Democratic Watchman

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At Home.

Once more in the Sanctum Once more in the "holy of holies" Once more among the old familiar objects that ornament (?) the editor's room. Once more in Bellefonte, the town of the "beautiful fountain" Once more amid the healthful and diversified scenery of Centre county. Back again among the mountains and hills of old Pennsylvania!

The 'Associate' feels at *home* He takes off his hat and his coat He throws his heels on the back of a chair. He is comfortable He ruminates He thinks over what he has seen in the "Great West" He thinks of its great rivers—its vast plains—its mighty lakes He thinks its a "big thing"—a wonderful country, with an almighty sight of land to the acre He likes it But he thinks he won't go there. At least not at present He has some pleasant recollections He has also some that are not so pleasant. He has a distinct remembrance of sore throats, headaches, ague chills and fevers He also seems to have a constant taste in his mouth like unto quinine blue-mass pills and sedlitz powders. He feels an oppression as if a mountain of bed quilts was resting on his "bread basket" and has a vague idea that this is to bring "the sweat" It seems to him that folks get this way often out there He don't say he did oh, no, but he has a ridiculous impression that he might have felt better out there if his physical organization hadn't got out of order But it is a great country Especially this side of Chicago along the line of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroad, through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois There's plenty of water The ground is soft and nice. A first rate place to bury folks in — Wouldn't have any graves to dig Just lay the coffin on the ground and it would sink to any desired depth Fine country! Nice and marshy The mud is *soft* Folks there live about half their days and go to their graves glad that the thing's over Wouldn't come back if they could—not to that region Life's a humbug in their estimation Poor devils! They're nearly all black republicans, too, and that's what makes it so much the worse for them—its mud and water there and brimstone thereafter Poor critters!

The Chicago river is a purty stream It divides the city into four parts Does it smell nice? Well, that depends on a man's taste. The 'Associate' don't like it It is highly recommended as an emetic It is calculated to make a man throw up his boots and toe-nails. It is said to be good for cholera From the effects of it during the last cholera season there, we believe its true. Did you never smell it? Well, unless you are used to oat-houses, horse stables, gas-works and niggers, we don't believe you would like it. It ain't pleasant Imagine all the stinks in the world mingled and concentrated in one spot and you'll have the smell of the Chicago river A man's nose is his misfortune when in its neighborhood Faugh! It is said there are several millions of dead cats and dogs at the bottom of it"' It is the quintessence of all nastiness. Would we drink it? Not if we were in our sober senses, we wouldn't, and we generally are, unless asked to imbibe more than seven times a day But the Chicago people have been drinking the washings of this river all their lives They have found toads in their coffee-pots, lizards in their soup-bowls, dog collars in their pudding and cat-hairs in their whisky—all sucked up through their hydrants, which supply that village with water. But the Chicagoans don't think anything of this Bless your dear soul, no! They rather like it. Such little incidents are interesting, and give them a chance to pleasantly *damn* the municipality of the city. Besides, it shows the hardihood of the people They can eat more dog collars, drink more cat-hairs crunch up more lizards and swallow more toads than any other city in the Union or all Pekin and Paris combined. To be sure, a good many people die there, but that's all owing to the fact that the medicine they take don't do them any good. The city ain't unhealthy, at all Oh, no!

But the Chicagoans think they've tried this water long enough They're going to quit it. They've dug an awful big tunnel under the lake—two miles in length—and now they're going to get their water, pure and clean, out of old Michigan. They intend to astonish their stomachs. Instead of toads, lizards and other vermin, they now propose to drink pure water They think they'll stick to the new beverage, if it don't make them sick. But habits, once formed, are hard to eradicate. We read somewhere something about a sow that had been washed returning to wallow in the mire. We hope the example of that female pork will not be copied by our Chicago friends, although we shouldn't be surprised to hear of their going back to their dirty old habits

But just now they're in ecstacies about that tunnel. They think its the biggest hole in the known world. The Mammoth Cave is nothing to it. The Tower of Babel was simply a bit of a chimney compared with it, and the English channel or Mississippi river are only canals alongside of it. The great aqueducts of ancient and modern times never equaled it. It can't *be* equaled. Its a *Chicago* tunnel. No place but Chicago could *build* such a tunnel. Its the very greatest achievement of engineering skill that has ever been attempted on this continent. And its finished, too. And they intend to let the water from Lake Michigan into it in about three months. So *they* say. Well, to tell the honest truth, it *is* a pretty big thing, but then what's the use of "blowing" about it all the time?

But that's the way with those Chicago people. They're the vainest mortals in the world. They think they've got the biggest, the handsomest, the fastest city in all creation. And then they "blow" about it. Why, their papers are all the time poking fun at Cincinnati and Milwaukee, because the latter places don't thrive quite so fast as they do. Chicago now goes ahead of Cincinnati as a *hog* market, and over this it also gives a *grunt* of profound satisfaction.

And then they brag of their women. Well, they *have* good-looking girls in Chicago, but then the trouble with them is they *know* it, and the way they dash along the streets is a caution to timid folks Its awful, though, the way they show their legs—their limbs—their garters—we mean their *stockings*—when they walk. Its wonderfully embarrassing to a modest man But then we suppose its the fault of the high winds and tilting hoops. We don't suppose they would ever get done blushing if they thought a man was looking at them—But—if we may be excused for saying so—we rather liked the *ank*—the exhibition of crinoline, we mean, although we could not help sympathizing with the ladies.

Well, but we must bring our reverie to a close The devil is waiting for copy and we must send him about his business. If you want to know anything more about the West, you'd better go there. But if you travel on the line of the Fort Wayne road, don't stop this side of Chicago. And when you get there, go to see Lake Michigan the Douglas monument, the fire alarm telegraph, Crosby's opera house, the tunnel, and other curiosities Go as much farther West as you please From Chicago out you will find a beautiful country, and when you have satisfied your curiosity, if you don't want to stay there, come back home settle down and be a decent man, like we did

Here devil—here's your copy" Run in to the composing room now, and stop that everlasting big mouth of your.

The Presidents Message.

The message of President Johnson has been read in Congress and was laid before the country in the daily papers of Tuesday last We shall publish it entire in our next issue

We think the document will please the conservative sentiment of the country generally It is a calm, dispassionate and dignified state paper, and is written in a smooth and finished style which shows its author to be much better acquainted with the rules of rhetoric and grammar than was his immediate predecessor There is an elegance about it which speaks of culture and a power that tells of ability of a high order

The message has the unusual recommendation of brevity It is short and to the point It makes no concessions to radicalism but defends and reiterates the past policy of the Executive in the strongest language Its arguments in favor of the admission of the Southern Senators and Representatives to Congress are of great force, and place that body of fanatics in the position of a revolutionary assemblage trying to force unconstitutional and treasonable legislation upon the country It is this portion of the document that will be read with the greatest interest, and we commend its arguments and positions to the sincere and solemn consideration of the people

We are glad that Andrew Johnson stands by his policy, as enunciated long ago We are glad that he has had the back bone to reaffirm the principles which it was sneeringly asserted he would be afraid to reaffirm. We are glad that he has had the courage and the manliness to let Congress know that it is not yet the "master of the situation" and that the Southern people have rights which the Executive *will* maintain We are glad that the loud threats of impeachment which have been so blatantly thrown in his face, have not daunted him in the least, nor turned him aside from the strict line of his duty. We rejoice that in the President there is yet some hope for this stricken land, and a strong barrier against the onward and destructive progress of its domestic enemies

Thus far has Andrew Johnson done right Thus far has he shown a moral courage worthy of all admiration Now let him reconstruct his cabinet, throwing that infamous spawn of the devil—Stanton—out of his counsels and his confidence, and dismiss all office holders who are not *bona fide* supporters of his policy, and the people will begin to have some faith in him. As long, however, as he retains that man in the portfolio of war, the conservative masses cannot and *will* not have implicit confidence in his motives If he wants to save his house, let him arrest the chief incendiary, and then Seward and all the lesser imps of evil will stand aghast and awed What the tree wants is the pruning knife.—These rotten branches must be cut off, and grafts from the pure buds of patriotism must take their place Let him do this, and the united voices and strength of the true hearts of the country will sustain him

Surratt.

The newspapers tell us that John H Surratt, one of the men accused of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, has been arrested in Alexandria, Egypt, by the United States consul We suppose, then, if this be true, that another victim will soon be added to that long list of unfortunate men who have suffered the martyrdom of abolition hate. We had hoped that the farce was about "played out," and that the gory work would cease We had thought that the blood of an innocent woman would have appeased even the heartless rage of demoniac radicalism, but it seems we were mistaken. John H Surratt must suffer on the gallows. His life must yet go down the throats of these revengeful demons, before their bloody thirst will be quenched. Guilty or not guilty, his mother's life has earned his, and President Johnson, to atone for that awful crime of an innocent woman's murder, might spare her son, even though his hands should prove less guiltless than hers.

Enough blood has been shed in the war and since its close to atone for the life of Abraham Lincoln a thousand times, and it is time this devil's work should cease.

CONGRESS.—Congress met on Monday last. No good can be expected from their deliberations. The Radicals seem determined to rule or ruin.

Mongrel Modesty.

It is amusing to read the high-falutin twaddle of the mongrel journals, and to see the high-sounding assertions of love of liberty in one line always contradicted in the next, A cotemporary, felicitating his partizans on the result of the election, says: "The mission of the republican party is not yet ended, and it will probably continue in the ascendancy so long as *morality and intelligence predominate!*"

What a spectacle is daily given to the world of the "morality and intelligence" of mongrelism! It first dissolved the Union by its aggressions upon the constitutional rights of neighboring States, then induced its political adversaries to assist in the subjugation of these States on the lying pretence that it wished to restore the Union, and when a victory was achieved, reviles its helpers as traitors and copperheads, and refuses to restore the Union which these men fought for! What a specimen of morality and intelligence! Under such a dispensation, hypocrisy and lying are sublime virtues, worthy the suffrages of a northern majority who appreciate such "morality and intelligence" There are some among us so stupid as to wish its "mission" was ended, while millions curse the hour it ever had a beginning Mongrelism will "probably" continue in the ascendancy so long as the prevailing bogus and brimstone "morality," with its feet of filth, its body of greenbacks, and its face of brass can befool the credulous into the belief that it is a divine institution Great was Diana of the Ephesians, but greater still is American mongrelism But the false prophets of the one only sunk into oblivion Those of the other will go down to everlasting infamy

Effects of Freed Niggers at the South.

Almost in every daily we receive we see accounts of where "American citizens of African descent have been murdering white citizens of the South without any cause or provocation. A few days ago a gentleman was walking along the streets in a Southern city when a negro came up and shot him killing him instantly Such are the acts of our colored brethren And who is to be held responsible for these diabolical acts of inhumanity? We assert that the abolition party is responsible for these acts that the teachings of such men as Thad Stevens, the miscegenationist, Brownlow, the cast out devil of Tennessee and a host of other nigger loving patriots, such as Sumner, Philips, & Co, are to be held responsible for all these atrocious crimes They have disgraced and dishonored the land of their birth, they have sneered at the noble doctrines of the founders of the once greatest country upon the face of the globe, for which they should be driven from the soil for which they seem to have no respect.

When this country was under the rule of the Democratic party, we could shout with joy that this was the fairest of all lands the mightiest of the mighty, when every nation upon the earth had to take a back seat, when peace remained permanent, when no families were made homeless by the desolations of war, when the thousands of widows and orphans, caused by the late abolition crusade, were happy wives and children And all this we assert, was caused by the teachings of these vile scoundrels. May He who ruleth both Heaven and earth, make us again a united people, and bring an awful retribution upon the heads of these disturbers of our peace

Shall Democracy Live or Die?

It shall live As long as this Republic lasts, Democracy shall exist In the nature of things it cannot die Its principles are founded upon eternal justice, and its aim is the happiness of all mankind It was born at the birth of Adam It took up its abode with Noah in the Ark and it has been the guiding star of liberty through all the ages To day through the dark clouds of fanaticism, it beams out with brilliant brightness and speaks hopefully to the world of future peace and joy among the nations As well attempt to blot out the sun of Heaven as to crush this vital, ever living principle of human freedom It shall live when narrow-minded intolerance shall be dead and buried It shall live the hope and stay of all men till time shall be no longer And then it shall take up its abode in Heaven—itself a bright spirit—and diffuse its peaceful radiance among the shining bands of the Happy Land!

——Wendell Philips remarked a few months ago, that the Constitutional Amendment was hatched by Congress to carry the Republican party successfully over the late elections He also stated this Negro Amendment was going to bring on the South bursts keep out those States In short Phillips with his usual outspoken directness showed that the whole scheme of the leaders was to retain power, and they knew the only way to do that safely, is to keep the Union thus disunited. If they only had a tool in the White House, they could swim gaily

The Republican leaders would now like to shift their amendment upon other shoulders, especially seeing it is a "dead duck," and has served its purpose. Hence they seize joyfully upon the negro suffrage article of the Chicago *Times*, and also upon the late reports of the Washington quidnuncs, that "leading Southern men" are out for negro suffrage, and are so advising the President Of course those "Southern men" are not named. It is evident they designed confusing matters, and wish to pitch the Amendment overboard

Phillips and such radical leaders see that the Amendment game is defeated, and he favors and advocates bold, prompt and summary measures He cares nothing for the Constitution, the rights of States or the rights of the Executive. He wants Congress to kick Johnson out, and carry things for the negro with a high hand.—*Ex.*

CALIFORNIA GAMBLING.—A novel way of raising a crowd is thus described by the correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, from the State Fair at Sacramento.

Among the side-shows, the favorite after the gambling hells, of course—is the one where the above sign hangs on the outside of a tent Within is a happy-looking Irish woman, stout of build, and voluble as a parrot—a woman forty years old, dressed in a powerful head-dress, and a balmoral skirt—a woman who goes nothing as to speed, but whose bottom is sound—and she stands in a ring three feet in diameter, and any speculator who wants to pay twenty five cents for a chance, may stand behind her and strike her with all his force with a large, long handled mallet, which is covered with sacking, and if he knocks her out of the ring, he gets three dollars for it. They don't hit her in the head She has never been knocked out yet, perhaps. The man at the door has his ideas of real estate value in California His constant cry is! "Come up—come up, and take a chance! Only two bits—and if you knock her out, get three dollars! Think of it! Three Dollars!—'nough to buy a ranche!"

Congressional Action and Southern Interests.

The approaching meeting of Congress is regarded by many with mingled feelings of apprehension and discomfort. They think it will be the signal for greater severity towards the South, and perhaps the commencement of a period of wild excitement and fanatical frenzy Such scenes as France witnessed in the days of Robespierre present themselves in the horoscope of American politics to many thoughtful minds, and the horrisonous threats of such as Thad Stevens, B F. Butler and Logan strike the ears of the timid with terror and fill their hearts with dismay.

We indeed, do not look forward to this meeting of Congress with the smallest allowance of hopeful pleasure. We cannot regard it with anything else than regret and sorrowful misgivings But these feelings spring not from our apprehensions or wishes as *Southern* men, but rather from that interest which every man born in America feels to a greater or less extent in the fate of Republican institutions We believe that the country is in danger of that kind of disaster which pertains to fruitless and uncontrolled agitation But the South cannot be the only, nor the severest, sufferer Congress cannot inflict upon the South any evil which will not re-act upon the North, and the force of the re action will be heavier than the direct blow The only real suffering which any country can be made to bear is through its industrial interests They are the vital parts of the body politic, and so long as they are healthful active and vigorous the best or the worst government is equally good This fact is forcibly illustrated in the history of the past year In general our industrial interests are as lifeless as at the close of the war; but in some sections of the country they have renewed their vitality and the people are hopeful and happy In general, the continued agitation of the public mind has deterred our people from entering upon any industrial pursuits, and excitement, agitation and consequent idleness have characterized the larger portion of our population

Crippled as we were in pecuniary resources, most men being nearly penniless, it has been impossible to apply ourselves to labor when we were also constantly beset by apprehensions of confiscation and the other ills which Radical agitators were constantly threatening Another cause, too which has contributed as much to our slow progress in recuperation, was the entertainment of shallow hopes that Radicalism would be overthrown by the returning reason of the Northern people, and the realization of that hope was anticipated as the time to begin our work in earnest The expectations upon which these hopes were based have now been utterly dissolved Everything like the *sentiment* of conservatism North we have bitterly learned, must yield to the force of what they regard as their main interests—dollars and cents and that political supremacy of their section which secures the control of the Government and the partition of the public funds

Nor are our apprehensions and fears of punitive legislation now so painful in their lowering influence The "pardoning" process has been so general, that there are very few men not "pardoned" under the amnesty proclamation, who cannot now exhibit a document to bar any proceedings against their property As to any act of Congress abrogating these "pardons," we have no fears It is now too late Congress may provide against future "rebellions," and we hope it will—for the next will not come from the South, but it cannot *now* make laws to punish those who participated in our glorious contest It is *post facto*

These considerations invite our people to make greater efforts to recover their industrial prosperity The social aspect of the subject may not be the most pleasant, but labor is not disgraceful since its reward not only secure competence and comfort, but, in this country also raise those who win them to the level of the best It needs no argument, however, to support the "dignity of labor" Those who doubt such dignity, would as well retire at once from the arena in which the Southern people are now engaged, and find some place where drones are at a premium They cannot live here, and we want them not

Many of our people profess great willingness to work but cannot discover the means of making their labor remunerative They say they can do nothing without *capital* It cannot be denied that this is a serious drawback upon us, but it is no unconquerable obstacle Without it we cannot engage in extensive operations but we can make a beginning. The success of one year strengthens us for a more enlarged success the next The successful cultivation of ten acres this year will enable us to cultivate twenty perhaps fifty, the next.

It is not our purpose now, however, to enter into the specific details of these suggestions We would impress the minds of our people with the importance of this main point That as a matter of interest and true policy, we should have as little to do or say about politics as possible, and devote ourselves to the development of our resources and the recuperation of our industrial interests. *That* is the solution of the political problem For as soon as we again become wealthy and prosperous we will not only be courted by the North, but will be able to command anything we may wish of that people —*Richmond Enquirer*

More Work for Phillips and the Radicals.

The great agitator of "the equality of all men" dogma, in his frantic zeal, in behalf of the negro, has totally forgotten his own leading maxim of political gospel The "no distinction on account of color" is restricted in its application to the blacks exclusively A coppery hue is not within the rule, and any thing approaching the white nearer than the bilious complexion of Fred Douglass or Chas Lenox Remond so called is discarded from the radical rule of "no distinction on account of color."

John Chinaman is beyond the vision of the Massachusetts God and human fanatics There are 75,000 Coolies in California to day who are virtually enslaved by the avarice of the white man and vastly more wretched than even the negroes were in the Southern States They are bought, sold, and dealt with a thousand fold more outrageously than ever slaves were in Virginia or Tennessee They are as much "property in man" as ever slaves were They are brought to San Francisco in the character of merchandize precisely as the Mayflower brought slaves to Boston They are pagan and infamously vile Then white owners kill them off by over work, and nobody pays the least heed to the welfare either of their souls or bodies

Here is more work for Phillips and Massachusetts We desire for reforms in behalf of the Coolies, We affirm that they are men, equal, at least, to the negroes To further commend them to radical sympathy, we also affirm that they *are not quite white* Will not somebody shout for the moral and physical deliverance of the poor bondmen from China, the victims of the modern "slave trade?" Will not somebody vociferate the battle cry of "freedom" for the down trodden Coolies of California? Will not Mr. Wendell Phillips, or his organ in the Senate, Mr Charles Sumner call for the franchise for 20,000 Coolies in the Golden State"—*Herald, Omaha, Nebraska.*

——If the acts of the present Congress are illegal because that body is sectional, then are the securities of the Government authorized within the last four years as valueless as rags"—*Harrisburg Telegraph*

If we are not mistaken the "present Congress" (the Rump) was elected in the fall of 1864 for two years, and that its two years' ignoble existence does not expire until the fourth of March, 1867. The Government loans were not authorized by it, consequently the stability or legality of Government securities does not depend upon the legality or illegality of that fragmentary body. The illegal and sectional character of the Rump consists in the fact that the revolutionary Radical majority therein assumed powers extraordinary and unknown to the Constitution, undertaking to "reconstruct" or re establish the status of the Southern States instead of determining merely the elections and qualifications of members elected by those States to Congress. The Congresses which preceded the Rump were not illegal for the reason that the Southern States were unrepresented of their own choice. They were sectional, but *constitutionally so.* The doors of Congress were open, but no Southern Representatives sought to enter. When the Rump came into power it closed the doors on the Southern members, who were awaiting admission. This was unauthorized, and hence the Rump is illegal because *unconstitutionally sectional* —*Patriot & Union.*

Send Them Back.

The curse which attaches to the possession of stolen goods says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, may not always be manifest, but there is a curse, nevertheless. The people of the North have not yet taken fully into consideration the fact that, while the war for the government was carried on as war, there was a vast amount of private plundering carried on without license. No laws of God or man can be cited to justify these crimes. The excitement under which some men were induced to wink at them has passed away, and there is no honest person in all this country who does not wish in the bottom of his heart that this business had been effectually stopped when it began to be a practice. But there is the fact, and at this moment the moral evil which results from it is increased and perpetuated by the further fact that all over the North there are households which retain possession of the goods of Southern families, and the children of those households are by this very fact educated in immorality, and taught disrespect to the first principles of honesty What is the remedy? In the words of the New York *Observer*, "send it back!" Restore the plunder to its owner The advice is enforced in connection with a startling accusation made by a distinguished Southern clergyman. We quote from the N Y *Observer*:

SEND IT BACK —Rev Dr Adger, of South Carolina, in a letter to Dr Backus, of Baltimore, lately published, makes the following statement, and vouches for the fact:

"When General Sherman's army passed through Winboro', S C, a Captain F——, and six others of that army, robbed one of the ruling elders of the Scion Presbyterian Church there of an elegant silver communion set, the gift of a dying female member of the same, costing in New York two hundred dollars, and having the church's name and the doner's name engraved upon each article"

Dr Adger makes the following additional statement, which, for the honor of humanity as well as Christianity, we would hope cannot be true

"A certain congregation of your body now has that silver communion set, which Capt. F—— presented to them and are now using it for their communion purposes, with the names of Scion Church and its dying sister staring them in the face, as they eat the bread and drink the wine which set forth the body and blood of our common Master"

"The idea that a Christian church can celebrate the holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper in the use of vessels thus obtained is too monstrous to be entertained for a moment, unless they are held only until the church from which they were taken can be ascertained This notice may assist the church in ascertaining it, and we are sure that if the sacred vessels should be sent to Dr Adger, Columbia, S C, he would see that they were restored to the church to which they belong

We echo the sentiment, that the idea that a Christian church can retain such articles is monstrous We should imagine that the communicants in the church, while using these vessels, would see the vision of their Master entering the temple with the scourge in his hand, and saying to them, "It has been written that my house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves"

What can we expect for the future of our country if we do not reform this great wrong, which has cursed churches as well as families An old friend of ours, a Union man in the South through all the war, told us that his chandeliers were in a certain house in Massachusetts, his piano in another, and various family treasures in others He had traced them to their positions We have heard of a Southern lady sitting down at a Northern table and recognizing silver on that table as her own. We have heard of a lady receiving from an officer a present of jewelry, which she recognized as the jewelry of a Southern lady who had been her own schoolmate and friend—Public sentiment needs to be aroused to the subject, and the holders of such goods should be compelled, by the indignation of their honest fellow-citizens, to "send them back"

These "relics may be found almost everywhere in the North It is only a day or so since we heard of a very valuable law book, the property of a Southern gentleman, being in the possession of a lawyer of West Chester The name of the owner being written in the book, it was suggested that it would be an easy matter to find the proper owner "O, no," said the wife, a pious member of church, "that is a valuable Southern *relic*, we could not part with it" It occurred to us at the time, that there might be work some day for Parson Brownlow standing at the gates of hell with his pitchfork —*West Chester Jeffersonian*

Duty as Democrats.

We have but one duty to perform as Democrats, and that is to do right and stand firm The good old cause of our party is a-enobling to day, as it was in the days of Washington The principles which underlie the foundation of our republic depend upon the perpetuity and restoration of Democrat power in this land To abandon the principles of this grand old party would be to bid farewell to all that has made us a great nation Through the principles and labors of the Democracy the United States became the wonder of the world Here we were at peace, and our prosperity was unequalled "The Jew and Gentile could worship his God according to the dictates of his own reason We made wonderful progress, and received the smiles of God during the day of Democratic rule but when that rule went down, the country went down with it

To day we are suffering for the desertion of the Democratic faith, and yet, your asked to go a step farther Never Stand by what you have, and battle for the return of the good old party, and conquer it will sooner or later It is not dead, and if you prove true to the principles it will rise more glorious than ever Fight on The right must prevail If a good currency and moderate taxation were good for the American people of times past, they are good today Then why shall we surrender them for a rag currency and high taxation to protect rich New England?

If this government gave us peace and prosperity, why destroy it to try some other?

Democrats, let us rally around the old flag and stand by it till it shall again triumph over the destructive elements that are abroad in the land Never forsake the good old flag while there is a star left to cling to Let us fight on, and ere long you will see county after county and state after state returning to do honor to the great, grand and glorious old cause —*Council Bluffs (Iowa) Bugle*

Rungs in the Radical Leader.

Men of God! Christians! Church Members! Professors of Religion! Lovers of Lincoln! Honest, well meaning, moral, respectable Republicans, for there are a few such yet in the land! What a company of leaders you have! What a slippery set of rungs or rounds in your political ladder which you are boosting up against the wall of liberty

Ben. Butler, your next candidate for the Presidency, the convicted thief, robber, swindler, double dealing son of a pirate

Brownlow, the bigot, the liar, the fanatic the blackguard, the robber and most reverend minister of the gospel, now acting as governor of Tennessee If Jesus had no other followers than those like Brownlow, the church triumphant would be a slim affair

Stevens, the adulterer, who lives in open concubinage with a nigger wench.

Morton, syphilis marked devotee of licentiousness.

Jack Hamilton, the adulterer and murderer.

Dick Yates, the drunken, slobbering vomiting, filthy debauche.

Logan, the dirty work, money loving principle hating turn coat, and harlequin leader of fools, thieves, fanatics and plunderers

Forney, the panderer and proqurer of Delilahs for his Congressional and theatrical friends.

Fred. Douglass, the only decent man in the lot of Radical leaders.

Anna Dickinson, the great short-haired "what is it" of politics, who is such a back bone strengthener, and roller away of the stones of prejudice from before the people.

The ten commandments given to man by God are all broken by the leaders of the Radical party, here enumerated, in order, and we congratulate the Christians of the Republican party on the high moral character of their leaders. *Brethern let us pray!* —*Ebensburg Democrat.*

A Chicago Ghost—A Haunted House—Freaks of the Ghostly Visitant.

The latest sensation in Chicago is the advent of a ghost, or ghosts, who cuts some queer antics, and interferes considerably with things both animate and inanimate upon the premises infested by him or them. The Chicago *Republican* gives the following account of the doings of the spirits:

The location of these singular manifestations is in a respectable neighborhood, being on the fourth floor of the large brick block, No. 128 West Randolph street

The occupants of the apartments may be summed up as being composed of Mr, and Mrs. Bushnel, their children, one aged eighteen months, and the other three months, Mrs. Kell and a terrier dog

The first of the manifestations occured on Tuesday evening, about 7 o'clock. At that time Mrs Bushnell and Mrs Kell were sitting quietly in the large room, when suddenly the folding doors opening into the bed-room slid violently together, striking with a loud crash Almost immediately afterward the hall door opened, and shut with a slam which jarred the entire building. Then the ghostly revel commenced in earnest The spittoon commenced traveling across the floor; boards and tables commenced dancing; various articles were thrown from the bureau upon the floor The terrified women dared not move or speak, until at about nine o'clock, Mr Bushnell came home They at once told him what they had seen, but he was skeptical, laughed at their fears sat down in a chair, and waited for manifestations He had not long to wait, for, as he was seated in a rocking chair in front of the stove, suddenly a piece of cloth, large enough for a dress pattern, fell directly into his lap He grasped the cloth, examined it and positively avers that he never had any such cloth in his house before Again the slamming of doors and the mysterious moving of furniture commenced, and the terrified family passed a sleepless night

At a late hour the premises became quiet, and Mr Bushnell sat silently meditating on the strange events, when the hall door, though it had been securely fastened, burst open, and of a sudden, as if a bloody hand had been violently slapped against it, on the outside, to his great horror, he saw five streams of blood trickle slowly down one of the panels He got up and closed the door, and a stream of blood rushed rapidly down upon the inside

In a short time daylight began to appear, and the terror striken family hoped their persecution was at an end Breakfast was had, and Mr. Bushnell went to his work as usual, not mentioning the facts to any one Up to 9 o'clock nothing further had been seen or heard At about that hour both the women went down stairs, closing and locking the door, leaving the children asleep on a bed in the bedroom, In about ten minutes they returned, and to their intense horror saw one of the children, the youngest, lying on the floor with its head under the stove, while the other lay upon the very edge of the table—both in the front room! They were both taken from their perilous positions, and then, on looking around the women saw the dog, with a piece of string tied around his neck, hanging on the knob of the folding doors!

At noon Mr Bushnell returned. The incidents were related to him, and he determined to remain at home during the rest of the day, and try to discover some cause for these mysterious doings Dinner was prepared, and the family sat down to partake of it Scarcely had they done so, when a large, stale codfish fell upon the shoulders of one of the women. It was removed and in a moment or two a piece of cake, which Mr B was about to take up and cut, was thrown from the table on the floor, and it was almost in his grasp

During the afternoon these manifestation continued The stove covers would leap off, and slide across the floor, the spittoon would up on its edge, and roll out into the hall, a small dust-pan was thrown into the room, as also a small iron kettle, a little china mug, and a tin tobacco box—neither of which articles had never been seen before by any of the family The piece of cloth sent the night before, mysteriously disappeared before their very eyes, a basket of onions was taken from the closet and set in the hall at the head of the stairs, at times, the dog would howl and whine, and struggle as if some one had hold of his tail, and he was trying to get away

In the evening, while the officer was there, a saucer was thrown across the house, and fell without breaking, a match box jumped from the bureau and danced across the floor, and other strange and inexplicable events transpired, clearly demonstrating the fact that a police officer had no authority there. The marks of the bloody hand still remains upon the door.

When our reporter left the house, Captain Kennedy expressed his determination to see that the premises were well guarded, and that courageous and reliable men should be stationed there all night, and longer if necessary, to try and solve the mystery, and, if enacted through human agency, to seek out the offender

The Disunionists and the President.

The Radical disunion papers—those vehicles of slander, vituperation and venom—continue their assaults upon the President with increased fury Those editors who, previous to the death of Mr Lincoln, advocated the arrest and imprisonment of men who dared to question the policy or motives of "the Government," as they then called the President, appear at a loss for epithets sufficiently insulting to apply to President Johnson If they are to be believed, he is now *and always has been*, one of the most infamous men our country has produced—They represent him a debauchee a sabbath-breaker, a profane swearer, and "common" in all his ideas and instincts. They remind us that he was a tailor, and expressed the opinion that "he had better return to his trade" He is not "educated," they say, and is therefore disqualified for any official position The *refined* Brownlow—the old black guard whose animal visage stamps him a brute—calls the President "the dog of the White House." Forney, of the *Press*, who tendered his services to Mr Johnson long after "my policy" had been declared, *provided* he, (the President) would cram the dead duck with plenty of the official crumbs, and permit him to levy black mail on all applicants for office, occupies his time and his talents in inventing lies and mud balls with which to assail the Executive of the nation The whiffets of the party—the rag, tag and bobtail—join in the cry, and one continual yelp is kept up at the man the Radicals were wont to speak of as "the patriot and statesman of Tennessee"

Now, we desire it to be understood that we are neither the apologist or defender of President Johnson. He was the nominee of the Radicals for the office of Vice President, and we opposed his election with all the ability we could command We commend him when we believe he is right, and feel free to disapprove when we consider him wrong But we ask the people of all parties to look at the position in which the Radicals have placed themselves When Mr Johnson was a candidate for the Vice Presidency, these very men who now denounce him as a low demagogue, without education and without character, and who was *always* a disgrace to his species, then spoke of him as one of the ablest, purest, self-sacrificing patriots in America. Aye, after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, these political vampyres flocked about the White House, like birds of ill-omen, and congratulated each other that they *then* had a President who was able for the crisis—a man of mind and nerve. The Radical papers teemed with his praise, and delegations of loyal thieves, flanked by political divines, who were more anxious about the salvation of their rotten party than they were about the salvation of souls, called on the new President by scores and thousands, all making the same *Christian* speech to him, and expressing the hope that he would do all he could to engender hate, oppress his fellow-men, persecute the South, and keep the Union divided Mr. Johnson, having lost heavily by the rebellion, it was believed by his partizans that he would not hesitate to gratify the most extreme demands of the most reckless New England fanatics. But the President, like a wise statesman as he certainly is, rejected the advice of radical demagogues and brokers in men's misery, and marked out a line of policy of his own —a policy calculated to heal dissentions, restore the Union, and secure lasting peace and prosperity. For doing this he is denounced by the very men who were his former eulogist. For pursuing a policy intended for the benefit of the whole people and the country at large, the vials of wrath are poured upon his head, and he is spoken of in terms of reproach and contumely.

Now, one thing is certain. The Radicals either lied when they represented Mr Johnson one of the ablest, purest, and best men in the country, or they lie now when they pronounce him one of the worst. He is the same Andrew Johnson he always was, and entertains the same sentiments he entertained when he was selected for Vice Presidency. If he was, as they say, "always a bad man," why did they place him on their ticket; why did they nominate him for the Vice Presidency? To be sure, it would be a pity to place a good man on their ticket, and this is never done except in mistake. They made this mistake when they nominated Andrew Johnson for the Vice Presidency; now they howl like hungry wolves because of the efforts of the President to restore the Union and replenish the Treasury.

The Chief Justice.

Chief Justice Chase is a migratory magistrate. He is never at rest. He is always vibrating between Washington and the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with an occasional lurch into New England, and sometimes pausing in Philadelphia. He reminds one of a magnetic needle with a huge mass of black iron outside. It is never steady, but moves round and round just as the dark influence directs It is a negro attraction that now brings him to Philadelphia, and he is to stand or sit, before the operatic foot fights like Gloster, (whom, in person, he does not in the least resemble,) between two reverend fathers of the Church—the Reverend Mr. Brooks and the Reverend Mr Parvin, the twin orators of Rittenhouse Square and Chelten Hills. It is, we believe, a "Female Branch" of Negroism that the Chief Justice patronises, and no doubt there will be a brilliant and chequered array of beauty, and eyes, brightened by love for the black and hatred of the South, will gleam upon the triumvirate of orators, and they will be happy. What Mr Brooks in his lay and gay costume will say, we do not pretend to conjecture, but whatever it is, the Female Branch will wave frantically, and the feminine heart will throb with that ecstatic sympathy which clerical and celibrate oratory always excites. Mr. Parvin will bring his rural and his railroad experience—how he fought, not with wild beasts at Ephesus, but with hard-hearted conductors in the cars as to negro passengers—or perhaps, he will tell of the gallantry of the "colored soldiers" at Camp Wagner, who shot to death Mrs. Butler's white gardner walking on a public highway—and whom the league generously defended, and whom, we believe Governor Curtin pardoned.—Such, doubtless, will be the themes of the Chief Justice's assistants; but what will he say? His utterances may be significant. He holds high office and has high expectations He has in his hands the destinies of high men. His is to be the function, it is said, to adjudicate on Andrew Johnson and on Jefferson Davis. And here let us pause a moment, and inquire why is Chief Justice Chase figuring as an actor at a theater here instead of attending to his official duties elsewhere? Whilst he is here making speeches and presiding at meetings about negroes, a brave, unfortunate and, it may be, guilty (though not till proved so) white man, immured within the walls and moat of a military prison, is supplicating and demanding a trial. Nineteen months has the Chief of the late Confederacy been in the custody of the Federal Executive. Over and over again has the Executive proclaimed the restoration of civil authority and called on the Judiciary to do its duty, having been always ready to hand the prisoner over to the officers of the law. Two or three times at least have the counsel of Mr. Davis been on the spot and demanded justice and it is refused. And in the meantime the Chief Justice's *amuse*, and the processes of the law are set at naught. Does it not, in all sobriety we ask the question, seems as if the last four or five years had toppled down everything in the way of decorum, and propriety and even mere traditionary habit? In former days what would have been thought of a Chief Justice thus perigrinating and thus parading? It was as alien to their habits as dancing the tight-rope. Fancy John Jay, John Marshal, or Roger B. Taney, figuring on the stage of a theatre on the spot where Ronconi, or John B. Gough, or Wendell Phillips, all in their way histrionic experts, had just been singing or spouting—fancy a Chief Justice presiding over a "Female Branch" with two fancy clergymen for his adjutants.—Mr Chase was brought up in a school of eminent decorum. The greatest exhorbitance of his youth was a piece of magazine poetry. He was an inmate of the house and student in the office of a Southern lawyer, without a superior in all the courtesies and decorums of life who, though he never was a Judge, knew, no one better, what a Judge should be and what a Judge should not be. It is enough to make the bones of William Wirt rattle in his coffin that a student, trained by him in the school and among the models of the venerable past, should wear the ermine thus.—*Age.*

Gerritt Smith on Peace.

Mr Gerritt Smith has recently published in the New York *News* a long and characteristic letter, addressed to Professor Lewis, of Union College, Schenectady Mr Smith thinks negro suffrage the panacea for all existing evils, and slavery the sole cause of our past troubles. He thinks that by a mild policy the South might be brought over to his views on that subject The following extract will sufficiently show the tone of the whole letter:

Ever since the surrender of the South, I have felt that the first duty of North and South was a common repentance for a common sin The discharge of this duty together with the mutual forgiveness which would have instantly followed, would have proved a mighty upward educator of both North and South, and it is for the lack of this very educator that the character of both North or South has all this time been going downward From such repentance and forgiveness peace would have come long ere this, and it would have been a permanent because a pure peace

We shall never succeed in winning the South into a true peace until we win her heart—and that we cannot win until, thro' our own repentance, we set her the example of honesty and justice So long as the South sees us with holding the ballot from our black allies and saviors, and thrusting them again under the feet of their old oppressors, so long we cannot be the instrument to work any good change in her character

I have no doubt that the President has made himself liable to impeachment, he has been guilty of grave usurpations. But he should not be impeached for mere misjudgements, even though they involve violations of the law. If his usurpations carry along with them flagrant injustice, or atrocious inhumanity, then there is abundant reason for his impeachment. But who is there to impeach him? With what decency could a Congress impeach him, which is guilty of the very same injustice. Grant that the President's plan of restoration is one which, if adopted, would throw the black man back again under the feet of his old oppressors. So would the Congressional plan

The undertaking would carry with it no moral power, and therefore do no good There would be nothing in it to inspire and elevate the people, but much to disgust and degrade them. It wouldn't pass but for an unprincipled party movement. It would not prevent a hazardous popular commotion —but would excite it. The North desires peace with the South. We must take the ground of no more punishment of the South —no more depriving her of life, liberty or estate We must restore them to the fullness of political rights We must show fraternal pity for her poverty and desolation. And I think of no better way to do this than to exempt her for a number of years from Federal taxation But even then, would she consent to hold the national debt sacred and let the Confederate debt drop? I believe she would; for I believe that we should by that time have won her heart.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—At the battle of the Wilderness a gallant young Mississippian had fallen at night. Just before burying him, there came a letter from her he loved best. One of the tearful groupe around his body, a minister, whose tenderness was womanly, took the letter and laid it upon the breast of him whose heroic heart was stilled "Bury it with him. He will see it when he wakes." It was the sublimest sentence of his funeral service.—*Ex*

Suffrage Again.

The New Hampshire *Patriot* thus speaks its sentiments and that of the party in the Granite State, upon the question of negro suffrage:

We do not propose to go over to radicalism just yet, nor do we propose to advocate bad measures that we have heretofore opposed, simply because they seem likely to prevail For thirty years the Democracy have firmly resisted Northern interference with the internal affairs of the South. Upon that point the chief issue between them and their opponents has rested. Slavery *was* the subject of contention; suffrage is now the subject. The right to interfere upon one is no more apparent than upon the other: the right does not exist. We have so held in regard to slavery; we so hold in regard to suffrage. Each State has the undoubted right to regulate the matter of suffrage for itself; this is admitted by one half of the radicals themselves; and we hold it to be unjust, unwise, and impertinent for people outside of a State to interfere in the matter at all. This has always been the Democratic doctrine and practice; yet now we are urged to abandon this safe, just and constitutional ground, to eat our own words as to such interference, belie all our professions, and enter upon a crusade to force the Southern people to adopt negro suffrage And we are to do this in order to take the wind out of the sails of the Radicals —to get of them in their own line—to outdo them in their own work, and thus get them down! This may be "smart," it may be that the negro question could thus be gotten out of the way first. That party cannot abandon its great doctrine of non interference with the internal affairs of the State

We are as anxious as any one to see the negro question disposed of; but we cannot yet see our way clear to the "advanced views" of the Chicago *Times* It is undoubtedly wise to accept the inevitable when the inevitable comes; but because we think a thing is inevitable we do not deem it wise to aid in bringing it about, while deeming it wrong and unjust. Death is inevitable, but that is no excuse for or justification of suicide or homicide The fact is, the Democratic party has nothing to do with the question of negro suffrage in the South, except to oppose all efforts to force that measure upon the States If the Southern States desire to grant suffrage to negroes; it is their right to do so, and if they do not see fit to do so, they have the right to refuse. It is their business, and its settlement should be left to them

TO BE CONTESTED —It is stated that Dr. C D Gloninger has given notice to Henry L Cake of his intention to contest his election to Congress The most outrageous frauds were glaringly perpetrated by the Disunionists to secure Mr Cake's election, and abundant proof can doubtless be produced to show that Dr. Gloninger is entitled to the seat, but he nor any one else can ever expect to have his claims justly considered by the despicable band of conspirators who have usurped the powers of the American Congress It is probable that the Doctor expects merely to place on record the villainy of his opponents, which once accomplished will make Mr. Cake's Congressional honors (?) a stigma upon his name —*Luzerne Union.*

New Advertisements.

DISSOLUTION.
The co partnership heretofore existing between A. Baum and J. Hirshler, successors to A. Baum & Co., in the wholesale liquor and retail tobacco business in Bellefonte, has this day, the sixteenth day of November, 1866, been disolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the firm to be settled by the 7th day of January 1867, and settlements to be made at the old stand, with A. Baum or J. Hirshler.
A. BAUM.
Dec. 7th, 3t-66. J. HIRSHLER.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.
The subscriber offers at private sale a farm situated in Harris township, and adjoining property of the Agricultural College containing,
176 ACRES AND SIX PERCHES.
The land is rolling and in the best state of cultivation, is all cleared except, 20 acres, that is well timbered. Upon the property is erected a good two story frame house, splendid new bank barn, cribs, sheds and other outbuildings. There are
TWO LARGE CISTERNS,
a splendid young orchard of choice fruit, and all the conveniences that would make a desirable home 1500 pannels of new post and rail fence, with other improvements have been made lately.
TERMS.—One half the purchase money to be paid in hand, the balance in yearly payments of five hundred dollars each, or made to suit purchaser.
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Nov 23, '66-3m

Legal Notices.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.
Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob Hirst, deceased, late of Harris township, having been granted to the undersigners, they request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN GINGERICH,
CHRISTIAN GINGERICH,
Nov 23, '66-6t Administrators.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.
Letters of administration on the estate of John Wolf Sr., late of Penn Twp. dec'd. having been granted to the undersigned, they request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.
ELIZA WOLF,
JAS P SMITH
Administrators.
Settlement will be made by Jas. P Smith.
Nov 2d 6t-1866