

MY FIELD.

The night had come; the moonlight whitely lay
A thart the field where I had sowed all day
Seed I should ne'er behold
Waving its harvest gold.

Naught even showed that seed was hidden there
In pallid light lay furrows long and bare;
No blade, no leaf was seen
Signing its promise green.

And on the shore the little shallow lay
Which on the morn must bear me far away
Where I might never know
Whether the seed did grow.

And if I wept, 'twas none but God could see
How much the hope of harvest was to me,
He sent it a angel down
My trembling trust to crown.

His gentle angel led me by the hand
Until we stood upon the bare, sown land,
And then he turned and smiled,
With eyes serene and mild.

"Behold," he said, "to still thy human fear,
In one short hour will God unfold the year.
And as he spoke the word
The barren clods were stirred.

And tiny blades crept out into the light,
And grew, and grew, before my wondering sight,
And then the ears were seen,
Long-headed, full and green.

And while I watched the waving grain, be- hold
The heads bent down with weight of ripened gold
The angel said, "The Lord
Shall give thee this reward."

"Fear not to get thee hence across the sea,
In harvest-time I'll bid thy sheaves for thee.
Thy field may ripen late;
Fear not but trust and wait."

A little cloud sailed by and hid the moon,
My angel comforter was gone too soon,
A tremor blurred the air
Again my field lay bare.

Except that near me, close beside my feet,
Remained one handful of the golden wheat;
God's token that for me
Rich harvest yet should be.

And in my bosom, cherished, loved, behold
These precious ears of sacred harvest gold.
Such fruit my field shall bear—
I leave it in God's care.

—Galaxy for July.

THE WATCHMAN
The Chronicles of Tattletown.
BY VIRGINIA
CHAPTER XX.

The morning that ushered in Daisy's wedding day was fair and bright; yet no fairer or brighter than herself when she joined the others, at a late hour, in the breakfast room.

Augusta excused her mother to the guests. She had suffered all night from a severe headache, and would try and gain some sleep before rising for the day, and Daisy was requested to preside at the breakfast table.

"Never mind, little one," said Charlie. "we will not criticize any shortcomings, and 'tis but right that you should accustom yourself to the new position ere going before strangers."

"Daisy dear," said Ellie, "you gave me no sugar in my coffee. What have I done amies that I should be so punished?"

Daisy colored confusedly; "Excuse me Ellie, but I was sure I had put in enough," and she bade Uncle Mike, who stood behind her chair, to take the sugar bowl to Miss Ellie.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL 13 BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY JULY 17, 1868. NO. 28

Augusta, who regretted that other duties would prevent her participating in such pleasant employment.

"Daisy is to do nothing," said Augusta, looking at the little figure beside the coffee urn. "She must remain with mamma until further orders."

"She's to do nothing until Mr. Gardner comes. I think it is in the programme," put in Charlie.

"To what duty am I to be assigned?" asked Eugene demurely. "Lucy says they will not need me for a decoration."

"You," replied Charlie, with mock gravity, "will retire to the privacy of the library, and read over the marriage service until you are sure you can make no blunder this evening, and that you may repeat your part the more glowingly you are advised to repeat it standing before the mirror."

Ere he had completed the charge to Eugene, and which elicited another laugh from the merry girls around the table, Daisy pushed back her chair and ran off to the mother's room, while the others left the breakfast table eager to commence their labors.

When the luncheon bell rang, every thing was completed, and after it was over Emma and Lucy carried Daisy off to the drawing room to see the result of their morning's work.

"It looks beautifully," said Daisy, as she thanked them with a kiss, and wondered that every one should like to do so much for her. They were all three, standing near a beautiful basket of flowers on the pier table, when Ellie entered the room carrying something carefully pinned up in a towel.

"Emmie," she called, "come here. I require your opinion as to the disposal of some bridal gifts just presented."

Emmie crossed the room, followed by her sister and Daisy, and stopped before the centre table in the back drawing room, whereon Ellie had placed her burden.

"Wedding gifts," said Daisy. "I do not expect such hard times as these. Who could have been so extravagant?"

"This is Claudia's gift" and Emma pointing to a vase containing a beautiful cactus, and Daisy bending over its sinuous cornucopia shaped depths, saw lying upon its pink cotton, a small but handsome diamond brooch.

"This is Charlie's," said Lucy, after Daisy had admired the pretty gift in its novel jewel case, and she drew aside the lace curtains and displayed to view, upon a table, an exquisite set of china, and immediately beneath the table a basket containing its accompaniment in the shape of beautiful damask napery.

Ellie's gift was two napkin rings of silver, of which Daisy's name was engraved.

"You once said, Daisy, that I did not know anything about domestic economy," said Charlie, "but the presence of that very useful lot of cups and saucers must convince you of your mistake."

There was a handkerchief from Mrs. Gardner embroidered by herself, and a velvet bound prayer book from her sister.

"Mr. Gardner," said the teasing Charlie, "in to give the benediction, but we may not reasonably look for that till this evening. He prefers presenting it in person."

For this unsolicited piece of information he was rewarded by a tweak of the ear by Daisy, for which she made amends by a hearty kiss.

"This mamma sent," said Emma, "who considering the difficulties young housekeepers find to obtain such needful articles since the blockade, adds her mite to the useful portion of your gifts," and she pointed to a large pile of bed linen and damask towels.

"I wish she was here that I might thank her," said Daisy as she touched the snowy linen with her white fingers.

Emmie's gift was a beautiful inlaid rosewood writing desk, and Charlie lifting the top took from it a very business like document, and handed it to Daisy, saying

"This is from your godfather, Judge Grayson."

and which had been reset for the wife or her only and idolized son.

Daisy stood long at the pretty dressing table, with its white lace hangings, but she was not looking at the jewels lying on their blue velvet cushions. She was thinking of her happy childhood, her happier girlhood, and strove to look into the future which made such fair, beautiful promises of happiness, from which reveries the voice of her mother aroused her, and she returned to the sofa in her mother's room and faithfully endeavored to go to sleep as she was bidden.

After two hours of fruitless endeavors to gain some sleep, there came a knock at her door, and the vigilant sentinel, Aunt Esther, admitted Ellie and Lucy Mason.

"We begged the honor of assisting at your toilet," said Lucy seating herself on the foot of the sofa, and fanning herself, "but your mother said she wished to do it, and so of course we must resign our claims to her very superior ones."

"Jube brought a note from mamma," said Ellie, "with the things she sent me to wear to night, and a letter from papa says she may expect the Judge and himself this evening, so your company to night will have quite an addition, as Randolph Reeves joined them in Richmond on his way home."

The girls left her, after a little more chat, to dress for the evening, and when another hour had passed her mother came for her and took her off to her room to deck her for her bridal.

When the loving hands had fastened the law ornament, and adjusted the last flower that fastened the soft white veil, she begged to be left alone for a few moments ere going down stairs.

Going to the open window, she drew back the curtains, and gazed out upon the coming night. She had extinguished the lights upon her dressing table, and the light of the summer's moon flooded the apartment, with its white draperies, and fell softly—caressingly upon the fairy gowned figure at the window.

"She was like a dream That may not be written or told— Exceeding beautiful."

The pearls upon her neck, and arms glistened in the moon beams, and mist-like folds of dress and veil floated around her and blest softly, with the fairy light Eugene, who had come in unperceived, paused upon the threshold to take in the intoxicating beauty of the picture.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" he murmured softly. But not so softly that his impassioned tone did not reach the ear to whom every sound was dear of the voice of him she loved best, and she turned to meet him.

might exercise it for such a benefit as she, Eugene, now enjoyed.

It was a quiet wedding; just such one as Daisy would have chosen it to be, and to sum up its merits we must quote the opinion of Aunt Esther, that "it wouldn't have done to had no fuss, for dat ar blessed angel was born in peace— she's libbed in peace and she was married in peace, and bress de Lord, she'll die in peace."

A MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.—One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opellet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed very much like one. Imagine a very large, double aster, with ever so many long petals of the most delicate shade of light green glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These beautiful petals do not lie quietly in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opellet himself general clings to a rock.

How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms—as you may call them—have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth which is hidden deep down amongst them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of their rosy tips, he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment he stops struggling, and the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is quietly drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

The Mission of the Radical Party.

As well as we can gather from the views expressed by the various classes of Radicals, we may infer the success of the Radical party is dependent chiefly upon carrying out the following "loyal" projects:

- 1. The disfranchisement of the Southern whites.
2. The elevation of the Radical negro to power
3. The mobbing from the polls of Democratic negroes.
4. The Dry Tortugas for Southern Democrats.
5. The bastille for witnesses who will not testify to suit Butler
6. To make Chief Justice Chase and the Senatorial "traitors" odious, and to place their names on the "Roll of Infamy."

7. To make recanting rebels like Governor Brown respectable, and to place their names on the roll of saints and martyrs.
8. To silence the Copperheads.
9. To destroy Conservatism.
10. To banish the Jews.
11. To maintain the Freedmen's Bureau and military commissions.
12. To make a general auto da fe of the Catholics.

An adherence to every article of this creed will be considered, in the new dispensation, the true test of Radical orthodoxy. When all its requirements shall have been carried out, the Radical party will stand a reasonable chance of retaining power, and it may be considered that "it is the will of the people." General Grant shall reign in "peace," and that Dr. Breckenridge shall be regarded as the apostle of "peace."—Louisville Courier.

—One of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after beginning to learn the printing business, went to court a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was taken down at the minister's sermon on his text: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

Celfax on Grant.
If the following 10 reasons why Grant should not be the Republican candidate, seven months ago, were good then it seems to us they ought to be now. Sohuy for Celfax sent this Circular all over his district under his Congressional frank; then; will he gain say its contentment? WHY GRANT SHOULD NOT BE PRESIDENT IN 1868.

- 1. He has all he deserves at the hands of the American people.
2. He could not deliver an inaugural address.
3. Because no Democrat has succeeded for the past quarter of a century as President of the United States.
4. Because at this peculiar period in the history of our country we need an able and experienced statesman at the White House.
5. Because one hundred thousand graves and four million freedmen demand a Republican President and Vice-President.
6. He is now and always has been a Democrat, and has never endorsed the Republican party.
7. Because he has proved a failure in every capacity outside of the military.
8. He claims to have no knowledge of politics or national affairs.
9. Because Democratic and rebel papers endorse him.
10. He has followed our drunken, Democratic Johnson in all his rebellious rows against Congress and our party.
11. Because he has insulted the Republican party by endorsing the removal of the Secretary of War, and accepting the position himself.
12. We have one hundred better men for President.
13. Because all parties claim him as belonging to their party.
14. We have the power to elect a statesman, if we wish to.
15. Because the Democrats and Rebels have no other available candidate.
16. Because Illinois gave us the immortal Lincoln, and Indiana offers our most available candidate.

AMERICAN REPUBLICANS.
PLEASE POST THIS UP.

A WONDERFUL DOME.—The dome of the capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is a hundred and eight feet higher than the Washington Monument at Baltimore, sixty-eight feet higher than that of Bunker Hill and twenty-three feet higher than the Trinity Church spire of New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere of iron weighing 8,200,000 pounds. How much is that? More than four thousand tons, or about the weight of seventy thousand full grown people; or about equal to a thousand laden coal cars, which, holding four tons apiece, would reach two miles and a half. Directly over your head is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14,986 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars is 18,477 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter's presses nearly 20,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 68,000 pounds more. It would require to crush the supports of our dome a pressure of 778,280 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about \$6,100,000. The architect has a plan for rebuilding the old central part of the capitol and enlarging the park, which will cost about \$3,200,000.

LIVING WITHOUT SLEEP.—Five young men in Berlin lately made an agreement for a wager, to see who of them could keep awake for a whole week. They all held out for about five days and a half, by drinking largely of strong coffee, and keeping up a constant round of active exercises and exciting amusements. At the end of that time two of them yielded to drowsiness. A third soon after fell asleep while riding, tumbled from his saddle and broke his arm. A fourth was attacked by severe sickness and compelled to retire from the lists. The fifth held out to the end, but lost twenty five pounds of flesh in winning the wager.

Long ago, Frederick the Great and Voltaire made a similar experiment, making use of the same stimulant of strong coffee, but they did not succeed in driving away sleep for more than four days. "Tired nature" obstinately refused to accept any substitute for her "sweet restorer."

AN UNLucky DIVORCE.—James M. Grant, of Bridgeport, recently obtained a divorce from his wife Julia, and the fact was announced in the Bridgeport Farmer. The next day Mrs. Grant informed the public through the columns of the same paper that the notice was the first she had heard of the matter. Last week Mrs. Grant received information from England that a supposed relative had left her between \$80,000 and \$90,000, and Mr. Grant is said to be somewhat disgusted at the turn which affairs have taken, and is fruitlessly lamenting that he obtained that divorce. Mrs. Grant will be recollected by our readers as a resident of Hartford, for a considerable period and was especially distinguished for her equanimity, she having been awarded premiums at several State fairs.—Hartford Post.