

It chanced on a beautiful summer night, When the moon was young, when the stars were bright, And the blossoms slept in the tender light, And dreamed of the zephyr's sighs, That a wondrous spell in our home was wrought— Of hopes and fears and bewildering thought, By a fairy flower that an angel brought From the gardens of Paradise.

The south wind fluttered its perfumed wings And essayed the song that the bulbuls sing; And the fire-fly sparkled in mystic rings, Like lambs at a fairy ball; The young leaves, whispering sweet and low In a tongue that only Dryads know, Made love to the waves that danced below To the chant of the water-fall.

The cloud ships lay in the far off West, With their masts and spars and sails at rest.

Or floated along in an idle quest Of some bright Elysian Isle; And fairy gondolas, here and there, Moved down the streams of upper air, And moored their prows to the shadowy stair Of course Gothic palaces-ple.

No the hours of that summer night were told, The starlight faded from river and wold, And morning, in garments of purple and gold, Awakened the sleeping earth.

But the cherub from, with its face so fair: Crowded with a glory of golden hair— Like the morning sunshine gleaming there— Still nestled besides our hearth.

[For the WATCHMAN The Chronicles of Tattletown.

BY VIRGINIA CHAPTER XVI

The sun shone brightly through the curtainless-windows, and upon the bare floor, but gave no warmth to the cheerless cabin wherein Mrs. Peck lay dying.

The glare of the sunlight upon the snow without, fell upon the wrinkled face, whereon stern death had set his seal. As Mrs. Compton entered the room, she made a sign to the solitary watcher beside her, to raise her up.

"I'm obliged to you for coming," she said in a feeble voice, as Mrs. Compton seated herself beside the bed, and took the withered hand in her own. "I don't deserve it after all that's happened, and—here she was compelled to stop, and the laboring breath came fast.

"Never mind now about speaking. I shall remain here some time, and you can take your own time to tell me what you wish," said Mrs. Compton kindly, as she poured some wine she had brought with her into a cup, and put it to the old woman's lips. "Take this Mrs. Peck, it will do you good, and give you the strength to say what you wish."

"Take it away," she replied, putting the cup away. "I must not touch it. It will make me drowsy, and I have much to tell you, and may be when you know all you'd sooner put pen to my mouth than that. Ah me! why should I be blamed for no doings of mine?"

Miss Jenks the only one near, besides Mrs. Compton who stood near the bed, nodded knowingly as Mrs. Peck was speaking, and to Mrs. Compton's look of surprise, explained:

"She's been gone on this way for more'n than three days. The doctor said it was the pills that made her lightheaded like, and said we mustn't mind it, and that's the reason why we hadn't sent for you before. She seemed bent on having you here, and when she thought none of us was listening she would pray that the Lord would spare her until she seen you, or that Nancy might come home before she died—

When ever I think of Nancy's leaving her the way she did, I feel like doubting scripture which says that all kinder distractions shall come upon them what Jewar's father or mother. I isn't much of a nuss myself, but I couldn't bear to leave her here by herself, though I know she'd rather have me away—the sight of me woulder break Nancy, you see, to her mind."

"Surely some of the neighbors would come in, occasionally to relieve you, I should suppose," said Mrs. Compton.

"Oh, yes, they come as often as they kin, but most of 'em has children to look after, and can't stay at night. It's awful to hear her go on as she does—it make my blood run cold just to think on it," and Miss Jenks shivered as much from the recollection of her midnight vigils, as from the cold that came in through the log of the old cabin.

"You had better go home and take some rest, I will watch beside her to night," said Mrs. Compton seeing how tired, and worn out Miss Jenks seemed really to be.

"You'll you ain't able. It's as much as I kin stand as is used to it!"

"I shall send for Esther, and with her assistance we can do all that will be needed. You will please tell Uncle Mike as you go out, to go back to the Hall for her; also some provisions and candles."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Peck, seemingly relieved at the prospect of Miss Jenks's departure.

"It's much obliged, I'm sure, to you for taking the trouble," said Miss Jenks, not noticing Mrs. Peck's remarks, and d'ying off her countenance, as if she were all afternoon, and going back to her usual place, as if nothing had happened.

"I think that the only way to get her to sleep, is to let her see that you may tell him to bring a couple of blankets—this bed has not sufficient clothing."

"Lord bless you, that ain't no use on it, when there's heaps of blankets in the old chest under the bed—only she's so close that she'd sooner freeze to death than to open that chest! She's a powerful heep of things that would make her more comfortable! She didn't lose a single rag of bed clothes when the Yankees sot fire to her house—she dragged them all out, and then sot out them to keep the soldiers from taking them!"

"There's no need to vex her by opening them, however if she objects. You will give Michael the order if you please."

"Always was a fool!" muttered Miss Jenks as she left the house. "She jest said that to make herself peer grand like—as if the old woman would be hurt by being crossed a little! The sooner she's off the better to my mind! She's been sailing ever since Nancy ran off with that ar scamp of a Yankee! She says Nancy has married since she got to the north; but I wonder if she thinks any body is gwine to believe such stuff as that? A man what will cause a gal to run off contrary to their parents, is in my mind a man what will make a had husband, and a man what finds a gal hasn't no more principal than that, ain't likely to trust her after she's his'n, and likely to treat him the same trick! As if too any be lieved the man had a hankering for Nancy, instead of the money, she was s'ch a fool as to boast of having scored up! Better be a respectable old maid, than a disreputable married woman," and Miss Jenks contemplated her state of single blessedness with satisfaction. She delivered Mrs. Compton's message to Mike, and went on her way; fully resolved to be back before night.

Miss Jenks had been gone some time before Mrs. Peck missed her. "Is she gone?" she asked.

Mrs. Compton came back to the bed from the fire where she was endeavoring to warm her chilled feet. The room was too cold to admit of taking her cloak off, but she had laid aside her bonnet on the foot of the bed, being the only available spot in the room, for so doing. Mrs. Peck noticed it, also the deepened mourning of her dress, and asked:

"Are you wearing black for him?"

"For my son?"

"He ain't dead!" said the old woman looking into her face to note the effect of her words, but she was disappointed, for Mrs. Compton considered it only ignorance on her part, of the truth of it, or that with the treacherous memory of old age she had forgotten it.

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you may read her letter; only promise me you will not read it until I am in my grave where I won't know how you dispose her for it—where I can forget she done such a wicked thing! There's a letter to you sent along with it, but I couldn't bear to give it to you. The letter is in the chest under the bed, and that's why I wouldn't let em open it—The key is on the shelf, in the old blue pitcher."

"Mrs. Compton by a violent effort calmed the agitation produced by Mrs. Peck's mysterious words, and laying her hand softly on that of the dying woman, asked: "Have you considered that you have not made your peace with God? You speak of forgiveness; have you obtained it from a sinned against God?"

"I'm afeard I hav'n't thought much on those things of late—ow could I when all I thought of was Nancy? My Gardner has been very kind, more so than I deserve."

"Would you like me to read a portion of the bible to you?"

"No, not now. I reckon I'll jest sleep a bit—after a while I kin listen to you."

"Mrs. Compton could but assent, though she felt that from the slumbers into which she was sinking, there could be no awakening on death. Now that the excitement was gone, she saw too plainly that death had set his seal upon her, and she felt more than anxious that the poor woman might leave some assurance that she had entered upon a happier state of existence. The afternoon wore on, and still Mrs. Peck slept, and as Mrs. Compton sat by the fire wondering why Aunt Esther had not arrived, the door opened, and Mr. Gardner came in. He did not seem surprised to see her there—too often had he met in the shades of poverty, the noble hearted woman, who with true christian charity, endeavored to follow in the footsteps of Him who "went about doing good."

He looked at the bed, and a glance sufficed to convince him that for the woman who lay there his services would no longer be needed; unless indeed when above her mortal remains he should repeat the solemn burial service. He seated himself near the fire, and was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Compton on the state of the parish, when the door opened, and Miss Jenks entered, and shortly Aunt Esther, Mr. Gardner, and going to the bed, ascertained that all was over with Mrs. Peck. Mrs. Compton, Miss Jenks and Aunt Esther gathered around the bed, while he offered up a prayer for the living—the dead needed it not. Before leaving he advised Mrs. Compton to return home, and leave Aunt Esther in charge of things in the cabin. This she readily proposed to do, knowing Daisy to be alone, and consequently anxious and uneasy.

While one of the neighbors, who had come in, assisted Aunt Esther in preparing the body for burial, Miss Jenks came up to Mrs. Compton who sat near the fire, which Mike had replenished. "I don't know what we'll do for something to put on her, unless we open some of her boxes, and they are locked. I think if any body can take the responsibility of opening them, you may."

Miss Compton hesitated a moment, but seeing there was no alternative, she took the key out of the old broken pitcher, and telling Aunt Esther to move the chest from under the bed, she opened it, she knew the custom among people of that class to put aside such garments as they wished to be buried in, and she was not surprised to find such already folded in one corner. These she took out one by one, as she did so a letter dropped from the folds of a skirt, also a pocket book. The latter she replaced, but the letter she retained. Miss Jenks, who stood looking on, suggested that it might be the old woman's will, and Mrs. Compton, as she put it into her pocket, was quite willing she should be so.

Having seen that everything would be well managed in Aunt Esther's hands, she left for home, and during the long ride she thought much of what the contents of the letter might be. This they had a direct bearing on her happiness she doubted, still she wondered why Miss Nancy should write to her, unless indeed it might be to solicit her assistance for her mother. She thought some in this direction, but it did not satisfy her, and on reaching home she immediately looked into her own room, and looking in the chest, she found a letter to her and say "good night."

"Mamma it is late, is it not?" asked Daisy drowsily, as half an hour later Mrs. Compton returned to her room with a light which she sat down upon the dressing table.

"Yes, love; but sit up—there is news for you!"

Something in her mother's voice aroused Daisy thoroughly, and sitting up in bed she asked:

"A letter from Augusta, mamma, is it?"

"No, dear, better even than that."

"From Eugene then?"

"No, better than that, too."

"Alas! mamma I'm in as great a quandary as the peasant in the presence of the disguised Czar of Russia!"

"My darling can any news be more welcomed than that which assures us that one we have mourned as dead, is still spared to us?"

Daisy looked anxiously at her mother. "Good news come but seldom, mamma, and I'm more than ready to hear it."

"Listen then," Mrs. Peck gave me a letter from her daughter. That letter enclosed one to me, which tells me that our beloved Charles is a prisoner, alive and well. To prove what she asserts, she acknowledges, that in revenge for the injuries she supposed he did her in the affair of the singing class, she betrayed him to the Federal Commander, and that the knowledge of his presence in the old church she obtained by concealing herself in the clock room, where she overheard our conversation the morning we heard of Eugene's capture."

"Mamma—dear mamma, can it be true?"

"Yes darling. I will show you her letter on to-morrow. His place of imprisonment she cannot inform us, but we may at least hope that the day is not far distant when he may be restored to us."

Daisy laid her head on her mother's breast, and they mingled their tears—happy tears that refresh the heart that sorrow has well nigh broken.

"Shall we forget the Giver of every good and perfect gift?" asked Mrs. Compton as she knelt beside the couch, and as the prayer ascended to the throne of a prayer hearing, and prayer answering God, angels placed it as a sweet incense before Him who hath promised that the "seed of the righteous shall never be forsaken."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A KNAVE, BUT NOT A FOOL.—When gold was worth \$2,80 in green backs, Ben Butler, a military commander, seized \$68,000 in New Orleans, sent it to New York, and undoubtedly sold it, realizing \$170,000 in greenbacks. The owner of the gold, and Butler, got judgment in greenbacks, making only one hundred and eight thousand dollars by the transaction. But he is acknowledged leader of the party of moral ideas.

FOUND OUT LAST.—The little girl, stolen last fall, by the Gypsies, at Sandusky, and for a time supposed to be among the tribes encamped at Salem, was found about three weeks ago, at Terre Haute, Indiana. The hand in, whose possession she was found, was closely followed and watched for months, but they managed to keep the child secreted until the day it was discovered and reclaimed. It was much emaciated, and gave every evidence of hard usage. It is now safely with its parents.—Allen County Democrat.

A man while passing through a meadow near Carl, was attacked by a mad dog, and he stabbed the dog with a pitchfork, he had in his hand. The master of the dog brought him before the magistrate who asked him why he had not rather strike the dog with the butt end of the weapon.

"Oh! should have done," said the man, if he had run at me with his butt end.

"John," asked a physician of the apothecary's apprentice, "did Mrs. Brown get the medicine I ordered?"

"Yes, sir," replied John, "for I saw a bunch of burglars in the door this morning."

The following sentiment is said to have been given at a recent railroad celebration: "Our mothers, the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch. Touching."

LOST. In the hall's of memory treasured With the jewels rich and rare, There's a picture of an angle Twining violets in her hair; As a fragrant lily there Among the treasures rich and rare, Hangs that picture of an angel With the violets in her hair.

Once we walked the starry meadows When the violets hung with dew; Each drop held a treasured image Like an angel looking through, Ah the smiles so sweet and true In each beaded drop of dew, As we tarried in the meadows, Saw the angels gazing through.

Again the summer dews the meadows And the violets drop with dew, But the beaded drops of light Gave no angel to my view; No laughing eyes peep through The opal globes of dew— I hold a sacred memory, That smiles so sweet and true!

In a quiet dell there sleeps Where the valley opens West, One with violets in her hair And a lily on her breast. After the dreamless rest Waiting for the morn'ng blast, With violets in her hair And lily's on her breast.

THIS, THAT—AND THE OTHER. —The radicals of the first district, Va. nominated Daniel M. Norton, colored, for Congress.

—Gen. Napier has conquered Abyssinia and Gen. Meade has conquered a Democratic editor.

—Mrs. Partington has come to the conclusion that there is no use trying to catch soft water when it rains so hard.

—Logan's offensive nomination of Grant was too much for him. He has disappeared from human observation since.

—The chief purpose for which the radicals wish to elect Grant to the Presidency is to use him as an appointing machine.

—Mrs. Dean, of Lake county, Ind., has just been granted a divorce, that she may marry her son-in-law. Accommodating, out there.

—The man who "took a walk" the other day brought it back again, but the next day took a ride and has not since been heard from.

—Grant would like an act of Congress to enable him to hold onto his commission in case he is not elected President. Talk of centralization!

—The young lady who was frozen with hunger, and was subsequently melted into tears, was carried out and consigned to a watery grave.

—Somebody having stated that Grant has no will of his own, Prentice thinks he had better make one as soon as possible, in view of his political death.

—The State of Massachusetts has a population of 1,200,000. Of this number, 400,000, or one third of the entire population, are Roman Catholics.

Ben Butler was a soldier brave, A soldier brave was he. He had for silver spoons and such A par-ti-lal-ity.

—There is no need of the trouble and expense of election in the South. The states can declare before the elections who shall hold office just as well as after.

—The crop reports from Arkansas and West Tennessee, are very encouraging. The corn is nearly knee high, and of good color. The cotton is good and very promising.

—Lewis Lane is under arrest at Pittsburgh, on suspicion of poisoning his sixth wife, who died suddenly the other day, after drinking some whiskey he had given her.

—Miss Maggie Hoyt, whose parents lately residing near Chicago forks, were killed by the recent Erie disaster, has, by a settlement with the company, received \$9,000.

—The Mormons of Salt Lake City are fighting the grasshoppers. They turn out "en masse," headed by their bishops, catch the insects in sheets, sleeves and socks, and burn them.

Dr. Potter, of Cincinnati, left a fortune to his heirs on condition that they scotch tobacco. The first one of them who puffs a cigar, blows his inheritance to the four winds.

—Eve was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mother. And Adam was the only man that never installed his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

—Two Spaniards were arrested at New Orleans last Friday night, having in their possession gold bars, of an estimated value of \$150,000, being part of the proceeds of a Mexican robbery.

—Palluway says that, shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes which are seen in the churches every Sunday.

"Can you tell me," the difficulty between an accident and a misfortune is given it up. "You can't tell," said an internal revenue officer should fall into the river, that would be an accident if somebody should pull him out, that would be a misfortune."

Some years ago a mysterious paragraph went the round of the press, to the effect that a young and beautiful woman made her appearance every night at ten o'clock in one of our West End squares, and after a superb vocal display, she disappeared, no one knew where or how, exactly as the clock struck eleven. The Sunday Times professed to give special and exclusive particulars of this anonymous nightingale, as she was termed, and even went so far as to hint broadly that she was a celebrated vocalist married to a penniless lord, who took this novel mode of enlarging an insufficient income. Of course this piece of family history proved to be an invention. I had the good fortune to hear her on one occasion in Buckley square. Seeing a large crowd waiting in an expectant attitude just where a fashionable hotel was located I inquired the cause, and was told that the mysterious vocalist, the nightingale, was about to show herself. As the clock struck ten a lady dressed in deep mourning, having the upper part of her face concealed by a thick black veil, glided forward and took her place in the centre of a space purposely kept clear for her. I decided, from noticing the beautiful formation of the mouth and chin, and the finely rounded fair throat, that she must be both young and more than commonly attractive. She was accompanied by a little boy, also in deep mourning, who carried an open portfolio. Without delay, the nightingale commenced a ballad and sang with such surpassing taste and feeling as to hold the miscellaneous crowd in mute and rapt attention. The song was followed by several favorite scenes from popular operas, all exhibiting the talent and culture of an accomplished artist.—A collection was made; few gave coppers—all who could afford it gave silver. The little boy sent his bag to the hotel, the balcony of which was crowded with visitors, and was returned apparently heavy with precious coin. The total sum must have been considerable, and this I was informed was the usual reward of the hour's work. When it struck, the unknown stopped her song, made a light courtesy, and threaded her way quickly through the crowd. Her real history I afterward learned, was a pitiful one. She was the daughter of a celebrated teacher of music and had been educated for the stage; she married against the wish of her parents, a clerk in a post-office, who, being detected in the then unpardonable sin of uttering a forged note, was tried, convicted and hanged. With three little helpless infants and no means of earning a sufficient income the bereaved young wife adopted the plan of making her fine voice and scientific attainments furnish the means of subsistence. The close of this story is more hopeful. Her beauty, misfortune and accomplishments attracted the attention of a clergyman in one of the eastern counties. He married her, and she disappeared forever from public view.

Danger From Lightning. More than the ordinary number of accidents from lightning, have been reported in various sections of the country, and that our readers may guard themselves during the prevalence of a stormy season, we give some facts regarding lightning, which may possibly save valuable lives, if heeded:

It is very dangerous to be near a tree or lofty building; also near a river or any running water, because any tall object will frequently discharge a lightning cloud, and, if any one were near by at the time, the lightning might glance off and pass through the human body.

The most dangerous parts of a dwelling during a thunder storm are the fireplace, especially if the fire be lighted, the attic, and the cellar. It is also imprudent to sit close by the walls, to ring the bell, or to bar the shutters during a thunder storm.

Fire-places are dangerous, because heat, air and foot especially when connected with a stove or grate, are conductors. Attics and cellars are dangerous, because the electric fluid, as we have already told you, often passes from the earth to the clouds, as that in the middle story must be the safest place. It is dangerous to lean against a wall, because the lightning, passing down the wall, would leave it and go into the body which is a better conductor.

It is dangerous to be in a crowd, because a mass of people forms a better conductor than one person, and because the vapor arising from a crowd increases the conducting power. Any place, about twenty feet high, from a tall tree, building, or stream of water, is the safest place. A person in a carriage during a storm, should not lean against the sides of the carriage, but sit upright; for the same reason, if you have given any one a ride, should not lean against a wall.

A mattress, bed, or blanket furnished with good quality of cotton, flannel, or wool, is the best protection against lightning. If in the open air, sit on the ground, keep your person covered to avoid a shock.

Twenty of thirty feet from any tall object and get wet to the skin, because wet clothes form a better conductor than the fluids of the body, and the lightning therefore, will more readily pass down the wet clothes.