

Grapo Shot.

PATHEPIC—The meeting and hand-shaking between BEN RUTLER and A. JOHNSON, at the late "reception."

Twinkle, twinkle, crooked eye. Up in Benny's head so high: Full of peach and full of rye, Watching Andy very shy.

POWERFUL COMBINATION.—The Louisville Courier-Journal is about to gobble up the Democrat of Louisville, when it will probably be the Louisville Courier-Journal-Democrat.

CAST-STEEL.—The people have now in the Black Republican shop an excellent article of cast-steel. The cast part of the article is the difference between bond-lords and the paupered people, and the steel part of it, is that which every Shoddy and "Foil" thief displays in his house in the matter of pianos, clothes, jewels, etc., "acquired" from Southerner's homes; hence, cast-steel.

"BODY AND BEAUTY."—LORD PACKENHAM fired the hearts of his soldiery at New Orleans with the promise of "body and beauty." An army made up of the same material—Yankee Tories, New England thieves and Hessians, Englishmen, and adventures—succeeded in later years, under the Stars and Stripes and BUTLER and BARKS, in reveling in what LACKYHAM failed to secure for his vega bonds.

STARS AND STRIPES IN '61-8.—The "stars and stripes" hunting during the late war was the best symbol of the cause of a drunken despotism which could have been used. The stars were visionary, being such as seen through red eyes and the influence of mean Northern whisky; while the stripes were for the slaves of power, as well as to represent, not only, streaked principles, but for the spangled creatures who bore on, for many a banner that was disgraced by indignity, and ghoul, and their parasites.

BODY SNATCHERS.—The JOHN ADAMS resurrectionists of festering Fidelity and body snatchers about the grave of buried Liberty are, like army and potato worms and unwinged grasshopper, beginning to drag their slimy carcasses on to Washington. If the American eagle ever had reason to hold its nose while flying over that city, surely it will have more reason now. It would take an angle with a strong stomach which could fly over Washington with one tribe of thieves going out and another tribe of pukes going in, without holding its nose.

IMPORTED STOCK.—An ambitious leader says we were imported from Kentucky to edit the WATCHMAN. Well, what of that? Were we a jackass, he would be braying loudly to every passer by that we were his sire and that he was damned by Doestick's imported Damphool (and the many who have unsettled bills against him).

"PANHANDLE" AND PANCAKE.—The famous "Panhandle route" through West Virginia, is no misnomer. It is the handle of the pan over which human beings are "fopped" down flat as pancakes. The other day, the "Panhandle" upset a car-load down an embankment. With a recent lively experience over that road, we doubt if the engineer even stopped to turn his curs right side up.

NEW SECRET SOCIETY.—A new secret society, composed of half a dozen stupid fellows, has been started in Louisville, Ky., one of the members of which informed us last week, that it was originated by BRICK POMEROY. The country has been cursed with enough of this secret rascality, the membership of which are better prepared morally and physically, to enter a lunatic asylum, if not a county jail.

LITTLE ACORNS UPON GREAT OAKS.—CAMERON is charged with having slaughtered CURTIS and GROW, and with having borne forward to a happy seeding the little acorn SCOTT. Truly, little acorns upon great oaks grow!—as well as rice teresa.

Hill Columbia! happy land, If we don't burn you, we'll be damned! This was the buccaneer song that STEWART sang, when he got his armed incendiaries into the town of Columbia, South Carolina.

Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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AN OBI PRIEST AND AN INFIDEL.—Congress is progressing on the road to "God and morality." MENARD, the negro Obi priest, and CARL SCHURZ, the German God-donnying Infidel, are likely to occupy prominent seats in it.

FAMILY FAILING.—The Harrisburg Patriot intimates that it is a family failing for the LOTTS to look back. This is a slap at ambitious ZENA LOTT, who got a member of the Legislature finally got to be paster and folder.

CORRUPTION UNPARALLELED.—The Republican press boasts that the price of a vote for Radical Senator is hawked about the streets of Albany, N. Y., as the auctioneer hawks the price of old furniture under his hammer! The truth is, hawked out with the life of liberty!

DISRESPECT.—ANDREW JOHNSON, that he was not selected as the Democratic nominee at New York. He will probably go back to Tennessee and become a drummer boy in BROWLOW'S mee fish, and play the tattoo with the thigh bone of poor, murdered mother SUE RATTY.

WARMING UP.—All the "fool" Post masters in the country, who hope to be reappointed to open the mails of Democrats and to steal Democratic newspapers from their subscribers? Also, the red hot "mards" of old ABE, when the most of these "fool" office holders will go, when they go home.

COOLING OFF.—All the Radical Republicans and Ghost-toesners of a few months ago, who are in "horrid doubt as to whether the President is a pale Republican or a black Democrat.

PROMOTED.—ZENA LOTT is now a paster and folder. Last year he was only a member of the Legislature.

Pacific Railroad Swindles.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written favorably by parties in the employ of the railroad monopolists out in the deserts and barren wastes concerning the Pacific Railroad swindles, it ticks out now and then that the government is being deceived and defrauded by the sharks who have charge of their building. We have often asserted that the Union Pacific Railroad was a monstrous swindle, and brought forward charges of fraud which have not and never will be gain said, but we did not expect to hear so soon from parties in the interest of these Western corporations that the Pacific division of the immaculate Pacific Railroad was actually a "man trap and swindle." Here is what a resident correspondent of the New York World writes from Austin, Nevada, concerning the manner of its building and the dangers of travelers thereon. It will not be long before the whole press of the country will be filled with similar articles, at least that portion of the press not subsidized by the great corruptive corporation.

In my last letter I spoke somewhat of the neglect of the great Central Pacific Railroad, but neglected mentioning some of its demerits. In the first place the road as thus finished, for a distance of over two hundred miles, is a complete man trap and swindle. The ties are put down—temporarily, I suppose, and the track laid over an alkaline region of country, which even during the dry season has become very uneven and rough, and when the wet season sets in must become not only unsafe but the scene of daily accidents. Even during the past season lives have been lost among the employes, that the public has never heard tell of, and trains "off the track" are of daily occurrence. Last week a young man by the name of Ardell, was thrown between the cars and his legs badly crushed. He died in some hours afterwards, and the poor boy died without any attendance or attention from the company. He was the son of a prominent surgeon now in charge of a prominent hospital in the interior of Canada. There is great dissatisfaction among the public, from the manner in which affairs are now carried on in this great national enterprise, in which the money of the people is being expended by millions. A screw is being worked, and a change for the better demanded at once. The terminus of passenger travel will soon be changed from Argonia to Maggie Creek, 100 miles farther east, and there will then be some 300 miles or more of a dangerous railway travel as any on this continent, or most probably in the world.

If this correspondent had been better informed, he might have written that every foot of the foud from Omaha to the Pacific coast, including both the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific, and all the other Pacific Railroad swindles, presents dangers to the traveler little

less hazardous than a trip through an Irish bog on a tissue paper railway. But the people have the consolation of knowing that after it is finished and paid for with government bonds, taxed obligations, land subsidies, and a general robbery of the people's treasury in every conceivable way, they can take up the rails, regrade the "great highway," and build the road over again with another issue of bonds and another grant of lands from the public domain. For all of this the people will doubtfully cheerfully pay; and the leeches of the Black Republican party—highwaymen, land pirates, and thieves—will have another opportunity of filling their pockets.

There is no doubt but that these Pacific railroad swindlers are the most audacious and unblinking swindlers the most gigantic, which have ever been conceived and carried out. It is a lesson to the people, that when they departed from the old Democratic tenet of opposition to internal improvements by the Government and States, they contemplated, if they did not authorize, a system of frauds and speculations on the Federal treasury, that may be satisfied only with the utter destruction of the credit and resources of the Government.

Libel Suit against P. Gray Meek—And So-Forth.

Below the august Court of Quarter Sessions, on Monday or Tuesday next, is to appear that awful criminal, our Principal, to answer the charge of libel, instituted and prosecuted by Dickinson Seminary. He trembleth as he squirms—and so-forth.

This prosecution, as the readers of the WATCHMAN are aware, is instituted by the pious New England gentleman who is "head center" of that institution, for a qualified intimation made through these columns sometime since, in an issue of "It report be true," etc. It is, however, more apparent that the prosecution is made against Mr. MEK because of the politics of his journal. In view, however, of the terrible aspect presented by our opponents, Mr. MEK is meek, and we are squaker—and so-forth.

We feel authorized to say that Mr. MEK is not horse-style to Dickinson Seminary. He believes, under his present management, it is a good place for boys and girls to be taken in, and to "learn a thing or two," and so-forth.

Neither are we opposed to Dickinson Seminary. We always have encouraged the spread of the grand old Connecticut hutch of Mayflower ideas. We dot over a pumpkin pie, smack our lips at apple butter, whittle pine, smile while cutting into wooden hams, and whistle while grating pebble nutmeg. We want our youth "edicated," and so-forth—we love to see the minds, and so-forth, of our noble youth expand, and so-forth—we love to have pious persons teach our "young ideas" how to shoot, and so-forth, and to grow up with the big head, and so-forth, full of knowledge, and so-forth. In fact, we love to see thin visaged Yankee professors fill their rattling bones with marrow and their packaged hides with fat, (or words to similar import.)

Poor MEK!—now only a member of the Legislature—so young—so promising—soon to go up the spout—to be promoted, like ZENA LOTT, not to be a legislator to a lucky boy, however, but from the dingy legislative hall to a beautiful jail!—and so-forth.

And then what happy times there'll be at Dickinson Seminary, when the respected professor gets half a million damages! How many big oysters will glide down his warbling swallower? How many goodies will spread their life-giving juices through his stringy veins! How nice he'll feel, and how happy MEK! All of which comes, if not from being born with a spoon in one's mouth, at least from having a pen in one's hand! And so-forth.

The following gem is very beautiful, as are all the contributions from the same pen, heretofore published: NO SUMMER WILL COME FOR ME.

The flowers are dead, and the birds are flown, And wintry winds in the tree-top moan, And the fields are white and bare, There is no sign of the coming year, That will gladden the heart of the lonely sear, And soften the heart of the air. Yet I know that summer will come again, With all its joys and the joys of pain, The bird, the flower, and the tree, My hope that died for the winter's snow, No resurrection will ever know, No summer will come for me. No. 10,000, Pa., January 16, 1869.

A Parasite of the "World" in the West.

The Omaha Herald, which is conducted by one Dr. MILLER, who is the agent of the New York World in Nebraska, pays its compliments to the assistant editor of this paper, in a lengthy article, entitled "Kjerfoll on Pomeroiy," copying the forged letter which was written and published by POMEROY, and which bears all the evidences of forgery on its face, and palming it off on his readers as genuine, thus countenancing and encouraging a forger. We copy the following comments, premising that the gentleman referred to in the first line (Judge A. V. JAMMER) was formerly from this county, and is one of the leading, substantial men and Democrats of the "Missouri Slope." Says The Herald:

"All," as Judge Larimer would call him, has produced an ugly record on Mr. Pomeroiy, and the unmaking of the previous illustration, the falling out of a brood of gentlemen each of whom, with a few of the same ilk, are of that pattern of demagogues who constantly assure that none but themselves are really such. It is an instructive illustration to the great army of demagogues who hold the faith of principle, and who seek its avowal with honest purpose, to beware of those who are ever ready to speak about their own immaculate democracy, and against that of all men who do not follow them in a leadership that has done more to damage a just cause than all the Jacobins put together.

The principal ingredient in the above composition is spite, but we thank the Doctor for the candid acknowledgment contained in the last paragraph.

The Herald also applauds POMEROY for smartness in having published a portion of a book which he feared. We ask the Herald whether that act was a creditable one. Mr. POMEROY is a man of some means, and because he had the means to purchase a villain to steal a portion of it from the possession of the publisher, is that a matter deserving of commendation? We read accounts daily of sharper and more daring burglaries, where the burglar trusts not the coveted booty to other hands.

However, we did not intend to refer to that matter, but to set the Omaha Herald before the Democracy as it has earned its position, and to thus expose the cause of its opposition to us.

Opposite to the city of Council Bluffs is situated crazy GEORGE FRANCIS TRAVIS'S Quack town of Omaha, and in that town as published a large paper with an infinitely small amount of brains, called the Herald, and its editor is Doctor MILLER. The Doctor belongs to that class of Democratic politicians who wear a number four hat and number ten boots down at the heel. He has been trying his hand in running the Democratic party of Nebraska on the New York World platform, and has succeeded in getting it down to a very small point. He had others to help him in the good work for the Republican party, and the result of the last election exhibited fully the Doctor's strategy. A Democratic State was handed over to the Republican party with a crushing, overwhelming majority. This was brought about entirely by the practice of the nervous, white-pan-egg, kid-glove, broad-cloth sort of Democracy of the liver-complained and dyspeptic World clique.

It horrified these conservatives if the name of a solid Democrat was even called, and the report in October last that HENRY CLAY DEAN had been selected to make a speech at Omaha, turned the seamy Doctor upside down, (and his better end, was up!) He got sick, faint, curdled, and trembled at intervals, and then wrote: "For God's sake, don't send DEAN over here." It was not "for God's sake," really, but it was for the sake of MILLER and his party of liver-complained conservatives and World-worshippers. DEAN hearing of this, refused to go, of course, and all other good, true, and able Democratic speakers avoided the liver-complained and dyspeptic shores beyond the Missouri, as they would have avoided the small-pox—and the State of Nebraska became thoroughly mongrelized, and went to Grant and the Devil.

MILLER don't like the assistant editor of the WATCHMAN. For a good reason. We don't like political nervousness, policy-dodging, and cowardice, and hence we don't like the style of the Omaha Herald. We think it too far west to set up a colony of MARION MAHALES, with such poor well-purses for their offspring as Dr. MILLER, a broken-down politician and thrice-defeated candidate.

Omaha don't amount to much now, and never will with such a paper. Council Bluffs is the place, and is sure to go ahead and make a great city, for the good, kind, and public spirited people who lead its destiny are not of the Doctor MILLER order. We remember with much pleasure the thousand warm-hearted friends, including Judge LARIMER, whom fate, deception, and perfidy willed we should part with for a time.

Matters of No Interest to the Ladies.

BOB-TAIL PEOPLE.—Woman is not now deserving and meriting comment for the ridiculousness of dress half so much as those whiskered ponies who have abused her in the past for the freaks of fashion. The stern sex come in very justly for its share of ridicule for the stupidity of style of dress. What can be conceived more unmanly and ungenteel, than a lot of thin, crooked bones, tied together with a little flabby skin at the joints, and exposed by tight-legged pants; or three ounces of brains and a bushel of hair covered with a hat the size of a tin plate; or a body, shoulders and parts covered with a burlesque of a coat, which doesn't cover the parts—a bob-tail affair, with its flaps behind too short even to flap—the whole a large teaspoon reversed, the handle down and split; and altogether a spooney affair! This is the modern man as seen daily, to the scandal of our common "lordship." Is it becoming to have two little three or four-inch bunches of bob-tail flapping and slapping in one's rear, where sensible men used to have a real coat-skirt hang decently? What can be more stupid and laughable than this stupid style, which essays boldly to transform a man into a monkey, and succeeds wonderfully well? If the ladies do wear the panther and incline a little a la Greenock for the sake of the grace it affords, is it necessary for man to appear at the same time like a lightning rod with a cabbage on top? Must we, the masculine man, climb down from our high dignity to play monkey to femininity's kangaroo? Never!—at least one of the aforesaid masculinity says never. But, seriously, when will people learn to deem it handsomest and most attractive to dress decently and genteelly only, and cease being the toys with which French fashion monkeys play?

A very sensible woman has written the following on the modern "gentleman":

The press has never been remiss in depicting the follies of the female sex, upon occasion, in style of female apparel, but it is a noticeable fact that the popinjay style of breeches now in vogue, more ridiculous than anything the women ever wore, is unnoticed! Female foolishness is such that it can make charming any extreme fashion, but what length of familiarity, pray heaven, can ever make tolerable, much less comely, the rather appendage of a human crane, wound about with cloth so tightly as to stop the circulation.

The present style of pantaloons is neither comfortable, comely, or economical. The "awful" that adopts it can neither stoop nor sit down without positive danger of an exposure of his person from raptures caused by friction.

When we see these fashionables of the male persuasion in the street, we are reminded of the exhortation of the raw-boned, ill-formed preacher when illustrating the wonders of creation. Raising his long skinny arms high above his head, he exclaimed, "God made this female!" A voice in the congregation replied, "Then his tools were mighty dull."

Here comes a six-foot gallant with a number ten hat and a figure like a pair of logs. There is not enough of his legs to make a shadow, and he walks as if each foot was a double-lace viol. By his side, perhaps, is another devotee of the same style, half his length, whose make up reminds one of a plumb-pudding perched on the handle of a pair of pinchers. There they go, the extremes of folly and the very essence of ludicrousness. Nothing women ever wore will compare in folly, with tight breeches on a bandy-legged human biped.

A LOVER'S INVITATION.—Henrich Heine is the author of the following little gem—a picture:

Thou fairest fisher maiden, How thy boat to the land; Come here, we'll sit together, Whispering hand in hand.

Lay on my heart thy hand, love, And, dearest, fear not me; Thoughtless thou trustest daily The wild and restless sea.

My heart is like the sea, dear, With storms and ebbs and flows, And many a lovely pearl lies Hid in the depths below.

A Tennessee Dutchman having caught his son in wrong doing, determined to administer a dose of hickory. So he trimmed a switch and went to look for the lad, who incontinently took to his heels. After chasing the boy around for a while, the old man thought to persuade him to stop and take the flogging. So he shouted: "Shon, stop! I am not so mad as vat Lynch!"

The Devil's Lizard for a Season.

Under this head the New York Age comments upon the deplorable progress of a mania for murder. Had the Quincy lived until our days, would have found materials for another striking disquisition on the philosophy of murder. During the month of December we counted thirty-eight murders in different parts of the country. The Christmas holidays, themselves, produced a large crop. Since killing one's fellow-creature has become an every-day occurrence, would it not be well for some philosopher upon events, like Dr. DRAPE, of New York, to analyze the mania, and endeavor to get its different forms classified and arranged? A science, such as this has become, should be systematized. He will observe that murders in the South western States spring from sudden passion; that men draw and perforate each other upon instant provocation. In New England and the Middle States they are generally the result of careful deliberation—witness those lately in Philadelphia, Bangor, Me., and Malden, Mass. In the Northwest the perpetrators are nearly all wronged husbands, injured fathers, insulted females, or parties equally wounded in the tenderest domestic relations. The lynching business has also grown to be a feature in Western life. Jail bars are as straw before the raging popular demand for vengeance. The Southern negroes, too, are going largely into the favorite pastime. They display in gentility, as well as zeal. We read of one ebony female in Mississippi who poisons her husband, and then calls in the assistance of her lover to bury the old man before the breath is out of his body. In Kentucky, a gang of men of the like hue kill a comrade and throw his body into a swine pen for the hogs to devour. In Georgia, other seraphs of color, newly born to freedom, apply the torch to a farm house, and roast three aged white ladies to death; for particulars of which, see the daily papers. We repeat, this frenzy of the time should be studied and systematized. Our own idea is, that the general demoralization caused by indiscriminate throat-cutting in the late war, bagged men to hold life yet cheaply. A man's moral sensitive nose to the command, "Thou shalt not kill," must be considerably blunted after he has butchered a dozen or so of the enemy, even though it be in battle. From some men who had but little conscience anyway, the qualification has long since departed. And another reason of the general lawlessness pervading the country is the evil example set by our State Legislatures. How can we expect obedience to the law when the lawmakers are themselves habitual violators of them? The striking examples we have in SUMNER, BUTLER, and the late Mr. STEVENS, as well as the Constitution, the very corner stone of the laws, are not likely to increase the number of good citizens in our midst.

With the Richmond Opinion we earnestly agree, that unless we go back to the corner-stone of peace and security, even though we have to retrograde through death and blood—through the hanging galleries and sudden courts of Judge Lynch—will we ever be restored to the broad and level plains of peace and popular security.

The future of this country is very black and foreboding; and unless we are visited in society by one—or several—of those convulsive throes that have cast the countries of the old world on their knees, this country is lost forever.

Good need have the people to exclaim, were they only awake— "My soul's on fire, on fire, As on I drive to outer darkness, Like a blazing ship."

A "God and Morality" Senator.

Gen. CARL SCHURZ, well known to the country as an infidel of the worst type, absolutely ridiculing the existence of a Supreme Ruler, has received the nomination and will undoubtedly be elected to the office of U. S. Senator from Missouri. Among other public utterances, he said: "God is only an imaginary gentleman who dwells beyond the clouds." "The Bible is a book only fit to amuse children." "The Sabbath is a relic of barbarism." Such is the man whom "the party of great moral ideas" chooses to represent in the United States Senate. The choice is eminently proper and fitting. MENARD, the negro Obi priest, and CARL SCHURZ, of the Senate, prove beyond doubt that the Republican party is "progressing."

A Jacksonville paper says: "There are 18,000,000 acres of land in this State subject to the claims of actual settlers under what is known as the homestead act. Any man, black or white, may take possession of one hundred and sixty acres to-day, clear it, improve it, and build a home, upon it, and in five years Uncle Samuel will give him a deed of it."