

UNITED.

In the bosom of the mountain
Flow two sparkling fountains
Where the breeze with wild flowers
In the blooming month of May,
Far apart they stand in lonely
Still they sing but one song only,
And the sweetness of their tone lay,
On the brooks that rolled away.

Over the one, there hung a daisy,
From a twig whose height was crazy,
That the wind blew bright and lazy,
Swing by a single root,
From the storm with its splendour,
And the daisy root so steady,
Broke from its sicken ties so tender,
Down the swollen brook to shoot.

Over the other, brim was mossy,
With its brilliant coat so glossy,
That the wind blew bright and lazy,
Swing by a single root,
From the storm with its splendour,
And the daisy root so steady,
Broke from its sicken ties so tender,
Down the swollen brook to shoot.

And heaped the dangerous daisy,
In the ravine dark and rapid,
Where the waves with white foam leaped,
And the flowers with sunlight daisy,
And the birds were in the air,
And the daisy root so steady,
Broke from its sicken ties so tender,
Down the swollen brook to shoot.

And heaped the dangerous daisy,
In the ravine dark and rapid,
Where the waves with white foam leaped,
And the flowers with sunlight daisy,
And the birds were in the air,
And the daisy root so steady,
Broke from its sicken ties so tender,
Down the swollen brook to shoot.

But they left the brook forever,
As if the sun were a fever,
As we reach the mighty river,
That flows on to the main,
And we leave behind us,
For their memories only build us,
To the thoughts and feelings,
With the tears of sorrow's pain.

And meanwhile, the tender daisy,
Having passed her dangers,
Now is lying still and gay,
In the breast of his side,
And the blue bell under his bonnet,
Smiles and lips a tender sonnet,
Pleasure and love all around,
And thus wins her for his bride.

Onward now they float together,
Through both bright and dark weather,
By the blooming fields of heather,
Under an Italian's sunny sky,
And the sun is shining brightly,
And the moon is beaming nightly,
With a glory in her face.

Flow, flow on, O glorious river!
Let thy waters overflow,
And thy many voices never,
Bring their salutes back to me—
Let thy waters overflow,
Flowing onward to the ocean,
Bear with them each and emotion,
On their bosom, in the Bedford House.

BILL ARP IS CALLED BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

Mr. Enron.—Murder will out, and so will evidence. Having seen Dan Rice's testimony before the Reconstruction Committee, I have felt sorry a little because no mention has been made of mine. I suppose it has been suppressed, but I am not to be hid out in obscurity. Our country is the special property, and by the by, the business will go up before it on appeal. The record must go up fair and complete, and therefore, I'll take occasion to make public what I swore to send a good deal more than I can put down.

Mr. Editor, and at times my language was considered impudent, but they thought that was all the better for their side, for it stigmatized the rebellious spirit—heard one of 'em say: "Let him go—'em—the thing passes quiet in death. He's good States evidence."

When I was put upon the stand old Boutwell swore me most fiercely and solemnly to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and I observed that he was then entreating about a quarter of double rectified, and it looked like it had soured on his stomach. Old Blow was setting off on one side with a memorandum book, getting ready to note down some "garbled extracts."

Old Iron Works was Chairman, and Boutwell says he: "Your name is Arp, I believe, sir."

"So called," says I.

"You reside in the State of Georgia, do you not?"

"I can't say exactly," says I. "I live in Rome, in the fork of two main rivers."

"In the State of Georgia," says he ferce ly.

"Is a state of uncertainty about that," says I. "We don't know whether Georgia is a State or not. I would like for you to state yourself. If you know. The State of the country requires that this matter should be settled, and I will proceed to state."

"Never mind sir," says he. "How old are you, Mr. Arp?"

"That depends on circumstances," says I. "I don't know whether to count the last five years or not. During the war your folks said that a State couldn't secede, but that while she was in a state of rebellion she ceased to exist. Now you say we got out, and we don't get back again until 1870. A man gets into some trouble, and you get his rights, and if we are not to vote, I don't think we ought to count the time. That about as near as I can come to my age sir."

"Well, sir," says he, "are you familiar with the political sentiments of the citizens of your State?"

"Not no citizens yet that we know of. I will thank you to speak of us as a 'people'."

The Democratic Watchman.

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INCLINED TO BE QUARRELSOME.

There was once a little, slim-built fellow, rich as a Jew, riding along a highway in the State of Georgia, when he overtook a man driving a drove of hogs, by the help of a big, raw-boned, six-footed specimen of humanity. Stopping before the last named individual, he accosted him: "Any, are those your hogs?" "No, sir; I am at work by the month." "What pay might you be getting, my friend?" "Ten dollars a month and whiskey thrown in."

LET THE NORTH LOOK THE TRUTH IN THE FACE.

Positions are most erroneously asserted when kept too close. The fringe is always noisiest on the weakest part of the line. It is thus we are to account for the fact that no single Republican paper among our exchanges dares to face the plain truth concerning the character of the late movement of the Southern people and States. They persistently and carefully suppress it, and appear to deem it of great consequence to do so. It is a bad case that cannot be safely defended upon the real facts of the case, and whose advocates can answer arguments only wryly veiled, as the Episcopalian answered Paul when he had no better defence against his logic.

MY BROKEN MEERSCHAUM.

Old pipe, now battered, bruised and brown. With silver splintered and lashed together. With hinges high up and spirit drawn. I've pulled the lid in all kinds of weather. And still, upon thy glowing lid. "Mid evening, quiet and cross tracing. Beneath the quilt of years half hid. The pipe's name mine eye is tracing."

WHY HEISTER CLYMER SHOULD BE EJECTED GOVERNOR IN PREFERENCE TO JOHN W. GEARY.

1. Because he is more capable to discharge the duties of the office than Geary. 2. Because he is a gentleman of fixed and correct political principles, which Geary is not. 3. Because he is thoroughly acquainted with the wants and interests of the people of Pennsylvania. Geary is not.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

—Good words cost nothing, but are worth much. —If a man could speak it might save some of your jaw. —If you throw a stone into water, what does it become before reaching bottom? Wet. —The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—sees the plants when all around is dark.

HEISTER CLYMER IN POTTSVILLE.

During last week Hon. Heister Clymer was at Pottsville, Pa. and on Monday, June 11, he addressed the citizens of that town in the Schuylkill county court room. On Thursday evening a very large concourse of citizens, headed by the Pennsylvania Democrat, assembled at the hotel at which he was stopping, to pay their respects to him. He was introduced by Col. J. M. Welch, and after the speaker had made a short speech, from which we make the following beautiful and appropriate extract:

I well understand that the position I occupy before the people of the State has given me to do with the character of your mood, yet I will not deny myself the pleasant reflection that past meetings, shifting friendships, are the cords which have drawn many of you together. Long ago, when starting on the journey of life, I came almost a stranger in your midst, and here for years in the practice of my profession, I met with kindness unexampled, with encouragement and support; and when my affairs rendered it necessary for me to return to my native county, I did so with a regret which has been unceasing. I left these personal friends than whom none were more true, and although since that time some of them have been gathered to the "City of the Silent," yet I know that amongst those whom I address there are many, very many, whose presence here attests their fidelity to the past, their support in the present, and their aid in the future. To have merited their approbation has hitherto been my highest aim; to continue to do so will be my unceasing effort; and although with some of them I may widely differ as to the means to be employed, yet I feel they will accord to me that which I freely give to them—the integrity of my heart.

GOOD SHOT.

"Bill, don't you know that dad don't allow you to buy shot?" asked a young urchin of a brother who was somewhat his junior, who was making a purchase of that article.

THE MURDER OF THE WAR—SWINTON'S HISTORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The history of the Army of the Potomac is a story which has not hitherto been made public. General Grant at first decidedly opposed the overland march to Richmond, and strongly urged a movement from the south side of James river. If he had firmly adhered to this opinion he might have had his own way, and so avoided the delay and loss of the terrible march through Virginia; but he allowed himself to be overruled. It now appears, after all the controversy on the subject, that the best military authorities all favored the approach to Richmond by way of James river. It also appears that the insane desire of Lincoln to have his "plan" adopted, and the cowardice of Stanton and others in Washington who were in terror whenever there was an army between themselves and Richmond, caused the murder of nearly as many of our soldiers, as Stanton's keeping up soldiers in the pens of Andersonville, by refusing an exchange of prisoners with the rebel army, did. History is slowly but surely fixing the responsibility of late events where it belongs.—Free Press.

THE EVERY-DAY EXPERIENCE OF EVERY OBSERVANT MAN TELLS HIM THAT THERE ARE INDISPENSABLE POSITIONS UNDER THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.

Open positions under the present administration are indispensable. They are the positions which will permit us to get on our feet again, and when the infamously Congress shall adjourn, you can mark the new graves by the thousand, unless fraud shall prevail against the President. We are glad to see our noble President cleaning the filth from our public offices. He has made up his mind that Radical disunionists shall not hold positions under his administration. Push forward the good work, and permit us men to fall upon his country who desire to see one-half of it disfranchised and destroyed. The man who is not for the whole Union, is not for it; to hold office in it. Those who have been in arms against the country are now willing to stand by the Union, while those who have professed to be for the Union are opposed to it. We have one of two things to do, and it is this: We must stand by the President and the Union, or go with the radicals and break up the Union. It is for you, gentlemen, to say where you will stand.—Bz.

BRICKOUT FOR SORE HEADS.

Here is a fast "Brick-Out" Pomeroy's lockers—fast a whole "Brick-Out" It takes "Brick-Out" for a long time. "This reminds me of a story: I say, you radical, nigger-loving Anna Dickinson, Fred Douglass, and Butler's style of Republicanism: how do you like Johnson? How do you like going out of the Union for a President? You men who preach that God is controlling events political as well as external? How do you like Tennessee statehood? How does it compare with flat-broke style? And God said let there be light, and there was light? This is Bible. And "Brick-Out" is in the Bible. I lifted up the eyes and saw that Abraham in the bosom of Lazarus, had Andrew Johnson in the White House. Pretty picture, isn't it, your freedom bringing, press mobbing democratic branding, Boston stealing, women robbing, plunder loving, prison adorning, democratic abusing, Juliet-Brook stuffing, office holding rumpsters, full of nigger's bones?

How do you like the President? Would you choke gentle on Booth's windpipe if he were still alive? How do you like the going into the Democratic party for a horse to hitch up with your wife? The head of white men shall brain the head of Republicanism, and Johnson shall be the next President. Verily we say unto you, now is the time to repent! It is a bad time for you follows to swap horses when crossing a stream; Why don't you Republican, wench lugging, freedom shrieking, law breaking, Union hating members of the only treasonable party in the Union, get drunk and parade with torments? Stand by the President. The President is the Government you know!

Heard doctrine, thought divine. But the President judges of his crime. He who speaks against the President is a traitor! Let the traitor be hung! Why don't you get drunk, burn printing offices, murder a few Democrats, stop a few printing presses into the streets, throw your newspapers, hold prayer meetings in barns, and get drunk as you do, as you did when the other President spoke? Who's pin here since '73 pin gone? Who elected Johnson? Why in the thunder don't you get out the Wide Awake, the Democrats in office, about as they are in post-office about "crab for Link-Johnson, and hold fast to push you found down Booth."

"Way down South in the land of Dixie!" Ain't that a pretty little song? How do you like this "expediency" dodge? Why don't you exult your President lays an egg? Why don't you celebrate, jubilate, investigate, operate, and aird tonsils irritate as you "used to do?" "Come ye sinners poor and needy, and Wash and wondrous, kick and cure, John Bull and snuff, make me a man. Now this cruel war is over."

Why don't you laugh—smile—talk, say something, if it is not all fire and anger? Gracious, but you fellows are busy about now! This is your President. God gave him to you. You selected him, elected him! What's the trouble in your camp? Oh, but you are a wet set of roosters! Well, never mind! We shan't hurt you. We won't kill you—upon you—you—business—salute you—insult you—rob you and use you as you have for five years used us you needn't look scary like when you see a rope, prison or a gun!

Get out the Wide Awake. Call out the loyal league! Get up some Sanitary Fairs Appoint a few Brigadier Generals Raise some colored troops. Turn your prayer meetings into electioneering Booths. Control the telegraph. Lie to the nation.—Open positions under the present administration are indispensable. You are the President speaks. Be social. Don't act like wandering drops from a grand funeral procession. Why you look pleased good, joy struck, happy, angelic when Lincoln died compared to the way you look now! Poor Republicans—how dreadfully grief weary you are!

How, Tom? Fall.—It is surprising to some to see how contagion has spread among Radical officeholders. They are falling under the sickness like calves in the slaughter pen; and when the infamously Congress shall adjourn, you can mark the new graves by the thousand, unless fraud shall prevail against the President. We are glad to see our noble President cleaning the filth from our public offices. He has made up his mind that Radical disunionists shall not hold positions under his administration. Push forward the good work, and permit us men to fall upon his country who desire to see one-half of it disfranchised and destroyed. The man who is not for the whole Union, is not for it; to hold office in it. Those who have been in arms against the country are now willing to stand by the Union, while those who have professed to be for the Union are opposed to it. We have one of two things to do, and it is this: We must stand by the President and the Union, or go with the radicals and break up the Union. It is for you, gentlemen, to say where you will stand.—Bz.

LUCK AND LABOR.—Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a leg. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or riving hammer, lays the foundation of a competence. Labor rolls on chance. Labor, on character. Labor slips down to indigence. Labor strides upward and onward to independence.

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SATISFIED FOR THE HOUSEWIVES.—Hour an hour in the morning, and you may bust for it all day, and never find it. Lose in the morning is worth more than two hours in the afternoon. No man's business or household matters over flourish where there was a slow breakfast table. You may mark it. Order was made for the family, and not the family for order. Dirt is not dirt, but only something in the wrong place.

THREE FAMILY PHYSICIANS.—Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet and Doctor Merryman. Temper is alas—traits of Christianity. Though I am in Assa, I am never in a hurry.

FRIENDS OF FRANK P. Blair claim that Blair's refusal to confirm him as Postmaster at St. Louis will result in either making him the Governor of Missouri, or sending him to the United States Senate from that State.

LAW AND CHURCH.—The difference between a suit of clothes and a suit of law is this—one provides you with pockets and the other empties them.