

The labor is over and done,  
The sun has gone down in the east;  
The birds are asleep, every one,  
And the whole world has gone to its rest—  
Sleepers on beds of down,  
'Neath the cover of silk and gold!  
Soft as on fresh new-blown of old!  
Sleepers on mother's breast,  
Sleepers happy and warm,  
Coy as birds in their nest,  
With never a thought of harm!

Sleepers in garrets high,  
'Neath Coverlet ragged and old;  
And one little sleeper all under the sky,  
Out in the night and cold!  
Alone in the wide, wide world,  
Christless, motherless, he;  
Beggling or stealing to live, and whirled  
Like a waif on an angry sea.

The daisy looks up from the grass,  
Fresh from the finger of Night,  
Welcomes the birds as they pass,  
To drink in fresh breezes of light.  
Sleepers on mother's breast,  
Waken to summer and mirth;  
But one little sleeper has gone to his rest,  
Never to waken on earth—  
Dead—found dead in the street,  
All forsaken and lone;  
Damp from head to the feet,  
With the dew of the sweet May morn!

Dead—for the want of a crust!  
Dead—in the cold night-air!  
Dead—and under the dust,  
Without even a word of prayer;  
In the heart of the wealthiest city  
In this most Christian land,  
Without even a word of pity,  
Or the touch of a kindly hand!

The Chronicles of Tattletown.

BY VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was just before Alfred arrived at the Hall, that Mrs. Compton, having completed her inspection of Miss Nancy's department, left the room for a short time, but returned to give some particular directions, when the door opened, and Aunt Esther beckoned her out into the hall. The door was scarcely shut when Miss Nancy, springing from her seat, reached it, and applying her ear to the keyhole, listened.

She was gratified by hearing Aunt Esther say in a low tone:  
"Alfred has come, Missis, but he doesn't give his message to nobody but you."  
"Alfred!" repeated Mrs. Compton in a tone of surprise, "what does he here? Has Charles sent him home?"

Aunt Esther laid her finger on her lip, pointed significantly to the door of the sewing room, near which they stood and whispered:  
"He doesn't say, warm, what he came for. He is in the dining room."

"Send him to the library," said her Mistress, "I will see him there," and the old negro hurried off to send Alfred to the library, towards which proceeded Mrs. Compton.

Miss Nancy crept back to her seat. "What is it?" asked her companion, in whom she recognized Miss Jenks, of the "Mite Society."

"Nothing," said Miss Nancy, something or 'tother about the everlasting niggers. There now! I've gone and left my thimble down stairs. I reckon I'll go down and get it."

"I'll go!" said her apprentice girl only too willing to stretch her cramped limbs for a few moments.

"No, I'll go myself. I haven't trust you to rummage in my bag. I've something very particular in there," so picking the bits of thread from her apron and dress, she went out. When she reached the head of the stairs, she paused and listened. Presently Alfred came out of the library, and in a few moments after Aunt Esther, who had been sent to Claudia's room with a message from Mrs. Compton, taking her to come down to the library. Miss Nancy saw her peril; should Aunt Esther catch her eaves dropping, she would lose her best customer, that of Compton Hall. A fortunate circumstance saved her. There were two flights of stairs leading to the second story, both meeting in the hall above the door of Claudia's room, was at the top of the stairs opposite to which Miss Nancy stood. A corresponding door stood near her, and as Aunt Esther came up the steps, Miss Nancy quietly slipped into the vacant room, and waited until she heard the old woman enter Claudia's room, then, eating noiselessly down the stairs she entered the cloak room, as Claudia came out of her room above.

She listened to the words Mrs. Compton communicated to the girls, and waited until she supposed the library was deserted, then she ventured forth her hiding place, feeling convinced the risk she incurred of detection was more than compensated for by the important news she obtained. Had it been another than Daisy whom she met at the foot of the stairs, on coming out, her embarrassment might have seemed suspicious; but Daisy was too much absorbed in her own grief to perceive any thing unusual, and Miss Nancy might have passed her without remark had she so chosen; as it was, however, and meddling propensities led to an altercation that impressed upon Daisy the fact of meeting her there, and eventually caused her much trouble.

The carriage containing Mrs. Compton had just left the door, when Aunt Esther ushered Miss Nancy into the library, where Augusta sat at work.

"Well, Miss Nancy, what is it?" asked Augusta without looking up from her sewing.

"I think I'll be obliged to go home for

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the afternoon, Miss. I didn't leave mother any too peart like, anyhow, on account of the rheumatism, and I reckoned to tell your mother as much when I first come but forgot it."  
"Very well, of course if you wish it, but I suppose you will return to-morrow?"

"I think you'd better not depend on me. You see as how mother is right bad agin, and can't do very well without me."

"Then I suppose you wish your pay," said Augusta taking out her purse to pay her. "How much is it?"

"Never mind about that. Your mother can settle with me any time. I only come to tell you I'm going."

Augusta rang the bell, and ordered the buggy to be brought around to take Miss Nancy home, then dismissed the slight annoyance of this interruption to their domestic affairs from her mind, while Miss Nancy made preparations for leaving.

The buggy had hardly deposited her safely at her own door, and turned towards home, when without even an affectionate inquiry as to her mother's rheumatism, she started off on a rapid walk in the direction of the old church. A few moments walk brought her to it, but she did not stop here, and passing around the grave-yard, walked on more rapidly; never pausing one moment to catch a breath until she had, perhaps, accomplished the distance of four miles, when, for the first time she seated herself to recover sufficient strength to complete her journey. About four o'clock in the afternoon she reached her destination, the Federal headquarters proper, which had been stationed at "Loafer's Retreat."

Judge Grayson was the representative of that District in the Confederate Congress, and his property had been seized upon as legitimate plunder by the Federals, who had established their headquarters in the house: appropriating the contents of the larder and wine-cellar to the use of the General's table, as well as the contents of his well stocked stables. The plantation was a vast camp ground and the place presented a livelier aspect than it had done since the commencement of the war.

Miss Nancy passed unmolested the outposts, but was brought to a halt at the gate opening into the grounds around the house, where a sentinel was posted. Around under the trees lolled some fifty soldiers, while the horses belonging to the staff browsed on the smooth green turf, or pawed impatiently the gravel walks, and carriage drive before the door.

The soldiers stared at the new comer, making numerous comments on her appearance, both complimentary and otherwise, and wondering what could have brought her hither. A mounted orderly was before the door, and around him some little negroes, while one of them on catching a glimpse of Miss Nancy screamed out:

"Golly! if dar ain't ole Miss Nancy Peek! Niggers, you'd better dar fur it, and sitting the action to his word disappeared around the corner of the house."

"Hallo! Miss Nancy," said the orderly, "what do you want?"

"None of your business! What's your business?"

"Come old lady, none of your sass here, or I'll put you in the guard tent!" said the orderly provoked by the about of laughter from the soldiers around, at Miss Peek's curt reply. "What do you want?"

"Your botters," persisted Miss Nancy. "Say old woman! I'll till provided you pay toll. Those false teeth here gold enough to pass onrrent, I'll warrant you—suppose you give those."

"It's well they are false, you rascal, screamed Miss Nancy infuriated, or I'd show you how deep they would bite, and—here the torrent of her abuse was checked by her teeth falling down, and literally blocking the further passage.

Another shout of laughter at this contumacious brought an officer to the door, whom Miss Nancy recognizing as one of the "besters," immediately recovered her composure and her teeth, and casting upon her tormentors a wrathful glance, as she walked up the broad steps leading to the piazza, she asked him:

"Be you the General?"

"No. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes, if you please. I has very important news to tell which it won't do for those here, —pointing to the soldiers— to hear."

Very well. I will see if he will see

you now,—he is very busy."  
"I haint in no hurry, and kin wait just as well as not, as I'm a bit tired, being as how I've walked every inch of the way from town; and while you're here, I'd just like to know if a lady is always treated by soldiers as I has been by these here rascals!"

The officer stepped to the edge of the piazza and reproved the men for their want of gallantry, but I doubt me if it availed much, for the unmistakable smile that accompanied the reproof, lessened its severity to such a degree, that its effects was not what Miss Peek intended it should be.

Ten minutes after the officer, who had returned to the house, returned, and ushered Miss Nancy into the library where sat the commanding officer. The General was an ugly man; ugly even when he smiled, and of stern, and disagreeable presence. He was a strict, and unflinching disciplinarian, and if his men feared him how much more Miss Nancy; who now she stood before him felt it almost impossible to unfold her errand. Once, and only once she wished herself out of it all, but she thought of the dupe she had been of Charles Compton's on the night of the singing class affair, and of her solemn vow to be revenged. Had she nursed that revenge for two years to let the opportunity slip of tasting its reward? The General waited a few minutes and hinted at his being busy, as an incentive for her making her errand known at once.

"You will please state your business, as I'm pressed for time this morning."

"There's rebels concealed in this neighborhood," was Miss Nancy's reply, coming at once to the point.

The officers started. The General frowned; "You've not come here woman, I hope, to say that, which if not true, we can make you responsible!"

"No," said Miss Nancy, as much nettled, as she dared to be. "I would hardly walk six miles to tell a lie."

"Very well; where are they?"

"Who said anything about they? That's what but one, as I know on."

"If there's only one, he is a spy," said the General addressing his subordinate, rather than Miss Nancy.

"Praps he be a spy like as I know on," said Miss Peek who forthwith proceeded to detail at the General's request, the circumstances, whereby she had learned his whereabouts.

"What's your name?" asked the Colonel for the first time addressing her.

"That don't concern you, and I don't choose to give it either," was the lady's curt reply.

"It is of no consequence," said the General; then addressing her he asked: "How much do you expect to be paid for this—your trouble is certainly worth something?"

"Nothing. I shall be paid well if he's took a prisoner. I've a private spite agin him, or I wouldn't have troubled myself at all."

"The officers smiled. That convinces me," said the General; "that what you say is true. A woman will go twice as far to be revenged, as a man would— they never forget!"

As the Colonel conducted Miss Nancy under the General's arm, she said to the General: "You will order Captain Slade to take a squad of fifteen or twenty men, and proceed to the old church, and arrest this spy; for such I consider him. I presume he belongs to Jackson's command, if so, it may save us another surprise."

"Can you tell me who that woman is," asked the Colonel of one of the negro boys, as Miss Nancy disappeared through the lower gate.

"Miss Nancy Peek, sabb. She be a nujiser woman, what lives in Tattletown, as she's a regular she-girl she is! I member her well, kase she walloped me out for singing rocks at she old oak."

"It is well," said his questioner, noting the name and address in a small pocket memorandum book, "as it may serve for a future occasion!"

The squad of soldiers dispatched to capture Charles Compton, did not reach the church until night, when the Captain and four of his men dismounted, and proceeded to reconnoiter the situation. The vestry room in rear of the church was selected as the best place of concealment until they should have ascertained if he were indeed alone, and while two stood guard on the outside the remainder entered the deserted, and ruinous building and secreted themselves behind the doors leading into the

apureh. No sound broke the weird like silence, save the meanly chirp of the cricket or the whir of the bats that infested the building, and the captain and his comrades, after waiting almost a quarter of an hour began to think they had come on a fool's errand. Suddenly an unexpected sound broke upon the silent night air. It was the rumbling of carriage wheels approaching, and which stopped when within a few yards of the church. Three muffled figures got out of it, and glided swiftly over the rank grass and weeds, and entered the church.

"Heavens!" exclaimed captain Slade in a whisper to his companions. "What if that woman lied and has led us into a nest of rebels! Who knows but that this old concern is filled with them!"

"Look there!" said one pointing to a corner of the church where the light of a lantern lit by one of the new comers revealed the form of a man dressed in Confederate grey, while near him, stood three young girls.

It was indeed the girls from the Hall, and one after another did Charlie press again and again to his heart; while tears of joy fell from eyes that of late had shed but tears of grief.

"To think," said Augusta "how terrible it is to be compelled to steal a few moments of happiness, when it should be days! Dear Charlie you know why mamma could not come!"

"Yes, Alfred told me. Poor Eugene, how I pity him! and yet I could almost envy him the days and weeks he will be with you; tho' purchased so dearly."

"Claudia," whispered Daisy fearfully, "I'm quite sure I heard some noise at the other end of the church."

"No, darling, it was only the beatings of your own little heart," and she drew her arms around Daisy, and turned away, not before she had looked in the direction Daisy had indicated, and saw distinctly two figures, then two others glided noiselessly into the church and placed themselves behind the pillars that supported the pulpit. For an instant her hear stood still, then she trembled; not for herself, but for him she loved. She knew he had been betrayed, by whom she did not ask herself, every thought was concentrated in devising some means of escape for him. Her greatest difficulty lay in concealing her fears from her companions, and to do this she must feign a composure she hardly felt herself equal to.

"And must this be our only chance of seeing you, dear Charlie?" she asked.

"Yes dear! I should love to remain here longer, but you know the danger."

"We'll come again to-morrow," said Daisy.

"By to-morrow I hope to be safely on my way to Richmond, and I must say good bye to night, and that now. This church is too damp—I cannot consent to rick my health, perhaps life, by remaining here. Thanks to my kind sisters, I shall spend a more comfortable night than the last two have been."

"Then we had better go," said Claudia and although Augusta and Daisy begged for a few moments longer Charlie agreed with Claudia in thinking it time to return.

Charlie emptied the basket they had brought of its welcomed contents, and followed them out of the church. Claudia knew that the footsteps behind them, was no echo of their own, but she said nothing to Charlie of it. Let him once reach the carriage and she must trust to her own powers of persuasion to induce him to accede to her plan of escape.

Charlie placed Augusta and Daisy in the carriage, and then turned to assist Claudia who drew him aside, and in a few words told him of his danger. "Get into the carriage!" she whispered, "and I'll remain here until you are safely off. They may easily mistake us in this uncertain light, and should they make me a prisoner they will not detain me long."

"God forbid it!" exclaimed Charlie. "You are a brave girl, but do you suppose for an instant I would consent to it?" and catching her in his arms he kissed her again, as he whispered his farewell, and before she could say another word, he placed her in the carriage which drove off leaving him standing there. Claudia leaned back in the carriage, a nob of agony bursting from her, as she thought of his danger. She dared not hope for his escape, and what his fate might be, she shuddered to think.

Charlie stood until the carriage was lost to view in the darkness, then retraced his steps to the church. As he entered it, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and it needed not the words: "you are my prisoner" to assure him that such he was. One look convinced him of number of his captors, and feeling resistance was useless he surrendered, but only to superior numbers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Disappointed Woman.

A few months since a gentleman had the misfortune to lose his wife, a literary lady of some reputation. After grieving for a number of weeks, a bright idea entered the head of the widower. He thought that he could do something to lessen his sorrow, and for that purpose he called upon a lady of his acquaintance, and requested to speak a word with her in private. Thinking that she was about to receive a proposal, the lady prepared to listen with becoming resignation.

"Myrrah," said he, with downcast eyes, as he took her hand, you know my wife?"

"Certainly."

"It is not good for a man to be alone."

"Perhaps not."

"Did you ever reflect upon the part of the marriage service which requires couples to cleave unto each other till death do them apart?"

"I have."

"I have often reflected upon it myself. Now death has parted me from my wife, and I feel very lonely."

"I should think it likely."

"I think I must do something to restore to me her kind consolation, and the memory of her virtues."

He pressed the lady's hand and sighed. She returned the pressure and also suffered a sigh to escape her.

"My dear," he said, after a long pause; "I'll come to the point at once. I have a proposal to make."

"A proposal?"

"Yes; I have resolved to write my wife's biography. Now, I have but little skill in literary matters, and if you will correct my manuscript, and write headings of the chapters, I will give you fifty dollars."

She sprang from his side and her eyes flashed with anger.

"You wretch—monster!"

She left the room not being able to express her rage. The widower sighed, took his hat and went home. He has not yet published the book.

REFORM LEGISLATION FOR IRELAND.—A new reform bill for Ireland is announced by the English government, and is thought that some conciliatory measures, though not in the conciliatory spirit, will be adopted by Parliament. Concessions which are made upon compulsion are not likely to have a very soothing effect. More efficacious applications to a disease as chronic and deep-seated as that of Ireland may produce temporary repose, but nothing more. For seven centuries Ireland has been harassed as an unwilling captive at the ear of British power, and what she wishes to be freed. Nothing short of the restoration of her inalienable right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness will appease the discontent of the Irish. That is what they want, even if their condition in other respects should be worse than it is now. It is not impossible that, in the course of human events justice and right will yet triumph in that island.

CONJURY.—A negro woman on the plantation of George B. Holmes, Esq. bought some calico a few days ago and got a negro woman to make it into a spread for her bed. When it was made and slept under for the first time, the owner became sick, and suspicion of conjury fell on the maker. It was said that the conjuror blew her breath three times in the middle of the spread. The excitement on the plantation was intense. On Sunday the spread was brought out and solemnly burned in the presence of several thousand free and independent voters.

On yesterday the conjured woman walked to town through the rain and mud to give ten dollars to the medicine man who casts out the evil spirits. It will cost her also ten dollars to be absolved. In the meantime the plantation is in a high state of excitement, and no work is done. It is the duty of Congress to pass a reorganization supplement to his forbidding conjury. [Montgomery Ala.] Mail.

General Sherman, in writing to a friend in Columbus, says of the Kansas hotels, that "their prices are three dollars a day—board and lodging extra."

Ventilation of Public Buildings.

The Institution of Mechanical Engineers have published a report of their annual meeting, held last summer in the lecture theatre of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers at Paris, when a paper was read by General Morin "On the ventilation of public buildings. Although we cannot give details, the importance of the subject justifies our mentioning it briefly. For good reasons General Morin holds that outlets for the escape of bad air should be at or near the floor of a room, and the inlets for fresh air near the ceiling, or at such a height as to prevent the sensation of a draught. Why should the carbonic acid produced by the breathing of the people in the room be allowed to vitiate the entire atmosphere, when it can be at once discharged at its source? This discharge is best effected by "suction," and to maintain this suction nothing more is required than a fireplace. This being the case, the same system is applicable to ordinary dwelling houses as well as to public buildings. The displacement of foul air by the mechanical forcing in of fresh air is, as General Morin maintains, far less effectual, and requires more attention than the suction system, which besides the building above named, is in use at the Theatre Lyrique, and in certain public schools, where its operation is satisfactory. Striking evidence of the fact might have been obtained by passing under the seats of the room in which the paper was read; for there, as the General stated, "he had felt completely stifled by the poisonous atmosphere drawn off from the room." The diagrams published with the report show clearly the method of operation, and the direction of the several currents of air.

BEGAN TO LAUGH.—A clerical friend, at a celebrated watering place, met a lady who seemed hovering on the brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, her steps languid, and her brow wore the contraction so indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of sincere pity.

Some years afterwards he encountered this same lady, but as bright, and fresh, and youthful—so full of healthful buoyancy and so joyous in expression—that he began to question if he had not deceived himself with regard to her identity.

"If it possible," said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B. who presented such a doleful appearance at the springs a few years ago?"

"The very same."

"And pray tell me, madam, the secret of your cure? What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body—to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

"A very simple remedy," returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying and began to laugh, that was all."

SINGULAR FATALITY.—We are informed that the measles, a disease which is raging to an alarming extent in this city, has been attended with singular and appalling fatality this spring. We have heard of a number of deaths from the disease, and in one instance the death of a family residing in Harrisburg has been rendered desolate, two sisters falling victims successively to the power of the malady, which resisted all efforts to soften its violence and restore its victims to health. Parents should be particularly careful of their children at this season of the year, especially on account of the unsettled and inclement condition of the weather this spring. [Harrisburg Union]

ANOTHER RADICAL PLUNDERER.—The Lebanon Advertiser states that Dan L. Gerberich, late Treasurer of Lebanon county, "has skeddaddled to parts parts unknown." It appears that he was one of the partners in the new paper mill at Mechanicsburg, Cumberland county, and that he used seventeen thousand dollars of the people's money in that private enterprise. His defalcation was known to the Radical County Auditor a year ago, but they took no steps to bring him to justice or secure the county against loss.

Political corruption is rapidly infesting many churches throughout the land, as is evident from the numerous broils, quarrels and riots occurring the other day in Philadelphia, a portion of the membership of Christ's Evangelical Reformed Church applied to the court of Common Pleas for an injunction restraining certain parties from acting as demons, they having been elected. It is affirmed, by the reception of twenty or more illegal voters. The request was denied, however, on account of informality in the application, and without investigation of the case.

One of the New Orleans election registrars has made affidavit before United States Commissioner Welles to the effect that newly elected Radical Recorder of the first district was not naturalized until after his nomination, and that Conway, the Radical Superintendent of Education, is not a registered citizen of Louisiana. He says, also, that Commissioner Shannon endeavored by threat to prevent him from doing his duty. These are only a few of the Radical rascalties perpetrated in that unfortunate region.