

# Democratic Watchman

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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NO. 12.

Judge Shaler.

We last week alluded, in our local columns, to the death of Hon. Charles Shaler, who died at Newark, New Jersey, in the 81st year of his age. Judge Shaler was a member of the Pittsburg Bar, and highly distinguished in the Masonic Brotherhood. In the Pittsburg Post of last Tuesday, we find the proceedings of the Bar in relation to the death of the Judge, from which we extract the remarks of Gen. R. B. Roberts, pending a motion to adopt a set of resolutions in tribute to his high character and eminent services:

Mr. Roberts said: I have been asked by the committee, Mr. President, to say a word of appreciation for the resolutions that have just been read. The task is no easy one. To describe Judge Shaler to those who did not know him, is impossible; and a word of eulogy by a bar member is not only to his past life and eminent professional and personal character, but to his crowded career of western life, and to his honorable self to ourselves and to his high character and eminent services.

Charles Shaler was born in Middletown, Connecticut, in the house in which his father had been born before him, and in which his aged sister now resides. Sprung from the hardy stock of New England, the son of his father was in consequence with the fine physical and mental organization which he thus derived. He received a liberal education, graduating at West College in the city of New York, under the professorship of the celebrated Dr. Notch, and it was a subject of great pleasure to him of late years to point to a photograph representing seven of the graduating class of his year, who assembled at Middletown, and who were the first to carry the declaration of war to the army of General Hull, which was then encamped on the banks of the Maudslow. He carried this an early period to the State of New York, and he had been the recipient of the honor of being elected to the office of Sheriff of the County of New York, and he had been the recipient of the honor of being elected to the office of Sheriff of the County of New York, and he had been the recipient of the honor of being elected to the office of Sheriff of the County of New York.

Senator WALLACE tested Radical sincerity in this matter the other day, when he offered in his place in the State Senate, the following preamble and resolutions: "Whereas the Congress of the United States has proposed an amendment to the Constitution thereof to be known as Article XV, which changes the rule of suffrage now existing in this Commonwealth, and substitutes therefor another and a different rule, which amendment is now submitted to the legislatures of the different States for ratification, and Whereas, 'All power is inherent in the people,' and it is right that they should have an opportunity to vote for or against the ratification of the said amendment and to determine whether they will not change the rule of suffrage now existing, therefore Resolved, That the Judiciary Committee of the Senate be and they are hereby instructed to prepare and forthwith report to the Senate a bill for the submission of the question of the ratification of the said amendment to the people of the State on the 10th of October 1869."

Resolved, That the Senate will not act upon the question of the ratification of the said amendment until the ratification of the said States at its present session, but will await the action of the people at the polls thereon.

These resolutions, so eminently just and proper, were immediately voted down by the Radical majority. All the Democrats voted for them and all the Radicals against them. But they have put the Radical members of the Senate on the record, and a most infamous one it is.

The Democracy desire to leave this question to a vote of the people, and had Mr. WALLACE's resolutions been adopted, this would have been the issue next fall, and our State spared the disgrace of forcing upon the people a measure to which we believe they are almost unanimously opposed. But they failed, and since then the majority in the Senate have added to their infamy by passing the amendment, thereby, in effect, saying to the white citizens of the State, "We are your masters—not your servants."

How any conscientious Radical—if, in the nature of things, there can be such an anomaly—can hereafter support a party that so openly and unblushingly violates its pledges and tramples upon its avowed principles, is to us an incomprehensible mystery. Surely he should come out and disavow his allegiance to a power that is endeavoring to sell his birth-right for a morsel of negro potage.

The Minnesota Legislature, which is overwhelmingly Radical, has set the Radicals of our State an example they would do well to follow. Instead of passing the negro suffrage amendment at the behest of the Radial Congress and the GRANT administration, they adjourned without taking any action on the subject, in order to give the people of that State a chance to express their views upon it. This is honorable, and shows a higher code of principle than we thought existed anywhere in the Radical party. But there is not the least probability that our Pennsylvania Radicals will follow the Minnesota lead. They have no principle and less honor, and will adopt negro suffrage without a qualm.

A Radical paper states that President Johnson used the word "Constitution" thirty-one times in his farewell address. This may or may not be true, but it is certain that the word "Constitution" seldom or never appears in anything emanating from the Radical party. It is a word they do not love, as the very sound of it lashes their guilty consciences into an agony of fear and trembling. They would rather never see it or hear it, and would joyfully blot it out if they dared. We only wish that we to-day had a President in the executive chair who thought as much of the Constitution as ANDREW JOHNSON did.

It is now said that CURTIS's appointment to Russia was a trick of CAMERON's to get rid of him. This being the case, if we were CURTIS we wouldn't go. We'd stay at home and teach old Wiggle Waggle a trick or two worth knowing.

GUTHRIE was a very able and influential man, and his loss is a national calamity.

## HOPELESS.

Sitting here alone together,  
With the freight on the wall,  
Let us talk, my friend and brother,  
And the past awhile recall;  
I have seen the restless feeling  
That comes over you when sleeping,  
As the evening shadows fall,  
For you cannot help but show it—  
Ah, you start to think I know it,  
Yes, I know your secret all.

It is sad that you must suffer  
On and on from day to day,  
With a hollower pain and passion  
That is wearing you away.  
Sad to be so weak and human  
As to have to love a woman  
Who can not your love repay—  
Knowing your love live without her,  
Yet to have your thoughts about her  
All the night and all the day.

See how dark and rich with beauty  
Is the night, and o'er the snow  
Gentle winds from heaven wafting,  
Soft as summer breezes go,  
And the starlight softly gleaming,  
And the moonlight brightly gleaming,  
On the glittering crusted snow,  
Make a radiance and a brightness  
That is like the silvery whiteness  
Of a face you used to know.

Fold the blinds and drop the curtains,  
Do not look upon the night,  
It will only serve to mind you  
Of her eyes so soft and bright  
Of her voice so soft and tender  
That reflected all the splendor  
Of the luminous moonlight,  
When you walked the fields together  
In the clear December weather,  
Mid the snowbanks gleaming white.

Who can't tell her wondrous beauty,  
Starry radiance, rich and bright,  
All the glory of the day time,  
All the splendor of the night,  
It was not her face that made you  
Through its beauty grow upon you  
Every day and every night,  
Nor her voice so soft and tender  
Or a strain upon the mountain,  
Talking in the clear starlight.

What it was, I will not tell you,  
But a doreen man in pain  
Will acknowledge they have felt it,  
And would like to feel it again  
And but one alone can claim her  
And we surely cannot blame her  
For the rest that must remain,  
You are only one of eleven  
That would climb as high as heaven  
For a smile they can't obtain.

Ah, it makes you wince to hear it,  
And your head is on the chair  
And I pity you sincerely  
Having out your dark hour there,  
Do you mind the pain and aching  
And the nights of restless waking  
When you cried in your despair—  
Asking of the stars above you  
Why it was he could not love you,  
Why he could not hear your prayer?

I can see the mute appealing  
In your strangely lustre eyes,  
I can read the hopeless feeling  
In your bosom by your sighs;  
Light your pipe and go to talking,  
Pace the floor, and try by walking  
To forget her and be wise,  
To keep down the memories starting  
And the thoughts of hopeless parting  
That forever will arise.

All in vain—you can not do it,  
And you would not if you could,  
You would think to-night about her,  
If it took your heart's best blood,  
Give yourself, then, to the feeling,  
Tear away the bands of healing  
As a reckless lover would—  
Revel in your glorious sorrow,  
Caring nothing for the morrow—  
Drink the gall and call it good.

If to-night her face is gleaming  
Bright amid the moonlight snow,  
And another lover, dreaming,  
Gazes on its heavenly glow,  
If her eyes, in flashing brightness,  
Sweep across the glittering whiteness  
Of the silvery crusted snow,  
And that lover, bending o'er her,  
Vows forever to adore her,  
Can you blame him? You did so.

I think she smiles upon him,  
Did she ever smile on you?  
Turning now those eyes upon him  
As on you, she used to do,  
And he stands as in a vision  
Thinking it must be a vision  
Opening out upon his view,  
Oh this night will never leave him,  
Though perhaps she will deceive him,  
As she is so apt to do.

As for you, poor moth, returning  
To that face you so adore,  
To that light whose brilliant burning  
Of has wounded you before,  
When, within your dreams, you meet her,  
Fresher, brighter, clearer, sweeter,  
Cheer her to you and adore;  
That lead the blissful's given  
To hopeless lovers this side heaven,  
Hold it fast forevermore.  
MOHAWK, Pa., March 13, 1869.

The Radical Convention at Chicago, which nominated GRANT declared in its platform that the people of the "loyal" states alone had the power to determine for themselves the question of negro suffrage—that it could not be forced upon them, and that it was not a matter for Congressional Legislation. On this platform GRANT was elected. How has the declaration of that

Secretary of the Treasury—GEO. S. BOUTWELL, of Massachusetts.  
Secretary of War—JOHN A. RAWLINGS, of Illinois.  
Secretary of the Interior—JACOB D. COX, of Ohio.  
Secretary of the Navy—ANDREW E. BONTZ, of Pennsylvania.  
Attorney General—E. B. HOAR, of Massachusetts.  
Postmaster General—JOHN A. J. CRESSWELL, of Maryland.

Such is the Cabinet as re-constructed. How long it will be before some of its present members are removed, is hard to tell. Thus far the wheels of Government, in GRANT's hands, have revolved with great difficulty, and it may not be long before new spokes will be needed in the shaky hubs.

## Hon. A. G. Curtin.

This gentleman, who is our fellow-townsmen, and well known over the country as being twice Governor of this Commonwealth, has been appointed by President GRANT as Minister to Russia. This, we suppose, is a merited compliment to Mr. CURTIN for party services, for certainly the ex-Governor did all he could for the election of GRANT.

To a Government with which we have had a little trouble as that of Russia, we suppose the nomination of Mr. CURTIN as Minister will do as well as that of anybody else. About all he will have to do will be to keep on the good side of ALEXANDER, a task, or rather, a pleasure, that will be easily performed, so long as the two Autocracies are in the habit of flattering each other, as they have been since the assumption of power by the Radical party in this country. A residence for a couple of years in St. Petersburg, near the Court of the Czar, will certainly be in accord with the ideas of consolidated power, which, we are informed, have been inhaled by our ex-Governor since his retirement to political office. It will be hardly possible, however, for him to see more of the practical workings of despotism in that country than he has seen in our own for the last eight years. Connected, as he has been here, with a party to whom the rights of the people are but as the dust beneath their feet, it is not to be expected that he will be able to draw a comparison favorable to Republican institutions, or that his aristocratic blood will feel the kindling fires of indignation at the prospect of a downtrodden and oppressed people. Ah, no! His gubernatorial eyes have too long been accustomed to this sight at home to feel the rising tear of sympathy for the suffering peasants of that far-off land.

Certainly, our local public should be somewhat flattered by the selection of the Russian Minister from among us. It really does feel gratified, and, of course, duly thankful to the President for the compliment. Bellefonte at St. Petersburg will be something new under the sun, and we only trust the Czar of all the Russias may conceive, through the bland courtesy of Mr. CURTIN, a favorable impression of our mountain town. The ex-Governor is in honor bound to do this much for us, and we have no doubt that he will feel it his duty to exert himself to this end.

We are to have nigger suffrage next fall. Won't it be nice? Won't it be splendid to walk up to the polls and deposit our votes alongside of a big buck nigger? We won't be a bit behind the other states in the adoption of this grand moral idea. Oh, won't it be nice? Now, there's Maryland, and Delaware, and Kentucky, and Georgia, and Ohio and some other states that won't know the blessedness of this thing till long after we do. Won't they feel bad about it. Ain't they fools for not passing the Amendment and having it right away?

Nigger suffrage! O, blessed conception of a master mind! What dreams of bliss hover about it—what grand, lofty, noble ideas the bare thought of it brings with it!

It is a fact. The irrepresable nigger will be among us, cheek by jowl, next October. How does it please you, honest people? Are you satisfied? Reconcile yourselves, for the die is cast.

Hon. JAMES GUTHRIE, United States Senator from Kentucky and secretary of the Treasury under President PIERCE, died at Louisville, on Monday last, aged 66 years. Mr.

offices, the best schools, the "ornamental" boys, the blackest niggers, the best dancers, the portliest landlords, the skillfullest doctors, the best editors, the richest men, the finest court house, the biggest buildings, the ablest preachers, the best lager beer, and—talk about "cleaning out," do you—

"Come on Macduff,  
And do the ho who first cries hold, enough!"

CONSIDERING the blunder GRANT made in his appointment of STEWART, and his talk about the Rocky mountains, the lucidness of his ideas is about on a par with those of the mother whose daughter wanted to go bathing.

"Oh, mother, may I go out to swim?  
"Oh, yes," you say, my daughter,  
Hang your cloths on a hickory limb,  
But don't go near the water!"

## Broken and Mended.

GRANT's cabinet went all to pieces, and has been re-constructed. E. B. WASHINGTON, conscious of his unfitness for the position of Secretary of State, resigned that portfolio, and has been appointed Minister to France, an office he is equally incapable of filling. Imagine E. B. WASHINGTON, a one-horse Illinois Congressman, at a game of diplomacy with the Emperor NAPOLEON, the ablest statesman, probably, in Europe, and the very wisest of politicians! What kind of a figure will the poor devil cut, do you think? We tremble with apprehension, when we allow ourselves to reflect upon the probable consequences, and blush for the credit of our Government. General DIX, at that Court, is bad enough, but he is infinitely preferable to WASHINGTON. Surely GRANT, while getting out of the frying pan has jumped into the fire, as he will find after a few months experience with E. B. at the court of the French Emperor.

In WASHINGTON's stead, as Secretary of State, the President has appointed ex-Governor HAMILTON FISH, of New York, formerly an old Whig, and now a Republican of the conservative school. Gov. FISH is well high on to seventy years of age, and had long since retired from the political arena. He is, however, a vast improvement on WASHINGTON, and is decidedly the safest man in the cabinet. His selection gives it an air of respectability, and he will undoubtedly make a wiser and cooler minister than his predecessor.

As we told our readers last week, Mr. A. T. STEWART, the great New York importer, was compelled to resign the office of Secretary of the Treasury, on account of the interposition of an old law that made him ineligible. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, of Massachusetts, as we at that time intimated, has been appointed in his place, which seems to argue that the President's confidence in his own infallible judgment is somewhat shaken, this being a decided concession to the politicians.

BOUTWELL is an intemperate and uncompromising radical—as much of a negro lover as the fiercest hater of white supremacy in that party could desire—but he is nevertheless a man of some ability and reputation. Probably, he is as good a selection as GRANT could have made out of the material forced upon him. His appointment gives the everlasting, greasy State of Massachusetts two members of the cabinet, as Judge HOAR, the Attorney General, also of that State, has not resigned.

In the person of Gen. RAWLINGS, GRANT's Chief of Staff, we have the new Secretary of War. Gen. SCOTT FIELD, JOHNSON's appointee, has been removed to make room for him, and we suppose it will make but very little difference, militarily considered, which of the two holds the office. Both are so accustomed to obeying GRANT's orders, that it would be an unwarrantable stretch of the imagination to suppose that either of them has an opinion of his own. RAWLINGS will administer the office according to GRANT's directions, just as he has always done, and so, we suppose, would SCOTT FIELD. Consequently, the change is neither for better nor worse.

At the beginning of the war GRANT was a Galena tanner and RAWLINGS an Illinois collier. No disgrace, certainly; and we mention it only as suggestive that present pride of position should not make them forget their former low estate.

The Cabinet, as now constituted, is as follows:  
Secretary of State—HAMILTON FISH, of New York.

## Ink-Slings.

Tyrants as Knights of Pythias—  
Oh, Dan!—on such Knights!  
GRIFFIN is to go to England. Alas,  
poor ALBION!  
Lewistown is infested with burglars—  
And black Republicans. Which is  
the baddest?  
The Standard man can take our  
hat, but if we ever meet that Traugh  
we'll fill him full.

GRANT has appointed BOUTWELL to a cabinet position. 'Bout as well have appointed somebody else.

GEN. LONGSTREET having turned Radical, some one suggests that it is a long street that has no turning.

ONE of our exchanges says that a Michigan editor has inherited a graveyard. Perhaps he may soon occupy it.

MASSACHUSETTS demands the Grecian Mission for Dr. HOWE. How she can have so much impudence, we can't see.

THE way to get an office under GRANT is to make him a present. It has been tried, with unparalleled success.

Who will be the first man at this late day to start glass works in Huntington?—  
Globe  
Glass all the glass works you want  
is a lager beer glass.

The Hollidaysburg Radical says the Register steals its items. If we wanted to steal we'd take something worth having.

The Huntington Globe states that subscribers are coming in, but it has plenty of room for more. We have plenty of it.

An Alabama parrot announces that it takes payment in dogs. "Dog For my" errors, then, would pay for a good many copies.

The Leaning judicial district has been wiped out of existence by the Legislature. Gov. GRANT and PLTR HERMAN. They Gumbled it away.

Somewhere say, that "fleece clouds hang over Wall street every day," just above the paving stones, and are best seen when the wind blows.

At Columbia, on the 25th ultimo, Mr. THOMAS CROWWELL married Miss ESTHER COVARD. We suppose Mr. CROWWELL will now work in his own coal yard.

The new President is appointing all his relatives to office. Gratefully they may say—  
"They be not discouraged  
For Grant will provide."—  
Re

The Hollidaysburg Register comes to us this week so smeared over with ink that we can't read it. Don't do that again, Davin, or we might smack you over the snout.

Hon. M. C. TRACY has been elected a delegate to the Democratic State convention from Mercer county. Among the candidates, we suppose, there will be considerable fishing for that trout.

GRV HAWKOCK, it is said, is serious in debating whether it is better to go to Dakota or Harrisburg. Better go to Dakota—there is serious objections to our Cussing your lot in Harrisburg, General.

JOHN D. DEFREES, the pet of COLFAX has been removed from the position of Government Printer, and A. M. CLAPP, of the Buffalo Express, appointed in his place. This is clapping it on to COLFAX pretty heavy.

We had an article prepared for this week's paper on the curious customs of the ancient Israelites, but a "nice boy" employed in our office, being in love with a little Jew girl, objects to our saying anything about the "Hebrew children."

LONGSTREET is rewarded for turning his coat. He has been appointed Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans, at a salary of \$10,000 a year. If LONGSTREET had done this, the Radicals would have raised the d—l. What do they think of it now?

A SOUTHERN editor says: "If the street commissioner delays its removal much longer the dead dog at the corner of Capital street will dry up and blow away."—A decided hit at the street commissioner. Wonder if it wouldn't apply in Bellefonte?

The venomous reptile who gets up items for the Bellefonte Watchman slanders one of the finest little towns in the following outrageous manner:  
"The Valley Democrat honors that Mechanicburg has a 'velocipede.' The man who has it will have to go out in the country if he wants to be seen—there is nobody in that dried up place to look at him."  
The corporate authorities of Mechanicburg would send a committee of one over to Bellefonte, with directions to "clean out" that village.—  
Valley Spirit.

Village, indeed! Step up this way, and we'll show you three velocipedes, besides glass works, the largest and best hotels in the State, the prettiest city, the bravest men, the finest stream of water, the most beautiful spring, the bullicst jail, the best looking burgesses, the smartest lawyers, the most printing