

The Democratic Watchman,

BELLEFRONTE, PENN'A.

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THE unavoidable absence of both the Editors of the WATCHMAN, must account to our readers for the lack of our usual variety of original reading matter in this week's issue.

Danger Ahead.

Smoke, Smoke, Smoke—nothing but smoke! What are we to make of it? For several days past the whole country has been alarmed by the cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

But is there not truth in the adage "where there is much smoke there must be some fire?" and are we forever to be made the dupes of the blind, the marooned, or the cowardly—of men who were born like puppies, with their eyes sealed against light, and who continue as they were born—of those who measure their patriotism by the Wall street standard, and value gold above liberty—of those whose nature, by mistake or in some mad freak, has given the form and stature of man with the attributes of the hare?

At one time when the Tyrol was invaded, the Tyrolean peasants gathered on the mountains through the gorges of which the invading army must pass, and felled trees and collected masses of rock, which they fixed upon the edges of the precipices and held back by ropes and chains until the moment should come for discharging them upon the invaders.

ington—the inglorious of Grant, the defiant attitude of Stanton, counseled and backed by the Mongrel Congress, and the impeachment of the President by that body because, in the discharge of a solemn, oath-bound duty he tried to "preserve, protect and defend the constitution"—these transactions are not all smoke; and he who believes they are and keeps on tripping it to the music of the conspirators' fiddle, will find, when it is too late to retrieve the error, that he is dancing on the ruins of his country, the grave of the constitution, the tomb of liberty—and that he himself will be consumed by the very flames he would not discover, and perish amid the general w.eek. Would you save yourselves? Action! Organization alone will do it—organization that will prepare the masses to battle with the ballot or the bayonet for the protection of their liberty, their country or themselves! Arouse! Be ready! the times are ominous!

Unjust Sentences.

In the daily Age of the 21st inst. Under the caption LEGAL INTELLIGENCE, we have a report of a cause argued before the Supreme Court of this State, in Banc. The case of KEATING and MALLOY and also the writ of Habeas Corpus were argued. The writ of error was taken up. In the presentation of this case the Attorney General addressed a circular letter to the several President Judges of Criminal Courts throughout the State, to which he has received replies. In his reply one of the Judges, among other things, says, "I have sometimes, for sake of example, imposed upon offenders heavy sentences, more severe than in my judgment necessary for the reformation of the particular offender."

"In the Name of God, Let Go!" At one time when the Tyrol was invaded, the Tyrolean peasants gathered on the mountains through the gorges of which the invading army must pass, and felled trees and collected masses of rock, which they fixed upon the edges of the precipices and held back by ropes and chains until the moment should come for discharging them upon the invaders.

Our country is not distressed, nor our liberties threatened by the invasion of any foreign enemy, but we have among us, and in power too, an enemy more ruinous to the prosperity of the country and more dangerous to liberty than any foreign invader would be. This enemy is the mongrel Negro party, a patch-work concern made up of all the dirty rascals of all colors that could be scraped together from the cast off clothes of all the parties and factions that have, at various times, existed in the country within the last thirty or forty years.

one of devastation and bloodshed, of treason, robbery, murder and demoralization. From first to last it has been vile and execrable in all its contents and actions. It is leprous from crown to sole. Liar is branded on its forehead and hypocrite is written in glaring capitals all over its rotten carcass. Its heart is the receptacle of every vile thought, the laboratory of every unjust, evil, cruel, malignant, infamous and devilish deed. Like a vampire it is sucking the blood from every vein and artery of the government. Like a ghoul (not satisfied with deprecatating upon the living) it exhumes and gluts its bizzard appetite upon the bodies of the dead. It is a living, moving, breathing curse—a walking pestilence by day and by night; and its death—the political death of the body, and the natural or unnatural death of its most prominent members, the double-dyed villains who have shaped and put in operation its policy—would be a blessing for which we should thank Heaven with grateful hearts. This enemy has invaded our dearest rights; it has entered, with fell design, the gorges that lead to the citadel of Liberty. Is it not time to cry to the peasants on the mountain tops who hold the avalanche of death in check, "In the name of God, let go?"

The Bondholders.

There appears to be a good deal of uneasiness among the speculating gentlemen of the "loyal" party who bought treasury issues, otherwise known as greenbacks, at forty per cent or less on the dollar, and invested them at par value in government bonds, that their securities will eventually be paid, principal and interest, in the same kind of currency they invested. They are very unanimous in declaring that such a procedure would be an outrage upon them and a disgrace to the government. But why an outrage? Many of them have already received in interest paid in gold the full amount of their investment estimated at its gold value. Besides, have not the representatives of their party in Congress made treasury notes a legal tender for all debts and duties on imports? Did not the Mongrel negro Legislature of Pennsylvania, two years ago, pass a law to pay the State creditors in federal currency? Then, pray, why should the holders of untaxed United States bonds consider it a peculiar hardship that they should be paid in the same kind of currency that the people are obliged to take and that the State pays out to its creditors, who paid gold value for the securities they hold, and are besides subject to taxation? The opposition which these greedy "loyal" speculators make to taking the same kind of medicine they (or their party) have prescribed for others, is ungracious, to call it by no harsher name. Instead of squirming and retching at the sight of the physic before it has reached their lips, they had better swallow it down without any contortion of countenance, and be thankful that it is yet no worse; for there seems to be a public opinion very rapidly forming that the wealth of the country, wrung from the hard hands of toiling industry, should not be squandered among a set of thieving stock gamblers and speculators in "loyalty" and war, whose hands and souls are stained by the blood of slaughtered countrymen. In plain language, the idea of repudiating the debt altogether is extending among the tax payers of the country with a rapidity, which should admonish the untaxed bondholder of a worse condition of affairs in prospect, than the payment of his certificates of government indebtedness, with coupons attached in greenbacks or National Bank currency.

—The Senate of the United States was greatly agitated for some hours, one day recently, and several speeches were made by Mongrel Senators denouncing the Baltimore and Ohio rail road company for requiring a nigger wench to ride in a car set apart for persons of her color. The old "Winnebago" of this state threatened to have a rail road built for the special accommodation of people of his favorite color. Those who have been annoyed by negroes in the best cars in our own State since the Mongrel legislature passed a law punishing those who make any discrimination on account of color, will appreciate this proposition of Mr. CAMERON.

—We are delighted to announce the nomination of Hon. Charles E. Boyle, of Fayette county, as Auditor General. He is in every way fitted for the office, and we have no doubt of his triumphant election. Colonel Wellington H. East, of Columbus county, nominated for Surveyor General, is also an excellent selection; he was a Captain in the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserve, and rose to the command of the Regiment before the end of the war.

New Publications.

The New Eclectic.—The March number of this fine Magazine is on our table. It bears evidence on every page that its contents are selected by men of taste and ability, and judging from the three numbers which have been issued, we may safely say that it is the best Magazine of the kind published in this country. Every man of literary tastes ought to have it, and as the editors have evidently been to great trouble and expense to bring out a periodical to compare favorably, in mechanical point of view, with anything now published, they deserve the support of all who can appreciate a work of the kind. We suppose our readers, generally, know that an 'Eclectic Magazine' undertakes to republish the finest articles from the best periodicals of the world. Of course the value of such a magazine depends greatly on the literary tastes of its editors. In our opinion the "New Eclectic," published in Baltimore, is very fortunate in this respect. Address, Trumbull & Murdoch, No 49, Lexington street, Baltimore.

The Old Guard for March.—This sterling Democratic serial is a most excellent one. Among the contents are "Secrets Let Out of the Senate Chamber," by the Editor, "Asterie Manfredi," a continuation of the Italian Historical Romance, translated expressly for The Old Guard, "Dead Under the Roses," by Miss Nellie Marshall, "To Mary," by Mrs. Helen Rich, "State Sovereignty and Negro Suffrage," "Political Literature of America," "Types of Man-kind," by Dr. Van Errie, "The Condition of the South," "The Contrast," "The Soul of Music," "The Southern Heroic Deed," and various other interesting articles, which, together with the Editor's and Book Table, make up an unusually attractive number. Price \$3 per year; single numbers 25 cents. Address, Van Errie, Horton & Co., Publishers, No. 162 Nassau Street, New York.

The Land We Love.—The March number of this Magazine contains seventeen articles, from able writers, representing eight Southern States. Among the poetic contributors, in this number, are Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Dr. F. O. Ticknor, Judge A. J. Requier, and J. Augustine Signaux. Among the prose writers are, Rev. Dr. Dabney, Miss Porter, Gen. Healy, Hon. H. W. Ravenel, T. C. DeLeon, Esq., &c. Soldiers will find an interest in the two military articles in this number, the lovers of fiction in the two thrilling stories, agriculturalists in the article on Japan Clover, literary men in the article on Mr. Dickens' Readings, and the whole country in the account of the Burning of Columbia.

Godley's Lady's Book.—This well known and popular Lady's Magazine, is on our table. It needs no praise, it is too well known as the best fashion magazine in the country, and is indispensable in every family. It is edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and L. A. Godley. The popularity of these is now placed among the first class magazine writers. Address, L. A. Godley, N. E. Cor. Sixth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Terms, \$3.00 per annum.

Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine.—The best and cheapest in the world. This popular Monthly contains more for the money than any in the world. It has, every year, nearly 1000 pages, 14 colored plates, 12 double-sized mammoth colored steel fashion plates, and 900 wood engravings—and all this for only two dollars a year, or a dollar less than magazines of its class. Every lady ought to take Peterson's.

The Lady's Friend.—A monthly magazine of Literature and Fashion Edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson. Published by Deacon K. Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia. Words of ours can add nothing to the well established reputation of this Magazine. It is filled from pens of the best writers in the world. Terms: \$2.50 per annum.

Arthur's Home Magazine.—The March number of this popular periodical is now on our tables. This number has no superior in taste of reading or neatness. The engravings are of the best Steel and latest Fashionable plates. Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia, at the small figure of \$3.00 a year.

Balloon Magazine.—All lovers of Science, should send and get a copy of this popular Magazine. It contains nothing but what will be of the greatest benefit to all who wish a family magazine, should send for one.

"The Milk in the Coconut."—The Republican Journals are publishing, with great gusto, a letter from one Judge Canton, of Ottawa, Ill., against the policy of paying the five-twenty bonds in gold, and also against George H. Pendleton. The Chicago Times thus explain the "milk in the coconut." It says: "It is stated that ex-Judge Canton, of Ottawa, in this State—who has recently written a lengthy letter to say that he is against the policy of redeeming the five twenty bonds, in lawful money—is the owner of the trifling amount of \$300,000 in these bonds, for which he paid only \$150,000 in gold. The seal of Mr. Canton in arguing that the people ought to be made to pay him \$300,000 in gold for his kindness in lending them \$150,000 in gold at 12 per cent. interest, betrays doubtless, a commendable appreciation of the patriotic sacrifices of Mr. Canon."

Special Despatch to the Post.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 5. PASSED THE RUBICON.

The Radicals have passed the Rubicon, and their impeachment articles are before the Senate. They are committed to the measure beyond recall, and they must now justify these extraordinary proceedings to the country as prudent and patriotic, or stand condemned for their reckless and audacious acts. The articles, as announced yesterday, were formally presented to-day to the Senate. The seven managers were announced, and after them came the Radical members of the House. The Democratic members properly decline to participate in this mockery of justice.

Mr. Bingham, Chairman, read the articles, but notwithstanding the importance and solemnity of the occasion, it made no more impression on the Senators and members or crowded galleries than any ordinary event. At the beginning Hendricks reminded Wade of the courtesy due the Speaker of the House, whereupon old Ben took the hint and invited Speaker Colfax to be seated beside him. Senators Sprague and Patterson, of Tennessee, slept sweetly during the reading.

Thad. Stevens' mood erect for a while with his colleagues, but became so exhausted that he dropped into his seat. Butler cl. tches his felt hat convulsively, and squinted more rascally than ever, if that was possible. Pomeroy took his newspaper. Conkling, who prides himself on his manly beauty, sat reading his book attentively. Fessenden closed his paper. Boutwell, another Manager, who had taken a fresh "quid" before entering, was more intent on extracting the juice therefrom than hearing the article in question. Howard seemed to be studying a communication from the Chief Justice, which was a delicate rebuke of his officiousness in preparing, prematurely, the rules for the Court of Impeachment. Chandler chuckled now and then. Reverdy Johnson yawned, while Sumner looked positively as happy as though negro suffrage was the law of the land and as if there never had been a certain Prussian Baron in the legislation at Washington. Ashley and Schenck were there, too, and exchanged approving winks occasionally; and this is no burlesque of the scene in the Senate Chamber.

Thad. Stevens does not conceal his chagrin that he was not selected chairman of the Managing Committee. He only obtained his place thereon at his earnest request.

After the reading of the articles was concluded, Wade informed them that the Senate would take due order, whereupon Colfax rose and with one or two extra winks put himself at the head of his Radical cohorts, and marched back to the House. On the way there, Thad. Stevens said to some of the members who were carrying him to his chair, "Boys, what in the Hell will I do when you are dead? I won't have anybody to carry me." And his friends laughed, because it was so funny.

Chief Justice Chase's communication to the Senate, in dissenting from the rules and rebuking them for their hasty procedure, has aroused the anger of the impeachment Radicals, and they denounce him in bitter terms.

Messrs. Sumner & Co. are bent on ruling the Senate to aid them in their designs, but other Radicals express apprehensions of dissent.

Chief Justice Chase will lead to some trouble not hitherto anticipated. There are ten or twelve Radical Senators who only desire a decent pretext to abandon the vile abortion.

The news of the great Democratic gains in New York, New Hampshire and Maine, together with the intelligence that the latter State endorsed the Western financial policy, and its author, Mr. Pendleton, creates an alarm among the Radicals and a corresponding feeling of satisfaction among the Democrats.

Judge Curtis, of Boston, and Judge Black had a consultation with the President to-day. George Ticknor Curtis and Judge Thurman of Ohio, are also spoken of as his counsel.

Clear the Deck

Last fall Pennsylvania led the column of Democratic victory by electing George Sharswood judge of the Supreme Court. Mr. Sharswood entered upon the office and closed it without disgracing an opinion or concealing one. Having been an honest citizen all his life, he had nothing to lose or to gain. His clear ideas about legal tender, and all the other sins of latter day disloyalty imputed to him, made no shift to throw from his shoulders. His party was as honest as he, and as disloyal as he, and stood stoutly up for him. The result proved that good, straightforward, old fashioned honesty is still a darling attribute in the eyes of the people.

One of the first important questions on which Judge Sharswood has been called to deliver an opinion has given us a taste of his quality. The legislature of Pennsylvania last winter, acting in the capacity of an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, revoked the charter of the Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad. The latter road diverted trade away from our monster corporation, and was therefore not to be endured. The Pittsburgh & Connellsville road, appealed to the Supreme Court. Now, as Pittsburgh and southwestern Pennsylvania were on one side, and Philadelphia and southeastern Pennsylvania on the other, and the question a money question, and Judge Sharswood a Philadelphian, and his late antagonist a Pittsburger, and as Judge Sharswood owed his election to the splendid vote given him by Philadelphia, and something perhaps to the neutrality of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company,

it was clear to the eye of any loyal lawyer that he could not decide against his nation. But Judge Sharswood justified the choice of the people and the hopes of his party. He decided very quickly that the act of the legislature was illegal; that it had assumed powers vested by the Constitution of the State in the Judiciary, and the wrongful act is set aside and substantial justice done by an upright bench.

We have alluded to this matter, to point a moral. The lustre of honesty and the emirah of dishonesty fairly attach to which party soever selects honest or dishonest public servants. In this time of distress it behooves all parties and the Democratic party most of all, as doubtless into its hands will soon be re-entrusted the administration of the government, to nominate for office none but honest and capable men. We repeat it none but honest and capable men. Let us stick to the Sharswood pattern.

The time has arrived when men begin to cast about for candid men, and when candid men begin to cast about for men. Scheming persons are already pulling wires and laying pipes. It is therefore the right time for us to speak. We have next fall a President and Congress to elect. We have more than that to do. Representative government, as instituted among us, is to be sustained or overthrown. We have indeed such an overwhelming stake in the contest that we can take no risks. We cannot, this year of our Lord, carry the weight of any unworthy man. The Republican party has been drawn almost or quite to the verge of ruin by the inoffensive rascality and supidity of their representatives. In this district it is sent to Congress a man whose capacity does not go beyond the power to turn a hand organ. He votes as he hears Stevens vote; but ten minutes possession of Stevens' brains would be as fatal to him as a stroke of lightning. This is his last term, and had our opponents, they cannot exist upon the people's more indifferent object. The halls of Congress and the State legislatures are packed with this kind of material. One particular Congressman may be little under the average, but the war has helped the opposition wonderfully. The war has gone on in our homes, and the country is drifting to destruction under the direction of ordinary incapables.

But the other day, when George W. Woodward came back from Europe and took his seat in the National House of Representatives, every true hearted Pennsylvanian felt that at least we had one man in that body who could speak and would be heard, and heard with respect, throughout the country. His speech on the currency question and the national debt, was the soundest talk the country has yet heard from Washington. He probed the gathering ulcer to the quick, and made the sharp financiers of Wall street prick up their ears. They detected the ring of true metal. At least a man was talking who grasped the subject. Let us stick to the Woodward pattern.

Sharswood and Woodward are representative men, and consistent Democrats. Let us keep electing representative men and consistent Democrats. It would lack little of infamy in this crisis of our country's fate to send to Washington some money-making market man to merely spy out our tricks in the Treasury, to get himself connected, or to divide with whicky thieves their ill-gotten gains. What boots it to any man in this congressional district how much his representative can slob from a depleted Treasury, except that he must pay his part of the theft? Was a Congressman ever known to divide pro rata with his constituents. Ah, no, he only divides with his confederates. Heaven knows we have had enough of them. Let all the pillagers of the State stand back. Let all who cried "Hail!" when a mad party filled the land with blood, and who would again cry "Hail!" to the rising sun of Democracy, stand back. Gentlemen, we love you well, but our torn and bleeding country now needs the services of her noblest sons.

To our Republican friends of whom there are the chief and a monopoly of choice among the two-sided and time-serving men; among all ring and corruption candidates; among all incapable and dishonest men; among all men who think robbing of the State or nation a legitimate business transaction, and the trade end and aim of official station. The Democratic party is in no temper for such candidates. We are clearing our decks in the coming contest we must fight with no guns more dangerous at the breach than the muzzle—Clean Democrat.

GRANT IN FAVOR OF NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—General Grant has at length sold himself, body and soul, to the Radicals. He comes out now, not only in favor of negro suffrage, but in favor of negro supremacy. Not long ago, General Hancock removed three of the members of the City Council of New Orleans for disobedience of his orders. Two of this number were white men and were negroes. General Grant has recently revoked this order, and thereby reinstated these refractory colored gentlemen in their positions as City Fathers. To what depths will a man sink himself now-a-days, in order to gain popularity with the party whose nomination he is courting. Citizens of Franklin county, you who desire white men to rule America, will you support a man for President, who thus places negroes in the high positions of the land to the exclusion of white men, even when doing so, it becomes necessary to humiliate a gallant officer like General Hancock?—Valley Spirit.

Chief Justice Chase, who has been sworn as Judge in the pending impeachment trial of the President has given mortal offense to the Radical portion of his brethren, by protesting against the assumption of the Senate in making rules to govern it as a court. He is of opinion that he has something to say as to the meaning of the Constitution, and inasmuch as that abused instrument places him in the Presidency of the Senate as a Court, he is something more than a presiding officer, and is unwilling to make decisions under rules of which he has not been consulted.

Into whose hands has General Grant fallen?—Albany Argus. The hands into which he has fallen are so infernally dirty that we can't tell whose they are.—Louisville Journal.