

WOUNDED.

BY FRANCES CARY.

All night like a coward I moaned, I cried in my despair;

Too great to bear unshared Is the bitterness of my heart;

But our hidden griefs are slow, They torture long ere they kill;

And I know for a wounded man The bravest thing to be done

There are sorrows sent to all, That beat are borne alone;

Shall my comrades bear me off, And break the ranks of the host,

And countless women and men, Whom only their Father sees,

O men, with wounded souls, O woman, with broken hearts,

Suffered and born as well As the martyrs whom we name,

Ye have had of Him reward For your battles fought and won,

Ye have changed for perfect peace The path of the way ye trod;

THE CHRONICLES OF TATTLETOWN.

BY VIRGINIA

CHAPTER XXI

Another eventful year went by The war was over. The sacrifice of so many brave lives had not proved acceptable to the "God of battles."

Brave men, who had faced death upon a hundred battle-fields, crossed their arms upon their hearts where hope had ceased to beat, and wept as they gazed upon the desolate present—the more desolate and hopeless future;

It was the close of a summer's day that we meet, as we did a year ago, at Compton Hall; but the scene is not one, as then, of hope and gladness.

When Daisy and Claudia entered the sick room they felt that a few brief moments would indeed be all of earth to the young girl whose eyes alone welcomed them.

On the opposite side of the bed stood Charlie Compton with folded arms and a brow darkened by the shadow of grief and care.

Augusta sat at the open window looking out upon the lawn, where, sauntering up and down beneath the linden trees, was a negro nurse tending in her arms a beautiful child of six months.

When there came a sound upon the still chamber's air, and the black girl raised her head and listened, while ears not accustomed to the sound of an approaching carriage, which a few moments after paused before the door.

From it sprang Eugene, who first assisted Claudia, to alight when opening his arms Daisy sprang into them, and was safely deposited upon the steps of the portico, and then he turned to assist

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 13 BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1868. NO. 29

Aunt Esther, whose movements were rather guarded and deliberate in consequence of a mysterious bundle she carried in her arms, and which Eugene took carefully, while she collected the numerous baskets, shawls and travelling bags which the carriage contained.

"I was afraid we would be too late, dear mamma," said Daisy, as she kissed her mother, and put her arms around her in her old way.

"No dear, not too late, but we cannot hope she will last many minutes longer. Poor Mr. Burke! he seems desolate indeed, so soon to lose Ellie after his wife's death."

"She seems anxious to see you my child," she said to Claudia, as they intimated their desire to see her immediately and several times I have heard her express ardent wish to Charlie that she might live until she could see us all once more together."

Claudia and Daisy went slowly and softly up to Ellie's chamber, while Eugene, who had waited until they were out of sight, took the bundle from Aunt Esther's arms, and relieving it of its coverings, placed in Mrs. Compton's arms, with a proud smile, her little grandson, and then followed the girls up stairs.

Mrs. Compton clasped the beautiful boy to her heart, and listened with a happy smile to the old nurse's recital of his perfections which were as yet but hardly developed.

When Daisy and Claudia entered the sick room they felt that a few brief moments would indeed be all of earth to the young girl whose eyes alone welcomed them.

On the opposite side of the bed stood Charlie Compton with folded arms and a brow darkened by the shadow of grief and care.

Augusta sat at the open window looking out upon the lawn, where, sauntering up and down beneath the linden trees, was a negro nurse tending in her arms a beautiful child of six months.

From it sprang Eugene, who first assisted Claudia, to alight when opening his arms Daisy sprang into them, and was safely deposited upon the steps of the portico, and then he turned to assist

together, where they should be forever "together and with the Lord."

When spring came again there was another wedding at the Hall, a quiet, sad wedding, for among them, they felt, was the loving spirit of her who hallowed their betrothal.

Judge Grayson declined to accompany them, declaring himself too old to be moving about, and settling down at "Loafers Retreat," which he had quite determined, should be Daisy's future summer residence, and which he had settled upon the boy of Eugene and Daisy, now his hope and pride.

The schoolmaster returned, and once more wielded the ferule and birch over the village children, who were fast relapsing into a half-civilized state.

There is no sign above the millinery shop of Miss Peck, that was, Mrs. Lummings, that is, for scorning such a humble calling, she recognizes her former pupil as that of "teaching the young ideas how to shoot," and is now the mistress of a free men's school, established and sustained by the energetic officers of that portion of the "Freedmen's Bureau" situated in Tattletown, and an object of dread to the young "irrepressibles."

The old church must wait some years ere Mr. Gardner's wish be consummated, and he feels that he may not live to see it, but he can place the sacred trust in the care of those who, like himself, have hoped it, and yet whose means now admit only of supplying their families with the necessities of life.

You have a rich wife of your own now, and grown up children—say, even two or three grandchildren, about your hearth, your hair is gray, and you lock your heart up in the fire-proof safe at your counting house when you go home at night.

Mr. John W. Roney: For years past I have worked, given my money, and fought at the polls for your Republican party. I have earned \$6,000 by carting and digging. I had my money in United States bonds—the 5-20s of 1867.

Now, I read the Press every day, and I read nothing else. I believed the Sunday Mercury, and all Democratic papers, were—for you told me so—"disloyal sheets," and I dared not bring one of them into my house.

Well Johnson was acquitted, and I was frightened, and sold my bonds, which were then 108 1/2, and bought a row of old court houses in Alder street. But what followed the acquittal of that "great original?"

—Seymour and Blair—that's the ticket. A first-class statesman and a first-class soldier. "Rally 'round the flag, boys."

Your first sweetheart. You never can forget her. She was so very young and innocent, and pretty. She had such a way of looking at you over her byron Book in Church.

Once, at a picnic she wore a white dress and had roses twisted in her golden hair and she looked so like a bride that you fairly trembled.

You have a rich wife of your own now, and grown up children—say, even two or three grandchildren, about your hearth, your hair is gray, and you lock your heart up in the fire-proof safe at your counting house when you go home at night.

Mr. John W. Roney: For years past I have worked, given my money, and fought at the polls for your Republican party. I have earned \$6,000 by carting and digging. I had my money in United States bonds—the 5-20s of 1867.

Now, I read the Press every day, and I read nothing else. I believed the Sunday Mercury, and all Democratic papers, were—for you told me so—"disloyal sheets," and I dared not bring one of them into my house.

Well Johnson was acquitted, and I was frightened, and sold my bonds, which were then 108 1/2, and bought a row of old court houses in Alder street. But what followed the acquittal of that "great original?"

You have a rich wife of your own now, and grown up children—say, even two or three grandchildren, about your hearth, your hair is gray, and you lock your heart up in the fire-proof safe at your counting house when you go home at night.

Mr. John W. Roney: For years past I have worked, given my money, and fought at the polls for your Republican party. I have earned \$6,000 by carting and digging. I had my money in United States bonds—the 5-20s of 1867.

Now, I read the Press every day, and I read nothing else. I believed the Sunday Mercury, and all Democratic papers, were—for you told me so—"disloyal sheets," and I dared not bring one of them into my house.

Well Johnson was acquitted, and I was frightened, and sold my bonds, which were then 108 1/2, and bought a row of old court houses in Alder street. But what followed the acquittal of that "great original?"

—Seymour and Blair—that's the ticket. A first-class statesman and a first-class soldier. "Rally 'round the flag, boys."

NEVER SAY FAIL. Keep pushing—'tis wiser Than sitting aside, And dreaming and sighing, And waiting the tide, In life's earnest battle They only prevail Who daily march onward, And never say fail!

Ahead then—keep pushing, And show your way, Unheeding the envious, That would you betray. All obstacles vanish, All enemies quail, At the might of their wisdom Who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning, In morn'g's firm pride, Let this be your motto: Your footsteps to guide: In storm and in sunshine, Whatever assail, We'll onward and conquer, And never say fail!

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," a new poem by the author of the fount doed.

—Why is the tread mill like a true convert? Because its turning is the result of the men's conviction.

—A tailor who, while skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave his hot goose for a cold duck.

—A Radical member of Congress has got off a first class conundrum by inquiring if free trade is good for Maine, why is it not good for the whole country?

—There is a young lady in Brooklyn so refined in her language that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "African sentinel."

—Ben Wade has lost the power of speech since the impeachment failed out. It is said that he's "wearin' away, and although he can't talk he thinks "dam" all the time.

—A Good story is told of a bootblack whose energies were taxed by the huge shoes of a private just returned from the war. The little fellow, kneeling down looked over his shoulder to a comrade and exclaimed, "Lend me a spit, Jim, I've got an army contract."

—The "B. Fs." The Radical list of Benjamin Franklins adorning the Senate is thus embellished: "Benjamin F. Butler, chief manager in the impeachment plot. He stole spoons and bullied women in New Orleans."

Is H. U. Grant A Drunkard? Is Miran Ulysses Grant a drunkard? The question would be quite unimportant if he were an obscure tanner in an interior town in Illinois, or even if he were the General of the Army in time of profound peace, and his office demanded little more than the maintenance of such a state as an orderly at his door and another orderly in the rear of his children on the way to school.

Radicalism has made him the Commander-in-Chief of five military Satrapies, which rule millions of white citizens by means of the bayonet, and in this command he is even irresponsible to the superior officer whom the Constitution of the United States puts over his head.

With such absolute power, the people would like to know if the man who wields this power has at all times absolute control of so comparatively insignificant matters as his own senses. Still further, now that a party has presented Grant as a candidate for the highest office in the country, the people have the right to know and they demand to know, if this man is a drunkard.

Wendell Phillips repeats the rumors, "from different and trustworthy sources, that General Grant has been unmistakably drunk" in the streets of Washington. Tilton telegraphs to his paper that "occasionally a Presidential candidate is seen fuddled in the streets."

The Resolution declares that "General Grant is drunk half the time." Wendell Phillips, in the Comenators' Convention, in Boston, alludes to Grant as a man "who cannot stand up before a glass of liquor without falling down;" and the President of the United States tells the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial that Grant has been in the Executive Mansion "so drunk that he could stand straight on his legs."

Now statements like these, if they are slanders, should be shown to be slanders. The testimony is too strong, too direct, to be thrust aside, and the present position of General Grant as an applicant for a very high position warrants, demands the strictest investigation into his private habits in respect of sobriety.

Once more is Miran Ulysses Grant a drunkard? If he is, he is unfit for even his present position. If he is not, his friends should expose as slanders the statements which Phillips, Tilton, and others have made.—World

The Southern States. All but a few of the Southern States are now becoming reconstructed upon the negro and radical basis. They have radical Governors, radical Legislatures and Radical State and county officers.

They are also, or soon will be, represented in Congress by radicals. Full scope is now given to radicalism in those States. There can be no excuse for any expenses there by the general government. Yet notwithstanding all this having been accomplished, the Freedmen's Bureau has been renewed for another year, whereby millions upon millions will be exhausted from the pockets of Northern laborers.

The expenditure of this vast sum could be profitably dispensed with, as the greater part goes to the benefit of plundering officials, of whom nine out of every ten are from New England, male and female, of the meanest stamp; and the balance goes for the support and political organization of vagabond negroes, who are too lazy to work.

In a few words, this Bureau is nothing but a political machine for making negro voters, and for maintaining an army of Yankee office holders. Neither is there any excuse for retaining an immense standing army in those States, equally as expensive as the Freedmen's Bureau. The military satrapies with their attendants, ought at once to be recalled, and save the tax-payers many millions more.

The "loyal" Yankee have it all to themselves now. Why not curtail the expenses at once? —The "B. Fs." The Radical list of Benjamin Franklins adorning the Senate is thus embellished: "Benjamin F. Butler, chief manager in the impeachment plot. He stole spoons and bullied women in New Orleans."

—Benjamin F. Wade, carpet-bag Senator from Arkansas. He stole \$5,000 of a client's money in Kentucky, gambled it off and ran away in the night. —Benjamin F. Wade, President of the Senate, and professor of cursing and swearing. He voted to make himself President of the United States. What's in a name? —Little Mary was discussing the great hereafter with her mamma, when the following ensued: "Mamma, will you go to Heaven when you die?" "Yes I hope so child." "Well, I hope I'll go too, or you'll be lonesome." "Oh, yes, I hope your papa will go too." "Oh, no, papa can't go, he can't leave the store."