

[For the WATCHMAN.]

PARTING AND MEETING—THE BATTLE OF FRIENDS.

BY JERRY MYAN.

We parted in boyhood, I parted in tears, On the spot where we oftentimes wandered and played; And we vowed that the vista of life's hidden years, Should not reave us of friendship while, parted, we strayed.

I left him in boyhood, I left him in tears, And I loomed in the land where the winter sun sailed; And while tossed on life's surges of hopes and of fears, That friendship of childhood grew strong—never failed.

Time swept round his cycles, and wave after wave Broke in all naug, and died, on Eternity's shore; And these were the years, which my early youth gave; They had gone—save in memory; I know them no more.

While I walked on the sea-beach, or sat in the shade, The form of my friend through my vision would stray, And when sleeping, at night, on my pillow was laid, In my dream I oft walked, by his side, far away.

Many years had now passed, and our fathers had died, And their sons wore the mantles that fell from their forms,— Drew the swords that had hung, long in peace, by their side; And brother 'gainst brother now sprang up in arms.

Long I watched, with deep sorrow, the bale fire ascend, While faggot on faggot, now cracked and roared, Long I earnestly prayed that our trouble would end, Ere the blood from the veins of one kindred was poured.

But the battle cloud darkened—the signal fires flashed, And the tread of armed foemen disturbed our repose, It was then that we started—'twas then that we dashed, Like a fierce thunderbolt, on the breast of our foes.

'Twas a duty that called—not the malice of hate, The patriot to strike for his children and laws; Though to perish, or live, be the lot of hate, We preferred, than be slaves, rather die in the cause.

A battle was fought, and a battle was won: And the cross waved in triumph aloft o'er the dead Where, in cold grasp of death, mingled father and son, And brother 'gainst brother in the struggle had bled.

I wandered that night o'er the field of the slain While the pale moon and stars, looking down, seemed to weep, And the ground rose and fell, as the last gasp of pain, Choked the dying, whose in their peaceful last sleep.

Near a tree on the banks of a murmuring stream, Was a face upward turned, thrice as pale as the ray; And remembered of yore, like the loved of a dream, Whom, though doubting, we never would pass by the way.

Then I paused, and my mind wandered back o'er the past, And in childhood I stood with my friend once again,— I remembered—the tears down my cheeks trickled fast— 'Twas my friend; and how sad was our meeting as men.

We parted in childhood, we parted in tears, And we vowed that our friendship should ever remain,— In manhood we met, where the squadron careers, And blood answers blood on the cannon-awful plain.

And o'er since that night, as I gazed on the sky, When the pale moon and stars float along overhead, I again stem to stand, near the stream stealing by, Alone with my friend, and alone with the dead.

WHAT NEGRO SUFFRAGE COST.—The Radicals admit that the cost of voting the negroes of the South will not be less than seventy five millions of dollars for the present year. Let the white workingmen of the North think of that. Every dollar of it is wrong from their toll, and they will have to pay it by the sweat of their brows. Just think of it. \$75,000,000 a year to keep ten States impoverished and subject to semi-barbarian negro rule! How long is this state of things to continue? The workingmen of the country have the remedy in their own hands, if they will but use the ballot-box in the way that common sense points out.—Greenbury Republican & Democrat.

What plant is it that is death on rats and mice—Cat-nap

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THE FRIENDLY SPRITE.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Bradbury thought of the second Mrs. B., up stairs, and fancied he saw a loophole. "I was fifty-three, I believe, and she brought me thirty-five thousand pounds."

"Bradbury!" and the bright eyes of the sylphide were fixed on him with a threatening glance—"Bradbury, you're prevaricating! When you married your first wife, Kate's mother, you were three-and-twenty; a light-hearted lad like that portrait! and she was a good little girl, with a bright loving face for her only dowry."

"Love a fiddle-stick," said Bradbury. "All boy-and-girl nonsense." "You're quite above that sort of thing yourself, sir, I suppose?"

"Very good," said the lady, "very good. Now, do you think you would know your own hand-writing?" And she looked searchingly at Mr. Bradbury, with her head on one side, and a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, like an Old Riley barrister who was getting a witness into a fix, and intends to be down upon him tremendously in a minute.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to take any one of that bundle of letters, and tell me what you think of it." Bradbury did as was ordered. The first paper he laid his hand upon had been enclosed in the envelope from which the sprite had emerged. It was yellow with age and sadly frayed at the edges.

He opened it, and recognized it as a "valentine" sent in years long ago to his dead wife, in the happy days of their courtship. A strange sensation fluttered at Bradbury's heart, and a mist seemed to come before his eyes, as he read the long forgotten lines. They were his own, and exhibited faults in plenty, both in meter and phraseology, but they breathed a warmth and life to which his heart had long been a stranger.

"And you know whether she would have approved lightly. Frank Wilson is faithful, loving, honest. What would you have more? His fortune is small, but it only rests with you to make it larger."

"That's right, and like a good fellow. Bradbury I was sure you'd consent. And now how do you feel?" "Fifty per cent jollier already!" said Bradbury. "I feel like a young man again, and quite delighted at the idea of making my dear little Kitty happy."

"To be sure you are," said the visitor. "And now don't you want to know to whom you are indebted, you ungrateful man?"

"For my honor, I quite forgot that we weren't old friends," said Bradbury. "But I should like to know uncommonly."

"This is my password," said the lady giving a smart postman's rap on the table with her wand. "Now, perhaps, you can guess."

"Never was good at guessing," said Bradbury. "Give it up." "Well," said the lady, "I belong to the household of Santa Claus, and while he puts good things in the children's stockings, I put good thoughts into the hearts of the old people. My name is Santa Clara. Mind you do not forget what I have told you. And she vanished out of sight without even saying 'good night.'"

"So Frank and Kate were married, and lived happily ever afterward, as might naturally have been expected. Old Bradbury was immensely improved, but he hasn't finished setting his desk to rights yet. Every Christmas Eve he shuts himself up in his room, after everybody else about the house has gone to bed, and reads over that packet of old letters, but he has never had another visit from Santa Clara. Probably her time is pretty freely occupied; for I rather fancy she has her hands full in trying to soften the many wintry hearts in this world.

rent tree. They derive their strength and sap from him, but they render as much as they receive. While his branches wave around him each leaf shall catch a breath of the cool breeze, a ray of the golden sunshine, or a drop of the refreshing rain: and every genial influence thus received shall send a thrill of pleasure to his heart.

"You're condemning yourself, you see," said the Sprite. "This young couple are older than you and your wife were then, and have a good deal more to keep house upon: and you know yourself they love each other dearly."

"If such is really you feeling, the realization of your wish is in your own power. You cannot be young again in body, but you can be young at heart, and regain much, very much, of the feelings of these old happy days; but the set must be your own, and you may make a beginning now. Would you condemn your child to a loveless life, and sell her for gold, for an existence such as your second union has been?"

"I am sure you would not. Now think over this young man's proposal in a generous spirit. You know full well that though it is not what the slang of the world calls a 'brilliant match,' it has every chance of being a happy one. But we will try it by a severe test. If your child's mother were living what would her counsel be; think you?"

"I think—I believe she would be in favor of it." "And you know whether she would have approved lightly. Frank Wilson is faithful, loving, honest. What would you have more? His fortune is small, but it only rests with you to make it larger."

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Our Negro Exemplars.

The island of San Domingo is formed like a heavy horse-shoe with a very thick back. The back is the territory of what is called the Republic of Dominica; the rest of the island rejoices to call itself the Republic of Hayti. This land and the climate and productions are the finest in the world. It has been very productive; but it is so no longer. The populations are negroes, mulattoes and whites, principally. We believe of French and Spanish descent. Both sections of the island are in a constant state of misgovernment and revolution.

Ordered to the front.—Bishop Ames, at the reunion of the Indiana Conference, told this touching story. A general in the late war told me not long since, that among the troops that were under his command was a youth hardly fifteen years of age, who was taken violently sick, and the boys belonging to the company sympathized with him—his mother was a poor widow living in southern Illinois—they saw the little fellow growing worse and worse, so they made up a purse, and sent for his mother to come and see her soldier boy die. She came. He was fast sinking.

The general sympathized with him and visited him frequently. He came in one morning—the mother was sitting up by her son's bedside and singing: "Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are"

The general listened till she had finished, and then came forward, took him by the hand, and said, "How are you this morning, John?" Said the dying boy, "Oh very well, General—I am ordered to the front!" and to the front he went. Angels came down to conduct him to the realms of glory. When God is ready to order us to the front, I trust we will be like the soldier boy, ready to march at a moment's warning.

WANTING COMPANY.—Although old Thaddeus Stevens seems to possess a tenacity of life about equal to that of a tough and venerable snapping turtle, yet it is painfully evident that he cannot last much longer. The savage and extreme policy which he continues to urge upon his party clearly indicates that he has become indifferent to the fate of the Radical in this world, and is anxious to cross the Styx with the bulk of his forces! The dominions of Pluto are fortunately ample enough for the accommodation of the whole party, and the climate is everything which the admirers of the manners and customs of Equatorial Africa could desire. It is true that neither Vigil nor Dante make any mention of there being gorrillas in that favored region, but if the great majority of the delegates elected to the "Conventions" in the Southern States can be prevailed upon to accompany Thad. as a body guard, there will be no lack of those interesting animals.—Richmond Enquirer.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY J. W. FURRY.

To-night I dream, sweet love, of you, The sweetest dream that mortals tell— A dream of when our love was new, Of hours bewitched by beauty's spell.

In twilight's shade I sit me down, To think o'er all my life has been, And, gazing out upon the town, Sad thoughts of you come floating in.

Thoughts of the time when you and I Were friends whom death alone could part; Before we learned how quickly fly The hopes most cherished by the heart.

O, dearest dream of happy days, Sometimes return to bless the hours, When, struggling in our desperate way, The cloud of sad remembrance loovers.

For we are feeble, and perchance, The light of love from other days, May in our desert's wide expanse Implant the germ of heavenly praise.

THIS THAT AND THE OTHER.

The Courts of New York city granted 33 divorces last year and those of Chicago 209.

—Ten deaths to one birth is the ratio among the happy free negroes of Florida.

—The papers announce the gratifying intelligence that brandy forty years old is made in New York from Jamaica rum.

—A child has been murdered in Columbia county, New York, to procure an accident insurance of \$5000.

—The county in which Henry Clay and Patrick Henry were born, is represented in the State Convention by a negro.

—Wooden legs cost the Government last year \$35,208.50. Wooden heads cost the government much more than that.

—The estimates for War Department expenses for the coming year are thirty million dollars in excess of last year.

—Ex-president Buchanan is said to be very feeble at his home near Lancaster Pa., and is not expected to live over the winter.

—The Mongrel party struck boldly out for negro suffrage, but found only its twin sister, negro suffering. —Charles Dickens' weakness is fondness for jewelry—chains, rings, studs, buttons, &c., of gold and gems.

An Eye to Business.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald has never forgotten the advice of Mr. Weller, and always keeps "an eye on business." In one of his late dispatches he draws a gloomy picture of the utter ruin of the South, which has been brought about by Congressional legislation for the re-admission of these States into the Union on the basis of negro supremacy, and after mentioning the low price of real estate in the South, resulting from the starvation of Southern families, he plunges down an enchanting view to the youths of Yankeeedom who may desire to obtain larger "Southern plantations" than the "six by three" which many of their comrades in the late war now hold in undisturbed possession.

COURAGE ABOVE PRAISE.—The Roman sentinel who fearlessly braved the horrors of a terrible death rather than desert his post at one of the gates of Pompeii—when, as a contemporary historian tells us, "day was turned into night, and light into darkness, and an inexhaustible quantity of dust and ashes poured down, deluging land, sea and air, and burying two entire cities"—exhibited a courage in no way superior to that with which Andrew Johnson confronts the enemies of the Union and the conspirators against the supremacy of the white race.

The interdict of this patriot is more impressive in his last message than usual, because he exposes the crimes of the Radicals against the Union, the Constitution and the Caucasian race, with the calm, dispassionate dignity of a judge summing up against an criminal.

The partisan warmth, fiery denunciation, and spiteful invective with which he has sometimes hurled defiance at the conspirators against the peace and prosperity of the nation, in this message are replaced by irresistible and masterly reasoning.

The strength and crushing force of his masterly argument against negro suffrage is not marred by a single word which his bitterest enemies can pronounce unworthy of the dignity of his high office.

CAPTURE OF A GIFT JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.—On Monday the police of New York made a raid on what was styled a "gift jewelry" store. The Express says they arrested a man named Valentine, together with all the bogus jewelry, about fifty dollars in greenbacks, and a quantity of envelopes prepared with cards, especially arranged for cheating. The envelopes containing certain numbers are out on the edges so as to supply a clue to the "rope in" and his companion.

When the number is drawn out the thumb is placed on the tail of a six, and makes the number 100, then the "rope in" bets a certain amount that that same number is not 100, but 106.—The green one jumps at the bait, and posts the money. He is allowed to take the envelope himself, and to his great disappointment finds it to be 100.—Richmond Enquirer.

SOLOMON'S SONG.—A gentleman in fair and regular standing in one of the fashionable city churches, entered one of the leading music shops some time since, and stated his wishes in this wise: "Have you Solomon's Song? I want to get a copy." "No, no," said the salesman, not being able to remember any lithographed sheet with that title; "no, I'm afraid not." "Ah!" said the amateur, drawing on his kid, "perhaps it isn't out yet. Our pastor spoke of it last Sunday as a production of great genius and beauty, and I want my daughter to learn it." The shopman, with what gravity he could command, regretted that he had no copies in yet; and the customer left just in season not to hear the loud laugh at the desk behind the curtain.

When, after three days polling at the late so-called election in Georgia, it was ascertained that enough votes were not polled to authorize a convention, and the Registrar General announced the fact to Sistrap Pope; that august despot replied—"Recopen the polls and go ahead. We must have one session." The polls were reopened and kept open two days longer, during which time, it is stated, as many as were needed to those who had previously voted were brought up to the polls and counted.—This secondary "election" authorized the present convention and elected the delegates who compose it. This is what self-styled Republicans call "reconstruction."