

THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

A pilgrim to my country's grave, I trod the plains that saw her die;

And thoughts would rise within my breast, Of those who struggled at my side;

The mountains are the same; the same Are those green woods and evening skies.

In vain! in vain! the seaman's rage Crushed us to earth till low we lay;

That April morning when we stood, Calm in our resolute despair,

All rose at once before my sight, Distinct and sudden when despair

Oh! hearts that broke, and blood that shed A dewy redness on each field;

And Dixie's land is conquered now, And Dixie's people humbler stay;

The Wickedest Man in New York.

BY OLIVER DYER

He goes by the name of John Allen. He lives at number 301 Water street.

The Wickedest Man in New York. The best bad is always the worst.

Take him for all in all, the wickedest Man is a phenomenon. He reads the Bible to his dance house girls.

For this Wickedest Man, lives his children. His little five-year-old boy is the apple of his eye.

Has the reader any notion of a Water street dance-house? Concoctedly stated, it is a breathing-hole of hell.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 13 BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY JULY 31, 1868. NO. 30

lousy loafers lurk, and which is in some cases on a level with the sidewalk

These girls are not often comely to the fastidious eye. But to a sailor, just from a long cruise,

The Wickedest Man was in his glory. Things were moving briskly. He gives us all a hearty welcome.

Now, gentlemen, you are writers, philosophers and preachers; but I'll show you that my baby knows as much as any of you.

And without more ado, he stood the sleepy little fellow upon the floor and began to catechise him in ancient history.

And Chester, for that is the child's name, give us a song.

Has the reader any notion of a Water street dance-house? Concoctedly stated, it is a breathing-hole of hell.

Of the thousands of painful cases where-with we have met in this city, that of little Chester Allen gives us about the keenest pang.

On being assured that we would not "trip it on the light fantastic," he asked us if we (that is, our party), would not favor the girls with a song.

At Sabbath School, was the reply. We all looked at one another. Here was a revelation.

On the other side of Jordan In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

Since that occasion we have repeatedly visited the abode of the Wickedest Man in New York, for the purpose of "studying him up,"

On one occasion a party of us suggested that he should let us hold a prayer meeting in his saloon.

But our friend Arnold, of the Fluvanna Mission was determined to oblige the prayer-meeting.

see what would come of it. So, on Monday night, May 26th, after a carefully conducted preliminary season of prayer,

"You see, gentlemen, it won't do for a business man to go to bed drunk nor for a literary man either.

The books were got out by one of the girls, the fiddle was handed him by his wife, and Allen led off on the trolle, all hands joining in.

At the conclusion of the last mentioned song Mr. Arnold believed that the appointed hour had come.

Mr. Arnold then invited the girls to join in praying with him, which they did, some of them kneeling on the floor.

Poor Arnold! He was the picture of despair. It came upon him, all at once, that there is no help for such, this side of the grave.

Take them from that place! Where could he take them? In all this Christain land there is not a Christian home that would open its doors to repentant female sinner except to turn her out of

the house. We arraign no one, nor do we arraign any sect for permitting this state of things to exist in a Christian land.

General Frank P. Blair's Letter of Acceptance. WASHINGTON, July 21.—The following is a copy of General Blair's letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination for Vice President.

I have carefully read the resolutions adopted by the Convention, and most cordially concur in every principle and sentiment they announce.

And backing slowly out of the room, and repeating, "I won't hear you," over and over again, Allen went through the door leading to the bar, and closed it after him.

Mr. Arnold then invited the girls to join in praying with him, which they did, some of them kneeling on the floor.

And Chester, for that is the child's name, give us a song.

What is the worst kind of husbandry?—When a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.

preme, the military leader, under whose prestige this usurping Congress has taken refuge amid the condemnation of these schemes by the free people in the elections of the last year.

The peace which Grant invites us is the peace of despotism and death. Those who seek to restore the Constitution by executing the will of the people, condemning the reconstruction acts already pronounced in the elections of last year, and which will, I am convinced, be still more emphatically expressed by the election of the Democratic candidate as the President of the United States—are denounced as revolutionists by the partisans of this vindictive Congress.

If the people shall again condemn these atrocious measures by the election of the Democratic candidate for President, they must not be disturbed although decided to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court; and although the President is sworn to maintain and support the Constitution, the will of a portion of a Congress, reinforced with its partisan emissaries sent to the South, and supported there by the soldiery, must stand against the will of the people and the decision of the Supreme Court, and the solemn oath of the President to maintain and support the Constitution. It is revolutionary to execute the will of the people; it is revolutionary to execute the judgment of the Supreme Court; it is revolutionary in the President, to keep inviolate his oath to maintain the Constitution.

The appeal to the peaceful ballot to attain this end is not war, is not revolution. They make war and revolution who attempt to arrest this quiet mode of putting aside military despotism, and the usurpation of a fragment of a Congress asserting absolute power over that benign system of regulated liberty left us by our fathers. This must be allowed to take its course. This is the only road to peace. It will come with the election of the Democratic candidate, and not with the election of that mailed warrior whose bayonets are now at the throats of eight millions of people in the South, to compel them to support him as a candidate for the presidency, and to submit to the domination of an alien and semi-barbarous men. No perversion of truth or audacity or misrepresentation can exceed that which hails this candidate in arms as an angel of peace.

Proposals to MAKE THE NATIONAL DEBT, \$10,000,000,000.—Senator Sherman has introduced a bill to fund the whole debt by issuing bonds at 5 per cent. interest, the bonds to be redeemed in thirty or forty years. The debt is \$2,800,000,000. Five per cent a year on that is one hundred and thirty millions, and for thirty years would be \$3,900,000,000. Add the principal to the interest and you have the enormous sum of sixty-five hundred million dollars, which he proposes to levy on this and the next generation, as the legacy of the Jacobin party, for trusting that party with political power for seven years. But that is not all. If paid in gold, as he proposes, it would add thirty-five per cent. to the vast sum, making ten thousand million dollars, as much as the debts of all the nations of Europe.—Stark Co., (Ohio) Democrat.

Got Blows Up.—A Buffalo policeman kept his pistol cartridges and his tobacco loose in the same pocket. He concluded to take a quiet smoke, on Monday and missed his smokes with the miscellaneous deposit. All went merry as a marriage bell until the fire touched a cartridge in the pipe, when further exercises were suspended.

Kentucky, the State of Clay and Orntenden, will open the canvass in August for State officers and members of Congress. The majority for John W. Stevenson, for Governor, will be an immense one, but still larger for Seymour and Blair.

What is the worst kind of husbandry?—When a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.