

WAITING FOR SUMMER.
BY MISS S. B. IDE.

I'm weary of waiting
For winter to go,
I'm tired of the north winds,
The ice and the snow—
I'm dreaming of summer,
Far over the sea,
Oh! hasten, sweet south winds,
And bring her to me.
I know she is roaming,
In far away lands,
Like a beautiful mai den
With flowers in her hands.
And her eyes, they are brighter
Than stars in the sky,
And her smile lights the flowers,
As she passes them by.
The breezes are blowing
Her sunny brown curls,
Her lips they are roses,
Her teeth they are pearls.
Her cheeks, all aglowing,
Are crimsoned in streaks
For her lover, the south wind,
Is kissing her cheeks.
Her step on the mountains
Is softer than dew,
The valley grows bright
As she passes it through.
Oh shall we not love her,
This beautiful girl,
With lips like the roses,
And teeth white as pearl.
And shall we not open
Our hearts unto her,
That long have been bound
By the snows of winter?
And the roses shall bloom,
And the lilies shall smile,
And our hearts shall grow hopeful,
And young all the while.
Then hasten sweet summer,
From over the sea,
And bring all the joys
Of the season to me.

The Friendly Sprite.

"Married indeed! Married!" And just to impress on his own mind the enormity of the thing, he said it again, "Married! Well, I'm sure! what next!"
The speaker was Mr. Benjamin Bradbury, the eminent building contractor, and the above observation was made by Mr. Bradbury when comfortably seated behind his writing desk, in his private sanatorium late on the evening of the 24th of December, in the year— I'm not quite sure about the year, but you'll be kind enough to remember that it was the evening of the 24th of December—for Mr. Benjamin Bradbury had the singular habit of spending the late hours of that evening in just such employment as we happen to find him in at present.
Mr. Bradbury had been looking over his private accounts and calculating how many thousands the last twelve months had added to his fortune. The result was fully satisfactory, but he was evidently not entirely at his ease. The fact is, Mr. Bradbury had that morning received a proposal for the hand of his only daughter, the child of his first wife—and to make the matter worse, a rascal without a penny. (Not that Frank Wilson was a rascal, or penniless in reality; on the contrary, he was an honorable young fellow, with a small but increasing income; but Mr. Bradbury had large ideas, and that was his way of putting it.)
He could hardly believe his own ears when the young man made his audacious proposal. Young Wilson, a fellow with a paltry four hundred a year, had sat in that very room and proposed himself as a husband for Mr. Bradbury's only child, who would, after his death, come into a fortune of more than a hundred thousand pounds! and has moreover assured him that the young lady herself was just as anxious for the union—indeed, that they had long loved each other very dearly. Mr. Bradbury being a millionaire, with a constant eye to the main chance, disapproved of love matches on principle, and, of course, he said, "Certainly not!" in the sternest possible manner, and dismissed the unhappy suitor in much discouragement. Nevertheless, he could not get the audacious proposition out of his head. So now, having closed his ledger, and not feeling disposed to go to bed, Mr. Bradbury determined that he would put his desk to rights. This was a work he had always been intending to do "to-morrow evening" for the last twenty years, but somehow he had never done so, and it was in a state of rare confusion. Letters and memoranda, old and new, interspersed with odds and ends, were huddled together without order or arrangement.—By way of making a beginning Bradbury pulled out of one corner a bundle of old letters, and unfolded a faded green ribbon with which they were bound, and as he did so, with the one subject still uppermost in his mind he made the exclamation above mentioned. It was not addressed to any one, seeing that there was nobody there; and therefore Mr. Bradbury naturally felt surprised when a silvery voice replied;
"Married, Mr. Bradbury?—certainly, and why not?"

Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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At the same moment there was a flutter among the old letters in Bradbury's hand; and, from an envelope somewhat larger than the rest, emerged a lady of most dazzling appearance. She was decidedly diminutive, being of only about six inches stature, but of admirable symmetry. She wore a garment of gossamer texture, the skirts of which, distended in the most approved ballet fashion, were looped up with ruby hearts, connected with true lovers' knots in white satin ribbon, and her wreath was of similar material. This angelic being tripped lightly from the open envelope to Mr. Bradbury's table; and there, after a coquetish dance, seated herself on the closed lid of a big inkstand, and arranged the folds of her drapery with feminine exactness.
"Why shouldn't they be married, my dear sir?"
Bradbury's first feeling, after he had once recovered from the shock of his visitor's unexpected appearance, was in dread lest Mrs. B. (who was a person of rigid propriety and a fine flow of language) should come in unawares, and find him in the company of such a lady with extraordinary short petticoats. But on reflection, remembering that his wife had been in bed for at least an hour and a half, and was probably sound asleep, he took courage.
"Why not, m'am?" said Mr. Bradbury, passing his fingers through his stubby hair—"why not? Because—because—its ridiculous!"
"But why is it ridiculous, Mr. Bradbury—that's the point."
"Of course it's ridiculous, Kate's too young, for one thing. Why, it's only the other day since the child came home from school, and she won't be twenty-one for four months yet."
"Youth is a fault that mends itself. She'll soon get over that. What's the next reason, sir, if you please?"
"The next reason is that young Wilson has no money, or next to none; and a very good reason it is."
"So it is, decidedly. How much has he got?"
"About four hundred a year from his business and a hundred of private property, according to what he told me this morning."
"Very good, Mr. Bradbury. What's the next reason?"
"Next, indeed! I think that's quite enough without any thing else."
"You have no personal objection to him, then? He is not dissipated or anything of that sort?"
"On the contrary, I believe he is a steady, hard-working young fellow. No; I have nothing against him in that way."
"Very good," said the visitor. "Now, Benjamin Bradbury, listen to me, I've known you ever since you were a boy."
"You've known me—what?" exclaimed Mr. Bradbury in amazement.
"Ever since you were a boy; yes, and a good many people older than you."
"You've known me ever since I was a boy? Why, you're not more than—"
Here Mr. Bradbury stopped short, not feeling sure whether sixteen or six would be nearest the mark.
"Don't interrupt, sir; we'll say ever since you were a young man, if it suits you better; and to prove it I'll show you your portrait as you were then."
As she spoke she touched with her hand an old case which was lying on the table and which enclosed a miniature.
"Open it."
Bradbury took the case with a slight inward chuckle, knowing, as he thought, that the portrait was that of a deceased uncle of his wife. However, on opening it he found, to his astonishment, that Mrs. B.'s uncle had disappeared, and had given place to a life-like representation of himself forty-five years younger. Few would have recognized the wrinkled, grizzled Bradbury of today in the curly-haired young fellow full of life and merriment, which the portrait represented; but Bradbury did.
"Bless my soul!" said he, "so it is! 'Tis my word—I wasn't a bad looking fellow in those days."
And Bradbury pulled up his shirt collar, and put his fingers through his hair with a sort of paternal pride in his younger self.
"Yes, Benjamin Bradbury, you were a better looking man in those days, as you say—and a better hearted man in the bargain, I fancy. If you had but one loaf, in those days, you would give away half to any one who needed it more."

"So I would," said Bradbury. "What a donkey I must have been!—But I know better now."
"No you don't, Benjamin Bradbury; you don't know better now; you have got hard and selfish, and you keep all you can get, and let the needy go without, but you don't know better. Do people like you better now than they did then, think you?"
"Dare say they don't; but I don't much mind that."
"You were poor, and now you are rich; but are you any happier now than then?—Look at the portrait again."
Bradbury looked at the image of his former self; and as he gazed, along forgotten memories thronged into his mind—memories of generous impulses eagerly acted upon; on deeds of joyous disinterestedness done by the curly-headed lad before him—deeds that the man was far too prudent to do. And with a queer, choking sensation in his throat, Bradbury answered;
"No; on the whole, I think—I suppose I was happier then."
"Happier! To be sure you were," said the Sprite. "No man can violate the laws of his being and enslave himself within the hard panoply of self without paying a heavy penalty. The sympathetic thrill awakened in the breast by the knowledge of another's happiness, created by your means, is a higher pleasure than any your gold procures for you now; and that pleasure you have not known for years, Benjamin Bradbury."
"Come, come!" said Bradbury, "you don't mean to persuade me that money isn't worth having."
"I don't say it was not," said the Sprite. "Money is good as a means, but not as an end. It is good because it will purchase many pleasures; and best of all, the precious pleasure of conferring happiness on others.—But you, and men like you, grovel in the earth so long, that at length you labor only to gather a heap of mould, and forget all about the flowers."
"Well," said Bradbury, reflectively, "I don't know. I rather think there is something in what you say, though."
"Well, then, to come to the point: here is an opportunity of treating yourself to a great pleasure by conferring much happiness on two people who deserve it. You must consent to this marriage."
"That I'll be—I mean to say, I've fully made up my mind that I won't do anything of the sort."
"You will consent, I assure you. You have told me your objection, and by means of those very objections I intend to convince you. Benjamin Bradbury, how old were you when you were married, and what was your wife's fortune?"
[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

ent season, are engaged in training the youth of Centre Co. He remarked that under the present school system, the county institute is part and parcel of its lawful machinery; and that teachers of the county would be reported as absent or present to the school department. Another gratifying feature in the workings of our institute is the amount of work done within the educational resources of the county,—while other counties perform their labor at heavy expense, ours is performed at a comparatively trifling cost. At the close of his remarks he announced that the roll would be called regularly at the close of sessions and that a certificate of attendance would be furnished each teacher to be presented to their respective Boards of Directors as guarantees of their attendance. An essay was the read by Mr. J. H. Sundry subject "The Teacher." Mr. S., thought the teacher should occupy high moral ground, no other should be admitted to the profession. The afternoon session was occupied in the transaction of miscellaneous business and a well prepared lecture on the cases of Grammar by Prof. D. M. Wolf followed by Miss Kate J. Thompson on subject of "Syllabication." The evening session was opened with prayer and music by the choir. An essay was read by Miss Kate L. Moser on "Where shall we write our names?" She especially applied her subject to the profession of teaching, placing the teacher by the side of the philanthropist and minister of the gospel. A full analysis of the responsibilities and duties of the profession was given. A B. Hutchinson esq., then addressed the institute upon the study of language. He advocates the study of our own language and also of the dead languages in such a manner as to more fully develop the ability to clothe and convey our thoughts intelligently; he would study language first, believing that all other knowledge would soon follow. It was delivered in a clear classical style was well received and loudly applauded.
After a short recess Thomas Jefferson Small was introduced and delivered a very pithy humorous and entertaining address to the entire edification of the assembly. On Wednesday the forenoon session was occupied in discussing the study of Languages recommended by Mr. Hutchinson. The discussion was opened by Mr. J. S. Spangler and followed by Messrs Thomas, Potter, Forney, Underwood, Small, Kreider, Erhard and others. Mr. J. H. Zigler read a report and also conducted a class drill in the way of explanation. On motion adjourned. After-noon session was called to order by the vice president—H. O. Kline. Prof. J. E. Thomas then read a report concerning "The relation of common schools to the higher institutions of learning." A discussion of the above report then ensued. An essay containing some very interesting remarks on "Thoughts on Teaching" was read by Miss S. J. Keller. In the absence of D. H. Hastings no report was received on "District Institutes;" the subject was then taken up for discussion by members of the institute, not pro and con, but as to the best methods of conducting them. A resolution was passed forbidding members of the institute to leave without permission from the president.
Wednesday evening the house was crowded to overflowing. Prayer by J. E. Thomas. Roll called, the members responding with appropriate sentiments. Mr. M. L. Book then read a carefully prepared address on the subject of "Alphabetical Characters" in which he referred to the methods employed by our ancestors in preserving traditions held at the earliest periods of the nations of the world, before and after the flood,—tracing out the origin and subsequent use of many of our alphabetical characters. Miss Beekie F. Canan followed in a neat essay on "The Teacher's Mission" which she very truthfully and beautifully portrayed. After listening to a very appropriate address by W. R. Bierly on the subject of "Know Thyself" the subject of compulsory attendance at the common schools was discussed by nearly all the members of the institute. Thursday morning's session was inaugurated by a discussion on phonetic spelling followed by a report and drill on the metric system by T. G. Erhard who explained the advantages arising from the general use of the same, with a statement of the necessity which brought about its adoption. A discussion on the report ensued. The

best methods of teaching United States History were discussed by all members of the Institute. Map drawing was next introduced and discussed, which occupied the remainder of the session. The afternoon session was principally employed in receiving reports from the various committees, and the election of officers for the ensuing year resulting as follows: vice presidents W. H. Myers and Miss Joanna Ruel; Sec. J. A. Bright; Treas. Samuel Gramly. The session closed with a discussion of the utility of writing spelling-lesson as a class exercise. On Thursday evening Mr. M. L. Book opened the exercises by reading to a well filled house, an essay entitled "Hook and Lique" which elicited considerable applause, being pithy and well rendered. He was followed by Miss J. C. Reese in an essay subject "The true Teacher Portrayed," which contained some very truthful and interesting remarks.
Dr. J. D. Wingate, being unavoidably absent, his address entitled "Domestic Education" was read by Prof. Wolf, which from the amount of solid information solicited for publication. Letters from Gen. John Fraser, ex-Supt. Holahan, Prof. W. H. Gotwald and D. H. Hastings were read, stating reasons of their absence. After a short recess, J. L. Doty delivered an address on "The Co-operation of Teachers and Parents," which was prepared and delivered in a masterly manner. The session closed with an essay by Miss Kate J. Thompson, subject, "Influence."
Friday A. M. session was occupied by Prof. Leisher, J. A. Bright and Miss Anna Shannon respectively, on the subjects, Mathematical geography, reading an Essay, subject "Perfection." In the afternoon Mr. A. Williams lectured on Physical geography and Mr. H. Myers conducted an extended exercise on square and cube root. The remainder of the session was occupied in receiving and adopting resolutions as presented by the committee. Evening session, Supt. Magee in the chair, prayer by G. W. Leisher, music by the choir. Address by Prof. Leisher, subject "The School Room." He spoke of the proverbial negligence of parents in reference to the educational welfare of their children. He also gave some timely hints as to ventilation, cleanliness and proper regulation of school rooms. Several excellent pieces of music were then sung by the ladies. Miss E. J. Burrows read an essay entitled "How shall we teach?" after which the valedictory was delivered in an impressive manner by Prof. D. M. Wolf, and the Institute adjourned. This ended one of the most pleasant and profitable educational conventions in Centre county. Much praise is due Supt. Magee for the efficient manner in which he presided over the institute, and the good people of Millheim for their hospitality. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—
Resolved, That we give our hearty approbation to that legislative enactment which reorganized the county Institute as part of the common school system, and appropriating funds to defray the expenses.
Resolved, That we maintain the all-importance of human physiology as a branch of common education, and would therefore recommend its adoption in the common school.
Resolved, That those who degrade the high and noble profession of teaching by becoming drunken, by habitual profanity, or by improper conduct at public meetings of any kind, are utterly unfit to hold certificates authorizing them to instruct our youth, and should not for a day even be permitted to hold the relation.
Resolved, That the thanks of the Institute be and are hereby tendered to the citizens, and the committee of arrangements for the cordial and hospitable manner in which they have received and entertained the members of the association.
Thomas G. Erhard in behalf of Charles H. H. Bumbarger, deceased, offered the following:
Whereas, An all wise Providence has seen fit after a scene of life long and useful labor, in the school room, to remove Mr. Charles Hill from our midst to his final rest and more glorious reward.
Resolved, That we hereby express our deep felt sorrow for the loss we have thus sustained, and our sympathy to the bereaved family, relations, and many friends.
Whereas, Our worthy friend and brother, J. H. Bumbarger was called to his final home, by the cold hand of death, while engaged in the school-room, faithfully discharging his duty, and whereas he was highly esteemed at home and abroad, always casting light on society worthy of imitation by us all, therefore
Resolved, That we deeply mourn and painfully feel his loss, yet rejoicing to know that his peaceful death that our loss is his everlasting gain.
D. H. HASTINGS,
J. E. THOMAS,
KATE J. THOMPSON,
BECKIE J. M'GINLEY, } Com.

- MALES PRESENT.
- W. C. M'Cool 5
 - C. Henry 4
 - T. G. Erhard 5
 - J. A. Bright 6
 - W. B. Mingle 2
 - M. Neiditt 3
 - N. Glover 2
 - J. P. Condit 2
 - Prof. G. W. Leisher 2
 - G. W. Fortney 2
 - H. K. Meyer 4
 - D. Brumgart 5
 - J. P. Teigler 5
 - S. M. Spangler 5
 - C. H. Gramly 3
 - S. Gramly 3
 - I. G. Strunk 5
 - H. Meyer 5
 - J. Kneader 2
 - J. E. Thomas 4
 - J. S. Harter 4
 - G. W. Twitmyer 4
 - S. L. Striver 2
 - N. M. Frank 5
 - G. W. Crowl 5
 - D. Bollinger 5
 - J. P. Smith 5
 - E. B. Morse 3
 - W. A. Tobias 5
 - F. Schook 5
 - F. P. Jamison 5
 - W. P. Smith 2
 - C. E. Hess 3
 - W. J. Malloy 5
 - A. W. Hester 2
 - J. R. Shaffer 5
 - H. O. Kline 5
 - I. Bilger 2
 - I. Underwood 3
 - J. Underwood 2
 - A. Williams 3
 - W. Decker 2
 - J. F. Potter 2
 - W. Rogers 3
 - J. Twitmyer 2
 - E. Lytle 3
- CLINTON COUNTY.
- J. L. Doty
 - T. F. Small
- LYCOMING COUNTY.
- M. R. Beck
 - W. R. Bierly
- UNION COUNTY.
- Maggie-Thompson
 - Carric Thompson
- NORTHAMPTON COUNTY.
- Mills Fisher
 - L. M. Fisher

Letter From Virginia.
Rocky Mount, Meclenburg
County, Virginia.
Dec. 23, 1867.

DEAR SIR:
Since writing to you last, I changed my place of residence to this County.— Things in this County are no better than in Charlotte. The dislike to employing lazy negroes is almost universal in this section—and lazy Radicals are no better, though I hear of one who was smart enough to "give 'em a dodge." A certain renegade Radical Yankee—portion of the scum of puritan New England, came to this County, and offered himself as a delegate to the convention; by dint of a few lies, and a great deal of exertion, he persuaded a great many nigs to vote for him, but his recommendations—or his lies, were not strong enough to ensure his success—so to recompense himself for the injuries he received, he broke into a distillery, and stole twenty-five gallons of fine peach brandy, to cheer his bloody-minded-broke-on-dog-Radical-spirits. And the last was heard of him, he was en-route for Boston, via. of Cuba, with three nigger wenches in his train.
I had a letter from a friend, in South Carolina, a few days ago, who stated, that he knew a Negro to walk from Wall-halla to Anderson Court House, a distance of forty miles, to ask Col. Smith, by what name he, (the negro) had registered; and of another who walked seven miles, to dispose of one dozen of eggs—gave a neighbor twenty-five cents to show her the way, and then sold her eggs for fifteen cents, leaving a credit on her losses of ten cents. If you know of any Radical speculators that wish for agencies in the South, recommend them to Southern niggers; if they wish profitable speculations. Perhaps the bond-holding-aristocracy may stand in need of a cargo of the black "Kat-takes." If they do, there are plenty such here to meet their demands; and no doubt they will patronize us.
The minds of a great many people are filled with gloomy forebodings, and with good cause. In connection with secret lodges, composed of niggers and mean white men, they are forming armed bands in many places, equipped with government rifles. Though from whence they get their supplies I am unable to say. A few weeks ago, a squad of five hundred assembled in Halifax, for the purpose of drilling. An observer informed me that three-fifths of them were armed with Springfield or Enfield rifles, and not a few of them with bayonets. Now the question arises, who furnished these arms? Do you know of any one that bought such a supply of United States arms? Can this be the work of private individuals? or is it the villains in power? Are they supplied at the expense of the Government? or by contributions from Radical villains?—And in the end, for what purpose? merely to shoot squerals? If so what do my Northern friends think of paying taxes to supply the smutty niggers with rifles, as well as the enormous amount of government funds that are sunk yearly to support a lot of indolent niggers; while many a hard working Pennsylvanian is groaning, and tolling beneath his loads of taxes. The negroes are being encouraged in their laziness, by Radical (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.)