

REVERIE.

BY MONIA.

Only a few more years
Weary years,
Only a few more tears,

Alas! alas!

When go we must
From the light of life, and the heat of strife
To the peace of death, and the cold still dust.

I saw a flower at morn so fair;
I poked at it—it was not there;

How Do You Like The Picture.

William B. Reed of Philadelphia, recently drew the following unglorious picture of the financial situation:

Need any one wonder that the Butler Stevens doctrine of paying the funded debt in greenbacks is popular with the masses? Let us see how practically and in a homely way it works. A man of limited means deposits, in April, 1861, in a savings institution, \$1,000 in gold—all his hard earnings. In April, 1863, he draws it out, and is compelled to take principal and interest, 1,080 in paper, worth at that time exactly \$130. The poor depositor loses \$860, a pretty severe tax for patriotism and confidence!

Still, as I have said, the Democracy party is responsible for none of this and I, for one, am old-fashioned enough to wish to see the debt paid as the creditor wishes it to be paid, if it can be done.

Democratic Watchman

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ful—the white man in his due position—the negro subordinated not to slavery, but to the control of a superior race—the great Southern staples brought to life again, and no one can doubt that the public credit would stand on a surer basis than it has at any period during the earth quakes of the last seven years.

Gen. Grant and Jeff. Davis.

Some years ago a certain young United States officer was wild, and as unpopular among his army comrades as he was reckless. During the great Crystal Palace exhibition in New York city he distinguished himself by riding a horse into a hot store, and performed several other feats which at last brought him to a court martial.

THINK OF IT—Farmer, mechanic, workingman—and especially you who have heretofore acted with the Republican party you have now until November, to think of a matter that concerns you and your children.

Conversions to Democracy.

[From the Ripon, (Wis.) Representative.] For the past year we have been falling slowly and surely failing, and to day we give up the ghost. We have not, in these twelve months, been failing in health, nor have we suffered peculiarly much loss.

A REGENERATED RADICAL.

Many of our readers will recollect, Hon. F. B. Darius, of Cleveland, who made speeches during the war, full of fire and brim stone against the Democracy party.

How DID GRANT MAKE HIS MONEY.

General Grant, at the beginning of the war, was unable to purchase his uniform. Now, according to his father's story he is worth four hundred thousand dollars!

A Union of Hearts and Hands.

The people want peace; they have nothing in common with politicians and the purpose of a party to retain power at every cost, and they will necessarily select that party and those men for office who offer a reasonable, rational and enduring peace, and the prosperity which always followed the footsteps of the old union of hearts and of hands.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

Increasing—Democratic enthusiasm. Popular—Democratic public meetings. Going down—Gold and Grant stock.

CAMPAIGN RHYMES.

Democratic Rolling Song. With Seymour and Blair We'll make the Rads stare, Till their eyeballs pop out of their sockets Their hands shall be paid, As the contract was made.

Shall we have Another Civil War?

That the Radical leaders, says the Harrisburg Patriot, are preparing to inaugurate a new civil war, is manifestly apparent. Say what you will, enter at the idea as you may it is nevertheless true. They established a secret military organization, known as the "Grand Army of the Republic," banded together by the obligation of an oath, and entirely under the control of their political leaders.