

The Devil's Visit to Washington.

The Devil sat on his sulphur throne, And heard, with bitter grin, Reports from the planet he deems his own, As black jets brought them in.

Democratic Watchman

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"I'll Take What Father Takes."

"What will you take to drink?" asked a waiter of a young lad who, for the first time, accompanied his father to a public dinner.

The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him.

That young lad, in this brief utterance, was really the representative of the generation to which he belongs.

Would that we could impress upon the fathers and mothers of this country the solemn fact, that the future character of the children is being formed by them.

Do you ever go to evening parties? "No," said my friend Tom, "I used to, but I am cured."

"Why, you see said Tom feelingly, I went to one some years back, and fell in love with a beautiful girl.

A BRAVE WOMAN.—On Tuesday afternoon a young lady, who was at the time alone in a house on Scoville avenue, was called to the door by the bell.

MISAPPLIED CHARITY.—A Nashville paper says: It is an interesting fact that many of the negroes who hang around the corner of Broad and Cherry streets, and draw clothing sent them by Northern charity, at twelve and fifteen dollars per month.

—The Migrants of West Hoboken headed their call for a late meeting to nominate officers, "Grant and victory."

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tested by the bare and fenceless fields, in which the few cattle sustained a scanty subsistence, where once they stood knee deep in clover.

It was Sabbath—clear, and sunshiny and wending their way to the village church might be seen women, children and old men, who hastened with eager steps to worship in God's temple.

Young men there were none, and feeble old age trusted to the faithful staff, or leaned upon the strong arms of their daughters, who had borne the burden of supporting their children and parents, while those who once loved to labor for them had gone from them, to defend the rights they held so dear.

"The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him," thrilled every heart, and trembled in the intensity of their feeling.

Mrs. Burke gave Jube orders to return for them at dusk, cautioning him to put the cart horses to the old carriage.

It was only a mile, and a half to the Hall from these cross roads, and having come thus far, and over the most dangerous portion of the road, Augusta and Claudia were beginning to feel some what assured, when they perceived how slowly they were driving, and caught the sound of a whispered conversation going on between Uncle Mike, and a negro boy who sat beside him.

"You see Misses, dese old horses can't go no quicker, 'tain't like you was ridin' in t'other carriage with dem ar blacks as can go like de win; but dat ain't de only reason it aint."

"What is the other reason for I cannot think your first one sufficient."

"Well, I don't see no use o' skeering you, but ever sence we lef de cross roads three men on 'back has followed us, dey has an 'aint gwine to let em know I's ware on it, and bime by when I gits on de level road I kin run de horses 'thar aint no fences nor gates you know lef on de place, so beaif nothing to stop em and dey's been snuffin' danger dis long while, dey has."

"The girls listened with beating hearts, and true enough caught the distant sound of the tramp of horses on the gravel road Daisy, poor child, had fallen asleep, and they would not arouse her. Claudia was unusually agitated.

"Claudia, I think as they are not in sight, and we are within a quarter of a mile of home, it would be a safer plan to leave the carriage, and conceal ourselves in the woods until they pass."

"In your own home, darling You remember Mr. Bell, to whom your dear mother extended such a cordial hospitality two years ago."

"Can it be he?" asked Augusta with a sigh of relief "If so then I have no fears—he is a gentleman."

"He cannot—I would die first To save myself I would not, to save those who have given me a mother's and a sister's love, I would That alone would induce."

"We would not, should not ask it, dearest You are as well loved as a sister Ehen be careful with Daisy. How thankful—she said turning to Claudia—that the dear child knows nothing of this."

"You'r sprised to see yourself here. I know, en you'll be surprised more'n dat, missus, when you knowed I toled you all de way fur more'n a quarter of a mile."

"You clear off dar, nigger, and shut your sass! Who you reckon wants to hear your jabber? Clear off I say, an don't you dar to speak one word 'bout dey been in here, or you'll bent it to your dyin day, you will!"

"Who are they?" asked Daisy. "Who do you reckon dey is?" asked Mammy putting her basket down and placing her arms akimbo.

"I don't know, who it is?" "Why bless de Lord if it aint dat ar man as eat dinner here de day after you comed from de city, two years gone! Who would have thought it? An to think of his coming here widout being axed! Dem yankees has nuff brass, dey has to make a copper tea kettle."

deed it was arranged that while they remained in the house the girls should occupy their chambers, keeping out of sight.

The Honey Ants of Mexico.—A most curious species of ants is the "honey ant." Among these curious insects a portion of the community secretes honey in the abdominal cavity, until they swell up to the shape of a small grape.

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The Chronicles of Tattletown.

Two years had passed, and the cloud upon the political horizon, at first no bigger than a man's hand, had increased until its gloom had enveloped the entire land, then burst in all its fury, sweeping over hill and valley; leaving its blight upon the fairest land on earth.

Virginia, the honored mother of States, had bared her bosom to the strife, and standing forth as a tower of strength, said to the invading hosts, "thus far halt thou come, and no further."

Two years had passed, and thousands of brave hearts that had thrilled in triumph, now slept upon her bleeding bosom, still the conflict waged.

Two years, and Virginia's daughters, with a patriotism, a devotion unrivaled, had laid their idols in the arms of death, then gone forth to minister by the couch of suffering, giving with a woman's care, a woman's tenderness, a woman's hope to those, who like her own dead, would soon be no more; dropping upon the boyish form that the mother may never again press to her heart, a silent tear; kissing the pallid lips whereon no sister's farewell may linger longer, or brushing back the gory, and matted tresses from some manly brow, listen to the last message of love to the wife who had wept, and watched for his coming in vain.

Two years, and the plowboy's whistle no longer answers that of the mocking bird. No longer the eye feasts upon rich harvests, or the thousand cattle that grazed upon every hill, in every valley.

The merry song of the hay-maker is hushed, and nought broke the solitude, save a watch dog's bark, or the noisy shout of the holiday loving children, whose ambition seems no higher than a chestnut tree, or a bird's nest.