

When are the weary blest? When are their trials o'er? Do they ever find a rest Upon this earthly shore?

Do they ever find a home Far from the noisy street? Do they ever cease to roam, And rest their weary feet?

Do they ever find repose, To ease the aching head? Happy indeed are those Who find it with the dead!

Does a sunshine fill their hearts With singing birds and flowers, And every joy that starts In spring's reviving hours?

Or are their hearts too sad, And sick with hope deferred, For summer, light and glad, And bud and singing bird?

When are the weary blest? When do they ever find Delight to thrill the breast, Or tranquilize the mind?

Does joy come in the night, Borne upon slumber's sea? Does darkness bring them light, Or hide their misery?

Sometimes with aching sight, Men watch all day the sea, Then turn away at night In hopeless agony.

But when the moon lights gleam, And sea, and sky are gray, Like a vision in a dream The ship comes up the bay,

If joy should come like this, And charm them in their sleep, Oh! may they dream of bliss, But never wake to weep.

When are the weary blest? When are their trials o'er? Do they ever find a rest Upon this earthly shore?

Do they ever cease to sigh? Do they ever cease to weep, Until at last they lie, In death's forgetful sleep?

MOBILITY, Pa., April 24, 1868.

Written for the WATCHMAN. The Chronicles of Tattletown.

CHAPTER VII. It was the first of May, and Tattletown wore its most charming aspect.

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"Done crazy?—No, but pretty nigh to it, I kin tell you. Miss Burke a faintin' away as lumber as a rag, and old Miss Clearmont with the hystriks, and Ellie a gonn around getting up her brother's things, and not sheddin' a tear.—That gal hasn't no more feeling than my old hat there?" and she gave the unoffending hat a kick, as though it might be the scapegoat of all such unfeeling people.

"How I do despise that gal!" Miss Nancy had fully recovered her breath, "Richard was himself again." "I wouldn't a missed been there for anything, just then. I shall never forget to my dying day the look of her face when they told her on it. It did me good to see it, it did. I was a sittin' a dress on her—a pea green silk just sent from the city—and I couldn't have helped to save my life, just putting my hand on the silk that covered her bosom to see if her heart didn't stand still, and I went on a sittin' it on her as if I didn't hear the great throb it give then—how still it seemed. I could have larfed if she hadn't been looking at me, while she—I could have spit in her face then—she just turned around, and takin' it off, throwed it on the floor, and walked over it as if she hadn't a head it, and—it makes my blood bile now when I think of it—she said 'you kin go home now, Miss Nancy. I want need you again, I think, ner these things either,' touchin' the beautiful silks and muslins what lay on the table; 'Jube can get the carriage and take you home,' and she rung a bell, and a little nigger-comed in. 'Dan tell Uncle Jube to get the carriage out and take Miss Nancy home! Then when the boy had gone out, she took out her purse and paid me, just if she had mad up her mind to send me off, whether I wanted to go or not. The hateful thing!"

Here Miss Nancy stopped for sheer want of breath, and her mother seized the opportunity to make the inquiry "But what on yearth kin it be?"

Miss Nancy did not heed the anxious inquiry. She went on, "But she didn't fool this chicken, I reckon, for arter I had got my things together, and had put on my bonnet, I went down into old Miss Clearmont's room, where half a dozen niggers was a fannin' of her, and poking smelling salts, and bird feathers up her nose, and a pouring cologne over her like it was so much water. I couldn't get nothing out of her, so I questioned the nigger, some said one thing, some said another, but I cluded fram what I did hear that Mr Burke had comed home, and was a gwine to start off directly, and Willie with him. Ellie, and her old mammy, Nancy was with Mrs. Burke, and any body would a thought there was 'fiction in the family to have seed how they carried on. I cluded I couldn't do more nor comed home, and the little nigger, had comed arter me, and, says he, 'Missus, Uncle Jube says as how he's not a gwine to wait all day. You's to come 'long directly.' I boxed the nassy niggers jaws until he fairly yelled, and then I went out, and I hope I may never see glory if the old black nigger hadn't harnessed the cart horses to the old carriage to take me home. I could a killed him for it!" and Miss Nancy twisted the corners of her apron as though she imagined she had Uncle Jube, and was dealing thus summarily with him.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the shop girls brought from her work in the back room by the commotion in the next room. "Who's killed?"

"Yes," again put in Mrs. Peek "what on yearth?"

"Killed him for what?" asked the other shop girl, who had caught more distinctly Miss Nancy's last remark.

Miss Nancy gathered her force for another attack, "Killed him for what? why for his impudence. I asked him if he expected me to ride in that thing, and if he had been ordered to do it? 'No marm' says he 'I wasn't ordered to do nuffin' of de kind; but Misses' carriage is fur quality folks and as long as Jube sets ahind dem ar horses what Marstar gin more a thousand dollars fur, he sin't a gwine to 'low none but fust quality to git in dat ar carriage.'"

"Did you ever hear such sass as that nigger's?" exclaimed Mrs. Peek.

"I was too mad to say anything," continued Miss Nancy, "so I concluded I had better get in the old thing and come off, seeing it was too hot to walk every bit of the three miles; but I took good keer to get out of the old ark before I got to town and sent him back. I wouldn't a had any of the Tattletown folks to seed me for any thing a ridin' in Mrs. Burke's old carriage when she's got a new one."

"I never did see the boat on it! but you hadn't told us yet what made such a fuss in the family, and throwed Mrs. Burke into a dead faint, and old Mrs. Clearmont into hysteric. What was Mr. Burke and Willie going away for. I want to know that!"

"How often has I to tell you?" snapped out Miss Nancy; "you's an eternally gettin' the tail end of a thing. Mr Burke is going to Richmond again, and Willie is goin' to join the army."

"What for?"

"I don't know. I heard Mr Burke tell Ellie that Virginia had seceded, and the South had to fight for her rights."

"The more fool they! Folks had better let fightin' alone. As if there wasn't nuff killin' and dyin' and sick to carry folks off, let alone fighting, and goin' to war! I thought they got nuff fightin' in other war."

"What's the matter?" asked one of the shop girls who had been interested.

"Why the war they fit when I was a gal. I remember jes as if it was yesterday, my father's buying a gun, and sellin' mother's best gown and bonnet to get the money to buy it with, and a gwine off to fight the Britishers."

But he didn't go fur; he got a man to go and fight for him, who 'greed to take the gun to do the fightin'; so father he comed home, and stayed home. 'Lordy! wasn't there a rumpus when the old woman found out he gin the gun away! You see she had calculated on sellin' of the gun again, after he had fit it out with the Britishers, and buying another gown and bonnet."

"Where's you a gwine now Nancy?"

"I han't gwine fur. I is only gwine to Miss Jenks, to tell her on the news," and Miss Nancy resuming her hat and smoothing out the folds of her gingham apron sallied forth to communicate what by this time had become "piper's news," for by twelve o'clock not a man, woman or child, but were thoroughly posted as to the "latest."

Miss Nancy had not overdrawn the state of affairs at "Briery Knove." Perhaps for the first time her account had not overstepped the boundaries of truth. It would require other than her malicious tongue to describe the grief and consternation in the once quiet, and happy family. Her heart could not comprehend, could not sympathize in such sorrow. Mr. Burke had reached home that morning, early, but it was only to be welcomed by the now tearful group, who; ere the sun set would again bid him adieu.

He had been cloaked with Willie in the library, who, on coming out, rode off rapidly in the direction of Compton Hall, then turned his horse's head towards the town. He reached home about twelve o'clock, having rode fifteen miles without once dismounting, yet he did not seem fatigued, and on Ellie's making such a suggestion, he replied that the body could not repose unless accompanied by the brain, and the latter was an impossibility.

Mr. Burke had brought the news of the seceding of Virginia, also that the military had been put on a war footing. Willie had immediately declared his intention of joining the army, and his father would lay no obstacles in his path.

Charlie Compton on learning his intention, decided to accompany him. Mrs. Compton had yielded, though with many tears, to his earnest appeal.

"Let me go, mother dear, and with your blessing, and blessing. Shall it be said that your son was among the last to offer himself in defence of his loved country, in this her home of need?"

"But you are my only son—my only protector. To whom, shall I in my old age, and your sisters in their youth and beauty look for protection?"

"To God," he answered solemnly as he bent over her sofa, and smoothed the bands of her silver threaded hair. "To him, dear mother, to whom we've looked, and not in vain, for food, shelter and protection for so many years. Shall we not trust that love now?"

His mother drew him down until his face almost touched hers; "Go, my son, and may God bless and protect you in every hour of trial, of peril and temptation."

He left her, and sought the girls, whom he found in the library.

Daisy was taking her first lesson on the guitar, Claudia being her teacher. Augusta sat at the open window bracing a smoking cap. She looked up as Char-

lie entered the room, and Daisy laying aside her guitar came over to where he sat.

"Brother Charlie you were not here when Mr. Bell and Mr. Stockton called to say good bye to us. You should have witnessed the scene between Claudia and Mr. Bell when the final adieu was said. It was touching—very."

"Daisy," exclaimed Claudia, blushing in spite of herself "how can you say such mischievous things! you are a terrible tease!"

"It's true, Claudy, you know it; at least so far as Mr. Bell is concerned. His knees smote together, poor man, and he stammered out his adieu. Poor fellow! I thought at one time he was going to fall on his knees here before us all and Augusta sat talking with Mr. Stockton oblivious of the fact that Claudia wished a private interview—Augusta, you were inconsiderate."

Claudia joined in the laugh at her expense. She was more amused than vexed with Daisy's teasing. Augusta came to her rescue. "You forget to mention the fact that but for watching Claudia, and Mr. Bell, you might have seen that Mr. Stockton was suffering equally as much as Mr. Bell, in regard to yourself, Daisy!"

"Nonsense Augusta! Brother Charlie knows better than that."

"Why did not Willie Burke come in this morning? I saw him at the gate, but he seemed in great haste. What did he come for—on business?"

"He came to tell me the news. Can you guess what it is?"

"What is it?" asked Claudia uneasily.

"Mr. Burke came this morning, and brings us the intelligence of the passage of an act of secession by the Convention of Virginia."

"I am not surprised to hear it," said Augusta "but that need not hasten his visit."

"There's one thing more to be added. It is to say that Willie Burke, Ranny Reeves and the remainder of our class, will leave this evening for Richmond, there to join the army."

"And you?" asked Daisy almost in a whisper, as though she feared to ask the question.

"Will go with them, little sister."

"Oh, Charlie!" was all she could answer for the great sob that rose from her heart, and spent itself in a gush of tears.

"Have you seen mamma?" asked Augusta. There were tears in her voice.

"What did she say?"

"She gave her consent, and blessing."

Augusta could trust herself to say no more, she rose, and going up to him kissed him, and then hastily left the room. Claudia stood near the mantel. It was now her turn to say something; but what comfort could she give?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YANK VS. NEGRO—There has been a vigorous fight for the Congressional nomination in one of the North Carolina districts between a white carpet-bag adventurer named Dewees and a negro named Harris. The darkey insisted upon his rights. The white adventurer got letters from Washington urging Sambo to decline for the good of the party. Mr. Nig could not see it in that light. Finally the negro agreed to take so much money down for his chances and a thousand dollar greenback cleared the way for the imported Yankee.

The Richmond Whig say it confidently expects to see the black population of Virginia entirely submerged under the tide of white immigration that must soon set in. Every man that comes will be a producer, a tax payer, and a white man. What then will become of black ascendancy of the Hunnicutt and Underwood tribe of whites? They will "sink out of sight," and their present dukes of marmalade and warqueles of ice cream be no where.

If Wade is made President through the imposition of Mr. Johnson, he will be indebted to the Republican party, not the people, and will so administer its patronage as to please the Senate. This has become so well defined that a proposition is on foot to pass a law making General Grant the President instead of Wade. This may cause the old bluffer to agree to a better divide.

The Kentucky Democratic papers are taking the ground that the process of abolishing slavery was revolutionary, that the ratification thereof by the seceded States was compulsory; and that the whole matter will be reconsidered when military power shall be withdrawn.

A GRAND OLD POEM. Who shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes, Paines fit for something less. Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket May beclothe the golden ore Of the noblest thoughts and feelings— Satan vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar After walking out of stone; There are purple buds and golden, Hidden, crushed and overgrown; God, who counts by souls not dresses, Loves and prospers you and me, While He values thrones the highest, But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows, Oft forgets his fellows then, Masters, rulers, lords, remember That your meanest kind are men— Men by labor, men by feeling, Men by thought, and men by fame, Claiming equal rights to sunshine, In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam embroidered oceans, There are little reed-clad hills, There are foibles, such high saplings, There are oddars on the hills; God who counts by souls, not stations, Loves and prospers you and me; For to him, all vain distinctions Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tolling hands alone are builders Of nation's wealth or fame; Titled laziness is poisoned, Fed and fattened on the same; By the sweat of others' foreheads, Living only to rejoice, While the poor man's outraged freedom Vainly lifted up his voice.

Truth and justice are eternal, Born with loveless and light, Secret wrongs shall never prosper, While there is a sunny right; God, whose world heard voices in singing, Boundless love to you and me, Sinks oppression with its tiller, As the pebbles of the sea.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER. —Liberality consists less in the gift, than in the manner of giving. —He that sips at many arts, drinks of none. —Old sciences are unraveled like old stockings, by beginning at the foot. —Let a man do his work, the fruit of it is the care of another than he. —Hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue. —Geary has signed the railroad liability bill which will render his name blessed among railroad corporations, and bring curses both loud and deep upon him from the people. —Wheaton, the pedestrian, arrived at Buffalo at 5:14 p. m., on Saturday, through a heavy snow storm and muddy roads, having walked one hundred and three miles in 23 hours and 58 minutes. —The Democracy of Louis, Kentucky, carried all their candidates by a large majority at the election on Saturday. —A man who'll maliciously set fire to a barn," said Mr. Slow, "and burn up twenty cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to do it."

Chickering's Pianos. In no branch of the mechanic arts in this country have more rapid strides been made than in the manufacture of Piano-Fortes, the favorite, and we may say, the universal musical instrument of the household. Every well regulated establishment must have its Piano; indeed, the parlor, with its gorgeous and luxurious furniture, its pictures, its bronzes, its parians, would be badly appointed without one. And it behooves every man in selecting an instrument, not to fail in obtaining one of good tone and finish; for like furnaces, ranges, and cooking-stoves, the cheapest are by far the most expensive. We know by experience—by pocket experience—for, within a term of six years, we purchased three of as many different makers, and although it would have puzzled any but an expert to have pointed out why they were not all equal to anything in the market, yet they turned out to be but miserable rattle-traps and tinkling symbols, compared to those of which we write; and all the skill and ingenuity of good workmen failed in rendering them fit for an amateur artist to play Yankee Doodle upon in a satisfactory manner. We got rid of our "bad bargains" one after another, at a sacrifice of course, and were recommended to purchase one of Chickering's Parlor Grands, which we did, three years ago, and we can now attest that it was the only "good bargain." In the Piano line, we ever had. It is truly a magnificent instrument, and one that we are proud to have our friends listen to; and moreover, it has not required a cent to keep it in good condition, except the slight expense of tuning it semi-annually. But while we are boasting of possessing a superior instrument, we have found, on inquiry, that all who possess a Chickering Piano are as proud of theirs as we of ours. We find no exception to the rule. The truth is, the Chickering Piano has never found its rival in this country, and if we can put full credence in the great musical celebrities from abroad, Europe has failed to produce a mere perfect instrument. It is therefore, by no means singular that to the Messrs. Chickering was awarded the Gold Medal at the late Mechanics' Fair held in this city, as has been invariably done at previous Exhibitions, not only here, but wherever they have competed for the prize. The number of Gold and Silver Medals which they have from time to time received, forms quite a rich and interesting numismatic collection, and it is generally admitted that they never bore away a prize that they were not fully entitled to. It is indeed, a great satisfaction to possess a good and reliable instrument, and there is little danger of obtaining any other if it bears the name of Chickering & Sons.—Boston Evening Express.

Religious Intelligence. A loyal clergyman writes to New York religious newspaper that Gen. Lee's school ought to be suppressed because the boys are uniformed in Confederate grey. The religious paper has a pious spasm of loyal fear, and winds up by expressing the serene Christian wish, in such beautiful consonance with the Sermon on the Mount, and the teachings of the Redeemer, the holy wish that Gen. Lee and all of his little pupils will be hanged, and "the mothers that bore them starved unto death." The secular loyal papers have taken up the cry, and bellow loudly for the suppression of the school, but in deep malignity and utter ferdishness they are indignantly behind the religious organs.

For deep-seated, lasting cruelty, for refined barbarity, and double-distilled devilishness, the organs of the shoddy churches of the North are without a parallel, their venomous course has driven the great bulk of the people outside the pale of the churches, and the people are fast becoming a nation of scoffing infidels.

Their abuse of the gallant Lee will be a benefit to his noble Military Institute and a lasting credit to him. All honor to the brave young Virginians who cling to the glorious colors of the lost cause. The day will come when a scrap of Confederate grey will be more highly prized than an acre of blue shoddy.

The noble anthems of the despoiled Confederacy will go down to future ages as the lyrics of God's noblest people who fell in defense of the eternal principles of liberty and justice. When emancipated freemen shall celebrate the anniversaries of their nation's triumph over the dishonored and detested graves of the Puritans. The united efforts of thieves, fools, and fanatics may stay the white man's progress for a brief time in this afflicted land, but when the reaction comes there will be such a freeing of Mongrel spirits from their scabrous fetters; such a gushing of impure blood from scrofulous carotides such a shattering of nasal, down East terror stricken voices; such a rapid colonization of hell's spare territories, as was never recorded since the Great Architect rested from his labors on the seventh day and said "let there be light."—La Crosse Democrat.

—Be honest at all times.