

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT MEETS ME.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

There's a little girl that meets me,
And with laughter ever greets me,
And to kiss her oft entreats me,
As I stray.

Long the path lie so dreary,
Where the sudden heat and weary,
Shades the sunlight, shining near me,
On my way.

She has eyes as blue as heaven,
(Only aged about eleven.)
But unto her God has given
Such a heart,

That forever she is singing,
And her sweet voice ever ringing,

Beauty o'er the rapt heart bringing

Sweet ascent.

*With her brown hair so curly,
With her teeth so white and pearly,
I love her best, late and early,
By the way.

And I take her hand, and press it
In my own just to caress it—
"Pretty little hand! God bless it!"
Do my—

May the world smile kindly on her,
Angel's be her guard of honor.

As she goes—

Through this world of ours, singing,
Peace to troubled spirits bringing,

No grief her pure heart bringing

With its woes.

May the sweetest harp in heaven—
Ring louder than that one was given,

Where the waves of life are driven.

Past the thrones—

I go to the dusty finger—

"For the pure brow ever longer

While he hangs by a single

Cutting home."

CASTA DIVA.

"Heigh ho!" sighs Mr. Patron, "what a tornorn thing it is to live alone! and he drew his easy chair close to the fire and encased himself therein, wrapping his tri-colored dressing gown about him. "I wish I were married! I know a lady boards in the same house too, and I believe she'd have me, if I were to ask her. I mean the pretty music teacher. She is young, delicate and amiable; only there seems to be something melancholy about her as though she had known sorrow; besides, she is a widow. I like her, though, and I believe she likes me. I'll think this over. I have plenty of money, and nobody to spend it upon. Yes, I think I will ask pretty Madam Victor to marry me!"

Tap, tap, tap.

"Come in—who's there?"

"Please, sir, it's your clean clothes!"

"Clean clothes! and pray who are you, you little cherub, and where do you come from?"

"I am Lauretta, sir, and I live with Bridget, who washes your clothes, and she sends me with a basket to night."

"Yes, I should think she had you little duckling," and the basket is bigger than yours!" Come and sit down in this chair by the fire and warm your toes—there now! I want to talk with you. Are you Bridget's child?"

"Oh, no, sir, a look of care passed over the little face.

"No, I thought not. Washero when's children don't have such eyes, nor such broad foreheads, nor such soft hair. Well, birdie, how came you with Bridget? Have you no parents?"

"I don't know. I only dream I have Bridget lets me stay with her because I can sing."

"Sing! and what has that to do with it?"

"Oh, sir, I sing my songs in the great houses, and they give me sixpences and I take them to Bridget."

"Aha! you pay your board, then?" Well, little Lauretta, will you sing for me now?"

"Yes, indeed, and the little one stands up in the middle of the ring, and opening her little goosebud mouth, she sings *Casta Diva*."

"Bless my stars, what a voice! I know something of music myself; at least enough to know that such a voice should be a fortune to the one who possesses it. Little one, where did you learn that?"

"Nurse that taught me."

"Nurse? Who is nurse?"

"Nurse is dead!" The dark eyes filled with tears, and the ruby lips are quivering.

Mr. Patron walks up and down the room. His curiosity is excited as well as his pity.

"Please, sir, shall I leave my basket? Bridget will scold if I stay so long."

"No, little one, I will carry the bask et; I am going home with you."

"It's up five flights of stairs, sir, and there is no light in the passage!"

"All the more reason I should go with you. Now I am ready. Come, my little singer, you and I will be better acquainted before long. Don't fall down these stone steps; keep hold of my hand; here we are in Broadway. Now where do we turn? down Prince street, hey! and now down Crosby. What, do you live in this alleys? Oh never fear, little *Casta Diva*, I shall tread safely enough while this little hand leads me. Ugh! how many more flights are there?—only two? Well, well, I can climb them if you can. So, is this the door?"

"Och, and is it you, sir, that would be after coming to see a poor woman at this hour? Will you be seated, sir?" said Bridget, wiping a wooden chair with her apron. Your shorts were not ironed to be suiting you, maybe?"

"Shucks all right, Bridget, I came to bring home your little girl, and to ask you something about her. She has been singing to me. Will you tell me where she came from?"

"Ye takes a bit o' trouble for a lone bit of a child, indeed sir; but her story is not so very long. She lived with a furin woman in the room below, named Theresa. The woman said she was waiting maid in Lauretta's family, in Italy somewhere, and while she was out with the child, then only two years old, for the sake of air, there came a big row in the city, and the child's father was in the middle of it, and got kill'd; and when she reached the house all in a fright, sure it was

all on fire, and the mother of it was gone, and never was she able to find her at all. So she kept the child and comes to America with it; for she heard it tell how the streets were paved with gold; and when she come and found only gold nor food but for working, she had to go to work as well as we poor creatures do; and she took to washing in the one room down stairs, but never a bit would she let the child do for herself, but waited on her like a slave, and only taught her to sing, as *its mother did before it*," she said; and last year Theresa died. This poor little creature took on so bad that I took her myself, only I'll be bringing her up different entirely; I'll teach her to earn her bread at any rate; and so I send her out every day to sing to the great folks and makes her help me to carry around the clothes, and that is all, sir."

"It was very good in you Budget, to take the little orphan. You have saved her from a sad fate. You will be rewarded, you may depend."

Bridget raised her eyebrows and dropped a courtesy, while *Casta Diva*, as Mr. Patron then and ever since has called her, hid her face in the bed, and sobbed to hear her story related. The kind gentleman looked at her tenderly, and then said:

"I have a plan for this poor child, which will at once relieve you of her charge and repay you for your goodness of heart. Good night, little one, I will come to-morrow. Dry your tears, for I'll make you happy. Here Budget is some money for you, and be sure you do not send her out to sing again. I have something better for her to do."

Bridget dropped another courtesy, and her mouth opened wide, for she was all mystified and bewildered.

An hour later and Mr. Patron was again seated in his easy chair before his bright coal fire, with his dress a gown once more folded about him. The only difference is that he smiles instead of sighing as he did before.

"Ah, yes he says. I see my way clear. I can now, without hesitation, call upon Madam Victor in her room, to interest her about my little *Casta Diva*. I will tell her the story, and encourage her to cultivate the voice of my little *protege*. I will see her to-morrow morning, and perhaps she will accompany me to Budget's lodging.

Not a very romantic walk to invite the lady of my heart to share, but then the circumstances are peculiar.

"Now I think of it, I must engage or my hands the little bedroom next to mine. I am determined to adopt that singing cherub as my own. I will change her name to *Casta Diva* Patron. It sounds musical, and she is musical. It's sweet. Madam Victor only sees in her what I do, we shall be an amazingly happy family. I declare I feel like a husband and father already. I shall find enough to do with my money after all!"

And so he goes to bed and dreams of his future joys until he hardly laughs aloud in his sleep.

Now it is morning, and if you will put your head out of the door you can see him going along the hall. He stops at No. 6, knocks gently, but the rich toned piano, touched by a thriling hand does not allow so love like a rap to be heard. This time he knocks louder, the music stops and the door is opened by a beautiful woman, who smilingly invites him to enter. Well, I don't wonder he fell in love with her! They close the door. Let you and I go peep in at the keyhole, and hear what they say, I'll never tell you." Hark! Well, after all, I can't tell what they said now, because I promised I wouldn't, but Mr. Patron has stand it there a great while and he didn't ask her to sing or play once all the time.

Now the door opens again, and they come out together, he in his overcoat, and hat, she in her cloak and velvet bonnet. He looks very much excited and she looks pale and trembles so she can hardly speak. She takes his offered arm, goes down stairs and out the street door. I do believe they are going to Bridget's.

And so they were.

Good Mr. Patron walks slowly down with the sweet lady, for she has every reason to tremble, she believes she is Lauretta's mamma; for she has been telling her friend how her husband was killed in a mob one dreadful day, because he was a great politician, and when they burned his house they took her and threw her into prison, where she remained a whole year, and only made her escape when, during terrible troubles in Italy, the prison doors were unbarred to all.

She had sought frantically for her child, but in vain; and believing that both Lauretta and her nurse were crushed in the same mob that killed her husband, she came to America to try to earn her livelihood among her pitiful strangers by her fine musical education and uncommon voice.

Madam Victor believes that Lauretta is her child, because their stories are so strangely alike. Five years have passed since she had left Italy; but she knows her eyes will not deceive her. Her baby's features are indelibly engraved upon her heart.

Her kind friend supports her up the five flights of stairs, and then she stops to take breath and nerve herself for either intense happiness or heavy disappointment.

They are about to enter the room when a little voice greets her ear singing, with a wonderful power and expression, an Italian melody, which the lady herself used to sing in her own sunny land. She stops and grasps the arm of her friend.

"Oh, wait! she whispers; let me try; and with great effort, she continues and completes the unfinished strain in a voice that angels might not exceed.

He opens the door.

Lauretta stands in the centre of the room, alone, pale, and agitated; her great eyes dilated with emotion long repressed. Her mother's voice has reached a spot in her heart which vi-

brates on her memory like a glimpse of Heaven.

Madam Victor sinks upon a chair and gazes long and earnestly upon the motionless figure; then she suddenly stretches out her arms and whispers, "Come here."

Lauretta slowly advances; and when she is close to the beautiful lady, she nestles her head upon her bosom and draws a long deep sigh.

"Tell me your whole name, sweet one."

"Lauretta Victor."

The lady presses the little form still closer.

"Darling, I am your mother."

"I know it," sighs the child.

"You know my angel?"

"Yes; I have seen you in my dreams and always called you mother;" and when you sang just now it brought it all back."

Good Mr. Patron went to the window and wiped his eyes.

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Once again we see him sitting in his easy chair before the bright coal fire. By his side sits a beautiful young lady; one hand lies in his and the other is tenderly stroking his hair; but her eyes rest upon a little fairy who sits at the piano, silently dreaming over some of Handel's music, which her "papa" has brought to her.

The lady is his wife.

The fairy is *Casta Diva*.

Cheap Pleasures.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, word or smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along, give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time.

A poor widdy lives in the neighborhood who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them a half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow

the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it or make him another, and how quickly will the sun shine come over the sober face!

A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or rent the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work? Say, "You scoundrel!" and he feels miserable, but remark, "I am sorry!" and he will try to do better. You employ a man, pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness.

As you pass along the street you meet a familiar face, say, "Good morning!" as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist and lock them up in our hearts. No, rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the group of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families and elsewhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?"—*Amator*.

Grant on the War.

The views of General Grant on the conduct of the European war are something which all the world has an interest in knowing, and during the visit of his excellency we have obtained at some length his general opinion of matters on the Rhenish frontier.

The General, in response to a question as to his opinion of matters as between France and Prussia, said that neither party understands war as he understands it.

Here the reporter of the *Times* ventured to assert a cordial endorsement of the remark of his excellency.

"Permit me, General," said Mr. Scammon, "to ask you to point out what you conceive to be the chief blunders of the campaign thus far?"

"France," said the General, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "made a blunder in commencing war upon a people of equal size and strength. The true way to make war is to always have three to your enemy's one. An illustration of this fact was given at Shiloh.

The enemy there was within a third as large as our own force. Hence, the blunders committed, at an exceedingly cheap rate, were the result of the want of knowledge of the principles of war. The French army was not prepared for the war, and the French people were not prepared for the war. The French army was not prepared for the war, and the French people were not prepared for the war.

"But, General," said the reporter, "have you no faith in maneuvering or in strategy, whereby inferiority in point of number can be equalized by superiority of brains?"

"None whatever. Sherman played that out in his march to the sea. You see, the Confederacy was only a shell, that is why he met with such success. He had no opposition. My own experience proves this. In all cases where I attempted any of these new-fangled operations, I was beaten."

Here Mr. Colfax, with a very sweet smile, inquired as to what the General thought should be done by Napoleon.

"My idea," said the General, "is that he should get Butler and Banks to command army corps in the Prussian forces. Then he should conscript every Frenchman that can carry a musket, and send him in. Prussia has only 30,000,000 inhabitants, while France has 40,000,000. This is a clear difference in favor of France of 10,000,000. Now let Napoleon keep him marching away at the Prussians, if it takes all summer. I am of the opinion that the superior activity of the French, aided by their chassepot, their chassepot, their tradition, and their superior navy, will enable them to kill a Prussian as often as they can a Frenchman. Hence it is a clear case that the Prussians are killed off, he will have 10,000,000 left. In other words, his tail is the longest."

"What is your opinion of Napoleon personally?" asked Mr. Joseph McDowell.

"He is a great man. He smokes always, and never says anything. He was once in humble circumstances. He was never, however, in the hide business, except, perhaps, so far as hiding himself is concerned."

Here General Dent broke into uproarious laughter. He afterward remarked to our reporter, that he was hired to laugh at Grant's jokes; and, he added, he flattered himself he was doing a very extensive business on a very limited capital.

General Grant puffed stoically until Dent had finished laughing, and he resumed:

"Napoleon is my model. I have stood before his portrait by the hours trying to mould my countenance into the stony inexpressiveness that characterizes him. I am not certain but that I shall imitate his *coup de etat*.

He rose from obscurity to be President. So did I. He rose from President to Emperor; and if I don't follow suit, it will be because Congress took the trump out of my hand."

"Well, now, General, tell us what you think of the Prussians," said Mr. Greenbaum.</