

**HONOR THE BRAVE.**

"These ignorant and savage rioters should know that the whole military force now available in the United Kingdom, in case of emergency, cannot be much, if at all less than two hundred thousand men, including soldiers, the armed police, volunteer rifle clubs, and enrolled militia."—*Los. Ex.*

Honor the brave who battle still  
For Irish rights in English lands!  
No rule except their quenchless will,  
No power save in their naked hands:  
Who wage by day and wage by night,  
In groups of three or bands of ten,  
On a savage, undisciplined fight,  
Against two hundred thousand men!

No pomp of war their eyes to blind,  
No blare of music as they go,  
With just such weapons as they find,  
In desperate onset on the foe,  
They seize the axe, the torch, the scythe,  
Unequal combat—but what then?  
With steadfast eyes, and spirit blithe  
They face two hundred thousand men!

The jails are yawning through the land,  
The scaffold's fatal alk is heard—  
But still more of the scanty band,  
By jail and scaffold undeterred.  
A moment's pause to wait the last  
Who fell in freedom's fight—and then,  
With teeth firm set, and breathing fast,  
They face two hundred thousand men!

Obscure, unmarked, with none to praise—  
Their fealty to a trampled land—  
Yet never knight in Arthur's days  
For desperate cause made a frailer stand.  
They wage no public war, 'tis true,  
They strike and fly, and strike, what then?  
'Tis only that this faithful few  
Can front two hundred thousand men!

You call them ignorant, rash and wild—  
But who can tell how patriots feel  
With centuries of torment piled  
Above the land to which they kneel?  
And who has made them what we find—  
Ling'ring lurch in their den,  
And breaking forth in fury blind,  
To beard two hundred thousand men?

Who made their lives so hard to beat?  
They care not how they may be lost?  
Their land a symbol of despair—  
A wreck on ruin's ocean tossed!  
We, happier here, may carp and sneer,  
And judge them harshly—but what than?  
No glory for those who have as foe  
To face two hundred thousand men!

Honor the brave! Let England rave  
Against them as a savage band—  
We know their foes, we know their woes,  
And hail them as a hero band.  
With iron will they battle still,  
In groups of three and files of ten—  
Nor care we by what savage skill  
They fight two hundred thousand men!  
MILAS O'REILLY.

**The Chronicles of Jattletown.**

BY VIRGINIA

**CHAPTER XIV.**

Three days passed but no tidings reached the Hall of the capture of Charlie, and Claudia hoping he might have succeeded in making his escape, said nothing of it to Augusta and Daisy, whose interest was now centered in Eugene, who was still too ill to be removed to Compton Hall. Mrs. Compton had stationed herself by his couch, not once leaving him save to pen a few hasty lines to the anxious hearts at home, informing them of the progress of his illness. Daisy absorbed in her own grief, and Augusta in her household cares, did not notice the weary, anxious look on Claudia's face, or the nervous anxiety with which she listened to the reading of the brief notes from the camp; if they did, they but fancied it a reflection of their own sad hearts, and loved her the more for her sisterly affection and empathy.

It was on the morning of the fourth, that Augusta looking into the library where the girl sat, asked Claudia if she would take some medicine down to the quarters for one of the servants who was sick. She readily consented, glad of an opportunity to assist Augusta, and the prospect of a walk. Daisy sat near the window with an open book lying upon her lap, but her thoughts were far distant from her studies. She was learning one of the bitter lessons of life, patience. Claudia noticed the weary, dejected expression on the sweet childish face, and thinking a change might be of benefit, proposed her joining her in her walk.

"No, Claudia, I'd rather not. There's little pleasure in going where every thing reminds me of him. Oh why should earth be so fair, when hearts are breaking! I would rather hide my grief from the mockery of its smile."

Claudia put her arm caressingly around the slight figure, saying as she kissed her:—"Is this acting rightly, darling? Did you not tell me that you would endeavor to be contented and patient? Then to think how many hearts weep for those who may never return to them in a few days Eugene will be with you."

"I know it is wrong, Claudia; but I cannot help it, and indeed I'd rather remain at home this morning."

"Of course, darling, if you think you'd be happier for it, I only consulted your happiness in proposing it."

Daisy took up her book again. Claudia looked back on her as she closed the door, and prepared for her walk, and noted the child-woman's grief that needed no concealment; a sorrow in which loving hearts could sympathize; a love she might not blush to own; and yet wondered why her sister but to wander amid flowers and sunshine, should be torn and bleeding with its cruel thorns, ere her journey had begun.

Receiving Augusta's instructions in regard to the sick servant, she left the house, and proceeded in the direction of the negro quarters. She had passed through the grove, and emerged again

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into the highroad, and was turning the angle of a large tobacco house, when she saw a mounted soldier in Federal uniform closing the gate through which he had just passed. He touched his hat respectfully on seeing her, and riding up to her inquired the road to Compton Hall. She gave him the direction adding:

"I presume you are the messenger from Colonel Bell's headquarters; if so you can tell me how the young gentleman is."

"Yes, Miss, I am. The young gentleman is quite sick yet, but if you are, as I suppose, one of the ladies from the Hall, I can give you the note instead of riding further," and he took two notes from his pocket and handed them to her, saying as he did so, "The colonel said one of them would require an answer, which he himself would call for, with the ladies permission."

Claudia broke the seal of one of the notes, which was addressed to her; the other was from Mrs. Compton to Daisy; this she put in her pocket. She turned away from the soldier that the varying expression of her face might not be seen, as she hastily read her note; then hastily tearing the blank page off, she hurriedly penciled a few lines, with a little gold pencil that hung from her watch guard, and enclosing it in the same envelope, she gave it to the messenger, who with another military salute rode off, leaving her motionless with grief. She waited until he was out of sight, when uttering a wild cry of agony, she crushed the note in her hand, and flung it away into the cedar hedge that bordered the road; then leaning against the oaken and iron-bolted door of the old warehouse, wept such tears as women seldom weep, but they brought no relief to the breaking and bleeding heart.

Approaching footsteps aroused her from what seemed some horrid dream, and drawing her veil over her face, she continued her walk, which brought her in a few moments to the cabin wherein lay her errand. The old negro woman seemed thankful for these little attentions to her wants, and as Claudia looked around and saw how neat and comfortable she was, the closely bed linen and sanded floor, bespeaking the careful supervision of Mrs. Compton, who made a weekly visit to the quarters. Claudia read a portion of the bible to the old woman, and was preparing to return home when she asked her in a timid way to sing for her.

"They tell me, Miss, as how you be a fine singer, an if you won't mind to sing out de choral hymns for a one nigger, I'd like it powerful."

Claudia would gladly have excused herself, but she thought with a sigh of the little good she had ever done in the world, and without hesitation she sang the beautiful hymn beginning:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high."

The sweet voice troubled in the intensity of its melody, filling the humble cabin, and floated out upon the quiet air in murmuring waves.

"I'll come again to-morrow if I can," said Claudia, seeing how gratified the old negro was, and ashamed of the unmerited thanks heaped upon her; yet thankful withal that she possessed one talent that might be used for good.

"Yes, Miss, if you please; though taint fur a ole nigger like me to discourage you. When you kin come conveniently, ole Patsy will be happy to bab you come an sing fur her. God bless you, an when we meets in hebbin I hopes to be nigh to you an kin bear dat hymn agin."

Claudia left her more comfortable than she had found her, but she feared another day should be her last, and soon indeed would she be listening to the song of angels who stand around the great White Throne.

On reaching home she delivered Mrs. Compton's note to Daisy, and listened with sympathizing pleasure to its contents which informed them of the probability of bringing Eugene to the Hall on the day following. Mrs. Compton's note closed by saying:

"Colonel Bell has been absent nearly a week, having been summoned to headquarters on important business, he tells me. He seems willing, my anxious for Eugene's removal, which I can only account for by the supposition that some important military movement will shortly be made, or our forces under General Jackson are approaching."

Neither Augusta nor Daisy cared to give

the matter a second thought; it sufficed them to know that, whatever it might be, it would bring their mother and Eugene home. To Claudia the note was more comprehensive; the note from Col. Bell had explained it, still she along despairing to what might yet be done through his influence. Leaving her companions to their happiness, she went to her own room, and seating herself she opened and read again Colonel Bell's note which she had found in the hedge, on her return home, and where she had thrown it in her first agony of grief. It ran thus:

MISS HENRY:—I regret to inform you that on the twentieth, your friend and adopted brother was made a prisoner by some of our men, and for reasons as yet unknown to me, is supposed to be a spy. For three days have I endeavored to exert some influence to secure his release, but I fear it is of little avail, and that here, almost within sight of home, he will suffer the penalty due such criminals. His desire is that his mother and sisters may be kept in ignorance of the true state of the case; indeed of it all. He is anxious to see you, and I have written this note to say, if you should wish to comply with that request, I shall be pleased to accompany you, or if my escort be unaccountable, I will provide another. With sentiments of profound respect and sympathy, I am

Truly yours,  
ARTHUR BELL.

This was not the first communication from him she had received. It was the day after his first appearance at Compton Hall, that he had written to her, renewing the offer of marriage made two years before, begging her to consider leisurely the matter, and give him an answer at her earliest opportunity; trusting that answer might be favorable to his suit. To this letter Claudia, as yet, had made no reply, and in the more important consideration of the one before her, it was entirely forgotten.

It was a short time after dinner when one of the saddle horses was brought to the front door, and in a few moments after Claudia appeared upon the piazza, dressed in her riding habit. Augusta, who from the library window had seen the horse brought out, came out into the hall, and meeting Claudia, asked with some surprise where she was going.

"Only for a little ride, dear," she replied, busy with herself with her riding whip the handle of which was loose. "I felt too tired of the house, and so spritless that I fancied a ride on my favorite there, would put some life into me."

"Don't go far, Claudia," said Augusta anxiously, "you know, now that mamma is not here, I feel, in a certain sense responsible for your safety. Suppose you take one of the boys with you?"

"Dan will go along as body-guard," replied Claudia gathering up her skirt.

"Here he comes now—a very presentable lady's page I think," she added as that individual appeared, and to whom Uncle Mike, after assisting Claudia to her saddle, gave manifold instructions as to his behaviour, closing his remarks by the usual caution "not to be cutting capers, and making a fool of himself," which instructions his pupil obeyed by going through a series of equestrian feats, quite wonderful to the group of admiring negroes on the lawn, for whose especial benefit they were undertaken.

A ride of a few minutes brought Claudia to the old ware-house, where Colonel Bell awaited her. For the consideration of a bright silver dollar, the crest-fallen Nimrod was induced to keep silence as to Claudia meeting Colonel Bell, also to return to the quarters and await her return, after being assured that the Colonel did not intend running off with her.

They had gone some distance towards "Lozier's Retreat" ere Claudia reverted to the contents of his note. He gave her no hope of Charlie's release though he endeavored to comfort her, for the griefed expression on the beautiful face distressed him.

"Do not take it so to heart, Miss Henry; perhaps something may occur to mitigate this sentence in some way. Believe me I would do almost anything to be assured of a happy termination of this unhappy affair," and raising his horse nearer her own he added, "There is but one means of securing his release, and did I not hope my affection for you was in some degree reciprocated, I should hesitate to name it."

"What is it?" she asked eagerly, "you know that I would do anything—everything to secure it; even to sacrificing my life!"

"Is it then so great a sacrifice?" he asked reproachfully.

"A sacrifice! Can anything be considered a sacrifice that would secure the

happiness of a beloved brother?"

"I would have it no sacrifice to love me. Give me but a brother's claim to plead Mr. Compton's cause, and I may do much; as it is in my hands are tied."

"How?" she asked forgetful of herself and misinterpreting his words.

"Be mine," he said softly, bending towards her until his breath fanned her hot and flushed cheek. "and I will resign my position here, and go immediately to Washington. I have already secured a respite of three days, and in that time I may do much, aided by your own influence."

"Colonel Bell I will not deceive you. I respect and admire you, but I cannot love you as, for your own sake I could wish, and as you deserve to be. If such feelings will content you I will be yours, but believe me when I say I will be the gainer by the compact—I have no heart to give."

"Does another claim it?" he asked looking into the beautiful eyes for his answer. "Had he asked her 'do you love another?' how could she have answered? but with a despairing earnestness, she replied truthfully and sadly.

"No, I know of none save yourself who would wish to do so."

"Then I may teach it to love. Have I my answer?"

Claudia placed her hand in his, and replied "Go to Washington; secure his release, and then you may claim me, such as I am."

"But he pleaded 'why not go with me to-morrow as my wife—to plead with me for a brother's life?'"

"Her reply was spoken only for the man at her side, for she perceived they had reached the first line of sentinels, stationed near their destination. As they rode through the gate Claudia remembered sadly the happy day she had proposed a visit to this bachelor's hall, little dreaming under what sad circumstances she would visit it for the first time.

It was late in the afternoon Charlie could bring himself to consent Claudia should leave him. She seemed the last link that bound him to a happy home. He entrusted to her faithful and loving care the many messages of love to those dear to him. He spoke little of himself, his only regret seemed to be that he should die as a common felon, as one convicted of every crime that dishonors death, and that he had suffered such a penalty, he earnestly wished his mother and sisters should never know.

Augusta, who had become anxious when the afternoon passed, and still Claudia had not returned, was surprised when at dark she arrived accompanied by Colonel Bell, who was invited to remain to tea. This he declined, promising to return on the day following with Mrs. Compton, and Eugene.

That night Claudia told Augusta of her intended marriage to Colonel Bell on the morrow.

"But why this hurry?" asked the astonished Augusta. "Surely you can wait until we have reconciled ourselves to the idea of giving you up, but perhaps this has been contemplated some time?"

"On the contrary, I only decided this afternoon. Colonel Bell leaves for Washington immediately on important business, which fact has decided me to accede to his wish that it may be to-morrow."

"How can we give you up, dearest?" asked Augusta putting her arm affectionately around Claudia and kissing her tears away.

"Dear Augusta do not make it harder to part with you all by this kindness! It is not a mere grief to me to be separated, perhaps forever, from all that has made my life so bright for the last two years!"

The following day Mrs. Compton arrived with Eugene, who supported by Uncle Mike, and Colonel Bell was carried to his room. Daisy was with him, and did that for him, with the sunlight of her presence, which medicines and surgeons had failed to do. He lay upon his couch drinking in the healing and soothing influence of her love, and tenderness.

"You are quite a woman, pet!" he said caressing the soft curls that fell on the pillow beside him. "Do you know that I was on my way to claim the fulfillment of a promise made me two years ago, when I was captured and wounded. What shall I be, darling?"

A smile, and a blush—then availing a reply she said coaxingly "Dear Bu-

gene you will be quiet now, or mamma will call me out of the room. Did she not caution us not to talk much?"

"I shall be quite content to remain quiet after you've answered my question, pet."

"I don't know Eugene. I suppose it will be when Mamma says so, or when you are quite well again."

"Then I shall recover with astonishing rapidity—kiss me."

Eugene this is the third time!

He laughed "And if it is pet, what of that? Just think of the number due me?"

"Due you?"

"Yes, but 'importe, one day I'll square accounts with you, darling."

"Did Augusta tell you that Claudia will be married this evening to Colonel Bell?"

"No, is it really so?"

"Oh yes, I suppose I may tell you, as you are one of the family—almost," she added blushing.

"Quite," he said, kissing her again, to remind her that his privilege as such was not forgotten.

"I assure you it was quite a surprise to me; especially, for I did not know that he had ever addressed her before, but it seems that he did, on his first visit, two years ago, and again since this last visit. They will be married very quietly—none but the Burkes and Gardeners being present besides the family. Colonel Bell will leave for Washington to-morrow, and Mamma tried to persuade him to leave Claudia until his return, but he would not consent to it."

"Of course not," interrupted Eugene.

"No," concluded Daisy, "and strange as it may seem Claudia did not express a wish to remain, but seemed anxious to accompany him."

"Of course she would," said Eugene.

"Do you suppose, I would consent to such an arrangement were I in his place, and she in yours?"

"I don't know, but our case is quite different."

"Yes, darling, when you are mine nothing shall part us—you are mine, until death do us part."

It was a quiet wedding that took place at Compton Hall that evening. Colonel Bell was accompanied by two of his fellow officers, who in addition to the Burkes and Gardeners constituted the guests. Claudia looked sad, but very beautiful in the simple white muslin dress, and veil of misty softness that only enhanced without concealing her pale beauty. The Colonel proudly conscious of possessing the woman that of all others he deemed most worthy of the love he lavished upon her.

The following morning, after a late breakfast, Colonel Bell, and Claudia left for Washington; leaving the Tattletownians a nine days' wonder to contemplate at their leisure; a goddess that had chanced but seldom during the last two years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**An Ancient Grave Yard.**

The Nashville Times says there are many indications that the capital of Tennessee is built where there was once a populous city of an ancient people. The early settlers there found many vestiges of fortifications, buildings, etc., of which the Indians knew nothing. When Nashville was besieged, and the suburbs were gut up with long lines of works, many deeply interesting relics were excavated. It was then discovered that in North Nashville there had been an ancient cemetery, where thousands had been buried. But none except the remains of adults were found there. Six miles from the city, toward the mouth of Stone river, is another vast cemetery, where none but pigmy remains are found, the graves being from 18 to 25 and 80 inches in length.

A Curious Method of killing rats is recommended in a German journal as very efficient. A piece of new or unused sponge is cut into small pieces, which are smeared with butter, and placed within reach of rats next to a dish of water. The rats eat the sponge, and become thirsty, drink the water which swells the sponge, and in a short time kills the animals, which are found lying dead all around.

Clusia, while feeding on the banks of the rivers in Florida, sometimes find their tails in the jaws of old alligators who are fond of tall soup. There is instantly a sharp dispute between the proprietor of the tail and the would be possessor, which is not without interest to the casual spectators.

**Discovery of a Remarkable Cave in Mifflin County.**

A Mifflin correspondent of the Lewis-town Gazette gives the following particulars of the discovery of a wonderful cave in Mifflin County:

"On the 24th of April, while Charles Nageny, of Mifflin, was having a site dug for a limekiln, he was surprised by finding an opening in the side of the hill. The moment it came to view a strong stream of air began issuing forth, like the pressing of a pair of bellows: the work was continued until the aperture opened in size large enough to allow the body to crawl in, and then it was found to be a splendid cave, with gorgeous subterranean gangways: during the week the work progressed, and a formal entrance was made. On Saturday May 2d, the citizens of Mifflin and vicinity had the pleasure of a full view. The attendance was composed of about one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen. Lights being at hand, having been furnished by Mr. Nageny, it made the affair quite interesting. After first entering we found ourselves enclosed in a narrow undergrown path for the distance of twelve feet; here the great cave came to view; the gangway about fifteen feet wide, with gigantic walls of rock, was a direct line of about sixty feet, in the centre of which we beheld the hanging or projecting rocks, in the shape of a mantel, underneath which were small, crystallized rocks, long and hollow, appearing like icicles on a house in winter time. Here we turned to the right, and had a full sight of the 'Platform Rock,' a natural platform, about three feet above the level of the floor and running together in the centre; above it was a shelf or canopy, which indeed presented a sublime sight. Here one hundred and seventy feet under ground, and in natural formed rooms or gangways, with a splendid spring of fresh water beneath your feet, you could realize that the hand of nature had truly been at work here. A short distance further on, we beheld the hanging lamb, and then came the subterranean chamber, situated below, where the rocks seemed to be more marbleized, as they are firmer, whiter and more solidly settled. After returning, we, with the assistance of a ladder, provided by Mr. Nageny, were enabled to take a look up stairs. Here was another chamber, with colossal walls of rocks, which presented a sight never to be forgotten; the distance traversed was about 600 feet. The air within is very warm, and the floor or ground seems as if cemented and is firm and solid. The diagram is in shape of an H written, and very neatly laid out. The base of the spring are like small pebbles laid aside of each other, with a border composed of a larger size. The cave is situated on the line of the Mifflin and Centre County Railroad, about three-fourths of a mile below Mifflin, and is a grand and sublime sight—a relic of nature's handiwork that Mifflin County may one day be proud of. It will be open for visitors, during the coming week, when all who may wish to improve themselves in the study of nature's works, may have an opportunity to visit it."

**THIS, THAT ANDHE OTHETR.**

—Never tell a man he's a fool, in the first place, he won't believe you, in the next, you make him your enemy.

—Reader, did you ever enjoy the ecstatic bliss of courting? You didn't! Then you had better get a little Gal-an-try.

—No proof of temperance—man with his hat off at midnight, expelling it to a lamp post the principles of his party.

—It is well to leave something for those who come after us, as the gentleman said who threw a barrel in the way of a constable who was chasing him.

—A Nevada widow was recently startled by the return of her husband, just as she was about to be married again. She had erected a tombstone, and planted flowers upon the supposed grave of the lost partner.

—Peanuts seem to be a trivial article, but in North Carolina, where they are chiefly raised, they have almost taken the place of cotton as the great staple, and bring their cultivators annually \$100 per acre.

—A toll gate keeper in England was brought before a magistrate for cruelty to his daughter. The little difficulty arose from a discovery made by the parent, that the girl who was frequently left in charge of the gate, used to allow her sweetheart, a young butcher, to drive her wagon through free. She never told her lover.

—The sound of a young hammer, says Franklin, at five in the morning or at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer, but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears you whist at a tavern, when you should be at work, he will send for his money the next day.

—A captain who had a second sleeping mate caught an Irish boy in the middle watch frying some pork and eggs he had stolen from the ship's stores, to whom the captain called out—You lubber, you'll have none of that. Faith captain, I've none for ye, said the lad.

—Every negro who wishes to make a fortune without work, should go to St. Louis and demand the privilege of riding in the street cars with the white folks. One has just recovered \$500,000,000 01 damages for being denied that privilege. The proprietors of the street cars are perfectly willing for him to keep his cent.