THE Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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NEW YORK CITY.

Its Public Morals—Political Condition—Corrupt City Governors—Scenes on the Streets—Brick Pomeroy's Daily—Its Decline—Harry Hill's Den—A Silent Sermon, etc.

EDITOR BELLEFONTE WATCHMAN:

A stay of four years in the metropolis has given me something of a practical knowledge of the moral condition and mode of life prevailing in this wickedest of all American cities. To say that I am disgusted, is to barely convey an adequate impression of the crime and wretchedness, the heartlessness and worldliness, which go to make up the *morale* of a city of over one million inhabitants, and which boasts to be the moving power, the very heart, of a continent—every throb of whose Wall-street life-blood is felt with electric rapidity throughout the western world.

With a view of giving such of the readers of the WATCHMAN as have never lived in New York, a correct idea of the condition of

PUBLIC MORALS

existing here, I shall report actual observations only, hoping to give them in such manner as to interest all its readers.

To assert that public morals are at a low ebb in the metropolis is to say no more than any well-informed reader is aware of. But, how low, it is impossible even for the press to properly convey to them.

It has been asserted by intelligent writers that fully one third of the people of New York city live by the practice of deceptions and rascalities upon the other two thirds and the country abroad, in all manner of form. In fact, any and every dodge, whereby money can be gained, no matter what its moral character, is a legitimate business transaction, justified by the tone of public morals, and applauded to the degree of success which follows its practice or prosecution. Hence, the press of the country, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, is well filled with the attractive advertisements furnished them by the mountebanks and charlatans of the *metropolis*. Every species of fraud is here legitimatized by public opinion, or winked at by the executors and guardians of the law, and all that their practicers have to do is to push their business and float on to wealth in a boundless and bottomless sea of corruption, unchallenged and unabashed.

It could not be otherwise than that in a city desperately over crowded, possessing no well to do class, but either immensely wealthy or wretchedly poor virtue in woman should finally go down and become, as it has, the exception and not the rule. What a terrible lesson do the streets of New York momentarily furnish the observer! From early dawn to past midnight the same rushing crowds line the streets, going and going, up and down, never resting, always moving. Snobby and the beggar rub and press each other on every crowded pavement. Wealth and squalor promenade side by side. Innocence and crime are companions together on the streets of New York. The arch and street walker enjoy equal rights and so far as public morals are concerned about the same respect. This fact, however, may be accounted for by the fact that more than half the women met with are fallen beings, lost to all sense of shame, and being unprotected by the law, and rather encouraged by the Metropolitan Police, enjoy a certain degree of importance which wives do not desire to court. A large proportion of the girls met with on Broadway, the Bowery, and other famous thoroughfares, are prostitutes from New England, who were once working girls in the mills at Lowell and elsewhere. Those who frequent Broadway at night, mostly young, handsome and well dressed, would scarcely be suspected of their practices, were they not in the habit of walking up to and taking the arms of unsuspecting gentlemen from the rural districts, and engaging in conversation. These women, although mostly quite youthful, are shrewd judges of human nature, and can readily distinguish a stranger from a genuine New Yorker. One means by which they ascertain the difference is the gait of the pedestrian, for nowhere in the world do the people move so fast as in New York, and he who loiters by the way or does not keep pace with the hurrying throng, is sure to be approached by some *nymph du pave*.

On the Bowery, the social evil is more thoroughly disgusting than elsewhere in New York—too disgusting to be commented upon here; but it is no uncommon thing for a wife in company with her husband even, to be grossly insulted by the lewd women who monopolize that street, and who dog the steps or have something to say to all whom they meet.

THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

But if the city of New York is morally a seething cauldron of crime, inhabited largely by thieves, and bad women, and kid-gloved policemen, it is politically not much better. It is *only nominally Democratic*, being controlled in the interest of the worst element of Tammany Hall by a triumvirate, composed of the city chamberlain, the city comptroller, and a city senator, who have grasped power sufficient to permanently hold power. There is nothing Democratic connected with the city government of New York. It is controlled by three bad men, who possess neither education, honesty, or Democracy. It is into the lap of this miserable and most despicable power that

BRICK POMEROY

has thrown the New York *Daily Democrat*, having disappointed the many friends who welcomed him here a few months ago. In order to gratify this triumvirate of public robbers, he has selected to conduct the *Democrat*, a corps of miserable black Republican writers and *dead beats*, with one "Jo. Howard, Jr." as managing editor. This man Howard was never suspected of being a Democrat, and the rats with whom he has surrounded himself, blow hot and cold for their masters, as demanded, for a stipulation, which is paid really by the corrupt governors in City Hall. So grevious had become the conduct of this "Jo Howard, Jr." that the earnest and honest supporters of Brick Pomeroy in this city, including such wheel horses of the Democracy as Judge Trowbridge, of Brooklyn long since withdrew their support from it, and the *Democrat* has consequently declined from 22,000 daily to less than 6,000, and going down fast. It is believed by Pomeroy's oldest and truest workers in his office, that the *Democrat* will cease to be published by or before the first of January, and many of them are losing confidence in his political honesty and sincerity.

AT HARRY HILL'S

New York cannot be better illustrated morally than to apprise the public that Harry Hill's miserable den of vice is still continued under the nose of wealthy and fashionable Broadway, with all its successful vigor of years ago. It is, however, the only place of its kind in this city, where a stranger can enter with any degree of safety, for it is famous that, notwithstanding the despicable orgies nightly enacted there, strangers are unmolested, and it figures less at the Tombs than any other den in the city. Its proprietor, it is asserted, [illegible] in the prosecution of his disreputable business, and is soon to retire to a brown stone dwelling on a fashionable avenue, when he will doubtedly be honored by Snoddy, and ultimately become "a great and good citizen." It is here where lost woman and the nose-puncher pass their evenings in drink and dance, and go on down, down, to a resurrection only attainable beyond the rest given to them in Potter's field.

WALL STREET AND TRINITY

"A silent temple" is the one afforded to all observing visitors by Wall street and Trinity church. Here we have, looking piously upon each other, the money lords of the New World and the temple of fashionable religion. Trinity, as your readers are probably all aware, stands upon Broadway facing Wall street, upon which, all dressed out in its cold, brown stone suit, it seems to smile approvingly, as much as to say, "I am *thine*." Its glaring proximity to the great gamblers den, reminds the beholder of a fashionable, heartless woman, *parading her charms* at the door of a *grog shop*. It is a lesson, too, of the *folly of the times*. No longer are the people worshiping God in spirit and in truth, and as their fathers and mothers worshiped, in plain "meeting houses." Those are out of date, and in their stead, rise costly palaces as heartless and formal within, as cold and fashionable without.

KNICKERBOCKER.

Vaudooism.

When Congress comes down to business, we shall expect to read of a generous appropriation to aid the general establishment of Vaudooism throughout the country. Being one of the oldest and most interesting ceremonies of the native African "man and brother," it is eminently proper for a free nigger Congress to encourage its adoption and use by the party of unparalleled philanthropy. It would be proper, also, to pass an amendment to the Constitution requiring the Southern States to build churches and temples for those who desire to practice its beautiful mysteries and devilish incantation ceremonies. Why not elect one of the Vaudoo priests chaplain to Congress, with a salary of say $10,000 per annum? These are mere suggestions, but such as will no doubt carry weight with them to the reasoning abilities of those exalted beings who compose the majority in the Congress of the United States.

Bellefonte Democratic Watchman.

By P. GRAY MEEK.

Editorial Grape-Shot.

—It is noticeable that all the old, ugly, bony, pug-nosed, flea-bitten, white-livered, sallow-skinned Abolition agitators are now astraddle the new Woman's Rights hobby, *gal*-loping along as savagely as when riding the everlasting nigger. At the Boston henery and poultry exposition, the old, skin dried, anti-slavery brigade occupied reserved seats, and the pullets, spring chickens and setting hens cackled with henly delight!

—Iowa and Minnesota now constitute the Botany Bay of the other States, where will doubtlessly drift all the worthless, shiftless, vagabond niggers who want to "wote," and it is proper to advise the niggers to take up their wretched residence there, since their white-skinned inferiors have invited them by overwhelming majorities. In accepting the invitation, however, it is a palpable condescension on the part of the nigger!

—The liberty loving Esquimaux, we see it stated, are packing up their snow shoes and buggy seal skins, with a view of leaving Seward's seven million iceberg of Alaska, since it has fallen into the hands of Jacobin pirates. It is a beautiful commentary on the condition of the country, when Esquimaux leave it in disgust! Shades of liberty!

—There is something of a contrast between the patriotism of Democratic and Republican office holders. After a long and arduous public service, Doolittle and other Democratic Senators retire poorer than when they entered, while such men as Harlan, of Iowa, paupers a few years ago, are grown to be million aires, and indulge in many *Pacific* airs!

—Grant is now said to be worth half a million dollars. About seven or eight years ago, he didn't have money enough to pay for the mean whisky he swallowed in the low doggeries of Galena. It pays better to skill for kizer, I to do as bad a thing in Washington as to engage in profitless pawnbrokerage at St. Louis, as junior member of the firm of "Boggs & Grant!" Shades of the classics! what a rise was this!

—The convention of puckered and wrinkled sweetness, which shed its distorted fragrance on the Boston air, was prepared for any sort of weather, or event, which might come up. When the female herrings and emasculated sardines were all seated, a barricade across the hall was made of their umbrellas, over which no scoffing spirit would dare intrude. It was, indeed, a most unbridled assemblage of female men and masculine females, crowing hens and setting roosters, with a tolerable sprinkling of pert pullets, all pregnant with speech and issue!

—The *Dry Rock* intimates that Reverdy Johnson went to Europe a sneak, but turns up a long-eared jackass. Wonder if it is necessary for his keepers, to coax him to desist, to tie a weight to his tail, as did Bayard Taylor with Reverdy's noisy kinsmen in the market courts of old Cairo in Egypt! He may be a braying ass sure enough but we always supposed him to be Doestick's particular friend Damphool!

Some Democrats are desperately delighted in assuming to believe that Hiram Ulysses Simpson Grant is really a Democrat, and assert that the Republicans have got another Andy Johnson on their hands. Pooh! If Andy was minutely small and failed, what would this smaller man do? Johnson was a small cross-roads politician in Tennessee—would this nincompoop, who is not even a cross roads statesman, do as well? No! pray to God that he will faithfully serve his masters, and much joy with him!

—A Radical nigger, full blood, by the name of Manard, has contested the seat of a Democrat of Louisiana, since deceased, to fill an unexpired term in the Rump rascality, otherwise called Congress, with the likelihood of receiving it. Glory hallelujarum! "Things is workin." Well, why not?—the end must come; and we know no more appropriate place for a nigger, or other wild beast, than were the meanest creatures are sent. White and black niggers will do as well in Congress, as though all of one color, if the black nigger can afford to associate with the white nigger!

The great mouthed, dapper little Know Nothing from South Bend, has been and gone and done it!—he's got married to Miss Ella Wade—waded into matrimony, without weighing the consequences in a variety of ways, and will now doubtlessly wade into the dregs of Radicalism with an army of Wades, behind, before and all around him, with a view of out-Heroding Herod, his father-in-law. His bride is said to be a blushing dam-sell of about thirty-five summers—a sort of "nateral" Radical Vice-Presidentess. How long before she will present her husband with little *cold facts* is her business, and not ours!

—The white-slave drivers of Lowell, Mass., make their poor girl-slaves labor thirteen hours per day in the mills, for wages barely sufficient to keep soul and body together. Yearly New England ships abroad cargoes of want-made prostitutes from her slave mills. And the philanthropists of the East are shocked with the "horrors" of African slavery, and continue to reach forth their golden arms in amelioration of suffering in foreign lands, and the further off, the more readily reached!

—Hunnicut, the white-livered, pale-faced nigger of Richmond, has quarreled with his friends of the Freedmen's Bureau. Concerning it, he now says: "It is, in its best estate, a curse, the most powerful engine of political trickery that has been known in the world since God made Adam." That is true; but God also made Adam rascal, when he made Hunnicut!

—We have found an old acquaintance. He is the editor of the Tightasville *Long Roll*—the chap of whom it is asserted his Arkansaw mother-in-law once exclaimed, in great anguish: "O lordy!—who'd a thunk it! There's our Sal's gone and run off with a poor, miserable critter of a thing they call an editor, and disgraced her poor mammy!" After perusing a late defense of the G. A. R. humbug in the editor's columns, we should judge the old lady knew the fellow well at the time!

—The owners of the elephant Jeff Davis are still bothered with what to do with him. While some of the Radical press and politicians favor his discharge, others more earnest hope to have him tried before a packed nigger and scalawag jury, convicted, and hung on their favor to "four apple tree." These crazy fellows don't seem to comprehend that Jeff. Davis actually did more at Richmond to defeat Southern independence than they did at Washington! Instead of hanging him, the Rumpers ought to honor him with the thanks of their stupid Congress!

—When the Hindoos of India are aggrieved at those who wrong them, they arm themselves with a dagger or cup of poison, and take seats at the doors of their enemies, refusing to leave until their grievances are righted. This custom is termed *dharna*, but however foolish the custom of that simple people, it exhibits a spirit of resistance to tyranny and oppression far in advance of anything shown in the past eight years by the boastful people of the American Despotism; for *dharna* man dares to defy the power which seeks to bind his limbs while robbing his pockets!

Remarkable Intelligence of Two Wild Beasts.

A Yankee traveler tells how he went to work to rig up a machine which would wake him up at a rural hotel where there was unreliable "help," in time for him to dress and be ready for the early train. It seems that he built up a heavy fabric from a small foundation, as follows: He opened his watch, laid it on the table, poised his pen-knife over it, so that the point of the half-opened hanging blade would come in contact with the hour hand when it came around to the "five spot." Then he fastened a string to the knife, and from the knife to his cane which hung nearly on a balance at the edge of the table. From his cane he attached a string to his boots, which were set on a balance over the head of his bed; and then he retired. At the right hour in the morning, the hour hand of his watch touched the blade of the knife, which fell on to and capsized his cane, the cane fell to the floor, and dragged the boots off their balance, right smack into the sleeper's *snoot*, and woke him up, of course!

That was good for one wild beast, if true. Here is the way another wild beast accomplished a similar end:

The writer of this, "once upon a time" had the extreme satisfaction of boarding at the famous Pacific House, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, for a consideration per week a trifle less than one third the value of the whole institution; and desiring on one occasion to be up in time to get an early breakfast, he conceived the glorious idea of inventing a machine something between a perpetual motion and a steam press which Brick Pomeroy had once sold us at three times its value; hence it was a success. Before giving to the unfeeling readers of the *Watchman* the *modus operandi* of constructing the simple yet beautiful contrivance alluded to, it is proper to say, by way of introduction, that the Pacific House at Council Bluffs is, in one respect at least, a real "live" hotel—live with bedbugs! If we were unable to appear in our place for hash and slops at the matin meal, we should not be unfeelingly suspected of having been "above" it from any wickedness of heart, or from spite at our stomach. The fact is, after each night's tussle with a thousand or two of these plebotomists and "more voters" for the Republican party, we were too weak to get up, much less to stand such rich food as fried liver and slapjacks! In the mornings, we were usually greatly reduced in volume, and enjoyed a feeling of pious resignation, as though we should like to go "up the spout" and be a sweet little angel with leather wings.

But we stood this till bedbug perseverence ceased to be a joke, and we resolved to wake up or die. And now for the ingenious contrivance which did all that was expected of it. Before venturing into our room, we secured two brooms, a coil of rope, a navy revolver, six copies of a political tract entitled "Stand up for Jinks!" a deck of cards, a copy of the "Saint's Rest," a bushel of broken bricks, an accordeon, and a lithographic impression of the child's prayer, commencing "Now I lay me down to sleep hope the bugs from me will keep," which latter we whistled by note. We then fastened one end of the rope to the bedpost, taking a turn in it about the waist, passing it three times around our neck, the other end was baited with a piece of half cooked liver, well peppered and salted, and run out of the window, we then stepped on tip toe to the window, turned a somersault out of it, so as catch on the sill of the window below by our teeth and toe nails; then in and through the ladies' parlor, where we astonished a green couple courting, then we passed back to the pastry cook's, ate four pies a cakes, and took a turn about her. We then immediately returned to our "boudoir," by way of a flue, over the roof, down a ladder, and to "place of beginning." We then unrobed our Adonis-like form, dressed up the brooms in our elegant habiliments, pants, coat and hat, put the effigy on a balance on the edge of the table, at an incline of 45 degrees, spread out the "Stand up" tract and opened the "Saint's Rest" book on the table, laid the accordeon beside it, and the deck of cards opposite. This accommodation for our companions being made perfect and agreeable, we proceeded to the bed, took off the three-ounce feather bed and stuffed it in the key hole to stop a draft, leaned the broken chair against a splinter; took the revolver in our teeth, a bowie knife grasped firmly by the big toe of each foot, and both our hands full of bricks. The light out, we then cautiously approached our bed, made a feint of getting in it; but we didn't: we slid under it!—and all was still.

Morning came—a violent jerk! The whole contrivance was a success. Dog, below, had swallowed the liver, tried to cough it up, got sick, started home mad, pulled the rope, and our head nearly off. We awoke; but what was that which filled our soul with wonder? Before us see sawing on the edge of the table, was the broom effigy, inhabited by about two thousand B. B.'s, enjoying themselves in every concievable way—some playing whist, others the accordeon; while the more pious were either reading the "Saint's Rest," the "Stand up for J.'s" tract, or were singing the doxology with great fervor, and "things was workin."

The whole, as the reader has plainly seen, was a perfect success. The bedbugs, mistaking the broom effigy for "the undersigned," had been busy all night with it, and we were left strength enough to answer the call of the dog porter with the liver and rope in his belly, and to eat a live breakfast in a live western hotel. Patent secured.

☞ Copies of the WATCHMAN are sent this week to leading, working Democrats throughout the country, whose kind offices in its behalf are invoked.

Matters in which the Ladies take No Interest.

——LOVE.—The strongest passion of the human heart, is the one most lightly regarded and most stoutly denied. How many thousands of beings are victims of the power of love! The current of how many lives have been changed for better or for worse by that subtle power, which the whole world pretends to scoff at, to deny, and to ridicule! The shallowness, superficiality, and hypocrisy of the age cannot be better illustrated, than by its claim to a sort of stoical indifference on the subject of love. Speak of a young gentleman as being probably in love with a certain lady, and he replies with some coarse and unfeeling remark, the effect of which is to impress his hearer with the idea of his contempt for a sentiment which may even then be shaping the course of his future life. He is ashamed, indeed, of being even suspected of enjoying that dearest feeling of the human heart. As soon would he be charged with the commission of a crime, as to be even suspected of loving. This he learns from earliest youth to regard as a weakness, to make light of it, and to study to be a stoic. Why all this stupidity? Why deny the laws of nature, and mock the purest and holiest sentiment which God gave to mankind? Why lower the estimate of that Heaven, from the blesses and joys escaped from whose pearly gates, mankind gets its first realization in loving and being loved? Why should a pure woman blush for the loving of a worthy and true man? Why speak lightly and frivolously to her companions of the love or loving of others? In other words, why be ashamed to be a natural woman or a natural man!

——HOME, SWEET HOME.—How few of those blest with good and happy homes are competent to appreciate the trials and sufferings of the homeless wanderer on earth's barren and cheerless highway! He who has no home, who enjoys not the fragrance of the heart's summer flowers of the hearth, who is alone, without wife, or child, or home, is indeed a stranger in a strange land; and yet how many such wanderers roam about over the earth, seeking, but never finding, that rest and sweet peace for which the soul cries aloud in its sadness. Paine, the author of that beautiful song, "Home, Sweet Home," was one such. No home's happy door opened its welcome invitation to receive the sad spirit which pined for its rest, and its loving, and its care. He was a homeless wanderer in the world, and died ultimately in a strange land, unknown and uncared for; but his soul still cries aloud for "home, sweet, home," and thousands of hearts feel the yearning and answer his sad spirit, by intuitive responses, wherever his sweet song is sung.

——YOUTHFUL MARRIAGES.—There is a great diversity of opinion on the subject of youthful or early marriages, but we think this difference is attributable to a want of sufficient knowledge of physiology, the character of the races, climatic influences, and other matters upon which the subject rests. We do not believe that in the United States early marriages are best, particularly in the Northern, Eastern, or Western States, while in trophical countries, there can be no surer moral code invoked than that of early or youthful marriages. In all cold climates, it is well known that mankind develop less rapidly but enjoy greater longevity than in tropical climates, where all nature is luxuriant, of rapid development, and where lifetime is confined to a briefer period than elsewhere. A girl of sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, or even twelve years of age, is a ripe woman in the tropics. In the States, at sixteen young ladies are only contemplating marriage; while at twelve, they are but children, in the tropics they are mothers with one or more children. In the States, the woman of thirty is in the prime of life; in the tropics she is past middle age, or regarded as well advancing. Yet the climatic rule is not absolute, for there are, no doubt, hundreds of girls fully developed in our land, competent to make good mothers at fifteen, but they are rare cases compared with population, and may oftenest be found in the Southern portion of the Union. But the question of early marriages is not confined to this country, but has elicited comment and critical examination in England and elsewhere. In Scotland marriages of this kind are unusually rare, although in that happy kingdom minors are not required to obtain the consent of their guardians before slipping on the matrimonial noose. The census returns of 1861 show that in Bolton 45 husbands and 175 wives were married at the age of 15 and under. Bromley 51 husbands and 147 wives of the same precocious age. Stockport, as a local journal wrote, "asserted its proud pre eminence" by contributing to the census returns 59 husbands and 179 wives who were united before their fifteenth birthday had passed. We believe, however, that it is best for women not to take the responsibility of becoming mothers until eighteen and past, and experience proves that the healthiest and happiest mothers and grandmothers are those who, as a general thing, married long past twenty. But we do not believe the girls will approve of this advice.