trouble. and his three sons were just returned from

ed that the woman had been carrying her in their search, she had secretly taken a enemy, even an Indian wattion, still less a horse and followed them. The party rode first to Tom Cooper's until midnight, when they stopped to rest of the war, a once affluent and highly rehut, and there having dismounted, leading their jaded horses. Having wrapped the spectable family of Brooklyn was reduced some petty plunder had been the induce- their horses through the forest, followed the squaw in their bearskins, they lay down

trail, as only men long accustomed to sav- themselves with no covering save the age life can do. At night they lay on the clothes they were. They were in no want ground, covered with their thick bear skin of provision, as not knowing when they bed of dry leaves, but she refuse to occupy ply of bread and dried venison, not wishing it, saying it was her duty to bear the same to lose any precious time in seeking food haddships they did. Ever since their de-whilst on the (rail. The brandy still reparture she had shown no sign of sorrow, maining in their flasks they preserved for Although slight and delicately formed, she the use of their captive. nexts appeared fatigued; her whole sout | The evening of the following day they was absorbed in one longing desire—to find reached the trapper's hut, where they were her husband's body, for from the first she not a little surprised to find Susan. She had abandoned the hope of ever finding told them that although John Wilson had him in life. The desire supported her in begged her to live with them, she could not were again on the trail. About noon, as reminded her of one to think of whom was they were crossing a small brook, the hound her only consolation, and whilst she had "Susan," he said, when he had heard suddenly dashed away from them and was Nero, she feared nothing. They need not her sad story, "I wish you'd left the child lost in the thicket. At first they fancied tell her their mournful tale—Susan already where the dog killed him. The squaw's they might have crossed the track of a understood it but too clearly. Sue degged nigh sartin to come back a seekin for the deer or wolf; but a long mouraful how soon them to leave the Indian woman with her body, and it's a pity the poor critter should told the sad truth; for not far from the You have no one, she said, to tend and be disappointed. Besides the Injins will be brook lay the faithful dog on the dead body watch her as I can do, besides it is not

> body was left as it had fallen-not even the be discovered save one small foot printwhich was pronounced to be that of a squaw. fearful fires so common in the prairies, and in its stead grew soft, sweet herbage, where tention to Nero, who had of his own accord

They set to work immediately with their the clearings, when Susan ran into their axes to fell the tree. It began to totter, streaming on her shoulders, and her wild in the dim twilight, crawled from its place

squaw. The party continued their journey loaks; for Susan only they heaped up a might return, they had taken a good sup-

you. Although unwilling to impose on her The murderer had apparently been afraid the painful task of nursing her husband's to approach on account of the dogs, for the murderess they could not but allow that she was right: and seeing how earnestly she rifle was gone. 'No sign of Indians could desired it, at last consented to leave the Indian woman with her,

For many long weeks Susan nursed her Susan showed no grief at the sight of the charge tenderly as if she had been her sisbody; she maintained the same forced calm- ter. At first she lay motionless, and rarely found. Old Wilson staid with her to re- wildly. Susan fortunately could not undermove all that now remained of her darling stand what she said, but often turned shudhusband, and his two sons set out on the deringly away when the Indian woman trail, which soon led them to the open prai- would strive to rise from her bod, and move that afternoon, and the next morning by reciting in her delirium the featful scenes day-break were again on the track, which through which she had passed. By degrees they followed to the banks of a wide that reason returned; she gradually got better, his hand among the ashes which were still of returning reason she had shown was to warm. They crossed the river, and in the shrick in terror when he once accidently soft sand on the opposite bank saw again the followed his mistrees into the room where print of a small moccasoned footstep. Here she lay. One morning Susan missed her, they were at a lose, for the rank prairie she searched the hut, but she was gone never knew that on his last hunting expe- grass had been consumed by one of those without having taken farewell of her kind benefactress.

Acfew years after, Susan Cooper (no longer "pretty Susan" for time and grief had knock, which was repeated several times before she could unfasten the door, each time more loudly than before. She called to ask who it was at that hopeof the night. A few hurried words in Iroquois were the reply, and Susan congratulated herself on having spoken before unbarring the door. cited to remember then the few words of imbued with all of nature's strength, was of concealment. She saw the flames of the dwelling where so many lonely hours had been passed, rising above the trees, and heard the shrill "whoops" of the retiring lently a dark figure came gliding along the

A SING SING PRISON INCIDENT.

About one year prior to the breakings ou through minfortune to a state of penury. The reverses preject on the head of the house, and he pined, sickened and died. Grieved at the loss of her consort, anable to bear up alone with the vicissitudes of her young Irishman named Moore, and appears in that very clever story, published originally in the Brother Jonathan," we believe, entitled, the partner of her joys and sorrows to "an "Tom Stapleton," a sketch which never receiverenal rest." The family, thus deprived of the circulation and credit its merit de-Grieved at the loss of her consort, anable to eternal rest." The family, thus deprived of their natural protectors, consisted of three grown up daughters and a son about sixteen years of age. Commiserating their situation, the friends of the family undertook to prowide for them, and the daughters were adopted by their relatives, the second daughter being taken in the family of a clergyman The boy was also adopted, but, he did not like the family in which he was located, and harrels ensued, and resulted in the boy one day absenting himself and never returning. The war breaking out at that time, his family supposed he had enlisted and had been killed. Thus matters continued till about a week since, when the

clergyman above mentioned, his adopted daughter and several friends made a visit to Sing Sing Prison. In passing through one of the workshops, the clergyman's attention was attracted by the demeaner of one of the convicts who gazed wistfully at the party, and who appeared to be almost magnetically attracted toward the lady. Something in his countenance puzzled the blorgyman, and he was at a less to account for the sudden interest felt by him in a felon, when the ness, and seemed comforted that it was spoke; then she grew delirious, and raved Lyoung lady turning around, he saw a start ling resemblance between the two. Instinctively it flashed scross his mind that the convict was the missing brother of his adopted daughter. "Who is that man," he inquired of the keeper who accompanied the party. "Oh, that is a notorious young pickpocket who has been here two years already, and will remain one. year more. Horror struck at the reply, but still includ-ulous, the clergymen asked permission of Shallow stream. There they saw the ra-but seemed restless and unhappy, and could ulous, the clergymen asked permission of mains of fire. One of the brothers thrust not bear the sight of Nero. The first proof the head-keeper to have a few minutes conversation with him. This was granted, and in a few moments the convict and his former friend were together. The felou's tale was soon told; he enlisted-became the roughly steeped in the vices of the armydescribed-became a bounty jumper, and then the transition was easy to that of a pickpocket. In all his crimes he was attended by an old thief, who was the tutor and done their work) heard one night a hurried mentor, and reaped all the advantage of his

pupil's misdeeds. "That young lady I suppose is my sister," and the convict. "She in the bitterness of his misery was the response of the unfortunate young man. He expressed a desire to see her, and the clergyman, after stating the circumstances to the warden, obtained leave for a brief interview. Half suspecting the truth, but still anxiously doubting, the sister was shown into a cell whose only inmate arose at her approach. A wistful gaze on the the recognition of the convict brother and

On their return home the clergyman lost Susan from the hut. They had just reached ties in this city, and ascertained that two They lost sight of the heand, but still from gone with Susan a little way into the for-They fost sight of the hound, but still from general and his necessary steps were taken, and the applihours she lay there balf dead with cold and catton for the convict's pardon is now before the Governor .- Ex.

## NINE HUNDRED NEGBOES RESOLVE IV. TO RETURN TO THEIR MASTERS.

was present, we have to report the proceedsuddenly rose and gave a low growl. St. ings of a very extraordinary meeting of negroes, which took place on Sunday, near trees directly to the spot where she lay .- this city, in the direction of Dog river. She gave herself up for lost; but it was the Nine hundred of them assembled to consider woman, who can't to her, and dropped at their condition, their rights and duties the hut, and soon, breathless and terrified, shoot the brute that has given us so much late husband's savings, . The grateful orea- which they have been so suidonly launched. ture knew where it was kept; and while the Our informant was surprised at the hard, Indians were busied examining the rifles practical sense and moderation of tone with and other objects more interesting to them which the spokesmen of the meeting urged comfortable kitchen, her long black hair when a dark object they could not tell what had carried it off unobserved. Waving her their views. After long talk and pareful arm around to show that all was now quiet, deliberation, this meeting regolved by a THE BIRTH OF GREEN ERIN.

Can any reader of the "Commercial" inform us the is the author of the following beautiful verses, found some years ago is an acchange.—There is an unusual vigor of imagination displayed, joined to excellent versification and a knowledge of the patois which is delicious.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Yes, we can. It was written some sixteen served .- Buffalo Commercial.

Wid all condescinabin,
I'd turn your attinshin
To what I would minshin of Erin so green;
And widout heeitayshin
I'd show how that nayshin nune av creavehin the gim and the oucen :

It happened wan mornin', It happened wan morain',
Widout any warnin',
That Vaynus was born in the beautiful say,
An' be the same token
(An' sure 'twas provokin',)
Her pinion, were soakin', and wudn't give play.

So Negtue who knew her. Began to pershue her,

An' he very nigh caught hor, Atop av the wather, irate Jupither's daughter, who cried "Poo ra

But Jove, the great Jaynious, Looked down an saw Vaynus Neptune so haynus parshuin' her wild, So he roared out in thundher He'd tear him asunder; An' sure 'twas no wonder for tasing his child So a sthar that was flyin'

Around him espyin',

He gar'd widout sighin', an' hurled it below,

—Where it tumbied likewinkin'

On Niptune while sinkin',

An' gave him, I'm thinkin', A BROTH IV A BLOW An' that sthar was dryland,

Both lowland and highland,
An', formed a swate island the lund of me birth
Thus plain is the story,
"Kase sint down from glory
That Erin so hoary's a heaven on earth!

Then Vayuus jumped nately
Oh Erin so shtately,
But faynted, kase lately so bothered and prisse
Which much did bewilder;
But ere it had killed her
Her father digthilled her a drop of the bisht.

An' that glass so victorious, It made hor feel glorious, little uprearious I fear I might prove; Hince how can yes blame us That Brin's so famous anty, 'an murther, 'an whisky, 'an love!

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

-The President has ordered the release of ex-Governor Clark, of Mississippi. -It is said that apple butter boilings will be universally scarce this season. Cause—ap ples and cider are scarce.

-The population of Pit Hole is said to be is." was the reply. A flood of tears drawn 7,000, and of this number not fifty are females. What a happy place it must be.

--- It is said that in all 82,000 victims of the cholers and poor living, were buried in Egypt within six weeks. ---The child's mind is like a virgin shoet

letter paper; and its address in after life will depend entirely upon the way in which you di----- The potate rot prevails to au slarming

extent in Michigan, Indiana and Ill inch, and it is Teared it will result in a failure of that imper-

-The census of 1860 shows 210 establish.

Upon the testimony of an old citizen who

Senatorial and Representative Delegates to the next Democratic State Convention, with unani-mous justructions in favor of the Hon. Heister Clymer for Governor.

-A negro riot took place at Hampton, Va. n the 11th, which was quelled by a detachment of cavalry. Twenty-one negroes were captured—all armed with revolvers, outlasses and carbines or shot guns. Give the poor, dear fellows

a.vote.

THE LITERATURE OF DREAMS--A CUC.

"The Literature and curiosities of Dreams -a Commonplace book of Speculations. concerning the Mystery of Dreams and Visions, Records of Curious and Well-aug thenticated Dreams, and Notes on the Various Modes of Interpretation adopted in Ancient and Modern Times, by Frank Seafold Ma A."-is a curious, dollection of stories, and speculations which has just appeared from the London press of Chapman and Hall. The London Athenoum describes it as "a vivid and singular compilation." The author is not a theorist, like the late Sir. William Molesworth, but a collector. It is his boast that he has neither put himself forward as a discoverer nor sought his own glory as a scribe; but he claims the credit of collecting into our view all that is best worth knowing as to the facts of his case. Among his stories are the following:

Peter Sterry dreamed that "Oliver Cromwell was to be placed in heaven, which he foolishly imagined to be the true and rest heaven above; but it happened to be the false, carnal heaven at the end of Westmidster Hall, where his head was fixed after. the restoration. There was at that time two victualling houses at the end of Westminster Hall, under the Exchequer, the one called Heaven and the other Hell. Near to the former Oliver's head was fixed, January

When Dr. Harvey, one of the Physicians' College in London, being a young man, went to travel towards l'adus; he went to Dover, with several others, and showed his pass, as the rest did, to the Governor there. The Governor told him that he must not go but he must keep him prisoner. The Doctor desired to know "for what reason? how he bad transgressed !" !! Well, il was his will to have it so." The packet boat hoisted sail in the evening, which was very clear, and the Doctor's companions in it There ensued a terrible storm, and the packet boat and all the passengers were drowned. The next day the sad news was brought down to Dover The Doctor was unknown to the Governor, both by name and face; but the night before the Goveror bad a perfect vision in a dream of Doctor Harvey, who came to pass over to Calais, and that he had a warning to stop him. This the Governor told to the Doctor the next

Some experiments, made with a view to induce dreaming under conditions in which the results could be noted, were made on the person of M. Manry. While M Maury was asleep, his external organs were subjected to various kinds of irritation. Thus: 1. His lips and note being tickled by his

coadjutor with a feather, he dreamed that he was subjected to horri-ble tortures; that a pitch plaster was applied to his face, which was then roughly withdrawn, denuding the lips and cheeks. 2. A pair of tweezers being struck close to his cars by scissors, he dreamed that he heard the ringing of bells, which speedily passed into the toosin, and suggested lune, 1848. 3. Being made to smell can de Cologne, he dreamed that he was in the shop of a perfumer, which led the fancy to the East, and to the shop of Jean Parina, Cario! Being made to feel the heat and smell of a burning match, and the wind at the time being whistled through the shutters, he dreamed that he was at sea, and that the powder-room of the vessel blew up.

5. His neck being slightly pinched, he dreamed that a blister was applied; and then there areas the recollection of a physical state. then there arose the recollection of a phy-sician who had treated him in youth. 6. A piece of red-hot iron being held close to his face for such a length of time as to his face for such a length of time as to communicate a slight heat, he draemed of bandits who got into houses and applied hot iron to the feet of the inhabitants, in order to extract money from them. This idea suggested that of the Dudness d'Abrantes, who he conceived had chosen him as scoretary, in whose Memoirs he had read of chauffeurs, or bandits who burned people. 7. The word "parafaramus" being pronounced close to his ear, he heard nothing the form a readilities of the stream! ments in the United States for the manufacture of shirts, collars and men's furnishing goods with a capital invested of \$2,258,500.

—An intoxicated man leaning against a church railing, replied, in answer to a question from the sexton, that he didn't exactly belong to that church, but he was leaning that way.

—To remove wainut and fruit stains from the fingers, dip them in strong tea, rubbing the nalls with it and a nail brush; afterwards washed in white pronouncing the words words, "Asor, Castor, Leanars," which results to the interlocutors in his dréam. The sounds of "chandelle, haridelle," aware stributed to the interlocutors in his dréam. The sounds of "chandelle, haridelle," aware stributed to the interlocutors in his dréam. The sounds of "chandelle, haridelle," avec et et elle, "but without any recollection of the idea attached to the expression. 8. A drop of water failing on the brow suggest test dream of Italy, great thirst, and a

That dreams are not quite independent of the will, appears from the singular case of Thomas Reid, of Ediuburgh:

"About the age of fourteer I was almost every night unhappy in my sleep from frightful dreams. Sometimes hanging over a frightful protipice, and just ready to drop down; cometimes pursued for my life and stopped by a wall, or by a sudden loss of all strength; and sometimes ready to be demanded by a will beaut. How lone I was voured by a wild beast. How long I was plaguad with such dreams I do not now re-collect. I believe it was for a year or two at least; and I think they had not quite left interpretation for the control of the protection of the protection