

BY W. H. IDE.

All lovely things will fade and change,
The lips so red, the eyes so blue,
The warmest heart grow cold and strange,
Only the dead we know are true.
They lying in their unseemly sleep
Our hearts forevermore can keep.

I dream of one who went to sleep
With all her sweet young love for me
And now she slumbers soft and deep,
Enveloped in its ecstasy.
And I can see her peaceful rest,
With love's soft lustre on her breast.

She went from me, and left my life
Dejected in its loneliness,
Before my heart could call her wife
Or clasp her radiant loveliness.
Oh, then I wept that she should die,
But now my joy is great and high.

For had she lived, perhaps her heart
Had ceased to beat so warm and true,
Grown cold and turned from mine apart,
As I have seen the living do.
But now, hold her all my own,
Sealed and delivered in the tomb.

'Twas long ago and through the years,
The light of other eyes have shone,
But I have viewed them through my tears,
And kept my smiles for her alone.
And I to night am happier far,
Than those who love the living are.

For I have seen the pangs of men,
Who live of life a hopeless part,
Who love but are not loved again,
And hold a hunger in the heart.
And it were better to be dead,
Than to live on when hope has fled.

And one I know who found too late,
The only logic heart could bless,
And now he roams disconsolate,
Cursed with a wretched loneliness.
"Of all the words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are it might have been."

And there are those who do not know,
Whether their prayer of love is heard,
Through sleepless nights and days of woe
They wait in anguish for her word.
Of all the ills that life has nursed,
Loves burning fever is the worst.

From all these pangs my heart is free,
And sorrow from my soul has fled;
I know that all her love for me,
Can never change, for she is dead.
And I can love without the pain
Of fearing I may love in vain.

This is the joy, and this the star,
That gleams above my path of gloom,
Like that bright planet, lone and far,
Shining to night above her tomb.
Giving a promise of a rest
With her at last among the blest.

MOSHANNOV, PA.

The Chronicle of Tattletown.

BY VIRGINIA

CHAPTER I

Introducing important personages.

Situated in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah is the little village of Tattletown. Not sufficiently important to entitle it to a place on the State map, it possessed a certain amount of notoriety if its specimens of Virginia's sons and fair daughters, to say nothing of its gossiping advantages, which the possession of a meeting house, a grocery, a drug store, and a would-be military shop gave it, and relative to the latter establishment, permit me to inform you reader that, though that, it was by no means least in importance; for Dame Fashion swayed her scepter as despotically here as in the gay metropolis, while her sister Gossip boasted as many subjects as she, while the united dominion of these two potent powers rendered it noted among the neighboring towns; and rather than permit its history to sink into oblivion I shall deem it an honor to chronicle the joys, and sorrows of those who though "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," kept not always the even tenor of their way; but whose ups, and downs, shall elicit a passing interest from some among that "maddening crowd."

The village boasted two streets; one a main street, and another less important, and which an unobtainably disposed person would call a lane, the Tattletownians, however, called it Victoria street, and such in courtesy we will consider it, particularly as the aforementioned military establishment, in which my story opens, formed one of its most attractive features.

It was a bright morning in February, and the balmy air almost coaxed you into the belief that Spring was near; but a glance at the hard outlines of bare fields, and forests, where patches of snow still remained, cooled all warm anticipations of mild weather for some time to come, and reminded you that this was a rare exception to the cold days which had passed, and were yet to come ere old Winter would melt beneath the sunny smiles of spring.

The Tattletownians were astir, making the most of the bright day, and the little millinery shop presented a lively picture, while the sign, the worse for the wear, and tear of time, and whereon was displayed in red letters on a nondescript ground,

MISS MARY PECK,
DRESS MAKER,
&
MILNER,

swung merrily back and forth as if

Democratic Watchman.

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nodding a welcome to the visitors in the little shop, beneath. Though of small dimensions, it was astonishing what a number had gathered in the little shop; while a babel of voices came through the open door indicating plainly the nature of its inmates. Said a gentleman once, "Go into a room full of gentlemen, and if one be speaking, and he be possessed of ordinary intelligence, the others will listen to him; but go into a room full of ladies, and though all will be talking at the same time; yet I will venture to say that none of them will miss a single word said by all the rest. Why it is I cannot devise, unless it be a wise provision of Providence, who knowing their falling as a sex, has endowed them with a capacity not vouchsafed to man;" and the customers of Miss Nancy Peck were not an exception to this endorsement, to judge from the lively clatter of tongues going on, there.

The presiding genius of the establishment stood behind her counter, displaying with no little pride her stock in trade, said stock having been increased, not to say improved, by recent purchases at an auction in a neighboring city, and which wonderful purchases was an event in itself, being made but once in three years. But not least among the novelties of the day, was the news that Miss Nancy retained gratis to her customers, as she bargained with them for a new bonnet, or bright ribbon, for Miss Peck was not a person who lost an eye for a good bargain, though her mind might apparently be fixed on other matters.

"He's bought back the old place, and is going to be married right off, least ways this Spring, and the lady is very fashionable, and 'ristocratic too," and Miss Nancy's voice took a lower tone as she added, "But went the old lady to hoppin' mad when she hears of it!"

"What's that?" said a new comer, who had arrived only in time to hear the concluding remark. "Lo tell me what 'tis," and she drew near to the counter, where stood several customers more intent on the gossip, than the fashions displayed to their provincial gaze.

"Now you don't say you haven't heard of it?" said an old woman in a cracked voice, with spectacles on her nose, over which she peered anxiously at the new comers, "why you just set along side o me, Nancy's told it once, sence she come home, and I hain't had nary chance to tell at all. I'll tell you all about it Miss Jenks," and she made room for the visitor by sweeping some wrapping papers, from an empty bale box from which Miss Nancy had taken her new goods, who nothing both sat down and prepared to listen.

Old Mrs. Peck, for such the old lady was, perceived the anxiety of her companion, and maliciously determined to enjoy her curiosity a little longer. She taking off her spectacles, she deliberately flung them away in a little calico bag that hung conveniently from her waist, smoothed still more deliberately the folds of her black alpaca apron, and opening her snuff-box, took therefrom a pinch which she deposited with a satisfactory sniff in her prominent nose, and holding another pinch of snuff between her finger and thumb prepared to deliver the coveted information.

"You see Nancy was a traveling in the cars from the city, and who should be in the same car, and just in front on her, but that young scamp of a fellow, Charlie Compton, and a streak of good luck it was that Nancy sat right behind him, and I s'pose he never mistrusted who was a sittin' behind him, least ways he never mistrusted there was any Tattletown folks within earshot of him, so he went on a talking to a man who sat along side o him, and from what was said Nancy she 'cluded he had bought back Compton Hall. You knowed it was sold after his father's death to pay the college debts of that renegade brother of his'n who broke his father's heart—well high broke his mother's, and capped the climax by breaking his head, by riding a wild fool of a horse of his'n. Then Nancy heard him say as how he calculated to fix the old place up, and tother man larked, and said, 'I wouldn't need much improvement with a certain young lady to bring sunshine, and happiness to it. Then Charlie he blushed like, and larked, but didn't seem made at him for saying it. Nancy says she missed a heap, as they talked low like; but she picked up enough to know what's what, so he went surprise folks in Tattletown as much as he calculated to, I s'pose old Mrs. Compton will

be prouder then than ever, now she's goin' back to the old place. I wonder where he got the money? They've been living poor enough since old Compton's death, the Lord knows, and the euphatic snuff with which the pending pinch of snuff was deposited spoke volumes, as to the opinion of Mrs. Peck in regard to the unconscious, and innocent objects of her indignation."

"There's more ways of getting money them by making it honestly," replied Miss Jenks. "But didn't Nancy hear no more?"

"Why no, we hain't heard no more," but we've seen a heap. Whole wagon-loads of boxes and such come by the same road as Nancy's boxes did—furnitur enough to fill the old Compton Hall from garret to cellar. Nancy rode in the stage with him all the way from Clareville to Tattletown, and heard him giving directions about the things, so she knowed they was his'n, you see. Has you seed Nancy's new bonnets and traps she fetched from the city? Just you take a peep at them ribbons and bonnets, they is enough to make your mouth water, and your eyes dance for a month to come. "Nancy," she called out, "show Miss Jenks your new fixins you fetched home, she's a dying to see them."

Just at this moment the door opened, and a lady entered, she was dressed in deep mourning, and there was a look of sorrow on the sweet face, and a dignity in her manner, that silenced the noisy crowd, she walked up to the counter; though she made amends for their silence by a rude stare.

"Good morning Miss Nancy," said a sweet voice, pleasantly, and the individual addressed resigned her gossiping customer to her mother, and prepared to attend the commands of the new comer. "Good day ma'am," replied Miss Nancy fidgeting with the ribbons before her, "is there anything I can show you in my way—I've just returned from the city, and fetched home some real stylish goods."

"No," answered the lady, "there is nothing I wish to buy unless you have suitable material to make me a new cap—I shall wish one—made at your earliest convenience. I called, however, this morning to ask you if you can come around to-morrow, to assist me in making some dresses?"

"I really can't tell Mrs. Compton," for such the lady was, "whether I can come or no—I calculate I can though," said Miss Nancy, inwardly delighted at such a glorious opportunity of prying into family affairs, and yet who wished to make her compliance appear somewhat of a favor, "you see I'm very much occupied just now."

"Very well," said Mrs. Compton, "you can come to-morrow, if not, it does not matter much, as I can employ some one else, if you find it inconvenient to do so," and she turned and left the shop, closing the door after her, a signal for the unloosing of the tongues of this little Babel.

"Just to think," said Miss Nancy tossing her head indignantly, "of that woman's insurance! She's as proud as Jucify, and as poor as Job's turkey. If she had been Queen Victoria she couldn't put on any more airs. To be sure what a difference a little money makes with some folk—but if it is true that 'money makes the mare go,' then I know some folks in Tattletown as can hold as high a head as Mrs. Compton does."

"A Compton, every inch of her, and that's saying about all that kin be said of her, and enough too in my mind," and she of the snuff box, dozed herself with another pinch with an energy truly astonishing.

"Gracious me!" said the irrepressible Miss Jenks, "I can remember two years ago when they couldn't afford to keep no servant except that mulatto woman as is with them now. Quite a counting down after having siggers by the tens and twenties a standin' around to wait on them Compton gals, who was never knowed to shed a door after them or pick up a pocket handkerchief when they dropped it. Pride must have a full scripture says, and tis true as dying and paying taxes."

"But if they fell they's set up agin now," said she of the snuff box, "and I reckon they wont fall agin until the money is all spent, and it will depend on how deep their purse is, how long they will be on the rise."

"One thing is certain," said Miss Nancy, "that she wouldn't get this child

there a helping her, if I hadn't my private reasons for going, and it'll not be my fault if I don't know all about what's goin' to happen in the family before I come away from there."

"Well," said the grocer's wife, who had been listening intently to the charitable remarks made by those around her, and who now now seized this opportunity to slip in a word, "I don't know much on em; but I hope Joel will get the custom of the hall when all is settled, for if they is proud and set up like, they's good pay, which is more'n I kin say of some of his customers."

This was a thrust at Miss Nancy, who unfortunately stood largely in the grocer's debt, and her face flushed angrily as she retorted, "If you don't mean to except present company, Miss Hodge, all I kin say is that taint every one as has the manners they ought to be born with and which decent folks generally fetch along with them when they visits they neighbors for the purpose of insulting 'em in they own house."

"Land sakes! Nancy, what's the use of flaring up so, as if a body meant any one here. In course I didn't mean nobody as is here in this here shop. I reckon I won't get that ere bonnet I was looking at, I'll just wait another season. I hear 'n tell of another milliner as is going to set up shop here, and I reckon I kin wait."

"Wait Miss Hodge, don't go yet," said Miss Nancy hurriedly, seeing she was likely to lose the sale of a third rate bonnet, purchased for a mere song in the city, and which she had fully determined to sell to the grocer's wife at an immense profit. "Wait! you won't see such a bonnet, or get such a bargain as this for some time, and I reckon if you 'ould to take it, I just knock off two and three pence. Will that suit you?"

Mrs. Hodge turned back, and taking another survey of the coveted bonnet, ordered Miss Peck to send it round by supper time; adding, "I would take it home myself, but promised to go round and help Miss Grover make her new carpet for the sittin' room. You know theomite society meets there day arter to-morrow, and she wants to git it done in time for the meeting. I s'pose Nancy you'll be there in course, as theomite society won't be evoh without you; there to raise the hymns at the closing of it."

"I calculate I'll be present," said Miss Peck, "it's astonishing what little music the folks of Tattletown enjoy. Why would you believe it Miss Hodge, at the last meeting some one said they thought the singing could be done away with, and there was fools enough present to agree to it. I knowed that the singing was the chief object that took folks there, and put my foot down on the idea, and they had it; but to cave in to my opinion, I can tell you."

"Well I rarely cave't go!" said her not very interested listener, "you must send it home by tea time Miss Nancy for certain."

"I think," put in a fat little woman, with a shaker bonnet on, "that the minister's wife is shy most as stuck up as Mrs. Compton. Did you notice her ways at the last mitie society when some one said 'would be fun to have a game of blind man's bluff? Why she straightened herself up, and I could see her eyes fairly flash as she said, 'The ladies can do as they feel inclined; but if my opinion was asked, I should say it might do very well for a parcel of children, but as we are all of us rather old for blind-man's bluff, I will suggest a game of proverbs, that is if you feel so inclined.' She said it mighty perfito like; but I knowed from her voice, and the turning up of that long nose of her's that she was a making fun all the time at our expense."

"Yes," said Miss Nancy, "I did, and what's more I saw she was at the bottom of the plot to do away with the singing—she lacks christian zeal, and I gave it as my opinion to her sister who sat near me, and who stirred the whole evening with that young school teacher as puts on so many city airs."

"There gals another of your 'ristocrats," said the little woman with the shaker bonnet, catching a glimpse of a young girl who passed the shop at this moment, "if there is one family in this town that I have no opinion of at all, it is them Burke folks—just such another as is the Comptons."

"Yes! and as I said to my besom friend Mike Carter the other evening when me and him set up till high upon eleven o'clock, a talking of things genial

to us, as kludred souls." Birds of a feather will flock together, and its because the Compton's and Burke's are so much alike that they are so friendly—I wonder what Ellie Burke will do when she hears Charlie Compton is a going to be married? I reckon she won't hold sich a high head when she finds her cake is all dough, and its surprizing to me that they hain't been married afore this, they's been a courting ever since she was a knee-high to a duck."

The company having discussed the family affairs of all who happened to be absent from the shop that morning, settled in their own mind the fact of the Compton pride, the Burke's exclusiveness, and the minister's wife's want of zeal in the welfare of her husband's promising flock—particularly her lack of zeal in the singing matter, dispersed, to their several homes satisfied with the consciousness of possessing that charity which "is kind, envieth not, thinketh no evil, which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth," while Miss Nancy gathered up the ribbons and laces scattered over the counter, and placed her bonnets back in the boxes, feeling satisfied that she had performed her duty to her neighbors in tickling their ears with the latest piece of gossip, as well as gratifying their pride by her flattery as she laid each article of her stock in trade before them, by suggesting the suitability of this to one, and the becoming color of that article to another. She then opened a door leading from the shop into a small back room, where two young girls sat at work—"Girls hain't you finished that dress yet? I'll deigne to goodness you are the slowest pokes I ever saw. One would think you earned enough if you got your salt—much less your board and clothing. Where's mother?" she added, seeing that individual no where about.

"She came in a while ago, and got her bonnet, and shawl, and said she was a going over to Miss Clarke's. Mrs. Clarke got a baby, and Mrs. Parkes gone over to see it," answered one of them. "Miss Clarke got another baby? Well! I'll declare to goodness it beats every thing. It seems to me that the town is overrun now with the little vermin. If mother expects to visit every one who is foolish enough to go and have babies by the quantity, as Miss Clarke does—She'll be forever on the go. She had better stay at home, and let em alone. They don't need any encouragement I can tell her! Here Miss Nancy stopped for sheer want of breath, to express her indignation at Mrs. Clarke's presumption in venturing without the consent of the town authorities and Miss Nancy's in particular, to increase her family.

"Girls," said she after recovering her breath, "I'm going down to the parsonage to take that bonnet and dress pattern I fetched from the city for Mrs. Gardener. Don't either of you dare to leave the shop until I come back, and that dress has got to be done agin to-morrow morning," and sent to Mrs. Burke's. "You hear?" and returning to the shop Miss Nancy tied her bonnet on before the little mirror, touched her cheeks with a little piece of flannel covered with something that resembled rouge and having satisfied herself that her appearance was sufficiently stylish, snuffed forth taking the said box, containing the aforesaid dress and bonnet to Mrs. Gardener's, the minister's wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

The Managing Woman. The managing woman is a pearl among women; she is one of the prizes in the lottery of life, and the man who draws her may rejoice the balance of big days. The managing woman can do anything; and does everything well. Perceptive and executive, of quick sight and steady hand, she always knows exactly what is wanting, and supplies the deficiency with a tact and cleverness peculiar to herself. She knows the capabilities of persons as well as things, for she has an infinite knowledge of character. The managing woman, if not always patient, is always energetic, and can never be disappointed into inaction. Though she has to teach the same thing over again, and though she finds her duties done as boxwood, and hands as inefficient as fishes' fins, still she is never weary of her vocation of arranging and ordering, and never less than hopeful of a favorable result.

Josh Billings On Bed Bugs.

I never see anybody yet but what despised bed bugs. They are the meanest of all crawling, creeping, hopping, or biting things.

They desent tackle a man bi daffe, but sneak in, after dark, and chaw him while he is fast asleep.

A musketo will fit you in broad daylight, at short range, and give you a chance to knock in his side—the flea is a game bug, and will make a dash at you even in Broadway—but the bed bug is a garroter, who waits till you utrip, and then picks out a mellow place to eat you.

If I was in the habit of swearing, I wouldn't hesitate to swam a bed bug rite to his face.

Bed bugs are uncommon smart in a small way; one pair of them will stock a hair mattress in two weeks with bugs enuf to last a small family a whole year.

It don't do eaney good to pray when bed bugs are in season; the only way to get rid of them is to pile up the whole bed in aquafortis, and then heave it away and buy a new one.

Bed bugs, when they have grown and they intend to, are about the size of a bluejay's eye and have a brown complexion, and when they start out to garrote are as thin as a greese spot, but when they get thru garrotting they are swelled like a blister.

It takes them three days to get the swelling out of them.

If bed bugs have any destiny to fill, it must be their stumficks, but it seems to me they must have been made by accident, just as shivers are made low stick into somebody.

If they was got up for some wise purpose, they must have took the wrong road for there kant be any wisdom in chawing a man all nite long, and raising a family, besides, tew follow the same trade.

If there is sum wisdom, in all this, I hope the bugs will chaw them folks who can see it and leave me be, because I am one of the heretics.

The Basin Of The Atlantic Ocean.

The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough separating the old world from the new, and extending probably from pole to pole. The ocean furrow was probably scooped into the solid crust of our planet by the Almighty hand, that the waters which he called seas might be gathered together, so as to let the dry land appear, and fit the earth for the habitation of man.

From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is ten miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn, so as to expose to view this great gash, which separates continents and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene most rugged, grand and imposing.

The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we would have presented to our view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, a thousand fearful wrecks, with that fearful array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearls and inestimable stones, which the poet's eye has scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death.

The deepest part of the North Atlantic is somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin, about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is at the bottom of the sea between Cape Race in New Foundland and Cape Clear in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the Telegraphic Plateau.

Reading. What makes the difference? Some young people of the age of ten to fifteen years, are able to converse intelligently on almost any subject, while others are dumb if you speak to them of anything but the most frivolous things. What makes the difference? You might well ask, what makes the difference in the appearance to the half-finished boy, that is kept on a scanty supply of the meanest fare, and the one who has plenty of nourishing food. The youth who can converse only on the most trifling subject has starved his mind.

A New Question. The committee on elections will soon have a novel contest to consider, and one that will involve the question whether the government of Utah, as administered by Brigham Young, is republican in form. Mr. McGorarty, the candidate of the Gentiles, has arrived here, and is now preparing evidence to submit in contesting the seat of Mr. Hooper, the sitting delegate from Brigham's dominions, who was elected by the saints. Mr. McGorarty claims that the elections, as conducted by the bishops of the Mormon Church, who act as judges at the polls, are not only unfair, but wholly at variance with the mode prescribed by United States law. The evidence will set forth all the peculiarities of the administration of evil affairs by these Mormons. Washington Express.