

LINES

BY WILLIE W. WARREN.

Away from the echoing joys of spring,
The dreary winter vaultless skies—
And found our homes—the robins sing,
And o'er us spread cerulean skies.

Bare fields and naked trees rejoice,
Brown hills, and laughing streams reply,
Spring's breeze, with budding branches toys,
And flowers spring up, and bees hum by

The heart of nature gladly swells,
In blessed anticipation's dreams,
Wherein 'Tis's prelude pl in forestalls
The richer joys of happier themes.

Some loving swains will languish 'neath
The shades of green robed trees, and
gladly

With throbbing hearts, and tremulous breath
Of joy, while resting cheek 'gainst cheek.

Or arm in arm along some rill;
The vision of their love pursue,
Enchanted by the luscious thrills
Of song-birds wooing dreamily too.

How oft the plight of constant hearts,
Has passed the burning lips, at even,
Urged by the thoughts which Spring im-
parts,

When green the earth and fair the heaven?
But ye can feel, and ye can see,
And ye can love with hearts as true,
The old, the young, the poor may be

All blessed by Spring's enchanting view.
(CLEVELAND, PA., March 23, 1868.

[Written for the WATCHMAN-
The Chronicle of Tatletown.

BY VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER V

The following day proved disastrous
to Charlie's intentions of demanding
an explanation of Ellie. The rain came
down with superabundant force, with the
leadens hue of the sky, precluded all
hope of seeing any lady visitors that
day. Mrs. Compton disliked large dinner
parties, and in addition to the
Burke, and Mr. Gardner's family had
only invited Judge Grayson, a neigh-
bor, and two or three of the students of
his law school—and fellow students of
Charlie and Willie Burke. Had she con-
sulted her own inclinations she would
much have preferred dispensing with
company during the first two or three
weeks after her daughter's return; but
the hospitality of the Hall, had, during
her husband's lifetime been famed in
the country around, and she was unwill-
ing that any innovation of the old time
customs should now be made.

Willie Burke had arrived early, bear-
ing the regrets of his mother, and sister,
and Mr. Gardner had sent a writ-
ten excuse regretting that so unfortu-
nate, and unfavorable day should pre-
vent the acceptance of Mrs. Compton's
invitation. The rain, like all spring
rains, had rendered the air damp, and
chilly, and a bright fire in the drawing
room, cast a cheerful light on the stately
furniture that adorned the room, and
contrasted warmly with the unpromising
aspect of things out of doors.

"There's Ronny Reeves coming
through the upper gate, Charlie," said
Daisy who stood at the window, "I
presume Judge Grayson's law-school
will be fairly represented. Is the Judge
coming?"

Charlie had left the room to welcome
the new comer, Randolph Reeves, and
Willie answered for him "I think it
possible he will not come. He has visi-
tors—some gentlemen from New York."

"Why cannot he bring them with
him? People are so stupid!"

"Does that compliment include pre-
sent company?" asked Eugene who had
joined the group at the window drawn
thither by the announcement of an ar-
rival.

"Why no, of course not. I only allu-
ded to the stupidity of the Judge in not
thinking to bring his company. I like
the Judge, besides I feel sorry for him,
away off there in that old place. I am
glad Mama makes it a point always to
have him here on dining days. He's so
pleasant, isn't he Willie?"

"Very, especially to young ladies;
but does your pity extend to the entire
fraternity, Daisy?"

"Pity for what?" asked Claudia.

"For old bachelors. He's an old
bachelor, and keeps house about five
miles from here. We must make up a
riding party and go over there the first
pleasant day. Are you fond of riding
horseback, Miss Henry?"

"I like the exercise, but fear I am not
a graceful rider—I'm too timid."

"Yes," said Daisy, "We will go over
soon and pay 'Loafers Retreat' a visit,
and see the Judge's hothousekeeping."

"Loafers Retreat!" exclaimed Eugene
and Claudia in a breath. "What a
name!"

Willie and Daisy laughed at the as-
tonishment depicted on Claudia and
Eugene's faces, and the former explained,
"It is unfortunate for the credit of
the community that such a place does
exist, but I must exonerate my friend,
the Judge from any part in naming it.
He purchased it of a wild young fellow,
who—having married, and moved to a
distant city, sold out. It was a famous
resort of many of the young bloods, of
the country around, as possessing re-
markable advantages for shooting, fish-
ing and hunting, so say nothing of the

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rare dinners and suppers; for Harry
Sulton was what is called a fast young
man, and wealthy, and lived like a
prince. He sowed off his wild oats on
marrying, and his lady-wife insisted up-
on demolishing every vestige of his
bachelor life.

"Loafers Retreat" was sold, and they
say Harry is now a model Benedict, a
credit to his country, his wife says him-
self. Judge Grayson purchased the
place from an agent, and has religiously
endeavored to change its name; but like
all bad names it is not easily rid of, and
the Judge has resigned himself to the
necessity of taking it as it is."

"We must go by all means," said
Claudia, "You and Charlie shall show
me all the noted places of the neighbor-
hood."

"Cannot you defer these excursions
until my return?" asked Eugene, "I,
too, should like to visit 'Loafers Ret-
reat.'"

"I dare say you gentlemen will ad-
mire the place," said Daisy wickedly,
"Loafers Retreat, why the name alone
is suggestive of all the boasted delights
of young bachelors. Mr. Sulton was
certainly convinced that there is some-
thing in a name, when he dubbed it
'Loafers Retreat.'"

"Miss Daisy you should postpone
your sarcasms until I have fair chance
to defend myself," said Eugene.

"Why not now? You are usually
quite ready to return my teasing."

"No, I have only a few hours to spend
at Compton Hall, and I'll not waste its
precious moments in quarrelling with
you. Come over to the sofa with me—I
want to have you all in myself for a few
moments *petite*."

His reply had been spoken low, and
there was a pleading tenderness in his
voice, and the glance that accompanied it,
that made Daisy blush; but she did
not refuse. Claudia and Willie were
interesting each other, so she walked off
with him towards the sofa; but as she
reached the centre of the room the door
opened and Charlie entered with Ran-
dolph Reeves. Augusta was not in the
room, neither her mother and Daisy,
as hostess *pro tem* was com-
pelled to receive, and entertain him
before she could politely discharge her-
self, the Judge arrived accompanied by
two gentlemen who she introduced, as
Mr. Bell and Mr. Stockton, a note beg-
ging permission to bring them having
been sent to the Hall that morning, and
courteously answered by Mrs. Compton
who received them as graciously as
though they were invited guests.

The Judge devoted himself to his lit-
tle favorite, and Eugene was in dispar-
age, however, took her down to dinner,
and secured a seat beside her, but Ran-
dolph Reeves divided her attentions
with Eugene, and the latter endeavored
to take the most philosophical view of
the case possible.

"What are the Judge and Mr. Bell
talking about?" asked Daisy as dinner
was being placed on the table.

"A very grave subject just now, poli-
tics," said Randolph Reeves.

"Do gentlemen never tire of the sub-
ject?" asked Claudia who sat near him.

"I think not," he answered smilingly,
"but politics at present, Miss Henry
should occupy, not only the interest of
Virginia's sons, but her daughters
also."

"How so?" asked Daisy.

"You will better understand from
listening to the discussion going on be-
tween the Judge and Mr. Bell."

"You think then that South Carolina
has acted hastily in this matter to say
the least?" she heard the latter say, and
the Judge replied, "I do, I think we
cannot act so cautiously this matter—
should take no fatal step. South Car-
olina has taken the initiatory step that
may lead us into untold trouble. Vir-
ginia, if called upon to take a decisive
stand, should ponder it well; for on her
decision hangs that of other states."

"Then you admit that South Carolina
in taking this step has acted unwisely
and placed herself in rebellion against
the Federal Government." She assumed
too much.

"You must not mistake me," said the
Judge, "I do not think she has assumed
any rights to secede, for there can be no
assumption in the premises. She has
the constitutional right to withdraw
whenever she feels that the compact has
been violated; but I say she should ex-
haust every effort to effect a compro-
mise, she takes that step."

"I must try to differ with you in this

matter. I cannot recognize the consti-
tutional power of any State to withdraw
from the Union, even supposing there be
sufficient cause for it," said Mr. Bell.

"We will not argue the question. We
will agree to disagree," said the Judge
politely, "William, when may we look
for your father home?"

"We cannot tell sir. A letter to ma-
ma says he may possibly remain after
the Legislature adjourns. He speaks
hopefully of an amicable settlement of this
question. He will re-visit Washington
before his return home, so you see how
uncertain his time of arrival is."

"I do indeed hope this question may
be settled amicably; but sometimes I
fear it is hoping against hope. Why
little one," turning to Daisy, "you have
been as still as a mouse for five minutes!
What is the matter?"

"I've been listening to you gentlemen
talk politics. You don't think there
will be a war Judge, do you?"

"No, child, no. God forbid such a
calamity! but what put such an idea into
that little head of yours?"

"Why Claudia and Mr. Reeves have
been talking about it, Mr. Reeves
thinks there will be war if the Federal
Government attempts to—what did you
say Mr. Reeves that the Federal Gov-
ernment would do to South Carolina if
she went out of the Union?"

"Coerce her, Miss Daisy, I think I
said."

"Yes, coerce her, that's it. Dear me
I wouldn't be a politician for the world,
the hard words would set me crazy."

"Daisy has a horror of politics," said
Augusta, "but I think she's patriotic to
a certain extent."

"Time will prove it," said Charlie
"but what can Claudia and Eugene be
discussing so earnestly?"

"Politics too," said Willie; "once
start the ball and it will roll on. It is
an inexhaustible subject."

"But there must be some difference of
opinion to judge by Eugene's manner?"

"Unfortunately there is. Miss Henry
holds to Mr. Bell's opinion."

"I cannot think it possible. You
must be mistaken. I'll ask her, 'Claud-
ia! is it true that of all the Virginians
here, you alone hold to such heretical
doctrine as Mr. Bell teaches?'"

Charlie had raised his voice in speak-
ing for she was at the other end of the
table, and the attention of the entire
company was drawn to her. The blush
of that suffused cheek and brow was al-
most painful, but she looked up, and
bravely replied, "I do. I acknowledge
the right of no State to withdraw
from the Union. I hope I am not alone in my
belief," and she looked from one to the
other, meeting approval only in Mr.
Bell's glance. She crimsoned when the
Judge answered:

"You are, and it grieves me my dear
child, to hear such from the lips of Ar-
thur Henry's daughter. May I hope it
only for the sake of argument, you have
taken this stand point?"

"You may not. Whatever may have
been my father's political sentiments,
I'll venture to say they never have dif-
fered from those of our wisest statesmen,
and farther than that I care not to go."

"All wrong, all wrong," said the
old Judge shaking his head. "We must
convert her to our way of thinking, may
we not little one?" he asked Daisy
whose eyes were full of sympathetic
tears, for Claudia, although she thought
differently, Claudia's eyes had filled with
tears, and her lip quivered when she
mentioned her father's name, and the
Judge regretted having said anything to
wound her.

"I don't know a truer type of a south-
ern woman than Will's sister, Ellie,"
said Charlie, "and Augusta is an origi-
nal secessionist!"

Augusta laughed, "No, you are mis-
taken there brother, when I love my
country, and her institutions, and I
moreover believe she has the right to
maintain her State's sovereignty at the
point of the bayonet if need be."

There was a murmur of approval that
passed around the table, and no mistak-
ing the admiring glances of the gentle-
men. The servants now placed wine on
the table, and Mrs. Compton gave the
signal to rise. The gentlemen accompa-
nyed the ladies as far as the drawing room
door, and then returned to their wine,
politics and cigars.

Mrs. Compton felt excessively annoy-
ed that the introduction of politics at
the table should have caused Claudia a
moment of unhappiness. She looked sad
and *distrain*, yet made no objection when

Augusta asked her to sing for her. She
sang and played well, and her graceful
compliance at all times gave her music
additional charms. Daisy stood near
and turned the leaves of the music, but
she seemed to be thinking of some-
thing else, and turned too fast.

"What are you thinking of?" asked
Claudia, "you have turned two pages
when I've not finished one."

"Yes Claudia, I believe I have. May
I tell you what my thoughts were?"

"Certainly," and she smiled affection-
ately on the patient little figure that had
turned the pages of a tedious, but very
beautiful opera.

"Claudia I wonder if it is true that we
are likely to have war. Isn't it too
dreadful to think of? I heard Willie and
Charlie says that if it should happen they
would enter the army. Tell me if you
think it really will happen. You are so
much smarter than I, you can tell."

"No *petite*, I really think you are bor-
rowing trouble for nothing. Don't let it
bother that little head. Please go into
the library, there's a piece of manu-
script music there that Charlie has been
copying. I wish your mother to hear it.
Will you get it?"

Daisy ran off to the library, encoun-
tering the gentlemen on their way from
the dining room. Eugene turned and
followed her into the library, and when
she turned to leave the room she met
him standing with his hand on the door
which he had closed after him.

"Don't go yet Daisy; give me just five
minutes in this quiet place. You know
I leave you to-morrow—it may be for
years—it may be forever, and they'll
not miss you in the parlor."

Some one turned the door knob, and
Daisy hastily withdrew the hand that
Eugene had taken in his own. It was
only Alfred with an armful of wood
with which he replenished the fire, and
after lighting the astral lamp, he with-
drew, evidently comprehending the "sit-
uation," to his own domain; confiding
it to aunt Esther, *et cetera* private opinion
that "Mr. Eugene Mason was a rare
proper young gentleman, and Miss Daisy
—God bless her—seemed to be of the
same way of thinking."

"You hold your tongue, Alf," said
aunt Mollie, "Hasn't you no better man-
ners than to 'peep what you hern in de
parlor? White folks won't trust you if
dey catch you at it?"

"And I'm sure, said aunt Esther, in-
dignantly, "I is the properest person for
Alf to tell to. Who's got a better
right to de child's good luck dan the
mammy what nuss'd her?"

"In course I don't mean no disrespect fer
white folks when I menshuns anything I
hears. Aunt Esther knows that!" and
Alf, went off to the dining room, fully
convinced that his interest in the family
welfare was not so fully appreciated as
it deserved.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.—"Once
upon a time," a young theological stu-
dent was delivering a temperance lecture
in Boston, and proving by the Bible,
which he had open before him, that
strong drink was injurious to man and
a sin against God. Now, in that city
lives a man known as Cooper K., a for-
mer Congressman, who is very fond of
his hitters. Just as the young man got
fairly warmed up in his subject, old
Cooper K. came in, pretty well poisoned
and took a seat. After sitting a few
minutes, he arose in his seat, and steady-
ing himself, he pointed his finger at the
speaker and said, "Young man, (hic)
young man, (hic) don't you know that
that Book (hic) only mentions one man
(hic) who asked for water, (hic) and he
was in—h, (hic) where he ought be!" The
converts to the cold water cause were
not numerous that night.

A war-worn veteran of the Union
army gets off the following on General
Grant:

Grant is in the condition of a boy who
was about to start out in the world, and
as he was a great favorite with his
mother, though a complete simpleton, she
gave him this piece of advice: "Now,
Tom, keep your mouth shut and people
will not know you are a fool!" Tom, a
quaint boy, remembered the maternal
advice. He had been from home, how-
ever, but a little while, when an inquisi-
tive old Yankee commenced asking some
questions and, upon his obstinate sil-
ence, turned away in disgust, exclaim-
ing, "That boy is a fool. Tom went back
to his mother, and his first words were,
'Mammy, I keep my mouth shut, but they
found me out.'"

The Quintuplex Birth—An Account-
of the Alarming Event.

An item appeared in this paper Wednes-
day morning, stating, as a rumor, that a
woman had been delivered of five babies
at a birth—four boys and one girl. The
statement seemed incredible at first, but
upon ascertaining the truth of it Wednes-
day morning, Hans Patrick Lee Connor
was notified of the fact, and dispatched
to the scene of the calamity to make a
report. As usual, he overdoes the thing.
He was instructed to ask such questions,
as he thought would produce answers
interesting to the public, and here is the
report of his interview:

"I was pointed to an unimposing ed-
ifice, and knocked at the door. A gentle-
man admitted me. Hat in hand, I apolo-
gized for my intrusion, and explained the
object of my mission. I was intro-
duced to the mother and (as I live) five
little specimens of humanity, all appar-
ently about the same age. Remember-
ing that I had been sent to ask questions,
I took out my note-book and began:

"Are these your children, madam?"

"Yes, sir," (with a suspicious look.)

"How many are there in all?"

"Five."

"Boys or girls?"

"Four boys and one girl."

"Are they all brothers?"

"All but one."

"What is he?"

"One of them is a girl."

"She is a member of your family?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are the children all twins?"

Here I was interrupted by a lady in
attendance, who said I was pushing my
interrogatories too rapidly. The mind
of the mother was not composed yet, and
she could hardly be expected to respond
readily to all my questions. She refer-
red me for further information to the
husband.

I sought that gentleman and addressed
him as follows:

"Are you a married man?"

"Of course I am."

"How many?" (still taking notes.)

"That is an absurd question, sir."

"Beg pardon, are those your chil-
dren?"

"Yes."

"Five of them, eh?"

"Yes."

"Brothers?"

"There are four boys and one girl."

"All yours?"

"Of course they are all mine."

"Thank you."

Not yet satisfied with my investiga-
tion I returned once more to the dove-
cot.

"These are all your children, madam,"
I asked.

I was interrupted again, by a lady,
and told that I must propound no more
questions. I returned to the husband.

"Are you the father of these children,
sir?" I asked in my meekest voice.

"I have answered all the questions I
intend to answer, sir. You are asking
the same questions over and over again."

"Beg pardon," I said, bowing. "I
am satisfied. Merely wanted to know.
It don't make any difference to me
whether you play poker or not. I don't
know whether you drew two pair of
boys or a flush of girls. I am satisfied,
however, that I have met a genuine
yankee hero, and I take you by the
hand. I have found one man equal to
five. Good-day, sir."

PAT'S IDEA OF SYMPATHY.—Pat's idea
of sympathy was a good one. He had
long been trying to get Bridget to give
him a parting kiss. Finally, as a last
resort, he turned away, saying, "Good-
bye, Biddy. Sure, an ye haven't any
sympathy for me, at all, at all."

"Sympathy, is it. An what de'ver
meant by that, Patrick?"

"Come here, Biddy, an I'll be after
telling ye. When I love ye, so that I'd
like to bite a lice rite out of yer swate
cheek, and ye fall as if you'd like to
have me do it—that's sympathy, be jab-
bers."

"Ah, Patrick, you know my weakness.
Take a piece; but be sure an lave it, so
that ye can take it again when ye come."

Charles Dickens, a big authority
leans to a position that first impres-
sions are usually correct and also says:
"I have known a vast quantity of sense
talked about but not brought
you in it. See. Don't trust the
reputation of a man. Dismiss him
you see of course, any day in the
week if there is anything to be got by
it."

An Incident of the Dickens Reading.

An incident worth mentioning occur-
red in Carrol Hall, on the second night
of the Dickens readings. Ben. Butler
entered after the performance had com-
menced, and walked down the centre
aisle while Dickens was describing one
of the most interesting scenes in his
selections from David Copperfield. Per-
haps Benjamin was unavailably desisti-
ed, or perhaps he wished to make his
appearance at the time when he could
attract that amount of attention which
he thinks is due to his eminent abilities
and great public services. There are
those who adopt this as one of the ways
of keeping before the people, some of the
men of marked talent in religious affairs
who never entered the church till the
congregations is well seated, and then
walk straight to the front pew. If Gen-
eral Butler hadn't his mind's even on
this idea on the occasion referred to, his
motives were misunderstood, that's all.

Well, the hero of Bermuda walked
down the aisle the observed of all obser-
vers, and to his seat in a very select
and advantageous part of the hall. The
first selection was soon concluded, and
Mr. Dickens retired as he was wont to
for ten minutes of rest and refreshment.
The rustle and bustle consequent
upon a relaxation of attention followed.
There were whisperings among the older
folks, and flirtings among the younger,
in the midst of which up rose Butler
from his seat, either to observe or be
observed, hard to tell which, though I
incline to the latter belief. There was
no mistaking that bald head, or that
strabismic eye. It was Benjamin F.
Butler, and nobody else.

The intermission, like all things on
this earth, had its end. Dickens appear-
ed and readings were resumed. This time
it was a selection from Pickwick—the
famous Bob Sawyer party scene. It was
very funny, as we all know, and the
laughing was, at times, immoderate.

There was a point, however, at which
the laugh became very much like a
vulgar roar, and wasn't the funniest
part of the readings by any means. Mr.
Dickens felt a little confused, I thought
for a man of his nice perceptions knows
exactly where the fun comes in, and we
all know there is such a thing possible
as a laugh at the expense of an actor,
which is always more vivid than that
provoked by the play. Dickens evidently
thought he had blundered. But he
hadn't. He had simply read the follow-
ing colloquy between Hopkins and Noddy
—and the audience had just seen
Butler, and every one knew he was
present:

"I request that you'll favor me with
your card sir."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, sir."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because you'll stick it up over your
chimney-piece, and delude your visitors
into the false belief that a gentleman
has been to see you, sir."

Sir, a friend of mine shall wait on you
in the morning.

Sir, I am very much obliged to you
for the caution; and I'll leave particular
directions with the servants to look up
the spoons.

The laugh, Mr. Dickens, which so
exceeded all bounds as to perplex you
was due solely to a connection in the
popular mind between General Butler
and spoons!—Mack Wash Cor Cin.
Commercial

The Angel Gabriel.

-My friend, Major C, had an old dar-
key to whom he was much attached. One
evening at a party, Peter, from imbibing
too freely of various mixtures, began
dancing around with a water containing
some ice and cakes, and soon became up-
roarious. Observing his conduct, the
Major publicly reprimanded him, and at
once dismissed from the post of waiter
for the evening, and appointed another
servant in his place. This last stroke
was too much for old Peter, and he re-
tired to his bed-room in despair. That
night Captain K., a jolly young officer
in the room adjoining Peter's, hearing
sobs and groans in the next room, rose
to inquire what was the matter. He
opened the door of Peter's room and re-
countered:

Peter was kneeling by a window and
praying. Amid his loud cries the Cap-
tain heard the following:

"O, Lord have pity upon thy poor old
servant. His massa, who be used to
take upon his knees when he was a boy,
is vexed with his poor old darkey, and I
don't want to live any longer. O, dear
Lord, please send the angels for old Peter.
Just send the angel Gabriel this minute,
I am ready to go!"

Captain K., ever ready for fun, im-
mediately enveloped a white counter-
pane, an enlaced himself in it, rap-
ped three times at Peter's door.

"Who's dar?" enquired Peter.

The angel Gabriel, come to take old
Peter to Father Abraham's bosom!" re-
plied Captain K., in a cheerful tone.

"Be who, massa?" fearfully asked
the suppliant.

"Well, I'll just tell ye, massa, dat old
masser don't live now. I don't know
what day."

"Captain K. walked back to the com-
pany, accompanied with laughter, and old
Peter relates to this day the wonderful
answer to his prayer."