

BY P. GRAY MEEK. Editorial Grape-Shot.

MODERN PATRIOTISM.—It is stated that, on the reading of the President's message, a number of Senators took their hats and retired, as a mark of their contempt for the Chief Magistrate. This is the sort of patriotism and decency which obtains in high Jacobin circles. But the time is coming when these hoary-headed old rascals will leave their seats with something of the same contempt for the President of the Union! They will be kicked out—and may God hasten the day!

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—The "Bellefonte Weekly National Gem" of Glory and Industrial, Agricultural and Mechanical Guide and Exponent of the Principles of the Republican Party, is to have able assistance in the dissemination of its small African ideas, in the shape of a new Jacobin paper, to be entitled, as we now learn, "The Rattling Republican Rooster and Ringtailed Radical Rooster." Both journals will "kill for Kizer." Come, boys! Pin your ears back, show your teeth, and go merrily!

MEAL FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.—Congress is fixing up an appropriate meal for the party of grand moral ideas and grander rascals. On the table will be spread a variety of dishes, but the nigger will appear in each, thusly: Soup—nigger, baked nigger, roasted nigger, stewed nigger, fried nigger, boiled nigger, raw nigger; nigger at the head, nigger at the foot, nigger all around, nigger up stairs, nigger down stairs, nigger in the kitchen, nigger in the bedroom, nigger in the parlor, nigger on the brain. It will, nigger, one way or another, and those who a few years ago turned up their noses at the nigger, will, all too glad, before Congress adjourns, to sleep with the nigger and get the right name for the other holder!

HOW WITH THE WHITE MAN.—Up with the Nigger!—The Rumpers have already inflicted the line of legislation which they will hereafter pursue. One bill before that body fully entrenches the freed slave in all the States, while another strikes at the white man through a new programme for naturalization, requiring almost a life time residence in the country before a ballot is granted. And white foreigners elected the members of this African Congress. When we told them what would follow they disbelieved us. And the day is coming when negroes will exercise the right of ballot, that the white man denied, and the white man has only himself to blame!

AT THE SHOW, SO SHALL YE REAP.—It is no fault of the Democracy that money is scarce and hard to get, that grain has fallen in price, and that the times are out of joint. Had Seymour and Blair been voted for by farmers and those most interested in breaking up the powerful moneyed monopolies and aristocratic establishments, that grand life cut of them and build up a favored class in the great centers of trade, times might, and would, have been different. It is the harvest of their November sowing. Let them reap as they sowed—they have only our pity for their dishonesty and cowardice!

INFLUENCE OF "REPUBLICAN" GOVERNMENT.—When the Bourbon rule in Spain was overthrown, there were many Spaniards who sought to make the new government elective and Republican. But the example of our "noble" institutions was too much for the sensible people of Spain, and they voted back almost unanimously in the Cortes a government the very opposite of the mobocracy in America. They did not hanker after anything like the one which rules in hate and with violence! So much for the example of American republicanism as it now exists.

RADICAL VOTES GONE!—The other day a party of vigilantes from Seymour, Ind., paid a knightly visit to the jail at New Albany, in that State, and took out and Ku-Kluxed a party of express robbers. A committee should at once be appointed by Congress to examine into this sudden taking off of "loil" Black Republican voters. Really "loil" men are not safe, even in a "loil" jail of a "loil" State!

LET US HAVE PEACE.—Gen Grant said on the occasion of his nomination, "let us have peace." The other day, in his report, he wrote that "Troops are still needed in the Southern States!" What are these troops needed there for, but to back up the insolent negro and thieving, cowardly carpet-bagger against the decent white people, who beg for the "peace" that has been denied them for three years! The course of outraged liberty upon such villainy!

HAPPY.—It is said that there was rejoicing in Greece upon receipt of the news of the election of Grant; but it turns out that those who rejoiced were American Abolitionists and the traveling family of Shoddy. However, the nearer Africa, the happier the African!

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 13. BELLEFONTE, PA.: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1868. NO. 50.

Ku-Kluxed in Broad Daylight.

As we sit here, this brightest of winter's afternoons, in our chair editorial, which we hitch up close to the window, and look down into the snow-covered street below, where numerous sleighs come to anchor with their precious loads of Pennsylvania farmers' pretty, cherry-cheeked daughters, all in town on shopping bent, the scene reveals the monetary and inspires our weary brain with the fresher and more pleasant reflections called up by each new face. As we sit and smoke this fragrant cigar, we shall amuse us a moment, looking upon the fair faces that pass. There is a haxum lass, got up by nature especially to fill some man's home with a good, happy and healthy wife; here, one who is all smiles and just a little vanity; over there, leaning heavy on the bosom of her Charles, as the springs from the sleigh, is a young lady who is perhaps just married, or soon to be. Then there comes neighbor Jones with his great sleigh full of Mr. Jones' rich aunts and Jones Juniors filled in their and the Buffalo robe covers to fill up space. They have probably all come in to be shot, or calicoed, or hoop-skirted, or skinned, or killed. Then there is Mr. and Mrs. Smith, sitting up as usual in their parlors in the heart of an Alleghenese, pulled stilly along by two still jointed negroes. Mr. Smith holds a stiff "good morning, sir," as he bows, and Mrs. Smith looks coldly into the air as a little stiff, sir. Oh, how cold it is!

But who in the dense is this? A strange, old looking, terrible man, or rather devil. He halts, he comes up the stairs, and there! and there! and there! are others coming—a train of grim, terrible, fiend-like creatures, snuffing flame and eating fire. A knock at our "secret door" Heaven can't be possible, that we are honored with a visit from these creatures? What have we said in the Watchman that could justify such a bold and daring attempt to enter our light in this way? I believe it is to the great White Arch Death, and upon his nearly white inner vest, he is now hiding to dazzle our eyes, are the white letters of mystery which in his warm heart's blood of his latest vision.

Of towering height and slender presence, the Great White Arch Death bears in his left hand the flag of the Union and of the South, wreathed in olive and draped with streaming crape. His white right arm bared to the shoulder, is raised aloft and holds a shining blade from which trickles gout of blood. One by one these drops run down upon his vestment and form the red letters of our name! Then, the fiend attendants chorus the name of the Great White Death, and from the distant mountains of Nitany, Muncy, and beyond them, the Alleghenies, seem to roll in upon us the echo—*All hail to the Great White Death!* The building shakes and trembles and rolls, and dark clouds of hellish smoke oozed and roll forth from his nostrils, and fill the room with a sickening smell of blood and death. We look again, and the clouds have parted and the Great White Death is standing upon the prostrate form of a negro. Matted locks of crisp wool are dragged over the low flat forehead, huge bloodshot eyes roll and glare in their straining sockets, while the flat African nose is pinched with a fearful snort. The thick red lips are drawn back in a hideous grin, and the sharp white teeth of the African savage clash and grind till the white froth spines from them, and ever and anon the blood red tongue rolls down in the rabid jaws. One talon-like hand of the prostrate beast grasps a flaming torch, bloody and clotted with the long locks of a Southern white woman's hair; the other clutches, with terrible strength the olive leaves, that trail from the draped flag. Once the fiendish form half raises from the White Death's foot which holds it down, while it chuckles with hellish laughter the Obliviousness of his savage fathers. Then the shining blade falls like a gleam of light—its point is pressed to the prostrate demon's breast, and with a wild yell it rolls upon its belly, growling and clanking the broken chains upon its wrists. And two silver voices rise above the

tumult, saying to me, "Come, Brother, Come!" And falling upon my face, I answer: "I come, brothers! All hail to the White Arch Death! I have the tyrants that oppress you. I am with you in heart!" There was a stir among the men at these words, and a dozen pistols were pointed at me, and a dozen pair of burning eyes peered through masks, eagerly watching the chief for a signal. My fate seemed sealed. But the Great White Arch Death waved his hand calmly. The weapons disappeared. "Thou knowest our secret, and thou must die, or thou must take the Great Death and be of us!" "I am ready!" was my answer; for I hear the shrieks of my kinwomen, and the piteous cry of the wounded, calling me to come! come! come! I looked steadily in the face of the White Arch and repeated: "I have chosen, I am yours—body, blood, and soul. I am ready! Hail to the White Arch Death, and the liberty of my people!" In a moment I was seized, my eyes bound, and I was raised up bodily, and borne away by the others. I heard the Great White Arch Death with a bang and the Western editor was no longer the asylum of his editor. I felt that I was moving rapidly through the frosty air, and I felt the body of a sleigh by the strange arms of a fiend-guard on either side. The old air refreshed me, and I gave a gasp of relief. If I was to be killed, it could be done but once, and death had better stare me in the face with his pallid look and ghastly smile, than to see me die what they might, but but a single death, and that was a brave feat, to come as the end, to probe the mystery to the bottom. Oh, we went in dead silence, brought to the thing of the horse hoofs on the frozen snow, and the breathing of my kidnappers around me in the great sleigh, breaking into the mysterious silence. The road was apparently getting rougher and wider, the streams more reckless on either side brushing and thumping the body of the sleigh. I should think, I had traveled some ten miles, when we suddenly stopped. I heard the party dismount and splash into a stream, and a voice said "Follow." By a sort of irresistible, diabolical magnetism, I got out and followed, up a steep and narrow path, to the—

Den of the Great White Arch Death, in the bowels of a mountain. And my eyes were unbandaged, and I stood in the midst of the Brotherhood. A voice said sternly: "Brother, behold!" Just then a series of wild, ghostly flashes revealed to me the forms of two hideous monsters—huge, bulky, bloated with upright sapings in their paws, and crouching near me to strike. Then midnight darkness fell upon the den and a horrible, hissing voice, from a bodiless head lying close to my feet, gurgled forth: "Turn back, rash fool! These are the avengers of Obi! They hunt the Freedmen's Bureau. Thy blood is sought by blood-lappers. Turn back while yet there is time—fly!" "I fear not," I feebly answered, and my teeth chattered, with cold, not with fright. "Liar! you do fear!" and a harsh, coarse, grating laugh echoed in the cave all about me. The next flash revealed two hideous monsters on either side, with uplifted clubs, moving toward me. "No, devils!" cried I, "I still defy you, and the worst you can do!" When I had said this, I felt more confidence, but it required a great effort. "Fool! to remain is to die—to be quartered, and your blood drawn from the monsters about you," said a dwarf devil at my side. And I turned to crawl away with my stiffening limbs, expecting the raised club to fall and crush me into the earth. Only a mocking laugh followed me. When I had gone perhaps ten yards, the den became suddenly illuminated with a sparkling, unnatural light, and the Great White Death stood before me, clouds of fervid flame rolling over the den, and a voice issued: "Brother, do not afraid!" It was the voice of he who two hours before had invaded my office and dragged me from it. He was seated upon a throne of human skulls, and about him was a miniature lake of human blood, from which a sickening steam arose.

Behind this half human, half devil, and supernatural man was a cloud of his illuminated smoke, that seemed rising from the burning of some devilish incense. On the first step below him stood two figures, the one on the right grasped the starry flag of the Union, and the one on the left clutched the battle-worn and tattered flag of the South. "Welcome, brother, if thou art to be Art thou ready?" And I answered in feeble words, "I am ready!" "Thou fearest not the test?" "I fear not," I replied more firmly. "Then Mighty Worshipful, Brother of the Tribunal," interrogate the candidate!" The giant standard-bearer slowly turned to me, opened the flag, waved it over the skeleton lamps and the pool of blood, and in a deep murmur, said "Hail to the mighty Ku!" At the second wave all cried "Hail to the Ku!" And I then repeated the diabolical chant: "Hail! All hail to the invisible Ku-Klux Klan!" At the close of the chant, ten skeletons crushed ten negro babies, till their shrieks filled the cave with a volume of ungodly dying away into a gurgling, hissing, clanking sound, and then silence again reigned. A firm voice then said: "Brother what art thou? a son of Wrong, a Yankee dog—or a man of Honor?" And we replied from our hearts: "A man of sorrow." Then came up a mocking laugh, which echoed about the cave as if hissing from the bowels of the dead: "Sorrow—sorrow—sorrow." But a natural voice came next, and I asked: "A Yankee or a Southern man?" And I replied: "A Democrat." Upon this I heard a stir, chains rattled, little bells tinkled, grating doors swung upon their rusty hinges, and the Klan leaped and thronged: "Duplicity!—Coward!—Hypocrite—Wretch!—What dost thou in the den of the brave?" "I am here from sympathy with the wronged!" I said. But the Klan laughed a demonic laugh, and the lights twinkled, and I grew dizzy, and faint. When I again became conscious, half my face was dark and the other half white, and there were kinks in my hair. But the Great White Arch Death approached me, and said: "Brother! Thou art weak in principle—not from heart, but by education. In the name of the Mighty Ku, I make thee a man, for the day of justice is come, and the Klux are at the heart of the tyrant!" Then the White Arch Death withdrew, and the Grand Cyclops came forward, and spoke: "Mighty and mysterious is the Mighty Klan. Filled with fearful wrath it is the Klan is everything and it is nothing, it is still while it moveth every where, and speaketh loudest while silent. Where the night is darkest, the Klan seeth best. Where the Dragon's eggs are nearest hatched, there preseth its foot most heavy. The Dragon squirmeth in its fright, and the Klan flappeth its hand! There is an Awful father, and he hath ten sons and each son is a Red Death, and each of these hath ten sons, and their great father is the White Arch Death. Countless are the eggs of the Dragon, but not more countless are the children of the Awful Father of ten sons. And the children of the White Death shall crush the eggs of the Dragon, and the Klan clappeth its hand! Hail to the Ku-Klux-Klan!" Then I was initiated into the deep mystery of the Klan, and took its oath, which the Grand Cyclops rendered as follows: "Brother, that art to be, dost thou swear by thy blood, and by thy soul, to be a true and bloody brother of the Den of the Red Death for ever and for aye! Dost thou swear by the heart of thy mother, by the soul of thy father, and by the bones of thy ancestors, to cling to the starry Ku—to honor his flag from this night, and forever, and to do what thou art bidden, blindly and without question—even to the damning of thy own soul for ever?" I trembled as I answered, "I swear." Then the Klan arose, and sang: "Steel of North cuts Radical Plan—Bloody and swift is the Ku-Klux Klan!" And I again noticed that the words

in the chair at the window, to find that we were still the occupant of the Watchman editorial room, and that the Ku-Klux Klan affair was only the same nightmare to us that it had ever been to Radical politicians. Matters in which the Ladies take no interest. —WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—While so much is said pathetically about woman's rights, few words greet our eye or ear about woman's wrongs. The world is progressing, it is said; and yet with all its progress, we see only a progression backward—an unearthing of old and exploded ideas—a seeking for the lost worthlessness of the past. American progress, as advanced by the foolish philanthropist of this age, is but an over anxious peopling digging for our ills in the rubbish grave of the past. "Woman's rights!" shouts the Cady Stantons, and they heave their pickaxes into the rubbish all the deeper. "Woman's rights!" shouts the Pillsburys and Tiltons, and other humbugs, and in go their pickaxes. But rubbish only comes up with each effort. Abolitionism was the rubbish of Exeter Hall thrown up on American soil, and woman's rights, so-called, is another plunge down into the chaos of that past, which is to throw up into full view an anomaly—a wife and politician—a hermaphrodite, neither one nor the other. It seems to sane men that woman's wrongs, and not woman's rights, is the diego which should give employment to every tongue—the question which should be agitated till reformed. And what are these wrongs? Look into every abode of misery in all quarters, and there it has its own story. Woman wronged have been the prolific cause of much more than half the suffering and poverty, and vice, and wretchedness, that marks our "progressive" age. The question of woman wronged demands the highest consideration of law-makers, suggesting such wise legislation as shall protect the weaker against the stronger—a check and a bar to crime, by providing against the source of its existence—the abandonment of woman to poverty and wretchedness. Commonwealths build jails to hold criminals—might not the same money be more humanely expended in providing against the education of criminals, by removing the prime cause of their criminality? It seems to us, to cry loudly for such laws as shall protect wives and mothers against cowardly desertion—against the arts of libertines, who shift the responsibility imposed by nature and by the wronged—against the robbery of the property of the weaker by the stronger. Look in upon any den of wretchedness in all the land; question the poor beings who drag away profitless and hopeless lives, and the story is the same. Abandoned woman creeps for her progeny a den of crime, because she cannot rear a temple of virtue. Dragnone and want stares her in the face, and she goes down, lower and lower, anxious only to provide a mo'berly, but wretched support to children fast graduating as criminals. It is not woman's rights—it is not an extension of privileges, but a circumscribing of wrongs, which cries aloud for legislation and to the hearts of philanthropists. Protect wronged woman, and she has no "rights" which she, in her mistaken sense of something necessary, will ask or demand. Of all things of earth, woman least requires the degrading influence entailed by the ballot and its corruption. But she does need something. Honest philanthropist, what is that something? —"NO"—The following lines by some roguish but madly said, tells the story of a maiden's first love and lover. When he told me that he loved me, 'Twas the flowery time of May; I put roses in my ringlets, And went singing all the day. When he told me that he loved me, In the pleasant month of May! Yes! because I knew he loved me, I went singing with the birds; All the day I listened to him— All the night I heard his words, Dreaming nightly that he loved me, I was blither than the birds! But— I didn't know I loved him! Till I found one summer day, That, in saying how he loved me, He had wiled my heart away— Only saying how he loved me, Through the long summer day. Still he told me that he loved me, When the roses fading fell, And the birds had all forgotten Th' sweet tune I've learned so well, For I love him, and he loves me, More than words can tell. —HAPPY PROPS.—How much better to be litheome and happy always and under all circumstances, than to let the trifles of the by world about us worry the soul and tire down the heart into gloom and pain! There are some people who habitually make the best things, not from a sense of duty, not from dislike of sympathy in affliction, not from any shrinking from pain on their own account, but simply from a natural, unconquered and unconquerable lightness of heart. These persons supply the oxygen of the moral and mental atmosphere, and should be maintained at the public expense, to keep it sweet and pure. They are the sunshine of the moral world, rays of light falling upon the spirit's gloom.